

**CUT**

**Tuesday Dolan**

*Bryanston School, Blandford Forum*

The generator cuts again. Father throws his untouched and half-empty plate on the ground and stabs the dining table. Mother's red, shadow-rimmed eyes fall into her shuddering hands and she tells him to calm down. I'm so acquainted with darkness that the knife, impaled in the table, is merely an accessory to the madness of our world. Our *world*. Our isolated town. The perpetual scowl on Father's young face and Mother's palpable bones are my living nightmare. My restless nights are haunted with visions of blood-soaked wolves and burning skeletons. I say nothing. I'm not special.

Father's silhouette paces the living room where the TV was. Mother cautiously touches his shoulder. He flinches. His posture relaxes; but his fists are clenched as he embraces her. He calls my name to join. I obey. The broken plate pierces my bare foot; but I'm numb to everything except my family. My parents gather me in their arms. Mother is a fragile doll. Father is a malfunctioning machine with no means of repair. They still see me as their little princess. I don't know what I am. I *do* know that I have no tears and a bleeding foot.