

At The Hands Of His MotherI

- Why we tend to throw our lives away; a worse case scenario -
- -' I knew of a little boy who suffered severe abuse at the hands of his mother. Such abuse consisted of verbal put-downs and insults, tons of head games and life threatening physical attacks. This young boy loved his mother dearly and practically worshipped the ground she walked on. If only I could get her attention without being beaten all would be all right, he thought. As a result, by the age of eight this young boy could cook, clean, sew, shop and do just about everything else within the guidelines of properly running a household. For he was obsessed with impressing his mother in the hopes that he would in turn receive the love he so freely gave.

Just when he thought he saw signs that his mother loved him, they were soon erased by her abuse. For he couldn't understand why he was constantly being subjected to such awful brutality. And it could have been for the smallest reasons; like forgetting to tie his shoe or losing the door key. He also got beat for the things his three younger siblings did, or didn't do. If that meant getting a black eye then so be it. He didn't want his brothers to go through what he was going through so he felt obligated to protect them and thereby took the blame for everything.

Aside from what this young boy underwent at home he was a high achiever who made the honor roll on a consistent basis and thereby loved school. Bright and intelligent beyond his years was this young boy. Unfortunately he had a few problems with his behavior. Teachers termed it hyperactive disorder but it was nothing more than this young boy's desire for attention manifesting itself. He was a class clown who really didn't take anything seriously. This resulted in classroom disruptions. Which ultimately led to some of the worse physical punishments any child should have to endure. Yet and still this boy protected his mother, for she could do no wrong! Besides, who would believe him?!

One incident in particular his mother beat him for what seemed like hours. Only to beat him more because he would not cry. This left the boy with two black eyes and a badly bruised body. Upon attending school the next day teachers saw this. Being concerned, they asked the boy, "What happened to you?" Without coaching from his mother, the boy simply stated, "I fell from the pear tree I was raiding." Although the teachers knew better, they accepted his story. Again, in his mind, Momma could do no wrong.

As time went on, so did the abuse. This young boy started to realize that there was no real way of escaping his mother. Often times he fantasized about running away, killing her, or simply

killing himself, but he couldn't find the courage to do either. Along came an older friend. Someone he could consider a big brother, and someone he could put the blame on in the hopes of being spared a beating from time to time. God had looked upon him. For his plan seemed to work. But at what cost?

Simply put, at the cost of sexual abuse. Yeap! The someone he considered a friend and loved like a brother was sexually molesting this young boy. Thankfully that was short-lived (3 years) but the damage was done. All he had to contend with now was the abuse his mother had to offer.

As the young boy matured into a young man, so did the abuse at the hands of his mother. It was apparent that every time she attacked him, it was in the hopes of killing him. Not only had his mother broken several of his ribs but she chipped teeth and broke his jaw with an iron. That wasn't the worst part. Upon breaking his jaw, she refused to take him to the hospital until

several hours and a whole lot of swelling later. Staff at the hospital called the law because signs of child abuse were apparent. The boy wanted so bad to tell of the things he had not only been through but was going through as well. But he refused to make his mother look bad, even at the expense of his own safety.

Due to the fact that the young man's mother became a drug addict it was either prepare for a beat down because she didn't have and/or couldn't afford any drugs or make her "happy" by going to get some. As awful as it made him feel, the boy took it upon himself to purchase dope for her. For he still yearned for his mother's attention and affection. In addition to that, he was tired of suffering. All of that ultimately led to the young man using and selling drugs himself. For he could not only take care of the house, his little brothers and himself, but he could use his dope as a means to get his mother to let him hang out.

When the young man hung out, he practically stayed out. A beating was always in store but the little freedom he attained was well worth it. Besides, his friends showed him love and seemed to care, unlike his mother. Therefore in order to keep their love and attention he felt he needed to impress them; and impress them he did. School was no longer a priority, money didn't matter and neither did the opposite sex. In fact, he had a certain dislike toward females but he pretended to like them for the sole purpose of getting what he wanted, be it sex or money.

See, it was all about his gang. The one avenue he used as a means to "act out" his deep seeded anger and self-hatred. Therefore, when it came to gang-banging, he banged with the best. As a result he was considered crazy by his peers for the

stunts he'd pull during shoot-outs or in general. To be considered crazy was to be looked upon as "not to be fucked with!" But the boy had an ugly secret. He never really intended to hurt anyone while letting his anger and rage free. NOPE! That was not the case. He just wanted to die. So upon acting out he hoped and prayed he'd one day receive the short end of the stick, as did many of those around him. That would be the ultimate escape from the abuse at the hands of his mother. One frightful morning the young man unexpectedly got his wish. For he died a quick,, painless death at the hands of those who could have helped him had he "chose" to be helped!

- The End -

QUESTION:

"How" did this young man die and who killed him?

Without even knowing your answers I'm willing to bet they're wrong. Good! But wrong! You see, that young man is NOT dead at all. Not in the physical sense at least; which is exactly what you all may have concluded. "For he was killed by the Justice System." Whereupon at the age of sixteen he received a life sentence for First Degree Intentional Homicide-P.T.A.C. this in turn left him "institutionally dead!"

Andrae L. Bridges would be that young man and this is my story. I've been incarcerated for nearly eleven years and I have a lifetime to go. Although I've written about my life, this isn't about me at all. Better yet, it's about YOU! It is through my story I hope you all realize just how precious life is before you throw it away, as I did my own. Sure, you may have been abused as I was, or perhaps worse; you may still be getting abused which leaves you feeling worthless. Thus suffering from low self-esteem, depression, etc., etc., all together making you very angry! **You're not alone!** But trust me, nothing or no one is worthy of you throwing away your opportunity to live a positive and productive life! **Love yourself enough to get help; You do have a choice!** I don't intend to make anyone feel sorry for me, nor do I make excuses for my childhood behavior. My only goal now is to educate; in the hopes that you will not end up like me!