

## Primer premio de la modalidad 4º ESO – Bachillerato

Elena Blesa Estepa (1º Bachillerato F)

### Daily Bases

The night came, just like any other day. This was the time which Mom and I dreaded the most. Dad was hooked on those things that I called “Bad Drinks”, they made him turned into a bad man. It is like what happens to me when I drink too much fizzy drinks too fast, and my stomach hurts, but way worse.

There was a violent knock at the door. Mom hesitated before opening the door. But the longer it took her to open, the harder the knocks became. She opened, and Dad came in angrily, smelling like some cheap and bad liquor which I could slightly smell from my own bedroom.

Their usual fight started again: *-You’re making too much noise! You will wake her up! – What if? Then I will give you and that little bitch a taste of your own medicine, you pieces of trash, THAT’S WHAT BOTH OF YOU ARE!*

That was the last thing I heard before an accumulated tiredness throughout the days took me to the deepest sleep I had ever been on. I was absolutely unaware of the time that had gone away until I was woken up, in the morning, by a strong wind coming through the window.

It was weird; I didn’t remember opening the window, not even a little, before going to sleep. I mean, it was starting to get warm, but not as much as to be necessary to open any windows...

I got up from my berth and, when I got onto the floor, the first thing that I saw were Mommy’s green slippers down the window after a blood trickle. Having seen so, I looked down my window and the only thing I saw was something covered with some type of shiny blanket tied with a strange rope.

I started to worry...Did Dad do what I think he had done? I began to panic and hyperventilate. So, I ran downstairs, finding two policemen looking at me. *–Where the hell were you, girl? How was it that we had checked the whole house and we hadn’t seen you?*

Lots of questions were bombarding my small ears, I just couldn’t listen, and I was feeling too sick to focus on anything. My sight started to blur and my knees felt too weak to keep holding my own weight. My breath turned heavy and faltering; air wouldn’t come into my lungs though.

There was a soft whisper that I last heard before fainting: *I am sorry, Sweetheart...*

**...MOM!**

Miss Armoured