**Rhys- Snapshots**

Have you ever looked in the mirror and realised that the person you are staring at isn’t you? That you are trapped inside the mirror’s illusion but you, yourself, don’t know what you actually look like in the other person’s eyes?

How about the alias that you set for yourself?

This was the life I thought I lived, the life of missing a fatherly figure.

I mean, I have a father of course, as well as a step-father…but none are particularly close to me. But saying that, I have had a lot of memories with my real father, that reflect on me and my being.

Green Hill Lake used to be a second home to us. The sunburnt dirt, the weedy greyness of the water and the surrounding smell of fresh, developing bark all welcomed us whenever we went out. Some days would be colder and the clouds would shed a tear, but that never stopped us.  
Canoeing was our sport, one we both enjoyed and found peace in. My strength like his made us unstoppable when we battled through the rough currents. We would row hard and rest on the island across from us, catching our breath or taking shelter from rain. But we always found a sort of trust and honesty…one I never thought I would have return, much like a phoenix from the ashes.  
  
It was during my eighth year when this very figure took off in his four-wheeled monster, leaving his decedents with the woman who once was called his wife (the court order saw to that), and his wheels sped off on the asphalt. The amount of pain, of doubt…it affected me long, longer than it ever should have, but it has definitely left its mark.

No more I focus on the past, rather the good times ahead to come. We still see each other, though there is fear that it will never be as close as it once was. Simple times are still remembered like dinners in restaurants. We would always have material to reminisce as we would fill our bellies with foreign food. My younger siblings would always act the jester, entertaining us with their wit, and yet, we would all smile.

Flash after flash occurs in my mind and I remember such times as the beach, arcades, shopping malls and other towns and cities. Sometimes my kin and father would drive, a road trip, to Australia’s south side. Our cousins would welcome us and bright smiles were always ahead.

But the one memory that still sparks in my mind is the moment I first heard my Dad’s tears over the phone. I have heard him cry before, like when we would watch the vessel sink beneath the iceberg, Jack and Rose’s bond tested, but never, had I heard the tears over me. His voice echoed in my head of how proud he was of me, raising myself to become close to a perfect gentlemen, my heart always warm. It fuelled me with the same unstoppable pride when we would test the canoe along the choppy water.

So now I look in the mirror one last time. I know now that that I’m not entirely me and I never will be. This body will always be mine, from my skinny limbs to my unique mind. But the one thing I could never claim is my eyes…  
  
…for when I look in the mirror; those familiar aqua-like spheres are that of my father’s.