

# The Fortune Cookie- A Story of a Girl

By liltrix

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*A heartwarming short story of a girl who longs for her father to come home.*

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# 1 - Does happiness await?

“Whatever your destination, happiness awaits.”

That's what my fortune cookie said, though I had a hard time believing it. If happiness came, then my father would return from the other side of the country. If happiness came, my life would be perfect. But whose life is perfect?

“C'mon, Beatrice!” my mother called, a few yards ahead of me. My mother and I were traveling all over the shopping district, in hopes that shopping would console our lonely feelings. Well, it didn't work. At least not for me it didn't. But I pretended to be cheered up for my mother, for I didn't wish to see her so sad... she always had enjoyed my father's company so, and now he was gone. I felt it was up to me to make her feel better! But it was turning out to be the other way around.

You see, my father went away due to issues with his job. He worked as a big boss at a publishing company. I didn't really understand it much, and was really frustrated when he announced his “plans”.

And he didn't just go away. No, not just to another town or anything. But *away away*, all the way to Maryland.

Now, as we made our way from the Chinese restaurant, I had some very tiny glow of hope that maybe, just maybe that fortune would come true. That Father would return from Maryland. But I rid myself of the thought. There was no point in getting my hopes up.

“Come *on*, Bea!” I looked at my mother, fairly startled being awoken from my pondering. She had her long, dark brown hair tied up in a bun. I thought her hair was beautiful, and wished my short, light brown hair was the same. My mother put her hands on her hips, obviously wondering what was taking me so long.

*Tap, tap, tap.*

Her foot tapped impatiently as I ran to catch up with her.

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“Honey, you're not upset are you?”

I looked up from my mindless doodling on my sketchpad at our auburn colored kitchen table. I tried to smile at my distressed mother.

"Bout what?" I asked casually, although I knew perfectly well what she was talking about.

"Your-your father being gone. I..." she trailed off, then sighed, not even bothering to finish. I drew harder, breaking the lead off my pencil.

"I'm okay," I lied.

*April 27th*

*Of course, Father is still away at business. I wish he would come home early. At school Katie (a girl in my class) came up to me and bragged about her mother's important position. Her mom and my father both work in the same office. When I told her he was away for a year she laughed -she was obviously trying to intimidate me- and said it was weird how he was gone for such a long time and usually people are only gone for a short while.*

*I replied to her remark by telling her how my father has a much more important position than her mother's, and he had to go away for important things. Katie went off in a huff.*

It was the day. The day my father had promised, promised, *promised* to call. I was so excited at school that I just couldn't sit still. Finally the teacher told me to get rid of the ants in my pants.

At home, my mother looked excited as well. I could tell she was also eager to hear from Father.

At long last the phone call arrived. I grabbed the phone of the receiver so hard when I heard it ring that the receiver crashed to the floor. I had to clumsily pick it up.

"Hello?"

"It's me."

I knew straight by his voice that it was him.

"Father!" I blurted loudly. "How are you? I Maryland, I mean? Is business going well? When are you coming home again? And, well, you know, and stuff!" My father laughed.

"Yes, yes I'm fine. And I've been missing you and your mother very much. But I have great news!"

`Could he be coming home early?' I thought excitedly.

"What? What is it?" I cried, but my mother gestured for the phone, and reluctantly I handed it to her. After she finished talking, I tugged at her sweater sleeve impatiently.

"Well?" I demanded. "What did he say?" She stared at me, as if she was taking all the news in. Then she broke into a delighted smile.

"Oh, Beatrice! Your father rented a house! We can stay with him in Maryland for a year!"

Happiness hit me right then and there.

*May 1st*

*We're moving, Mother and me. To Maryland for a year. To see Father. I suppose I was lucky to find that fortune cookie, or perhaps it was fate or maybe just a coincidence. Wait for us, Father. Soon we'll be a family again...*