

Untold Story
By: Laura Turner

She runs out of the building and crosses the street into the city park, as the rain falls like she was under a 100-foot waterfall. Lightning strikes the ground, in sync with the loud claps of thunder rearing its ugly voice. Blood pours down her face. She runs until it hurts to even breathe. A raging fire is burning inside her lungs. She stops next to a tree and then falls to the ground.

She starts screaming at me through the night storm, "I CAN'T DO THIS ANYMORE!" Through sobs, she weeps, "What has happened to me, to my life?"

Then with anger building in her again, she screams, even louder than she has ever screamed in her life.

"DO YOU HEAR ME? I CAN'T DO THIS ANYMORE."

I've tried to help her, but her fear doesn't allow her to hear me. She battles the invisible demons of negativity that are all too real in her head.

She escaped from her husband again. She knows he will find her; he always does.

Upon realizing that she is not alone, she freezes. Paralyzed with paranoia, her thoughts race, afraid her husband has found her to finish what he started. As she looks up, waiting for the abuse to begin, she sees complete strangers walking on the sidewalks of the park. Her paranoia turns to shame.

What must they be thinking of me screaming into the stormy night?

"Miss, are you all right?" She is startled by the gentleman standing in front of her.

As she looks up, a bolt of lightning flashes through the sky, and the gentleman can see the blood pouring down her face from her forehead. He notices her eye is so black that it fades into the darkness of the night. Her lips are so swollen that he can't tell if she even has a mouth, if not for the blood dripping from a barely present crease. He gasps from the beating she has obviously

endured and quickly helps her up. “Please let me take you to the hospital so they can make sure you are all right.”

“You can’t! He will look for me there,” she responds in a panic.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out his badge. “Even if he does I will not let him get past me.”

She looks at him with desperation, fear, and hopelessness, and says, “It’s very kind of you, but that is what they all say, and I promise you he always finds a way.”

The officer looks at her and asks, above the storm, “Who will find you? What is your name?”

“Lyndsey. Lyndsey Prescott. The man is my husband, Dr. Brian Prescott,” she says.

The police officer looks at her kindly and responds, “Lyndsey, your husband isn’t important right now. We need to make sure you are alright, so how about I take you someplace very safe, where he won’t find you? My name is Scott.”

Lyndsey looks at Scott with a mixture of hope and trepidation, and agrees to go with him. Scott takes her to a safe house a few blocks away. Scott knocks on the door and an older woman answers. The woman, seeing Lyndsey needs help, smiles and motions for her to come in. The woman sits her down and reassures Lyndsey by saying, “You are safe now.”

I know she has won her first battle, but her war has just started. She must trust me.