Zerfall
(Deutsch und English)

Von caperpri

Kapitel 1: stained

stained

It was dirty.
She could smell the wet clothes of her father, hanging over the backrest of a chair and the sour reek of old cigarettes. She could smell the stench of urine, yellow and disgusting, from the toilette and the rotten food on the kitchen table. And she could smell something else. Something, not fitting in her little world, something she knew and yet, it was something she should never know about in her young life.
Something, some white spot, marking a nightmare on the grey couch she was currently sitting.
This thing, this little fleck was staining her, ripping holes in her tiny soul and somewhere in her mind, some little voice was whispering to her. Whispering about things she forgot, whispering about little dark secrets, which she was keeping from herself, from memories slipping through her small fingertips.
She tried to listen, tried to remember but there was no way she could. But deep inside, hidden in the subconscious she knew she should never ever try to think about the hours she forgot, the nights, which never seemed to happen.
It was indeed the best thing she could do.
She stood up, rising from the speckled couch, which stained her for so long time, and went to the curtains so she could close them, stopping the sunlight from flowing in, as well as her memories.
Her father was back, she knew he was back even before he opened the front door, for the stench of sale beer gave him away.

End

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