

relationship without any quarrels, but my family came across our relationship and I was forced to marry your father. When your father was proposed to me, I didn't want to marry him at all. So, the best solution uncle Joe and I had was to secretly be engaged and make a baby which would not harm our bond. And the baby was you my son. Your real father is Uncle Joe.” and she burst into tears. Cascade of tears ran down my eyes along with hers and I asked why she didn't marry him.

My mother's family used to be very powerful in talents and had a high place at the community, so they persuaded the man whom I used to call “Dad” all these years to marry my mother. And that's how they became so rich.

The story shocked me and I had no more words to call my real dad. I ran in search of Uncle Joe and gazed at him. I went towards him and he asked me, “Why young boy?” and I called out. "Father, don't call me boy, I'm your only son" and I fell on my knees in front of him failing to find words.

He stood me up looked deep into my eyes and hugged me so tight calling me “Son my only son! How long have I craved to hear the magical word from you calling me out to me *father*” and cuddled me up in his arms. We hugged tightly together and I wept so much for wasting 18 years without his company and happy to be back at home with my own loving father, with me in his arms. I was happy to find my true self, my true identity. That was the dilemma which had frustrated me for so many years. For the first time in my life, I felt so much ease at heart. I felt like a white little light feather flying high up in the sky.

