

Stratená mama 1

When I was little, I heard my parents arguing in the kitchen. I didn't know what was happening. I went downstairs. When I came into the kitchen, I saw my mom, but the man wasn't my father. Mom quickly told me to go back to my room. I was waiting for 10 minutes. There was still noise in the kitchen. I was waiting for an hour, I could still hear voices. I wanted to sleep. After an hour and a half, it was quiet in the house. When I woke up in the morning, I was happy because mom made pancakes every Sunday. I loved her pancakes with Nutella. My younger brother was still sleeping. I went out of the room, but I didn't smell the amazing smell of pancakes. The kitchen was empty. I ran into the bedroom to wake my parents up, but there was only my dad. I touched him and told him: "Daddy, where's mom? I'll help her with the pancakes." Dad looked on the other side of the bed. "I don't know," he replied. "What time is it?" It was 9:00. He jumped out of the bed and we looked for mom together. We didn't find her anywhere.