

### Chapter 3 : She Still Had A Human Side

Morning arrived with an unbearable amount of pain. Anaya rolled over her back in her sleep and the wound rubbed against the mattress. It hurt a lot to move but Anaya couldn't stay asleep all day.

Anaya took a few deep breaths and thought about the life she would have after leaving this house. Anaya had to make it to that day, she had to survive today and be there when that day arrives.

Her waist made a cracking sounds when she got off the mattress. Sleeping in a difficult angle caused her waist to become sore overnight. Ignoring the pain in her body, Anaya got her clothes to get a shower.

Since Anaya lived in the attic, she had to go downstairs to get a shower in the common bathroom that is meant for the guests. It was only five in the morning and the house was still dark. Anaya went down the stairs with baited breath and light footsteps so no one would suspect her movements.

Anaya took a quick shower in cold water and cleaned the bathroom before leaving just as sneakily as she came. Anaya went back to the attic and applied some medicine to her wounds before wrapping them up under her clothes. She owned very little clothes and she couldn't afford to get them dirty with blood.

Since Anaya was dropped out from school, she was expected to contribute at home by doing chores. Anaya wore her hair up in a bun to keep then out of her face and went downstairs to start the morning chores.

In the lack of light Anaya went to the kitchen to wash the dishes. In this time and age everyone owned a dishwasher but her family did not have one. It was a waste of money since they had someone to wash it for them everyday.

Anaya searched for her gloves but there were nowhere to be seen. With a weak body like hers, she was bound to get a bad cold if she touched the water with bare hands so early in the morning.

But since the gloves were nowhere to be seen Anaya went in with her hands. The party had many guests and there were many dishes left to clean. Anaya spend more than thirty minutes cleaning and wiping them. After the dishes were done, she set off to clean the entire kitchen.

Bending down to sweep the floor with a body full of wounds was harder than it looked. Anaya could feel the tug on her skin everytime she moved. However, she didn't have any choice but to grit her teeth and endure. A little more. A little more and it will be over. She kept reassuring herself.

Anaya's chores were endless. After cleaning the kitchen she picked up laundry from all over the house. With the laundry basket in hand she went to her parents room and silently picked up the clothes that had to be washed. She didn't lift her head up in fear of being seen.

After that she went to Charlotte's room. Her room was a sharp contrast to Anaya's room. It was as bigger and had large windows. The window gave a beautiful view of the sunrise and filled the room with light. Anaya lived in the dark attic and rarely had the chance to see a sunrise.

But Anaya knew better than to stay and look at the beauty of the rising sun. She was not worthy of seeing it. With her head down, Anaya picked up the dirty clothes and left Charlotte's room in silence.

Anaya spoke very little. If not spoken to, she never uttered a single word. If she didn't do anything wrong then no one came to say a word to her. Sometimes weeks would pass and Anaya still wouldn't speak. It had become a habit. Growing up, the more she asked, the more she spoke, the more she suffered. She had learnt not to speak.

All her work was done in silence. After the chores, Anaya went to knock on her parents door and before they could open the door, Anaya went back to her room in the attic.

The only thing Anaya did not do in the house was cook breakfast. It was because she did not have any skills in cooking and the parents did not want to eat bad food.

Ginny woke up due to the knock and went to get ready and make breakfast for everyone. Edgar had a job which was good enough and let them enjoy a good life. Ginny went to Charlotte's room and gently woke her up by cuddling her and tickling.

The attic was right above Charlotte's room so the giggling reached up there as well. Anaya huddled into a corner for a few minutes and listened. When the voices stopped, she waited for another half an hour and then got out of the corner and went back downstairs.

The first hour after waking up was family time between the three and Anaya was not allowed to be seen around this time. She had been beaten up once before because her presence in the morning ruined their mood. Since then Anaya didn't interrupt their family time.

Anaya stood outside the kitchen and waited for the food to cook. Ginny made a hearty breakfast Everyday for her daughter and husband. She served them up and had them eat it.

"Your breakfast is on the counter." Ginny threw at Anaya before joining her husband and Charlotte on the table. Anaya went to the counter and saw a plate of mashed potatoes and a sausage with a piece of toast on the plate.

She took the plate and went outside in the courtyard to eat under the sun. This repetitive cycle had already soaked into Anaya's mind. She didn't have to think before getting up and doing anything, just like a robot. The beatings hurt, that was the only time when Anaya remembered that she was still human.

-----