Fifty Eggs

Last Saturday, a package arrived at my door.

Fifty eggs. Farm eggs, from my hometown. Different colours, different sizes, packed so carefully that none of them broke on the road. I knew it was from my father.

I stood in my kitchen, and tears filled my eyes — which shocked me.

Ten years ago, my father gave me a hundred thousand yuan for the down payment on my apartment. I did not cry — I didn't even say "thank you."

As you may already know, I am the second daughter in my family. My elder sister was the first baby — my parents' first everything. My younger brother came later, and in my hometown, a son was the whole point; my parents paid an enormous fine to have him.

As for me? I came for free.

For years, that is exactly what I believed —That they did not love me. Is that true?

When I was about ten, I fell while playing outside. Blood ran down my face, out of my mouth. My mother was so frightened that it came out as anger. She reached for a stick and tried to beat me. My father did not argue with her. He just put me on his back and ran to the hospital.

I remember this. I was a heavy child. He was not a tall man. I remember sliding slowly down his back. I remember my feet swinging at the back of his knees. It took about half an hour to reach the nearest hospital by foot.

He did not say a word. He just ran. When we arrived, I saw the sweat on his forehead and wet his T-shirt. And I? I kept crying the whole way — without even a "thank you" for my father.

When I was about fifteen, halfway through middle school, one day, I did not know what’s wrong with me.... I just decided to leave my family and get a job; to prove I could stand on my own two feet. I told no one. I assumed no one would notice.

My father noticed.

He did not stop me himself. He went to my mother — and my mother was thunder. If my father was the quiet one, my mother was the storm. She came after me and stopped me, and I went back to school.

After I graduated, my mother told me: when my father told her that I was going to quit school, he cried so hard he could not finish a sentence.

When she said this, I knew I broke my father’s heart, but I felt nothing...I did not say a sorry to him because I was still certain he did not love me. I was so cold-blooded!

And now — fifty eggs, and my tears would not stop. What is happening? I keep asking myself why.

So I chatted with my AI agent, and I got some answers that might be right.

Yes, I had written a script for my father. In my script, I should be the only child in my family. 2nd, a father should be tall, strong, and powerful — someone who stands in front of his kid. He speaks loudly. He takes her side in the middle of an argument, in the middle of any difficulty. He says, "That's my girl," and everyone listens. Like a hero.

My father never played that part. Not once.

So I decided he was not there. That there was no love from him.

But he was there the whole time whenever I needed.

Some love does not announce itself. It does not perform. It does not ask to be noticed. It falls quietly, like rain in the night. You never hear it. But in the morning, everything is green. Especially parents' love. However, kids always take it for granted.

What a pity that I misunderstood my father's love for so many years.

How lucky that I realized this when both of us are still alive.

Yes — I am not the only child in my family. And my father is not a tall, strong man. He is older now, and his back has begun to bend, so he looks shorter and weaker than he ever did.

But in my eyes, he has never been so tall, lovely and stellar.

Yes. I love my father.

Thank you.