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THE VAMPYRE VIXANNA

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When Vixanna stood outside the home, she could hear the mother inside the walls she thought so safe, once again yelling at the child, Cliona – completely unaware of Vixanna’s return – and taking no heed to the advice previously given by so many. Only eleven days this time, and she was failing again: allowing her ego to override any (and all) paternal instincts, *if she’d ever truly had such.*

A minute change in the air, unperceivable to humans (or their devices), told Vixanna that a cellular wave had been connected. Cops would soon be on the way, and more pages will again be added to the aged and heavysset Department of Social Services, DSS, file. Cliona was not as small as she once was when the beatings began, she was now a teen, and with the balancing out of power; Cliona’s superior intellect was proving very problematic for the mother.

There was a crash, the sound of furniture being drug across carpet, and then more yelling before another slamming of something, or *someone*, thrown. The mother’s current male toy stood outside, smoking dope afforded to him by his *other* side-piece, unaware of Vixanna, or her presence in his mind. Somewhere she did not mean to be, but unfortunately ended up simply because of his proximity. She forced herself into the mother’s point of view, and with a little vampiric limited omniscience, quickly discovered the source of wrath – the trigger to the mother’s criminal domestic violence – a muffin!

Cliona wanted a single muffin instead of cake! With the mother feeling not offense, not paternal concern, not even empathy; but, embarrassment in front of the night's date. Knowing Cliona truly just wished to take a muffin and eat separated from the mother's cabaret, preferring *not* to "break bread" with the outsider again in their home. Cliona wanting nothing to do with her mother's ever-present, and rotating, paramours.

It was never about the muffin her mother stayed so focused on....

Cliona would not grow up to follow her abusive mother into illusion. Instead, she would create a better life. One without lies; without years of men and women coming and going from the family home, and mother's bed; pregnancies aborted followed by unearned justifications. The fictional world of the mother would not continually contaminate Cliona. She had now seen her father, and years of suspicions were being confirmed: her mother had lied about him. Lied about why he was gone, why he was locked away, and she was keeping Cliona from living the life she was meant to have.

The mother did everything conceivable to erase the father, Donal, from existence, keeping not only his physical body locked away out of their daughter's life – but any reference to him, his family, friends, or life whatsoever. At any cost, it was a decision she held to adamantly, and to her daughter's psychological expense. Not even Cliona's other siblings, nieces, and nephews were allowed in her life. Sadly, Vixanna knew victims of domestic violence experience depression and other psychological distress, eating disorders, and can be vulnerable to alcohol and substance abuse problems, and they are more likely than other people to contemplate or attempt suicide.

There was a younger child – a toddler named Shaquia – present, who had witnessed the abuse, and as expected, the mother lied to judges and officers on numerous occasions to convolute that fact. Children who merely *witness* domestic violence experience depression and psychological distress and are more likely than other children to be physically violent. The toddler was, so far, a life-long witness. The mother was trying to direct the fight away from her, but as before, failed.

Cliona would not be a victim anymore. The truth sat waiting in time long enough. Vixanna's predecessor had planted a seed for truth to grow in Cliona's mind. Simple to do, since she already knew in her heart, that something was not right with her mother's *stories*. None of Vixanna's kind approved of the mother, or the mother's kind – but, it was not their place to punish her – they were there only save Cliona, and possibly Shaquia from her. To see that Cliona knew her past, and grew to reach her full potential. Vixanna did not believe Cliona ever had it in her to conform as the mother had, to trade individuality for tribal affiliations and inclusion. To trade the modern atomic family structure for a lived

out bad episode of Jerry Springer. Because of what? Ego? Not wanting to admit the father had been right all along? Why the mother refused to acknowledge her own psychological problems, and continually *chose* to fail, was her of her own consequence. And she was paying its price daily.

Cliona had sat, waiting in time, to stand up to her mother, and Vixanna would make sure that it was not in vain. A decade and a half of lies were at their close, with the Era of Mother giving way for true growth to begin. She still loved her mother, as any good daughter would, but she would not *become* her mother. She would mature beyond the mother's comprehension, *adding* to societal advancement – not its Springeresque entertainment. Cliona would not be a novelty or trophy. She would become a woman of style, prestige, and intellectual prowess. Things the mother feared.

Vixanna remained outside the home, sensing the mother's plans, what she was going to tell the responding officer, the lies she devised for her DSS file, and still in those thoughts, she was compiling the list for her boy toy's replacement, an assortment of genders and races, people she knew would eagerly jump in to replace him in her bed – knowing he would only stay if desperate. The mother knew she was a Springeresque novelty for him, he would soon lose interest, and replace her easily. Looking at her and thinking just as each before him: *Been there, done that.*

Vixanna reached deeper into the mental maze – a curiosity – and found the mother *did* have the faculty for empathy, and the introspection, needed to change, to grow into a better woman; but, she had chosen the easier path. The one that helped her forget. The one that required less effort. And Vixanna felt something hidden, that made her own heartstrings vibrate: the mother's nearly two decade line of miscellaneous lovers, was to merely fill a lifelong void in her own soul. That's why she'd betrayed any to trust her, or that were faithful to her. The mother was not a villain per se, just another lost soul that had failed (or refused or rejected) to find its way. All the domestic violence towards Cliona: the verbal abuse, denial of access to resources or money, restraint of normal activities or freedom (including isolation from friends and family, especially any connections to the father, or even *mention* of the father himself), coercion or assault, threats to kill or to harm, and physical intimidation or attacks; were really refusals to accept accountability for her own life path. Keeping the truth hidden, kept her illusion alive.

As an emotionalist vampire, Vixanna was doomed to forever feel the ups and downs of humans and their experiences, for better and worse. Mostly worse. Yet, she would remain their protectorette, because it was those like Cliona and her father who made it all worth it.... Her cellphone vibrated, and when she looked, it was Donal – calling as if on que.

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