

A BAD DREAM

They arrive at midnight. She's tired from work and he's half staggering. Mum will send us to the bedroom. There will be reproaches shouting, insults, swearing, blows and eventually a bitter cry which the neighbours will ignore. After some minutes of silence, the door will slowly open and close. There will be a throat clearing accompanied by a whiff of alcohol. Then, my brother, huddled under the covers, will begin to shiver. There will be the snap of the leash and instantly a loud groan of pain. This time I won't freeze in bed, I'll jump into the corner in the dark and squeeze with all my might until I lose track of time and stop feeling his breathing.

Suddenly, a tender voice reaches my ears in the distance: "Darling, are you there?" I look up. It's the social educator. "Your classmates are waiting for you in the dining room" I don't answer, the words are still frozen in the labrynth of my heart. I pull down the sleeve of my sweatshirt and put the cutter in my vanity case.

Collection of micro-Stories: "Maybe or Perhaps"