

The Normal One

The evening was a perfect portrait by Iris, the goddess of the rainbow and the far end of the western sky was painted in violet which shaded into a crimson pink at the middle of the sky. The color spread across until it met the giant burning fire ball shining rich and ardent with deep orange shades. The gaze of this luminous sun drags an eternity range of soft cotton clouds blending in their own rhythm to match the fine portrait. Far below the view was a peacock blue sky, scraping a mountain range which ran high above to meet the shiny velvet evening sky with its own resplendent charm of a range of beautiful ocean blue shades. I inhale and exhale the gentle breeze which shawls my soul. I walk upon the garden lawn, covetously not letting go of the enchanting experience.

The sight consoled my dying soul. The mental frustration was too much to bear and no one would ever understand me. On the one hand, I have a loving mother who expects me to win heaven out of hell. And on the other hand there's Dad who has his own world. Zillions of things ran wildly inside my mind. "Maybe Dad doesn't care for me because I'm weaker than him and he may be feeling it a disgrace" was the only solution I could think till then. When my mom came like a beautiful bird spreading her wings high upon with a smooth swift movement and landed in front of me greeting me dearly as always. "Hi! sweetheart... what have you been doing out at this hour? Did you stuff yourself with some fluffy food huh?" And I felt numb. I said I was admiring the sunset, the beautiful shades of the evening sky. Mom looks frustrated. And I asked her why she

didn't want to answer. She kept silent, busy with her own thoughts. I knew something bugs inside her mind because I know that look. But I didn't want to trouble her and get the hell out of her head so I just calmly walked inside the house to find Dad. He was slicing the wood with the tip of his knife. I think he's making a play house for my little sister, whom he loved way more than me. He noticed my arrival but ignored my presence. When our eyes met, I greeted him, "Hi Dad, what's up? Do you need any help?" And his replies were cold as always. "No!! Thanks. I don't think you can do the slightest help for me." And I had nothing to say.

I just walked inside the room when I heard my mom scowling at my dad for treating me so badly like that. I overheard their conversation, but didn't want to focus because I was going through enough hellholes and I didn't want to add more into it. Then all of a sudden, I heard an explosion. I knew what it was and swiftly rushed downstairs to grab my little sister and hide her inside me to prevent her from seeing the ugly sight I went through all these years. I cuddled the kid against myself tight closing her ears and then I saw my mom being beaten by my dad. The blood ran all over the place, the screams of pain and anger resounded all over the area. Moreover, they were supposed to be super heroes who use their powers to fight. The calamity dragged my broken soul and scattered it around me. I took the little one into the room carrying her in my arms pressing her tightly against my bosom not wanting her to see anything and answer her questions she used to ask after seeing my parents fighting. What if I say that