**Prologue**

Screams from the kitchen echoed through-out the home, the sound of her weeping mother was as common as the rain fall in Pukalani, which is a small country town of Maui. Annabelle sat in her bedroom calming her two younger brothers, while the screams continued. Their parents fought often, the loud abrupt slamming of doors and crashing of plates in the kitchen did not scare her, any longer. Her mother’s screams turned into cries and pleas, "Please stop!! Someone help me".

Annabelle was a brave girl at the age of 6, with short curly blonde hair, hazel green eyes that changed to brown on occasion, sun kissed tan skin and freckles on her oval face. She was the complete opposite of her mother, who had dark brown curled hair, fair skin, and blue eyes. Annabelle ran as fast as she could toward the kitchen, standing at the entry way, she watched her dad for a brief moment. His left hand holding her mother’s hair, he repeatedly beat her mother over her head with the cast iron frying pan. With her little heart pounding out of her chest, Annabelle conjured up all her hatred and fear, she charged toward her father as fast as her feet allowed, jumping onto his back with fury. Annabelle used all her strength balled up into each of her closed fists to hit him over and over; on his head, on his back, and finally she bit her father on his shoulder.

Her father violently flung her off his back, Annabelle’s fear consumed her as she hit the wall, she was now his target and she would pay for interfering, more than likely she would get the belt. Fast to her feet, Annabelle ran down the hallway into the master bedroom, just seconds behind her he approached the doorway; Annabelle quickly retrieved the cordless phone from its charging station. Looking into her father’s eyes seeing them filled with raging anger, his breathing heavy like a fire breathing dragon, he slowly made his way toward her. Annabelle ducked and bolted right through his legs, clutching the phone tight in her hand; she darted down the hall into her bedroom and locked the door.

“Get under the bed, and hide!” She yelled to her younge brothers and with all her strength she pushed her tall six drawer dresser in front of the bedroom door, and then ran into the closet sliding the door shut behind her. Annabelle’s shaky hands dialed the only number she knew by heart, the only number that would bring her the peace she needed, the only number that would stop the chaos.
 "Hello" her grandmother’s voice immediately consoled her, with her tears held back and her voice cracking, Annabelle said, "Gamma, come fast dad hurt mom, bad, she's bleeding. I locked him out of my room"

"Honey, stay right there. I'm on my way don't let him in that room, I hear him pounding on the door". The phone went dead.

Annabelle’s terror was far from over. Neither the door nor the dresser held his six foot three, 260 pound body away, he busted through within minutes.

Her father entered and slowly and walked to the closet, "Oh my sweet girl, daddy is not mad at you, daddy is sorry, please come out". As the closet door slid open, her heart dropped, the tears uncontrollably ran down her face. He reached down, grabbed Annabelle by her hair and neck he lifted her to his face. Annabelle closed her eyes, waiting for the impact of his fists, waiting for the brunt of his anger to be unleashed.

 "PUT HER DOWN!" A fierce and stern male’s voice permeated the room; she opened her eyes to see him, a young police officer standing with his gun drawn. "PUT HER DOWN NOW!" he repeated. Her father’s grip loosens and he releases, Annabelle falls to the floor and crawls under the bed.

“YOU ARE UNDER ARREST LAY ON THE GROUND WITH YOUR HANDS BEHIND YOUR HEAD" the office yells.

"You little bitch, I will get you, and don’t you sleep tonight because I will get out of jail and get you" He whispers to his daughter, his own flesh and blood.

Three other officers came into the room, two of which picked up her father and lead him out, while the other bent down to the bed. "It's safe now, come out" he states.

Annabelle grabs her littlest brother Nathan; he is only 2 years old and has been crying now for a very long time. Michael is 5, he seems to be unaffected by this ordeal. He has no expression of fear, or sadness, he is blank.

"Can you tell me what happened tonight?" The officer asked.

Annabelle’s voice trembled, "my dad hurt my mom with the frying pan, he wouldn't stop." The officer places his handkerchief onto Annabelle’s forehead, "is this your blood?" he asked.

Annabelle did not even know she was bleeding, "did he hurt you?" she shakes her head up and down slowly as she wipes her tears from her chin.

Her grandmother entered the house. "Gamma Gamma", she creams.

Annabelle carries her brother Nathan in her arms and heads to the living room where their grandmother sits. The paramedics are tending to her mother in the kitchen, where she lay unresponsive, in her own blood.
"Darling, you and your brothers are coming to grandma's house while mom gets better".