



Armando's Hideaway



While looking at his phone, Armando crumples a small plastic bag in his hand. He looks around, looking for a trash bin to put it in and he finds one. He walks in its direction and looks at his phone again.

When he reaches the trash bin, he presses the pedal and the lid gets up. The trash smell coming from the inside is thrown at his face, so he turns his face as a repulsion reflex of the smell.

When he looks to the side, he sees a light pole, but it was a fallen light pole. He remembers why it is fallen.

About a week ago, there was a giant hurricane in Soure, where Armando lives: Hurricane Leslie, probably the strongest storm the population of Soure has ever seen there...

Roofs were destroyed, trees, electricity posts and light poles, like this one, that were knocked down by the wind and even destroyed some buildings; people whose light went down for days and some of them still haven't recovered; the broken windows, all that catastrophe, all the injured and the ones who were not able to see the consequences that it caused.

Armando remembers being on a restaurant called "Fernando's Hideaway" when it happened. The windows were shaking loudly, starting an uproar in the crowd. The restaurant was completely full. Some louder sounds could be heard from time to time and everyone was getting worried for not knowing what could have caused the disturbance. They were all stuck there, with a dim light they didn't know how long would last.

Armando was with his parents among those people, but he couldn't take it anymore. Armando is autistic and was under a lot of pressure. All that chaos was driving him crazy, so he sneaked through all those strangers, who were still nervous about the storm out there. By then, the storm was causing more and more damage, flooding the restaurant and still shaking the windows loudly.

He, eventually, found a door that was ajar and didn't hesitate to enter the room on the other side. There he saw a few stairs that took him to a scary pitch-black room. Armando turned the lights on and realized it was a wine cellar. He closed the door and enjoyed the silence while taking deep breaths, calming him down. He sat on the floor and ended up falling asleep. The only thing he remembers after that is waking up in his house, with no light, the next day.

Now, in the present, he looks at the trash bin, looks around, sees the recycling bins, thinks about that night, the wine cellar, the chaos, the noise, the injured, his planet and puts the plastic bag in the yellow recycle bin.

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