

Coventry Building Society's Young Writer of the Year competition 2025

I came home from school and there was a mystery box at the end of my bed.
I couldn't believe what was inside...

Immediately, I opened it and saw a letter from my one and only father.....
A wave of nostalgia hit me and formed an image in my head of me and my
mum waving goodbye to my dad who was shining like a star and it was so bright
that I couldn't make out his face. As I continued searching the box, I found a
letter starting with "Dear Laila" (my name). My jaw dropped to beneath my knees
and my brain turned to a hazy mess. I wondered if my mum ever wanted to.....
tell me about dad and his letters to his only daughter. I decided to ignore.....
that and continued looking through the box to my surprise, I discovered a.....
letter from one of the soldiers saying that my dad had died..... My heart sank
due to the love and kindness with which the man had told my mum about
dad. I carried on rummaging through the box and found a picture of him.....
with a proud smile and innocent eyes. This picture encouraged me to sit up, as.....
the background looked like planes of land which had used to have scatters of
blood. I thought about how sad it must've been for him and I knew that he
was watching me from heaven. As I finished removing everything from the box, I
came across a letter from my dad to my mum expressing the fact that he loved
her and might not be able to make it. Instantly, I closed the box and
trillions of thoughts crossed my mind: "Who put this box on my bed?"
"Why? What? Who?" After a long questionable 40 minutes (to be exact), I
had my dinner and fell asleep.



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The next morning, I got out of my bed looking like a sloth. I knew it was the weekend! I slipped into the shower and started having breakfast. Whilst I was eating my yummy pancakes, mum was reading the newspaper with the cat. Today was the day I was going to confront mum about my late father. Mum was about to turn the T.V on. "Mum, what do you know about dad?" I said reluctantly. A long minute of silence passed before Mum replied, "Darling, I left the box on your bed and trust me, I always have wanted to tell you but you dad told me to wait!" She carried on, "Look at you! Beautiful and lovely, just like your dad!" The tears spilled in her innocent eyes. I couldn't help it so I gave her a warm hug and mumbled, "I know, I know!". After that day, I felt happier knowing that my dad had loved me, even though he's gone.

