

He doesn't hurt me anymore.
He changed when he saw Junior
stab Carmen. He realized that
what he used to do was wrong.
He fell on his knees and begged
me to believe him. I know he
won't do it again.

I know he shouldn't get so angry or mean, but it's my fault too. I provoke him. It's hard on his pride when I have to work and he can't. I don't always take care of my house or family the way I should. It's a lot to have his leg like it is, to see me able to walk and get around. Then all he asks is that I take care of him and the house, and sometimes I forget how sensitive he is. I have to do better.

I know what he does is wrong. I know it's not my fault, no matter what he says, but I also know that he can be kind. He promised me that he would stop and that he would get help from his old counselor if we keep it out of the police report. I am going to give him another chance to handle it on his own, and hope for the best. If I can keep my family together and safe, that's all I want.

I know what he is doing is wrong and it's not going to change. How many times has he made me a bargain that he will get help, that he will change, that he will stop? And then once I agree, he's right back where he was. Well, I'm done. I just hope I can bide my time until I can get away. I had almost enough money from cutting back on my meds to get a bus to my girlfriend's sister in Texas, but then I needed to give it to Junior to help him start fresh. I'll still work my plan, but it's gonna take longer now. No more setbacks. And I hope he doesn't kill me before I get my kids to safety. I'm all they have.