

Alice #22

Hi there. My name is not important, for I feel I am not just an identity of self, but am a representative of all the lost youth whom have endured domestic violence and abuse...and who are too afraid to speak up.

In my early twenties, I unfortunately got tied up in the underground workings of the Ice movement.

Through a friend, I befriended a man who's name I wish to never speak of again. He became infatuated with me and I felt validated. This dangerous combination of selfish needs being met, led us down the most horrifying brutally ruthless path I have ever travelled in my life.

About ten months into the relationship, the peak of the Ice storm started to crumble down. He was becoming more possessive and territorial. He would start to get quiet when he dragged me to do deals with his 'mates'. I would make small talk which I learnt afterwards was a mustn't do. I learned this in my car that he stole from me!

He, like all abusers, he started off small. He marked me where no one could see. The black eyes came next and the silly lies I had to tell started coming back to bite me. After almost a year into this drug infested web of darkness I saw a crack. I was told I had become one of those women: a victim.

I never thought I would ever be someone who would tolerate such mistreatment. So I had to make a stand! I moved away and he followed me. I moved away again and he followed me again. I got a restraining order and he showed up at my apartment on his birthday: kicking the door in, ripping off the intercom, cracking the floor length mirrors, smashing a vase over my head, winding me with a shopping trolley pole, breaking my fingers and ribs with his grip, repeatedly beating in my face with his bare knuckles, to then finally throwing me on the ground, spitting on me and kicking my dog on the way out.

I knew that that was it. He knew I wasn't going to tolerate this anymore. So, I got another family correction order put into place! He wasn't allowed to step within 200 meters of me if he knew it was good for him. However, he still showed up. He wanted peace. He said he was sorry and that it was the drugs. He promised to get clean and then we would be happy.

Hearing all of this was the most horribly painful moments of my life. He knew deep down he had broken me. Left me with Stockholm syndrome* and was waiting for me to succumb to his ways, like I used to. But I didn't. I got him locked up and made sure he will NEVER find me again for as long as I live and breathe!

I'm worth more than that! No one deserves to be treated like that! If I had the courage to stare into the face of my destructor and say NO! Then you can too!

*ed. Stockholm syndrome is a psychological phenomenon first described in 1973 in which hostages express empathy and sympathy and have positive feelings toward their captors, sometimes to the point of defending and identifying with the captors. These feelings are generally considered irrational in light of the danger or risk endured by the victims, who essentially mistake a lack of abuse from their captors for an act of kindness.

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Stockholm_syndrome