“Where am I going Mummy?”

“Sweetie, wake up, it’s time to go,” I opened my eyes, it was daddy, I got up and looked around the room, it was still dark and my eyes had to adjust before I could see,

“Where are we going, where’s mummy?”

“She’s out there, in the lounge room” he pointed slightly towards the door leading to the lounge; I heard muffled yelling and loud bangs. As I got up daddy started to pack my stuff. I didn’t know what to do. His eyes were drawn to me, his face, full of frustration and grief.

“Where are we going daddy?”

“You’re going to go away for a while Mabel, and I need you to promise me that you’ll be a good girl alright?” he ushered me out the door before I quietly replied.

“Yes daddy”

“You have to promise that you will go with the lady, and not look back, you have to be a big girl now Mabel, and be brave no matter what ok?” I didn’t know what he meant at the time and I wasn’t about to ask as the tears started to well up in his eyes and the thought of making my fearless daddy cry was unbearable. Suddenly mummy started yelling louder, smashing stuff in the next room. I didn’t want to go, I didn’t want to leave my mummy and daddy, I wanted to stay, to be loved.

A tear rolled down my face and fell to the ground. I joined my daddy as we packed my bags. I still didn’t understand but I’ve always been a good girl, so I cover my face and wallow in my misery. I can't believe I’m leaving. I’m not only going to lose my family, but my life. Who can I talk to now? What will life be like? I feel lost and broken and don't know what to do. The tears stream from my eyes, leaving salty trails along my pale cheeks.

“YOU CAN’T TAKE HER!” mummy cried. She was on the other side of the door, banging loudly. Suddenly she burst through the door crying and screaming she came towards me and grabbed me, hugging me tightly. I was so confused. There was so many people; mummy, daddy, a lady I’ve never seen before and policeman. Millions of butterflies fluttered around my belly as I looked at mummy, her tear-stained face resembled a ripped piece of paper, broken, with no chance of putting it back to the way it was. I started crying too. Her chest heaving and her desperate sobs coming from deep within her soul, the tears lasted but seconds. The only resolution, to hold her head up high and fight, fight for herself, but more importantly to fight for her daughter and to not allow Them to be the cause of her tears. Her heart was broken, full of painful memories.....and the knowledge that she would no longer have a daughter to cherish broke her heart further.

“We can Cassandra, and we are” the strange lady replied.

The lady picked up my bags and pried me from mummy’s arms. There was more yelling and screaming and crying, but mummy wouldn’t give up, but her weak crumpled body fell to the ground and was now laying there lifeless, her head barely up. I was so confused, I’ve never seen mummy this sad before. Then the lady grabbed my arm and started walking, dragging me behind her.

“YOU CANT TAKE MY BABY GIRL!” she screamed,

Mummy blew her nose and wiped her eyes, exiting the room she made her way to the front door as her little Mabel began to leave her life, her conscience, the only thing that kept her from running after her little angel in hope of restoring their life. Her face red and raw with her tears, still swollen, Mummy struggled with the door as her grief and despair vanished only to return as anger and determination, the lady picked me up and we went to the car. All I can remember is looking back and seeing the policeman holding her back as she clenched my dolly, crying before falling to the ground in a mess of tears, Mummy picked herself up from the floor, her heart, broken, a look of grief and despair spread across her tear stained face. She lay there, desperate and distressed; life was not worth living anymore. The Neighbours glanced out of their windows with looks of disappointment and shame, but mummy didn’t care. Then we left, we left mummy, we left daddy, we left everyone.