

The lovers still loved. The birds still chirped. The sun still spun on its axis and continued to orbit the sun. The stars and galaxies continued to twinkle brightly in the night sky. It seemed nothing and no one cared that her, Maria-Morgan's, life had ended.

She had her head turned to the window. All she could see was the tops of trees and the oblivious blue sky. The birds which were making an awful nerve wrecking racket in the trees could not be seen, very well camouflaged by the leaves. She looked at the table beside the bed. There, on it, against the fruit basket aunt Mavis had brought, was propped the picture of the blessed virgin mother.

Causing herself a lot of pain she reached out and knocked it off the table. How could her mother have brought that stupid picture? How was a drawing, a mass produced drawing, of some stupid bitch that died eons ago meant to help her? Where the hell was the blessed virgin when she was being attacked? Where?

She could barely remember the attack. But her mind had somehow recalled, in startling clarity, the emotions attached to it. Pain, fear, helplessness and hopelessness. All amplified and magnified in the strange frightening dreams which she could never remember clearly on waking.

She looked outside the window. Why did she keep looking? The view had not changed the whole week she had been looking at it. She would have to remember to ask the nurse to draw the blinds. God this place was so boring, she thought. "Ha! God!", she said out loud with a snigger. Tears began pouring out and she wiped them away using the sheet.

The sound of the door opening, like most unexpected everyday sounds did now, made her start. It was her parents, Bianca and George. Unfortunately when she started she turned towards the door and so could not feign sleeping. How she would have loved that than having to listen to these two prattle on endlessly about things and people which meant nothing to her.

"MM! You are awake. Thank Goodness," Bianca said rushing to her daughter's side, 'how are you baby? It's just that most of the time we find you asleep! What great good luck!" she kissed Maria-Morgan as George did in turn. Bianca picked up and replaced the picture.

"How are you doing darling?" they asked in unison.

How am I doing? How am I doing! Well let's see. I was stabbed and raped beaten and left for dead dearest mommy and daddy. How the fuck do you think I am doing?!

"A lot better."

"That's good." George said squeezing his daughter's hand.

It took all his strength to keep a hold on his temper every day. Some animal had hurt his daughter and the god damn police still had not done anything to find him. "The investigation is on-going sir." "on-going?" what the hell did that mean? If they didn't give him any information how was he supposed to know what was going on? What the hell was he and everyone else paying their taxes for if they could not do their job!

It was hard for him to look at Maria-Morgan without wanting to cry. He turned away. She seemed shrunken and aged. Her once sparkling eyes were dull and had a glazed over look. If he ever got his hands on the bastard that did this.

Maria-Morgan noticed him turning away. So he couldn't even stand to look at her? Was she that disgusting now? It was not as if she had asked for this. She had not been walking around with a large neon "please rape and stab me sign"! She wanted to pull her hand away and used propping herself up as a way to do so.

Bianca was busy replacing the flowers which were on another table at the foot of the bed. More daises! Bianca always brought her fresh daises. Yes, sure, she had liked daises once upon a time. But she had not given them a second thought since she was six. She was now seventeen for fucks sake. What were daises in the face of what she had suffered, what she was still suffering.

How she despised them both and their stupid daises.

Bianca was trying to arrange the daises nicely. She hoped they would remind Maria-Morgan of a happier time. Like the time they had gone to visit her mother when Maria-Morgan was four. How Maria-Morgan had cried and cried because there were no daises at the breakfast table.

She, Bianca had scoured the town until she had found a shop selling some artificial ones. Everyone had said she and George spoilt the child and that it was high time they had another child so they could curb Maria-Morgan's 'excesses'. But she had not minded. Maria-Morgan was happy and they could have their breakfasts in peace.

She ran to the little bathroom to get some water for the daises. And to dry her eyes. She thanked God and the blessed virgin for bringing their baby back to her. It had

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