

Angie and her Story

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This is my new story, hope yuu like!

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Well, I suppose this is what I get.” Angie said with a terribly depressed look, as the torturers took her to her dungeon. Angie didn’t really know what she had done for this cruel punishment. She was just a blonde haired, green eyed girl in the 8th grade, and not much to show for life accomplishments. She never really got into much trouble at school and she only hung out with the good kids. So why were they doing this to her? Why?

“ANGIE!”

“What Mom?” Yes, that’s right, her cruel punishers were her parents and they were sending her to a therapist.

“Get out of your seat NOW! The doctor is waiting.” Her mom Screamed.

‘Great’ Angie thought, ‘just when I thought my life might have the slightest possibility of getting better, she makes a scene.’

“I’m sorry Mom, I guess I wasn’t paying attention.” She said with a sincere look on her pale, pitiful face.

“Damn right you’re sorry now get up and GO. Your dad and I will be waiting for you. We’ll see you in an hour.”

Angie had never seen her mom like this, as a matter of fact she never even heard the quiet old woman cuss. ‘This is interesting.’ Angie thought, as she walked to the doctor’s office. But somehow seeing this side of her mom was amusing maybe even a little soothing, because now Angie knew that her mother wasn’t the role model for all perfection in the world. She DID mess up sometimes, then why was Angie being punished for a little slip of the mouth. All she said was hell, and she even said it in church. She was only asking her mom if everyone who sinned went to Hell. At that point her mother slapped her and sent her to the car for saying such a terrible and horrible word.

But now Angie snapped back to reality when she realized she was already sitting on the couch across from the therapist and he was asking her a question.

“So, Miss Angie, why am I seeing you today?”

“Well, one day when my family and I was in church, I asked my mom if all people who sinned went to Hell. Then my mom slapped me and sent me to the car till church was over for saying that word.”

“Angie, I hardly think she slapped you for asking a question like that.”
Was everybody against her today?

“She did, I swear. It’s just what she does when me or one of my brothers does something wrong.”

“Well, that seems a bit harsh of a punishment”
So maybe not everyone was against her.

“She did, and it hurt. I almost had to cry, and sir, I almost never cry because of something like that. I’m pretty tough you know.”

“I’m sure you are Angie.”

“Well I am. Wanna arm wrestle, I’ll show ya. I’m just as tough as any old boy.”

Doctor Schmitt chuckled a bit and told her maybe another day. And Angie Agreed. So the Doctor went on asking her questions about her life and how those things made her feel until they ran into one question,

“Angie, we’re almost to the end of our session so I’d like to ask you a major question.

“Okay, what is it?” she said enthusiastically.

“Have your parents ever abused you?”

Angie’s life came to a screeching halt, like a train braking on rusty tracks. That hit home with Angie and she didn’t know how to respond, until suddenly she broke out into tears. They were flowing down her face at an unstoppable rate. Dr.Schmitt immediately went for the tissue box and handed it to Angie, even though those soft thin tissues couldn’t stop a storm like this.

“Angie, I’m so sorry and I’m going to tell your parents that I’d like to keep you a little longer at no charge.”

Angie nodded her head as best she could, and he went out and told them. Angie’s mind was racing while he was gone, she shouldn’t have cried. Now they might take her away from her parents. But then what a heaven it would be to get away from all those terrible beatings, which often made her bleed and bruise and welt up all over her body. Her thoughts were interrupted when she heard some screaming from inside the lounge where her parents were waiting. Her parents were mad at the doctor for telling them that they were going to be sent to court to see if they could get custody of their children again, but until then, they went to child protective services.

Angie could see how it was all playing out in her head, she needn’t look out the door to see what was going on. She could see her mom’s frizzy brown and gray streaked hair in knots from her pulling at it. She could see her dad crying in his seat wiping away the tears with his business suit and her brothers wailing with tears because they wanted to stay with Mom and Dad. ‘Oh god, what have I done. I’m tearing my family apart. I’ll never see my mom or dad again. WHAT HAVE I DONE!?’

Then she fell to the floor rolling with tears. She was fearful of the future. She didn’t WANT to live in a foster home or orphanage. She HAD to stay with her family. This couldn’t happen to her! Not her! Not her family! This was a dream, all a dream she thought. So she stared tearing at her skin trying to wake up from this night mare. She tried beating her head on the table. Nothing. It was over. It wasn’t a dream

or night mare and she wasn't in any trance. This was real. As real as the blood running down her arms and legs.