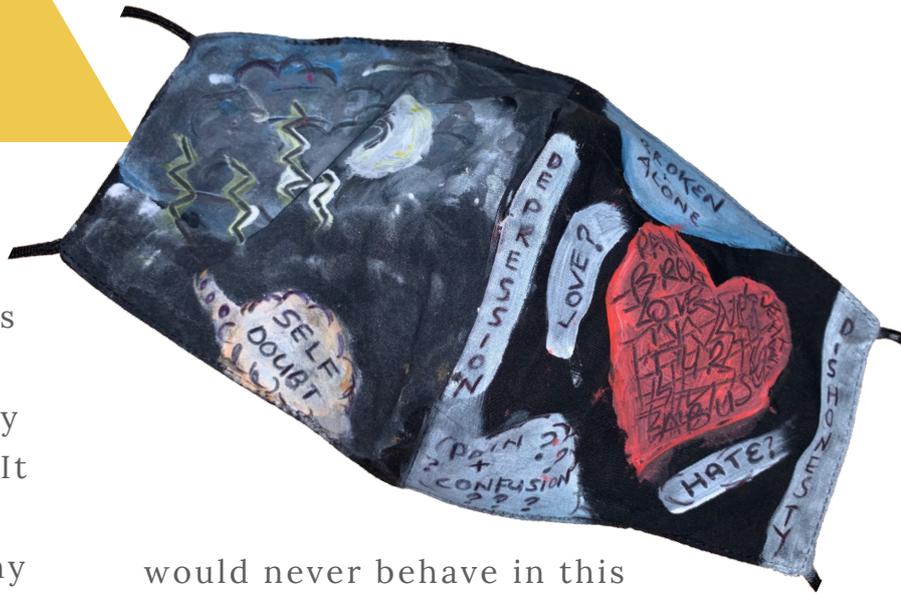


THEN

It was not much longer until I would find out I was pregnant with our first child. Of course, I was very happy to share this news. It was not however received well. What was wrong? Why had he reacted in this way? I would soon find out.

Shortly after I shared my pregnancy news, I received a call from a young lady who claimed to have been in a relationship with Daniel for the past twelve months. When he got home, I confronted him with this information. Suddenly he turned into a different person, one I had never yet met. He became very forceful, pushing me about and began turning things back onto me. I was so confused and hurt.

I asked him to leave and he did. Within two weeks he had warmed his way back in by constantly telling me he



would never behave in this way again. Everything went back to being good. The baby was born. Everyone was happy.

Once the baby was six months old Daniel started slipping into his old ways, going out with friends, staying out late, drinking, lying and becoming violent.

If I approached him about why he had not returned home all weekend he would turn it onto me saying I wasn't his mother and had no right to ask him anything. These disputes would almost always turn violent.

Daniel would fly into a rage and split my face open with one hit, it happened on a few occasions and I had allowed him to take me to



the hospital. I'd always lie and say I'd had an accident so not to drop him in it.

I even lied to my family and friends they had no idea what I went through at first. I was full of loyalty at first, lies and offence for a man who only had his own interests at heart but at this point I could not see this.

The next six years were the same on and off. Good and bad times faced with many arguments and injuries, a catalogue of abuse.

We stopped living together after ten years of living as a family but we continued to see one another. Daniel, did however become distant and we saw each other less as I began to rebuild my life and got back into work.

Even though we lived apart I was always the glue trying to keep our family together and hoped one day things could be good.

We continued to live like this for two years when I fell pregnant with our last child.

Daniel made no effort to return home. He partially supported me. I had my child with my mother by my side. This was stressful as I could not reach him even at a time like this.

It was around a year after I had had the baby that we decided to give our relationship another go.

Everything again was fine for the first three months then the mental torture started again and shortly after so did the violent outbursts. The violence was now worse than I had ever experienced and he was very easily triggered. Everything that went wrong was of course my fault. I could not do anything right, nothing was ever good enough for this man.

I was slowly breaking down from the amount of abuse I was enduring.

I believe in the space of two weeks my head had been split open three times, I was accused of doing things I would never dream of doing.

Enough was enough I had no choice but to leave. I was sure I would die in this relationship. If I didn't, I was being portrayed as a completely different person to my family and friends.

I then found out this man was even recording me in my own home!