

The circus

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Introduction

This is a story about the time the world got crazy around me. What is happening?

Chapter 1

‘Boom’, a loud bang wakes me up. I think it was a bomb. Just when I have calmed down, I hear something shattering. This time I’m sure it’s from our red house. I get up and take off my banana yellow pyjamas. I grab my favorite beige Bayern Munich T-shirt and my black jeans and put them on when all of a sudden the whole house is shaking. I quickly take two socks out of my wooden closet and put them on, without minding that one is blue with red dots and the other is pure white. I get out of my room and see a scene I will never forget: my grandmother throws a pink slipper at my mother who receives it with a bang, a painful scream comes out of her throat and throws a rustling newspaper at my father. He avoids it by bending over quickly. The newspaper flies on and touches my sister who sticks her still sleepy face out of her room to see what was going on. I try to get through quickly without being hit, but I am hit hard in the back, what feels like a comb, and I can’t suppress the pain groan. I quickly run down the stairs but stumble in the middle over my grandfather’s soccer bag. While I am lying at the bottom of the stairs with my face on the ground, I can just watch my brother throw a vase at my grandfather. He misses and hits the television that with bang and dangle blurs the morning presenter. My grandfather gets angry and throws his toasted bread with dark black chocolate pasta in his face. I can hardly suppress my smile and get up and run to the kitchen to see how much damage my gorgeous face has gotten. In the mirror I see the red blood running out of my now crooked nose. I quickly grab a white kitchen cloth and wipe it off. Pain I don’t have because of all the adrenaline flowing through me. I walk outside where I think it’s a safe area, but the opposite is true, all the neighbors are throwing and shouting things at each other. I even see someone throwing his cat down the road. I want to take my phone to call the police, but it is taken away by my uncle and throws it at my beloved neighbor. He says: ‘thank you I just ran out of ammo’. I shudder with anger and want to end this circus as soon as possible. I go to the police station and on the way I see all kinds of things, people throwing their stuff, people running away, I sometimes have to stoop because sometimes things like lamps fly past my ears. I walk past the circus and can’t resist the temptation to go inside. When I enter the red tent it is worse than expected, the monkeys throw the cannonballs at the jugglers who have trouble avoiding the iron balls, the clowns throw brightly colored cakes at everyone, the horses are running around behind the owner. I want to leave quickly but a magician is blocking the way. I try to distract him but it doesn’t work, so I run out through his wide legs. I run on but suddenly he stands in front of me again and says with a smile: ‘You can’t escape from a magician’. I am terrified but then suddenly a clock flies against his head. I sprint on to the police station. Once I arrive, I go to the chief of police and tell him everything. He asks: ‘Didn’t you know it is World Harassment Day?’