

Alice #56

Five and a half years ago, I was a happy person living on my own as my daughter had just moved out. I was asked by someone if I wanted to meet a man that they had recently met. At first I said no, but they kept asking me so I agreed to meet him.

I met this man and I thought at the time that he was not my type and my gut feeling was telling me not to go out with him. I didn't give him my phone number, but a few days later he rang me as he got my number off the people that I knew. Because I was lonely and feeling down at the time, I decided to go out with him - it was the biggest mistake of my life.

For the first two months things seemed okay with him, but then he started to change his behaviour, with him swearing (with rage in the tone of his voice) "f***** c****" - his favourite phrase. It was used for small things like if he was vacuuming and he knocked something over. Three months on, one night someone threw a house brick through his kitchen window, I hit the ground in fear and kept telling him to ring the police, but he seemed hesitant at first. When the police arrived he said to them that he had no idea who could have done it.

Five years later he told me that he knew the computer password of the woman he was seeing, before he met me (lasted for two months), and hacked into her computer and put an advertisement on one of her websites saying "If anyone wants a good root" to ring her, and he posted her phone numbers. I finally put it all together with the brick through the window five years ago as she had a teenage son - so it was a retaliation for what he had done to her. I was told by one of neighbours that the lady had left after two months because (as she told the neighbour) that he was 'doing her head in' mentally. She was the lucky one and got out early.

If we were sitting in the lounge room and someone decided to mow or use their blower, he would yell out so they could hear him yell "to f***** shut up. As time went on, the cracks started to appear with his anger and temper, but he was sly enough to do most of it when people were not around. He used to tell me that "I was a drama queen and that I have lived under a rock all my life". He always had sarcastic comments regarding things like: if I took too long in washing my hair, he would comment on the water usage, so I would go home and wash my hair. I had to change from using body soap in the shower to a body wash as he complained about soap scum. He told me that I used too much toilet paper, so I had to take my own toilet paper to his place. The bed had to be made the way he liked it, with the top folded back a certain amount. Forks, spoons had to be placed on top of each other neatly in the drawer. Tea bags couldn't be put in the jar upside down and his clothes had to be hung on the line in a certain way. If I wore my thongs on the kitchen tiled floor, I would get a remark like "I noticed you wore your thongs inside the other day". Once I used his toilet and forgot to check that the seat was up and that it was clean, and he used it after me and he noticed that I did not clean it properly so he said to me to "f***** get back in there and clean it".

Other things that he had a go at me about were: if I didn't have the right look on my face he would say "get that f***** look off your face". I had to make sure that I didn't leave any hair on the bathroom floor. He would criticise me for not putting enough chicken on the bread rolls. I would get into trouble for using too much dishwashing liquid (had to be careful), and he didn't like a certain perfume I had on he would say "will you stop using that f***** perfume". If I didn't put the plastic garbage bag in the bin right, he had to twirl the handles each side and tuck them in. If I shut the car door too hard he would said "f***** hell, slam the door why don't you!" In the bedroom nothing was ever good enough for him.

I was always too scared to stand up to him as it was better not to say anything as he would blow up with rage and then I would be ignored or he would turn things around to try and make me think it was my fault. One night we went out for his birthday and at midnight we could not get a taxi, so he left me standing outside and said he was walking home to get his car. I waited and got scared as it was after midnight and he did not show, so I had to ring my daughter to come and get me. When I got home he was on my veranda as he had hailed a

cab, but did not come back in the taxi to get me. He was fuming and when he went inside he let my cat out, so I was out in the rain looking for my cat and he yelled out in rage "will you f***** get inside and leave the f***** cat out there".

Last year, people across from his house were having a party and that was annoying him, so he told me that he got his slingshot and went up the side of his house and pelted their roof with ball bearings. One night I said something he did not like regarding his temper, so he got into a rage and I went outside so that I could not hear him...so he locked me out of his house and would not let me in so I had to sleep in my car that night (I had had a couple of drinks and did not want to drive).

One weekend we were going fishing and he always had trouble getting his car up his narrow drive, and it started with him saying "f***** c***, f***** slut, I hate this f***** place", etc and I knew that it wasn't going to be a good day. We got to the fishing spot and I went to get my rod out of the car and he yelled "don't you f***** get it out because you will f***** scratch the car". I just kept quiet as I didn't want to make him worse. He threw the chairs onto the grass and just sat there saying "I want a f***** drink". I replied that I had packed bottled water, but he insisted that he wanted "a f***** coffee, not f***** water".

Little things would annoy him. I had a plastic shopping bag with some things in it in the car, and I was looking for something in it and he yelled "f***** stop going through the bag" as he could not stand the noise of it as it reminded him of his grandmother sitting in the back of his car years ago going through a plastic bag.

One night I was so tired that I just wanted to go to sleep, but he wanted sex. Because I told him to leave me alone, he jumped on top of me in anger and put his hands around my throat. I could still talk as he was not pressing down yet, so I kept saying in a calm manner "what are you doing?", and as I kept saying it, the look on his face was like he was another person...so much rage. He eventually let go and just rolled over and went to sleep. The next morning he never apologised and went on as if nothing had happened.

He never, in the more than five years we were together, apologised for anything that he said or did to me.

Any time that I tried to talk to him about his temper and the way he was treating me, he would say "you're pushing my buttons" and get up and walk away. One day the man who lived next door to his place was hammering (it was 5pm), so my boyfriend yelled out to him to "f***** stop hammering as some people would like to have a BBQ in peace". If he was outside trying to do something and was having trouble, all you would hear was "f***** c***, f***** slut". It was always so loud that the neighbours could hear him.

He did bruise my upper arm a couple of times when he grabbed me, but he never apologised the next day as he thought (always) that he did not need to. Most of the time he had road rage, which he demonstrated by driving extremely close to the car in front, and if this person did not move over, he would flash his high beam at them or sometimes he would follow them and overtake them and then slow right down so the other car could not pass.

The end came recently when I felt that I could not deal with his behaviour anymore. I was worn out by his temper and the mental and emotional abuse. My body felt like it was shutting down and mentally I knew that I could not cope with him anymore. With his temper, I knew that one day he would absolutely go off the rails and really hurt me physically, so I got up the courage and said to him that I could not cope with his behaviour and told him that it was mental and emotional abuse and domestic violence. His response was "Well I have had a f***** enough, so you just f*** off from here (his place), and do not come back". He always had to have the last say and always has had to verbally respond with something to make himself feel good while trying to make you feel like it was your fault.

It has been a hard few months for me, as at first, I felt like I was going to have a breakdown as he had worn me down so much, but with the help of my friends and a good "wellness herbal tonic" and the support of my work boss, I find that my coping ability is getting better each week.

I did not meet him on a dating website, but was told by one of his family members that he had had so many girlfriends from some sites, but he cannot keep them (we know why). I just hope that any female that uses those websites is very careful as I know that that is where he has preyed on many women in the same way that he treated me.
