

## Alice #5

My life with a violent crazy man, that hit me, nearly killed me, psychologically destroyed me and mentally drained me, is true and very real. He was 6 foot tall and I am a small dainty woman(just 5 foot).

I am just 6 months free from my partner of 14years. In that time he was not always abusive - it was the last two years of the relationship that were not normal - not one day, not one hour, not one second was right! In that two years of being afraid every single day, I never had any chance against this monster of a person. He would call me names daily, play head-f\*\*\*ing games with me and hit me just like guys would brawl in a bar or even in a boxing ring!

This year, he went way too far. It was Good Friday and I went to a lady's house where I was looking at some shoes I'd seen on-line. I was in there for about 15minutes and that was way too long for him. In his twisted mind I was in this house doing sexual things with 3 guys. In reality there was only a 60 year old woman. When I finished looking at the shoes, I came out to find that he was gone.

I sat on the pavement for around 5 minutes and heard screeching tires. He pulled up opposite me and said get the f\*\*\* in the car. I proceeded to get in the car and as I did he floored it and I nearly fell out of the car (the door was not closed).Once again he began to beat me; accusing me of every horrible thing (that I was clearly not doing), while driving and thumping me with his fist.

I'd taken this before, but now really feared for my life as he was in such a rage. He screamed at me "I'm dumping you off at your dad's". Like most abused people, I was cut off from family and friends and I hadn't seen my dad for years. He proceeded to drive to my dad's house and flew into the drive way. I was in such a state that I didn't know where my phone, bag where and also needed my dog - the poor thing was in the car and witnessed all of this behavior.

Well, apparently I was taking too long so he reached over and ripped and pulled at my neck, shoulder and arm - god that hurt so much! The next thing I remember is sitting in my dad's driveway a beaten shaking mess. Dad's neighbors witnessed the whole thing and helped me to dad's door. When my dad saw me, he was shocked at the state I was in; but I was free, although not knowing this yet because I was in a state of shock.

I proceeded inside my dad's house and fell to the ground and told him everything that had happened to me over the last 2years and that I'm a victim of Domestic Violence. I told my dad that my boyfriend had gone too far and I was in fear for my life. My dad was of course very shocked but understanding. I stayed at dad's house for at least 2 hours; then dad said that we should go and get some of my stuff and something for my dog. I rang my (soon to be ex-) boyfriend, he eventually answered his phone and I told him what I wanted to do and that I was coming home to get a few things he replied that "your f\*\*\*ing stuff is already outside". His behavior did not surprise me at all.

Dad and I turned up in the driveway to find some of my belongings spread all over the front yard. My ex flung open the front door, still in a rage, yelling "your daughter is a slut" and other profanities. Dad told me to get back into the car which I did - still terrified and shocked. We drove across the road and I proceeded to call 000. I needed the police to look after this dangerous, crazy, violent thing of a person.

I'm done and have been done with him for such a long time. He had completely drained me in so many ways that it's still hard to tell my story and breathe some days. The police were great. They were at my house within 5 minutes and after about 10 minutes they came out and said that they are taking him to the station and I need to make a statement of what had occurred. They also took photos of my bruises, and broken blood vessels on the surface of my arm – they looked so awful. I did all of this, which seemed to take a lifetime but actually was only around an hour. I felt numb and it seemed like I was in a movie – unfortunately it wasn't, but instead was a crime committed by him on me. I would not wish this terrible traumatic violence on my worst enemy.

That was 6 months ago now.

I have my father back in my life and am seeing a professional every week to talk out everything I have been through. I have been diagnosed with PTSD (Post Traumatic Stress Disorder). I now have great support networks, but still battle with being scared daily.

I've taken a lot out of this. Don't let anyone control, change or hurt you physically, mentally or psychologically. Always take one day at time. If you ever get a chance to get out of a violent situation, do it, because one day you may find that you don't get that chance and then it's too late.

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