

《Anna》

****BANG**** I jerk awake to the loud slamming of a door; I don't know who slammed it and it doesn't really matter. Could be my dad, could be John my older brother...neither care enough to be quiet while people are sleeping.

Today is my fifteenth birthday but I doubt there will be any cake or hugs involved. It is also the day my mum, my dad's fated mate, died. You see it is my fault, she died while giving birth to me and if that is not enough to cause me pain my dad makes sure I never forget it. As I have every year since turning twelve, I spend a few minutes reaching out in my mind to contact a wolf that never answers back. As a female, I should have met my wolf at

twelve, this would allow me time to bond with her ready for my first shift at fourteen.

Except my wolf has never spoken to me and I have never shifted. I try with all my might, but I finally give up, she's not there and I don't even know why I try anymore.

I climb off my single foam mattress...no bed for me, stains don't need proper beds. I pull off my ratty night shirt and pull on a pair of two sizes too big grey leggings and a simple plain white t-shirt. I drag a comb through my hair, again wishing I had a brush to tame my stupidly puffy white blonde locks. I wrap my hair into a messy bun and take a deep breath.

Time to start the day....

As I climb the stairs from the basement to

the kitchen, I pray my father has passed out, maybe even drunk himself into a coma, maybe he has had a heart attack, maybe.... who am I kidding, life does not work like that. It never does.

As soon as I open the door I see him, sitting at the kitchen table drinking straight from a bottle of Jack Daniels, no glass just the bottle, exactly how father likes it. He's sat staring into space, he has a beer belly that can rival any pregnant woman, he wears a wife beater that I am sure was white once upon a time but now it's almost yellow, from smoking, food, beer, sweat, piss and I'm sure some blood and other bodily fluids. He's got on a pair of white briefs that almost match his wife beater. He has a bald head and a stumpy nose; he has piercing blue eyes...my eyes. He always says if it wasn't for my eyes he would be asking if I was truly his. I must

make a noise as he turns to me.

"Where the bloody hell have you been?!"
He yells at me which is not needed as I'm
less than an arm's reach from him.

"Sorry father, I was sleeping" I stammer as
quickly as possible.

"Well hurry up and get breakfast ready I
have to get to work." He voice leaves no
room for argument and I quickly move to
the beat up old fridge.

"Is it just you or is John home?" I ask in a
small voice.

I don't see him move; it is so sudden. A
large fry pan sized hand connects with the
left side of my face. I am knocked off
balance and I land on my ass. I am seeing
stars and I am almost certain I will have a

nice bruise to add to my collection.

"Did I say you could ask questions?! No, I didn't. Get breakfast made NOW!" He screams mere inches from my face. As he sits back down, I scramble to my feet and make quick work of getting some eggs, bacon and toast in front of my father. No coffee, who needs coffee when you have whiskey.

While my father is distracted shoveling food into his mouth I run through the kitchen and lounge, into the hall to grab my shoes. I stop long enough to put them on and then I'm out of the door. I am not sticking around today, the best thing for me to do is to run and hide until sun-up tomorrow.

I run as fast as my legs can take me, sure I'm not fast as I have no wolf to aid me, but

no one is chasing me. I just don't want to be here anymore. Sure, I could keep going but if I'm gone for more than one night father will send his wolves after me. I found a spot in the woods, it's a small clearing that has a little pond next to it. I sit down in the wildflowers, surrounded by daisies, bluebells and grass up to my hip. I catch my breath. I lay back on the flowers and use the grass height to hide me from anyone who might pass by. If someone in the Pack is looking for me then there will be no hiding, you can't hide from a wolf, especially a Mountain Pack wolf.