

## V/O

*“At a certain point, I guess he decided that a slap was a more effective way to settle an argument. I always forgave him. After all, he liked to drink. Sometimes he just had a little too much.*

*I remember the first time he slapped me with the back of his hand. I could feel his ring hit the bone. Eventually it became fists, then belts, then whatever he could get his grubby little hands on.*

*I stopped forgiving him after that.*

*Whenever he came home I was already prepared for the worst. I would just turn off. I didn't have it in me to fight back.*

*My friends tried to get me out of there more than once. But I wasn't ready to listen. It's hard to see what's really going on when it's become a part of your life. I lost touch with them after that.*

*I didn't 'wake up' until much later, when the morning sickness shot alarm bells in my head, and I knew there way more at stake than just my dignity.*

*Our final argument happened on a Saturday morning.... All we had in the cupboard was decaf. I guess that called for the belt buckle.*

*Funny, after all these years I never saw a single apologetic look in his eyes until that day... right after I lodged a steak knife deep into his chest.*

*It was in that moment that he was sorry.*

*I wasn't, and as he turned I sunk the knife into his back.*

*I guess I should call 9-1-1...*

*...maybe after my morning coffee.”*

THE END