



## **you say im crazy.....**

i fall for the same thing every time, Ive had enough, you play these games constantly, but life is not a game, im not a pawn to use, but you don't get that do you?

and when you cant hurt me physically, you hurt me through our children, but i know that they will realize one day who and what you are, but honestly, im sick of waiting. you love to tell people how crazy i am, about all the mental health issues i suffer with, but you fail to tell them when and why they started, you've had me feeling ashamed of who i am for years, but no more, i am proud of who i am, not because im such a fantastic person, or because ive found the cure for aids, nothing amazing like that, but im here, i survived you, and im still surviving you, so many times ive felt like giving up, and nearly did a few times, but i found a way to crawl through, and stand back up, people look at you and for some reason see this perfect guy, a god like figure that can do no wrong, a church going man and business owner, but when i look at you i see, a liar, a bully, a rapist, and an Oscar winning actor. So what you go to church on a Sunday, acting like the devil Monday through Saturday, then going to church on a Sunday, doesn't make you this, kind loving christian man you want people to think you are, it just make you a hypocrite, a clever hypocrite, but just that never the less.

my life with you has been hell on earth, and im not scared to say it anymore, i now realize no matter where i go, or what i do, your always gonna find a way to abuse me in some kind of way, and now your latest thing, you cant get me on my own so you hurt me by letting the kids down, or not bringing them back, turning up whenever you feel like it, shouting and embarrassing me at my home.....MY HOME!!!

by telling the kids how much you love me, and that you want us to be together as a happy family, that its me that doesn't want us to all be together.....

well for once in your flipping life, tell the fucking truth, tell them how you hurt me, tell them all the wicked things you have done to me, tell them how when i was pregnant, you broke my coccyx, tell them, how my fingers have been broken and dislocated so many times that 3 of them are no longer straight, tell them how you passed me around to your friends to rape me, how you raped me, go on, tell them all those things, why are you surprised im what you like to call crazy, for your information, you scumbag, the correct terminology for your interpretation of my craziness is, depression, anxiety, nightmares, flashbacks, ptsd, ocd and self harm, all of which i have been diagnosed with, and all are also things that happen to a person who has been abused and terrorized by someone like you.

so you stay there and tell the world im crazy, a bad mother, a whore, fat, ugly, disgusting, worthless, no good, a waste of space, and whatever else, i no longer care, im stronger than you think, and getting stronger every day, you have ruled every part of my life for more than 20 years, what i wore, what i did, where i went, who i saw, even down to what i thought/think and your trying to get me back to that place, doing everything you can to make me so afraid of even my own shadow, but you know what ive come too far to let you put me back there.....



i am in control of me, the things i do and say will now be the things i want to do and say, not what you want me to do or say!!!

not sanding up to you, is giving you power, and im taking that back, it doesn't belong to you, it belongs to me, its mine, and you cant have it, and you cant have me, i may not be some amazing catch, but im too good for you, no matter what you want say or do. i may suffer these things, but im still surviving, i may have a body full of scars, but im still surviving,

you may think you can break me but you wont, cause im still here, and im still surviving. you tried to take away the only thing about myself that i found and liked.... my voice, and you nearly did, but you know what, here it is, and im telling you, i am strong, maybe not quite as strong as you, but then i ask myself would you have survived all the things you

have done to me, i really don't think so.....

SO HERE I AM, AN OPEN BOOK, SURVIVOR OF RAPE, AND DOMESTIC VIOLENCE/ABUSE, SUFFERER OF MENTAL HEALTH ISSUES, AND YOU KNOW WHAT, IM PROUD, AND I WONT LET YOU TAKE THAT AWAY FROM ME, NO MATTER HOW HARD YOU TRY.

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