

Jennifer Caldwell

Eng 100

Formal Assignment #1

We had argued the night before, he was super angry with me for not making it over for his birthday last night. Truth was I was avoiding him. Not because I just didn't want to be with him anymore but because I had to keep myself safe from what would have happened the next day if I had gone over there, so I told a white lie about not going over after work cause my Dad was fed up with me about my room being a mess. I was picturing it in my head the whole scene that would play out. I'd walk in and he'd play sweet and understanding that I couldn't make it over for cake since I was working late, we'd laugh with his family in the kitchen eating the left over cake with his Aunt, grandmom and cousins, along with his parents, sister and brother in law. Him and I would migrate to his bedroom where the fury would be released. His skin would turn a hell-ish red and the white of his eyes would turn yellow and his beautiful almost innocent blue eyes that would make any girl weak at the knees, would turn black and narrow like a jaguar's. He'd attack me with horrible words and aggressive psychological contact that would make me paralyzed by the time he let me go, my body sliding against his wall to support my trembling scared body to the floor to put together where to go from here. That whole scene played out in my head for 30 mins driving home from work that night, the same night I told him I couldn't make it over for the second night in a row, and that same night I decided I needed to take my life back into my own hands and tell someone what I feel like I should've told my parents two and a half years ago. Tonight, I was going to tell my father, that my boyfriend had been abusing me psychically, mentally and emotionally for two and a half years. The thought now still makes me

cringe and have that lump in my throat. If it also weren't for my sister that night, I don't know how I would've gone through with it.

I ended up stopping by HIS house on my way home, he was "happy" to see me. Does this scene ring a bell? I asked to speak to him and without argument he agreed. "We need to talk." I had never sounded so confident and empowered in my life. I felt it in my body, I felt like a superhero saving the day. But I wasn't just saving any one, I was saving myself. My stance was superman, batman, wonder woman. He could feel the vibe I was giving off and I was feeding off of it like a lion in the jungle ready to pounce at his prey at the waterhole. I had him right where I wanted him. He wasn't turning that hell-ish red and his eyes stayed that almost innocent blue that for once in our relationship, wasn't making my knees weak. "What do you want to talk about?" His voice was nervous, his breathing picked up a little bit and I couldn't help but feel like the queen in the room. "I don't love you anymore, I actually hate you with all my being. I'm not taking your shit anymore." Now picture an evil or awful presence you felt taking over your personality just leave your body and go to find a hiding place to die off, that's how I felt. Just in that very statement, I had taken my life back. It was mine. "You don't mean that" Oh yes I did. With a smirk of dominance on my face, I left without turning back. When I got into my car, I wanted to get out of there so fast I didn't even buckle my seatbelt on, I had gotten nervous he would come out and try to tear the door off of the car so I threw my car in reverse and went home. He called me on my way home and he explained that he was going to kill himself I broke up with him. Oh how I wanted to be sarcastic and tell him I would send him links to rehab places, but I simply told him to save it for court.

The rest of the ride home I thought how I was going to tell my dad. My mom was in the hospital with my Nan and I didn't want to bother her. I got home and went straight to my room, thankfully my sister was sitting in her bed and I walked in so slow like I wanted her to know something was up. I clearly had been crying and she looked at me like she didn't quite know if I needed a hug or a little space. To be honest with you, I didn't really know myself. I sat on my bed that was across from her's and poured out my relationship to her.

My sister, who was a freshman in high school hearing about what I had been hiding from my family for two and a half years, I can only imagine what the hell she was thinking about when I was telling all of this. If I remember correctly, at this point she was hugging me and told me she would stand in the kitchen out of sight of my dad, but so I could see her for moral support while I told him. He was watching a movie and I remember walking in and asking him if I could talk to him. I explained that I had been lying to him and mom about what was going on, they knew my relationship with HIM wasn't perfect, I came home almost every night in tears, he was staring me while I was explaining everything to him. He asked me if it was okay if we called it a night and dive into this with a clear mind in the morning. I was more than happy to do so, my eyes were tired and I feel could my body starting to get weak with every extra minute I was awake.

I had school the following day but not until nine, my dad had asked me to take my sister to school and when I got back we would discuss the situation from last night further. I did just that. There was an aroma in the car and my sister kept looking at me like I was some kind of broken glass that if she even said anything I would shatter.

"Jen, you have to say something"

"What would you like me to say? I'm scared? Okay, fine. I'm scared."

It was true too, I was scared. I just told the guy that I had been with for two and half years to go basically go off himself.

"I just want you to know that I love you, and Mom and Dad love you. You have people that care about you and you aren't going through this alone." She hugged me goodbye and the vibe she was giving off made me feel better about what I was about to go into with my father. On the ride home, I knew for a fact that my Dad had already called my mom and that I would be getting a phone call later in the day from her or I would see her at home and she would be staring at me like "What the hell, Jen?" I pulled up to my house, walked in and my dad was in the kitchen.

"I want to know everything, don't leave anything out." I've never heard Dad's voice be so stern with me.

"Dad, I guarantee you that you don't want to hear every thing but I will send you the messages that were exchanged last night"

The look of disgust on my father's face was all I needed to see to break down and automatically start feeling like he was mad at me. I had done something wrong and how I could have done this to myself.

"Jen, I didn't tell you to come home last night."

"I know...."

He's definitely mad at me for lying and making him the main reason for my lie.

"You lied to this bastard because that's how scared you are of him that you can't even be truthful with out him calling you vulgar words and the chance he's gonna hurt you?"

Yep.....he's definitely at me.

"Dad, I'm so sorry. I don't know what I was doing. I'm stupid and that's all there is to it!"

My dad isn't a hugging type of guy, he's more of a fist bump and pat on the back in the most sincere way kind of guy, I've seen my dad rush to hug me so quickly in my life.

"Babe, I'm not mad at you at all, I just want to destroy this asshole's life"

KNOCK, KNOCK

A friend of my dad's walks in the house and I immediately knew what was about to happen, Mr. Erle was a detective for Darby Township. "Jennifer, I'm going to ask you a series of questions and I need you to answer them truthfully so I can give you the best legal advice on what to do. By now it was 8:15 and I was going to be late for school, I called to let them know that I would either be super late or not showing up today. The conversation, from what I remember was really long. In the mix of my telling Mr. Marshall my about life in the passed 2 ½ years, I could hear my dad talking to someone on the phone.

"Don't get the police involved? Are you crazy lady?!"

Dear god, it was HIS mom.

"Your kid tried to destroy my kid's life for the passed 2 ½ years, your kid is screwed."

It was obvious that I had been listening in on the conversation and Mr. Erle had tried to bring me back to the conversation we were having.. "Jen, I can only imagine the feelings you are encountering right now, I've seen fear and you look terrified. Go to the police, file a PFA, and go from there." He was right, I was terrified, how was it that I felt so strong yesterday to back to feeling like I was Jerry hiding in my mouse house and Tom was waiting with a sledge hammer ready to hit me on the head with it?