

I am nothing, but Sin.

"Sin, you know it's your fault. It's because of you that your father and I are always at each other's throats." said Linda.

The four year old girl just nodded while she wiped away her tears with her stuff animal's long bunny ears. Her parents had gotten into another heated argument over a cup of cow juice earlier during their midnight breakfast. Their family was a little odd because none of their internal clocks were ever in sync, so meals tended to be at random times of the day.

Breakfast started out peaceful as Sin poured the last bit of cow juice into her cup and placed it on the table next to her oldest and most favorite stuffed white bunny, Bun-Bun. Just when she was about to sit down at the table her dad turned the knob on the stove off and picked her up onto his shoulders. It was time for their game to start; her dad would put her on his shoulders and tickle her like crazy while she tried grabbing the dishes from the cabinets without dropping them. The rules of the game were simple; if she managed to grab the right amount of dishes without dropping them then she would win, but if she dropped one then she would lose. Even if she lost the game her dad always managed to catch the fallen dishware before it hit the counter.

"Are you ready, my little one?" His fingers were by her side prepared to tickle her as much as possible. She nodded in response squeezing her lips shut to hold in her laughter.

"Set..."

"Go!"

Sin reached for her small green bowl fighting against letting it go as her dad's fingers tickled her sides. She struggled to hold in her laughter there was no way she was going to lose another one of their games. Just one more...

"Hahaha!" laughed Sin; she dropped the last bowl to hold her aching sides. Her dad joined in on her laughter as he placed her back on the floor. They were both in tears before Linda coughed loudly. She didn't like them making a lot of noise because she claimed it messed up her paperwork. How could something so fun be considered a bad thing?

"Can you grab the milk, little one?" Her dad ruffled her hair and wiped away her tears of joy. Nothing could bring her down from her cloud of happiness, not even the dark cloud surrounding Linda, she was just a plain old grumpy pants.

Sin bounced her way to the fridge and pulled with all her might at the handle before it finally popped open. She was too small to reach anything higher than the two big drawers at the bottom, so she pulled out her step stool from the other side of the fridge. The fridge was bursting with a zillion kinds of food from the bright fruit juice to the smelly green leaf monsters and pointy orange weapons Bun-Bun used to fight off his dusty cousins under the couch. There was no cow juice on any of the shelves or drawers. The familiar cow picture was nowhere to be found in the fridge. That left only one option, she would have to share her cup of cow juice with everyone or else they would all burn their mouths with the hot sugary rice.

“Here daddy.” Sin held up her cup of cow juice for him to grab. Bun-Bun was in her other hand getting dragged across the floor. He smiled down at her taking her cup and placing it on the counter.

“I’ll just leave this one for you, sweetie. I’m sure there is some more milk in the fridge.” He walked around her to the fridge, his movements were so swift that if she blinked he would disappear for just a moment and reappear further away. She liked to call it his magic trick and he made her forever-promise to not tell Linda or anyone else.

"Linda, I thought you bought some more milk." Her dad leaned back against the fridge his hand in a fist pinching the bridge of his nose.

"I did." replied Linda without turning around as she sat with her back to the fridge. Her work folders were piled up in front of her as she flipped through them making sure she had everything perfect. She had a strange obsession with her work constantly getting up in the middle of the night to check her files over and make sure everything was right.

“Share.” Sin tugged at his pants pointing to her cup of cow juice.

"Don't worry about it sweetie. It's your mother's fault for not buying enough milk." said her dad.

Linda's head snapped up from her papers to glare at him from across the table. "Well if someone hadn't spent all our money on unnecessary stuff! Maybe we wouldn't have this problem!"

That was the start of their argument... over a bit of milk.

Linda stood up knocking her chair to the side and stomped across the room to poke Klaus in the chest with an accusing finger. He just laughed it off infuriating her even more and she slapped him so in response he forcefully pushed her back into a chair. That was the last straw; Linda jumped out of the chair and lunged at him. Everything got worse as the two started to push one another into things and Linda started scratching at her dad's face. Scared of them, Sin ran to the bathroom on the other side of their small house to hide in the second safest place— the bathtub. She would've preferred to run next door to Dimitri's house but he had left yesterday to a faraway place for school. When the string of curses from her parents escalated to throwing things at each other, she covered her ears with Bun-Bun's paws trying to hum the star song in her head loud enough to block out the noise. Finally she felt the vibrations of a door slamming before she climbed out of the tub. The fight was over.

Cautiously she made her way to the kitchen holding onto Bun-Bun for dear life. The kitchen was a complete wreck; the chairs were either broken or overthrown, several of the cupboard doors were smashed inward, mushy white rice and paperwork was everywhere with half of the breakable dishes smashed to pieces and in the middle of it all was the shattered remains of her green bowl. Unable to hold back her tears she started to sob while picking up the pieces of her broken bowl.

The garage door slammed open making her flinch and cut her palm with the broken pieces. Linda strolled into the room with a six pack of soda and picked up one of the unbroken chairs to sit on, she started to down the cans one by one like there was no tomorrow. Even in her most depressing moments she never let herself slip into drinking

one of the many wine bottles stored in the garage. In her mind, soda was the worst possible thing she could drink. Halfway through her third can she finally acknowledged Sin standing in the middle of the room. Linda sneered at the little crying girl and spoke the words from the darkest crevice of her heart, which she knew would crush Sin's heart.

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