

Alice #17

My name is Alice #17, and I am in my early 20's.

I am in the process of writing my own book about domestic violence and my own personal mental health issues. I want to write it so teenagers and other young adults can see how I dealt with everything. Hopefully they can say 'I won't make those bad decisions' or maybe they can read it see what different types of help there are in our small regional community. The following story is part of my book, and it tells my story of the domestic violence that I went through at a young age (19) with a boyfriend a year younger than I was. I hope it helps.

I thought I was happy and I made the decision to move to a nearby town to be with him. Things were going along really well, we both had good jobs, a house, pets, money to do whatever we want, and go where ever we wanted. One day, we went for a drive around town out of boredom and we had a fight. I took off the bracelet he had given me and threw it at the dashboard. He responded by an open handed slap to the right side of my face. It hurt!

I can honestly say that I still remember every time he hit me - whether it was with a closed fist or open hand or with an object - I can tell you where he hit me. Sometime his attack left a mark, I cannot tell you how many times I took time off work because I was too embarrassed to go with a mark on my face. Every time he hit me, it was on the face. He hit me in the face because he knew I was scared of him. Sometimes when we fought he'd make a move and I would flinch, then he would smile and walk away.

It was sick, he was sick. I used to say I was not sure how girls can stick with their boyfriends after they had been bashed or hit...but now I know. I had it so good there, why would I give up living easy over a few punches or slaps? However, I understood how bad it was getting when one day I accidentally broke an ornament my mum had bought for him and he pegged (threw) a tennis ball at my face. I walked to his mum's house and told her what happened, she let me stay there. A few hours later he came over and made a huge joke out of it, saying it was an accident and he was mucking around.

The last time it happened I had made plans, with a work friend, to go jogging. My boyfriend blatantly told me I was not allowed to go. But me being me, I went. He yelled from the front door and told me not to come home, so I didn't. That night I went to a small work thing with my friend, after which we returned to her house at 1am to find that a window had been smashed. We immediately thought someone had broken in, and I got a call from my boyfriend's mum saying that he had cut his arm on some glass, he was drunk and she was coming to pick me up.

She came and got me and as we were driving to her house we saw my boyfriend walking along the side of the road, we pulled up and he got in the back behind the driver's side. The whole ride home he was saying things like 'I'm going to hit this c**t when she gets out of the car'. I did not respond to this, but his mother was saying he would not touch me what so ever. Unfortunately, she was not correct. We pulled up into the drive way, he got out of the car, walked around to my side, opened the door and punched me in the side of the head - right next to my eye. His pregnant mother reached over and pushed him away, he took two or three steps back and hit me again, just below where he hit me the first time.

By then his stepfather came out and grabbed him. I wanted to get out of the car and go inside, so his stepdad stood between us so I could get out of the car. I got out and took one step, my boyfriend reached over his stepdad and again hit me in the exact spots he hit me the first and second times. I immediately got a headache and just wanted to lay down, so I went inside, called my dad and told him that my boyfriend and I were fighting and I wanted to come home.

Soon I was home, in the safety of the house I spent my childhood, in the house where I knew nothing could ever go wrong. I regret not taking it further; I regret not telling my father, I regret not telling any authorities and not making a statement. I just wanted to close the chapter.

I have not seen him since I left. He has contacted me a few times, promising a better future, kids and moving away. But I will never go back.
