

# A Morning That Should Have Passed Unnoticed

## A Social Drama



Outside, the vegetation blurs into a gray haze of light and rain. The damp evening clings to the window. Inside, only the cold glow of the monitor remains.

The man sits motionless at the desk, only his fingers moving mechanically across the keyboard. On his lap sits the boy, far too quiet for his age, his small hand tightly wrapped around the computer mouse. On the screen, explosions, gunfire, movement flicker. A war with structure. Rules. Objectives. Something that still works.

The room does not.

Empty bottles, old plates, crumpled clothes. The smell of stale air and things that should have been cleared away long ago. Nothing here became like this overnight. It grew. Slowly. Unstoppably.

There was a time when the table was clear. A lamp stood there, casting warm light, with two cups beside it. One voice asked how his day had been. Another answered.

She left without shouting. Without drama. Only with that quiet determination that says more than any argument.

“I can’t do this anymore.”

He didn’t need more than that.

He had nodded back then. As if he understood. Maybe he did. Just not what would follow.

The first days were silent. Then they became empty. Then heavy.

The job wasn’t lost in a single moment. It dissolved. Lateness. Mistakes. Absence, even when he was there. At some point, someone stopped giving him tasks. Shortly after, someone stopped needing him.

Since then, there has only been time. And here, it does not pass. It accumulates.

The boy leans lightly against him. No question. No word. He knows nothing else. His world consists of this room, this light, these sounds. And this man, who is there and yet not.

A shot on the screen. A hit. Points appear. A brief flicker of success.

The man breathes shallowly. For a moment, something in him seems to respond. Then it is gone again.

His hand keeps moving. Automatic. Precise.

Here, he does not lose. Here, there is always another round.

The child moves the mouse slightly. Random. The figure on the screen jerks.

At first, the man doesn't notice. Then he briefly places his hand over the boy's. He corrects the movement. Not rough. Not gentle. Just functional.

A shared grip.

The screen flickers.

For a moment, light passes through the room, revealing what the monitor hides: dust, disorder, stagnation.

The boy blinks. He sees none of it.

He sees only the light in front of him.

And the man who holds him without truly holding him.

Somewhere in this room, a photograph still lies. Face down. The frame is cracked. Three people can be seen in it, closer to each other than they will ever be again.

No one picks it up.

The man presses a key. New game. New beginning.

The boy remains seated.

And outside, evening turns into night, indifferent, as if it has seen this story a thousand times before.

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Explore the accompanying photograph for this piece, along with many more striking, evocative, and artistically distinctive images from this and other series, in the web album at [www.BioMechMaidens.com](http://www.BioMechMaidens.com).

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