

Is anyone even listening?

 288 iVouchers

## 《Anna》

1 year ago.

I am in the foetal position on the lounge floor. My father has just finished punching me in the stomach and making sure I am in such pain that I can't get back up. I can't catch my breath, I can feel my stomach wanting to rebel, but it is empty of anything for me to bring up.

"Come on Stain, shift!" My father goads, he follows this with a swift kick to my back

"Father, is she even a wolf? Who has ever heard of a female who can't shift?" Laughs my brother from his spot on the sofa. My father loves an audience, and my brother

loves to watch, It's a win, win for both of them.

"Stop! Please! Father please stop!" I sob into my knees as I pull myself tighter into a ball. Suddenly I feel my head being yanked up by my hair, my eyes begin to water as my father drags me up to a standing position. He looks me straight in the eye and starts screaming.

"WHAT DID YOU SAY?! STOP? Bloody stop?! Why would I stop? Did you stop? Huh well, did you? No, you bloody well didn't, you kept coming and coming until my beautiful Lisa bled out and died. And what do I have to show for it? I have a stain of a girl who can't shift, has no use in the Pack and does nothing but PISS. ME. OFF." He finishes his rant by punching me in the face, everything goes black, and I surrender to it.

When I wake up, I am still on the lounge floor. My father is passed out on the sofa and John is nowhere to be seen. I slowly pull myself to my feet, I wobble as my vision blurs in and out. I think I might pass out again. I close my eyes and take a few deep breaths, when I open them again the world has righted itself. I slowly shuffle through the lounge and into the kitchen, when I make it to the stainless-steel toaster, I pick it up to try and assess my injuries. My nose looks crooked and is most likely broken, my lips are so big and red they don't even look like lips anymore, my eyes are red and bloodshot, I can already see the black eye forming around my left eye. I put the toaster back where it belongs and wrap my left arm around to cradle my side. I think he broke some ribs this time. It wouldn't be the first time, no matter how many times it happens it

always surprises me how much it hurts.

I slowly make my way to the basement and carefully lower myself onto my slab of foam. With no blankets to wrap myself in, I once again curl into a ball. As I do this I cry, I cry for the life I will never have, I cry for the mother I will never know, I cry knowing when I go to school on Monday no one will question how I got injured. I cry knowing this is just another day and more will come. I cry until I have nothing left, I'm not sure if I cry myself to sleep or if I pass out from the pain.

Present.

As I recall my 14th birthday, I am set in my resolve to spend the day and night in the field. It's the middle of July so it's not cold, there is a slight breeze which is nice as it takes the sting out of the heat in the

air. As I lie here in the grass, I again think of anyone, someone who can help me. I can't go to the Alpha, last time I did that I got a night in the cell and 10 lashes to my back in the town square. I can't go to my teachers, they all pretend I don't exist, I am like a black void sat in the back of their classes. I don't have any friends to go to, who would want to be friends with the weird girl who has no wolf and is always covered in bruises. John and my father are my only family. I can't go to the human cities; I tried that once and that earned me locked in the basement for 4 days with nothing but dry bread and one glass of water a day. The humans are of no help anyway, they know nothing of us so they wouldn't know how to protect me from my father let alone the pack.

I find myself wondering if there is more out there. In school we learn about the

different packs and the borders to their areas. We also learn about how the Alphas, Betas and Warriors protect those borders. If I think I have it bad in The Mountain Pack that would be nothing compared to what would happen if I crossed another packs' borders without permission. I let out a sigh, no one will help me, it's just me. The only hope I have left is that at 18 my mate will find me. Just 3 more years and I pray with all I have that the Moon Goddess has not forgotten me. Please don't let her forget me.

As I lie here with my eyes squeezed shut sending my prayers to a Goddess who has never answered me, I hear a loud explosion somewhere off in the distance. It is followed by screaming and shouting, without a wolf I can't hear what's being said. I sit bolt upright, and I listen with everything I have. The sounds of screams

seem to get louder and louder. Suddenly people start running from between the trees into the clearing I am currently sitting in, so many people, I know them all, maybe not by name but by face, this is my pack, my whole pack. Behind them I can see wolves, a lot of wolves...only these wolves aren't Mountain Pack.