

She is back

She is here, around me, beneath me, over me, behind me, inside of me everyday and she can't leave me. I can't see her physically but even though she can't move, hurt me or breathe she is here, I feel it. I hear her crying in the attic but I don't care because she is dead and continues to torment me. I can still see her tiny, tiny face and her tiny, tiny hand coming towards me in search of human affection. The night I found her in that chest in front of the door I knew that child was different from the other girls of the orphanage. She had these penetrating black yet miniscule eyes and from the first moment I was sure, I knew that sight as if it was my own; but how, how was it possible that she was back again in my arms. She was there, even though she had died years before in the same arms that were protecting her in that very moment. I hated her with all myself, I loved her from the depth of my heart and soul but instead of loving or hating me back she left me. I couldn't put her in the dormitory with all the other girls, she was special, her soul shone like a raw diamond but, at the same time, it was creepy and dark like a viper. Now that little monster is locked in a storage room and she deserves it. Can the teachers and the other girls of the orphanage where I work hear the creature crying from the attic? They can't imagine that I locked up a 3 year old girl. It is better for me if they do not discover it, because they will think I am mad. They do not understand, she reminds me of the only daughter I had and who died, and the only one that could have destroyed me in a way that no one else could have ever done by leaving. And now it is just me, the girls, the teachers and that creature. No one knows she is there, no one had ever known that she arrived in this orphanage because she is mine and only mine. In fact, I decided that she had to feel as tormented and lonely as I did when she left me years before on this Earth. One day she found crayons in the attic and on the walls she drew me. Incredibly that ungrateful monster sees me as a torturer, she drew me completely black with pale hands that were hitting her. She didn't draw any of the caresses that I've always given her after the punishment. Maybe she thinks she does not deserve this but she hasn't even called me "mama" yet. I feed her, however she still portrays me as a horrible person but I am not. I am not insane, I am hurt, not by her, but by the death of my daughter. I am convinced she came back as this creature thinking that I could have forgiven her instantly, but now I'm channeling the pain I feel on this creature. I will never permit people to meet her, because she is nothing and no

one will ever want to meet that nothingness. What drives me crazy is that even though she is nothing I constantly think of her. I am not mad, I swear people won't understand me because they will never know my pain, but her tears and scars are the mirror of my soul. Today I will give her extra punishment because she has invaded my head with only thoughts of her. I climb the stairs, "crick, crack", and on every step I feel she is moving and hiding. "Crick, crack," I know she can hear me, I'm coming. " Crick, crack", don't be afraid, it's me. "Crick, Crack" and I feel her shaking like an earthquake. Don't be afraid darling, your nothingness made me think today, and this is bad for you because, you know what happens when someone has the mind filled with thoughts? Well, I will tell you, simply things go bad. But now it is my turn, I can make you feel that bad, come on, do not hide, you know it is just for your own good. "Crick Crack" I'm going down the stairs, and she cries but I am satisfied. She shouldn't cry, I hit her but it is for her own good. She deserves more, this ungrateful monster, she deserves more, more and more and I will not stop myself from liberating my soul from this torment. "Crick, Crack" I am going up the stairs again, I can't hear anything. "Crick, crack", where is she? Maybe she is sleeping. "Crick, crack", darling I am back, come to me. Why isn't she moving? Wake up, wake up ungrateful monster. Wake up, what are you doing? You can't avoid my punishment. Don't you dare try to die again? You can't leave me here alone again! I will continue to be tormented again and again. In my dreams and nightmares, in my joys and sorrows, you will never leave this heart. I will be forever searching for you but I will never be able to free myself from you. One day when I will leave this Earth, I will reach you, will you free me?

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