

Alone

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Alone

by [Eskie03](#)

Summary

Alberto is a young sea monster who feels nothing but alone. His father thinks he is nothing more than a burden. This story is mostly told through Alberto's POV. Story contains some emotional abuse, physical abuse, some mild blood.

Chapter 1

Alberto was a young sea monster who as long as he could remember it was only just him and his father Aldo. No matter how much he tried to make his father proud he never could and all he ever did was seem to make just him angry. Even when Alberto had done nothing wrong his father quickly found a way to flip it around to where everything ended up being the young boy's fault. Alberto hated when his father was angry with him because it would mean endless yelling and scolding which made feel even smaller than he already was.

Whenever the young boy would try to explain what had happened Aldo would refuse to listen to anything he had to say.

Afterwards the older sea monster would take off and leaving his small son alone and not return for a couple of days or more, though he was young Alberto quickly became independent and soon was fully capable of gathering his own food among other things that he found interesting.

When his father returned, he completely ignored his son. "Look at all the human stuff I found this time," the young boy said with such excitement in his voice as he held up his latest treasures so his father could see but like all the other times before Aldo just walked right on by without even acknowledging him.

Alberto sighed heavily as he careful placed his items aside and hurried after his dad so he could show him the next big surprise, hopefully this would make his father proud and earn him some praise. Aldo made his way over to the makeshift ladder and began climbing up it, once at the top he saw two new added features inside.

"Isn't it great? I added two hammocks," Alberto said proudly as he climbed in behind his father "you know, one for you and one for me. So we don't have to just sleep on the ground anymore."

Aldo shook his head before turning back towards his son and glaring at him then without saying a single word he pushed right back past him and headed down the ladder again leaving the young boy wondering what he could have possibly done wrong this time. Whatever smile that been on Alberto's face had slowly disappeared as walked towards the window and watched his father walk back towards the sea, he knew it was best to keep his distance from his father when he was in one of these kind of moods. He had learned that the hard way a few times when his dad had gotten so upset with him that he got violent and knocked him around. Alberto had to keep telling himself that maybe if he wasn't such a bad kid his dad would be proud of him, he watched as his father sat down by the water's edge.

Slowly Alberto made his way back down to grab his human things so he could place them safely up in the tower and not upset his father even more than he already had. Once on the ground he noticed that another sea monster had joined his father on the beach, the sea monster did not look that much older than him. He watched from a safe distance as a huge smile suddenly appeared on his father's face and he quickly embraced the older boy in a tight

hug. Alberto closed his eyes and placed his own arms around his shoulders giving himself a hug and pretending it was a long-awaited one from his dad.

From the beach the older boy glanced up and saw the younger boy with arms wrapped around himself "What's up with him?" he asked Aldo who just shook his head and replied "Pay no attention to him son."

"Is he the reason mom won't let you come home?" the boy asked continuing to look up younger boy.

"Yes," Aldo admitted "that's why I only get to see you part time."

(Alberto's POV)

"ALBERTO!" I heard my father shout causing me to jump and snap out of my thought, "GET DOWN HERE NOW!"

'Great,' I thought as I slowly made my way down to the beach where my father and the other boy were standing 'what did I do now?' "Yes papa?" I asked hanging head too afraid to look up.

"This is my son Bruno," he said proudly as he patted the other boy proudly on the back.

"I thought I was your son?" I asked a little confused by his statement, was this older boy related to me? I finally brought my eyes up to meet with my father's.

"No," my father scolded shaking his head and laughing a bit "there's a difference, Bruno was planned, and you were just an unfortunate accident."

"Oh," I replied trying the best to hide any sound of hurt in his voice, 'Was I just an accident to him?' I stood in silence knowing that both were staring at me and I heard Bruno snort out a laugh making the hurt I was feeling turn to anger. I watched as the two of them exchanged another hug in front of me, not wanting to see anymore I quickly turned away and started making my way back to my things.

I looked back one last time at how happy my dad looked, I let out a heavy sigh as I began to gather up all my things into my arms. As I made my way towards the tower a strong force from behind me shoved me forward causing me to fall to my knees and dropping my things all over the ground. I turned to around and saw Bruno standing over me with a wide grin plastered on his face, I felt my hands ball into fists and before I could stop myself quickly shoved him away from me.

Bruno only laughed "You know your not just a mistake to him but a burden as well and that he's ashamed of you," the older boy told me knowing that his words were getting to me.

"That's not true!" I blurted out as my hands began to tremble and my heart starting beating faster.

"Yes, it is!" he snapped back "he told me himself." Then using all his of strength he shove me backwards to the ground hard.

My back landed against small rock causing me to become distracted from moment of pain and giving him the perfect advantage of holding me down in place. "Get off of me!" I hissed trying to shove him off of me but with no success. I struggled beneath his weight as he balled his own hands into fists and hit the middle of my face hard. "STOP!" I shouted trying to hold his hands back as tears started stinging my eyes. I tried my best to hold them back, I was not going to cry in front of him. Bruno raised his fist again ready to strike again but this time I managed to stop him from hitting me and I bit down onto his hand.

He yelped out in pain and anger before he hit me a few more times in the face, "What's going on!" my dad demanded yanking me out from under Bruno.

"He bit me," Bruno said holding out his hand showing off the tiny bite mark that I had left.

I could tell my father was upset but clearly, he could see that I had not been the one who started this. "Why did you bite him?" he asked standing up to his full height and towering over me. As I stood there trying to find the words to say to him, I feel some wetness on my face and not the same wetness as being wet from water but of more of a warm sticky kind.

Just as I opened my mouth to say something my dad's hard fist hit me across my already tender cheek sending me to the ground again. I quickly cupped the side of my face and looked up to see my him glaring down at me shaking his hand trying to ease the pain he felt

in it from hitting me. I could feel the tears in my eyes ready to spill out, it took everything in me not to cry in front of them.

"JUST GET OUT OF HERE!" he shouted at me raising his hand ready to strike again. I quickly got to my feet and hurried to the backside of the tower. Once there I sat down leaning up against it and I pulled my knees to my chest there I could finally let my tears fall. It did not take long before my tears mixed with the stickiness that was already on my face, bringing my left hand and using the back of it to wipe my face. A mix of crimson and tears now covered the back of my hand, I stayed in that spot until the sun went to sleep and the fish came out.

Not wanting to upset my father anymore than I already had I decided it was best stay where I was the rest of the night. I could hear my dad's voice up in the tower talking about how proud he was of Bruno and what a good kid he was, which I clearly was not. Letting out a heavy sigh I slowly laid down on the ground and tried to fall asleep. I woke up the next morning to the sight of my father quickly climbing down the ladder and walking over to me.

"I'm leaving Alberto." he said standing over me "You're old enough to be on your own now."

"But..." I started to say but he held up his hand and shook his head then started to walk away from me.

When it registered in my head what he was actually saying I quickly rushed after him and grabbed ahold of his hand "Please don't go," I begged trying my hardest to stop him from leaving me "I'm sorry I'm a such bad kid and I ruin things all the time."

He stopped walking but it was only to pull his hand away from my grasp and to shove me back away from him. Then just like the day before he called me an accident, a mistake and what Bruno had said a burden. Hearing all hurtful words together was very painful and I watched him leave without even looking back me. He would be back I told myself, he always comes back.....right?

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

I decided to continue the story for a couple more chapters.

I sat by the water's edge with my head resting on my knees watching the waves as they gently rolled in across the sand before heading back out to sea. My mind was racing as my dad's last words kept replaying over and over in my head, I let out a long heavy sigh relieving some of the heaviness that I felt in my chest. I closed my eyes trying to hold back tears to ashamed to let them fall as I remembered how he harshly he yanked his hand from my grasp and used it shove me away as hard as he could from him. When I tried to reach for his hand again, he quickly pulled it away and raised it high in the air ready to strike. As a reaction I used my arms to shield my face from any in coming attacks all while wondering why does he treated me the way that he does? 'You are nothing more than an accident, a mistake, a burden!' His voice echoed over and over in my head "No one will ever want you around!"

"Burden," I whispered to myself as I hugged my knees even closer to my body letting a couple tears finally fall from my eyes. Then the memory of when we first arrived on the island started replaying itself in my mind. I remember how much of a I difficult time I had learning to do things out of the water the first time, especially when I tried walking. My legs felt so heavy as they began to shake under my weight the moment I stood up. Being on land was a lot different than swimming weightless in the water. I swallowed before I attempted to take my first steps on land, but my legs had other plans and they decided to just gave out. I landed on face first on the ground with a mouth full of sand.

I could see the look of disappointment written on my dad's face when he turned around and saw me laying on the ground. "Sorry Papa," I whispered feeling ashamed that he saw me like that. I inhaled deeply before slowly getting to my feet again. He waited until I was standing up before he showed me how just how upset he really was with me. Reaching out he grabbed ahold of my arm and used all his strength to pull me so hard towards him that I swear he was trying to pull my arm from my body. "Why can't you do anything right!" he hissed as I stumbled forward.

"Dad, you're hurting me," I tried explaining to him but all he did was dig his fingertips deeper into my arm, no doubt wanting to leave tiny bruises. "Worthless," I heard him grumbled before shoving me away from him again as hard as he possibly could causing me to land on the ground on my hands and knees. I blinked back a couple tears not sure why he was treated me the way he did; I was only trying my hardest to please him the best that I could. "I'm sorry," I whispered turning to sit up and looking up at the exact moment his fist came crashing into the left side of my face, mainly my eye.

“WHY CAN’T YOU DO ANYTHING RIGHT!” he yelled along with a few other colorful words to my face. When I did answer him, he quickly raised his hand again, this time causing me to flinch back and cover my face. “You’re not even worth my time,” he said coldly before he stood up straight and walked away leaving me all alone on the beach to fail a couple more times until I finally got the hang of walking like a human.

I let out another long sigh shaking that memory out of my head and looking back out at the sea. I remained there until the sun went to sleep and fish came out, slowly making my way back to the tower. Once inside I picked up a tiny rock and added another mark to the wall “74,” I say out loud feeling my heart sink thinking about what those marks meant. ‘He’ll be back,’ I try telling myself everyday he was gone ‘He always comes back and then I’ll be in trouble for who know what this time.

The sound of something moving outside caught my attention, and my heart began to race with fear and excitement. I thought that he changed his mind and had come back. Sadly, I knew that some way he would find a way to punish me even when I had done nothing wrong, just so he could hurt me. I walked to the edge and peeked over the side but saw nothing, I shrugged it off as maybe it was in my head until I heard it again this time the noise was louder. I took in a deep breath before I slowly began to climb down the ladder to have a closer look.

“Dad?” I whispered taking a few steps away the ladder once I was on the ground but saw nothing, I could feel the loneliness I felt for a long time creeping back over me.

“Get it together Alberto,” I told myself “He’s not coming back.”

“He might,” I whispered looking down at the ground and that’s when I was shoved back against the side of stone tower hard with such force that it caused the back of my head to slam into it hard. I looked up to see that Bruno had returned and he was holding me against the tower, he had wide grin on his face as he held me in place.

“Remember me?” he asked glaring down at me just like my dad had done so very often when he was mad at me “I would say that my dad says hi but that would be a lie,” he said with a smirk as he pressed me harder into the side of the tower “as a matter of fact he is always telling me how happy now that you are out of his life.”

I felt a wave of hurt rush over me, was I really that bad of a kid to have around? I tried pushing the older boy away from me, but he was so much stronger than I was, and it seemed the more I struggled the more he held me in place harder. “LET GO!” I hissed trying to at least free my arms from his grip.

Bruno laughed before releasing my arms and stepping back “Fine,” he said, “whatever you say.”

“What do you want?” I asked glaring up at him and trying my best to sound as brave as possible, deep down I knew he was there to hurt me just like my dad had done so many times before.

“Isn’t obvious?” he asked with a crooked grin “I wanted to tell you the reason you are all alone is because no one wants you around, not dad, not anyone. No one even likes you.”

“Yeah so, I don't care.” I said trying to make it sound like his words were not affecting me but deep down they stung. He let out a loud obnoxious laugh as my hands slowly balled into tight fists, I just wanted to knock that look off his face. My actions did not go unnoticed by Bruno who snorted out another laugh “You want to hit me?” he asked with a wide grin as he opened his arms making himself even bigger than he already was “Well, go on then, I’ll give you one free shot.” I knew the only reason he came here was because he wanted to fight but before I could do anything he quickly took matters into his own hands by reaching out and grabbing a good amount of hair and yanking me forward towards him. My hands quickly shot up to try and free myself from his grip.

“Let go!” I warned glaring intensely at him not knowing that he was only distracting me from noticing he had brought someone with him and when I did notice it was already too late. The two of them wasted no time before they had me down on the ground, I could feel my heart pounding against my chest as I tried my best to keep my face covered but it was no use.

“Not so tough now?” Bruno asked standing over me with both of his hands clenched into blood covered fists before he kicked so hard in my side that it caused me to let out an involuntary whimper. Wishing I could have taken the noise back as soon as it left my lips because all it did was cause laughter from Bruno and his friend. I could feel myself becoming weak as my sight began to get blurry and my surroundings started to fade. ‘No!’ I scolded myself, I was not going to give him the victory he wanted and somehow, I found enough strength to get back up on my feet and stare Bruno down. My legs felt like they were about to give out any second as they shook under my weight and the world around me was spinning but this was something I had to do.

“What’s this?” Bruno asked raising an eyebrow and started walking towards me “You need to just stay down.”

Bruno then shoved me as hard as he could in the chest causing me to lose my footing and fall backwards hitting my head on something hard and everything went dark.

Chapter 3: Pain

I woke up to a giant lump on the back of my head and a skull splitting headache from how hard I hit it when I fell, I slowly sat up trying my hardest to ignore the pain I was feeling in the rest of my body. I took in a deep breath only to stop about halfway through because how much pain was running through both of my sides. I gently lifted my shirt to see several marks that led from one side to the other and they were already beginning to darken right up nicely. I smiled slightly when the image of Bruno's stupid face when I did manage to get at least one good punch in and gave him the bloody nose that he rightfully deserved, though that victory was short lived when he hit me back twice as hard. I remembered how he and his friend laughed at my attempts to stop them and how fast I was breathing from how scared I was. Bruno ordered his friend to hold my arms down making me an easier target for him. "You ruined my dad's life!" he growled before hitting me in the face a lot harder than he had the first time I met him. "He never liked you," he said coldly "because he never wanted you."

Shaking those memories from my head I carefully try standing up and feeling how weak my legs still were when I did. Slowly making my way down to the water's edge I take a deep breath before going in but deep enough to rinse the many tiny cuts I had on my arms, legs, and face. The salt water stung my skin as it washed over me, but I held my breath and cleaned my wounds the best that I could. It took me longer to get back to my tower because of just how weak I was, the climb to the top took all my strength and when I finally made it, I just collapsed onto the floor not wanting to move any further.

"Look who finally decided to come up," a voice said from the far side of the room.

"Dad?" I questioned looking in the direction of which the voice came from. A big part of me was hoping he would wrap his arms around me and ask me if I was alright. But nope there he stood across the room with the biggest look of disappointment I had ever seen on his face, I wanted nothing more than to just shrink away and disappear.

"You look so pathetic," he said shaking his head.

I opened my mouth to say something, but he quickly cut me off by shouting "GET UP NOW!"

It took everything I had left to get back on my feet and once up I had to lean against the wall for support. "Did I ruin your life?" I asked swallowing hard not knowing how he what was going to be his reaction.

"I already told you before that you were a mistake," he said, slowly walking towards me "so, yes you did ruin my life."

I nodded my head before simply asking "How?"

He stopped a few inches from me, I could feel his breath on me from how close he was to me "It was only supposed to be a little fun on the side with her until you came along then she just

up and swam away 'Saying that she never wanted to have kids'. Then I was left alone with a burden that I never wanted....you."

His words hurt more than anything else I was feeling at the moment, I could feel my heart sinking deeper and deeper in my chest. "You know," he said standing up straight and using his hand in a motioning way "I am so proud Bruno came back and did this."

"You are?" I asked trying to swallow back a big lump that was in my throat. His words made it feel like Bruno had punched me in the stomach again, he had no idea what awful things Bruno had done to hurt me and yet he was proud of him. Even if I showed him every single nasty mark I had hidden under my shirt, he would still be proud of Bruno because to him I was nothing more than a burden.

"Yes, I am!" he shot back making me feel a hundred times worst then I already did.

"But why?" I half whispered looking up at him wondering why I was so different to him, it's not like any of this was my fault...was it?

"BECAUSE!" he snapped as he grabbed me by my shoulders pulling me over to him for a few seconds before using all his strength to slam me back against the wall hard and then held me there while he finished what he was saying "I'm ashamed of you."

It took everything in me not cry out when my back hit the wall because this was the one place in the entire tower where one of the stones stuck out a bit more than the others and my back was already covered several mark. I wanted to tell him that he was hurting me but would he even care that my back was pressed up against that stone? Instead, I did something that only seemed to upset him even more, I reached forward, and I hugged him. Though I do not know what I was thinking, maybe I hoping just once he would forget all the stuff he was saying and hug me back. I felt his body tense up from my touch before he shoved me back against the wall sending waves of pain up and down my spine.

"WHY WOULD YOU DO THAT!" he growled digging his fingertips deep into my already bruised shoulders and squeezing into my flesh.

"I just thought that...." I started to say before he brought his hand up and placed it gently on the side of my face causing me to flinch from his touch. "That I would hug you back?" he questioned as he continued to touch my face in it's most tender spot "Is that it boy, do you think you deserve a hug?"

"Yes," I whispered.

He shook his head 'no' and replied coldly, "Mistakes do not deserve a hug."

"I'm not a mistake!" I snapped before I could stop myself, wishing with all my heart that I could take it back the moment it came out.

"YES, YOU ARE!" he snapped back and pulling his hand away from my face and then slamming it across my sore face a couple of times, my right hand shot up to my nose and mouth to stop the blood that had already begun to drip down my face for the second time

today. "AND DON'T YOU EVER FORGET THAT!" he continued to shout as he watched my every move hoping that I would do something else that I deserved to be punished for.

"You are a worthless kid that no one will ever want in their lives," he said in a calm cold tone "you can't even do the simplest things right, you always find a way to mess everything up."

He used many more words to hurt me and tell me I was nothing more than a screw up. I stared down at the ground letting a few drops of blood drip to the floor wishing he would stop. All my life I tried to make him proud at least one thing I did but nothing I ever did was right in his eyes. "Are you listening to me?" he snapped pulling away from the wall almost causing me to crash into him then pushing me away making me land a few feet away from him. I tried to catch myself as I fell but I caught myself wrong and landing hard and bending my right wrist back slightly. It hurt to put any pressure on it, but I could still move it, so it wasn't broken. I sat up just in time to see him hurrying down the ladder leaving me alone again. Once I knew he was gone I held my hand close to my chest and started to cry, I could not hold it in any longer and just let all out.

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