

## Why I Didn't Leave

I was infatuated. I was trauma bonded after being love bombed. I was isolated. I was scared for my life. I didn't think anyone would believe me. I thought I deserved it. I didn't want another victim to take my place. I was invisible. I was broken down. I was shattered. I had no sense of self. I was brainwashed. It's everywhere. It's a bigger network than you could imagine. I thought I could leave at first. I couldn't leave. It was my fault. I didn't want to die. I didn't want my family to die. I believed him. I didn't think anyone could ever love me after what I had lived through. I couldn't love myself. There were eyes everywhere. There was nowhere to run to. No human involved. Dead hooker jokes. Society says I'm worthless and I deserved it. It's what girls like me get. I was an empty shell. I was good at it. I was a robot. I thought I could pay my way out but no amount was enough. I wanted to die. I was scared of the guns. I believed I was going to die every time he beat me. I lived in fear 24/7. It's the most primal emotion. My mental functions eroded. The hotels were complacent, sometimes accomplices. My brain disassociated weeks and months to protect me. My brain tried to protect me from the trauma. My brain created parts. Some parts were loyal to him. Most parts were loyal to him. Those parts told on myself. I wasn't allowed thoughts of my own. There was no planning. There was no hiding. Leaving and getting caught was so much worse. Once I jumped out a moving car. I interacted with the police over and over throughout the years. No one helped me. I didn't think I'd live past 30 years of age anyways. I couldn't see past a minute, an hour, a day. There was no where to run. I became a part of him. There was no self. I was a parrot. I tried my best. I stayed alive. I stayed alive. I stayed alive.