

News Reportage

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Daughter of the phoenix - Term 2: I ask God to punish my father

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Tuổi Trẻ trên Google News

TTO - Since that day, my happiness is a week that passes without being attacked, or a day when Dad doesn't notice me.



When tortured, she prayed to God - Photo: NVCC

The years that I have to be grateful every hour every minute are not scared, painful, humiliating. The years I asked God to punish my father ...

What did I do wrong?

During this long period of time, I asked myself thousands of questions, questions after being more helpless than the previous question, in search of an excuse that I could not recognize. What did I do wrong? Is dad angry at me and wants to punish me? Or does he show his love to me that way?

Classifieds

Selling 16m streetfront houses, 187m2 Phu Lam A, P.12, Q.6, TP. HCM **12 billion VND** Ho Chi Minh City

House for sale Main Fold, horizontal 5m long 14.5m, 72 m2, price **6 billion VND** Ho Chi Minh City

Open sale of riverside villa compound Palm City Q.9 - Book coming soon **8.75 billion VND** Ho Chi Minh City

The owner needs to sell

"cuddly" to me? After all, he called me darling ... Could such things be normal?

I often plead with my midwives that I imagine being in the sky to free me from the clutches of the demon team who has turned my life into hell for so long.

The dilemma I faced could not be overcome.

On the one hand, I don't want to get attention, not at home for fear of being abandoned by my mother, not at school for fear of being pushed to the sidelines. On the other hand, I yearn to have the opportunity to confide in someone who will eventually end my suffering.

However, in my heart I was skeptical whether I could ever describe it as a distress I was experiencing. I always feel all over my body full of abuse.

I thought it was only a matter of time until who would recognize and ask me about this. There will be someone who can understand me without words.

So I waited for a stricter look from an outsider, or trivial question like: How are you? I was waiting in vain.

Everyone around me was too busy with myself to realize something, and the more I kept this terrible secret to myself, the more hope of salvation was exhausted.

Day by day, I continue to show the face of a happy child, although I am increasingly feeling lonely and abandoned by the whole world.

In order not to sink completely to the bottom of the area, I held for myself all that was beautiful: six candies for my birthday, my first doll, the warm hand of Loan's mother stroked me. when she swayed and put me to sleep.

I told myself that not everyone is bad. I told myself that I had two Eurasian blood, and I had to overcome all misery on my own.

street house
59 billion VND
Ho Chi Minh City



Sang Long Hoa commune land, Can Hour district, 100% residential sea land
Price deal
Ho Chi Minh City



(Tin Demo III) The Rivana Project
Price deal
Ho Chi Minh City





The author signed a book for young people in TP.HCM - Photo: NGUYEN Asia

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Alone and not alone

If my home is no longer protected, then at least I have a school to feel a bit dependent. When I was so depressed, I didn't let anyone know it. I almost fooled everyone, except for one of my father's particularly serious violence.

During my first conversation after the Christmas holiday on the topic of gifts, the bright eyes of my classmates made me busy and without any energy. When it was my turn, I was as light as a confession: "I received nothing."

Everyone was silent, some were laughing because they couldn't believe it. "Is it because you were not good?", someone asked me.



love and attachment will not be broken, so that your peaceful world will not collapse, as it has been. long collapsed with me.

You naturally don't know what I'm going through, about hell waiting for me every time I go home. You are only interested in gifts. I'm really fed up with everything, so leave me alone!

"You really didn't get anything?", the teacher repeated the question between the giggles of some girlfriends, both surprised but amused, as if I had just joked.

"No," I answered as solemnly as possible. "At home we have no Christmas nor give gifts."

The classroom was as quiet as a sheet. Then a whole wave of emotion erupted, the children of the background asked a lot of questions for me and the teacher. I saw her tears welling up, and for a moment I wondered if I should share with her after school.

However, she soon calmed down and said: "Quietly go guys! Please shut up! In this vast world there are many different countries and the customs of places are also different. We must respect that. But now let's end this topic! Today we learn...".

Her reference to my mother's foreign culture as an explanation made me offended. Therefore I give up always my intention to present my secret. I was angry with myself, because for a moment before I had a hope ...

After lunch break, I stood alone in the school yard. Nadège, a classmate I rarely play with, came to see me. She was near the school and just came back from home.

"Dear Isa," she said with a bright smile, "I wish you a merry Christmas! Take it, the servant has this for you!". Then she handed me a small white tulle bag, tied a lovely red and yellow bow. "This is just a small gift," she quickly released.

I surprisingly opened the gift wrap and saw five chocolates. "Why?", I asked.

"This morning's story reassured me. I talked to my mother. His mother said it was unfair that some children were given so many gifts and the other children had nothing. That is why you should also get a Christmas!".

I take the gift. Nadège herself was so touched that she started crying.

Perhaps, I think so, this gesture is a sign to remind me that I'm not alone. It gave me courage. From there I try to keep the habit of having a good thought before falling asleep.



Still love

My questions, my three-year pleas, fell into nothingness. No guardian angel from the sky was descended, no hero galloping to save me. There is no one.

My father continued to enjoy his sick fantasies until he had cancer. For me, it is God's justice and reward for my prayers.

I visited and brought him a surprise - his semester I contacts - but he was too weak to read. "Never mind, dad!", I said and smiled at him. "I just need to know: that's only the whole point 10!".

Dad's wink told me he was happy, or at least I thought so. My father's inability hurt me, but more than that, I regret not saying what I want to say: "I'm sorry, I don't want to be. Forget what happened! I am not angry with you. Daddy, you must not die, I love you!".

I'm not angry with Dad - no, that's not true. I hated him helplessly, but I was also full of love. Three years have passed since then. The three years that I just expected to erase from the mind. Three years that I hated my father.

I removed the door latch. Right after that my breath choked. My body was stiff, as if frozen: In front of me was my father. Alone!...

>> Next period: Back to hell



Daughter of the phoenix - Term 1: A terrible nightmare

TTO - There is a Vietnamese mother, a French father, who is now a successful businessman in Germany, but Isabelle Müller did not hesitate to share her story: the deeply poor family, the racist environment, rude, cruel father ...

ISABELLE MÜLLER

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