

Title: Remember My Name by Sifa Asante T.

Dear Diary,

I felt the blows raining on my head...I think it was the last blow to my ear that send me sprawling onto the floor, passed out. I refused to let out a scream as an act of defiance to show that I will not bow to his tyranny. The combination of feeling cold and tasting blood in my mouth brought me back to my senses. The house was dark and I tried to stand up to switch on the lights and clean myself up, and to think of a lie as to why I could not go to work tomorrow. The pregnancy is a blessing as it serves as a very convincing and convenient excuse for my “ailments”. My doctor, although he might have picked up on the abuse, never says anything and just writes up whatever nonsense reason I spew out for my injuries. I have no real friends, heavily indebted, and with siblings like mine, enemies are aplenty.

It has become a generational cycle of domestic violence and only now do I realise how he had used my broken family ties to isolate me further and put me under his spell. Even falling pregnant and giving birth to my babies, I cannot stay in this marriage any longer. I have come to the realisation that maybe love was not meant for me. Because I never received it from the man who claimed to be my father or from any other man for that matter and when this monster walked into my life eight years ago he used my unstable home environment to gain my trust and offer me a glimmer of a happy home, I so much craved for. Yet the moment I said I do, I came face to face with hell.

I hastily packed my few belongings and drove to my mom’s house, who has recently been widowed. Home has become an unlikely welcome sanctuary in the midst of my turmoil. I didn’t say much but my mom knows what is going on, having herself lived for 40 years through an abusive marriage. Her own mother died at the hands of my grandfather.

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