

CHAPTER 11

I thought moving to Northern Alaska was going to be a nightmare. And for the most part, it is. It's summer and I'm still wearing a jumper because I moved here a month ago from California with my mother and stepfather. That was a horrid 6 day drive. My stepfather is an alcoholic so my mother had to drive the whole way and they didn't have any money for a motel. So we had to sleep in the car whenever we pulled over.

But I did see a lot of great sites and great forests that would have great hiking trails in Canada. I made a mental note to myself that when I nished my senior year of high school and I got away from these two, I was denitely going to hike my way around Canada. But it would have to be in the summer. I really don't like the cold. And I hear that the sun barely rises in Alaska during winter. You can just see it on the horizon.

I was curious to see what that was like, but I was also curious to see what would happen if I ran away and got the hell out of this hellhole.

I'd given up the fantasy that my father was going to magically appear and take me away from these people that I live with. My mother has always made a point of letting me know that she hates me and she never should have had me. And my stepfather, he's just one in a long line of men that she's been with since I was a baby.

I never met my dad. I always wondered what he was like. But I've never gotten to nd out.

But on the bright side, Alaska does have the best hiking trails in the world as far as I'm concerned. And as far as I've seen. I'm only 17 so I haven't seen that many yet. I love the lush green forests, snow capped mountains and the beautiful crystal clear lakes.

I am currently walking along one of the hiking trails early in the morning, wearing a lot of warm clothes while taking pictures as I am walking through the forest.

I just found one of those lakes and it had the best scenery behind it that I had ever seen.

I looked at my watch and I knew that I had to start heading back home. As much as I loved being out here in the woods. I had to get home and start getting ready for my rst day at my new school. Something that I think I was trying to put off.

As I was getting closer to the house everything seemed really quiet, which was a good sign. It meant that either my mother and stepfather were still asleep or they just hadn't done anything to piss each other off yet. But it's only a matter of time. They haven't been married for too long. Only a couple of years and I don't think they can go more than a couple of days without screaming at each other. I've always wondered why she let go of the good boyfriends and she married this loser.

I suddenly hear a wolf howling in the same forest that I'm standing in. It actually sounded pretty close. But instead of running away I raised my camera up and looked in its direction in case I saw it. But unfortunately, it didn't come any closer to me. That would have made a great photo.

I walked to the two story bare wood house that looked like it should be condemned and I walked in the backdoor.

I couldn't hear any movement inside so I walked up the stairs that felt like they were going to break at any second and I grabbed some clothes and took them into the bathroom.

I had a quick shower and I got dressed into a blue sweater, bootleg jeans and black boots.

I stood there staring at myself in the mirror for a moment before I opened the door and my stepfather Henry was standing right outside the door.

He smelled of stale beer and cigarettes and it made me want to gag. But he still pulled me to him in a bear hug, using that as an excuse so he could move his hand down lower to grab my ass.

"Now remember what I told you. Be careful of those teenage boys. They're nothing but trouble and only have one thing on their mind." He said.

I managed to push out of his grasp and I grabbed my things to put in my school bag and I walked back downstairs.

I wish I was still back in California. Even in that crappy house that we had there. It was better than this house and I could avoid Henry a lot more than I can here. Since his bedroom was just down the hall from mine and he knew where I was all the time now.

I also had people that I could talk to in California. I didn't have any friends because as soon as their parents say my parents, they forbade them from being friends with me.

That used to hurt when I was little. But I understand it now. I don't want to have friends to bring to my house if this is what they have to look forward to.

Besides, I've been to so many schools in my life that it's best for me not to make friends. I don't want to get attached and then have to move again. It's too hard.

I made that mistake a lot when I was a kid and I always ended up getting hurt. So, I just didn't bother anymore.

I got past Henry to get downstairs to the kitchen and I opened the fridge to grab an apple when the door suddenly slammed shut on my hand, causing me to yell in pain.

I looked up and my mother was standing there with her hand pressed against the door of the fridge.