Burning destiny (by Laura)

9th July 2012, 5:00 pm:

I can hear how Max opens the door, takes off his jacket and his shoes that he wears since five years. Since that day his father died in a fire, the same fire that stole me my eyesight.

I can hear how my two daughters bump into Max and how he hugs them.

I do not think they have a memory of their father. When he died they were one year old and Max was five.

“Hey mum”, Max says and interrupt me in my thoughts.

He kisses me on my cheek and I can smell the chemicals in his hair and on his clothes.

“How was your day, honey”, I ask him, even if I know that he will lie.

“Everything fine, mum”, he answers what I expect.

I know that he had to smelt the computer ships the whole day and also I know that the toxic vapors rose in his lung and burned his skin. I can hear his horrible cough and feel his chapped hands every day.

Often when I sit in our tiny flat in front of the single window, I think that I ought to defend my son from all these things. But then I do not know how to pay the rent for the flat and the food for the twins, Max and me. Without the money, Max gets for 10 hours work every day, we would have to live on street.

My worst fear is that one day Max will not come home after work and I will hear at the news that the computer factory, he works in, is burned down. In my head I see the fire every day.

2nd August 2012, 5:00 pm:

I sit on my chair in front of the window and wait for Max coming home from work.

Ten minutes later I am very frightened because Max never comes too late before. He knows that I am afraid of this situation.

I put the radio on and my heart was in my mouth when I hear this message: “COMPUTER FACTORY BURNED DOWN – 50 PEOPLE DIED!”

Suddenly the doorbell rings. […]