Amaya

By: Anna.Jo

 It was a cold moonless night. The sky was dark and low, the air so chilled it was hard to breathe. Already the ground was laid with frost, and any water that had been liquid under the Sun had become ice. Amaya was staring outside her window when she suddenly heard an uproarious sound.

 BBAAAAAAANNGG!! PRAAAAAANNGG!!

 She knew that her father was back home from gambling, breaking the plates and glasses. Her father is a drunkard and a gambler. He has been like that ever since Amaya’s was born. And still continue to be like that even after Amaya’s mother died. She is used to seeing her father getting drunk and beating her mother. But her mother still stayed with him until her last breath. She went down quickly to clean up the messes he did.

 The harsh smell of alcohol filled the air as Amaya entered the kitchen. She saw empty beer cans and spirit bottles lay discarded about the kitchen. She then saw her father, standing in the corner of the kitchen. Hair all messed up, clothes worn out, and face covered with blood.

 “Did you lost and get into a fight again?” Amaya asked her father. Her father glared at her but kept quiet. He continued gulping the can of beer he’s holding and went straight to bed. Amaya cleans up the kitchen and hoping that her father will change one day.

 Amaya woke up the next day and made breakfast as usual. While she was washing the dishes, there was a loud knock on the door. When she opened it, there was a group of men standing in front of her. Before she even knew it, her hair was viciously grabbed by one of the men.

 “Where is Andrew? Where is the bastard that didn’t want to pay me my money he’s been borrowing?”

 Amaya’s father came running to the door. “Please, this is all I have. Take it. I will repay you some other time. Please. Don’t harm me.”

 John, the gang’s leader, came to the front and counted the moneys Andrew handed. “This is merely enough. I should just take your life.” John said to Andrew. “Please, anything but my life. Please. I beg you.” Amaya’s father begged, kneeling down. John looked at Amaya and her father. “Anything? You wouldn’t regret it?” John asked Amaya’s father. “Anything. I promise you. Anything but my life.”

 “Is this your daughter? Give me her then. She can at least give me a fortune and repay all of your debts.” John said while pointing at Amaya. “You can take her. She’s no use to me. She doesn’t mean anything to me.” Said Andrew, without feeling a little bit of sorry towards his daughter.

 “Father!” Amaya screamed, feeling shocked at his words. The men gripped Amaya’s hand and took her with them. “Father! Please don’t do this to me! Father! Please help me!” Amaya cried for help. Amaya continued to cry even after reaching to the car. She stopped after being threaten by one of the men.

 They arrived at a mansion and Amaya was pushed into a small, dark room. The room was dull, lightened by a dim lamp, hanging from the ceiling. The room was decorated with only a small window, grilled and covered with simple, grey drapes and a vase of flower sitting on top of the side table.

 “From now on, you are my slave. You are not allowed to go anywhere. You will be given food once a day. You will do as I say.” John looked at Amaya. “You need to pay your father’s debt to me.”

 Ever since that day, Amaya’s life had changed. She became a maid to John. Sometimes, she was forced to sleep with people she doesn’t know as long as they pay to John. Whenever she refused, she would get beaten up by John and would not get fed. The first few months felt like hell to Amaya. Even until now, it still felt like hell.

 It was the day Amaya met Sarah that changed everything. Sarah is one of John’s friends and was one of the politician involved in women’s right. Sarah was at John’s house and saw a mysterious woman. When she asked John, John said Amaya’s was his new maid. Sarah felt suspicious and decided to explore more without John’s knowing. When Sarah met Amaya, she was shocked and loss for words. Amaya’s face was covered with bruises and her body was thin.

 Sarah felt disgusted upon hearing Amaya’s story. She was in disbelief as the man she thought good was really a bad person. It is true indeed, you cannot judge a book by its cover. Sarah promised to help Amaya escape her cruel reality.

 A few weeks later, John threw a party at his house and invited lots of people over. He instructed Amaya to stay in her room and never go out. Sarah attended the party along with some of her friends. During the party, Sarah searched for Amaya but she could not find her. She then realized that John probably locked Amaya in her room. So, Sarah slipped a note in Amaya’s room.

 “Get ready. I am helping you escape from this house tonight.” Amaya read the note. She suddenly felt scared to escape. What if she did not manage to escape here? What if John finds out what she and Sarah had been planning? What will he do to Sarah? Most importantly, what will he do to her?

 Amaya was shivering. Cold sweats covered her body. She remembered what her mother said to her, on her death bed. “Amaya my sweetheart, if you ever have to face a situation as mine, take a chance. Never feel scared to do it. Don’t be like me. I was too scared of leaving that I became like this. I am sorry that I could not protect you.”

 “From here on, this is all on me. Myself. No one is there to protect me so, I have to protect myself at all cost,” she thought to herself. “I have to make a decision or I will keep on staying like this.” And then, the door slams opened.