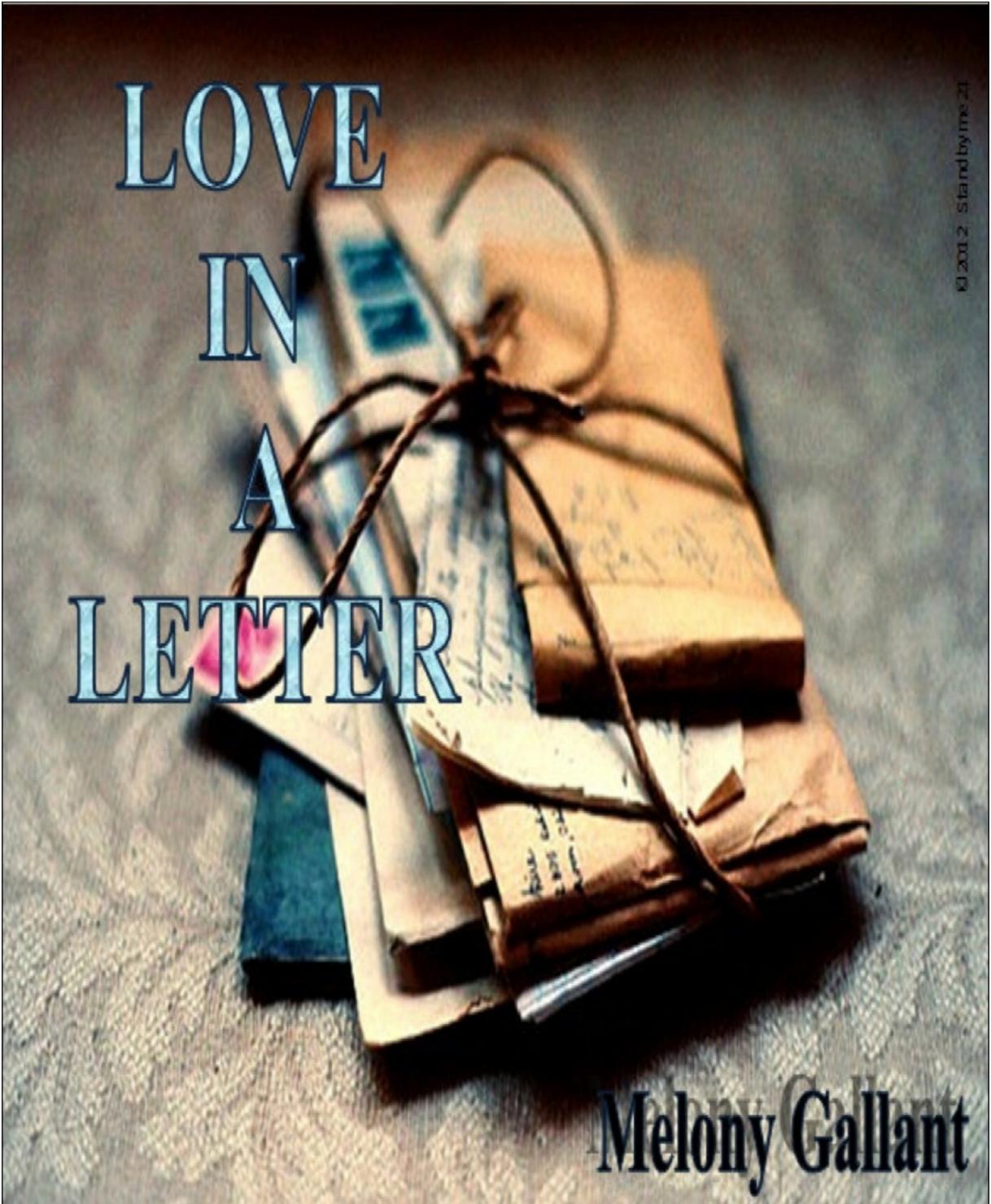


LOVE  
IN  
A  
LETTER

Melony Gallant

A stack of old, tied letters with a quill pen and a pink heart sticker. The letters are tied with a dark string. The background is a textured, light-colored surface.

LOVE  
IN  
A  
LETTER

Melony Gallant

© 2012. Stand by me. 21

Melony Gallant

# **Love in a Letter**

**Love in a Letter**

BookRix GmbH & Co. KG  
80331 Munich

For Mary-Ann and Haroldine Gallant

My strength and inspiration  
in all I do.

The two persons who taught me  
the importance of family

Let us never forget that our love ones are life's real  
inspiration.

- Michéle Van Breda

Prologue

Finally.

I squint my eyes as I gazed out the window. The bright morning sun replaced the darkness of the tinted window I had indulged in a minute ago.

I had drunk a huge sleeping pill the night before. The nerves had become too much for me to handle. What was I going to find? Would it be the missing piece I've wanted my entire life? Like the piece of the puzzle of my existence would finally be replaced. And what would he be like? Would he want me? Would he be happy to see me?

The car came to a stop and my friend's boyfriend parked in the spot between a bright green BMW and a little blue Uno. It was time for me to gather my luggage and enter the crowded airport. I dreaded the moment.

``Right, here we are," he said. "Are you going to be okay? I can always ... ''

``If I can survive in a courthouse, I can survive on my own in an airport. Besides, I know you've a job waiting for you! '' I said.

I know my independent spirit will probably be the end of me, but I've never been interested in becoming a damsel in distress to a man. In my line of work, I am usually the one making the last decision, and I wasn't planning on changing that soon.

I had three small bags for luggage - that including my handbag. I opened the door and the frozen air embraced my body.

As soon as I entered the white building, a blizzard of voices hit my ears. Around me, people were scattering to queues to buy tickets and others hurried off to catch their flights as they waved goodbye to their loved ones one last time.

I couldn't help but wish I could feel what they were feeling, but it made me even more excited for what was to come. Finally I would feel it!

As I took my seat in the airplane, I wondered whether this flight would help me put the past behind me, bring me a sense of understanding, or just regret and perhaps start a warpath I was not likely to succeed in.

Closing my eyes and shifting the sounds around me out of

my mind, I thought about the little family trees booklet I had bought, the sudden interest I had developed in my family after a segment about a woman who had followed her bloodline and discovered her mother, who put her up for adoption, was still alive. But mostly about the letters of years ago...

## THE LETTERS

After the death of both my grandparents, I had decided to sell the house they had left to me. A few possible buyers had come around now and again. I couldn't help feeling a pang of sadness, I was about to sell the house I grew up in! For the first time in the twenty years I had lived there, I entered the loft. Armed with a full can of insect repellent and a flashlight, I made my way through the dust and darkness.

My grandparents had been my only family all my life. I never grew up with a mother and a father as other children did. Nevertheless, my grandma always said, with my rock solid temper and strong will I had no shortage from any other person. And I agreed with her.

I had my dream job as a lawyer daily in and out of magistrate courts (Even though I get the small cases) , the huge house I'd always dreamt of owning, a high powered car worth every cent I spent on it, and a fiancé with a well paying career as the owner of a nationwide known car dealing company. I had been one of the lucky ones to find their prince in shining armour. The money of course was not a factor for me. I could care for myself.

My grandparents had spoiled me rotten, and had given me

all the music lessons, toys and encouragement a girl could possibly ask for. But I still had a need for my biological parents.

I wondered about little things: like how their voices sounded, their laughs, if my mother was as much a perfectionist as I am, or if I had anything of my father. However, I never dared to ask my grandparents these questions, for it was a sensitive subject to them.

I remember one night, after a hard day at school, my grandparents had been watching television. I went over to my granddad's velvet chair, his favourite chair, and whispered something in his ear,

"Daddy, why did mommy leave me?"

He turned to me with a frightening facial expression I will never forget and asked, "Where did you hear such nonsense? Your mommy never left you. Is it that aunt of yours? I have the bloody mind to tell her exactly where she can put that mouth of hers!"

"Robert! You're talking about our daughter," my grandma corrected him.

"No, daddy," I felt tears sting my eyes. "I just wanted to know myself,"

"Well, she didn't leave you and that's the end of it! Now go to bed it's late." He turned back to the television and ignored me.

I looked at my gran for some kind of comfort, but she only gave a sad sort of expression, her hands moving nervously as they did when something bothered her.

My granddad went first. He was as strong willed as I am, and very strict. He believed in structure and obedience like all policeman of his time did. Anything Avant-garde was like the devil's seed to him.

Sometimes he scared me when his voice erupted when he was mad. Small things would upset him. But most of the times he was like a sweet teddy bear, afraid to let go of his little princess, as he often called me.

He may have been tough but he was a good man. He would work his fingers to the bone for us. The day he retired, they literally had to drag him away from the station.

Grandma went from a heart attack and emotionally it had taken its toll on me. For weeks I could not get it out of my thoughts that now, I was alone. Both people who meant the world to me had gone. How was I going to survive in this world on my own?

A scatter beneath my feet interrupted my thoughts, and I jumped. In that instant the flashlight fell, disappearing into the cloud of darkness beneath me. On my knees, I searched with my open hand for where it had fallen.

"Aah!" I yelped.

Something sharp had pricked my finger. Sucking the bloody finger, I finally grabbed hold of the flashlight. Bracing myself, I switched it on. In front of me I saw a few old boxes and a broken mirror. Well, that would explain the sharp object. I examined my finger and the cut wasn't as serious that my search had to end. At least I wasn't one to believe in superstitions and thirteen years of bad luck shmull!

I opened the one box marked "Old Clothes" with a felted pen and indeed, it was full of old clothing of my