

## The Hidden Truth.

"My father Koschei has no soul. I used to think he did it so he could be ruthless as frostbite, and live forever with his gold. But yesterday I found out the truth. I was amused by the research I had found and I couldn't believe that all these years ago I thought that what my father had told me the truth about his secret. I couldn't understand why he had done this to me."

A couple years ago my father Koschei told me that he had won gold in the weekly lottery. 3 whole pieces of it! But I needed it to be proven, so he brought in the 3 pieces of gold he'd won. I couldn't believe what I could see and was dreaming of a life worth a million. A massive pool in my back garden, a ten bedroom house even though there was only two of us and a HUGE chocolate fountain. All my dad needed to do was to change it to money.

The next day I woke up like never before, waiting for my dad to get up from bed, I tried to wake him up by jumping on him but he wouldn't budge. I zoomed downstairs, knocking down everything that was in my way and started the hunt for my fathers mobile phone.

It was not there, not anywhere. There was only one place to look and that's in my dad coat pocket, he normally leaves it there, but not for the night. There it was, the bright metal phone case shined at me as I pulled it out of his thick, black coat.

As I started to write the number of the ambulance into the phone I felt a chilling zap race down my spine. I pressed dial and heard the ring tone ring. I anxiously told the ambulance where I live and what is happening. They arrived shortly and told me that I should stay at home while they take my father hospital. By now I was dying to know what was happening, one day he wins the lottery and he's not celebrating the next he's going to hospital. Maybe he has planned this, he might be faking the illness. I couldn't stand waiting so I took off on about a 45 minute walk to the hospital.

I arrived at my destination and asked the staff what room my dad was in. he was in room number 32. I speeded off to my dads room. I slowly opened the door and stood there in disbelief. My father was on another persons phone speaking to a person who looked just like him. "He might have a twin brother" I thought. But he would have told me that. This must have been planned, but why...

I trotted back home I though about what I have just seen. I collapsed onto my bed and drifted off into deep sleep. The next day, I woke up and heard my dad speaking to something or someone. Rapidly, I jumped out of bed and rushed down the stairs and into the kitchen where my dad was. He was on his phone, AGAIN, speaking to the same person, not bothered what was happening around him.

He didn't care about me. I was talking to him he wasn't answering and then I noticed the mark of his face. My dad didn't have that mark. Immediately, I realized that this couldn't have been my dad and that he must have a twin. And I also realized that my dad doesn't waste money buying lottery tickets so this wasn't my dad. My dad was gone and now a completely random person was ruling me and my house. I was terrified...

✓ A very interesting turn of events. 5djos.