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EYE - OPENER

And there I was.

As if it was not me, as if everything around me seems to happen and I had nothing to do with it, as if I were dead ... as my mother. My mother.... the person who made me laugh when people gave up trying... Or when nobody cared... Everything had the appearance of a dream: condolences, hugs...

And, all of a sudden, I saw her. I saw her almond-shaped eyes and her hair in a braid. She blurted out some strands of hair from her braid, providing her a grubby air. But ...

What was she doing here? She. The class nerd. The teacher's pet. Classmates usually taunt her and almost always manage to make her feel ridiculous.

Okay....What I really want to put into words is that, I reckon I had something to do with pulling her leg and trying to convince her she makes a fool of herself. The abominable stinky repulsive glasses that she is used to wearing, their quiet-conceited attitude...

It is NOT my fault.

IT IS NOT MY FAULT.

In Second High School, everyone behaves in the same way with her. It would be weird if I did not, wouldn't it? D'you know what I mean?

But none of those who called themselves close friends were there, not even the normal ones. But she was.

And she was staring at me.

Then, at that very moment, I felt an unexpected warmth through my body. She approached slowly while looking at me.

-So sorry, Tomas.

In the end, for the first time since knowing about my mother's death, I noticed moisture on my face.

I was crying.

ASSORA