

Then I stopped reading the letter because I felt sick. Father had lied. I tried really hard to think if there was any other explanation but I couldn't think of one. And then I couldn't think of anything at all because my brain wasn't working properly. I felt giddy. My stomach hurt. I don't know what happened then because there is a gap in my memory, like a bit of the tape had been erased.

Then I heard Father coming into the house and calling out my name. And then I heard Father come up the stairs and walk into the room.

He said, 'Christopher, what the hell are you doing?' And I could tell that he was in the room, but his voice sounded tiny and far away. And he said, 'What the fuck are you...? That's my cupboard, Christopher. Those are... Oh shit... Shit, shit, shit, shit, shit.' Then he said nothing for a while. And then he was silent again for a while.

Then he said, 'I'm sorry, Christopher. I'm so, so sorry.' And then I noticed that I had been sick because I could feel something wet all over me, and I could smell it, like when someone is sick at school. Then he said, 'You read the letters.' Then I could hear that he was crying because his breath sounded all bubbly and wet, like it does when someone has a cold and they have lots of snot in their nose. Then he said, 'I did it for your good, Christopher. Honestly I did. I never meant to lie. I just thought. I just thought it was better if you didn't know that.'