

Lonely Highway

By : CEH

This is my story of when my bf, not current, decided he wanted to hurt me, and ended up beating me on the highway. I changed names.



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Where to start? I guess I will just start with the incident, from the beginning as I remember it. I had just gotten off, and my boyfriend was waiting for me, as he had said he would be. My co-worker was uneasy, because I had been telling her about him. She didn't want me to go with him, and I didn't listen. He was sitting on top of his car playing with the dogs that come by from time to time, saying how much he hates white dogs, I can't help but notice he looks a bit off. He threw out his arm, but I didn't want to make Missy more upset, so I got in the car. I sat there for awhile feeding the last tamale to the big white dog, that belongs to my aunt. At this point Pain got into the car.

The first thing he says "Am I taking you home or are you going home with me?" His words sounded slurred.

I told him I didn't want to go home with a drunk person, and now he was mad at me, and he started going the wrong way, so I told him to take me home. He accused me of not caring about him, and I told him I did, but he was drunk and he knew I didn't like it. He turned around, but then stopped, and started saying stuff that I can't remember.

He told me "Your aunt is just a drunk whore, and you hang out with her when she is drunk."

So I told him, "I don't like being around drunk men". I try to get out, but he hits the gas.

Now he is taking me home again, but then he turns around, and heads back. He tells me he has to get his son. He pulls into an area that I know has places where my family lives, and even a cop. I tell him to just let me out and I will go to one of their houses this makes him mad, and he starts speeding. He is at his aunt's house, and my aunt's house has this bright light that is calling to me, and I think to myself, home.

Then he speeds off, toward the train tracks and the train goes by, he is telling me he isn't drunk, and he was just saying that to see if I cared. Once the train goes by I try to get out of the car, and he punches my face. I start crying, and he is telling me to say he hit me, but I don't want to admit it. Pain tells me that he hit me because I tried to get out while the car was moving. He speeds down main street. Still trying to get me to talk to him, he calls my family drunks and bullies. He pulls into the turning lane and tells me he is going to have to go on the interstate because I won't talk. I say I want to go home, and I want my Daddy. Now he is getting more violent. He pulls over and I try to get out he speeds up and hits me on the head a couple of times. I cry and start screaming. He turns off and goes to the other lane, he is yelling at me. He turns around again, and keeps driving away from my home town. Everytime he stops I try to get out and he punches me even more. He can't make up his mind as to where he is taking me and keeps coming and going from town till he punches me sending my glasses off. He gets my eyes, and everytime he hits me it's mostly on my head. At one point I remember not being able to breathe. I remember grabbing the wheel, and jerking it, because I wanted someone to see something was wrong. He kept telling me he was going to kill us both. I had begged God to let me out and get home. Pain told me that God didn't care about me, because I was a whore.

I dug in my purse found my broken phone, the phone he ripped from my hands and broke in half the day before. I knew it still sort of worked I just wouldn't be able to see the screen. He saw me trying to dial and he kept trying to take my phone, but I put it under the chair so he was swerving all over the road. He wanted my phone so badly he pulled over, he told me he already called the police I didn't believe him, he was hitting me and I pushed the door open and even though he had my hair and shirts in his hand I forced myself out of the vehicle. I ran away, I lost my purple sweater, and keys, but I got away. I started walking home, I did look

Lonely Highway

back, because I was worried he might hurt himself. All I wanted was to go home. It was really dark out, and no one stopped for me. I was starting to get cold, my body was aching, but I forced myself to keep walking home. Then a black truck stopped, and it flashed red and blue lights, I was so happy. My heart beat fast, and I actually smiled, I started crying as the truck turned around towards me.

The officer asked "Are you CEH." I was so relieved.

He let me into the back of his car, and took me back into town, I had been so far away from home. He took me to the police station where they had an ambulance waiting, the police officer talked to the other officers and he let me out. The ambulance people checked me out, I tried to tell the police what had happened. They called another officer, and once all my bruises and scraps had been looked over they let me get out of the ambulance. I was so relieved to see Chris Short, because he was the only officer I knew, since he came into my work a lot. He and a female officer looked over my bruises again. He asked me to tell him what had happened. I tried to, but I was really cold so Officer Short let me borrow his coat. They took me inside, and he had me right a statement, after he took photos of my bruises and scrapes. I wrote what I remembered, and Officer Short led me back to his vehicle, where he let me sit in the back seat as they searched my boyfriend's car. He came back after sometime, and asked if I was missing a button, I said I was. He told me that he had found it. After some time went by Officer Short let me out, and let me get my stuff out of the vehicle. He then took a photo of my shirt where the button was missing. Then we both returned to his vehicle where he offered to take me home.

On the way home, I asked him how they had known I was missing. He told me that Pain had gone back into town, and at the police station he was yelling at them telling them I had jumped out of the vehicle. He said they had been worried about me. He also said that Pain was being charged with, domestic violence, stealing, and possession of some sort of drugs. Officer Short got me back home, and I was really happy nothing too bad had happened to me. I was really lucky I only walked away with a couple of bruises, and none that were on my face. I often wonder what I did, or how bad of a person I am to have this happen. I even blame myself, if only I had been better, done the things he had asked for, changed myself to fit his needs, I would still be with him, and we would be happy.

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