

made me feel at home. And to my amazement, he and I shared similar interests. We went fishing together, had our lunch beside the lake and we came home together and made some BBQ fish with the fish we caught at the lake. Later in the evening, we went out bird watching and watched the night fall shading the beautiful evening sky. And I knew it was time to leave even though I really didn't want to leave. The old man asked me to call him Joe and that's what my mom called him. But his name was Josh. Uncle Joe asked me to stay the night but I had to leave knowing little bunny was waiting for me at home and that was my sister. I left the place with sadness... So, as time passed, I had regular visits to Uncle Joe's place. Then one day my mom asked me to get ready to go to a super hero party which I always hate going to. Although super hero children discover their powers after sixteen, I had two-year gap and my sister was still on the safe zone.

I had no super powers to show off like my parents, but as always, I had made use of my creativity to make them think I was gradually discovering super powers which I myself know was a fault. That night we went to the party and all my peers were putting up amazing shows. There were truly fascinating talents. Then it was my turn. So, I went in front with the hope that my gas filled shoes would help me to fly like my mom. I walked up and swirled up to hit the button but the button didn't hit well and I fell down. That fall made one button hit the floor and one of my legs was on the air while the other was on the floor. I didn't have balance and everyone started giggling at the funny sight.

I flushed and reached towards the other shoe and hit the button and then a little brat recognized what I did. He shouted aloud

saying. " He doesn't have super powers. He has air filled flying shoes!" And I was caught. All looked at me as if I was a piece of disgusting shit. I was ridiculed in the middle of the entire super hero party. I didn't have strength to get back on my feet. As I was struggling to walk away from the crowd, a hard arrogant hand pulled me back from the crowd and that was my father. He was burning with a red gaze and his eyes were like those of a wild boar and he shouted at me saying "You adopted child, you ruined my name." And I was shocked to hear his words while Mom was crying helplessly in the crowd.

I wanted to vanish at that very moment. I couldn't turn my pain into words, so I just left the crowd without trying to notice any weird gaze they gave me. I took the car and drove away. I had lost interest in life and I just wanted to quit the world. So, I just drove as fast as I could...

A few months later I was back in my conscious mind and found myself lying in a cozy bed. The place looked different, but at the same time familiar. And a loving figure walked towards me. That was Uncle Joe. I was at his place. I tried to get out of the bed, but he said, "You should rest my boy. You have time..." Later he fed me food and in the evening I saw my mother. Then and there I started a new life at Uncle Joe's house and my sister paid me occasional visits along with my mom.

Gradually I recovered from the massive accident I had a few months ago. One day Mom said that she wanted to talk to me about something that hurt her years back. I was old enough to listen to her patiently and she started the story running back to the time before my birth. "Uncle Joe was my boyfriend for 7 years. We had a perfect