

1-1-2014

# Do The Write Thing Essay, 2014

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## Recommended Citation

"Do The Write Thing Essay, 2014" (2014). *Do the Write Thing, Boston*. Paper 273.  
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G814048

This story is fiction

Samal Salazar

I had been used to all of the screaming it was always towards me but, that morning it wasn't. Hunter my two year old brother was screaming and crying she the lady that I used to call "Mother" was home Hunter was hungry and he had just woken up I ran knowing that she was capable of hitting a two year old, the same way she did to me. "STOP" I screamed her hand just going up to hit him I had come just in time. I pushed her to the floor "why do you care if he's not your child he's MINE!! can do whatever I want to him" said the mom "you might of given birth to him but, you've never really cared about him or Katy I've been there for them every day since they have been born!" Screamed Bella at her. She wasn't always like this when I was six years old we went camping I was swimming in the lake my mom and dad were happy hugging each other, laughing, that's the last happy memory that I have of them the next week he left. She was devastated each night I could hear her talks asking herself "why? What did you do wrong?" I could hear her brake down into tears I went into her room to see if I could make her feel better instead that night was the first night of reality that's the night that I learned the truth. The way that she looked at me, those words that I'll never forget, "It's ALL your fault if you hadn't been born my life would be perfect and your father would still be here you ruined everything since the day that I found out that I was pregnant sadly it was too late now GET OUT!!" She yelled. I ran to my room and cried to know that that's how my mother thought about me. I had thought that my mom didn't actually mean it but, the next day she didn't even look at me. Every day she would come home and for the smallest things, she would hit me all of those words that she always said to me "Stupid" "All your fault!" Got burnt onto my skin. I would cry in my room and ask myself "why does this violence towards me have to happen what are the reasons?" Now that I think about it if she didn't want me why didn't she give me away? Did he leaving really cause her to be violent? I was at least glad that she wasn't like this to Hunter and Katy. I'm almost 18 years old in one more month then I can take my brother and sister to my grandmother's house. She had said that when I turned 18 she didn't want me in her house anymore. Since we had to move to another house we lost all contact with both sides of the family nobody knows about the torture that I go through. After all of those years I found a way to hide all of the bruises and scars that I have all over my body. People ask why I barley go to school it's because, I have a job but, people think that I ditch if only they knew the truth but, other times I think that it's better that way because one day I will be free on march 19 my first day of happiness and freedom in a long time. I've asked myself many times what can I do about all of this violence the answer has always been *hope* that one day this will all be over for everybody that has to go through this for some people even worse but, *hope* is the last thing to dye always. Night has always been a good time for me I feel safe she can't hurt me or Hunter or Katy. Looking at the stars they calm me down let me think. Violence has affected me in many ways changed the way that I see the world, at life, that even the "nicest" looking people the people that you trust the most are the ones that hurt you the most it's like a mask that they were they don't take it off till you are at your weakest point when you trust them the most and you feel like they will never hurt you.

8/10/08

This story is fiction

I had been used to all of the screaming it was always towards me but that morning it wasn't Hunter my two year old brother was screaming and crying she the lady that I used to call "Mother" was home Hunter was hungry and he had just woken up I ran knowing that she was capable of hitting a two year old the same way she did before. "STOP" I screamed her hand just going up to hit him I had come just in time I pushed her to the floor "why do you care if he's not your child he's MINE!! can do whatever I want to him" said the mom "you might of given birth to him but you've never really cared about him at all" she said "for them every day since they have been born" screamed Bella at her. She wasn't always like this when I was six years old we went camping I was swimming in the lake my mom and dad were happy hugging each other laughing that's the last happy memory that I have of them the next week he felt she was devastated each night I could hear her talks asking herself "why? What did you do wrong?" I could hear her break down into tears I went into her room to see if I could make her feel better instead that night was the first night of reality that's the night that I learned the truth. The way that she looked at me those words that I'll never forget "it's ALL your fault if you hadn't been born my life would be perfect and your father would still be here you ruined everything since the day that I found out that I was pregnant so why it was for later now GET OUT!!" she yelled. I ran to my room and cried to know that that's how my mother thought about me. I had thought that my mom didn't actually mean it but the next day she did I even looked at me. Every day she would come home and for the smallest things she would hit me all of those words that she always said to me "Stupid" "All your fault" "Get out of my room" I would cry in my room and ask myself "why does this violence towards me have to happen what are the reasons?" Now that I think about it if she didn't want me why didn't she give me away. Did she really really cause her to be violent? I was at least glad that she wasn't like this to Hunter and Katy. I'm almost 18 years old in one more month then I can take my brother and sister to my grandmother's house. She had said that when I turned 18 she didn't want me in her house anymore. Once we had to move to another house we lost all contact with both sides of the family nobody knew about the torture that I go through. After all of those years I found a way to hide all of the bruises and scars that I have all over my body. People ask why I barely go to school it's because I have a job but people think that I don't if only they knew the truth but other times I think that it's better that way because one day I will be free on March 13 my first day of happiness and freedom in a long time. I've said myself many times what can I do about all of this violence the answer has always been "yes" that one day this will be over for everybody that has to go through this for some people even worse but people is the last thing to dye always. Night has always been a good time for me I feel safe she can't hurt me or Hunter or Katy. Looking at the stars they calm me down let me think Violence has affected me in many ways changed the way that I see the world, at life, that even the "nicest" looking people the people that you trust the most the ones that put you the most it's like a mask that they wear they don't take it off till you are at your weakest point when you trust them the most and you feel like they will never hurt you.