

## COMPLEXITIES OF REPORTING: CHILD – ADULT PERSPECTIVE

What was I reporting?

A man who was my abuser or the man who was my protector?

See that's the complexities of a child abuse victim they don't know what the difference is, their whole concept of normal is a disillusioned version.

The brain a mush, not knowing what to remember or should I even remember because what's the point nothing was done when I was a child. So what am I reporting?

I needed him... I relied on him... he was the man who had brainwashed me to love him and protect him. He was my father!

So you ask me why didn't I report...

You came too late, and that day left me confused and challenged. I have to now hate him? Maybe I do, maybe I don't.

Maybe I'm just the confused little girl that wants her daddy?

Why did I deserve so less?

He helped me, he was the only one there for me, he paid for things. He was evil by far but that was amidst the character of Jekyll and Hyde, I knew no different and now you want me too.

I'm scared, I'm lonely, I'm confused.

From 2011 to 2018 who was I now?

Who was I supposed to be, the little girl or the Survivor now?

I crave love and attention...

I need to help others without helping myself, because I deserve no less.

Do you understand now how confusing it is for a child when they were stripped of an innocence, their mind torn from birth to not know the difference between a good person and a bad person, because they form as one.

He was there for so long and then he was gone.

The days when I wondered what he was doing in prison, how did he cope, or am I still so groomed that I am stupid to believe he is anything other, now I wonder what he's doing out of prison, has his world changed as much as mine?

Do I owe him these thoughts and continued protection?

My life will never be free from what he did to me!

So don't ask me why I didn't report, ask yourself why you didn't protect me?

I disclosed with my anorexia, I disclosed with my body-focused repetitive behaviour disorders, I disclosed with my tears, I disclosed when I run away, I disclosed when you heard he was scarily possessive, I disclosed when I was in school disassociated and getting into trouble, I disclosed when I was angry and always fighting, I disclosed... I disclosed... what did you do? Nothing.

Why did you let him come in the night? Why did you let him hurt me so bad? Why did you let him make me scared? Why did you let him touch me there? Why did you let him make me so sad? Why did you let him drug me and rape me? Why did you let him take everything away from me? Why did you let him do the things you can't comprehend? Why did you let him leave me with no end?

And now tell me how you want me to behave, how you want me to continue this confusion and pain, tell me how you expect any child to just walk up to you and report?!

**WRITTEN BY MAYAMEEN MEFTAHİ – FOUNDER & SURVIVOR**

You can not protect a child, if you do not understand the mind of an abused child. You can not prevent child abuse, if you do not understand the signs. You can not support survivors, if you do not understand how they survived. My voice is powerful, when you 'actively' listen.

