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From Peace in the Home to Peace in the World: Stop Violence Against Women!

Drop. Drop. Drop. The sound of the pouring water was like a needle stabbing the small veins on my hands. In the gloomy air lifting to the ceiling, I enjoyed my cigarette filling the room. I inhaled with anger, let smoke protrude my every tissue, soaked both in shame and frustration. The open window hadn't done its job in alleviating my headache. My entire face seemed changed. Wrinkles showed up on every corner, dark circles underneath my eyes, turned red in daylight, sunk in alcohol. I looked at the empty glass, feeling ashamed for a second. I found the rays of sun bothering, disturbing my sight and announcing the beginning of a new day. A new chance to start it all over again; as I always did. This time better, I said.

I promised myself to fix the front door and pay the bills myself, thus taking some of her pressure off. But I didn't. As soon as the clock stroke 8 a.m., she was up. For long she had stopped facing me, took distance, leaving a tiny space between us. I didn't blame her. I couldn't. Each morning I woke up saying it would be different, watching her fragile silhouette and realizing I was wrong. Her cheekbones were black and blue. She was hurting.

She had been the image of liveliness, so bright, so alive. But the authority her inhibited look gave was so powerful. I finally felt how I wanted: strong.

As I poured whiskey, my fists tightened. Memories stumbled in my head, my father's screams as he told me that I wasn't good enough, that I would never be. The sorrow seemed to go away, washed in the whirl inside my glass. My daughter entered the kitchen, looked at me with her judgmental eyes and walked past me. It increased my fury. My father's voice, the unfixed door creaking and the stare full of hatred in my daughter's eyes-a mix of images and frustrations. As the first words came out of her mouth, piling up the anger I had inside, reaching the ultimate point of my fears: I would never be good enough. The high pitched voice coming out of the slim figure was accompanied by the sound of shattering glass on the floor. I broke the glass in my hands until I could see blood, and hit her. I could feel my hand warm, the blood running, almost aching.

I didn't know who I was anymore. Handcuffs swirled around my hands as the strong arms of policemen held me back. I tried to fight until the door to my daughter's room creaked and she watched her phone call become useful. I stopped fighting.

I entered the prison ashamed to be alive, sat on my bed and tried to close my eyes as the empty walls seemed to fall on me.

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