

Amidst the sounds of animals, a girl stood and realised that for the first time in her life that things were perhaps not as they should be. She loved her life and those around her, all but one. The one she had feared for so many years, who drove her waking thoughts and insecurities, maligning her in every way possible, making her believe things were not as others told her.

For as long as she could remember she had believed that she was fat, ugly and would never amount to anything. Oh yes - she had rebelled - only to be told she was argumentative, disruptive, unruly and loud.

At this point, amongst the stillness, she realised that none of this was true. Was it?

Friends and others had made comments without prompt that she was calm and supportive, passive and quiet. How could she believe anything else? Her head wanted to explode as the memories overcame her.

A life of insecurity, questioning who and what she was, a life of standing back and wishing. Wishing that the one person who had stood beside her and gave her confidence was still there. Thankfully his presence lingered, and she now began to think of him often, the things he would say about the various situations she found herself in. Such as dealing with her abuser, something she had little choice about because of who they are.

In any other relationship, she was sure they would have divorced or been reported to the police, to be dealt with by the law but in her case that wasn't possible as she was a child no longer, but an adult. A fact she had to remember. A fact her councillor went over with her time and again. Not a child to be told what she could and couldn't do, how she should behave, what she should choose and wear.

An adult. Really? The years she had been beholden to this person, requiring their support before every decision and then even when she felt rebellious, would worry over what would be said... or done. She wasn't a stranger to violence and re-lived those painful times, time and again.

This power had held her back but now she finally realised it was weakening and like the chrysalis, was beginning to feel her wings. They were far from unfurling but she could feel the breeze she needed to take her to a different plane. One where she could be herself and not have to think anymore. A world away from the pain she had suffered for so many years.

In the stillness she gazed at her animals who were her comfort. It was to them she always turned when she had no one else, when she'd been told she was in the wrong. Now she realised this was no longer true. No one can make you 'feel'. There is a choice, there is help and there is hope. Reap what you sow. She certainly hoped so.