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Nessa looked at herself in the mirror in the dead of night. She pushed her round glasses up her nose and grabbed a large leather-bound book lying on the desk.

She didn't make a noise as her boyfriend was already in a bad mood with her, all because she had received a telephone call from a fellow one week into the summer holidays.

She moved the tip of her eagle-feather quill down the page and started writing.

Nessa met Tom in literature school. They fell in love. Nevertheless, she found out he had a very medieval attitude towards women. She remembered his expression of mingled fury and jealousy when he forbade her to talk to other boys.

She finished writing her essay and paused to listen again. The silence in the dark house was only broken by the distant, grunting snores of her boyfriend, Tom. Nessa's eyes were itching with tiredness. Then she stood up, stretched, and checked the time on the luminous alarm clock on her bedside table. Perhaps she would reuse her essay tomorrow night . . .

