

Trunchbull's dark secret

The night was deafeningly silent, I was staring at the stars in the sky.

What if I was holding my baby in these cold, pale hands?

'What's wrong with me?' I questioned myself, a woman who could've been a mother of two. The horrific Trunchbull, it was how the kids called me.

I held my tummy with my hands and tried to feel the heartbeat of my sweetheart Angela. Angela would've been 13 already, and I would've gotten a bunch of flowers and cookies on Mother's Day. How sweet it would it be? But my dreams of motherhood was shattered by a push, a gentle nudge which pushed me into the abyss of hopelessness.

13 years ago I was still an innocent teacher, the children loved to call me Ms. Sweetie, seeing the signatures Sweet smile I always wore. Memories were always honey sweet. Seeing children going to school every day and playing board games with them used to be the reason for me to be a teacher. We used to play in the garden rolling in mud with a pure heart that everyone had, vanished under vices.

On a sunny cloudless day, I announced to my class, 'I'm expecting a baby girl!'

'Miss Trunchbull what's her name?'

I replied 'Her name will be Angela, because she is the angel of my life who give me hope and happiness.'

And enjoy my life,(But the cruel reality,leaves me in despair.) (where art thou)the soft and lovely angel, where had you gone(did you go)?

She was snatched from me by a monster named Harris.

I remembered it was a stormy day with thunder striking through the clouds. I was holding onto the belts and climbing down the slippery stairs carefully. I was getting heavy with Angela in me so every steps had been difficult. All of a sudden, I felt a gentle push and fell down the stairs like a bouncing basketball. I caught a glimpse of the shivering sneer of the devil on my way down. It was Harris, standing there with his palms out and an evil grin. I instinctively touched my tummy, trying to feel the heartbeat of my baby, but it had stopped, so did my motherhood.

I fell into a coma, when I came around, I was in the hospital. I woke up to a white ceiling above me, an expressionless doctor and my husband with tears on my bedside.

'Doctor, where is my Angela?' I asked, grabbing my husband's hand tightly.

'I'm sorry, Mrs Johnson, we have tried our best, but we couldn't save her life...'

'Give me back my Angela! Why did you take her away?' I wailed, grabbing the doctor's neck as if he was the culprit.

Someone took away my daughter, it was not the doctor. It was Harris, the son of Satan who destroyed my life, my happiness and my dreams.

'I'll make him pay for this!' I swore, feeling the cold body of Angela, a beautiful angel who had been taken from me).

Two months later, I returned to school once again, but without my Ms Sweetie signature smile but replaced by the eyes of Lucifer.

Children's laughter disappeared into thin air. When I slammed the door they stare at me with big frightened eyes.

Ms Sweetie was gone.

Harris stood up and shouted, 'hey Agatha, when is your baby? Oh I've forgotten, haha, you've just had a miscarriage!'

My anger got the best of me. I walked up to him and gave him a slap on his face, so loud that there were echoes in the classroom.

He stood back, scared of my evil stares and my hatred. I said, 'I'll see you after class.'

He then, came in, looking at the pictures of my angel covered in black veils. I hid at the corner, thinking how to exhausts this cold-blooded creature.

I sneaked up to him, and strangled him with a rope. He fainted calmly like my late Angela, sleeping peacefully in her coffin. I took him into a wooden box and sealed it with tapes.

Hours later, when I was looking at the albums of Angela, he came round, and cried for his dear life.

'Help! Someone's abducted me!'

I put down my album, grabbing a hammer and nails, and approached him.

'You finally felt my turmoil of losing something you love?'

'Why do you wanna do with me, you witch?' Shouted Harris, with a trembling voice.

I didn't say anything, grabbing the sharp, pointy nails, I hammered each of them one by one, followed by his scream, which became the lullaby of my night. I finally avenged for my sweetheart.

The screaming had stopped, and his blood of red was seeping out of the box. I stopped and felt the ecstasy of revenge.

'My dearest Angela, do you like my gift?' I whispered, caressing a photo of her.

