

Created by



a writer

bisexual

Christian

black

Londoner

Poly

@applewriter



a survivor of  
child abuse,  
incest and  
violence



It is never your fault

THAT

Trigger  
Warning!

DOESN'T

HAPPEN

TO

BLACK

KIDS!

A Bloody  
LIE  
by the way!

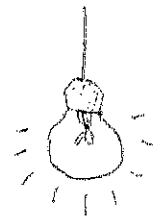
by Applewriter

Surviving Child Abuse

This little zine is about my survival from child abuse & domestic violence. It may spark some painful emotions and memories.

Please look after your mental & emotional well being if you are affected.

I slept with the lights on for  
YEARS



It wasn't the dark that scared me.

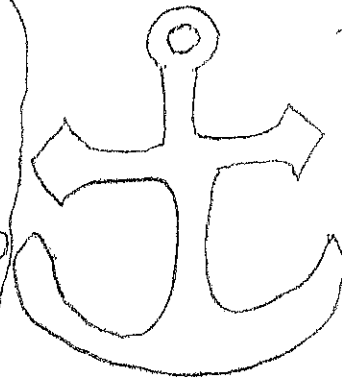
I was sexually abused by  
my parents, 3 of my brothers  
and a sister, & their friends

My very first memory is  
of being abused by my  
dad\*

I don't know if I will ever  
be free of the effects  
of abuse, but I'm doing  
what I can.

\* I will refer to him as S from  
now on

SOME  
BOOKS  
THAT  
HELPED  
ME



The Courage to heal - BOOK  
for Women survivors

LAURA &  
DAVIS

Victims no longer - BOOK  
for Men survivors

MIKE  
LEWS

When You're Ready - BOOK  
for survivors abused by women

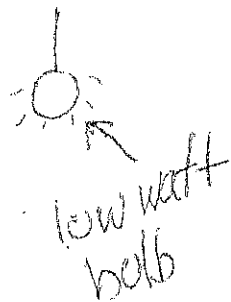
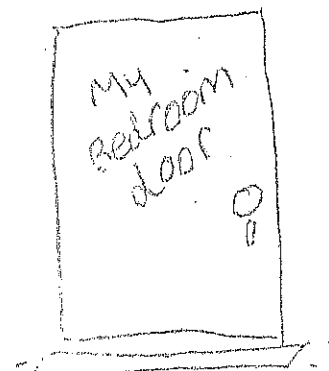
EVERT &  
BIJKERK

Come Home to  
your Body

PAM  
FREE

SMASH  
HITS  
DURAN  
DURAN

DURAN  
DURAN  
POSTER



low watt  
bulb

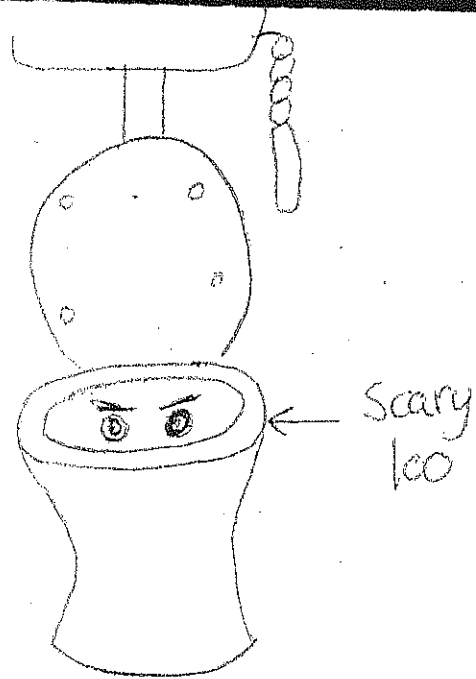
strip of light

Being able to see  
a strip of light  
under the door  
was important.  
If the light was broken,  
someone was coming.

I had to share a room  
until I was 16. There  
were 10 of us in my  
immediate family, so  
space was short.

I used to try to stay up  
as late as possible,  
but that didn't stop  
V or T coming in.

I once woke up in a (small)  
pool of my blood.



A lot of the sexual  
abuse took place  
in the bathroom/toilet.

I've always resisted going  
to the toilet. This left  
me with bladder problems

The physical effects of  
the abuse are still with  
me. That makes me  
very sad.

I have a huge burn on my  
arm from physical abuse.

Emotional effects are  
harder to deal with.

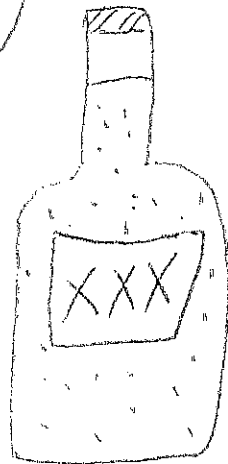
I'm scared of going to the  
toilet in strange places.

I was 3 when I had  
my first alcoholic drink

Have a proper  
drink

I feel numb

sleepy



1972

Booze was used to  
control me.

I am an alcoholic in  
RECOVERY

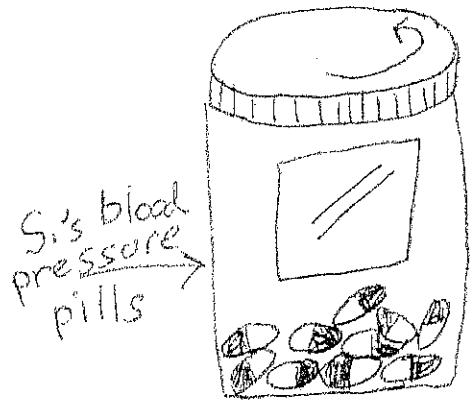
My 2nd ever memory  
was of drinking.

At such an early age,  
I already knew that  
booze would make  
the physical pain less  
or more easy to bear.

I'm a recovering \*alcoholic.

\*AA is not great for black or/ &  
LGBTI folks.

# Pain Relief ⚡

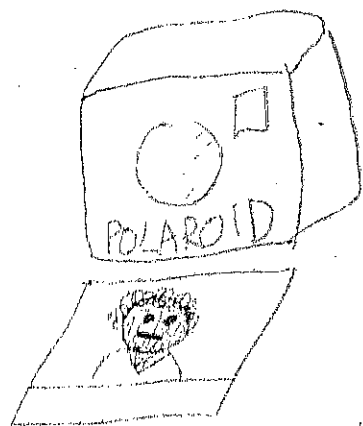


I was 8, the first time I tried suicide. As an adult, I think about it. But I wouldn't use Pills.

I may have tried to kill myself at 8, but I kept on trying right into my 40's.

I have used a variety of methods, but I'm still here.





Instant  
photos

meant S.

could capture  
me & other kids

in "innocent" poses.

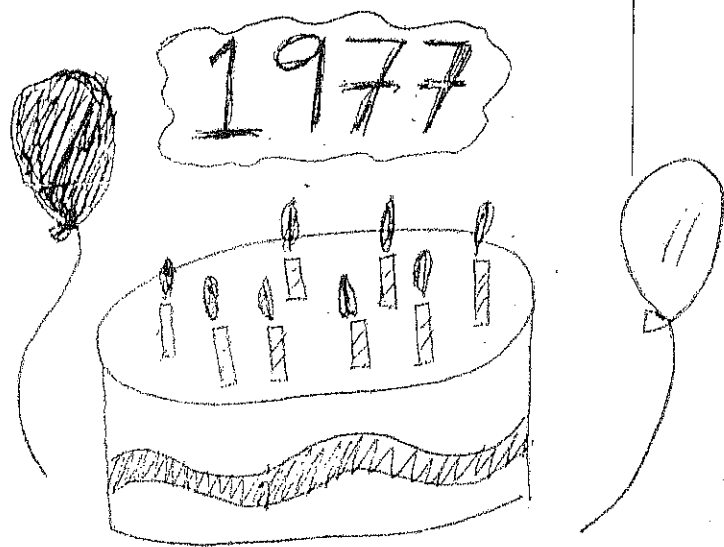
I was often forced to  
pose with my legs open.

I remember yellow-brown  
squares, wet and sticky.

S. used to keep mementos.  
Polaroids of me, tape  
recordings of children  
he bribed with sweets.

I used to be flattered as  
any kid may have been  
that he paid me any  
attention, but I wished  
he would stop.





Too old for S.  
He left me for the  
rest of my relatives  
to use.

I was no longer under  
his "Protection"

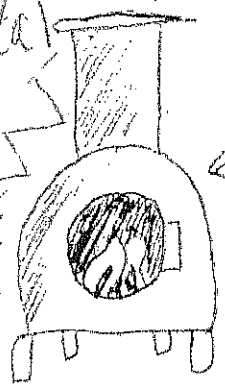
I don't often celebrate  
birthdays as an adult.

S was only interested  
in young children.

I started going through  
puberty early. I had  
breasts when I was  
almost 9.

1978

How to end  
up in hospital  
on Xmas  
Day



Paraffin  
Heater

Incredibly  
HOT!

Before Central Heating  
was affordable, we  
had these heaters.

S. would often make  
traps, but he used  
this heater in one.

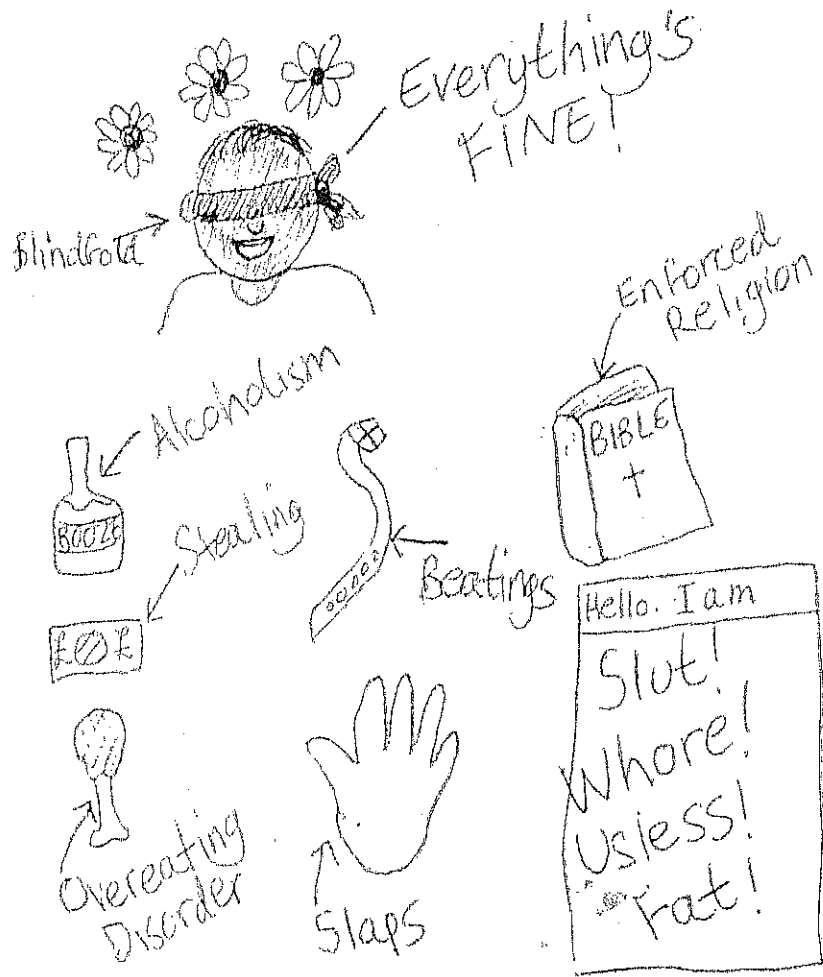
I burned my arm on it

The huge burn on my  
arm was down to S's  
trap. It happened on  
Christmas Day.

I've managed to give  
myself some positive  
scars → tattoos!

I have snowflakes and  
inspirational quotes on  
my arm.

# Denial

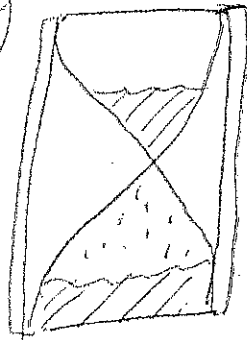
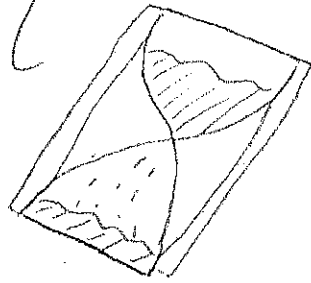


Denial was the only way to get by.

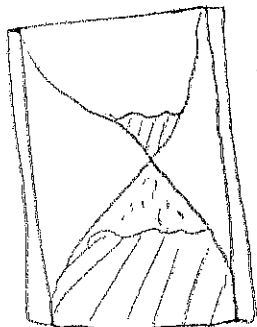
There were no helplines  
no internet or adults  
willing to listen.

There was plenty of  
racism and a fear of  
the police.

With sexual  
abuse  
starting so  
early



I was  
set for  
a life  
of pain.



I thought sex  
was the  
only thing  
I was good  
for.

---

No shortage of abusers around

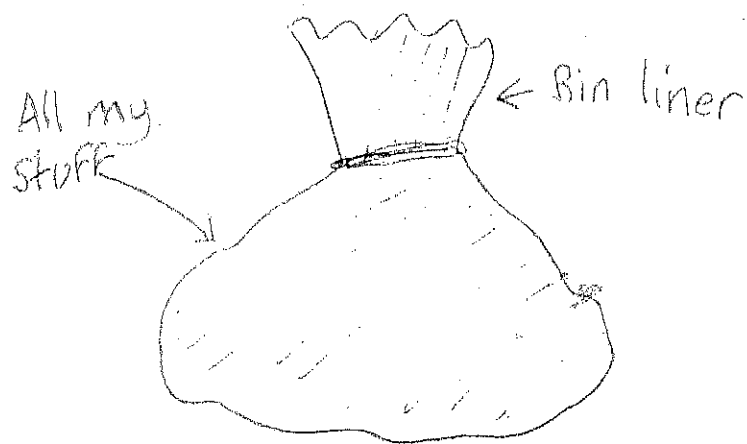
My first boyfriend raped  
me on my 20th birthday.

Other partners have called  
me similar names as my  
parents used to.

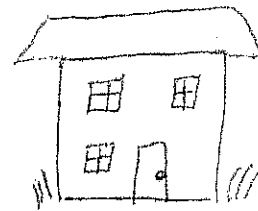
It's hard to be assertive.  
As a fat, black, bi woman  
I feel grateful for crumbs  
of affection sometimes.  
But not always.

1992

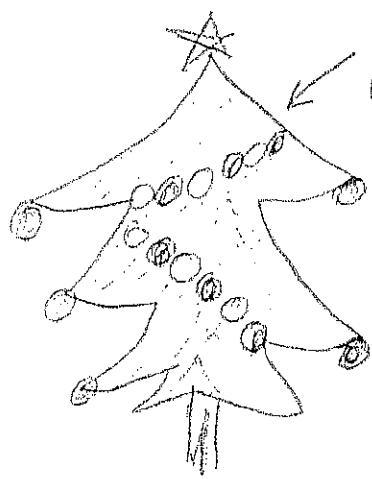
The abuse and incest ended when I ran away. My eldest brother, T, was abusing me right up to the end.



Running away from home was very difficult. I ended up homeless for a while, but I got lucky when I was given my flat. I've stayed here ever since - my council flat of love!



Christmas & Birthdays  
are rough.



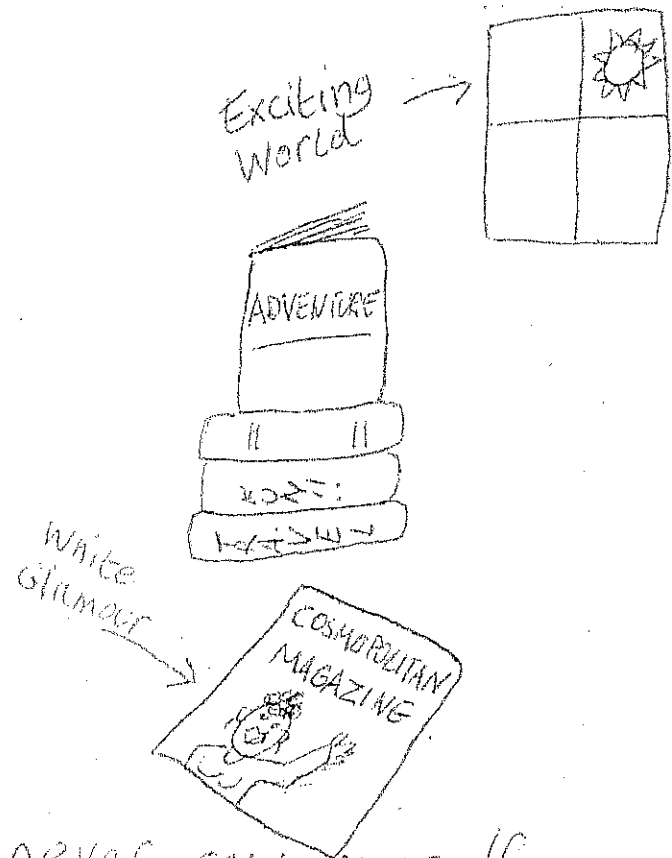
I don't  
actually  
celebrate

I see so many friends  
with their families,  
but all I have are  
bad memories of mine.

I don't have any kids  
of my own. My long-  
term boyfriend didn't  
want any. He was very  
controlling.

I had a hysterectomy  
after being diagnosed  
with 7-pound fibroids.  
I was assaulted in hospital.  
Seems like pain is never  
far behind me.

Books were  
an escape



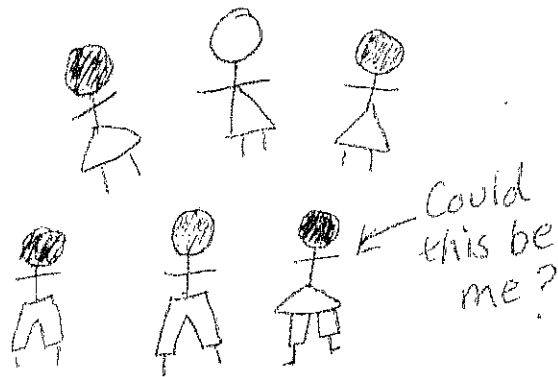
I never saw myself  
reflected in anything  
I read.

I am a writer now,  
but for my childhood,  
books were an escape.  
However all the characters  
were always white.  
I wanted to be white too.  
Being black meant pain  
wherever I went.  
I'm more comfortable  
nowadays.

Mostly female

Because of the abuse

OR  
In spite of it?



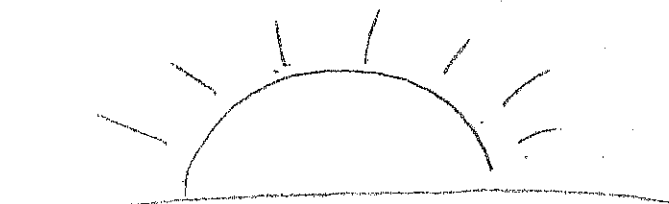
I have a real fear of being (physically) like my mum. But my gender questioning isn't because of that.

I've never felt really girlish or womanly, despite my big tits.

I feel like I've failed at being a woman sometimes.

But mostly I feel I've been pushed into 1 of 2 boxes, when THOUSANDS of choices are out there.





TODAY

I still have problems

But there's  
↳ good stuff too!

- Bisexuality
- Polyamory/Lovers
- Great Friends
- Council Flat of love
- Volunteering
- Free therapy/NHS
- Non-exploitative porn

- ↳ Depression
- Anxiety
- PTSD
- Borderline Personality Disorder
- Nightmares
- Racism in support services
- Biphobia

A FEW RESOURCES  
Samaritans - UK

08457 90 90 90

Samaritans - Ireland  
116 123

Broken Rainbow  
(LGBTIQ Domestic Violence)

online & phone support  
0300 999 5428

Also - MIND → (0300 123 3393)

(0808 1689 111) ← Victim Support

In an Emergency (999)

## First, Do No Harm



I often have problems with medical procedures. Lately, the Dentist is hard to deal with. I had to have 3 fillings in a row recently. I ended up crying at each one, but not due to the pain. Please customise the following for your use.

Dear Medical Professional

I may have some issues with the upcoming procedure. I am a survivor of abuse/childhood violence/cruelty. When items are placed in my mouth/vagina/anus it can trigger unwanted memories for me. Please discuss the work you will do BEFORE you start. We can agree on what to do if I become distressed. Thank you for reading.