

The Trasher

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It had all been a terrible misunderstanding.

It was a special Friday morning. The sun was shining bright, the birds were singing to the rhythm of love and our ten-year-anniversary was knocking at our door. I woke up, stretched my whole body before getting out of bed and while my husband was still snoring as loud as a truck engine, I headed to the kitchen to make breakfast. I crept into the bedroom clinging to a wooden tray with two scorching hot coffee mugs, four pancakes covered in honey and a soup bowl full of blueberries. With a smooth and gentle whisper, I woke him up. After devouring everything, we suited up and went to work.

When my shift ended around eight o'clock, my husband texted me to look down from my window office on the fifteenth floor. There he was. A bouquet of carmine red roses in one hand and a yellow taxi parked behind his back waiting. I rushed down and before he could say anything, I pounced at him and kissed him. I have never felt more loved than in that moment. The taxi drove us to a five-star fancy restaurant where we had a sophisticated meal and expensive wine for the entire evening.

It was pouring rain when my husband and I left the restaurant. Unfortunately, an umbrella was not part of my dress code that night. As drunk as we could be, we wandered around the ghostly streets until we found a taxi, who drove us back home. The night was finally over and I couldn't wait to take my shoes off and plummet my body on the bed. Little did we know.

Before my husband could unlock the entrance door to our apartment, he detected that someone had broken in as the doorknob was on the floor, the oaken door was fractured and the lights inside were on. I was shielded by my husband's body and he murmured to me to call the police. We realized we had made an atrocious decision the moment we staggered into the place before the police would arrive.

It was torn apart. The utensils were all scattered on the floor, the living room window was shattered, the pillows of the sofa were slashed and the feathers were still floating in the air. Barely able to breathe and with our hearts pounding, both of us began to search the place willing to find something that could give us a hint about who had done such a barbaric thing. What left us speechless was finding a sobbing woman with her make up messed up perched on the floor against the bed of the bedroom. We all stared at one another and with no warning, the woman screamed at my husband in British English.

"You lying bastard. I wasn't going to let you get away with this bloody cheating, Tom"

I gawked at him as I couldn't believe my ears. My husband was left bewildered as he couldn't believe his ears either.

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"My-my name is Nicholas. T-Tom is my identical twin brother", my husband stuttered.

Minutes later, the police came, took our statement and dragged the invader in handcuffs to the police station. No sooner had they left the apartment than Nicholas texted his brother: *"A wrecking ball of emotions is coming for you"*.

THE END