

“DISAPPOINTMENT”

Saren Perrot

“Disappointment comes in many shapes and sizes, you know? Mine comes in the shape of you.”

Saren didn't flinch, he didn't even blink at his father's words. He's heard worse. And just like all of the other times, this moment would come and go. This was one of the moments where Saren was his main target, instead of a bottle of half-drunken whiskey. Saren just had to endure, just had to stand strong and face it like a man.

Talking back did nothing but get him slapped, or worse, it sent his father on a rant. It was these rants that usually led to his father saying things that caused Saren to truly go weak, saying he was a drunken mistake.

“You hear me boy? You are pathetic. This family could be living the life of luxury. But no, we're stuck with you.” His father took a step towards him, sober as he'll ever be. Perhaps that's what got to Saren the most. When drunk, the ability to say ‘he doesn't mean it, he's drunk’ was always an option. Saren could either choose to believe that or not. Yet on the rare occasions that his father wasn't drunk, there was no excuse. The man was thinking straight, and it was mostly when he was sober that his words were the sharpest.

“Your sister is sick because of you,” he growled. Saren refused to look into his father's eyes, he was now walking into dangerous territory. Whenever his sister was mentioned, Saren grew protective and defensive, especially when it came to blaming him for things.

“Any decent brother, any decent human being –,” he began.

“Wouldn't go out and waste money on alcohol instead of helping his daughter. Is that what you were going to say?” Saren hissed, his face contorting.

“How dare you.”

“No, how dare you. That's my sister, but I'm more of a father to her than you ever will be. Your only priority and care is the next bottle in your hand.” His father lifted his hand, ready to deliver swift justice, justice Saren actually begged for. A slap was much softer than his father's harmful words. But his father did not strike him, he took a step back and raised a brow.

“If you're so great at this, then why does she cough up blood every night? Why is she still sick? What doctor did you hire? Hmm?” Saren could not answer. “I thought so. Keep your mouth closed Saren, you seem less pathetic when you do so.” His father lightly slapped the side of his face before walking off, leaving Saren to stand there. It took all his might and willpower to hold his tears, and at the end of the day he realized – he was not strong enough to do such thing.