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Do The Write Thing Essay, 2014

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G814035

Britney Rycro

Fiction

Why? I ask myself why does the whole world have to be doomed with pain. It's crazy to think with just a few words you can destroy someone not just physically but emotionally. People might say they hate world well I hate the person. I hate everything about him. I do not hate my life just him. Ever since my mother died and left my custody to her husband it's been nightmare after nightmare. Life is just one and we should make the most of it but when I think of all of these horrible moments I don't know if it's worth it. "Where are you!?" yelled Evan from down stairs. I was in my room with the doors locked hiding in the closet "You can't hide from me, there is no escape". I felt the tears coming, I need to hold them back. Why did my mom have to leave me with him? From everyone in this world it had to be him! I was yanked by my hair across the room. I kicked his rib but he didn't even grunt. He slapped me and started hitting me across my back with his belt. He grabbed me by my hair again and dragged me to the bottom of the stairs, then took me to the basement. I knew what he was going to say next it had been his catchphrase ever since he locked me in the basement for the very first time "You will not eat, you will stay here. I don't want to hear a single word from your mouth." But just as he was walking towards the door he turned around and said "If I were you I would be careful of what I say". I had been freezing cold in the basement but I had gotten used to it. It was dark outside, I could see it from the basement's window. It was a lonely night, well for me. I was starving. I knew Evan would

0814032

Fiction

I was sitting in the kitchen, looking at the clock. It was 10:15. I had been waiting for him for an hour. I had called him five times, but he never answered. I was starting to get worried. I had a feeling that something was wrong. I had a bad feeling about him. I had a bad feeling about the way he had been acting lately. I had a bad feeling about the way he had been talking to me. I had a bad feeling about the way he had been looking at me. I had a bad feeling about the way he had been touching me. I had a bad feeling about the way he had been holding me. I had a bad feeling about the way he had been kissing me. I had a bad feeling about the way he had been making love to me. I had a bad feeling about the way he had been treating me. I had a bad feeling about the way he had been loving me. I had a bad feeling about the way he had been caring for me. I had a bad feeling about the way he had been protecting me. I had a bad feeling about the way he had been supporting me. I had a bad feeling about the way he had been helping me. I had a bad feeling about the way he had been loving me. I had a bad feeling about the way he had been caring for me. I had a bad feeling about the way he had been protecting me. I had a bad feeling about the way he had been supporting me. I had a bad feeling about the way he had been helping me.

leave me here for a day or two. Evan was a total fake! I knew it from the the very start. something was odd about him. When mom and him starting dating I did support my mom because what else was I suppose to do. Everytime he saw me he was so sweet but that was all an act. After my mom died I was depressed and couldnt think straight. I was worse than a nightmare that got worse by the second. When he came back from the honeymoon alone and mom wasnt the one who picked me up at my grandmothers house I panicked. Evan sat down and told us the tragic news. I was stunned. Frozen. couldnt make out a single word. I just stood there hoping that whatever Evan said was a lie. I couldnt understand. I didnt want to. I was like the message was received in my heart but there was an error when it was sent to my brain. Now Im stuck in the basement, starving and freezing cold. He did this to me because he was scared and didnt want me to find out about something. But I dont know why hes afraid and what he doesnt want anyone to know. Evan had trapped me here before because of many reasons but this time it was different. All I did was mention how much I missed mom and how her death was brutal and unexpected. When I realized I had made a mistake saying that even though moms death was a year ago I ran upstairs faster than an ambulance trying to rescue there victim of death. I locked the door and hid in the closet forgetting he had the key from my bedroom. It was morning, Evan was coming to the basement. He looked horrible like he didnt sleep but still seemed wide awake somehow.

I was in the corner of the wall with my legs up my chest. He was silent, coming towards me. "Don't you dare to touch me, you have no power over me. I'm not gonna take it anymore - you're an evil cold hearted man. I have absolutely no idea what my mother saw in you. You are pathetic!". I said to him in a calm but strong voice. He slapped me across my face, grabbed my wrist and pushed me to the floor and kicked me in my rib. I felt the oxygen escaping my lungs. "Get up!" He screamed, I stayed at the floor half not wanting to listen to him and the other half not being able to get up. "Are you deaf girl, I said get up!" he said while pulling my hair up making me look at him. He lifted me up by pulling my arm and took me to the kitchen. He put a plate on the table that had beans and a whole lot of rice. I wouldn't have dared to eat anything he touched but once I saw the food my stomach swirled, I had to eat. Later he left to go to work and I went up to my bedroom and I stayed there thinking about nothing but everything. All of this violence in my life had to stop. My mother told me that Evan has been through a lot and has suffered a lot because his father used to do the something he's doing to me now. He thinks he can control me but he's wrong. Evan thinks by hitting me he can solve everything. He doesn't understand. He only believes in what he understands. I kept on thinking about everything, about how much I missed everything even school. It was only August and I was about to enter my sophomore year of high school. School was a better place to be than home because at least I didn't have to see him. I wanted to call Lisa my best friend

of all time but I didn't have a phone or anything to communicate with anyone. I could sneak out but I knew the consequences to that and I was not willing to go through that again. So I layed in bed staring at the wall wondering why all of this have to happen? I still dont understand. Im confused. Im alone.

I needed to check his room but couldnt because it was locked. By the time he came back from work I had made a plan already. I heard the door shut from down stairs. I knew he was going to come in my bedroom and I didnt want him to get angry so I closed my eyes and pretended to be asleep. He opened the door just enough for him to look around and check if I was sleeping then walked away. I waited for a few hours for him to fall asleep to check around the house I looked for his jacket but couldnt find it. I knew it was in his room but the last thing I wanted to do is go to his room while he was sleeping. The same man who slapped and hit me to the point of my whole body acheing everyday. I had to go into his room to find something, anything that revealed anything about his past. I didnt even know what I was looking for but I sure knew I was something. I opened the door slowly hoping it wouldnt make a noise. I grabbed his coat and checked the pockets. I found his wallet and inside of it there was a lot of money. More money than an average person should have.

I saw his ID but the name on it didnt belong to him. It was his face on the picture but the name was different. Julius seymour, Dark brown hair, 5'9, 37 year old man. Everything matched Evan except the name. Evan turned and

the bed shifted. I put the wallet back in his coat and headed to the door. Once I reached the door Evan reached for my shirt and pulled me back. "What do you think your doing?! I dont recall giving you permission to enter my room!" he said while throwing me to the floor. He was about to hit me on my legs but I moved away, looking around for something to throw at him. "I can do whatever I want to you because you belong to me!" my body was on flames by now "Im stuck with you—" "Then why dont you let me go!" I interrupted he came closer walking slowly as if ready to attack. "As long as Im stuck with you, I'll always have power over you!" at that moment I crawled under his legs, grabbed the lantern by his bed and threw it at him. I ran to my room, locked the door and moved my bed against the door to stop him from coming. I crawled into the closet, locked the door and started to cry. He cant do this to me. He cant hit me. Its illegal. I need to call the police. Anyone to let them know what this man has done to me. I need help. I need someone who understands me and can help me get through this and no longer feel afraid and confused! If I said anything no one would believe me. He didnt come in my room. I stayed in the closet for a few hours but once I got out I realized it was morning already. I checked my clock it was around 7 am. He had gone to work and I was alone in the house. I stayed in my room for a while and checked the time every minute which only felt the time go by slower. Then I started to wonder how my life would be if my mother hadnt died. If we had never met him. All of this has changed me. It had made me afraid of every day to come and everyone. Im scared of what people are capable of. Everything in my life has

has lost its meaning and I'm trying to get it back. I'm like a castle, guarded up. Not letting anything, anyone get in. I haven't even seen Lisa since the last day of our freshman year. I'm closed like a coffin that no one wants to open because there's afraid of what's inside. Later I left my room and went to check his room to see if it was unlocked but of course it was locked. So I decided to go outside in the yard. I grabbed the bars of the balcony and put my legs up to jump on top of the balcony. I opened the window and entered his room. I searched all over his room to look for an explanation on why he received so much money. I looked under his bed and there was a letter written by my mother. Once I finished reading it I had realized that this letter was the last piece of my puzzle. The letters explained everything and answered every question I had but one. Evan or should I said Julius was a drug dealer. That's where he had gotten all the money. I felt gone. Like a part of me left. Certainly not shocked but still felt like I was melting, dripping every single thought to the floor and soon to be a puddle of confusion. My mother had found out Evan - Julius was not who he said he was. She was frightened and wrote this letter letting Julius know that she had figured it out. That he was a liar. But still it didn't add up. Once she ran away from Julius supposedly she was walking and a man, who Julius had said was a robber killed my mother, stabbing her in the stomach - I didn't understand I was standing still staring at the paper thinking that maybe if I just stared at it that it will give me the answer I'm looking for. I heard the door knob move and I knew Julius was going to unlock

it any second. I tried to move fast but just as I pulled the mattress up Julius came in. He looked at my face then at the letter in my hand, and back at my face. I thought he was going to run and grab the letters and start to hit me. But from his dark eyes and grin I knew he was planning something worse. He closed the door behind him and locked it. He turned to me and the look in his eyes told me everything. At that instant I knew. He did it. He killed her. Julius killed my mother. I took a step back, afraid of what he was capable of.

"It was you!" My voice strong but quiet and soft even though I wanted to push him apart. "I loved her" he said. "you don't love anyone because you have no heart!" I yelled at him, "It was her fault she didn't love me enough. She should've stayed I could've made her happy. She abandoned me! She had no right to live. She had to be gone." Tears were rolling down my cheek. How could there be such a despicable human being? How, how did you do it?" I stared at him and he stared back like he was waiting for this question to be asked years ago. "We were having dinner in the restaurant at the resort, I went to get the wine that I had saved for us. She said she had a surprise for me, she went to our room and when I came back she had already figured out everything. She found the list of my clients and the box of drugs that I had hidden in the false bottom of my drawer. She was looking for her surprise but instead she found a bigger surprise. She left me a letter, that letter" He pointed to the letter in my hand. "I went after her, she didn't know I was following her. I grabbed her wrist and pulled her to me. I told her to let me explain but she didn't want to hear it. She slapped me and

pulled out of my grip. I pulled her and pushed a knife right into her stomach. "I couldn't take it. I wanted it to stop. I wanted for this to be a stupid joke. I felt like I was dying slowly, painfully. "Why? she, more than anyone deserved to live and you took that from her. You are going to rot in jail for the rest of your life." He looked at me as if I was being ridiculous. "Oh sweetie this is our secret. He was walking towards me and I knew what he was going to do. I couldn't more. I couldn't think. He took one more step just enough to be right in front of me and said "This secret will die with."

And it did.