



LA CHICA
de la
PARADA MENTAL

No pierdas el tren

LAURA TORRES CARO

P. Punto Rojo Libros

THE GIRL OF THE MENTAL STOP

**WITH A FORGOTTEN PAST
FROM WHICH SHE CANNOT
ESCAPE**

(Real Case)

LAURA TORRES CARO

**'The parallel stop paralyzed her paradoxical paramnesia.' Author's
alliteration.**

#stops"

Editado en español por: PUNTO ROJO LIBROS, S.L.

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Impreso en España ISBN: 978-84-18314-79-7

DL: SE 2374-2023

Maquetación, diseño y producción: Punto Rojo Libros

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(English translation forthcoming)

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PART ONE: ACCIDENTS

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February 08, 2004

It all happened on a cold Friday night, it was February; The scratch of air covered her cheeks. One blonde girl was staggering along the side of the road; she didn't see any lights, no one was passing.

Above where she was, there was a bridge with a train track; she didn't know what she was doing there, she was stained with blood on her arms and face. Suddenly, a light dazzled her, and the noise of the rails frightened her; it was the train approaching her. Gusts of her memories devastated the girl. How long had it been since she heard a train so close?

Her friend Ashley turned the motorcycle handlebars, and both fell into the ditch. When she came to, the train cars had already passed. Her gaze could see tire marks. The motorcycle lights were continuous. As she approached, her friend Ashley was on the ground. The girl closed her eyes to embrace her and remembered the moment they both fell from the motorcycle and someone approached them. But when she looked up to see his face, the cold air enveloped her, and she panicked to see that the face disappeared completely. Leaving a scar in her hand, as she remained unconscious while her friend woke up.

The reflections on her face became blurred because she ran out, saying at the same time, "Is it 'her' again?" and left them in the middle of the A45 highway. She thought she saw a dark-skinned man, wearing a red cap, walking away, although nothing was clear. In the darkness, colours and faces cannot be distinguished, and after the crash, they didn't have much clarity. Or was it just a dream upon waking from the unconscious?

With longing, she opened her eyes again and began to listen to Ashley. Wynlie had been her friend since childhood; she was like her best friend. She looked around incredulously at where they were; it was a road that few people traveled, as it was located on the outskirts of the city.

Their phones didn't work, nor did the motorcycle. It was very cold, and the city was too far to walk to. Furthermore, the train tracks were up ahead in the distance, difficult to reach. Their mothers would be extremely worried! At the same time, María Luisa Caro was waiting for her youngest daughter, Laura, who was 15 years old. She was anxious and desperate; she was used to always waiting for her on the downstairs sofa until she heard the front door open, pretending not to be asleep. Laura was very punctual, responsible, and quite thoughtful in everything she did; she practically called her before arriving, saying, "Mom, I'm on my way

But upon not receiving any call from her that night, Luisa couldn't stop calling her incessantly, over and over again. She was quite bewildered, it wasn't normal! Was she missing? Suddenly, lights from a van in the countryside approached them. It was a man wearing a black mountain hunting outfit to shield himself from the cold. They couldn't see his face, and he said to them, "What happened, girls?" They briefly told him, and he said, "Get in, I'll take you both to the village. Leave the motorbike there on the roadside, and your parents will pick it up tomorrow."

As they got in, he was very quiet, and they were somewhat moved to hear the word "village." They were in the city, what could he mean? Laura could only see the man's eyes observing her from the rear-view mirror. He kept looking at her. It seemed a bit strange to her to see her own image in the mirror or rear view mirror. Were his "mirror neurons" activating again?

She had blond hair, shoulder length, her eyes were and are bright and green. Her face splashed in it some thoughts like the ghost game in the mirror:

— Bloody Mary, Bloody Mary, Bloody Mary.

But instead of a grotesque ghost, a woman resembling "her" appeared, with longer, extremely fine hair. Her eyes were shining with a slight hint of malice still. However, in seconds the image dissolved, and suddenly the mirror turned into an empty reflection. He was puzzled as he looked, thinking that this woman could be "her" in the future, possibly. Although right now he shouldn't dwell on "her" but rather resolve what was happening with his mental blocks.

Yet, he couldn't hide it any longer and silently pondered at that moment: What if our life together could be much more than a simple illusion?

.....(continue)