

The Trauma in the Morning

A Psychological Drama

The light is warm, almost kind, as if the day has decided not to see what is happening at the table. Cold toast lies on the plates, two cups of coffee sit untouched, a glass of orange juice beside them, pancakes in the middle. Everything looks calm—until you look at the father.

He sits on the right, but he is far beyond control. He is shouting. Loud, agitated, without pause. His hands cut through the air, erratic, aggressive, as if they are driving the words ahead of him. Every movement too big, too close, as if it might strike the next second. The situation has already tipped.

The mother sits on the left and looks at him. Uncomprehending. No defiance, no tears. Just that empty gaze that shows he no longer reaches her. That everything he says passes straight through her. She doesn't respond anymore.

The poor girl sits between them.

Still.

Her eyes are fixed on the father, following every movement of his hands. She is not waiting for words. She is waiting for the moment when something happens that cannot be undone.

Then footsteps outside.

Slow. Even. Gravel crunching under shoes. Someone walking past the house.

The sound is close. Close enough.

The girl hears it immediately.

For a brief moment something stirs in her. A quiet, desperate thought that never fully forms: that someone is there. That someone might hear it.

The father keeps shouting. Unchecked. His voice fills everything.

The footsteps continue.

Past the window.

Past the door.

No pause. No hesitation.

No one reacts.

The crunching fades, growing quieter, dissolving somewhere out on the street.

And with it disappears that small, dangerous thought that there might be a way out.

The mother still sits there, looking at the father as if he were a stranger.

And the girl understands.

Not the words. Not the argument.

But that even when someone passes by outside,
no one cares.

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.

For inquiries or feedback, contact me at Horst.Waschinski@gmx.de.

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