

Beautiful Creatures (Underneath)

By : CountryLoveHorses

Stormy is a 16 year old girl, she has a "real" name but she is never addressed by it. She has a story to tell, and until now, her lips have remained stitched shut. So why speak her story now? She's losing her one true love. This is not a fictional story, but one based on a true story. Yes, some of the graphics in here are to be never spoken of, and it may seem a little strange. But unless you can prove otherwise, keep an open mind...



Published on
Booksie

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Beautiful Creatures (Underneath) : Chapter 1

A [wo]mans mind is that of a beautiful creation; this creation was not made by man, or god himself. This creation is one made by an inner self; a self image, if you will. This masterpiece is made of delicate shards of glass, but as strong as Himalayan rock. This creation-this masterpiece is one created for the user by its master-its mistress, by the beholder, or its owner. This is how we perceive the world, and how we leave a sort of tattoo on the place(s) we have touch(ed).

When a person communicates with another [human] being, a story is told, and another thread to the grand design of one's "rug" is added. The person(s), its true-is not complicated nor is the story. Every person(s) has a perspective, or "bubble" in life (and afterlife). When you listen to a person(s) story, the one who speaks of it understands it simply, but the one who must bear to listen is the (one(s) who have a dampened mind. When words begin to be spoken, person(s) listen, and untangle each and every syllable. A person will stand there and listen, perceive the information being given, and form an opinion. We stand and analyze, but that not always the case.

When we have a dream, we create a fantasy, a world perfect to our liking and our wants. We create an atmosphere: we create times and dates, people and changing seasons. It truly is another world, purely of images you, as the beholder, create. But when these dreams come a reality, every detail, every aspect must be the same as the phantasia created. Every day this fantasy is lived, you must struggle to battle between this world and reality. You receive a type of mental whiplash and the real world shines through, crashing and stretching your limits.

No one understands this concept, because they refuse to face, or own up to it, and continue to live there life as a lie. Sinners are everywhere, and when (if ever) you meet a saint, drop on your knees and bow down, because you are then at God's feet. This is not medical science, or psychological.

This world we create is meant for our eyes only, and when people begin to look behind the cloak we set up, we panick. When this phantasia is designed, humanly possible or just a [day] dreamer.

You could continue to listen to me mubly these words, and try to comprehend what they mean without asking questions; you could re read and re listen to what I have to say, but that will not change the concept(ion)...

What is my name though? He calls me Baby Storm, they call me Storm, my Mother and my Father call me daughter. But my name?

My name is Stormy, and this is my story...

Chapter 2: The Beginning

People? Who were these people? I didn't know; were they enemies or friends? Friend-emies? I didn't know, how could I know? What was I thinking, wondering if I would survive this? Is every being like this? Every human being?! No, they couldn't all be like she was, or he was! They just couldn't be! But if not everyone is like them, then who is to be trusted?...

I was born October 14th, 1996 in Phoenix Arizona. I was born like any other child: crying, naked, and a chubby baby belly. I was born healthy (or so they say) my mothers rotted roots were smiling from one dimple to the next. My father? No one knows where he was. My step-grandmother was standing by my side, holding my little hand. My grandfather, from what I remember being told, had tears in his eyes and actually cracked a smile.

I wasn't in my mothers arms long, she looked at my changing hazel eyes and smiled back, passed on without a second thought. I stopped crying when I wasn't in my mothers arms, I was passed to my step grandmother. In her arms I said "Mamma." Bobby Joe, my biological mother-looked at Cathy who was holding me and gave a sly smile. She was heartbroken and ready to burst into tears.

My grandfather, Daniel, smiles with no teeth in his mouth. It was a strange place that I was in, and until I reached an older age, I wouldn't have understood.

The night was chilled that October night when I was born, my mother kissed me goodbye and did not give me a second look or thought. Toby, my biological father-was nowhere in site. Even to this day I wondered what became of him, from mistress to mistress, birth to child, and everything inbetween.

I was just born, taking my first breathes and opening my eyes for the first time to the fascinating sounds and sights of the human world. But I was cursed, cursed by my mother. A sort of "spell" took over my body, and until the day that I grow up, I would never comprehend.

We arrived home only a few days later, not long in the hospital. My new mother, Mary Catherine (however she preferred Cathy and who legally at the time was my Step Grandmother), held me in her arms when I cried. I was not but a newborn still, and yet I was filled with seizures and nightmares. My body was drug induced, and pain infiltrated my small (but still alive) cadaver every night. My skin though? My skin was red and I was so skinny. I appeared to mimic a small black African child laying in Ghana or Cairo. My skin was but white with a red "measel" appearance. My body continued to shake and "throb" at night in my cradle, drug influenced and withdrawals.

As I deemed older, Gussy (my daschund) would lay in my cradle under my slobber filled blankets or under my bed snarling at any and all who dared to come by. Much blood was shed on the Mahogany. His teeth bared blood often; when I screeched through the night from either a seizure or withdrawal [attack] he would whimper by my side and cuddle to my face. His warm (but short) hair would bristle along my baby soft skin and my red rashes. I would blame it on Bobby Joe, for everything. Although this is consensual but yet irrelevant to that day and age, as I began to age my opinions formed into fantasies...

Chapter 3: The Confrontation

Light? There can not be light. Not here, not now. Then where is it coming from? Maybe....no that's not possible. Voices? NO! Get out! This is my head! "Pathetic" whispering through my ears! They are piercing my emotions like a needle piercing rain. I drop to my knees begging in mercy, "Please stop" I shake as I spit the words out of my mouth. I'm sick, I'm sick in the head, yes that's it! Shaking, so much shaking....

My mom always told me, at night when her and her husband fell asleep in there bed, and I was put in the cradle, I would sneak out and sit on the front porch and watch the airplanes go by. I would sit there in the warmth of the nights in my night clothing. I don't understand it, at least not at the time, but I would actually smile when I seen them dance along the pitch goth sky and shimmer with stars. It reminded me of [dancing] ballerina. It was mind mesmerizing and intriguing to me.

There (on a usual night) was never light, it was always soft to the touch. Even when I spoke, it was effortless listening to my own echo in the still moving air. No teeth in my mouth yet I still showed the smile of a champion. I did this every night...

My mother would wake up shrieking about my crib being empty. She would always find me in the same spot: curled up in a tight baby ball starring into the ink sky. Every night was like this. She would take me back inside, snuggle deep into the bear-wanna-be of a chair and hug us both tightly while she rocked me to sleep. The smell of her breath made my body shake and my "voice box" scream. Withdrawals again...

I always hated withdrawals, always. I can not remember one time in my life when I greeted them with open arms and a smile. I still (and always will) blame Bobby Jo for what she caused. My father, Toby, was no better either. Most people would look at me like like I'm crazy for blaming them, but why shouldn't I?

Flagstaff, Arizona, my fathers' "headquarters." My biological grandfather and step-grandmother did everything in their power to stop him, but he did it anyway. His fist met my face many times. The way my parents tell the story goes a little something like this:

February 14th, 1998. Phoenix, Arizona, twenty (20) miles from the nearest market, only five (5) miles from the nearest air port. The day was so warm, it could tan them their colored folk(s). The plants looked like shriveled up prunes. What stopped them from picking their roots up and walking to the children's pool still remained a mystery. There were trucks everywhere the eye(s) could see. Men, grown men, walked in and out of the house like addicts at a drug market.

But this was different, they were drivers. Running in and out of the door letting all the crisp cool air out into the flesh eating heat. I swear I seen a buzzard picking at a dead dog. Crows above circling waiting for scraps. Papers were attempting to run away free into the horizon line instead of being stuffed into a case and deprived of oxygen.

Dust flew up out of nowhere and came to a [dead] halt. Small dust tornadoes were blown up and the gravel that once stood still. From the solid black Cadillac and emerged a tan, very (un)handsome man with a beard the size of Hawaii. It was hard to see, it was so blonde almost white. We all still argue that there was no hair

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on his chinny-chin-chin.

He (with his deep negro colored eyes) looked straight at my Mother. She stopped in her dust filled tracks and looked at Toby. She screeched "Daniel, get out here!" Daniel attempted to busy the door, so enraged a door knob was just inconvenient. He looked at Toby with his so-called "death stare." It was only going to get very ugly...

He (Toby) stared back at him with the same look, only a slight edge to his look. He pointed at me, and without words approached me. Daniel couldn't do and/or say anything. He stepped aside with me in my mothers arms without a tear falling from his eyes.

I didn't even scream, I just looked at him with a curious but blank look at sighed. I had a small kiss mark on my forehead and either side of my cheek. My mother cried and my father went back inside. I was now under the custody of my biological father. All hell was about to break loose...

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