

Chapter 51 Things Left By Grandfather

Cheryl went back to the lounge in a daze.

The nurse, who had been waiting for her for a long time, came up at once. "Ma'am, this belongs to your grandfather,"

she murmured, holding a box and a letter. 📧

There were two words on the envelope, 'For Cheryl.'

It was indeed her grandpa's handwriting.

"Thank you."

Cheryl stated quietly as she accepted the box and letter. The nurse nodded in acknowledgement before turning around and walking away.

Cheryl opened the envelope, careful not to damage it too much.

The letter inside had turned yellow. Based on the texture of the paper and the written words that appeared to be in danger of fading, it was clear that it had been written a long time ago.

Her grandfather must have been embarrassed to give it to her. Who would have thought that when she finally received the letter, he was no longer in the world?

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'I'm so sorry, Cheryl.

I shouldn't have stopped you from learning fashion designing. I did not doubt your talents, my dear, but the truth is that you and your mother have so much in common including your appearance that I was afraid that if you followed in her footsteps, you would make the same mistakes she did.

I realize now that I was wrong to think that you would

end up like your mother. You are your own person and are fully capable of making your own decisions. Please forgive me for being so stubborn for so many years.

Because of my fears, I fettered your dream. Instead of studying arts in the university like you wanted, I forced you to study finance. That was not something I should have done.

If it's possible, I hope you can still learn the career of your choice. Don't give up your dream because of anyone.

I believe that you will become a great fashion designer someday.

You are as talented as your mother."

Click!

A few teardrops fell on the letter, forming a mass of water stains.

Sobbing, Cheryl wiped the tears on the letter carefully, folded it and opened the box.

When she saw what was inside, she couldn't hold back her tears anymore and burst into loud, ugly tears.

It was an offer letter from the Central Academy of Fine Arts.

The transparent tape glued the fragments of the letter together and tried to make it look like what it was before.

Back then, when her grandfather found out that she

secretly took the examinations for the Central Academy of Fine Arts, he was so angry that he tore the offer letter into pieces in front of her.

Cheryl had been so upset that she didn't speak to her grandfather for days.

But unknown to her, he had hunted down all the pieces of paper and secretly glued them together. For years, her grandfather had carefully preserved the offer letter.

The image of her grandfather's wrinkled hands putting the pieces of the letter together in the dim light appeared in Cheryl's mind.

At the thought of her grandfather's embarrassed but apologetic look, Cheryl couldn't help smiling and crying even harder.

Her grandfather was so stubborn and cute.

Once, he had suspected that a mean student was bullying Cheryl. Everyday, he would stand guard at the street corner and chase after the mean student. Due to her grandfather's constant chase, the mean student had been forced to turn over a new leaf.

Her grandfather had even gone to the extent of preparing different kinds of deserts for her to share with people so she could make friends.

But her grandfather, who had devoted all his heart and soul to her, would never come back to her again.

Tears welled up in Cheryl's eyes, but before her tears fell, a crisp sound snagged her attention. 5



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