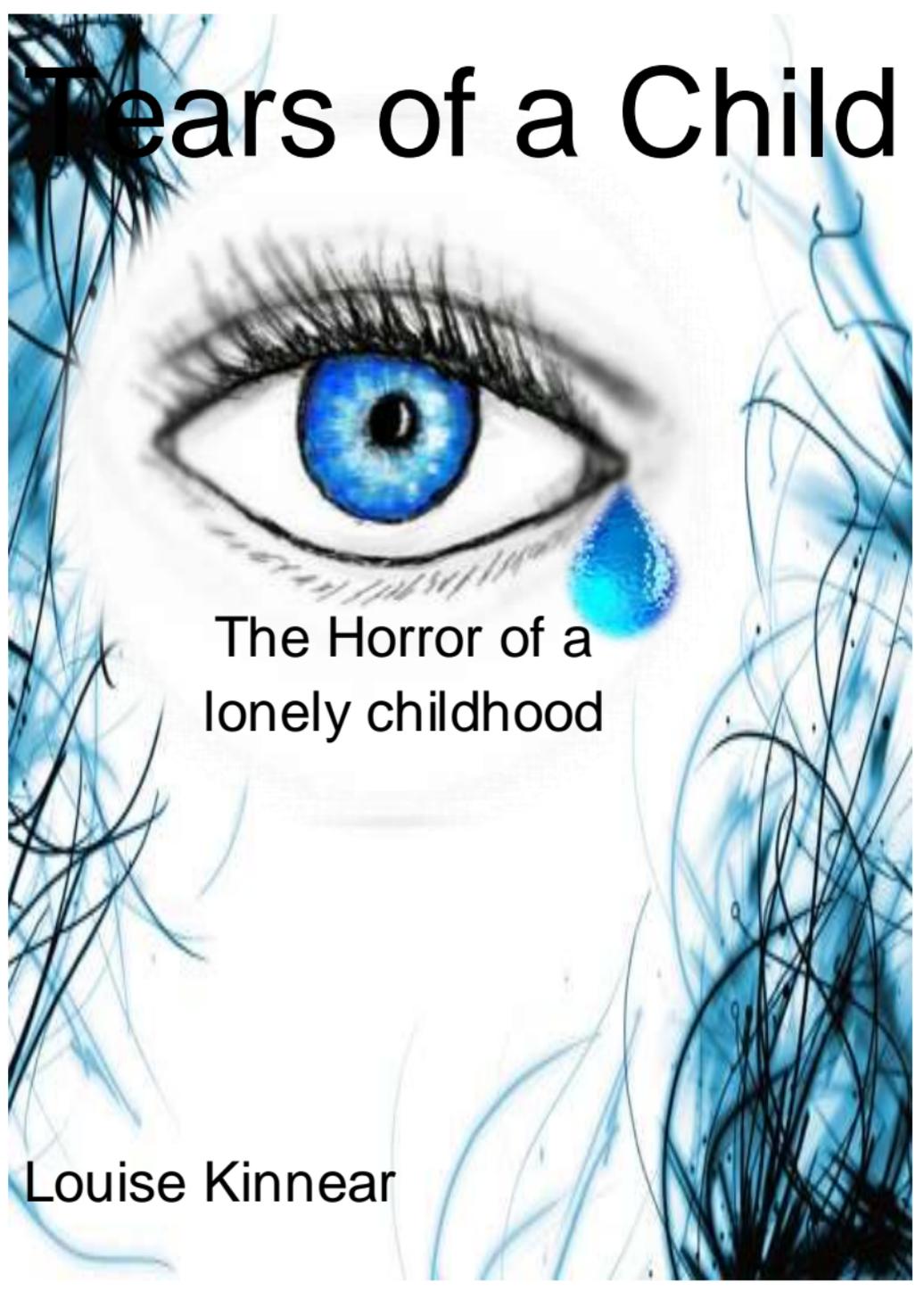


Tears of a Child



The Horror of a
lonely childhood

Louise Kinnear

Chapter 1 – Tears of distraught

Chapter 2 – Hold your head up

Chapter 3 – Daddy's home

Chapter 4 – Dance away

Chapter 5 – Mary & Matthew

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Chapter 1

Screaming, shouting and swearing are all I hear while hiding in a corner of my room. Tears rolling down my face knowing that there is nothing I can do to stop this. I will get shouted at by someone I love so dearly. Someone I appreciated and looked up to all my life. I can hear how he hits her. Every slap echoes through the house. The screams of torture erupt through the silence of the night. Tearing of clothes and making her believe she is worthless. What kind of monster is this? From a placid person, he would change into a monster. My heart is racing so fast, it feels as if it wants to jump out of my chest. What did I know? What I did know, is what is

happening on the other side of my bedroom door was abuse. Abuse that continued for years and no one has ever attempted to do anything about it. This is destroying our lives. This is affecting me. It is affecting my school work, affecting my thought patterns. This is destroying me! I heard the front door open and she tried to run from his claws, but was hit down from behind. I ran outside to see what is happening and could not believe my eyes. Her eyes were already swollen, her mouth bleeding and her clothes torn. “Go inside!” he shouted at me while pointing to the door. “I said go! NOW!” he yelled. The anger in his voice is not unfamiliar. I saw him lift his hand again and between them stepped a young man. “Stop, please, stop!” he pleaded. “Haven’t you done

enough? Look at her? Stop for a second and look.” the young man said as he tried to calm him down. I stood in disbelief, as I dried my eyes, to discover who the pleading voice was. Just a young man himself, he stood before him, begging him to stop. I hear her crying as she lies on the grass, full of fear and heartache. I ran to her to help her up, help her to get out of the eyes of the evil people staring at the fiasco in awe. The shame he has brought on this family again. The shame of a woman beater and the pity of the abused are what those who stared thought of us yet again. She can hardly walk with the wounds this time. She wanted to go to her bedroom to make herself presentable. She wanted to wipe the blood off her face, put on clean clothing and cover up her bruises,

like all the other times. “Mommy, let me help you” I said softly but she put her hand up. “I’m okay Gabriella, I’ll be fine” she said. “Why don’t you go to your room? I will be there shortly to tuck you in.” Abby was in total shock. As I stuck my head through the gap of the opening door, I saw my little sister sitting quietly on her bed with tears rolling down her face. She was sobbing. The hurt that reflected in her eyes is not something you see every day, but in those whose hearts have been shattered. “It’s all over” I whispered as I moved closer to her. I held her so tight. My eyes were blurry with my tears and my heart felt as if it was bleeding. Bleeding to know that the man I adored, has hurt my mommy so badly. We sat like that for a while, till we heard the door handle. “Why

aren't you sleeping yet?" he asked as he popped his head into our room. "We were just about to climb into bed" I replied as we opened our beds. I climbed into Abby's bed. I could feel her still shaking caused by the terrible ordeal that struck our home. Her heart is beating so fast and she is still sobbing as she falls asleep. Lying there, thoughts ran through my head; All the questions that I need to be answered, yet I dare not ask them out loud. What if we could pack our bags and run away, far away from all of this. Run far away from a monster. Would it make a difference in our lives as children? After all, we are only children. How will this impact our lives in the future? When will things change? When will this stop? The fear caused a restless night's sleep for I opened my eyes

with every creak and crackle I heard during the course of the night. “Wake up girls” I heard as the aroma of the early morning coffee awoke me. Our eyes were all puffy, because of all the tears that were shed last night. It was the soft and gentle voice of an angel. You can tell that she has been up for quite some time this morning. Her hair was all done up beautifully and she tried to cover her bruises with the porcelain base cream. She was wearing a navy blue trouser with a white and navy blue blouse. My mother was surely an angel. You could smell the Opium perfume from a distance. “You need to get up now girls, or else you’ll be late for school” she said as she handed our coffee to us. She bent her legs slowly to sit on the bed opposite to us. The pain in her eyes is

very apparent. There is still redness around her neck of how he grabbed her. The memories went through my head over and over again. I was brought back to sanity with the touch of my mothers' hand. "You need to get dressed." She continued "Girls, what happened last night is not being spoken of at school. Not with anyone, not even your friends and especially not your teachers. Your father loves you very much and would never do anything to hurt you." She got up slowly trying to hide the excruciating pain; physical and emotional trauma. It took all her will power to hide it from us but I can see the suffering in her hazel eyes. Abigail was devastated. Tears rolled down her face while she got dressed for school. She was weak and tired and anybody knowing

her would see it immediately. I, on the other hand, was angry. I was disappointed in the man that I trusted and loved so dearly. I was hurt by the swearing and name calling. What has possessed him to do such a horrible thing? I am torn apart...

Chapter 2

Walking to school was very long. It felt like a road that never ended, as if we were never going to get there on time. “Come on Abby, we’re going to be late if you keep dragging your heels like this.” I said as I was thinking of my embarrassing day ahead. I have to prepare myself for all the pointing and corridor whispers that will occur today. I’m expecting the worse from Angela, a girl in my class. She stays across the road from us, so everything was entirely visible to her and her family. She is not the nicest person not to mention her dreadful friends. The teasing and name calling was so unpleasant the last time. They said that I would be taken away and given to people that do not love me. I would be eating sand for dinner and not be able to bath for days. How am I

going to get through this again? I can't speak to my mother. She is hurting as is, and to still tell her of my petty quarrels at school is just not appropriate. I lifted my eyes off the floor as we approached the gate. There she is. She cannot even wait for me to enter the premises of the school. Abby was already torn apart, I was not going to let her hear all this nonsense that's about to leave Angela's lips. "You go ahead, I will catch up with you in front of the hall" I said and gently squeezed her hand. Facing my fears I stopped in front of Angela, expecting the worst. She put her arms around my neck and said softly "I am here when you need to talk". I nearly collapsed with shock. "Thank you" I whispered as I nodded my head. "Mmmm" I thought to myself. Something

does not fit here. Something is up so I will definitely keep my guard up. I don't trust her as far as I can see her.

The day felt long and I could not really concentrate in class. My mind kept tracking back to the incident. At break, I sat alone with my awful memories of last night. It just kept playing over and over in my head as I stared in the midst of the field where Abigail sits. I saw Abby, smiling at her friend Chantal. They shared everything and I knew that Chantal was trying to cheer her up and motivate her. I felt relieved actually. Knowing that she actually has someone to open up to and express her heartache. As the bell rang for the last period, I realized that I finally had the opportunity to express my own feelings. Art class was one of my favorite

subjects just to blow off some steam. The topic or subject of our sketches for today was abstract. “Exactly what I needed.” I whispered to myself. I sketched with chalk. I started to sketch a woman with a white cloak lying on the floor with her back towards me. A white soft and elegant cloak that flowed over her body as she lay there so still; as motionless as my mother did last night. I used black chalk to sketch a man standing next to her, chest puffed out and his fist drawn back to give her another blow. The anger built up again as I changed the entire background to red. Light red, dark red... all different shades of red you can possibly think of. I jumped as the bell rang. The raging anger was frightened away with the ring of the last bell of the day. I need to get to Abby. I

need to find out how her day was, how she is feeling and what I can do ease her pain. I can see her. She is quite a distance ahead of me. “Abby, Abigail... wait up!” I yelled. They continued walking as I ran my little legs off to get to them. “Hi Angela, how are you?” I asked out of breath. “Oh, hi Gabriella, I’m fine, thank you.” she answered with a very concerned look on her face, her eyes indicating me to look at Abby. The tears were running down her face. Her face expressed fear and her arms were wrapped around her stomach. Tension pain is what my mom called it. I stood at the gate for a moment, gathering strength to enter the house of darkness. I am dreading to see the scars and bruises of my mother. Everything is silent in the house, from outside. The car is not there

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