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The Golden Room

Fiction

He was alone. He felt so apart from the whole society, as of that family of his. “I don’t deserve this,” he complained once and again. His life had no meaning. His life was a routine. Always the same. He felt undervalued, humiliated. He thought everyone discriminated him for one or another reason. Not even could he be his own breadwinner.

Set apart from the wild but real world and finding not even a coherent explanation about it, everyday he tried to recover his own strength to go on. Everyday he stayed alone in that golden room as someone said, without any communication. His life was full up of sadness.

Spending the whole day to-ing and fro-ing, ceaselessly, with no knowledge of time. Nobody to share his feelings with. No friends. No companions. No acquaintances. Nobody. He felt like a prisoner. Freedom...? No, he couldn’t find it. However, no matter how much he liked it...he thought he would never have that pleasant possibility again.

During the day, he used to while away the time thinking about freedom. It was his only pastime deluding himself that any distraction of the person who cleaned his place would allow him the opportunity to leave his golden room. In spite of it all, he would never give it up.

However, at night and after pecking at his birdseed, he usually jumped into the small stick of branch at the top of the gloomy cage and fell sound asleep until the rebirth of the new day.

