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Eng Comp 100

Formal Assignment #1

His hands gripping my neck as I'm pinned to his wall are cold and remorseless. By the time he had released his grip, my trembling body would be sliding against his wall to the floor where it would fall to the floor to grasp what the hell just happened. Paralyzed and terrified to even move at the moment and having HIM turn around with his hell like red skin, the narrow jaguar eyes, and hurtful words that would make anyone want to re-evaluate their entire existence was completely out of the question. This is the scene that played in my head for a full thirty minutes on my way home from work.

"Are you coming over or not?" The text shining on my face, my phone on my lap I replied with:

"My dad is mad at me for not getting my room clean, I need to go home."

"So you aren't coming over then?"

"No I'm not"

I was completely avoiding him, because I knew I had finally come to the realization that I didn't want this to be the rest of my life. At the moment he was texting the worst words you can think of to say to person who is just trying to create a life for herself at 19 and manage to feel like she's doing everything she can to stay afloat. I was also already in tears even thinking how I could've gone this long with being with such a vile adolescent for two and half years. It was time

to take my life into my hands again. This was my life. Why am I letting someone that I know I don't want anything to do with for the rest of my life, walk all over me?

I ended up stopping at HIS house on my way home. I asked to speak to him and without argument he agreed.

"We need to talk" I have never sounded so empowered in my life.

I felt it in my body, I felt like a superhero saving the day. Except I wasn't just saving anyone. I was saving myself. My posture felt like Wonder Woman, Batman, and Superman. I was feeding off the nervous vibe he was giving off. He was the antelope and I was lion waiting behind the tall grass ready to pounce at my prey at the waterhole.

"What do you want to talk about?" His voice was nervous

"I don't love you anymore. I actually hate you with every fiber of my being. I'm done taking your shit."

Now picture an evil presence that had taken over your body just leave and go to die off in the woods. Fresh air. I had taken MY life back into my very hands. It was all mine.

"You don't mean that" His chuckle was still nervous

Oh yes I did. With a dominant smirk on my face, I turned to walk out without looking back. Didn't even wish him luck with the rest of his life.

I thought for the five minute ride home from HIS house how I was I going to tell my dad that I was being abused for two and a half years? I knew my fight with HIM wasn't over so I had to tell someone. When I got home, my first move was to go upstairs and take a breather. I had been crying and my eyes were swollen. My sister and I still shared a room at this time so she was

sitting on her bed looking at me. I walked in and sat down like I wanted her to know something was up. She looked at me like she didn't know if I needed a hug or if I needed space. To be honest, I wasn't too sure what I needed either.

I explained to her that everything was my fault, I was always in the wrong. I couldn't go hang out with my friends if one of their boyfriends were there because he was nervous I would cheat on him, which still doesn't make sense to me since he basically knew my life inside and out. I remember the one time I told her about that still haunts me to this day. I blocked most of this terrible time out of head but this time specifically stuck with me.

His family owned a beautiful farm house on 400 acre land, so all of the pictures you see on Facebook of the really pretty country houses and the land surrounding it that's what it looked like. Going there and just sitting on the porch, drinking morning coffee, feeling the summer morning breeze on my face was just like being in a movie. It was blissful when I was by myself on the porch in the morning. But one of the last times I went down was one I wasn't able to block out. It was someone's birthday, might've actually been his dad's, his parents allowed us to drink if we stayed on the property. We were all around the bon fire they had made and everyone was having a great time. I needed to go to the bathroom and warned HIM that I might go to bed. We'd been drinking for hours at this point and I knew I reached my limit so it was time for me to go to bed. He said alright and that he would be up soon since he felt tired himself. I passed out as soon as my head hit the pillow. I'm not sure how long I was asleep but I did hear him come in and he turned the light on and he was mad.

"Why didn't you come back down? You know how embarrassing it is to have a girlfriend who can't hang? I got my balls busted for you coming up early!!"

"Why do you let them get to you? Who cares what they say?"

"I care, because then I look bad!!"

"So how you feel is all that matters? Because you saying that to me just makes me feel like a piece of shit."

"Don't flip this on me, you're the reason I'm pissed. This is your fault, if you had come back down, this conversation wouldn't be happening right now."

"I think I'm going to go sleep in the living room, I can't be near you right now."

I grabbed my pillow, my blanket, and my headphones so I could listen to my easy listening station on pandora since listening to music was the only way I was falling asleep anymore. I got myself situated and laid down. I closed my eyes and my thoughts were going from one place to another. Do I want this to be the rest of my life? Where I would be right now if I had left the very first time he touched me? Should I leave him? Am I able to do this on my own and still keep it a secret? So many thoughts. I wanted to call my Mom but she wouldn't know why I was upset so I let it go. I can't describe a feeling of wanting comfort and you know you can't get it because no one knows what's going on behind the closed doors. I had thoughts of suicide for a very long time because for a very long time, it was just me and only me. I thought of ways to do it and always somehow pulled myself out of this dark place by thinking of my parents, my sister, my brother, the bright future I could have. I was circling in my thoughts when I heard the bedroom door open, I turned around and he was already to me when he gripped my neck so tightly and pulled me up right. Still squeezing my neck, he whispered to me:

"You get back in that room, you lay the fuck down and you better not pull a stunt like this again." He threw me back down and I was paralyzed.

All I could think of was: "This is it. I'm going to die tonight." I held back tears because I did not want him to see how weak I was. He couldn't know that I was scared, he would know that he had full power over me. I think I always kept in the back of my head that I wasn't going to let him get away with what he was doing. After regrouping, nervous and scared, I gathered my pillow, my blanket and my headphones and went back to the room. I laid down and he put his arms around me.

"We're going to be just fine." His words were soft and tired.

I didn't sleep that night, I cried a lot after he fell asleep and thought to myself again "Am I really capable of doing this on my own?"

If I remember correctly, at this point my sister was hugging me and told me that she would stand in the kitchen out of sight of my Dad but so I could see her for moral support. We walked downstairs and I sat at the table in the family directly across from where he was sitting watching a movie. I asked him if I talk to him about something and he turned off the T.V. I said that I had been lying to him and my Mom about my relationship. They knew my relationship wasn't perfect with HIM but they didn't know it all. He stared at me in a shocked way that I didn't say anything when it first happened. He asked me if it was okay to talk about this the next morning and dive into it with a clear mind. I agreed.

The next morning my Dad asked me to take my sister to school. There was an aroma in the car and my sister kept looking at me like I was broken glass and if she 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"

And I was just that. I just told a guy that I had been with for two and half years, who didn't know how to be a respectful human being, to go off himself.

"I just want you know that I love you. Mom and Dad love you. You have so many people that care about you and you aren't going through this alone."

She hugged me goodbye and I felt better hearing that I was loved and it being true. Going home I thought to myself that my Dad had probably called my Mom about what was happening and how it was getting taken care of. My Mom was in the hospital with my Nan so the last thing she needed was to get a phone call about her oldest daughter going through the ringer.

I had pulled into my driveway and my dad asked to know everything. I told him that I wouldn't tell him everything but I would send him the messages from the night before.

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

"I know.."

"You were that terrified of this bastard that you couldn't even be honest with him about just wanting to come home?"

"I'm an idiot Dad, I'm sorry!"

My Dad isn't a hugging kind of guy. He's more of a fist bump and pat on the back in the most sincere way kind of guy. I've never seen my dad rush over to me so quickly to hug me.

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

My Dad had called over a friend of his who was a detective. Mr. Marshall came over to speak with me and hear about my story so he could give me the best advice he could. I spoke

with him for a very long time and suggested I get a PFA (Protection From Abuse Paper Work). We wasted no time going to the police station, my Dad and I.

After all was said and done, seeing my Mom and getting that comfort hug I had so longed for I was finally getting it. I saw the world so differently after ending my relationship with HIM. I was a whole new person. I could finally breathe again and begin to live my life that I wanted to live without having to look over my shoulder for permission from the devil. The sun was brighter. The sky was bluer. The songs that the birds sang were happier. And the grass looked greener.