

7:00am

I moved as I hear the deathly screech of the alarm. I found the snooze button and in a minute or two, I finally opened my eyes. "Good morning Sunshine!" I say to myself. I am Cassandra Hathaway, 20 years old.

8:00am

I hop on my color black ferrari car, I insert the key and start the engine. "The Breakfast Club" I say loudly as I can now see my destination, a classy café where I will meet our company's biggest rival.

"Good morning Mr Hathaway!" Mr Sherwood greeted me with a glimpse of a sarcastic smile.

"What do you want Mr Sherwood?" I asked with a practiced bored look.

"I'll be straightforward with you, I want Mr Frenchie to work under me, however he still have a contract with you. All you have to do is to sign these papers so he can start working with me." He frankly stated what he really wanted.

"Mr Frenchie have worked with us for 9 years, he's an asset to our company. I can't give him to you." I said without blinking.

"I guess you're hard-headed just like your father!" He said with a harsh tone.

"I'll get him whatever it takes, I'm warning you!" he said with full of authority in his voice.

"Good luck!" I said with a smile on my face.

8:45am

While walking out the parking area I saw Mr Sherwood again.

"So we have the same car, I didn't know that the old man can still drive." I say to myself. Driving, wearing my favourite dress, I

think this will be a good day. There's no car in the road

so step on the pedal and increased my speed. I turn on the

radio and the beautiful song of Doris Day, Que sera, sera plays.

I approached a corner and calmly step on the brake, again, and again.

9:15am

The car is wrecked, the strong impact of the car to the gigantic old tree destroyed it. I wondered how I survived this tragic

accident. There was no noise except to the song of Doris Day, the radio somehow still works.

"Que sera, sera

whatever will be, will be

The future's not out to see"

I went near my car to find my phone and ask for help. As I looked

down I saw a small pale hands with a silver ring on it. "Did I kill someone?!" I asked myself. Instinctively I glanced at my hand

and saw the ring that woman is wearing. I edge closer to my

car and now I know that the woman was not someone else, it's me.

Confuse. I sat next to me and listened to the sara, sara one more time.

\*\*\*\*

12:00 pm

White. This place is all white. To my right there's a window, to my left there's my dad mumbling though I can hear it clearly. "Your daughter's accident was planned, someone sabotaged her car." Mr Leonard, our family's most trusted lawyer said to my dad.

"I'm pretty sure Mr Sherwood did this." Mr Leonard added.

"The black Ferrari car, the fault's in the brake, it wasn't for her."

My dad said with gritted teeth.

"So you mean..." Mr Leonard said.

"Yes, no, yes. But I can never kill my daughter the guy I rent got the wrong car!" My dad said while shaking.

Mr Leonard left and it's just me and my dad in the room.

Dad held my hand and said "I'm sorry my love, dad didn't mean it... please forgive me, I love you always." My dad was crying and it was the very first time I heard or saw him cry. As of now I'm like a feel balloon they don't know that I can see and hear them, but with my dad's sincere sorry I know I'm ready to forgive him, right at this moment. That's how much I love my dad, I will accept him although it's challenging.

Now I know that family really do cover first. "I love you too, dad

and I forgive you." I said even if I know that I'm like a soldier  
he can see me but he can't hear me.

Dad is still holding my hand until everything became blurry.

x x x x

"Where am I?" I can see dad in there, he held my hand  
and put it on his feet. I don't know what's happening,  
but somehow, I feel secure.