

THE DOLL'S HOUSE
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The curtains were drawn on purpose, sinking the entire bedroom in complete darkness. That was not a tidy room at all; the bed was not made, some clothes lay around in quite a chaotic manner; whether on the floor or upon the bed was just a matter of randomness or fate; most of the posters that had been plastering the walls for years, now were ripped and forgotten; on the walls, enormous gaps had replaced them. She was there, of course, sitting on the carpeted floor cross-legged; between her and a huge doll's house there was only a hammer; one of those whose head was made of pure metal; its handle made of wood. Her skin was slightly dotted with acne, only revealing itself quite intensely when she was overexcited or making love; her long black hair fell upon her delicate shoulders, concealing part of her face; that thick darkness was closing in; she could barely see where the hammer lay; but she still could touch it by reaching out; she did know it *was* there, for she put it *there*. A timid knock at the door came at last; yet she did not move. *Get away*, she said in a whisper. Behind the door, someone was sobbing. She closed her eyes, trying to imagine herself grabbing the hammer by its handle and smashing it repeatedly against the doll's house until only rubbish remained; wreckage finally surfacing after so many years of assuaging. Another knock eventually came, so she opened her eyes and shouted: *I said get away!* She shivered for a while because of a causal draught that caressed her skin smoothly. *Don't do this*, said the voice from behind the closed door. She knew that would happen, eventually. She tried to pull herself together, that was not a moment for second thoughts; a decision had been made long time ago. *It's too late now*, she came to answer, looking at the door as if she could see *beyond* it. Her recollections of the past being blurry, only one image remained crystal clear: the one of this young mother slapping her face angrily because she had broken her brother's favourite toy: a small robot made of plastic, painted red, that could adopt the form of a sport car. *I beg you, don't do this!*, came that voice once again. At that time, her face was swollen for a week and her hate for her own mother grew stronger; she secluded herself in that same room, some years ago, with her gorgeous doll's house and *the hammer*. No one knew she kept it safe, concealed in the back of a drawer which key only she owned. The doll's house, as those torn apart posters, were the last links of a chain supporting anger and hate. *Please, leave me alone, I have to do it, don't you see?*, she mumbled, reaching out for the hammer, now that the entire room was wrapped in darkness. All the pain was there to suffer; the more she thought about it, the worse; so the hammer seemed to glow. *Come*, she said, grabbing it by its handle using her right hand. Still holding it, she got it nearer to her face and stared at it, enchanted. *Let the hammer fall. Let it fall. Now*. So she did; every single strike smashing some part of the doll's house: now a window; later on a wall; all her hatred being poured out whilst tearing the doll's house apart; that image of her mother fading away, slowly, as the house's walls were falling, as her own anger was subsiding, until a young wounded girl was all that remained.