

Chapter 17

Even Kicked...But Bounced Back

It was a sunny Saturday morning, about one month after I came home from the hospital with our second child. William and I were still not speaking and I was no longer interested in making our marriage work. I was preparing breakfast, while he got ready to leave home. Kianna was playing with her brother. Suddenly, there was a loud crash, sounding like it came from my parents' home above us. I left the breakfast and dashed upstairs. There I found my brother, Steve, who was changing curtains at the sitting room windows, his foot slipped and he came crashing down with the China cabinet. Literally everything broke when the cabinet hit the floor. Thankfully, Steve only sustained a few minor cuts.

I returned home about ten minutes later.

"You so darn fast," William said, appearing at the bathroom door, white foam from the toothpaste on his mouth. "You doing something, leave it and gone and mind other people business – darn fast!"

"Like yo' mother," I replied without thinking. That was one time I wished I could take back what I said. Shocked, William's head jerked back and he looked at me spitefully.

"Oh! You telling me 'bout my mother, girl?" he said, washing his mouth quickly.

Shucks, ah gotta get outta here. I braced myself to run. It was too late! I darted toward the kitchen door but William dashed from the

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These actions should never be tolerated. Take steps to curb it before the 2nd occurrence.

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bathroom, and the next thing I knew, Junior's hot water flask sailed across the room. I dodged, and it went through the glass paned window; I tripped on Kianna's doll house and fell to the floor. William viciously kicked me several times – the tip of his shoes sent piercing pains to my side and back. I screamed, folding myself in the fetal position, attempting to shield my face and stomach with my hands. By then Kianna and Junior were screaming.

The next thing I knew, my mother was there wildly pelting blows on William with a flat piece of wood. She got a good few lashes in before two of my brothers came rushing in.

"Mom! Mom! No, no!" Steve shouted. He and Clement grabbed the wood, rescuing William.

"You makin' it a habit now. Always beating up on she, because nobody don't get in y'all business. She ain't drop from a tree," my mother said, panting breathlessly. My brothers took her outside and then Steve returned alone.

"Angie, you alright?" he asked, extending his arm toward me. My side and back ached. I took his arm and slowly got up. Kianna and Junior were still screaming.

For a minute or so, William appeared in shock, leaning against the concrete kitchen wall; his two hands hanging limply at his side, blood trickled slowly from his forehead. He then hurried to the bedroom and a minute later, came out again. With his shirt thrown on one

By then Kianna and Junior were screaming.

Domestic violence has sometimes lasting effects on children. Let not your child be the broken pieces, resulting from these situations. Get help!

<https://bit.ly/2P5DF2p>



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shoulder, and mopping the cut on his forehead with a handkerchief, he left the house without saying a word. That was the last time William raised his hand to hit me or his foot to kick me.

To be continued . . .