

Living With An Abusive Parent

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Introduction

It's not easy. But it wasn't difficult either. Because I didn't know that I was getting abused. I knew that it wasn't right. I knew that this wasn't normal. I just thought my father had anger issues. Which he did. But I thought that was it. I was only young. About 4 or 5. How would I know that my father was suicidal and that he had depression for years and he kept it a secret? How would I know that this was actually abuse. I'm going to talk about my experiences with abuse and how you can help someone who is being/has been abused. Thank you for reading.

Chapter 1

Dad used to abuse my mother and I. He would get furious if we didn't do something right. Or if we disagreed with him. He thought the way to make us do something for him was to hurt us. Emotionally or physically. It didn't matter to him. My mother, my sweet mother, was too afraid to say anything. She was too afraid to speak up. She was too afraid to even tell her parents. Who wouldn't be? And I, a young child, how would I know that this was abuse?

Chapter 2

It was one day when my mother learned out of nowhere that she can be strong. I am so grateful that she realized that. She started standing up for herself during arguments. She would speak up if she thought that something was wrong. And I was proud of her. Yes, it may have made the fights a little bit louder and a little bit longer. But at least I knew that my mother would not let herself be defeated by my selfish father's words. It was one day when my parents refused to speak to each other because of a previous argument that made my father stop abusing us. Something happened that caused my dad to hit my mother. I was standing in the doorway watching this happen. I was expecting my mother to stay quiet after that, as she usually does when she gets hit by my father. But no, she hit him back. Not as hard but it was hard enough to make him outraged. The shock on his face matched the same shock on my face. It was completely unexpected. That's when my father went crazy. I ran upstairs, I was about 8 at the time, and I sat on my bed, trembling with fear. I could hear my dad beating my mother. He wouldn't stop. My mother was screaming and yelling. He finally stopped for a glass of wine. My mother gained the courage to call the police. They took my father away for a day and they gave him a warning. That warning changed our lives. My father stopped abusing us. He still does smash plates and yell at us but he does not beat us. And I am grateful for that.

Chapter 3

If you know anyone who is being abused or if you are being abused then I am urging you to tell someone. It's the only way that you can stop this! Please talk about this subject. It's extremely important! Please also share these links on social media to help anyone who is going through abuse. We need to end this now. Abuse is not right. It never has been and it never will be. I will always be here for you. Stay strong.

<https://www.nationaldahelpline.org.uk>

<https://www.thehotline.org>

<https://www.childhelp.org/hotline/>

<https://www.womenshealth.gov/relationships-and-safety/other-types/emotional-and-verbal-abuse>

<https://www.dhs.pa.gov/contact/Pages/Report-Abuse.aspx>