5.- \*\*5\*\*

6.- \*\*5\*\*

7.- \*\*4\*\*

8.- \*\*4\*\*

9.- \*\*5\*\*

This story invites deep emotional and intellectual engagement, exposing class boundaries, maternal absence, and the need to be loved through a deceptively simple voice. It dismantles romantic tropes about “upward mobility” and “found family,” revealing the transactional undercurrent in class-transcending relationships. The narrator’s naive yet perceptive voice is masterfully sustained, its understated lyricism allowing for poetic resonance beneath surface simplicity. The language is original in its imagery and rhythmic cadences (“the cash-machine tray [...] like an old friend”). The story redefines domestic short fiction by quietly staging a psychic battle for dignity and belonging in a world that assigns value by polish.