

Jessie

Short, sharp pain
One finger dies
Moonlight glints on metal
Jessie cries

The young girl hides under the blankets of her bed. Her former sanctuary betrays her now. Her quiet sobs echo in her ears under the mountains of warmth. She should be safe here. But she is not. The monster has found her sanctuary, has violated it. She is no longer safe here. She is no longer safe anywhere. Sobs rack her small, delicate body once more.

Slick fingers grip the life giver
Sharp pain once more
Moonlight is dulled
The circle is completed

If only she was bigger, stronger. If only she knew the right incantation. If only she knew the right chant that would stop the monster. But she doesn't. She knows it is futile. It is a very adult thought for a six-year-old girl.

Hands turn in the dark
Eyes search for perfection
Matching bracelets
Life giver falls

Jessie had a little brother. Tommy was only four when the monster came for him. Sweet, innocent little Tommy. His cheeky gap-toothed grin always shone with a radiance that defied the horror around him. Jessie misses him so much. He seemed to fill a gap within her. Now he was gone, and the gap is back.

Slowly turning
Falling
Striking the concrete
Sound tinkling in her ears

"Why does he hurt us so Jessie?"
"He is a monster Tommy. It is his nature."
"Doesn't he love us?"
"Monster's can not love."
"Will someone save us?"
"No."

Tongue darts
Lapping
Tasting
The taste of pain

Tommy died on a Sunday. Birds sang. Dogs barked. Cats slumbered in the sun.
Jogger's jogged. Lover's loved. People prayed to a God with no mercy.
Tommy lay in her arms, gazing at her with eye's that could no longer see. Blood
seeped from his ears and dripped on his Winnie the Pooh pyjamas.

Heart beats
Pain throbs
Fists clench
Life ebbs faster

Tommy was layed to rest on a Tuesday. The grown ups told her that it was a terrible,
terrible accident. Jessie knew better. She knew the monster took him. That night she
hid in her sanctuary, her breathing shallow. She heard her bed room door open. Heard
its footsteps on the carpet. The blankets pulled back and the monster stood above her.

Tired
Head droops
Back slouches
Arms fall to her sides

"I miss him too."
"You killed him."
"It was an accident."
"You killed him."
"Please give me what I want."
She rolls onto her stomach and waits for the pain.

Memories
Mummy
Daddy
Tommy

She feels the monster pull down her pyjama bottoms. His big, rough hands roam over
her tiny bottom. She feels moisture on her back and knows without seeing that it is
saliva. The monster always drools when he does this. She feels her legs parted. And
then the pain comes.

Sunny days
Cool nights
Warm summers
Cold winters

Incredible pain. A knife of jagged glass rips her open, tearing through her spine. She
feels her blood start to mix with the sheets and screams into her pillow. The monster
pushes down on her, forcing her deeper into her so-called sanctuary, making a
mockery of it. It grunts once, twice, then spills it's seed into her. It turns her over and
kisses her lightly on the forehead. She looks but sees nothing. And then she is alone
again. The gap within her grows.

Life dissipates

One last breath
She says its name
“Daddy”