

International Bestseller, Anna J Walner, Shares her Survivor Story

Author, Mother, and Survivor of domestic violence.

HOUSTON, TEXAS, U.S., August 26, 2021 /EINPresswire.com/ -- "Six months pregnant, little feet pressing against the inside of my womb, a happy smile on my face, until I smelled the unmistakable stench of whiskey on his breath in the truck. 'Are you drinking?' I ask, knowing that he'll lie to me even though he also knows I know the truth. Something nags at me, a feeling that tonight is not a night I should be at home. I should leave. It's Easter Friday 2019. I choose to believe him, perhaps it's the hand sanitizer or the energy drink, I tell myself. Maybe it's my mind playing tricks on me.



Anna J Walner, Domestic Abuse Survivor

Dissociative Amnesia is what happens when you experience a traumatic event. One that your brain can't quite seem to make sense of. Like having a knife held to your pregnant stomach, still smelling the freshly cut watermelon on the bar he slams you into or being choked until your vision begins to go black. Being punched in the face, lying down on the couch, begging to feel another tiny kick that doesn't come.

I remember being scared. I remember thinking that I was going to die, and so was my daughter. I remember thinking that she deserved to live and that in order to do that, I had to stay alive too. I couldn't run because he wouldn't let me. I couldn't hide and call for help, because he'd taken my phone. The only thing I could do was fight back. I don't remember exactly what happened next. I remember the police standing around, asking me questions. I remember the blood on the floor, still slick and wet. I remember the dumbbell. But I don't remember defending myself, I don't remember him being taken to the hospital.

I do remember a few days later when the same man kicked in the front door to my home. Drunk again and enraged. This time the police did make it in time, thankfully, I was granted a temporary restraining order. I do remember writing the letter. The letter begging him to change, to get help. The letter that would later be used against me in court.

'So eloquently written,' the Detective stated, his name sounding something like the European fish branzino. I told him I was good with words, a writer. He said I'd written it with the skill of an attorney. At the time I thought he was complimenting me. I remember the officer who sat in my living room after I had gotten home from work, unable to even look at me, while his partner informed me that I was being arrested. Assault with a deadly weapon. For the first time in a long while, words failed me. After all, I'd been forced to endure through the years, which culminated in that one defining night, I was being victimized yet again. Not by a man who was emotionally, verbally, or physically abusing me, but by the justice system itself.

The very one that was supposed to protect me, was now labeling me as a monster for saving my life, and the life of my unborn daughter. How had they come to this unfathomable conclusion? How? The questions and the noises from inside the jail kept me awake that entire night. I hired an attorney, I tried to explain what had happened. Although my missing memory proved problematic. For the record, two years later, I still don't remember exactly how it all happened.

The biggest piece of evidence they used against me, was the letter. A letter that was too well written. So well written that it appeared to prove that somehow, I had predicted or provoked nearly being murdered in order to assault the father of my child. I plead guilty after six months of court resets to a Felony Assault charge. They'd beaten me down psychologically and emotionally. And they knew it. I had a six-month-old little girl. I didn't want to go to trial. I just wanted it over.

It's disgusting to see how the justice system can further victimize the survivors of Domestic Abuse. Even after their abuser is long gone. I am forever branded as a Felon. Assigned a label that implies I'm a dangerous person. Prohibits me from obtaining a passport, or voting. My resume is automatically pushed into the 'no' pile, despite my extensive qualifications. And so it continues.

This man continues to follow me. The same man who tried to kill his own daughter. He stalks my social media. I want to go to the police. I want to ask them to protect me. I want to beg them to help me stay safe."

Legally I cannot fight back against this man. If I do, I will go to jail. I am afraid to call the police. And even if I did, I doubt they would help me. Even having the screenshots of his harassment and cyberstalking, I am forever branded, because I wear a label. Not Prada or Louboutin, but Felon.

I don't regret fighting back. I could never regret saving my daughter's life. She's two now, and I can't imagine my life without her. So many women find themselves in situations where they

don't fight back, and these are the ones we see on the news. The cases clearly show how dangerous Domestic Violence can be. I hurt for their families as I know that was so close to being me.

If you think you're in a situation that may be abusive, talk to someone. It doesn't always start with psychological abuse. It slowly builds over time. Control, verbal berating, gaslighting, shaming, isolation. Know the signs. Know that you can leave. You can escape. You can be free. There is hope, there is a better life waiting. Even if you have to fight for it."

More about Anna:

[Anna J. Walner](#) began her journey to becoming an author at a young age, escaping into the world of books. She visited faraway places and went on thrilling adventures.

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