

## The story of one

I've done something wrong, something I've never done before. I am scared to go home so I am at my friend's house. I know that if I go home I am going to get punched, kicked or verbally abused.

I don't know what to do.

This has happened to me before. I've been to school with bruises all over me. Sometimes they're so bad I just don't go to school.

I have to go home at some point so it might as well be now. I walk in and it's exactly how I imagined it to be. I stay silent looking to the ground while she is yelling at me.

I keep looking to the ground silently she starts yelling and screaming at me. I look through the window. I see the neighbours looking at the house listening. Then one of them gets on the phone I see them talking, looking at the house in a worried way. I think that they're too scared to come and stop her.

I feel something grab my face it is her hand and she turns it towards herself and yells

"Look at me when I'm talking to you!"

I look at her. All I see is an angry face. With a scrunched up nose and eyebrows staring at me.

In only one year 40,884 kids are abused or neglected in Australia.

Every thirteen minutes one child gets abused in Australia.

More than 80% of children that have died from abuse are not even old enough to go to kindergarten.

Inside I want to run, run away from her. But I can't I'm frozen. I know if I move away from her she will hit me. I can see it in her eyes.

All of a sudden I see flashing lights outside our house, it's the police. I go to answer the door but she hits me right across the face I scream and fall to the floor. I see the police push the door open and she starts yelling at them as they try to arrest her. She yells **don't touch me, let go of me!**

The police take no notice of me but they did take her to the station and did a breath test she came up negative so they sent her back home.

She walks into the house and sees me,

"Did you call them?" she yell. In the angriest voice. I sit there on the couch silently daring not to say a word. She walks up to me and tugs me on my shirt then she lifts me up and throws me to the floor, I don't make a sound.

The next morning I leave really early and go to my friend's house, he sees the bruises on me and asks what happened but inside he knows. We walk to school together. The teachers see the bruises. They say nothing, just stare.

I am one of 40,884 children that get abused or neglected in Australia.

I need to talk to someone. But I have no one to talk to. I feel alone in this world, I wish my dad were here for me to talk to. I don't know how to talk to anyone about this matter.

I don't know what to do!

By Airlee Lawson