

@6loakbb



# "MUNDO"

6 LICEUM OGÓLNOKSZTAŁCĄCE IN BIELSKO-BIAŁA





*When I was 25 my life started to fall apart and all because of my mother.*

**Name: Fernando**



# 26th of May

## Escena retrospectira

I went to flamenco show in Madrid. I managed to book accommodation near the theater. That day promised to be pretty casual. When I arrived to the hotel they greeted me imidantly with cheerful smile. Performance began at 6 p.m so I have had a moment to explore the city. On a daily basis I live in Sevilla where most of the time I spent on my work so moment of relax was sensational solution.





I decided for a change to go to eat in town. I was passing past the beautiful, narrow street to theater when I noticed a restaurant with traditional at once my favorite Spanish food. I ordered a crunchy sandwich with jamon iberico and delicious churros with hot chocolate as well. Well-fed I went for a walk pass the Plaza the Mayor and I headed to the performance.





I sat down at the reserved table just below the stage. A little while later show has started. At some time a young girl went off on stage and gave me a card with phone number on it. Dancer in dark hair tide up in bun was wearing red dress decorated with feathers. This situation made me lost my focus till the end.







**Name: Felicia  
and Carlos**

I connected the dots. This woman reminded me too much of my mother. My childhood wasn't the easiest. My dad was an alcoholic and that's why he was absent from home. We couldn't live from my mom's flamenco salary, so she had to resolve to prostituting. I wasn't able to forgive her for doing such a thing.



My childhood trauma came back. I decided, that this girl needs to be punished for what she's doing. She needs to feel the consequences of her actions. I decided to wait for her to finish her job. I waited for her in a narrow street just next to the theatre. I felt a sudden adrenaline rush. I didn't know what would happen yet. When I saw her leave the building from an side door, I took out my pocket knife from my pocket and attacked her without any thinking.





I stabbed her right in the throat. The woman fell into the floor and right at her her fall a blood puddle appeared. I panicked. I just realised what had happened. Still in shock form the situation I ran to my hotel. In rush I ran to my room, changed my bloodied shirt and lied down on the couch. I felt my blood rushing and the cold sweat on my back.





# 27th of May

## Aeropuerto



I packed my suitcase. I received the deposit and I headed to metro. Events from the previous night was still in my head. I booked last tickets for flight to home in metro. I can't imagine longer state in the city. I was terrified. My hands was shaking. I felt everyone eyes on me.



I get out on first airport terminal.  
I count minutes for departure.  
When I just have walked for  
check in the girl run into me.  
Beautiful, black-haired, skinny  
women. I felt butterflies in my  
stomach. For the first time I  
knew she was the one.







I decided to keep her close only for me. When I stood up I gave her a hand. Nervously I introduced myself to her. This pretty girl was named Carmen. I propose that in apology I invite her for croissant and coffee to coffee. She agreed and that's how our wonderful and horrible story has started.

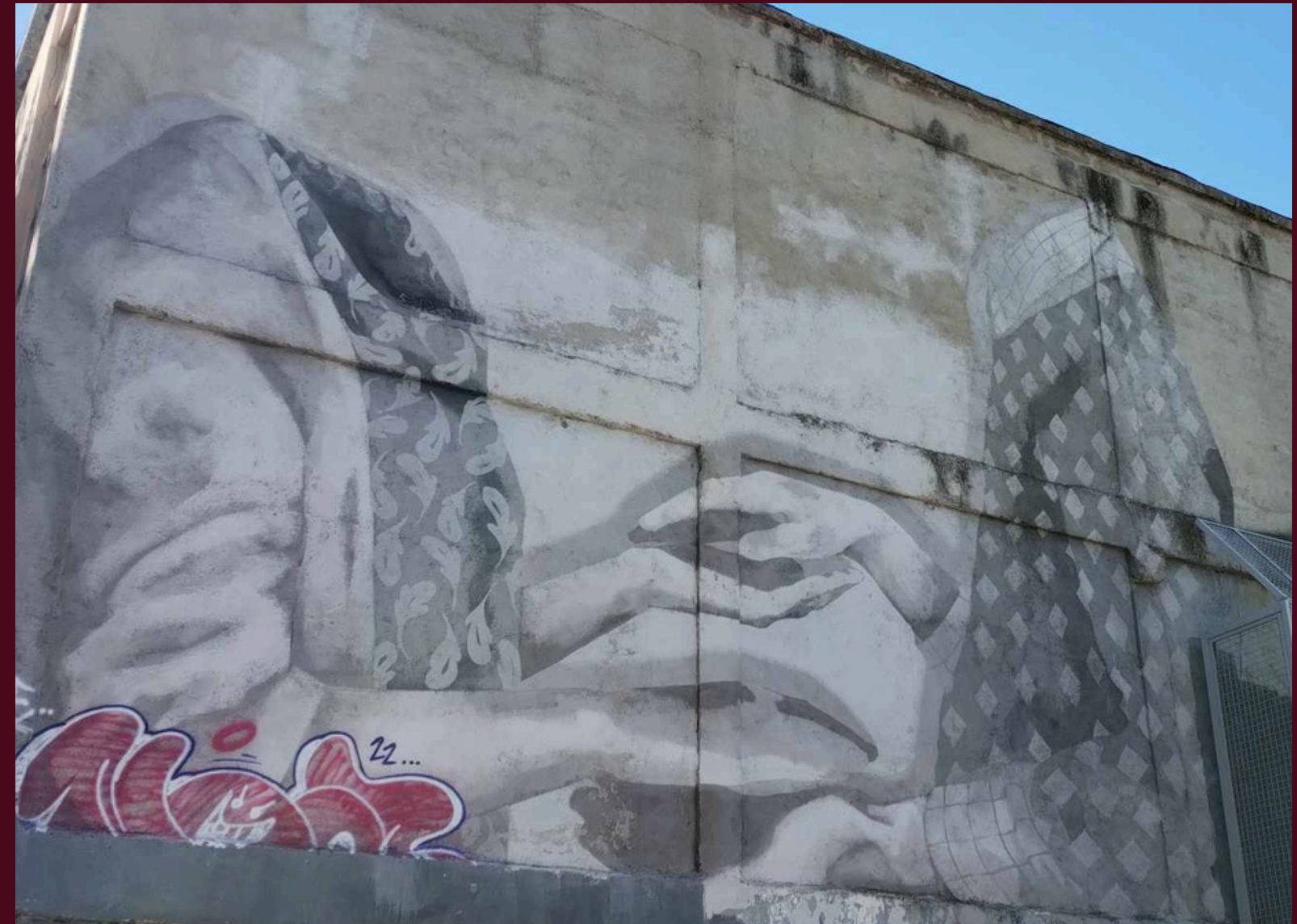




# 15th of September

## Aeropuerto

I did it again. Over the last few months, we have managed to establish quite a close relationship. I have never met such a wonderful woman as Carmen. But. She wasn't that great after all. It was because of her that I became an even bigger monster than I already was.





But let's start from the beginning. Last week Carmen went for the weekend with her friends. I wasn't thrilled with this idea, but I decided I couldn't limit her. And that was my mistake. When I came back, Carmen was different, as if she was avoiding me. I started to worry about her, so I decided to contact one of her friends. Then it turned out that the weekend together in Barcelona was one big fiction.







I went ballistic. A heated argument broke out between me and Carmen. She finally blurted it out. She betrayed me. I felt the familiar rush of adrenaline. I screamed in her face that she was a prostitute and behaved exactly like my mother.





I lost my temper. I grabbed her by the hair and dragged her into the basement with all my strength. I was infuriated. Despite her resistance, I tied her to a chair. Carmen was so beautiful. But no, she's a prostitute and such people deserve a slow and painful death. I was getting better and better, I started to like the idea of what I was going to do with her. I grabbed a knife from the kitchen and without much thinking, I went to the basement and cut her hair.







But it still wasn't enough for me. I wanted to make her suffer more. At the same moment I heard the doorbell. I reluctantly looked at the woman and left the room. I didn't know then that I would regret this decision. When I returned to the room, Carmen was standing by the window, staring desperately at the ground.



I jumped at her and started struggling with her. I could no longer control my aggression. I started hitting her until she finally fell to the ground with lifeless eyes. She could no longer escape from me. I looked at her, unconscious, slowly gaining control of her breathing. Terrified, I tried to check her pulse, but unfortunately my worst fears were confirmed and I did it again. I killed her. The only idea I came up with was to bury her body next to the rose bush, because roses remind me of her beauty.



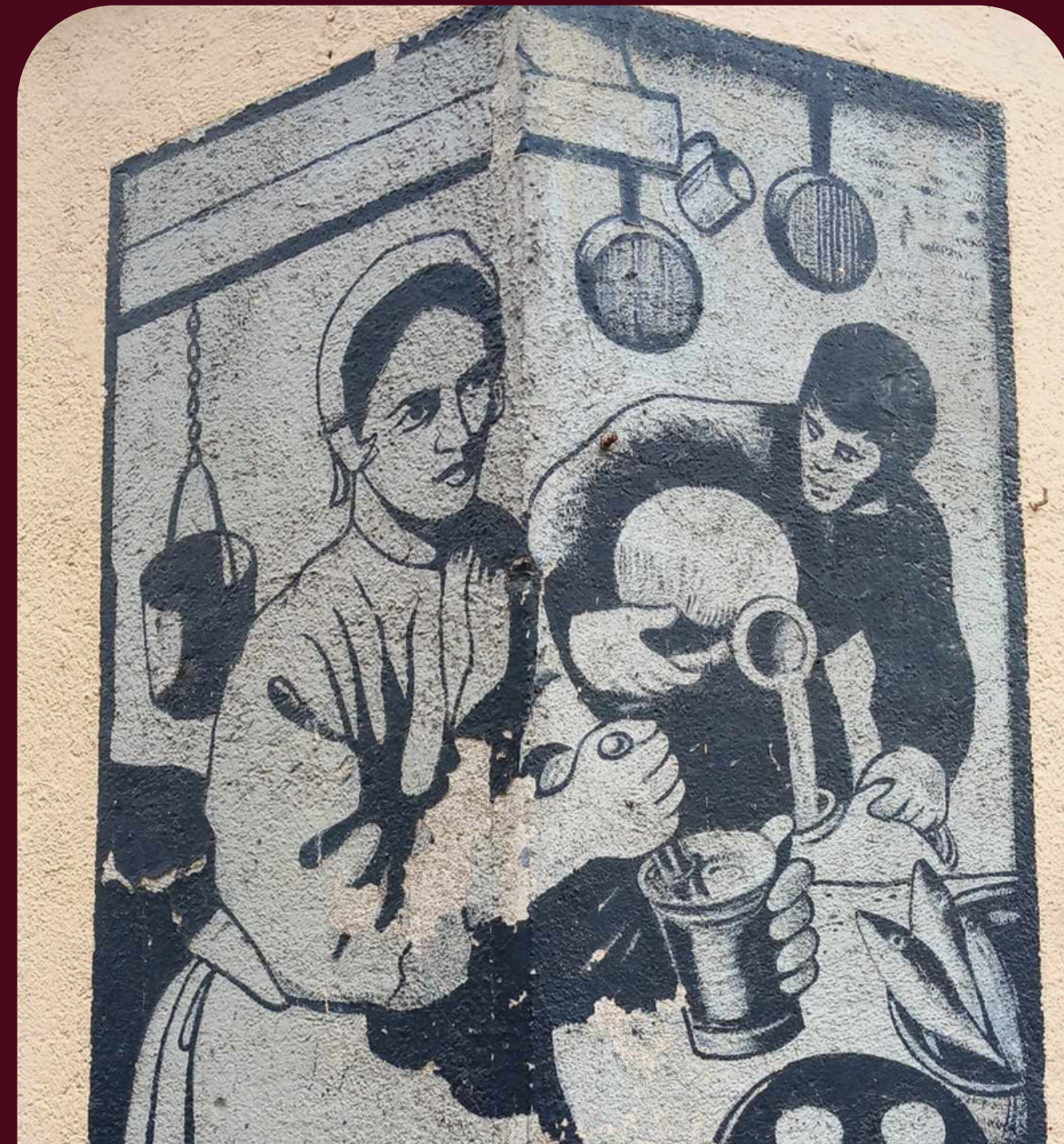


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# 17th of September

## Doctora

I wondered if my mother's lifestyle had been different, my life would have turned out differently, I was devastated by the whole situation, all I could do was drown my sorrows in alcohol. Just around the corner was my favorite bar, when I went inside, the waiter immediately asked me if I wanted my favorite whiskey and cola.





After the second glass, I noticed a guy coming towards me. It was one of the city policemen. After a few drinks, the guy was happy to talk about his work. It turned out that he was investigating a case of a murderer who killed prostitutes. It immediately dawned on me that it was about me. Slightly terrified of the situation, I started drinking more, this time I switched to my favorite alcohol vodka. After a while, I lost count and my head started spinning.





18th of September

# Doctora

I woke up with a headache and looked around nervously, realizing that the place I was in didn't look like my home, suddenly a smiling blonde entered the room.





The girl asked me how I was feeling. I wasn't really sure what was going on, I asked her where she was. Only now the woman made me realize that I was in the hospital. This woman was a young, beautiful doctor whose name was Sofia, the girl was obviously interested in me. After a few hours I felt much better. When I left the station, my doctor came to me and left me on her phone number, winking flirtatiously at me.





# 24th of September

## Doctora

I am very tired after work, I lied down on the bed. I suddenly saw a message on my phone screen. It was from some unknown number. It turned out to be Sofia with an invitation to dinner. I considered it a good option for rest, especially since the girl became more and more interesting. We met at a restaurant near my apartment and we ate a delicious dinner together. The conversation was flowing and I felt that we were slowly establishing some kind of relationship.







After dinner, she suggested that we go to my apartment together. Because we drank a glass of wine and her apartment was on the other side of the city, I wasn't thrilled with the idea, but out of politeness I agreed.



As soon as we crossed the threshold of my apartment, the girl threw her arms around my neck. We spent that night together and woke up in each other's arms the next day. I woke up to the sound of Sofia's phone ringing. Curiosity was stronger. I reached for the phone on the nightstand. The number left a short message of an official nature. I froze when I saw the woman's name. I looked at her again, seeing more and more similarities pointing to my sudden fears. I couldn't believe it. I realized that what happened last night was not an accident. Sofia knew from the very beginning what we had in common and she did it anyway.







I felt it again. Growing anger and rapid heart rate. I was angry not only at the sofa but also at myself. I was naive to think I could trust anyone again. It couldn't be a coincidence of names. The girl had to be related to me. Without thinking any further, I took the pillow from under my head and started to strangle the girl. I started screaming why she lied to me, why she did it, why she didn't tell me she was my sister. I felt only a slight vibration of the body beneath me before it became completely still.





When I woke up from the frenzy I had fallen into, I checked the girl's pulse. She wasn't breathing, no signs of life. Panicked, I decided to make it look like she committed suicide and put her dead body in a bathtub with water so that only her hair was floating on the surface. Not much later I packed my things and moved out of the apartment once and for all.



# 30th of September

This will probably be my last post. I can't live with this anymore. The guilt is eating me up from the inside. I can still see their faces, I can still feel the blood on my hands. I don't have the strength to carry this burden. It's time to let go. It's time to end this.

*Fernando*





# Commentary

Fernando's diary carries an extremely important message that is clearly visible and relevant today.

It shows how his childhood experiences come back to him throughout his life. After all, a small child is unable to understand the lives of adults, their problems and the decisions they make. Fernando came from a difficult home where things were not going well. He felt very alone in this situation. At the same time, he was filled with anger and regret. He could not count on support and explanation of what was happening from his relatives, not to mention specialists.



He struggled with trauma for years. Contrary to appearances, it is a story that takes place in many homes and yet leaves a huge mark on the psyche of children and influences their adult lives. Fernando is no different from anyone else. Like every person, he faces problems. However, a simple situation experienced by many people was enough to change his life. The lack of help in childhood and explanation of the mother's decisions contributed to the death of several women and, as a result, the death of the hero himself.



At first glance, you might think that the problem is how the women featured make money. However, the message from this story is completely different. This shows that support is the highest value for children, because it is this period of their life that determines the rest of it. The lack of this support is a global problem and should be talked about loudly. However, this is not enough. You need to take appropriate steps and educate others on how to respond.



# Authors

