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## Darkness is Cheap

by Miriam Silver

In the beginning, before I really came to grips with his death, I was in such a bad place, dealing with the coroner, death certificate, the funeral and eventually probate that I did not have any time to deal with my grief or with his last wishes.

I approached the box lying unopened on my desk only to discover that the contents not only overwhelmed me but brought me face to face with the enormity of his crime. As the papers and photos in the box revealed he had been involved in a serious crime - my Dad who saw me through university, and was proud of his lawyer son.

Gradually I uncovered crime details from photos and newspapers, dating back before I was born, clearly saying that the perpetrators had left the country, changed their name and appearances, leaving victims, adding at a later date that they had left no trace whatsoever.

Father had lived with this awful secret, keeping it in a dark place, never able to either use or gain from his illegal activity. To me he was fun and generous, as a family we enjoyed outings and holidays even though his job, buying and selling took him away for long hours.

On Goggling I found two of the men's names whom had been in it with him. It appears they robbed a security bank, disappeared, never being able to use their ill-gotten gains which, according to the letter I was reading, was still in my father's hands.

To carry out my father's wishes, as a lawyer, I was obliged to find and tell these two where to find this treasure their so called mate had hidden from them all these years, bearing in mind the enmity they must feel towards my dad, presumably all three had planned to carry out this crime.

Considering doing anything that would benefit the names in the box was against my life beliefs, they were criminals. Presumably the victims had received and spent their insurance money. Nevertheless, increasingly understanding that my father had kept his dark secret so close to his chest, that no member of his family knew anything, I still had to carry out my father's wishes and could in law be responsible for his crime.

The two names were both living, in reasonable health, google had found them, individually expressing tentative delight that Dad had not forgotten them, and yes they would like to meet me to express their condolences, never mentioning any other reason proposing a meeting.

I chose the pub, the time etc. explained how recognise me said I was looking forward to our catch up. I ignored the years in which they would have had time in which to resent my fathers long-term shabby behaviour.

We met in a pub where, under the guise of receiving their condolences I said, "Dad left this, wanted to share his ashes with old mates," realising as I passed over all the evidence, that I'd inherited more of my father than I first thought.