

The Sins of our Fathers

By

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First Smashwords Edition

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Open

All I want is for someone to come up to me and tell me I have the day off. I work a lot of hours during the week at this hospital. It's insane. Since I was a little girl studying the works of the human body in my room while my dad could barely stand on his two feet. I sometimes smell alcohol from my room even now. The stench of it is stuck in my mind.

Betty tapped on Rachel's shoulder. "Rachel, you're not answering your phone," said Betty.

"What? Oh!" said Rachel. I didn't notice the 3 missed calls on my phone. It was Allison. I was too busy surrounded by all the stuff on my desk and didn't notice the ring go off. Then again, I probably thought it was dad calling. I called Allison back.

"Hello, Allison," said Rachel.

"Rachel, thank god you called back," said Allison.

"What, what is it?"

"It's daddy, he's gone to the bar again."

I reluctantly said, "Ok, I'm going." I had to tell Betty if she could cover for me for a little while. I got my purse and my keys. Allison's car was waiting outside the hospital.

"Allison?" asked Rachel as she signalled to lower down the window. "You shouldn't be driving."

"Come on, we can talk about this later after we get him," said Allison.

I can't believe she went out of her way to drive all the way to the hospital to get me. She doesn't have enough experience.

“What is wrong with you, did you get into trouble on the way here.”

“No, it's fine.” She kept her eyes towards the road the entire time.

At least she is paying attention to the road this time. We wouldn't want another accident like the last time.

“Which bar is it?”

“Jesse's.”

“Oh my god, it's always that bar,” said Rachel as she put her hand on her face. “How did he get there, he didn't drive there did he?”

“No, he walked I think.”

“What do you mean you think?” I turned my head to look at her. “You weren't paying attention to him were yo--”

“I was doing an assignment in my room, I didn't hear the front door open.”

I can't believe she let him slip by again, this is the third time this month. She is supposed to look at him like a hawk.

“How many times is this going to happen, Allison?”

“I have things to do and it hasn't been easy since you left.” Allison then said, “All he does is go to work and come back to watch tv while drinking. No matter if he is at home or at a bar he is drinking.”

“Well at least, we can look over him when he is home.”

“We, you mean me. I have to take care of him all by myself.”

I saw a purple light glow with the words, Jesse's Bar. It was a block away. I nodded my head towards the bar. Allison noticed and stopped talking.

“I’m going alone, stay in the car,” said Rachel.

“No, I’m going,” responded Allison.

“Fine, lets go.”

I went through the door and saw a man in his mid thirties with his head down at the bar.

“There he is,” said Rachel. “Jack!”

Jack picked up his head and said, “Huh.”

I put my hand on Jack’s shoulder and said, “Jack, come on we are going home.”

“Home? As much as I know, this is my home,” said Jack as he picked up his beer.

I grabbed Jack’s beer and put it down. I told the bartender, Jesse to stop giving him alcohol.

“Come on..... This is my first one,” said Jack.

“Well, how many did you have at home?” asked Rachel. I can’t believe he is trying to tell me he isn’t drunk.

“Look, I had a long day at work and I can see that I’m not the only one,” said Jack.

“Yeah I did, but I don’t drink to make myself relaxed as you think it does to you,” said Rachel.

“You think I do this because I want to, I do this because you girls won’t let me relax,” said Jack as he turned around to look at both of them.

“Relax! I don’t bother you at all when you’re drinking in the living room and watching tv,” said Allison.

“You haven’t changed your routine for many years now, even when I used to live there,” said Rachel.

“What if the way I want to relax is to be with my daughters!” said Jack. He looked at both of them then he bowed his head. “Things haven’t been the same since your mom died.”

I don’t know what to say.

“Dad, that was 7 years ago,” said Allison.

“Then why does it feel like it happened yesterday, my own daughters are still grieving her death. I left you two greve your own way.”

“You decided to drink your sorrows,” said Rachel.

“Can’t I greve! We haven’t been together since she died. I wish I didn’t drink, but what else am I supposed to do, I can’t be with my daughter because neither of you want to,” said Jack. He looked back up at them with a tear in his eye. “I let you pursue your career as a doctor and I tried my best to not get in the way.”

I couldn’t believe what I was hearing. He has never said things like this before, not to me or to Allison. I jumped to hug him as well as Allison.

We hug each other for a couple of seconds

“Allison, I let you focus on your work, so you can graduate and get a career too,” said Jack.

“I know,” said Allison.

“Guys, let's get out of here. We can go to that restaurant mom always went to,” said Rachel.

“The steakhouse?” asked Jack.

“Yeah, lets go,” said Rachel.

Me and Allison helped dad to the car and we drove to the restaurant. Mom, I hope you're watching, this is for you.

Golden Smile

Barry walks up to Matt's new car.

"What do you think?" asked Matt. "I had it washed this morning to give it that sense of freshness."

"Wow, this is a nice car," said Barry.

Barry could see the vibrant baby blue shine from the Camaro. The windows were clean and tinted. The rims were BBS SX crystal black wheels. The tires seemed as if they have never been through rough terrain and if they did, they would withstand it.

"What year is it?" said Barry as he walked around the car.

"2018."

"Oh come on, I expected a 2019 model or even 2020."

"Hey I'm rich, but not that rich. Now get in we have a party to go to."

Barry stopped admiring the car and got in. He was met with a Hawaiian breeze. He sat on the grey and soft artificial leather. "Man you have it all, even these golden dice on the rear view mirror."

"They are not real gold," said Matt. Matt proceeded to push the ignition button.

The sounds of the engine were loud as they pushed out of the exhaust. So loud in fact, it caught some eyes.

"Hell yeah, that's what I'm talking about!" Barry screamed. "Hopefully we stay up all night. I'm planning to sleep during my exam tomorrow."

"Put on your seat belt, I don't want to get a ticket again," said Matt as he put his on.

“That was one time and we were fine. The cop that pulled us over knew my dad.”

“I still got a ticket,” said Matt as he drove out into the road. He almost hit a trash can when he drove out.

“Hey! Who taught you to drive, man.”

“Wasn’t my old man that's for sure,” said Matt as he kept driving forward.

Barry sat up on his seat. “You know, you never tell me much about your dad.”

“There is not much to tell. He owns some company, rich, and apparently blind.”

Barry saw that last thing he said bothered him. “Hey, if you don’t want to talk about him, that's fine.”

“No, it's not fine.” Matt’s jaw tightened. His eyes have become hooded. “He never comes home anymore.”

“I thought you told me he came home a while back.”

“Four months ago, he came and he ate with me and mom then left back to work.” Matt gripped on the steering wheel.

“Oh.”

“I understand that he has work, but when he's given time off he's still busy. I know why he doesn’t come home.”

“Why?”

“I’ve seen the divorce papers. They have not talked to me about it. My dad thinks that if he gives me all the money in the world that I will forget and accept it.”

“Does your dad know you know about the divorce.”

“He's a dick not an idiot. He noticed my mood change when we had dinner together.”

Matt slammed his fist on the steering wheel. “He thinks I’ll just put on a smile for him. To not cause problems for my mom.”

“Do you pretend?”

“Yeah, I do. I have to,” said Matt as he saw the house party around the corner.

“We don’t have to go to the party if you feel--”

“Feel what? Sad? Angry? No, he doesn’t get to make me feel horrible.”

“Then, what should we do?” asked Barry.

“Lets just go to the party for now, I’ll figure out how to stop feeling terrible after,” said Matt as he opened the car door, grabbed the fake gold dice and threw them to the ground. He stepped out of the car and stepped on them as he went into the party.

Honor

“The door is open?” said Jim. He noticed his apartment door was slightly open. He slowly opened the door with his hand near his waist.

He opened it and saw a woman. It was an old lady sitting in a chair on the balcony looking off into the distance.

“Mom? What are you doing here?” said Jim as he walked towards her.

“Jimmy, how’s it going?” said Jim’s mom. “How’s Olivia?”

“She’s fine and the kids are too,” said Jim. He sat on a chair opposite of his mother.

“Did you see the news?” said Jim’s mom as she looked over at the TV inside of the apartment.

There have been 67 victims in the massacre. The state officials are still currently in the Golden Nugget casino.

Jim got up from his seat and turned off television.

“I asked you what you are doing here mother,” said Jim.

“Don’t, don’t speak to me like I’m one of your goons.”

“Goons? I run a mattress company.”

“Yeah and I’m the mayor of do you really think I’m that stupid town,” said Jim’s mom. She sighs. “I want to help you Jimmy, I don’t want you to be like--”

“Like my father, like him,” said Jim while he looked at his mother with an insulted expression in his face.

“No, I wasn’t going to say that.”

“But you still believe that I’m like him.”

“You’re nothing like your father,” said Jim’s mom. “You dress better than him, with your expensive white suit.”

“Look mom, I’m late for something,” said Jim. He stood up and walked towards the apartment door.

“Jimmy!” yelled Jim’s mom.

Jim walked up to the door and opened it. He stood in the doorway.

“Be careful with that thing on your waist, it causes problems like it did in that casino.”

Jim didn’t answer.

“You are not your father, Jimmy, but I wish you had his honor.”

“Goodbye mother, and it’s Jim not Jimmy.”

He stepped out of the door and closed it behind him.

About the Author

Luis Casiano is a novelist that writes about dramas, science fiction, and action. He is on track to earn a Bachelor of Fine Arts in Creative Writing from Full Sail University. He has one published work “Tears of Blood,” a flash fiction. The work is published in a magazine Scarlet Leaf Review in the upcoming April issue. He is a Hispanic kid that plays with balls of dirt. He would love to have snowball fights, but the burning heat of Texas prevents him from having a snow day.

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