

# Shattered Girl - Chapter 2 Chapter 2

## Chapter 2

"Ok then," I mumbled, closing my eyes again. First my abusive father beats me unconscious. Now this woman who is a complete stranger, and claiming to be my mother, was standing in the corner of my room, growling and hissing into her phone.

"I can't understand why you would want her anywhere near your house," she complained "Its going to completely disrupt our lives, not to mention your campain and think about the boys, this is still their home, when they come back on leave or during breaks from college they don't need some broken worthless girl, who is obviously trouble being thrown into their peaceful home." her voice changed from angry growls, to concerned loving parent like the flick of a switch.

I groaned quietly, wondering if I closed my eyes and pretended to be asleep she would go away. I did just that and must have acutally fallen asleep, because I was startled awake by the loud click of a heal tapping angrily on the floor.

"Well its about time, were you planning on sleeping the whole day?" she snapped

"Ummm, Im in the hospital, what else am I supposed to be doing?" I snap, " I'm having a shit day, Im obvously hurt, and Im supposed to be resting" If I could have flipped her off I would have but even that small amount of movement was to painful.

I wanted this woman gone, I didnt care who she claimed to be. I didnt remember my mother, she had left before I was two years old according to my father, anything that she left behind had been destroyed so I didnt even know what she looked like. There had been no trace of her left in the house. I slowly moved my good arm over to the bed railing and tapped the nurse call button. A few minutes later a nurse walked in followed by the doctor.

"Oh honey I'm so glad to see you awake," the nurse said in a gentle voice. She efficiently moved around my bed, bumping my mother further away from me. She quietly began taking my vitals, and checking the various machines, and tubes that I was connected to, while the doctor went over my list of injuries.

"Well young lady, you are very lucky," the doctor stated, looking up from the tablet he was carrying. "Two of your ribs are badly broken, and you are lucky they did not puncture your lungs. Several others have small fractures or bruises." He paused to gently move aside a corner of the gown to check the wrap.

"Your arm was broken in two places, we need to wait for the swelling to go down, then we will have a better idea of what needs to be done." He poked at my broken arm, asking if I can wiggle my fingers.

"Excuse me doctor," my mother said pushing her way between the doctor and my bed.

"When exactly can Emilia be released?" She sighed dramatically "You have no idea how inconvenient this whole ordeal has been, I have had to cancel all of my appointments today, just to be here, and some of them have taken months to get in the first place."

"Wow" I mouthed to the doctor, a small smile appeared on his face and he rolled his eyes.

"Well Mrs. Peters, as I have told you already, Emmy."

"It's Emilia, not Emmy," my mother snapped, "if she has to live with us she will use her proper name, not some juvenile nickname."

"Anyway, as I was saying" the doctor continued completely ignoring my mother's outburst. "She has broken and bruised ribs, a severely broken arm, a broken nose, and

concussion, that caused a loss of consciousness, she's not going anywhere for at least twenty-four hours."

Sighing dramatically, she stomped her way back to the corner of the room, phone held to her ear.

"No Clint, she's not being released today, I had to sit here all day and cancel my hair appointment for nothing. Do you know how long it takes to get an appointment with Andrew? It's a three-month wait, and I had to miss it. Now my hair won't be done the way I wanted for the campaign dinner tonight." She sniffled pathetically into the phone. "I only have four hours to get ready and now I will have to do my own hair." She continued to sniffle into the phone as the doctor and I shared a What the Fuck look. He patted my leg gently.

"Don't worry Emmy I will get rid of her for you, get some rest, I will have the nurse come back with pain meds in a few minutes" He said over his shoulder as he ushered my mother out of the room, her whiny voice suddenly cut off by the closing of the door.

A few minutes later the nurse returned with some pain medicine and a cup of water. I managed to take the pills one-handed, and she handed me some juice and jello. I slowly ate my snack and promptly fell asleep.

I woke several times during the night as the nurses came and went, checking machines, and my vitals. In the morning I was wheeled out for more scans and X-rays, and when I returned, there were two more strangers in my room. I looked at them curiously as the nurse got me settled back into bed. The man was older, probably mid to late forties, and at least six feet tall. Glasses framed sky blue eyes, and his dark brown hair was just beginning to lighten with streaks of silver. The boy standing next to him looked around my age. He was several inches taller than the older man, with the same blue eyes, and reddish-brown hair that he kept swiping out of his face.

I sighed laboriously, adjusted the bed and pillows to make myself comfortable, and looked at the two strangers waiting for someone to say something.

The older man smiled and stepped closer to the bed, with his perfectly straight, and blinding white teeth, I had a sinking feeling I knew who this was, and I could tell I already didn't like him.

