

Hayley Barci
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A Father

I was a young child, who always believed that my father was the greatest thing in the world. Though I began to witness things I should never witness. Growing up, the only thing I always knew was the arguments my parents had. The unforgiving memories still kill me to this day, it's like I lived many horrifying lives. Almost too many. There were times where words turned into pushing and shoving. Me as a child, seeing...and not believing. I was always the one thing caught in the middle of a burning cross fire. It's almost like I was full of ignorance, not knowing anything around me. I gave in to the blind side.

My parents finally divorced when I was exactly nine years of age. I remember getting dizzy from moving back and forth from house to house, and having two bedrooms as well as two parties for my birthday. One for each side of my family, the McCarthy's and the Barci's. My family was always against each other for years. I've always a big and happy family, a family that isn't at each other's throats. For a very long time, I wanted my parents to get back together. Little did I know about the bigger picture.

Blood is thicker than water, but sometime the blood runs thin. Every day seemed confusing. I was eleven years old when my grandparents surprised me for my birthday with a trip to Disney World. Now that I look at it, it turned out to be nothing but a living nightmare. How could the happiest place on Earth turn out to be something so horrible? Well, my parents were "dating" for that brief period of time, I hopelessly let my guard down. The entire time I was in Disney World, my father was always yelling at me or my mother. I felt like I was going in circles, going right back to where I started. I begged for my mother to let him go, she did.....but that wasn't the end of it.

It was a week before my fourteenth birthday, it was an ordinary day...at least that's what I thought. I was on the schoolbus, and my father was going to pick me up, however I just wanted to stay home. I texted him, but he told me I couldn't stay home alone. So I decided to stay at the apartment. Although he didn't agree to it. Next thing you know he showed up at my apartment door.

I was afraid, afraid of my own father. He began to get angry, but this was the worst it's ever been. He began banging on the door. As I held onto my fear, I slowly opened the door. Him yelling at me to go with him, I finally budged. I went down the stairs with him keeping my head down. We get to the truck waiting outside. As he's still raising his voice at me I finally had enough of his bullshit. I began to yell back on the verge of tears, I get out of the truck and began to run with my phone and keys in the truck with nowhere to go, swallowing down the urge to look back.

He ran into his truck and he went down the wrong way, on a one way street. I was coming up to the corner of the block until he pulled up right in front of me. He got out of his truck and pulling me by the arm, I tried everything to resist the grip he had, but I did not succeed. I was tossed into his truck with a red mark in the shape of a hand on my arm. The whole car ride was, "you bitch!", or, "fuck you!". He was controlling me.

I never forgot this day, it haunted me. I'm now seventeen, and I've dealt with my father for years. This year I've officially cut all connections with my own father. Before, I never had a voice, I always stayed silent. A father should never control, but love. That is my belief, though it took me years to understand it. No man should treat a woman that way, with abuse. Finding out my father was abusive wasn't the hardest part; it was living with him, suffering the pain he gives me.

Similar things happened to my cousin when it came to her father, I began to realize that Barci fathers didn't treat their kids or the wives in their lives the way they deserve to be treated. But I know that I don't deserve the abuse, and I know this is a new beginning for Hayley, and for Paige.