

# Crying Wolf

*A Memoir*

**Eden Boudreau**

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*For the little girl who lost her voice somewhere along the way.  
And for the woman, who found it again.  
Louder and unwavering this time.*

to simply fade into darkness and accept that I would never hold my baby, that he would never know how much I'd loved him or how hard I'd worked to grow him inside me, my body refused to throw in the towel.

My muscles continued to contract tighter and tighter as my screams grew louder. Later, I would learn that Milo had been stuck, his shoulder turned and wedged beneath my pelvic bone. He was almost too big to be delivered naturally, weighing in at nearly eleven pounds.

What felt like hours later, I heard Joe's voice through a mouthful of sobs. "He's here."

Almost as if someone had flipped a switch, my body relaxed. My muscles melted into the stiff hospital bed and I released the breath I'd been holding. My mind had been positive that I wouldn't walk out of that delivery room, but my body did what it needed to do to keep me alive long enough to finally hold my son in my arms.

As I sat in there in Farrah's office, thinking—as she'd requested—about the last time I felt alive, I realized with a start that my mind and body had done the very same thing during the assault. Maybe I had managed to save myself after all.

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Farrah's voice interrupted my thoughts. "Let's set our next goal—to get you experiencing life and not just floating through it." Turning to a new page in my folder, pen poised, she asked, "What are some things you enjoy doing?"

"Sleeping."

Farrah rolled her eyes. "Anything else?"

"Drinking and eating?" I shrugged.

"Okay, let's go back to a time when you afforded yourself a few more pleasures. When you were younger, what did you enjoy doing?"

I thought for a moment. "I played sports, went to the beach a lot with my family, spent an unhealthy amount of time reading."

Farrah smiled as she made notes. "I don't think there's such thing as an unhealthy amount of reading. What else?"

“I used to write a lot. Had stacks of journals and diaries.”

Farrah smiled again. “The kind with the little lock and key?”

“Yes!” The rush of nostalgia made me a little dizzy.

“I had those too. My brother liked to steal them and break the locks off with a hammer.” She held her belly, as if doing so would hold in her laughter.

“I used to hide mine under my mattress, but one time my mother found it.” The shift in my mood sent me off balance. “She was really mad about what she read. It was probably one of the last times I wrote in it, now that I think about it.”

“What we know our truth to be can sometimes be hard for other people to accept because to them it often looks very different. Everyone has their own perspective, but it doesn’t make yours any less valid.” Farrah took a small notepad from her desk drawer and scribbled an RX and two lines below.

I laughed. “What is this?”

“I want you to start writing again. Just journaling, twice a day. It doesn’t have to be about anything in particular. Just pick up your pen and write down whatever you’re feeling in that moment.”

I took the mock prescription she had written up. “Do you want me to bring it to our next session so you can read it?”

Farrah shook her head and closed my file. “Nope, not if you don’t want to talk about it. It’s just for you. No one has to read it; no one will judge it. There is no right way or wrong way to heal, Eden. You just need to find your way.”

It felt like a big ask, especially after I’d been lost for so long, but a new kernel of hope had appeared in the palm of my hand along with Farrah’s prescription. I wasn’t one hundred percent confident yet, but I held on to that kernel the same way I’d gripped the sides of the hospital bed as I pushed my son from my body. I was determined to do something other than survive.

\* \* \*

After booking my next three appointments with Farrah—and prepaying as an extra incentive to keep me from bolting again—I

made my way out to my car and dialed my sister's number. When she picked up on the second ring, I knew she'd been expecting my call.

"Hey, kiddo." Her voice was still raspy from where they'd inserted a breathing tube while she was unconscious. "They're taking me down for an ultrasound soon, so I've only got a few minutes."

"How are you feeling today?" I tossed my bag onto the passenger seat and flinched when it caused a travel mug to fall from the seat and clank to the floor. Sliding into the driver's seat, I still considered it an improvement from the all-out panic attack the noise would have caused a few months ago.

"Ready to go home. The food is terrible and I want a smoke."

I rolled my eyes, knowing she couldn't see it. "Probably not the two best priorities. How are the kids?"

"They're fine," she snapped, and I'd known I had hit a nerve.

An awkward silence filled the thousands of kilometres between us.

"What happened, Kam? What really happened?"

I heard her sigh. I guessed I wasn't the first person she had to defended herself to. "My stomach has been awful for months—you know that. So I've been taking Tylenol to try to cope with the pain and discomfort. Like I told Dad, I must have not realized how many doses I'd taken throughout the day until I started vomiting and feeling lightheaded."

I took a moment to digest the same story I'd heard from my dad, the one I hadn't believed then and wasn't sure I believed now. Then, I tried to choose my words wisely.

"Be honest with me, please. Were you drinking? Even if you had one drink with a few too many Tylenols, it could have made things escalate the way they did." I held my breath and waited.

"Are you fucking kidding me? Why does everyone keep asking that?"

"Maybe because it wouldn't be the first time you fell off the wagon and we were left to pick up the pieces," I shouted into the phone, instantly regretting it.