



Chapter 5: A Letter

-Helena-

Five years later.

"I truly am sorry for your loss."

I felt a hand on my shoulder, belonging to my mother's lawyer. There hadn't been many people at the funeral. Just a few friends, and then my mother's lawyer, who needed to get everything in order after her death. I didn't feel much. I never did. After being rejected, my world had turned grey. My feelings had died. I felt nothing. No joy. No happiness. Not even anger. I just looked at the picture of my mother in the living room, feeling nothing. The lawyer went to sit on the couch, taking some papers from his bag and holding them in his hands, wanting to discuss what my mother had left behind. We had moved after what happened. It wasn't safe for me to stay. We had gone underground to make sure we couldn't be found and I would be safe. We had little, but we had each other. Unfortunately, one awful car accident and suddenly that was gone. Despite my mother's healing abilities, no one could have survived getting hit by a truck like that. You would think I broke when I found out about her death in the same way as I had when Carter rejected me, but as I said... I felt nothing.

"There couldn't have been much she left behind," I said and turned to him.

He was an old friend she knew from back in the days. Funnily enough, she never told me what back in the days meant.

"No," he said. "The house is yours."

I looked around the little place we had barely been able to keep together and nodded.

"As expected."

"The car is..."

"Destroyed," I nished.

"Yes."

"And?"

"And this."

He held up a letter, and I looked at it, a little confused.

"A letter?"

"From your mother."

"Read it."

"You want me to read it?" he asked.

I nodded. "Go ahead. What could there possible be written in there she wouldn't want you to know?"

I knew she trusted him. She always had. I turned to look at the picture again, and I heard the tearing of paper.

"Are you sure?"

"Just do it, George."

"All right..." he said. "My dearest daughter, when you read this, I won't be here with you anymore. I know how hard you have had it. Life was never easy for you, but you always met the challenges with a smile. You had a light inside of you that most people never even nd. It is a rare ability you have to go out there and be happy despite what is thrown at you. I don't see that light anymore..."

It had been a long time since something even shocked me. I turned around, looking at George. He looked up at me and I just nodded, telling him to continue. He sighed a little.

"I don't see that light anymore. After Carter rejected you, it disappeared, along with your smile. I have tried so many times to nd the daughter I lost, but eventually, I knew she wasn't coming back. I fear now that with me gone completely, whatever that was left of her will die with me. Don't let it. There is more inside of you, Helena, than you might expect. Power. Light. Kindness. Don't let this be your ruin. Statuses mean little in the world, really. I know you never saw yourself as much after he rejected you because of your status, but know that they aren't important. I don't wish for you to be alone. I want you to have someone. I fear what you might do if you don't. I have left an address of someone I hope might be there for you. Guide you even. You need to nd your light again. It's in there somewhere. I know it... I will always love you. Mom."

I continued to look at George, not sure what to say. Her words surprised me. I had not known this was what she thought of me. She always tried to cheer me up, of course, but she backed off when I told her to. She knew that I was simply done smiling or being happy about anything. I had stopped wanting anything anymore.

"I will leave this here," he said, a small note with the address of this mystery person my mother apparently wanted me to go nd. "Maybe it will help."

"With?"

"Do as your mother says. Don't end up all alone," he told me.

"What does it matter if I do?" I asked.

George sighed, standing up and grabbing his bag.

"Helena, she isn't wrong. You lost something inside of you ve years ago. Now go nd it again."

"I have nothing to nd."

"I think you're wrong."

George looked at me for a little while, then he turned away, looking so sad.

"Good luck, Helena."

I didn't follow him out. I stayed where I was, frozen... as I had felt for so long. My eyes darted to the little paper on the table. It was lying beside the letter. I reached for it, took it and I was sure I would just rip it in half, not caring about who this person was... but I didn't. This was her last wish. For me to nd this person. I could just go look... Yes, I could go nd the person and then leave again. I would have fullled her wish.

And then let's f*cking burn this house down with us in it...

If my mother thought I was bad, then she had not heard the few things Amaya had said over the years. She had grown so weak. I barely heard her anymore, but sometimes she stepped forward. Just a little bit, and she spoke. Like now.

"She liked this house."

I don't...

I didn't want to argue about it. I just grabbed my jacket and some money. I would end this quickly. I was about to go out the door when I changed my mind and grabbed the letter. If I was showing up at some mystery person's house, then I wanted proof of why I had come looking.

Maybe we should just forget it.

I stepped outside, not even bothering to lock the door. No one would come there anyway to steal anything. We owned so little.

"No."

It's just a letter...

"It's her wish."

Where exactly did it say it was?

"Let's just get it over with."

Why?

It was unbelievable how chatty she had decided to become today, but we had just buried the woman who had given birth to us.

"Because... it's right," I said.

Right?

She almost laughed, and I stopped growling a little.

"She is dead. It is right."

She is dead... what does it matter?

I had been left with such a depressed and ruined person in my mind. No wonder I had lost my smile.

"She is our mother."

Correction, she was.

"You're unbelievable."

Maybe I am just done.

"Too bad you're stuck with me, then."

No one wants us.

"I am not trying to go to this person, so they will take us in. I am just doing this to make our mother... to fulll her wish."

She hopes the person will take us in.

"But they won't."

Exactly! Why bother?

"Can we just stop arguing and get it over with?" I asked.

Fine...