Was it Really a Surprise. A Survivor’s Story

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| As I sat here in the dark too afraid to move, too sore to try and get up wondering if he would hear me. Finally, I found the strength to move slowly over to try to find my phone to call the police. I heard the baby crying in the background I’m too sore to get to the kitchen. What happened I thought to myself? Was this a surprise? Were there signs I missed? How did I miss the Red Flags? Just moments earlier everything was fine, I thought. We were having dinner after he had returned home from being out all day with friends. He asked me a question? “Do you have gas for next week?” I said a little. He replied a little? What do you mean a little? What happened to the gas I put in your car for you last week? I explained, I had to take the children to their doctor appointments. I had to go to the grocery store and other errands. “What are the other errands?” He asked. What other errands he shouted. I cringed…just typical stuff going shopping at the Kmart and going to visit my sisters. I dared not to say my friends because I made the terrible mistake of doing that in the past and it did not turn out good.  I heard a glass hit the floor. I froze because I knew he was angry now. The next thing I knew I was being dragged from the kitchen table to the living room by my hair. Then a hard slap came across my face…Now explain to me why you don’t have gas for next week. I tried to explain. I said I used it up taking…before I can get the next word out of my mouth another hit across my face. I felt my lip split in half. The pain was excruciating. I started to tremble. As he looked at me with eyes that was as cold as ice I wondered what I should do now….should I make up a lie or should I continue with the truth? I started to cry and the salt from my tears burned my lip. I used the back of my hand to wipe away my tears and tried to reach for something to compress my lips. I couldn’t move my right arm. I noticed then that as he dragged me across the floor and I tried to brace myself to keep from hitting the bricks on the fireplace in the living room that my shoulder hit the corner of the couch and possibly now is dislocated. I heard the children crying from the kitchen….mommy mommy where are you I’m afraid mommy mommy come and get me! I couldn’t move as he sat on top of me and continued to hit me. Explain to me why you don’t have any gas he demanded continuously. I don’t know I sobbed heavy….I don’t know is all I could say while I tried to find the words that would satisfy his anger. I realized no words would satisfy him at this point. He grabbed me up from the floor and took me to the bedroom and threw me on the bed then he locked the door. I heard the children as they continued screaming mommy mommy where are you! You’re going to stay in this room until you give me the reason why you don’t have any gas. I continued to cry. I didn’t know what to say or do. I moved my eyes searching the room for my cell phone. I didn’t want to annoy him any further to make him think that I was looking for my phone to call someone. I thought to myself what should I do. I couldn’t fight because my arm was in so much pain. I tried to ask him to let me go and see about the babies. No! What were you doing last week that you have no gas he continued to shout. I tried to explain again and before I can get to the end of my sentence another hit across the face. I knew from previous experience if I’d be quiet just a little while and allow him to be quiet, he would fall asleep from the drinking he had done earlier that evening. I decided to be quiet….Stop crying I told myself just be quiet and he would fall asleep. I waited and I waited. He turned off the lights and sat by the side of the bed on the floor right next to me. I’m going to wait right here until you tell me the truth. I started to touch him to let him know that I was sorry. Would that work I thought. No. Just be quiet I repeated to myself. Maybe I will ask him how his day was, he will like that right…No I said to myself. I was afraid to speak anything at this point. Moments later he fell asleep. I moved very quietly and painfully out of the bed. I stumbled to the kitchen to find the children at the table where they have learned to stay after our fights. Please be quiet you must be quiet I told them. I found my cell phone and called the police. After I explained to the police what had happened my face swollen tight at this point…they asked me who had did this to me and I explained to them that it was my husband…. their reply was we’re sorry ma’am it’s nothing that we can do this is your husband. This happened in the Eighties. Thank you Lord, thanks to NCADV and other organizations who helped changed the laws of domestic violence.  Paint your picture of me in your mind. |
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