

I glance up at my mom. Her long blonde hair cascades around her shoulders and her beautiful lavender eyes twinkle with sadness. "Momma?" I ask. "Why are you leaving?"

She reaches out a shaking hand to touch my cheek. The hand feels warm. "I can't tell you that, sweetheart. Just that I will miss you." Her eyes shimmer and I see tears pooling up inside.

"When will I see you again?" I press. She sighs and pulls her hand away from my face.

"I don't know. But I have to go." She kneels down in front of me and takes both of my hands in hers. "I really will miss you. I love you so, so much, Ethan." My mom pulls me into a tight hug and I sink into it. I still didn't understand what was happening. Then again, I was just a seven year old.

"I love you too, Momma." I whisper into her ear.

All of a sudden a hard hand grips my wrist and pulls me away from my mom. "Lemme go!" I scream and kick. It was my dad.

"C'mon. We're leaving." I don't move. He grips my hand even tighter and bends down like he was going to whisper in my ear. "NOW!" He roars in my ear and I flinch.

My mom reaches towards me. "Damstin," she pleaded with my dad, her quiet eyes begging.

"You're leaving us. Not the other way around, you idiot," he scoffs. His fingers are twitching, and he's shaking with anger.

"Momma?" I ask her, "What does he mean?" I look up into her eyes and her tears spill. Streaks stream down her cheeks.

"It's-," she starts. Dad interrupts.

"None of your concern," he barks. I don't even flinch.

"Momma." I keep begging. "Momma!" Dad picks me up and squeezes me tight, shaking me.

"Stop it! Behave yourself." I'm kicking and kicking. Tears are freely falling now, and I'm screaming.

"LEMME GO! Momma!" Dad drags me away and teleports back home. Then he spins me around and slaps me.

"Enough of that! You embarrassed me and you're lucky that I still took you home." My eyesight feels fuzzy from the slap and I just make out the outline of the looming tower in front of us that is our home and the stinging on my wrist before my vision blacks out and I fall to the ground.

[Hehehehehe >:~]

My mind jumps back into reality and I realize Luna's waiting for an answer. "Yeah. Everything's okay. I..." I was going to say that I was thinking about my mom, but realized that probably wasn't what Luna needed to hear right now. "I gotta go. I'll see ya." I pull my hand out of her grip and regretfully back away away from her.

Luna looks into my eyes, confusion shown on her face. I can't stand that face. It makes me want to tell her everything I'm keeping from her, everything in the world. I look down.

"Wait-," she starts. She knows me too well. I look up at her torn and fearful face and swiftly glance at her beautiful blue eyes, the ones from my dreams. Then I snap my fingers and I vision the isolated creepy tower that unfortunately is my home.

A soft breeze picks me up and I appear in front of the dreaded place, my hopes shattering. This house has the effect on people to do that. When people first see the house, I look into their expressions and it's evident that they think this place is a torture chamber with ghosts haunting it. The tower is that scary.

It has stone stairs leading up to a sleek black door, with lanterns on either side. The tower goes up as far as the eye can see, and there are mini square window panes on the walls, which you can just faintly make out. Faint candlelight flickers in through a couple of the windows, which at least makes the place feel a millionth of a percent cozier. There is a giant concrete wall, painted black of course, surrounding the entire property, with a metal gate, three times the height of me. The tower is situated on a rocky desert terrain, and if you stepped outside of the wall, there'd be no civilization in sight.

My father walks out of the front door in long strides with a straight, cold expression. His blonde hair is slicked back, and his dark purple eyes has a cold, stormy look. "Where were you." He asks me in more than a statement than a question.

"I was with my friends." I never give him a long answer. He doesn't deserve any detailed explanations.

Sighing, he walked back into the house, and I curse at him under my breath. Then I follow him, roughly stomping my feet on the stairs to make as much noise as possible. He hates noise. I run up the stairs to my room and slam the door. I can hear him grunt and I feel a burst of satisfaction.

My room is plain but messy. The messiness upsets my dad, and I'll do anything to upset my dad. The dark blue bed against the wall has clothes all over it, and my desk in the corner is covered in drawings. You can barely navigate through all the piles of junk on the floor. The door to my bathroom and closet is wide open, and from here you can see the closet. My clothes are just dumped onto the floor, and nothing was on

