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Habla Ahora O Calla Para Siempre

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Habla Ahora o Calla Para Siempre

Anonymous

One always hears and talks about sexual abuse but one never knows what to do when it happens. The molestation and the abuse that someone has to survive has been one of the biggest secrets I have carried with me for a very long time. Someone very close to my heart was molested by her father and had not spoken about it. Finally, she decided to tell me what had happened.

Weeks passed after her confession and we went to her family party together. During the party, her mom found out her dad was doing drugs with a friend he had invited. Her mom kicked everyone out of her house. We were all surprised and did not know how to react. All you could hear in the background was, "¡Maldito! ¡No me eches mentiras y vete de esta casa!" Her mom was throwing plates, cups, and anything she could grab and throw. Her dad got upset, and pushed her mom to the floor. Everything happened so fast. I heard in the background, "You molested me, I hate you!" She had spoken up! She openly accused him of molesting her.

It was as though she had whispered because at that moment no one acknowledged what she had just said. She must have felt like she had no voice and that she did not matter. I wasn't the only one, however, to hear her words. I saw her father's reaction. He acted like she didn't say anything and he ignored her. Her mom didn't hear her because she was too busy yelling, throwing things, and trying to fight him.

She started crying and went outside. I didn't have any words to say so I just let her cry in my arms. Her dad walked out, he looked at her, and then looked at me. He knew I knew and did not bother saying anything. After her dad left, her mom came outside and said that she needed to talk to her in the other room. Her cousins had heard what she said and told her mom. Not long after I got

called into her room. As soon as I walked in, she ran to me and started crying, her mom was crying as well. Her mom looked at me and told me to tell her that the claims of the abuse were not true. I felt anger and I felt pity, her mom really wanted this to be a lie. I couldn't understand why she wanted to believe that her daughter was lying, that her dad did not molest her. I decided to speak up. I told her mom to leave her alone and to go to sleep because it had been a long night.

The next morning her mom came into the room and asked once again if it was true. The daughter cried and said, “¿Tu crees que lo voy a inventar? ¡Vete con él si quieres!” Her mom got mad and slammed the door. I went out to get breakfast and when I came back I found her on the floor of her bathroom crying. I asked her what happened. Her brother had told her that he hated her because she had just ruined their family.

She couldn't stop blaming herself for what had happened. I burst into tears because I could feel her pain. Her mom and her brother were blaming the victim and that was not okay. I told her it was all going to be okay without realizing that everything was falling apart. At the end of the day I left her house and went home.

The next morning she didn't show up to school and I decided to ditch and go find out where she was. I went to her house and when I walked in I saw she was alone, getting high. She looked at me, she was laughing with tears. I was not sure what was going on. She said, “My mom got what she wanted. I told her I was lying and then she left to apologize to my dad.” I asked why she had lied. She cried and said because that's what her mom wanted. I felt hurt. I felt like she was unprotected. I wanted to take her home with me but that would not have been the best idea.

Her dad came home that day. To this day I have not asked her how she felt once her father returned. I haven't asked if she is scared. I haven't asked if she wants to go to therapy. On the surface she seems okay, as a matter of fact, she looks like there is nothing wrong, like nothing ever happened to her. But I know she will never forget June 21, 2014 because I certainly will never forget that day either.