Snivelling Pup

Jillian's POV

At age six I got eighteen years every time I retired my head in a pillow. All vivid memories of my father and what he was going to do in the morning. In these dreams Dad was some kind of monster with sharp teeth and pointed yellow eyes, he had an evil grin and he would leave me in a dark cold that smelled like blood and tears.

At age eight I had developed acute insomnia. I would lie awake in my bed and wonder when my monster of a father would come in and unmatchably, or even worse, hear him. Sadly I never knew the sound of sneakers nights. Sadly my father could so sing them, p, he is an ninja in the dying of the night