

When I Have Wings

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Several days have passed since Mom left to collect her inheritance. Dad and I stayed home, although yesterday I hardly left my room. And today, in fact, I haven't been out all day, even though it's almost dark.

Dad has been very good to me lately, he hardly says anything to me and that is appreciated. Also, as mom, he has sworn to respect the privacy of this diary. But he has done it willingly.

The most curious of all is that it was the devil himself who made them both swear. The devil has an entourage. They are demons. I have been forcibly locked up and forced to put coal into my body.

It is also curious that the demons also have their wings. Everyone has them except me. And I don't know why, I'm good, I've only behaved badly when they forced me.

But Dad hasn't done it again, and Mom isn't here. I've been almost happy for a few days. Now dad is no longer a demon, he only has his wings.

Like all of them, I already say. It doesn't matter if they are on the street, on television or even on the radio; Everyone has them except me.

I have only noticed what people seem to have a hard time seeing. The first time I saw them was as a child in a parade. They were beautiful. She was gorgeous. Since then I have not stopped appreciating them: there are more beautiful, rougher or more careful, but everyone has them, everyone except me.

...I told Dad that the light is getting dimmer in this room, but he insists that it will fix itself. He's over nightfall, I think he should go to sleep for a while.

The father entered his daughter's room in tatters. The next stop would be the lounge to use the landline phone.

The next would be the last.