

JACLR: Journal of Artistic Creation and Literary Research is a bi-annual, peer-reviewed, full-text, and open-access Graduate Student Journal of the Universidad Complutense Madrid that publishes interdisciplinary research on literary studies, critical theory, applied linguistics and semiotics, and educational issues. The journal also publishes original contributions in artistic creation in order to promote these works.

Volume 11 Issue 2 (December 2023)

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"The Book"

Recommended Citation

Alea Parrondo, Claudia. "The Book" *JACLR: Journal of Artistic Creation and Literary Research* 11.2 (2023):
<<https://www.ucm.es/siim/journal-of-artistic-creation-and-literary-research>>
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The Book

What do you see when you close your eyes at night? Maybe you can picture yourself in a perfect summer scene, close to a crystal clear lake, the warming sun is caressing your skin, the wind refreshes your face... you are 12, young and tender. But, even the sweetest memories can be tainted with the most bitter form of suffering. Some things change you forever, you are forced to grow up. You were a child, and now you feel like a war survivor. A soul too old for its own body.

When I was a little child, I used to dream of a princess being attacked by the most horrible monsters, gigantic creatures, sometimes deformed, others with one thousand eyes... When I awoke, I immediately started to cry and my father would come to rescue me as if he was the hero of my non-existing story. Although you are scared of them, the nightmares still propose something meaningful, they are not a threat; even the worst one would vanish in the morning, so I feel protected by the sun. But the real world does not speak the dream's language, and you realize that monsters can also look like heroes here. This means that you are not safe even on the brightest of days, you are not safe anymore. I

mourned the loss of my dreams, but there was something worse than that. When I turned 13 I realized that you can live in a nightmare. Every day I closed my eyes, but, when I opened them again, I was still there. I couldn't wake up.

No one ever told me that nights were not for dreaming. You lay there just waiting. Trying to not feel. You block your senses because the smell makes you want to throw up. Good emotions become dangerous too. Because they bring you closer. I felt closer, but I prefer to feel nothing. Yet the brain evolves as you need to survive it. Later on, I managed to burn like a flame, fueled by anger. To be honest, these kinds of feelings are something you can't afford when you need to eat. Little pretty gifts tempt you. How could they not? You are a child. I feel that I deserve them. I deserved better. And this feeling ends up being more useful than hate.

But it was too late. I had children at a very young age. Everything for me was too soon. You go on being alone even when you are surrounded by people. You became a hamster in its wheel, you are trapped. There is no escape. Even the escape was another trap. A better one, but violence never leaves your life. You get used to it. Like smoking, it becomes a bad habit. You end up being a voice with no face, with no body. And then you have nothing left. No one listens to you. Your voice is lost too.

In the beginning, it looked like a game. I felt mature, but I was just being used. Chewed and spat out. A smashed animal in the middle of the road. You felt like running away, but that was your cell. Trapped in the neverending change, knowing no one. Unable to ask for help. Every night a new room but the same pain that accompanied me for too long. Until I manage to break free at a hospital. And then, that was when I had a "home". No more rooms. Tranquillity and routine. However, the routine creates identities. In the beginning, it was dressed like a game that you should follow, move every day, from town to town. Pretend you are not an orphan. When you discover the death of your mother, you feel helpless. No one can help you now. It doesn't matter if your relationship was not good, you know she would help you. Now, you are alone in the world. But you managed to escape, I managed to do it.

Chapter 1

I love the summer. I love to rest in the sun in the backyard of our house. In this way, I don't hear my mother grumbling. It seems that everything I do, I do it wrong. Like for example, the other day that I was playing with her makeup and I non-intentionally dropped a bottle of French perfume and it broke into a thousand pieces. Ups. The bathroom still smells so strong that I feel that my nostrils will melt. My mother went totally mad. It turned out that it was a gift from my father. So now I can't see my friends, but that's okay because I actually like to be like this in the grass. It seems that this is going to be a quiet summer, as my mother's friends are not going to go to their summer house, so neither will we. I hate those people anyway, so I don't care if we are not going. I heard that their house was burnt down. I can't say that I'm glad that happened... although I do. Those people were mean. I forgot that someone will come today. My mother's friends were going to have some old men living with them for the summer, so my mother offered our house when she heard of the fire. He is going to arrive today in the afternoon. He will use the spare room. And when he arrives, I will be here, in the same place as I am now as I can't go meet my friends. It doesn't matter, I will see them at the summer camp, anyway. I only have to be here for the next two weeks, and then I will be *free* from my mom. I think that this is going to be a very normal summer.

[...]

"So? What do you think? Of course, it is just a rough draft but, Do you like the idea? Do you think this could be published?"

"Well, as you have said, it is in a very preliminary phase, but I think you could make something from this. However, you still need a conflict. The one that happens outside the narration doesn't count. You have to engage the readers."

"It is easy to say, It counted a lot for me actually"

"You are talking like you have lived it..."

"Because I did. This is an autobiographical text. I'm telling you this but I don't think that the readers need to know it. Do you remember that famous book...?"

"So... you are *Dolores*"

"Maybe I am, or maybe I am not. There are thousands of paedophiles all over the world, sometimes we forget that the victim comes before the label, from actual

children that suffer it. They need us, the victims, to have the name. Without us, they are just *regular* people. But society forgets about that. Anyway, it doesn't matter who I am. I cannot publish the truth. Is not because I feel guilty, or that I did anything wrong, because I know I didn't. I'm not the one who chooses to be abused. But even so, my family will certainly be ashamed of me for telling the truth. And then, I would be victimized again and again, as happens to the people that decide to speak. This is why fiction is the only possibility for me, for us. In this way, people that read this will not be alone. They will know that there is someone that understands them. Fiction is the only way to endure reality."

Perfil de la autora

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