

Father to Son

Why is a guy like me writing a diary? Well, it's simple. It's more than a journal, it's more for you to know who I am when I'm gone. I'm a man of usually a lot of words, most of them nonsense. But they make her laugh, so I continue to run my mouth off just to see her smile.

Who is she you ask? Your mother of course. I'm writing this down so you'll know later on down the road, how I felt at your age. This is sappy right? If you're anything like me, that's what you'll be saying about now. So shut up and read. I never knew my father, I want you to know me. Just in case ya know.

I grew up on the streets. I had to steal to survive and I got mixed up in a lot of things that took away my childhood. I won't go into details, I'm sure one day you'll be able to figure it out for yourself. However, that path led me indirectly to your mother and I wouldn't change that bit of fate if my life depended on it.

Who knows what they teach you in school about what happened two years ago, this is the truth. How I saw it unfold. You'll probably find out that your dear old dad was once a Gundam Pilot who referred to himself (and still does) as the God of Death. Although thankfully I've been able to retire somewhat from that lifestyle. Deathscythe was my Gundam partner or 02, or whatever they'll end up calling it in your text books. I called him Deathscythe for the record. Again, I won't go into too many details about the battles we fought together. War sucks, and it's still too fresh for me to even want to talk about it much. Maybe I'll add to this book later, maybe not. Let's just end this section saying, I blew a lot of shit up and killed a lot of people. I did what I had to do.

It was during the War of AC 195 that I met your mother. Man she had a lot of spunk. Not to mention she was (and still is) Damn cute. You're fortunate your dad had an instant crush on your mother. Else things might not have turned out the way they have. Being my normal talk too much self, I somehow managed to convince your mom, I wasn't the bad guy. And thanks to her actually buying my con job, she helped me escape OZ. She got lucky OZ and Romerfeller went haywire. Else she would have probably been executed for treason. During the collapse and reorganization of power, she got the fuck outta dodge. Your mom is damn clever when she wants to be. Not to mention the most stubborn, headstrong chick I know.

I was going through a rough time during this period. I began questioning what I was really doing all that damn fighting for. Then I ran into your mom again. She looked like shit, she was on the streets like I was once. So I brought her here. That's a decision I have never regretted. Your mom takes good care of me. She helped to clean my act up, so to speak. Getting to know her, I soon found my reason for fighting. For her, and the millions of others like her. The people. Not for the colony, not for space or earth. But for the multitude of innocent people just trying to live each day. I fought so the people didn't have to. So your mom didn't have to.

God, I just read what I wrote so far. Jesus, I'm a sap tonight. Sorry. But it's the truth. I had something at last that was worth more than gold to me. Even if I was too much of a chicken shit to tell your mom that. Word of advice son, when you like a girl, TELL HER! Damn I went through weeks of drooling then making excuses to go to the bathroom. More than you probably wanted to know right? Too bad, you'll learn lots of stuff about me kiddo. One thing is I never lie, so you're gonna get nothing but the truth here.

We were hiding out while I brought my Gundam back up to specs. That's when the White Fang decided to make an appearance and I had to go back to the fighting sooner than I would have liked. It meant leaving your mom behind. Or so I thought. One thing you'll learn. Your mom walks to the beat of her own drummer. When she get a an idea in her head, and is determined, all hell usually breaks loose. God I love her.

While I was out getting my ass kicked and kicking some of my own. Your mom boarded Libra and managed to hack her way into the computer. She downloaded the information that helped us take it down. It was during her escape with that info I truly realized how much I did love her. We almost lost her that day. It kills me to even think about it. Your dad, idiot that he is, makes a meal of his foot often. And I did that day. Instead of telling her how much I loved her. I called her a Stupid fool. And without missing a beat. Your mom informed me she knew I was going to say that then promptly passed out.

Things went out of control from there on out. But we finally managed to end that god awful war. It took me a few days to track your mom down again. They had evacuated her off of the ship before they destroyed it. I found her in a

makeshift hospital on MO II. That's when I swallowed my fear and told her I loved her. You're probably asking yourself what does a fifteen year old know about love. Hey, I wasn't your average fifteen year old. Neither was your mom. I hope you never have to deal with the forces that forced me to be mature beyond my age. I want you to be a kid for as long as you can. Anyway, I was telling you how I told your mom I loved her. She just smiled, informed me she already knew that I did. And that she loved me too. I wish she'd have told me earlier she knew I loved her. It would have saved me a lot grief. But your mom likes to torture me sometimes. I deserve it too.

We went home after that, finally we had a real home to go to. But it didn't last long. A year to be exact was what we had. We had just finished setting up the Christmas tree when Quatre called. It was just gonna be us putting to rest our Gundams. Boy we're we in for a surprise. This Dick named Dekim decided he wanted us all to lye down and get fucked up the ass by him. We had other ideas. Like getting on with our lives in peace. So once again I had to play my part and stand up for the peace that was still so new. Some Christmas resent huh? I could have done without it. Luckily we won, and it's been peaceful round here this past year. I came home and your mom was here waiting for me.

We set up the Christmas tree today, after we came back from the doctor's office. See, you're not even born yet kiddo. Yeah, I know what you're thinking. You're adding up dates in your head. Let me save ya the trouble. It's December 12, AC 197. Yes, your mom and dad are only 17. But, before you assume, know this. You were not an accident. We talked about it first. We really did. We decided that if it happened it happened and we would accept the blessing. And that's what you are, a blessing. I'm looking at you right now. Well the blobby, black and white ultrasound picture of you, the only bit we can really make out is that you're a boy. I can't wait to see the rest of you. I love you already, so does your mom. You're due to arrive any day now. Your Christmas Presents are under the tree waiting for you. Like you give a shit now. But one day, you'll read this and know exactly was what going through my mind when I thought about you. This is me, this is the man that is Duo Maxwell. Your Father, and hopefully one day your friend too. I love you son. From me to you Merry Christmas.

The End
