



THE BEDROOM I NEVER HAD

My Life with a Sadist Father



MANUSCRIPT
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My Life with a Sadist Father

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“Bedroom I Never Had”

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Contents

Chapter 1	
Bastards on a Couch	4
Chapter 2	
When I was a Punching Bag	8
Chapter 3	
Where Am I? Is This Hell?	11
Chapter 4	
Devil in the House	19
Chapter 5	
Some Kind of Life. <i>"We are going to die tonight!"</i>	27
Chapter 6	
School begins	39
Chapter 7	
Terror! And the Devil's Joy	51
Chapter 8	
The Scythe, the Devil and the Field	57
Chapter 9	
Safe Days and Horror Nights	63
Chapter 10	
Red-hot Poker Anyone?	67
Chapter 11	
Safe Outside and Freezing to Death	74
Chapter 12	
Living Two Lives	84
Chapter 13	
Damaged!	89
Chapter 14	
God is a Cow! Heaven is a Barn	97
Chapter 15	
Showdown at the Shed	107

Chapter 1

Quiet Bastards on a Couch

AGE: 3 to 4 years old

Made to sit on couch in silence for long periods of time, verbal abuse & profanity,
forced kneeling & prayer on hard floor for hours, head bruises from fire poker,
not let outside to play, intimidation & rage

My name is Maurice and I grew up in a small country town in the west of Ireland.

I have four brothers who are all older than me, the next oldest to me is Deane and he is a year and a half older, the next is Philip, he is two years older again, Colin is a year and a half older again and the oldest is Declan by two years. My mother came from the area and had three brothers, my father grew up nearby and had two brothers and three sisters. My father had sold the house he grew up in that was left to him by his parents and built a house just up the road on land that was also given to him by his parents and had been constructed five years before I was born.

My first memory of life was physical abuse at the age of three or four years old.

Myself and my four brothers who were all older than me were sitting on the couch in an order from the oldest to the youngest myself, we were always made to sit in order like that, we were told by our father in the morning as we sat in order on the couch to be quiet for the day or he would kill us, shouting it at us and getting into a rage while shouting it at us calling us names like 'cunt' and 'bastards', he would shout "If ye are not quiet I'll fuckin kill ye, ye cunts!"

He would then go out to the yard to milk the cows as my mother was frantically making porridge for us to eat while trying to get prepared to help my father milking the cows. When my parents went to milk the cows we would eat our porridge and sit there quietly in fear remembering what our father said, what he would do to us if we weren't quiet. I looked over at each of my brothers individually and could see the fear in their faces and even at the young age that I was at, I could see a sense of panic in their faces as to what way it was going to be when he returns from milking the cows.

In the middle of milking the cows which took my parents about two and a half hours, my mother would come in to us to see if we were quiet, in the hope that we were, so he wouldn't kick off when he came in. We were quiet when she checked on us, but our

mother used to say, "Please be quiet when he comes in, or he will go cracked!" as she frantically rushed out the door to get back to help him with the milking.

As we sat there knowing that he would soon be in after milking the cows, the fear and worry grew larger, I could see it in my brothers faces as I looked over at them. I could see that they were more worried than me and I was worried. He then came in to the sitting room, where we sat there as quiet as five children could be, in a rage shouting, "Be quiet ye cunts!" repeatedly, as we couldn't be any quieter. I remember thinking, 'What's going on.' we were quiet like he demanded, but as a little time went on even at the young age I was at I could see what he was trying to do.

He just wanted to beat us no matter what, and needed an excuse to do it, so he would be shouting, "Be quiet!" so our mother would think that we didn't do what we were told and to be quiet as she rushed to get his tea ready in the kitchen.

He would somehow quiet down when our mother would say come to the kitchen for your tea, which wasn't ready but it was our mothers attempt to stop him from getting into a further rage. It was her way of stopping him without asking him as she was petrified of him.

As I was so young I don't have any recollection of what me and my brothers done for the rest of the day. I have some recollection that we had to sit there all day without being allowed outside and no television to look at as my father had the couch always facing the other direction away from the television.

I don't remember ever playing outside at that time. I just remember being on the couch feeling nervous about him coming into the house in a fit of rage, looking over at my brothers and seeing the fear and anxiety in their faces as they as they tried to be as quiet as they could.

When the evening came after sitting there on the couch all day with my brothers in silence, we would have the evening tea and straight away me and my brothers would be made kneel on the hard floor to say prayers, and we were put in order on the floor from the oldest down to the youngest, same as when we sat on the couch. With our mother standing in front of us and to the side, and he would be standing in front of us saying the prayers frantically and he seemed disturbed. I remember thinking there is something wrong, something bad is going to happen.

The floor was thin '*lino*' over concrete, so even after a few minutes my knees were sore and so were the brothers knees, we would start to kinda go to a sitting position and he would take a couple steps forward in a rage shouting, "Get up on yer fuckin knees ye cunts!" we got straight back up on our knees.

We had to have our hands in a prayer position just directly under our chin, when any of us would drop our hands even a little down from that position he came towards us in a rage and we would put our hands back into position and he would step back and start saying prayers again frantically.

I knew that this had to be kept up, and so did my brothers or his rage was going to get worse.

As more time went on my knees we raking in pain as about a half hour had passed, thinking this is just not right, my arms started to get more sore than my knees, thinking I can't do this any longer.

It lasted about another half hour and we stuck it out until the end. How we stuck it out 'til the end I'll never know.

We were made to go back to the couch after the hour of prayers in order again, faced away from the television. He and my mother would go to the kitchen or outside.

Myself and my brothers would sit there again quiet, every now and again some of us would try to talk to the other, but when we did the others said, 'Shush! Stop talkin', knowing if he caught us something bad would happen.

And they seemed very nervous as to what might happen when he came back, I was nervous to but they were older than me so they realized more than me what was really going on even though I had a good idea that things were not good.

We sat on the couch faced away from the television, we faced the wall with the holy cross, the kitchen door to the left and the range to the right.

After some time of him being gone, what I feared might happen did. He came into the sitting room where we still sat in silence on the couch, in a rage, I knew that something bad was about to happen, as he went straight towards the range and picked up the poker with our mother following him trying to pull him back. She was in an awful way, screaming and crying as she tried to go in front of him as he made in the direction of the couch and towards me where I sat at the outside of the couch.

I knew that it was going to be bad because of the rage in his face, the temper, and the way he was not stopping for my mother who was trying everything to stop him.

As he got closer he lifted his hand that he had the poker in and started to swipe the poker at my head, my mother was trying to pull his hand back, but the swipes were too aggressive for her to stop.

I thought for a second that maybe he was just going to frighten me by swiping the poker in front of my face, but then he started swiping it down on the top of my head as I sat on the couch.

He was swiping it at full force and so fast. He had hit me about ten times before I got a chance to move to think about trying to get away as I watched my mother in hysterics at this stage trying everything to stop him.

I knew with the force and the speed of the blows that things were not going to be good, I could feel the pain instantly.

I knew that already he meant to cause serious damage to me with the force he was hitting me, and I thought that if he didn't stop he was going to kill me.

I knew I had to try and get away as he wasn't calming down, and the rage was getting worse and worse.

I got off the couch and on to my feet while he was still fleecing me over the head with the poker. I then tried to run around him and get away, as I did he was turning as to stay hitting me as I was getting away, I could still feel the pain of the blows being in shock, and trying to get away.

My instinct was to run to my bedroom to protect myself, I thought when I got around him and made for the door to the hallway, that he might stop, but as I did he was following me, still hitting me viciously.

When I got to the door and opened it, I again thought that he might stop because I was getting away and maybe he thought that he had hit me enough.

As I got a couple steps into the hallway, I was looking back to see was he going to stop, he turned around to my mother who was behind him at this stage trying frantically pulling him back so he wouldn't follow me into the hallway. As she did he turned around to her and started to wave the poker viciously in front of her face.

It really frightened her as she was taking a few steps back to prevent getting hit. He then turned into the hallway and was about to start hitting me again.

I turned and started to run for my bedroom again thinking he might stop and not follow me, I got to the door, slightly looking back, seeing him still coming and still in a rage. The bedroom door was open and I ran in, pushing the door out as I ran in and jumped up on to the bed.

As I did he pushed open the door, and came over to the side of the bed and dropped the poker on the floor. I was sitting upon the bed. I didn't know what was going to happen.

Chapter 2

When I was a Punching Bag

AGE: 3 to 4 years old

First physical violations, repeated sadistic punching in the stomach, unable to breathe and feelings of dying, panic, fear and uncertainty.

He started to calm a little as he pushed me into a lying down position. When I was in a lying position, I thought that he might leave the room and let me sleep. I thought that he was pushing me into bed to sleep, but I was wrong.

As I relaxed he sat on the side of the bed turned in towards me, he lifted my jumper up to the top of my chest.

As he did so I wondered 'What is he doing?' 'What's going to happen to me?', things felt very strange. The rage had totally gone from him and he got very relaxed with a small smile on his face.

I wondered what was going on as he went from all-out rage to being totally relaxed. He started to look me straight in the eyes.

He had a smile on his face, it confused me as to why he was not angry anymore and was smiling at me and holding my jumper up to my chest.

He did so for about five to seven seconds, which felt like a very long time as I was confused to what he was doing.

He then lifted his other hand and hit me in the stomach really quickly. Instantly I lost my breath and my body lifted up to a sitting position. I couldn't breathe. I thought I was going to die. I didn't know if I was going to get my breath back. I was sure I was going to die.

His face was right in front of me, he was staring me right in the eyes. He had a pleased look on his face. He was smiling and didn't take his eyes off my face.

I kept thinking I was dying. After a few seconds my breath came back to my surprise as I thought I was going to die. When I could breathe again instantly my body fell into a lying position again. I thought 'It's over! I'm alive!' as I lay there thinking what's after happening to me.

Before I knew it, to my disbelief he lifted his hand and quickly punched me in the stomach again. And again I lost my breath and my body again came up into a sitting position. His face was in front of my face as he was slightly leaned over the bed, again staring me in the

eyes with the same smile. I could see it clearly in his face that he was getting abnormal pleasure out of the turmoil he was putting me through.
For the second time I lay back down on the bed after I got my breath back.

I couldn't believe what was happening. I was thinking all sorts, 'Is he going to do it again?' 'Will I get my breath back?' 'Am I going to die?' 'Will he stop?'
As those thoughts went through my mind very quickly, in the matter of a couple seconds, he then again repeated it, over and over as each time I still thought that I might not get my breath back and die.
Eventually he stopped. I don't know how long it was going on. He picked up the poker from the floor and quietly left closing the door after him.
In the length of time he had spent in my room torturing me my mother had very quickly and quietly got my brothers to their rooms and into bed.
Just as he had left the room I could hear my mother screaming and crying from her bedroom. I couldn't hear anything from my brother's room, they were so quiet, like they weren't in the house.
A very short time later my father had gone into his bedroom where my mother was still crying and screaming. He started to shout at her to shut up in abusive language. "Shut up you cunt!" he shouted at her really loud and very angrily.
She instantly stopped. The house was so silent.
I couldn't hear anything from any of my family as I lay there afraid, they all must be, and thinking 'What is just after happening to me?'
'Why is this happening?' 'Why is our father doing this to us?'

I lay there not able to move. My head was in tremendous pain from the blows of the poker but I didn't think much of that as I was in some kind of shock wondering 'What is this?' as I listened to the silence of everybody. There wasn't a single noise in the house.

I lay there for some time with all the horrible thoughts, eventually falling asleep. I woke very early in the morning to the same thoughts and feelings. I wondered was everybody asleep or were they awake like me feeling sad and confused as to what had happened to us last night. I felt somewhat relieved that it was morning and that the horrible night was over, but I started to feel that there was something wrong with my mother. I started to panic a bit. I had been awake for about an hour or two but it felt like days as I eventually heard my father stepping out into the hallway from his bedroom. I didn't hear him get dressed in his room. I got a bit nervous as he walked down the hallway towards my room, but he walked past my door into the kitchen and out the back door into the yard.
I felt relief that he had gone out of the house and had not come into my room, but then straight back into panic saying to myself, 'There is something wrong with my mother. There is something wrong with my mother!' I didn't know what. I couldn't hear anything from her room.

I said I have to go and check. I got out of bed and rushed to the door, but when I got to the door I stopped. I got really nervous thinking 'What am I going to find?' I said to myself. 'I can't do this!' and started to panic more. A few seconds passed and I said I have to do this, I have to go to my mother, I stepped into the hallway and started slowly walking down the hallway towards my mother's door. I got more and more nervous thinking 'Will I go back to my room?' 'I can't go any further.' but I kept going. I seen that her door was

open and I slowly peeped my head over and looked in. I seen my mother lying there on her side with her eyes wide open staring at the wall. She didn't see me. She looked traumatized. I then stepped into the opening of the door and stood there for a few seconds. She still didn't recognise I was there as she stared through the wall. I got very emotional, but I tried not to cry and said 'Mommy are you ok?' she didn't say anything for a couple seconds and then still staring at the wall she said really gently, 'I am, Maurice.'

I knew she was going through an awful time, but I was glad she was alive and wasn't physically hurt. I went back to my room and laid down, a bit more relaxed, but I was still thinking all sorts, wondering 'Is anybody going to get up?' 'What do I do now.' After a while, which seemed very long, I could hear my mother walking down the hallway very quietly. I did not hear her get up in the room. She went into the kitchen and seemed to be doing something very quietly. I thought maybe she is making breakfast and she seemed to walk back to her room and then again to the kitchen a few times, very slowly and quietly. I could sense that she was barely coping with everything our father had put her and my brothers through seeing what he did to me with the poker.

I felt a lot of sadness for her.

I knew my brothers were probably awake and scared.

They made no noise whatsoever.

Chapter 3 Where Am I?... Is This Hell?

AGE: 4 to 6 years old

Verbal abuse, extreme rage, prayers & profanity, head bruising with fire poker,
domestic violence to mother and brothers, continued stomach punching,
unable to breathe, panic and fear of dying or being killed,
threatened with a shotgun.

Sometime later my mother went in to Declan and Martin's room and called out their names, 'Declan. Colin. Will ye get up, very quietly and politely?' I could tell by her voice that she was very sad and then she went in to Keiran and Deane room and again called out their names 'Keiran. Deane. Will ye get up?'

I started to get up. I didn't want my mother to see me in bed sad. My mother came in, as she was opening the door she called out my name Maurice, I had been out of the bed when she came all the way in.

'Oh! You're up.' she says, she seemed to be a little better when she saw that we were all ok.

She then went to the kitchen, after getting dressed. I heard my brothers coming out of their rooms and into the hallway. I went into the hallway and followed them into the sitting room and we all sat on the couch again in order oldest to the youngest, at this stage we knew that was where we had to sit to please our father.

We were quiet not saying a word, I could see that my brothers were nervous and fearful, so was I, wondering what is going to happen, feeling sad.

Our mother was in the kitchen getting the breakfast very silently. I heard our father coming in and doing something in the kitchen, my mother and father did not talk and he went outside again.

Our mother came into the kitchen with a bowl of porridge for me and my brothers and went back into the kitchen.

During our time eating our breakfast our father had come into the kitchen and back outside several times without making much noise and without talking to our mother and she did not attempt to talk to him.

At this stage I got more relaxed and so did my brothers as our father didn't come in from outside shouting at us or in a rage. He was so quiet.

We sat there all day, we knew we were not allowed to play. We didn't even talk to each other or make noise as we knew this would displease our father. All day I kept touching the many bumps on my head as a result of the poker. When I touched them they were soft with what seemed like water inside, I never felt anything so sore.

Towards evening, after a long day of sitting on the couch in silence, our mother said, 'I have to send ye to bed now.' She was trying to get us to bed early to avoid a repeat of the night before. We went to bed. I felt relieved, thinking my father might not harm us again.

The following morning I woke up and heard my mother getting my three oldest brothers ready for school. My brothers left for school in the car driven by our father. My mother came into my room first as it was the closest room to the sitting room, and said, 'Do you want to get up Maurice?' 'Yeah, I'm getting up now.' I replied. She then went into my older brothers room, Deane, who was too young for school. 'Deane do you want to get up?' she said to him and walked down the hallway and into the kitchen. When I was dressed I went into the sitting room and sat in my position at the outside of the couch, a short time later Deane came in and sat in his position on the couch beside me. Our mother gave us a bowl of porridge each and went back to the kitchen. We ate the porridge quickly and left the bowls on the floor, and started to play and talk on the couch.

Our father came back after dropping Declan, Colin and Philip to school, he came in to the kitchen and said a few words to our mother. He could hear myself and Deane playing on the couch but he didn't come in near us.

He and our mother then went outside to milk the cows. Myself and my brother forgot about the fear of our father as we ran around the house from room to room.

Our mother came in to check on me and Deane a couple of times while she was helping our father outside milking the cows.

When our mother and father had finished milking the cows, they came in and had their tea. Our father never said anything to me and Deane as we played in the house.

As the day went on our father left us alone. Things seemed a lot different to the previous couple of days. At three o'clock our father went into the village to pick up our brothers from school which was a mile and a half from our house.

When they got home we were all given our dinner that our mother had prepared during the day. Declan, Colin and Philip were told that they had to do their homework when they had finished their dinner.

When dinner was finished our mother told me and Deane politely to try and stay quiet as our brothers had to concentrate on doing their homework.

Our father went outside to the farm to do the jobs. When the homework was finished our brothers put their school bags in their rooms and then came and took their positions on the couch as myself and Deane played.

When the evening came our father came in and seeing myself and Deane playing on the ground and shouted at us using bad language, "Get up in the fucking couch with the rest of them! And let me not hear a word out of ye for the rest of the night." And went out into the yard to do the evening milking with our mother following him.

While the cows were being milked, myself and Deane played a little on the couch but Declan, Colin and Philip stayed quiet looking nervous and afraid as myself and Deane tried

to interact with them as they seemed to get more nervous when we did so and didn't react to us for they feared him coming into the house in a rage.

When the evening milking was over we heard him coming in and myself and Deane stopped playing and went dead quiet like the rest of our brothers.

He entered the room in a rage shouting in bad language, "Be quiet ye cunts!" as we didn't know what to do, we couldn't have been any quieter. But again he wanted our mother who at this stage was in the kitchen to think we were making noise so he would have an excuse to beat us.

Again using bad language he shouted, "Be quiet I said!" in a temper. Again I thought he is looking for any excuse to start. He then turned to go to the kitchen, talking to himself, saying, "Ye fucking cunts." It was a relief he didn't start beating us, our mother made the tea and we sat at the table to our food. As we were eating our food he started shouting at us saying, "Be quiet and eat yer food ye cunts!"

Some of us stopped eating as we had enough with some food still left on the plate. He got really angry shouting, "Eat yer food!" and got up off his chair as if to go for us, shouting, "If ye don't eat it, I'll fucking kill ye, ye cunts!"

We all finished our food as he told us to do, knowing if we didn't there would be trouble. It was a struggle to finish it, but it was better than getting beaten.

Our father then told Declan, Colin and Philip to get into their altar clothes that they wore serving mass in the local church. Myself and Deane didn't have to as we were too young to serve mass and had no altar suit.

As my brothers went to their rooms to put on their suits, myself and Deane sat on the couch waiting for our brothers to come from their rooms as we knew that we were going to say prayers.

When my brothers came in to the sitting room, we were told to get on our knees and into position, again from the oldest down to the youngest.

Our father stood in front of us as we faced the holy cross that was on the wall directly behind him, our mother stood to the right of him beside the window.

He told us to join our hands and put them directly under our chin,

We did so and he started to say prayers. As prayers went on myself and Deane started to poke each other in the side, looking at each other skitting and laughing.

Our father instantly made a go for us. We stopped and he stood back, we knew not to do it again.

As time passed he started to get agitated, he was saying the prayers very quickly. I could see that he seemed very bothered about something, as I thought that he was about to cry.

It was nearly impossible to stick the pain in my knees and arms as the prayers went on, going to a sitting position and back up to get relief without him noticing it. He didn't notice it all of the time, but when he did he would make a go for me, as to get me not to do it again. The prayers finally ended and Declan, Colin and Philip were told to take off their altar clothes.

They did and then joined myself and Deane on the couch as our father and mother went to the kitchen. We were nervous again sitting there motionless. I couldn't hear anything.

They must have gone outside.

After a while he came into the sitting room in a rage and grabbed Philip from the middle of the couch into the middle of the floor and started to punch him everywhere as hard as he could. I thought that he was going to kill Philip! The rest of my brothers were looking at

the ground fearful, I then looked at the ground as he stayed beating Philip. Philip didn't cry, he was in shock, I thought Philip was going to die. He then stopped and kicked Philip back onto the couch. I looked over, he didn't seem injured. He turned his head to the left and sunk into the couch, he wasn't crying as he was in so much shock.

Our mother came in from outside not knowing what he did to Philip.

He started to shout, "I'll fucking kill the cunts!" as he walked toward the kitchen and our mother said to us quietly, 'Boys, I'm going to send ye to bed now.' as to avoid more violence from our father. We went to bed. It was very early and I lay there thinking what he had done to Philip.

A day later or days later we did the usual things, myself and Deane played around the house during the day as Declan, Colin and Philip were in school. The evening time had come again and we sat on the couch after the prayers, again nervous as to what way our father would be.

He came into the sitting room in a rage and made for the poker and our mother following him crying and screaming trying to pull him back. He made in my direction waving the poker up and down viciously, I knew I was in trouble.

He started hitting me across the head viciously. I got off the couch and tried to run around him, my mother was screeching and crying, still trying to stop him. As I was getting around him he started to go for my fingers, he missed a few times, and a few times he got them.

The pain was very, very bad. As I got further around him he started me on the shoulder and again on the top of the head.

I made for the hall door to try and get to my room. When I got into the hallway I stopped and again he turned to my mother and waved the poker in her face so she wouldn't follow him any further, she ran to my brothers and was shouting 'Come on lads! Come on!!'

I turned and ran for the room with my father following me. When I got in I got under the blankets lying on my back he came in, through the poker on the floor and started swinging both arms really fast and really hard at the top of my head. I said to myself 'I'm going to die. I'm going to die!' I didn't try to stop him, I had given up and had expected that I was going to die as he kept swinging.

As he was hitting me he was saying "You fucking cunt!" repeatedly and seemed to be very emotional and nearly crying. As if he had experienced a very traumatic experience.

After some time he stopped, picked up the poker off the floor and left. I couldn't believe I was alive after the attack. I lay there short on breath. I had gone into some state of shock or something.

My mother had put my brothers in bed in the time of the attack and I could hear her frantically saying prayers from her room. He went in to her and shouted, "Shut up u cunt!" and then there was silence.

I couldn't believe what just happened, my head was in so much pain, I said I'm still going to die, even at that young age I said to myself 'My head is badly damaged, and I'm going to die any second.' I was in shock and had expected that I was going to die, I felt very sad that my life was at an end.

I prayed to God, repeatedly asking him to please let me live.

The pain persisted for hours as I waited to die. I hoped that there might be a small chance the pain would go and I would survive but I just couldn't see that happening.

After what seemed to be a very long time, hours, the pain subsided, I couldn't believe it, 'I'm going to live.' I said to myself, as I relaxed and thanked God.

It was a miracle my father had not killed me. I lay there thinking, 'What is all of this? Is this life? Is this the way it's meant to be?' but relieved I was ok.

Sometime later I slept, and in the morning I woke up relieved thinking this is probably the way it's meant to be getting beaten by this man who was in charge of us. I didn't see him as a father.

When my father had got up and went outside, my mother ran down the hallway, opened the door and said to me, 'Are you alright?' looking worried. I replied, 'Yeah, I am.' and she hurried to the kitchen to make his morning tea.

The abuse continued, nearly every evening, and myself and my brothers had learned bad language, that we learned from our father.

Evening time came and he came in from outside in his usual fashion, in a rage, grabbing the poker and hitting me on the head.

I got up and around him and as I thought that he just wanted to make me cry I said to him while running for the hall door, 'I won't cry for you ya bastard!', and got into my room. I had enough and decided to not let him see that what he was doing was bothering me. So he came in, dropped the poker on the floor, and punched me in the stomach, winding me, and when I got my breath back for a few seconds he punched again. He did so for some time and I took it, and tried my best to give off the impression that there was nothing going on.

He stopped and left the room pulling the door closed after him. I said to myself, 'That's the way to deal with him.' as I lay there.

A very short time later, the door opened quietly and there was my father holding the shotgun in his hands. He stood at the opening of the door holding the gun at shoulder height pointing it at me.

Straight away I said to myself, 'I'm dead.'

I was calm, very calm as I looked straight at him. He was trembling at first, but only slightly for a few seconds, and then he went into total calmness, looking straight into my eyes. I felt like I didn't care if he shot me, as then the abuse would be over. I was thinking for the short time he was calm, maybe he will still shoot me but he might go away, I didn't care. He then dropped the gun slowly still looking straight at me and turned around and left very calmly.

I couldn't believe he didn't shoot me. I started thinking, 'He could come back.' and I started to panic, thinking if he comes back with the gun again, he will definitely shoot me. I started to panic more and more as I sat upright on the bed.

I knew I had to do something but I couldn't think what to do. I began to think he's going to come back and I'm definitely going to die.

I moved down and sat at the bottom of the bed and sat there thinking, 'What the hell am I going to do?' I started to panic more as I still couldn't think of how to save myself. It was hard to breath. I took a few steps to the right and then back to the bottom of the bed. I kept doing this trying to think what to do. I had been in the room for a couple hours or more, it seemed forever.

I decided I had to get out of the house, I got out the back door and decided I'd go next door to my uncle and aunt. Their house was only a short distance away.

As I walked over the road I felt that I was going to be saved.

I went and knocked on the front door. Nobody got up. I then went round to the back door and started to knock but nobody heard me. I went to the front door again, I knocked for ages, but nothing. I then went to my uncle's window and started shouting 'Get up!' repeatedly as I wasn't tall enough to bang on the window. They didn't hear me. I went to the back windows to try and wake my cousins, shouting 'Get up!' repeatedly but nobody got up. I thought they have to hear me, but they just don't care. I started to panic that nobody was going to get up.

I kept going from window to window for some time. I went to my uncle's window again shouting, but nothing. I then got paranoid, saying to myself, 'Is my uncle part of this?' and thinking maybe he hears me but he won't get up.

'Why is everybody against me?' I kept thinking, 'Everybody hates me.'

'Maybe I shouldn't be trying to escape? Maybe I should be at home in bed? The beatings, the gun, it's probably the way it's meant to be.' I said to myself and decided to go home. I walked over the road home, somewhat calm, as I had convinced myself that all the bad things that are happening are meant to happen and this is what a child has to go through. When I got home I went straight to my room, I just laid on the bed, I didn't take my clothes off, I laid there for some time thinking, 'Will I go to sleep?' It's been ages and I can't hear anything from my father's room. He probably won't get up now, or will I try to stay awake just in case.

I stayed awake for a good while more, somewhat relaxed as I feared the worst might not happen now, but I wasn't fully sure.

I have no recollection if I stayed awake into the morning or if I fell asleep. In the morning I woke early or had still been awake. I was waiting for everybody to get up, and it will be a new day and I could forget about what happened and feel safe.

Eventually I heard my father get up, I was glad it was finally a new day. As he walked down the hallway I got a bit nervous that he might come into my room but he walked past and had gone outside, I was relieved when he did so.

Sometime later I heard my brothers getting up and then I had total relief that the bad night was over, it was a new day.

The abuse continued, which seemed to be every evening or almost every evening and at this stage I knew it was something that I had to go through and that it was probably all part of life, and I expect it to some degree.

Deane was to start his first day at school, so when we got up in the morning I watched them all getting ready, then my father brought them off in the car. My mother was making me breakfast as she had already given the breakfast to my brothers first because they had to go to school. It felt a bit strange now that Deane had been gone to school as well and I was there by myself.

I had my breakfast and then my father came back from dropping my brothers to school, came into the kitchen, said a few words to my mother and then went outside to milk the cows.

My mother came in to me and said 'Maurice, I'm going out to give your father a hand milking the cows, and I'll be in, in a while to check on ya.'

When she had gone I felt bored, walking from room to room, time went very slow, and later as my mother said, had come in to check on me, asking me was I ok, I told her I was fine, and she left telling me that she wouldn't be much longer.

I had been running from room to room when my father came in, he wasn't in a rage and told me quietly to quiet down. I was surprised as to how nice he was.

Some days later he came in after milking the cows, I had been standing on the floor in the sitting room. He came in front of me shouting "You little bastard! I'll fucking kill ya, ya cunt!" I stood there looking at him as he was getting more and more into a rage, clinching his fists and stamping his feet.

I didn't move as he was shouting, "Fucker! fucker! Fucking fucker!!" nearly blue in the face, I wasn't afraid,

I felt like I had done something wrong, or that I was different as he picked on me all the time and not my brothers. I knew he had a deep hatred for me.

By now I had never recognized him as a father, he was just an evil man that was in charge of me and my brothers and my mother and I could feel only hatred for him, like he had for me.

He continued to do this every morning when he came in after the milking, shouting abuse and intimidating me by clinching his fists and stamping his feet but he always eventually backed off, and he had never hit me in the mornings or in the day.

In the evenings it was the same routine, we said prayers for an hour and stuck through the pain of kneeling on the hard floor without hesitation to relax, he never got easy on us during prayers.

And afterwards he would kick off into a rage beating me with the poker and following me into my bedroom. My mother started putting me into bed early to stop him from beating me, she thought this might stop him.

I had been lying in bed one evening wide awake, my father had been somewhere and came back, he started shouting about something for some time and then he started telling my brothers to go to bed. I heard them hurry down the hallway with my father behind them saying "Get into bed ye cunts! And let me not hear another thing out of ye for the night." and he was calming down.

I wasn't afraid as he was calming down. There was silence for a few seconds, the door opened, it was my father, he closed the door out fully. It felt strange as he was not in a rage. I wondered what is he doing? He came and sat on the side of the bed, pulled the blanket off me and started punching me in the stomach and winding me repeatedly with a sick sense of pleasure in his face as he watched me go through it. He then left. I was shocked that he had come in and done this again. I felt very fed up and sad as I wiped his sweat that was dripping from his nose from my chest with the blanket and then pulled it over myself. I froze just staring at the ceiling.

I was so fed up, I went into starting to think, 'I don't care anymore. I'd be better off if he killed me.'

In the mornings I would think about what happened to me, but when I got up I forgot about it and got on with the day.

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