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Before we begin, take a slow, steady breath.

In through the nose, hold gently, and exhale through the mouth.

Allow your mind to settle where your body is — right here, right now.

This story happens on Valentine's Day — the same day Dolus left. By evening, the house had gone quiet in a way that didn't yet feel like peace.

Isis and Suchus were in my room. Neither wanted distance that night. They had stayed close since the morning, both aware that the day's silence felt different than peace.

Suchus sat at the foot of the bed, scrolling on his phone without looking.

Isis leaned against the headboard, notebook open but untouched.

I sat nearby, exhausted but alert, my body still bracing for what used to follow silence.

The clock read 10:42 p.m. when the sound of a notification broke the stillness.

A text.

From Dolus.

One word.

"Here."

Part I - The Word

That single word filled the room. It was the kind of message that could sound harmless to anyone else — a note of arrival.

But to me, it felt like every year of endurance compressed into one syllable.

(research insight)

Trauma experts call this symbolic compression: a neutral cue that carries the entire weight of an abusive history. The body reacts as though danger has re-entered the room.

My chest tightened. I felt heat rise behind my eyes and the rush of tears that refused permission. Without thinking, I stood and walked to the bathroom, closing the door behind me.

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The small space had always been the only door I could safely close. Even now, it was the instinctive place to contain emotion. I set the phone on the counter, gripped the edge of the sink, and let the tears come.

They weren't loud; they were release. Years of vigilance exiting through breath and salt water.

(research insight)

Dr. Judith Herman explains that when the body recognizes safety, suppressed emotion often surfaces as trembling, tears, or fatigue — the nervous system discharging stored fear.

I remember the mirror blurring as I cried — disappointment folding into shame.

Disappointment because I had expected more.

Shame because I had expected anything.

After twenty years of devotion, the closure I received was a single word.

I washed my face, straightened my posture, and returned to the bedroom.

Part II - The Children

Isis and Suchus were still there. They hadn't moved or spoken, but their eyes followed me when I came in. Children who grow up under control learn to read silence better than speech.

(research insight)

Family trauma specialists refer to this as protective monitoring — an adaptive hyper-awareness that persists after the abuser is gone.

I sat back down on the bed. The air felt fragile. Neither of them asked questions; both simply needed stillness to mean safety. So I stayed calm and quiet, enough for them to rest against that steadiness.

The television flickered without sound. Suchus kept his phone dark. Isis closed her notebook. The only sound was breathing.

Part III - Processing

Later, when they had drifted toward sleep, I looked again at the phone and the one-word message it contained.

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"Here." No follow-up. No explanation.

He had always used brevity as power — proof that my feelings could be minimized into efficiency.

But this time, the word looked different.

He was "here," and I was not.

That distance mattered.

(research insight)

Psychologist Dr. Ramani Durvasula describes this as the moment trauma bonds begin to break — when a survivor's emotional gravity shifts from the abuser back to the self.

I turned the phone face-down and began scribbling on the pages of a worn notebook.

10:42 p.m. — Text from Dolus: "Here."

That was all I wrote.

(legal note)

Advocates advise documenting every post-separation message as part of safety planning. It transforms reactive energy into record — evidence instead of engagement.

The writing ended the day.

For the first time, an ending didn't require his acknowledgment.

By morning, the word no longer felt like intrusion. It had become geography — proof of distance.

He was where he belonged.

And I, for the first time in more than two decades, could define "here" for myself.

(research insight)

Dr. Brené Brown writes that healing begins when we reclaim language that once belonged to shame and give it new meaning through truth.

He said "Here." And I realized I was, too — in my body, in my home, in my own silence that no longer feared itself.

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Let Us Reflect

This account remains exactly as it happened: The message. My reaction. The presence of my children in that room.

I share it because closure did not arrive as apology or recognition. It arrived as a single word that finally marked the boundary between his story and mine.

Sometimes liberation sounds small. It can be one syllable long. It can arrive through disappointment and still mean freedom.

He said, "Here." And that was the first moment I truly was.

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- 3. Herman, J. L. (2015). Trauma and recovery: The aftermath of violence—from domestic abuse to political terror. Basic Books.
- 4. National Domestic Violence Hotline. (n.d.). Safety planning after leaving an abusive relationship. thehotline.org

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Support & Crisis Resources

- National Domestic Violence Hotline (U.S.): 1-800-799-SAFE (7233) thehotline.org
- National Coalition Against Domestic Violence: <u>ncadv.org</u>
- Child Welfare Information Gateway: childwelfare.gov
- NO MORE Global Directory Hotlines and Support Services <u>nomoredirectory.org</u>
- If in immediate danger, call 911 (U.S.) or your local emergency number.

For more survivor education and resources, visit: HappilyEverAfterAbuse.com

"Presence is peace. I am here, and I am whole."