“What? My father …alive?”I whispered under my breath.”Wait, I never told you my father was dead even when we were classmates back then…but…”

I tried to hear his thoughts. His mind was empty. I t was as if something was blocking me somehow. “Get out of my house!!!!” he screamed. “Get out now!!” he repeated hysterically.

He grabbed me by the hand and pushed me out closing the door with a loud thud. My heart was about to escape from my chest. As I was walking away I heard voices coming from Damon’s. I thought we were alone. “Why so many lies?” I wondered.

Since that day we never spoke to each other again. Whenever I approached him he stayed clear of me. I realized I had to find the answers I was looking for somewhere else. I was determined to change my horrible life even if it meant sinking into greater depths of misery. I had the right to know “Why had I been abandoned to the hands of a person that really hates me?” “Why live a life without a family?” I organized my thoughts and…here it was! “Jenny!”I cried out cheerfully. She was my only hope to find out what had really happened.

The very next day I confided in her and desperately asked for her help.”I don’t know if you can be my friend” I told her looking deeply into her eyes “but you are the only person you can help me!” I felt she was overwhelmed with an endless bliss as I was talking to her and I read her thoughts that seconds later was expressed in words of ineffable joy. “Yes ,I want to have a friend ,too! We are both so special!”

My plan was that she went back in time and see if my father had indeed survived the explosion, that grievous blow which had radically changed my whole life. We arranged to meet at her place on Saturday. I wanted her mother to be present. I was not certain about the danger our venture could involve.

“Hurry! Let’s get inside to start!”Jane shouted impatiently. I stepped in and she guided me to her gloomy bedroom, where her mother was waiting for us. She was a tall woman with piercing black eyes wearing a long dark coloured dress. Sparkling rings adorned her fingers and gold bracelets girdled her wrists. She made a motion to me to pass her the coat I was holding. Her fingers touched softly the raised surface and almost instantly handed it to her daughter.

“Concentrate on it!” she addressed Jenny firmly. The only two candles that burned all this time on the round wooden table where we were sitting flickered. Jenny took a deep breath and closed her eyes clasping tightly to her bosom my father’s garment .I could hardly see any reaction on my friend’s face. I was eager to hear something from her lips which some minutes later came out in a fearful cry “Alice…Alice…Damon…he was there ,too!”