

Shattered Girl

Chapter 1

It was early evening when I got home from working on my last group project of the year. The house was dark, and the front door which began sticking when a leak in the roof got worse always makes a horrible squealing sound when it's opened. As I turned to close it, I noticed a pile of mail on the small table in the hall. Almost everyone was stamped with a red Past Due, or Final Notice across the front of the envelope. I sighed, setting the mail back where I found it. There was nothing I could do about it anyway, I didn't have a job, or any money

I was walking toward my room when suddenly a searing pain shot through the back of my head, I was thrown across the living room hitting my head on the edge of the fireplace. I screamed as my father landed a hard kick to my side. I just knew this was going to be bad. I don't know how long I was unconscious, but the room around me was dark and spinning, so I squeezed my eyes shut again. I could smell blood, vomit, and burnt skin. My father must have burned me with cigarettes again. I woke up again sometime later to the sounds of yelling, the noise forced me to try and move before my father spotted me and continued the beating he had started. I rolled onto my side, and pain shot through my ribs and right arm. My face was so bruised and swollen I could barely see out of my eyes. Great, my ribs must be either cracked or broken again, along with my arm, and I was starting to suspect my nose was broken as well. I gave up on moving as the yelling got closer, I closed my eyes hoping that he would think I was still passed out and ignore me.

My father ran into the living room with sweat running down his face. It had been a hot day, we could never afford air conditioning, and fans could only do so much.

"You stupid bitch, you got the cops called on me" he yelled as he hurried through the living room, and down the hallway toward his bedroom.

The sounds of approaching sirens got louder, and I could hear crashing from my father's bedroom. It sounded like he was moving furniture to barricade himself in his room. My head felt like it was going to split open as the sound of police sirens stopped in front of our house.

There was pounding on the front door, yells from police, followed by the sound of the front door being kicked in.

" Fuck, " I groaned The noise made my head pound, and a wave of nausea rolled through my stomach. There was the sound of multiple feet coming quickly down the hall I lay completely still hoping they wouldn't fall over my battered body as they rushed into the living room.

"Damn it," an officer cursed as he stopped in front of my destroyed body. I could hear his radio crackle as he shouted orders into it, asking for an ambulance, and describing some of my more obvious injuries.

There was a lot of noise coming from the back of the house, but I ignored it and tried to focus on the officer kneeling next to me, hand gently grabbing my arm.

"Miss, miss, can you hear me?" The officer asked, leaning over to look into my face.

"The ambulance is almost here, stay with me for a few more minutes." He reassured me, sliding his hand across my forehead to move some hair from my face.

I moaned and tried to focus on him, but I was in so much pain I closed my eyes, again. I must have passed out because, when my hearing suddenly returned it was to my father's voice telling the officers that I was being a dramatic brat who wouldn't take her punishment and that I was his kid and corporal punishment was legal. If he wanted to hit me he could.

His voice faded as the officers dragged him outside and shoved him into the back of a squad car. Just then the ambulance pulled up and two paramedics rushed up the driveway with a stretcher.

I don't remember much after that, just voices and movement around me, the feeling of a blood pressure cuff on my good arm, numbers being called out, and the pinch and sting of an IV line being started. I passed out when they began to move me, the meds not working fast enough to keep the pain at bay.

The next time I woke, I was in a dimly lit room, with the beeping of various monitors nearby. Taking a deep breath was still painful, but I could tell my ribs had been wrapped, my broken arm was now in a splint and was lying by my side, and my face had been cleaned up. My vision was clear now with blood no longer dripping into my eyes. I looked around and noticed a woman sitting in a chair by the foot of my bed.

I stared at her, confusion must have shown on my face, because she put down her phone, and stood. Walking closer to me she sighed a look of revulsion marred her perfect face. I had no idea who she was, or why she was in my room. She looked to be several inches taller than me, with perfectly styled hair, and expertly applied makeup. Her clothes and shoes were expensive, as was her diamond wedding ring.

"I'm sorry, who are you?" I croaked. The woman sighed again, the expression on her face plainly showing she would rather be anywhere else.

" I'm your mother, Emilia," she snapped as her phone started ringing. She shook her head and retreated to her chair, grabbed the phone jabbing at the screen, and hissing into the phone.

" I don't know Clint, she just woke up, no she's not going to be presentable any time soon, she's a mess" The woman who is apparently my long lost mother snapped into the phone.

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