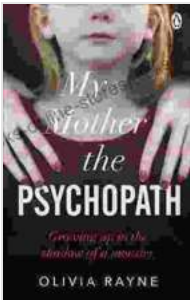


Growing Up In The Shadow Of A Monster

I was seven years old the first time my father hit me. I remember it vividly. We were in the kitchen, and I had spilled a glass of milk on the floor. My father flew into a rage, grabbed me by the hair, and threw me against the wall. I hit my head hard, and I remember seeing stars.



My Mother, the Psychopath: Growing up in the shadow of a monster by Olivia Rayne

★★★★☆ 4.6 out of 5

Language : English
File size : 1646 KB
Text-to-Speech : Enabled
Enhanced typesetting : Enabled
Word Wise : Enabled
Print length : 248 pages
Screen Reader : Supported



That was just the beginning. Over the next few years, my father's abuse escalated. He would hit me with his fists, with a belt, and with anything else he could get his hands on. He would also call me names, humiliate me, and threaten to kill me.

I lived in constant fear of my father. I never knew when he was going to explode. I was always on edge, waiting for the next shoe to drop. I couldn't sleep, I couldn't eat, and I couldn't concentrate in school.

My mother was also a victim of my father's abuse. She tried to protect me, but she was too afraid of him herself. She would often tell me to just "keep my head down" and "do what he says." She was terrified of what he would do to her if she tried to intervene.

I felt like I was trapped. I couldn't leave my father, because I had nowhere else to go. And I couldn't tell anyone what was happening, because I was ashamed and afraid.

As I got older, the abuse only got worse. My father started to sexually abuse me. I was so ashamed and disgusted, but I was too terrified to tell anyone.

I finally broke free from my father when I was 18 years old. I had just graduated from high school, and I was getting ready to go away to college. I knew that I couldn't take the abuse anymore, and I didn't want to live in fear for the rest of my life.

I packed my bags and left home. I didn't tell anyone where I was going, and I didn't look back.

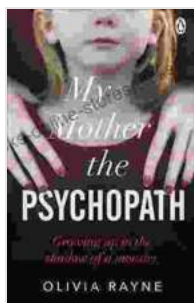
It was hard at first. I had to learn how to live on my own, and I had to deal with the emotional scars of my childhood. But I was determined to make a better life for myself.

I went to college, I got a job, and I started to rebuild my life. It wasn't easy, but I did it. I am now a strong and independent woman, and I am proud of the person I have become.

I share my story because I want others to know that they are not alone. If you are being abused, please know that there is help available. You don't have to live in fear anymore.

There are many resources available to help victims of abuse. You can call the National Domestic Violence Hotline at 1-800-799-SAFE (7233) or the National Child Abuse Hotline at 1-800-4-A-CHILD (422-4453). You can also visit the websites of these organizations for more information and resources.

You are not alone. There is help available. You can break free from the cycle of abuse and heal.



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