

An Incident That Changed My Life



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Another sleepless night! “Three consecutive nights this week,” I thought to myself as I jotted it down on the notepad given by my psychiatrist. I had been on medication ever since I was 12. I was not sure if I had been missing out a lot because one of the many side-effects was the temporary memory loss of my childhood. (The others are yet to be found.) My head spun whenever I attempted to look back. Oh, I was in my late twenties, for the record.

My siblings were nice enough to avoid talking about the past when I was around, just so I would not feel left out. I always had the feeling that they were hiding something from me. I brushed off that thought whenever it emerged, for I knew their love for me was genuine. Little did I know, however, that I was right.

You see, the attic was the one place that I was never allowed to enter as a child. A puzzle, right? I lost interest in that as I came of age though. Last Saturday, however, I got home early from work. With nothing better to do, I decided to give it a try.

Just as I had expected, the attic was locked. Did I mention I had learned to pick

locks at the age of ...10...11...? Enough history lesson! It did not take me long to break in.

The room looked as if it had escaped the hands of time. I felt nostalgic. A familiar hint of cologne filled the air. Photos of me and an oddly familiar old man were on top of the desk. Sadly, I could not recall anything.

I might have triggered the tape recorder on my way out because the voice of an old man broke the silence of the room.

“David, this is me, George, your dearest grandpa. If you’re hearing this, it means that I probably died at the warfront. I will be watching you from above. God, how I miss you! You see, our country needs men. I must go or they will conscript Victor, your dad. How could I bear to see your little heart shattered if you lost him? ... Just remember that I love you...” Beep ---

I did not know how I managed to pull myself together. Memories flashed back like a Tsunami. The pain was excruciating, but I did not want it to stop. All those memories of grandpa... Finally, I was whole again.