

It was always sweet to come back home.

I found myself sitting on the sofa exhausted after a long day's work. On top of the TV set sat a large picture frame, in which the faces of my wife, my daughter and I squeezed together, all smiling. Below the frame, a message scrolled across the LCD display. I knew it by heart: Happy Birthday Daddy! Tell me more stories.

My wife, Rebecca, was playing piano with little Gina. Her dream was to train Gina to become a pianist. Now, Gina could play a simple song, and we all lavished praises on her, so she could get more confident. I just relaxed on the sofa, closed my eyes, and listened to the imperfect, but somehow delicious music. I almost dozed off when Gina dragged me back from the brink of sleep.

"Father, this is story time." She giggled, like she was playing some little harmless jokes on me.

"Rebecca, spare me tonight. I will tell Gina two stories tomorrow." I didn't want to reject Gina's request directly, so I turned to Rebecca for help. Usually, this would work. Rebecca would whisper something in Gina's ears, then push me to finish the bedtime routines, like bathing and brushing the teeth. After that, I could have a good night's sleep.

"I am okay, but Gina wants to listen to the story eagerly. After all, tomorrow is Saturday, and you don't have to go to work."

Rebecca passed the ball back to me. She understood me perfectly: I didn't have the heart to deny the requests of my beloved daughter.

Gina climbed on my lap, her eyes sparkling of playfulness. I struggled to get up. However, Rebecca had already handed me a volume of Dragon Ball. I smiled a big smile. That was not because I could save some energy, but because of a feeling that I had finally found a companion, who understood me instantly, and who could accompany me for the rest of my life.

I opened the comic to where I ended yesterday. That was a story about Son Goku, who was in continuous search of the seven Dragon Balls. To solicit the free service of Fortuneteller Baba, he and his comrades had to win the fights with 5 Kung Fu champions, one of them being Devil. He shot Goku with the beam of evil, which would make the grain of evil in every human expand, expand and finally explode. However, this didn't work with Goku.

"Why?" Gina asked, excited and curious.

"Because inside Goku, there are no vice desires. He is a good child." As a father, I was bound to give her some little moral lesson. "Jesus loves good children like Goku, and you. You have to behave, and Jesus will love you more." That was not entirely true, as Jesus loved us regardless of our behavior.

"How about Chris' father? Where is he now? Does he miss Chris?" Gina asked

innocently. Yes, Chris, I had forgotten him for a long time.

"Next time. Next time." I kissed her on the cheek, ready to go to sleep.

"Why does Andy leave Chris and Fion? Does God have some special mission for him?" Gina refused to let go. It seemed that she was more excited than usual.

The outline of the story flew through my brain: Chris was living with his mother Fion, while his father Andy was on a special mission for God. Each year, on his birthday, he received a book from his father, so he would spend most of his time reading the book avidly. When Chris was 6, he got the Bible, so I told Gina lots of stories in Bible. She fell in love with Jesus instantly. Then, when I wanted to tell Gina some new stories, Chris suddenly woke up from his book and found himself seven now, so he received another book. For my own convenience, I picked up Dragon Ball, the all-time favorite comic for me. Since then, I started to tell her the adventures of Goku.

"Why don't you tell her a romantic story about Andy and Fion? Your last story about them is moving. Gina and I love it very much."

"Glad you like it." Sometimes when I was riding on the MTR to and from work, I would make up one story or two for Gina. "Tomorrow, we will go back to Chris' home, and Fion will tell Chris a story about his father before he left them."

Gina smiled, her eyes squeezed to a slit. I would make up a thousand stories for just a smile of such pure happiness.

"Gina, you have got something for your father, right?"

"What day is this?" I stared at them in surprise. In my mind, I only got gifts in my birthday, but that was still many months away.

Rebecca handed Gina a fat diary. She took it with all her might, and then passed to me.

"This is the day the first volume of your story completes, our future writer. Open it." Rebecca said, her eyes glittering with pride.

I flipped open the middle page, which was covered with small, neat and beautiful handwriting of Rebecca. It was the story about Jesus' death, which I told Gina some time ago. I turned to other pages, and they were full of stories I told: the Bible stories, the Dragon Ball adventures, and occasionally the original stories I made up. Rebecca wrote everything down.

I gasped at her effort. I even didn't realize she was doing this.

"I write it down in between the piano lessons." She explained.

"Why?" Tears suddenly rushed to my eyes, and they dropped from my cheeks in spite of myself.

"I still remember the stories you told me when we first dated. I hope you can carry on making stories, for Gina and me, and maybe other people. You once told me

you wanted to become a writer, right?"

"Yes, but I never find the motivation to do this."

"That's why I do this for you. To achieve a dream in one go is extremely difficult. But if you do it a little bit day by day, then your dream will materialize before you realize it."

"Thanks for your support." I hugged Rebecca, and Gina wrapped her little hands around us.

"Look at the front page," My wife told me when we untangled.

On the first page, some skewed words were written, clearly with utmost care and attention, by Gina's shaky hand: Father, write me more stories.

"I will stop here. Now, you have to carry on your dream." Rebecca said with a sigh of relief.

Looking at them, I was grateful of my luck to have them beside me. I was speechless, and found no reason to postpone realizing my creative dream.