

Jan. 27th. "It had been over a decade, almost two since he vanished. I still remember that day, he looked me in the eyes, left me in charge and left while placing his hat on his head. Hours went by and he never came back, I filed a missing person report but nothing came up. He had erased himself from existence entirely. I want to track him down but..I cannot leave the others behind. We will simply have to manage."

Feb. 17th "No one has uttered a word about him in a while, I'm beginning to worry more. Did he meet a fair maiden and run away with her? No. He wouldn't be like that. Every day I stand on the front porch and watch for any sign of that man but no one walks up, save for the bravest of souls who come to deliver things. At this point, I have held suspicion that the man is no longer with us on this earth, but dead at the bottom of the ocean. It was always a fear of his, to drown."

Dec. 5th "I cannot take this any longer, he has been gone for almost twenty years and this has gone on long enough. I am going out to find him, if I do not return, I may have met a fate similar to his, or even worse. Do not come looking for me unless I too, vanish from this earth. If I come back and drop dead on the doorstep, bury me on the hill overlooking the evening

sun, it is a place I often find myself writing in this journal. I know months have gone by and I cannot wait any longer, until he is found, I will search each end of the Earth. Soon my search will lead me back home..I am sure of it. I dawn my hat, coat and satchel and saddle up, for tonight the search begins.

- A. M."

I shut the journal that belonged to my grandfather, looking at his grave. I smiled, seeing my grandfather was quite the journalist and horseman. I set a small assortment of flowers on his grave and clutched the journal to my chest. My parents always talked how my grandfather was a stubborn Irishman and how I Inherited it, I would always laugh. I never met him, he passed before I was born. Mama said he would've loved me. I wish I could've met him, he and I would've had great adventures.

"Happy Birthday grandfather, I hope you're having the best adventures wherever you are now." I whispered to the grave, the soft breeze blowing my small frame. I heard my mother calling my name.

"Shamus! Time for dinner!" She called, I waved one last time to the grave before heading Inside with the journal and satchel thumping against me. I knew my grandfather was always with me.