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How many times will you try to be
loved before you give up?

Love always has consequences.

**100 CHANCES
TO LEAVE BRIAN**

Written by Lauren McGregor

100 Chances to Leave Brian Love Always Has Consequences

Lauren McGregor

Abstract:

Within this story, Lauren has uncovered the true meaning of an **abusive love** between her mother and her mother's fiancé. The story begins as Lauren is introduced to her mother's new, "friend" which quickly unravels itself in to more than a friendship. Lauren begins to understand this more as she realizes her mother is paying less attention to her and more to the **new man in their lives**.

Lauren says little as she only wants her mom to be happy. Though, her **torment continues** as her mom conveys to Lauren that she is **now pregnant**. After this, Lauren's life **changed forever**. She has been moved to a **new town** and a **new school**.

Lauren soon realizes that her **mom is acting strange**. She **speaks timidly and with fear** to Lauren as though she has **lost her voice**. **Lauren worries** that something strange is going on but does not realize until years later as she **sees her mom's new fiancé beating her mother**. Lauren rushes to phone the **police** who soon **escort Brian out of the house**.

Dedicated:

To all of the children who understand and also to those who don't.

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CHAPTER ONE

The Ending

“Ma’am, will you please describe what happened on paper? The police station needs it on file in case anything like this happens again.” Two cops stood in the foyer casually conjuring small talk, neglecting the true reason as to why they were in our home. As I sat in the kitchen, I peered over at the strange woman sitting next to me. Surely, she was my mother. Though, she did not carry the same warming features the mom I knew once held. Not even her appearance accurately reflected her old self. What was once glossy blonde hair which always had a decadence of just coming out of the salon now depleted in to a massacred fray on top of my mom’s head. Strands of her hair sprung off the scalp in every direction, spewing with dissatisfaction. Her face fumed of confusion and sadness, utterly wreaking of torment and misery. No matter my mom’s outward appearance or the bizarre look she now carried on her face and in the midst of all of the permeating despair, my heart was finally happy. True, this is a strange thing to admit as seconds prior to my acceptance I witnessed my mom taking a beating by her newly-wed husband. Now, after I phoned the police, my mom and I both are ordered to write a summary of the events which occurred minutes before the cops arrived.

I held the pen in my hand, directing my thoughts to retrieve themselves on to the paper. Despite the instruction, my limbs stood motionless. My paralyzation did not calm my mind and the words trudged on flushing through each lobe. “Write down what you saw tonight,” I screamed without speaking but my fingers which gently rested on top of the crisp, white paper were silent. Nevertheless, I searched through the files of my memory bank as if it were a pool full of circulating water in attempt to write down what I had just experienced. Time stood still for a moment while my daydreams wondered and I continued to imagine myself lowering a fishing rod inside the liquid, piercing only the ripples. I then envisioned quickly yanking the empty hook back up but nothing came to mind even now. Transitioning back to reality, I concluded I was mostly uncertain of what to write for the reason that I knew the police were only asking me to explain what occurred moments before I dialed the station. Though, when in pure thought, I ruled on the side of not caring as the series of events over the course of many years leading up to this night were just as important to keep on record. When I delegated my mind to believing this fact, I calmly echoed to the men, “Sir, I’ll need a few more pieces of that paper, please,” and I began to write.

CHAPTER TWO

I Hate You

Does everyone have scars which may not be visible of some sort, too?

Prior to all of the trauma, my mom and I lived a somewhat peaceful life as it was mostly just her and I. We often stayed up late, watching movies and eating snacks. We played cards, laughed and cried together as if her and I were the exact same person. I felt so close to her and adored everything about my mother. Better yet, the house we lived in always felt so warm and peaceful. I adored when it was just my mom and I inside, free of any friends or family. Truthfully, I never told my mom how much I loved the times when I was just with her. Though glancing through all of the memories I saved so dearly within me, I now regret that I hadn't.

At the peak of our gratitude for each other, my mom brought home a new friend. Soon, the friendship grew in to something greater as as he began to sleep over often, taking the place in my moms bed where I often lay. Almost with a blink of an eye, I was forced to do most activities my mom and I once shared by myself. Even worse, the newly named, "boyfriend," grew comfortable as he began telling me where to put my toys or coldly reminding me that I had to ask him permission to do certain things. Even though I usually abided by his laws, I constantly thought back to how different things were with just my mom, prior my mom's new found arrangements. More so, the more I thought of my mom's boyfriend, the more alone I felt. I hollered to myself in aggravation most times after his consistent attempt of ordering me to take my school bag upstairs. Even though I wasn't thrilled some stranger was walking around as if he were the boss of everything, I held out as I knew my mom was happy.

CHAPTER THREE

Just Kill Me

What are the symptoms of being depressed?

Only a few months later, my mom woke me with something she called, "A Big Surprise." Though, I would much rather call this very moment, "The Mere Beginnings Of My Sick Obsession And Unwillingness To Not Get Out Of Bed." My mom peered over me, as though someone had drawn a smile on her face, like she new she should be smiling but it took everything in her to do so; something was fishy. My mom finally blurted out, "Alright, I know you're just waking up so I won't make you guess what the big surprise is.... I'M PREGGG-NAAAnnt," she half heartedly expressed as if she were teaching me how to say the word, "Pregnant." Now, it was as if someone had drawn two fake smiles and pasted them over our real expressions. "How did I not see this coming?", I thought. To this day, this very image burns in my memory, as if someone had pressed pause for eternity. When envisioning this morning in my mind, it was almost as if I

were watching a movie. The deep disgust I felt in the depths of my heart and the blindness of my mom in that moment replays within me constantly. After my mom conveyed the news, it was almost as if everything began happening so quickly. Before I knew it, I was on a one-way car ride to a new city, house and school with a man who I once called merely, “My mom’s boyfriend,” but is now better named as her fiancé, Brain. My life that I had known so well disintegrated before me and I only had a small locket of ashes I held as a keepsake within the filing cabinets of my memory.

CHAPTER FOUR

Mom?

Am I all alone? I really need someone to talk to.

Our new house was bigger than anything I had ever been in before and sat at the end of a long road, peering off the edge of Lake Travis. The house was equipped with several rooms, its own gym and two kitchens. Surely, this would be any pre-teens dream, though I was certain it was not mine. I was not happy with the way things were turning out. I often felt alone in such a giant living space as there were now so many gaping holes filled with nothing other than dead air between my mom and I which ultimately created a feeling of separation between us. Unlike our old house permeating of consistency and warmth, our new living area felt cold and unstable, as if it were built on un-solid grounds. For this reason, my new life became routine as it traveled in a viscous, repetitive order; lay in bed at night crying, wake up crying, go to school, come home, repeat. The nights were the worst, as I felt the most vulnerable. I despised the darkness and the screeching quietness of my bedroom which always sent my thoughts in to overdrive. The comfort of my mom’s bedroom only a few steps away vanished as she now slept three flights of stairs above me.

CHAPTER FIVE

The Accident

Drown me, I don’t care.

Day-time was only slightly better but the mornings seemed to be the hardest. I despised getting up knowing well enough that I had to put on a, “happy face,” for the kids and teachers at school. My heart always shattered as the alarm clock anxiously sounded off, reminding me that I would then have to fight my way out of the bed. As the blankets and my sadness constantly tried pulling me back, most of the time I prevailed. After dressing myself and scavenging for a cookie or two in the pantry to serve as my breakfast, I spent the rest of the mornings before school releasing the

relentless tears which always hugged my cheeks. Most times, I sat at the bottom of my mom's bedroom stairs crying, hoping to hear her awake, though she wasn't ever. I dreaded the walk to the bus. The long road and the large gaping trees that howled in the wind always seemed to set off the great big bushes lining the path as they would immediately begin to shake. The angry plants always made me feel scared. In the midst of all the shock, I found that keeping my head down and reading books along my travels to the bus stop alleviated some of the pain and kept my mind from straying off in to dark corners. After this realization, books seemed to become my friend during these years. I grew to enjoy living vicariously through the characters with happier lives than mine. Most of the time, the stories I seemed to relate to the most were the ones I kept close to me. The books spoke to me, comforted me when I was scared and tried to stray my mind away from my depression. For this reason, those books became my only friends.

CHAPTER SIX

School Sucks

I can't feel alone like this forever, right?

Each morning without fail, the bus screeched to a halt, probing my entrance. I half heartedly entered and immediately walked to an open seat in the middle of the bus. As the big yellow transporter chugged its way to the front entrance of the school, a weird feeling in the pit of my stomach made me sick. School wasn't ever a greater turn out when comparing it to my home life. I struggled to desperately relate to entitled kids who had parents with a whole slew of money to spend on frivolous things, but I never could. Unfortunately, my judgmental attitude left me sitting alone at lunch most of the time. I had not realized yet that the first couple of months in my new town and school would be an accurate representation of the next four years of my life. Each day after school, I found my mom prepping dinner in the kitchen. An act of which I hardly ever saw her do back in the, "good old days," as we mostly ate leisurely. In contrast, dinner at our new home was always a riot as my mom and I were forced to sit at the table and talk about our day, a rule of my mom's fiancé. "Family time," never felt so rigid, I thought as I stomped to the dinner table. "You'd think this guy used to be a drill sergeant," I mumbled to my mom as we cleaned up the remnants off the table. My mom timidly chuckled when I said things of this sort but always with a nervous look as though he might hear us and get upset. My mom didn't know that my snide remarks were the only things which got me through the times I had to spend with Brian as everything else was a complete drag.

CHAPTER SEVEN

The Vacant House

Grandma, are you there? Will you come pick me up, please?

As the days in our new town increased in number, there was something about my mom that was different than before. For this reason, my mom reminded me of a fancy house. There was much to look at on the outside of the house as each curve and arch seemed to be perfectly constructed. My mom was similar as her figure was always glowingly curvy in all of the right places as if she borrowed a body from the plastic surgeons office. A person driving by may slow down just to acknowledge such architecture and beauty on my mom, but the inside was vacant and sad. A house which would give anyone an eerie feeling that something terrible must have happened as they walked inside. My mom's personality wasn't the only thing that morphed as I found that her style of clothes did as well. Now, my mom's typical outfit was catered to long sleeves and pants. A choice such as this may not sound odd but it wreaked of havoc when I got a feeling this was more of a uniform for her than a new trend. I got this feeling when the sun scorched outside causing even the pavement to sweat and yet my mom would still dress as though she were gearing up for the ski slopes. This obvious attempt at hiding her eloquent body in an absorbent amount of fabric sent my thoughts in to a state of worry for her, "Perhaps she is going crazy," I thought.

Weeks following, I caught a glimpse of reasoning in my moms new found fashion. I could now see why she hung clothes over her limbs as though she were collecting fabric. My mom trudged down the stairs, barefoot and almost entirely bare skinned searching through the laundry for her long pants. I froze as I hadn't seen my mom as undressed in years. My eyes trembled, her legs were entirely bruised as if she had fallen several times. Her flesh looked as though the bruises overlapped one another. The black and blue decorating her body frightened me as I pondered what could've happened to her. Fearfully, the thought of Brian hurting my mom brewed a strange feeling within my veins. I questioned the idea, then quickly reassured myself as I thought, "Surely my mom wouldn't stick around if her fiancé were hurting her." The more I worried, the more I barked at my thoughts, "The mom I know is much stronger than that. Even though my soul was not content with the words which I hugged so tightly, I kept quiet and acted as if I hadn't seen any sight of my mom.

CHAPTER EIGHT

The Getaway

What does it feel like to die? Does it hurt?

I often found myself tallying the days I spent in misery. I wondered how much longer I could actually live like this. In attempt to escape my misery for a short while, I begged for my grandma Carolyn's abidance to drive two hours for my rescue. Her house was as though I was finally home. As if I were a prisoner, who had been granted temporary leave. I was able to reside for a short while in the town of which I held so dear to my heart, the same place my mom and I used to live in. While at my grandma Carolyn's, I felt safe. I never wanted the weekend to end when I got to spend it with her. Still, out of my control, the clock always gave in and Sunday came before I could ask it to slow down. The drive back to my mom and Brian was always dreadful. As I sat in the back of my grandma's car, I found myself peering out the window making sure that my face was coated with sadness. I hoped that if I looked distraught enough, someone would notice and rescue me, but no one ever did. Brian usually picked me up at a store which marked by my grandma as a, "Good half-way spot," for Brian to drive me the rest of the way back home. The rest of the ride home was even more unbearable than the first as this time I knew I was sitting in the car beside my nemesis, Brian. I felt as though he got a kick out of driving me back to where he knew I felt the saddest in. When I realized his true lack of empathy for me, I began to hate Brian.

CHAPTER NINE

She Is Dead

Mom, where are you? Please don't go.

My mom often had little to say. She had died years ago yet her ghost still trudged among us. Her rotting caracas felt comforting to be around. Soon the distance between my mom and I grew even more apparent when she began to take, "Work trips," often. She quickly rummaged through old clothes, paling her bags and dancing out the door with little reassurance that she would ever return. There was not a time when I didn't beg her to stay. Pulling on her arms, gripping her cold flesh like a vine reaching for the light, I truly never wanted her to go. Each time, it was as though she grabbed a chainsaw and sawed my limbs off as she left anyway. My memories are vivid of the times I sat on the stairs, broken and shedding the water I had once been fed out of my eyes, weeping for her quick return. The sun seemed to chase my mom out the door as it always felt cold after her departure. After her departure, I would keep my place on the steps outside of the house for as long as I could. I dreaded going inside, only to face the reality of Brian and I alone

together. Sometimes, the thought of sleeping outside where the shadows of the night trotted around me was still better than going inside. Often, Brian would retrieve me in to the house with an unconcerned-like voice. For some reason, when it was just Brian and I, he always told me how he enjoyed a dark house as it saves money on electricity. For this reason, Brian would slip the light switches off in the house, making sure my room was no different. “ I’m scared,” I shouted from my bedroom but he insisted. Although these nights were particularly more frightening than the rest, I began to feel numb to all of the pain. During the moments when I was the most scared, I quickly fell in to my bed, positioning my pillows to surround me. I imagined the pillows were an unbreakable shield against anything frightening. To add, pulling the blanket over my face helped any temptations I may have had to search for apparitions. I forced myself to fall asleep, hoping my mom would come home soon so I didn’t have to spend another night in the dark.

CHAPTER TEN

You Are Done

Are you breaking up with him?

The mornings during the weekends unfailingly pounded against my door. Strangely they felt similar to the days where I had to wake up for school. Though differently than the mornings during the weekdays, I didn’t have to get up immediately. For this reason, I usually tried to stay in bed as long as I could. When the sunlight began to pour in, it wasn’t long until I was wide awake.

The weekends were my mom was absent, Brian seemed particularly cheerful. Perhaps over my immense despair but nonetheless with him in a good mood, I felt only slightly better. Still, with every ounce of my flesh, down to the bits and grits of dirt under my finger nails, I now loathed Brian even more and wanted him to die. One morning in particular solidified this thought as he chorused a tune of excitement when I stepped up the stairs, “Do you want to go to the store with me?” he asked. I murmured, “I’d rather drop dead,” forgetting that my mom wasn’t there to chuckle at my remarks. “Sure,” I replied, dreading the thought. That day, on our drive home from the store, Brian asked to tend to my sister and give her a bottle. I thought this was odd as we were almost home and my sister seemed fine. Listening to his demand, I took off my seat belt and hopped to the back. “That’s enough...,” he soon scorched, “...come back up front.” Confused, I made my way back to the front of the car. Just as I straddled the back seat to climb to the front, Brian sped up. My body froze and before I could question anything, he slammed on his breaks. Face first, I flew in to the dashboard of the car. I hollered with pain as I felt my front tooth hanging by a root. I knew I had used my arms in attempt to block my face when I fell because a glop of my skin hung from the cupholder. My arm throbbled. I screeched and shouted in utter pain and Brian immediately protested, “It was an accident!” To this day, I am still not too sure how that could have been a mistake. Though at the time, amidst my injuries, I was hopeful

for one thing. “I am calling mom!” I yelled at him as the war tears and snot rushed across my face. I was sure my mom was going to break up with him over this one.

I was wrong.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Almost Over

When are we leaving mom? Don't forget your promise.

The repetitious days went on. The years tallied as this now marked two and my torment never lessened. At this point, I was sure my mom wouldn't ever recover and so I knew I had to flee. Though, I wasn't sure how exactly I was going to escape. Each summer was spent with my dad in Colorado as school was the only thing holding me back from staying year-round. Just as I loved going to my grandmas, I loved going to my dads even more. I forgot about all of the things I hated most in my life which was pretty much everything. During one visit in Colorado, I begged my dad for a good life once again. I told him that I knew I would be content living there with people who cared about me. I was certain that going to school in Colorado would be better for me as I wouldn't ever have to see my mom or Brian again.

I felt a pure sense of relief invigorate me as my dad agreed. No matter what he said, his voice always comforted me as though he were a soft blanket. I tuned in to his words and realized my good fortune, “I'll let your mom know what we've decided.” For the first time, I felt I wouldn't have to dread waking up the next morning; I was finally free! This news was more than my body could take. Mid dance, my spine suddenly began to cave in. The crescent on my face which formed my smile weakened and I immediately remembered one thing; My grandma back home. “What have I done?” She was the one person other than my father who always rescued me from my tormented life and for that, I knew I couldn't leave home without saying bye to her first. For this reason, I decided to leave my fathers, hoping that someone would be able to rescue me as soon as I said my good-byes and thank you's to her and put me on the next flight back to his house.

I was nervous to go back home as my whole family was now aware of the obvious attempt to dodge ever seeing them again. Though oddly, on the day of my return, I was treated especially well by my mom, grandma Carolyn and even Brian. We went shopping for clothes at the most pretentious stores which were some of my mom's favorite brands. Looking back at this trip now, I believe this was merely a tactic to make me stay. The sincerity didn't last long as it soon became obvious I now had to pay for the outburst I had at my dad's house. I was thrown in to a therapy session with a woman who I imagined to be just as wacko as my family now thought of me to be. This made life with Brian and my mom even more dreadful. Nonetheless, I knew the way I acted during our meetings always frightened her. Each time without fail, she called Brian and my mom in to the room. I was always asked to wait in the lobby during this time. Little did

they know, their conversation echoed in the room where I waited as they spoke of my behavior. "She is depressed, isn't that obvious to you both?" I once heard the therapist sternly whisper to my mom and Brian.

CHAPTER TWELVE

The Failed Attempt

You wouldn't do that to me, right mom? I'll never forgive you for it if you do.

My rescue plane must've crashed as I never returned back to my dad's house. During the moments where I felt as though I had tried all avenues of escape, I contemplated death by my own taking. At the peak of my turmoil, I knew it was necessary to let my mom in on my secret plan to kill myself. Looking back, I was certain I wouldn't have actually preformed suicide. Though, I feel as if it were a mere attempt to force my mom in to realization of how bad I wanted things as they once were... or else. Unplanned, my warnings made no difference as she said little to me even after I confided in her with such thoughts. My soul was just about depleted. A night when I gave up all hope my mom softly tugged my arm timidly motioning for me to come upstairs. "What is it, mom," I asked her knowing something terrible must have happened for her to actually feel like she needed to talk to me. "Shhhhhh," her words seeped out under her tongue as though she were using the last bit of her breath to speak. I closed my mouth and waited for her to talk again. "I'm leaving Brian, he beats me. I am finally working up the courage to leave him," she spewed. Her head motioned up and down nervously as if she were trying to reassure herself while telling me. While she spoke, my mind drifted and I remembered back to the bruises I once noticed on my mom's legs so long ago and the weird feeling in the pit of my stomach the blue spots gave me. Now, I felt even worse realizing that I chose to not believe they were bruises of abuse. Amidst my mom's pain she was now conveying, I sinfully saw joy in the pits of both of our faces as I knew in that moment that this meant we were finally getting out of our dreaded lives.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

The Project Getaway

Are you scared mom? I am. Is he going to do something bad to us?

Weeks went by and my patience began to wear thin as my mom and I both were still in the house. The dreams of our new life which so often danced in my mind soon fluttered away bit by bit and I felt stuck again. Since I was so convinced we were soon ditching what would be our, "Old lives," I cared less about my assignments given to me at school. Instead, I spent the dread-

ful hours imagining how great our lives will soon become. My clear attempt at distracting myself from my work did not last long as my teacher began to worry. In attempt to cure the lack of participation in school, my teacher phoned my mom one night after dinner. I was scared to hear the wrath of my mother lecturing me about my work. “It was your teacher,” my mom sternly spoke after ending the call. She lectured on, “You have a project due tomorrow, were you aware?” Though my mom’s words weren’t meant to be taken lightly, it felt comforting to hear her speak to me once again. I knew all too well of the, “Project.” my mom was referring to but I managed to keep a glazed look of confusion while she questioned me. “We need to get it done, Lauren,” her stern words whipped my back and yet I oddly loved every second of it. Wildly, my mom and I spent the first hour or so planning out what the project was going to be over. Truly, I didn’t care as long as I knew she was there with me. The minutes passed and we decided on taking pictures for the assignment. “Brian, where’s the camera?” my mom asserted. I hadn’t ever heard her speak to Brian with such a bold tone. I wondered where she had gained her confidence and why she was suddenly standing up for herself. Immediately, Brian pushed her words back in to her mouth as he remarked, “Why don’t you get up and look for it?” Brian’s tone felt as if you were stepping on shards of glass with your bare feet. Though, the confrontation between the two was more than I had ever seen before. Then, all of a sudden before my eyes, an outbreak occurred and Brian and my mom began arguing. Soon, out of nowhere, Brian shoved my mom to the side. Her frail body folded as though she snapped in half.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

You Touched Her

Is it okay if I write on the back of this paper, too?

The first time I witnessed Brian laying his hands on my mom I was at a loss of what the protocol was to save her. Brian drug my mom around the living room with a look on his face as if he were preparing to feast. Brian chewed with a sigh of contentment as though he were a wolf and my mom was the steak dinner. I called to her, screeching as loud as I could from the room across where she lay under her abuser while I hid out of terror. My efforts made no difference as she immediately took several blows to the face. Words vomited from my mouth once again and I yelled, “Mom, I’m calling someone to save you, don’t worry!” I had never dialed, “911,” before and I have to admit, phoning the police was a nerve-racking feeling. Almost simultaneously as the woman on the phone questioned me of my home address my mom yelled out, “Lauren! Don’t...” Before she could finish, Brian swung, **PUNCH!!** She tried again to finish her sentence once more, “call the...” Just then, my mom dodged another back-handed pow by Brian but still wasn’t able to get the words out in time. Suddenly, my mom was silent as though she had given up. I quickly went on with telling the woman my home address, “408 Edgewater Cove...” While on the phone, I noticed my mom gained a burst of confidence as the abuse morphed in to more of an equal brawl. Brian put an immediate stop to my mom’s new found assertiveness as he

grabbed her hair and shoved what was left of my mom's body to the ground. My skin welted, my eyes twitched and I screamed for help, hoping to hear the sound of the police pulling up any moment.

Almost immediately after Brian was handcuffed my mom acted strangely. For some reason, I suddenly felt as though everything was all my fault. My head spun from sadness to reluctance and soon my mom's immediate cruelty sent my emotions over the edge. Still, no matter how treacherous my mom thought of me to be or I now thought of her, I was glad the terrible, no good guy was gone. Though in the meantime, the police informed us that they were leaving for a moment to drop Brian off at the station but promised their return. I whimpered as I realized the cops departing meant my mom and I were now alone to ourselves. She must have heard my restlessness as her head whipped around almost like she were an owl peering in to the night. Her cold, black eyes scanned my face as she blasted a cruel tone which sawed off my thoughts completely. "You're sad? Aw, WAH! You had a big house on the lake... you had everything! You're a spoiled brat if you think you had it bad because there are so many others that have it worse, now STOP!" she howled. Her death-like whips pierced through my heart and I believed her. Regardless, my heart fought back as I told myself, "She didn't mean that." No matter how monstrous she acted towards me and how dark it made me feel, I loved her and I knew we were finally safe, at last.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

It's Over

Are we really leaving?

Eventually, the cops came to my rescue and I was relieved. I carried a sigh on my face as the policeman turned towards us and asked, "Ma'am, will you please describe what happened on paper? The police-station needs it on file in case anything like this happens again." They went on, "Both of you must write your own separate stories on paper explaining the events that took place before we arrived tonight." I patiently stood before the policemen as they rambled on. Their words collapsed together in my mind as it soon became background noise to the thoughts in my head. My memories traveled back in time to a moment which I colorfully remember. Once, I tried to write a diary-like entry on my own explaining the torment that went on during the last four frightful years. At the time, I was not asked by the Lake Travis police station to convey these thoughts. The first attempt was merely a way of trying to cope with everything I had been living through for so long. Though, those words which I wrote down in my diary that day were shot at morbidly by my mother when it was retrieved from my backpack one afternoon. My mom scolded me for hours and reminded me how good my life is. "These words are all absolute lies, Lauren," she screeched as her lip curled and the large vein on her forehead which usually always hid so well under her skin was now throbbing as though it were ready to burst. In that moment, I

vowed I would give up any further attempts of self therapy in order to keep the rest of my dignity so I dug a grave for my sadness. I snapped back in to the moment as the policemen called my name, “Lauren, will you be okay writing this by yourself?” I quickly nodded as I reminded myself of how different this paper would be than the first. I had the full story this go around and a fabulous ending which was Brian going to jail. Even more, I knew I wouldn’t be scolded for the words I wrote this go around as this time, there was no option, I *had* to write down what happened. I have to admit, at first I was timid to begin writing. I peered over at my mom and noticed her glossy blonde hair which always had a look of just coming out of the salon but tonight, it shot off in every direction, spewing with dissatisfaction. My mom’s face fumed of confusion and sadness. Our house, felt larger than normal but dim. Although somehow, in the midst of all of the despair, my heart was finally happy. All of the years I spent in torment are now over. The policeman handed the sheet of paper over and for the last time, I wrote down my story.