

Meerie's Secret:

It started when you were a little kid. You don't remember when, it was always there in your mind. Everyone was treated this way, why should you expect any different? Your mom wasn't around much. She was working or going to school, or whatever she did. Your dad left when it turned out one of the reasons she was always gone was because she was sleeping with her boss. You were 7 then. You couldn't understand why your dad didn't try to see you or come take you places. Once in a while you would get a present or a card that he sent to your Grandma's house. Shortly after your dad left, your mom's new boyfriend moved in. He was nice at first. Until he told you to do something that your mom never made you do before. It was only taking out the trash, but it wasn't one of your chores, so you told him it wasn't one of your chores. He lashed out at lightning speed making your face raw with a backhand, splitting your lip. It was the first of many. Or the time he threw a full bottle of liquid laundry detergent at you while you were walking into the apartment, hitting you in the middle of the back and breaking the bottle open. He then made you clean up the detergent with a rag and your bare hands, causing you chemical burns.

If he couldn't beat you, he would beat your mother. He would be especially vicious if to you were in the room and were able to see, as if daring you to stand up for her so he could hit you too.

This litany of abuse has gone on for the last ten years; you have a lot of scars and bruises. You want to leave home, but you don't have anywhere to go.