

Rachael

My name is Rachael. As you can see, I never have time to dedicate to myself; this is why I am naked, and my hair is a mess. I have helped my family and friends for all my life, but no-one has ever helped me and no-one has ever thanked me.

Now I am naked, alone.

I used to be a beautiful girl, with golden silky hair and a nice body, but what point did I have in life, in this world? I feel hollow, empty. At 30, people say I look 60: that's how low I got.

My hair, a bunch of yellow cobwebs, makes me look like a spider wrapped in its own trap. I wish no-one could see me, this condition I live in now.

I wish I was invisible.

What now? What's this midget looking at me? Writing? Those must be his thoughts on that piece of paper. Does he know I'm here?

I'll just stay still, like I've always done, so he won't notice me. I don't want to be his object.

I hate myself.

Andrea Tatone

