

# Ave Maria mater dei

## Extract about Abel as child on mars

Von Semiramis-Audron

*Sancta Maria, Mater Dei, ora pro nobis peccatoribus, nunc, et in hora mortis nostrae. Amen.*

*Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now, and in the hour of our death. Amen.*

The first convoy to Mars was a small one. Only about fifty people. Mostly single men as workers, but some took their families with them. The children at daytime stayed in a separated area of the spaceship that brought them. So they got to know each other and were able to play with friends and not pestering their busy parents.

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It is about one year later when one of those kids strolls down a hallway on one of the Mars stations to a small roofed courtyard with some green plants growing in it. His friend sits over there in their playtime corner, moving some toy-rockets through the air.

"Hey, what's up?" They are both the same age, about five and have been the best friends, almost like brothers. But now the boy in the corner doesn't move.

"Hey Tony... what's wrong with you?" He is asked but only turns his back at his friend and growls. "My parents say I'm not allowed to play with you anymore!"

The other boy giggles. "Ah take no notice of parents! They're soft!" He walks closer to Tony glimpsing over his shoulder.

"No go away! I don't want trouble because of you!" Tony grabs his toys, gets up and walks to another corner sitting down there and ignoring his friend.

"But... but that's mean! Let me play with you!" The boy left behind pouts but follows his auburn haired friend. "We're friends! Lem'me play with you!" He slumps down next to Tony and goes for one of the rockets.

"I said NO! Go away! I don't like you!" Tony shouts and takes all the stuff out of his friend's reach. Two azure blue eyes stare at him in both snit and disbelieve.

"Gah! Don't be such an idiot!!!" The silver haired boy snarls and jumps on Tony forcing him to the floor.

"OU! Geroff from me! Ou!" Tony screams in fright he just notices his friend is actually

stronger than him. He tries to kick him down, boxes him but nothing helps.

"Ha! See I'm winning!" The pale boy yells, thinking this was a game, when he finally wrings the toy rocket out of his frightened friend's little fingers. Leaving him crying on the ground the victorious smiles.

"Hehhe now let's play..." He smiles kindly and offers him his hand to help him up. But Tony crawls backwards away from him.

"Go... away... you're ... mean!" He sobs leaving a break for a heartrending sniffle between each word.

"But why... I .. didn't... Tony... I don't like this game, stop it!" The boy replies letting the rocket fall into the green grass. He attempt to go over to him but...

"Go away! I hate you! And ... and... And I gonna tell my mommy you hit me!" Tony whimpers getting onto his feet as this threat slightly boosts his courage. His friend giggles.

"Oh c'mon! That wasn't even a tickle!" He still doesn't understand that Tony is no longer in a playful mood. He shrugs.

"And well if you tell yours... I gonna tell my mommy you didn't let me play with you!" he snickers again but Tony only glares at him with as much loath as a five year old child can show.

"You dumbnut you don't have a mommy!" He spits at the silver haired boy, his courage growing more and more.

The stronger one ceases giggling and gapes at Tony.

"What? 'course I have one! She's..." He stops mid-sentence, not really knowing why himself.

"No you don't and you don't have a daddy!" Tony whispers his face almost devilish as he shares information he only got from his parents this very morning.

"...I... I do have a mommy! ... And a daddy, too!" The azure eyes don't know whether to look at Tony or at the ground. What's that feeling? Why is his voice so shaky like being unsure about this?

"NOPE! And guess what! My mommy told me, you're not even a real human! And my daddy says all three of you are freaks!" Tony scorns him feeling some sort of power as he does so. Yes, children can be very stinging.

"That... That's not true! I have a mommy and a daddy! And I'm human! Don't say that!" The little hands clench to fists. Why is it he feels so cold inside? Why does he feel like Tony could be right?

"FREAK!" Little green eyes stare at him with loath and childish blackness.

"DON'T CALL ME THAT!" He yelps shaking his head frantically... his silver hair waving back and forth like the very symbol of his diversity.

"You just crawled out of an egg or so, like some ugly slimy worm!" Now it is Tony who doesn't grasp the seriousness of the situation as his friends body is tensing, the little fists shivering. "You're just a..."

"Don't... say it..." The azure eyes narrow to slits, the child's voice close to breaking.

"MOMMYLESS FREAK!!!" Tony shouts happily with grinning smugly afterwards...

"SHUT UP!!!!!" His friend yells dashing at him with speed of anger and thrusting him to the floor with his full weight and power. "SHUT UP!!! SHUT UP!!! SHUT UP!!!" He

repeats as his little fists hit the smooth flesh of Tony's face with force. He kneels on the boys belly pinning him to the floor and smashing his knuckles into his friends body. He is strong for a child... and he is desperate... he feels Tony is right... but he doesn't want him to be right... he hates Tony to be right... he hates himself because Tony is right...

He feels cheekbones splinter under his fists, feels the mushy flesh yielding and the hot blood mixing with Tony's tears of fright and pain...

And he tastes salty tears himself... he's crying in ire, screaming aloud in frustration and fear of the truth.

Burning hot salty tears stream down his cheeks and off his chin like a waterfall.

He squeezes his reddened azure eyes shut and just slams hard into the face underneath him.

Not caring whether the bone splinters cut his fists.

Just releasing all aggressions.

Working himself into an almost trance like rage.

Forgetting all around him... All that Tony said... just hitting ... hitting... hitting...

"ABEL!... DEAR GOD! WHAT ARE YOU DOING!!!"

He snaps out of it as a gentle hand grabs his shoulder and drags him down from the unconscious bleeding boy. His parents get Tony up with a look of poor hatred for the girl and the blood sprinkled boy and take their son to the hospital.

She shakes him at the shoulders, shouting something at him.

He doesn't hear her.

He looks at her, but does not see her.

His eyes are empty. His body feels cold.

He is trembling in shock...

Slowly muffled words reach his ear... more words... reach his mind... are understood...

"Abel, Abel, Wake up, boy! Abel!" She' looks just three years older than him, though more mature...

"Abel, what happened... Speak to me, please?!" Her skin is darker than his, her maroon hair falls gently over her shoulders...

She looks worried, he thinks... and slowly remembers what happened some minutes before...

Remembers why his fingers hurt...

Why his hands are bleeding...

Why his eyes sting and his throat is sore...

"L...Lilith...." He whispers, tears shooting into his eyes. His tiny fists clenching and opening several times.

"Yes, Abel what is it?!" She looks at him, so kind, so encouraging, with all this warmth in her eyes.

"I...I..." The little boy squeezes his eyes shut. His chin hits his chest... He can't control his voice...

He shakes like leaves in a winter storm.

"I... want my mommy!!!" He rather squeaks than whines, his voice pitching up with

every word until it is just the painful cry of a whistles.

He flings his arms around her, grabbing her as hard as he can.

Never let go...

She feels his hot devastated tears soaking her clothes. She takes the tiny quaking body into her arms and strokes over his silver hair. He's utterly shattered, physical and mental...

"Hush, everything is fine... It's alright... hush..." She slowly whispers with a mild voice.

His face is squeezed deep into her cloth but she still hears his muffled words.

"... Ton... no... humans..." Lilith takes him up and carries the shaking little thing to her room.

"Hush now... we are humans... they're just jealous..." She kisses him on the forehead as she lays him down into her bed.

"Mommy... mommy ... mommy..." He keeps on wailing until he drifts over into nightmarish dreams.

"Oh Abel..." She sighs. "... you're one troublesome titch...."

*O mater pietatis et misericordiae, beatissima Virgo Maria, ego miser et indignus peccator ad te confugio toto corde et affectu...*

*Mother of mercy and of love, most blessed Virgin Mary, I, a poor and unworthy sinner, fly to thee with all my heart and all my affection.*

Inspired by:

Pink - Familiy Portrait