

COMPILED BY SUCCESS ADEGBITE
FOREWORD BY PST. ESTHER EBUNOLUWA OMONIYI

A PROJECT OF BECOMING A BETTER ME FOUNDATION

A silhouette of a person with curly hair, seen from the side, reaching their right arm up towards a starry night sky. A crescent moon is visible in the upper left. The background is a gradient of dark blue, purple, and orange, suggesting a sunset or sunrise. The person's hand is open, with fingers slightly spread, as if reaching for something.

SILENT VOICES

**The real life stories of true African heroes bringing enlightenment,
restoration and empowerment to several other people.**

SILENT VOICES

The stories of true African heroes bringing enlightenment, restoration and empowerment to several other people.

Copyright © 2024 Success Adegbite

All rights reserved. No part of this book must be edited, copied, transmitted, or reprinted into any form or by any means without permission from the author.

Background picture of the cover page: pexels.

All scriptures are taken from the English Standard Version (ESV) of the Bible unless stated otherwise.

Kindly note that this book contains sensitive words.

This book is a compilation of the true life stories of some people and it's shared under their permission. The names, ages and locations used are pseudonym. Any resemblance to names, characters, events, or incidents is purely coincidental.

Becoming a Better Me Foundation is a faith-based non-governmental organization founded on the 24th of March, 2023 to help children, teenagers, and young adults become a better version of themselves psychologically, socially, financially, and spiritually.

BBMF consists of young men and women from all spheres of life aiming at helping children, teenagers, and youths rediscover purpose, improve their lifestyles, and solve life problems.

BBMF achieves this goal by going for secondary school outreach to give sex education, helping children and teenagers with purpose discovery, trauma healing, psychotherapy, financial literacy, revealing Christ, hosting power and value-packed conferences, and life-changing publications. All of these narrow down to helping people become a better version of themselves people psychologically, socially, financially and spiritually. The values of BBMF are Love, Unity, Endurance, and Peace.

Follow us on our social media platforms:

Facebook Page: Becoming A Better Me Foundation

Instagram Page: [becomingabettermefoundation](#)

What'sApp/ Telegram Page, Message: 09123343384

Gmail: becomingabettermefoundation@gmail.com

For Donations, Partnership and Sponsorship :

Account Number: 1436407003

Bank Name: Access Bank

Account Name Success Obasalewa Adegbite

Contents

Dedication	6
Acknowledgments	7
Foreword	8
Introduction	11

Section A: Sexual Abuse and Rape

Chapter 1	14
Chapter 2	20
Chapter 3	25
Chapter 4	33
Chapter 5	36
Chapter 6	49
Chapter 7	46
Notes	48

Section B: Family Breakups and Relationship Breakups

Chapter 8	55
Chapter 9	61
Chapter 10	68
Chapter 11	75
Chapter 12	80
Chapter 13	87
Chapter 14	93
Notes	98

Section C: Child Abuse and Domestic Violence

Chapter 15	104
Chapter 16	110
Chapter 17	115
Chapter 18	119
Chapter 19	124
Chapter 20	128
Chapter 21	134
Notes	137
Conclusion	141

Dedication

We dedicate this book to people all over the world who have gone through all sorts of psychological pain through the means of sexual trauma, abuse, heartbreak, family breakup, domestic violence, and so on. May God heal your pain completely and help you to touch the lives of several others positively.

Acknowledgments

My appreciation goes firstly to the Almighty God for the privilege and grace to compile this book. He is my source of inspiration and I'm nothing without Him.

I sincerely appreciate everyone who willingly shared their stories for others to learn. I understand that it was not easy to share, but thank you for sharing.

I also appreciate every team member of Becoming a Better Me Foundation. Thank you for being supportive and loving. You are amazing. BBMF will continue to thrive.

I sincerely appreciate the Fellowship of Christian Nurses for the Kardiva sessions that have helped a lot of people in their journey of healing and transformation including myself. Thank you so much.

I can never forget to sincerely appreciate my big family of love, God's Love Tabernacle (GLT) for pushing me forward to achieve this great exploit. It's amazing to be a part of the family. Thank you.

I appreciate everyone who supported the publishing of this book financially and in other means. You mean a lot to me. God will continue to bless you.

A big thank you to all our readers. Thank you for taking the time to read. God would continue to increase you.

Foreword

As a voice of God's healing to my generation, I rejoice because there is a Balm in Gilead who can touch the core of every human soul and bring healing and comfort.

There's a popular quote that says "If you never heal from what hurt you, you'll bleed on people who didn't cut you."

I have seen this play out in the real stories of real-life people I have interacted with in my line of work and ministry. I minister to young people, singles and married people alike. I also can relate to the different stories of real-life people shared in this book and their healing journey.

I have seen good individuals who were sort of bleeding on other people in their world because they never healed up from their emotional baggage.

As often said, hurt people hurt people. There's a need to reveal what God is set to heal within your human soul. When God fills the void and rubs His love within your core, all sorts of negative emotions and baggage will be gone.

You are set for love, to give it and to receive it.

Growing up as a teenager, I had my inner turmoil which wasn't known by the people around me. I battled with negative emotions as a result of Grief (lost my dad at age 10) I unconsciously developed what psychologists now call "Hyper vigilance"

I was always in panic mode when my mom was away on her business trips. I battled fears of losing the only caregiver I was left with. It was the same thing with my siblings. Most neighbors couldn't make sense of our extreme excitement upon my

mom's arrival in the evenings.

I was overprotective of my loved ones. My mom and siblings meant the whole world to me. I hated the sense of abandonment we all felt from all sorts of experiences that followed my dad's demise.

Years later, I realized I needed help. God called me into a place of rest and trust in Him. There's no comfort, security, true healing and rest outside of Christ.

A physical wound can be easily spotted but an emotional wound cannot. Life has a way of uncovering and unveiling this hardcore in you.

Whatever the case, opening up is the first step to getting help. You must soul search and understand patterns around your life in all aspects. Talk to someone you trust and unbottle your inner turmoil.

Run to Jesus. The Bible says we have a high priest who is touched by our infirmities. He knows how you feel, He can relate and He has the power to bring sweetness out of any situation.

I commend the bold steps taken and the good work done through the inspiration of God by Success Adegbite.

Through this work, readers can find comfort and healing for their souls as they read stories of other people who walked and are walking into their healing.

I hope you will not let the wound of your past bleed over your future.

As you read through this book, it is my prayer that you will be able to see and understand your journey in a better way and open up your heart for God to fill it

with His reckless love.

I leave you with this word "Watch for the new thing I am going to do. It is happening already - you can see it now! I will make a road through the wilderness and give you streams of water there." Isaiah 43:19 GNT

As soon as healing takes place, go out and heal somebody else." — MAYA ANGELOU

Pastor Mrs. Esther Ebunoluwa Omoniyi,

Deputy Global Coordinator of Threshing House Ecclesia Outreach.

Facebook Page: Esther Ebunoluwa Omoniyi Official

Instagram Page: Esther Ebunoluwa Omoniyi

Introduction

Hidden in the hearts of so many children, young teenagers, young ladies, middle-aged and old people across the globe are past experiences and stories that still hurt, bring bitterness, anger and hatred. Many have nurtured these bitter feelings in them for years and the slight remembrance of some of these experiences brings back the hurt they caused at the beginning.

A very important aspect of life that is mostly affected by the things you go through is the psychological aspect: the way you reason and the way you act towards things and life generally begins to change. The heartbreaks, family breakups, domestic violence you experience, and the sexual molestation you pass through all affect your mental health and change you negatively.

Silent Voices is a book compiled to help you become better psychologically. It is the compilation of the true-life stories of several people from different backgrounds. It discusses the agonies of these people, men and women, their pains and their hurt and how they overcame them. Although their names and ages are imaginary, their stories are true.

We know and understand that the true life stories of these people, their struggles, their pains and their traumas aren't the healing balm to your psychological pains, but reading their stories and seeing how God helped them to overcome their hurts and pains would surely encourage you and guide you in your journey.

We also believe that you will learn life lessons from these stories and the notes. This is an essential book for parents, children, teenagers and young adults. We pray that this book blesses your heart. Amen.

Section A

SEXUAL ABUSE AND RAPE



*The Lord is near to the
brokenhearted and saves
the crushed in spirit*

Psalms 34:18

becomingabettermefoundation



09123343384



Chapter 1

Hi! My name is Mirabel. I am 19 years old. I live in Abuja, Nigeria. I would like to share some of my life experiences with you.

Growing up, I didn't have something you would call a close and sweet bond with my parents or siblings, not because I didn't want to, but because we never expressed ourselves or how much we love and care about each other. To worsen matters, I was someone you would call an 'introvert'. Everyone seemed to relate with each other, but that was not me. I had siblings that you can refer to as being noisy and disturbing, they would shout in the house, talk and gist together. I would stay quiet looking at them play around. I preferred staying in my room alone.

We had a neighbor who lived a stone's throw from our house. At that time, He was an undergraduate and was learning a trade. He was living alone in a self-contained flat. People call him "Pastor". He would preach to us, conduct deliverance sessions and teach us. Everyone loved him and parents willingly allowed their children to go to his house. His house was always filled with children. I found his house a solace place to be than my own where I always felt lonely, so, I loved going to his house with other children in the neighborhood.

At a point, he selected a few of us to come to his flat personally on different days for personal teaching. As a young girl, I was so happy to be part of those girls he would teach personally in his room. The first day I went for my own class, he welcomed me happily and offered me biscuits. I accepted it with gladness and brought out my note and pen in anticipation of his teaching. He made me sit on his bed and started touching me. At that time, I did not know anything about sexual intercourse. I didn't

know what was happening, but I knew it was something bad. He removed my clothes and had his way with me. I lost my virginity. I was just seven years old and couldn't defend myself or push him away. It was painful and I couldn't say anything, but cry. He consoled me and told me that he loved me. He was the first person to tell me that, so, I believed him. I believed that he loved me much more than my parents and siblings loved me.

When I got home, I didn't tell my Mom anything. The kind of relationship I had with my Mom didn't help matters. I kept going to his house due to lack of understanding and he continued having his way with me. I believed he loved me just as he said most times, but I wasn't okay with it. It got to a time when I wanted to stop going to his house, but I couldn't. There was no one I could speak to about it. He did a lot of unspeakable things to me and he would still preach to me after that. You might want to blame me and call me a wayward and foolish child but as a seven-year-old girl at that time, I didn't have the understanding of what to do.

It all stopped when he got married. As young as I was then, I felt used and I was hurting deep inside of me. I wanted to revenge, do something to hurt him just as I was hurting, but there was nothing I could do. A part of me wanted him back to continue doing those things with him, but it didn't work out my way. I was psychologically affected, my mind was always going back to the things he did to me, but I didn't tell anyone.

All of those happened through my primary three, when I got to JSS 1, something else happened. A church member was homeless and stranded. He was sent out of his house and had no place to stay. My Mom volunteered to take him in. He was a

young man in his early 30s. I liked him because he was always buying things for me. I didn't know that he had his intentions.

We were living in a two-bedroom flat. My parents were using one room while my siblings and I were using the other room. We had a couch in our room. My Mom decided that he should be sleeping on the couch while I and my sister sleep on the bed. I and my sister usually sleep early around 8 to 9 p.m. leaving him awake. He wakes up before us and tidies the room before he goes on a job hunt. That pattern continued for a long time until one morning when I woke up noticing that my cloth wasn't in place, and my pant was also on one side. I didn't know what happened. I told my Mom and she just laughed it off.

When it was night time, I lay down on the bed, but couldn't sleep. Suddenly, in the dark room, I sensed someone walking around. I lay calm on my bed pretending to be asleep. I heard him shake my sister to know if she was deeply asleep and my sister truly was.

He lay down quietly on our bed in between my sister and I and started pulling down my pants. I pretended to be asleep because I didn't know what to do. Despite the previous bitter experience I had with my neighbor, I couldn't do anything. He unzipped his trousers and climbed on me. I didn't shout and that was the biggest mistake I made that night. He did everything quietly and I started feeling pain. It got to a time that I could no longer bear it so I moved. He stood up and moved back to the couch. In the middle of that night, I started crying, but nobody woke up. It wasn't a loud cry, so, my parents couldn't hear it.

It happened on a Thursday and I wanted to tell someone this time around. I didn't

know how to approach my Mom, so, I wrote her a letter on that day, Thursday and she saw it on Saturday. My Mom confronted him and shouted at him. He left our house that day. My Mom blamed me for being stupid and that was all she did. I told my sister about it and she said she had been experiencing the same thing.

How I Got Over It

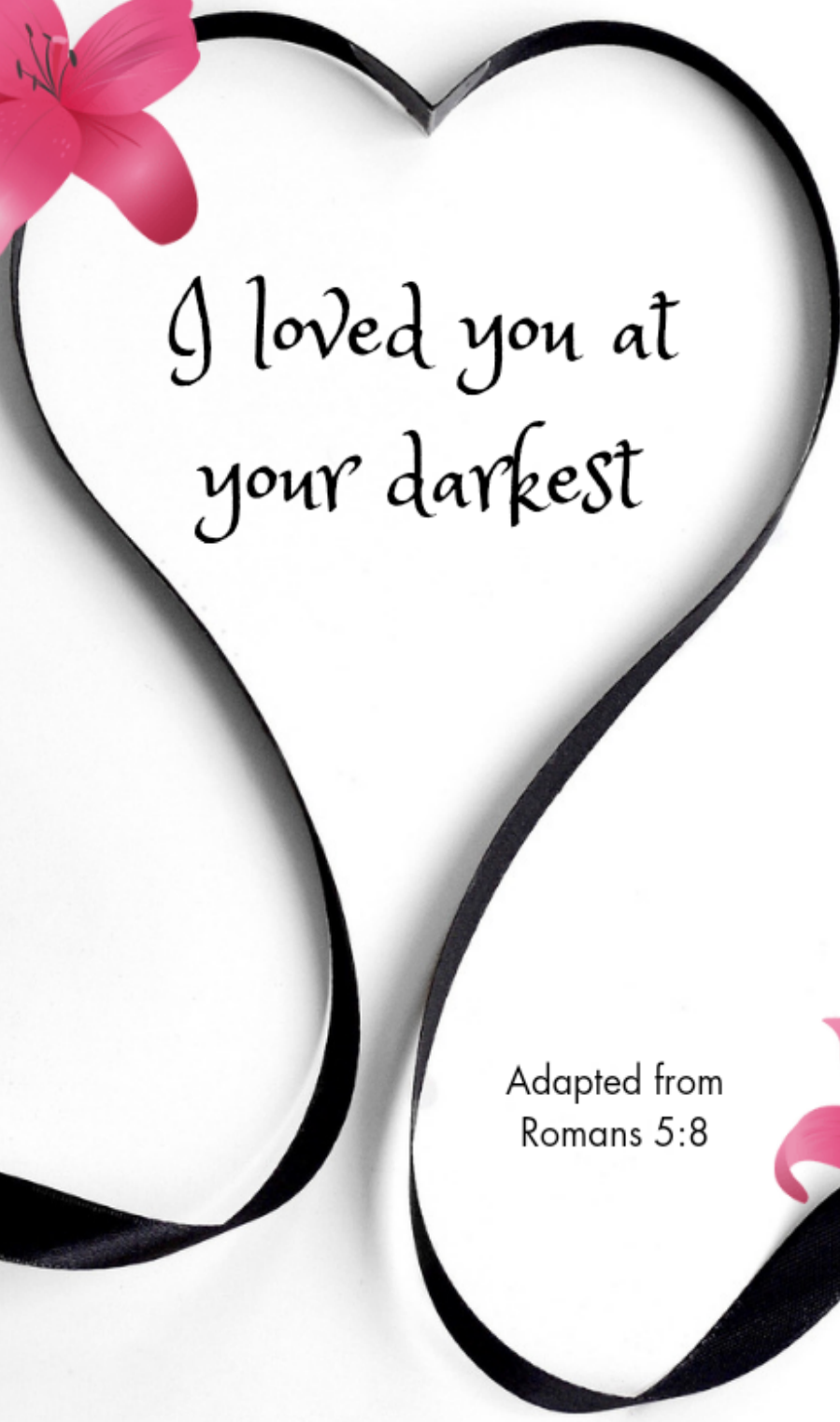
It all happened at an early stage of my life and I was too small and naive to understand how it was damaging my mind.

After those experiences, I gave myself to a lot of bad things. I became addicted to guys. I always felt like I needed someone to touch me and I had sexual urges every now and then. I followed all sorts of boys and men just to satisfy my urges. As little as I was, I started having numerous boyfriends and my body was craving for more. I felt there was no one I could speak to that would understand me. I had no female friends and the guys I moved with weren't my friends, they were just there to satisfy my sexual urges. It continued till senior secondary school. I was already affected mentally and psychologically. There were times I seriously wished to stop being wayward. I would even pray about it and I will stop temporarily. After a while, I would still go back to those guys.

After secondary school, I met godly friends who loved me and led me to Christ. I got saved, but I didn't tell them anything about my past. I tried taming my urges and stopped following guys around and that led me into masturbation. It got to a stage in my life where I got fed up with everything, I was drained and I felt empty.

I knew that I needed to open up to someone. At that point, I told one of my godly friends about my past. Revealing my past to someone reliable helped my healing process a big time. She advised me. We prayed together. I forgave my molesters too.

Finally, I overcame everything. God came through for me and saved me. Now, I teach children because I want to give them my attention and by God's grace help them.



*I loved you at
your darkest*

Adapted from
Romans 5:8



becomingabettermefoundation



09123343384



Chapter 2

Hello! My name is Felix and I'm twenty-three years old. I would like to share my experience.

I was just six years old and in primary two. I was young and naive, but exceptionally brilliant in academics. I loved my addition and subtraction; I also loved reading short passages and answering questions. I always topped my class. I am the last born of my parents, and I have two elder sisters. As the last born and only boy, I was always treated as a baby.

My Mom and my Dad loved me undoubtedly, but my Dad was a strict disciplinarian.

One Friday evening, I returned home from school with my two elder sisters. We got to the living room and we met a young lady sitting in our living room.

My Mom came into the living room and introduced her to us as her youngest sister, our auntie who was living in a neighboring town. Mom explained that she came to visit us.

We all greeted her and In less than an hour, we had all gotten comfortable with her. We played different games and enjoyed ourselves.

My Mom prepared dinner for all of us and we ate in the dining room. My Dad returned home in the evening and we all greeted him. He welcomed my auntie who was around and had a little discussion with her before he entered his room. We all watched a movie together and we shared different stories and jokes and everyone had something to say including me, the last born. After that, it was time to sleep.

We had only three bedrooms in our house. The first one belonged to my Mom and Dad, and the second one was for my sisters and it had a small bed that could only contain both of them. The third one was for me and my bed was big enough for two people to sleep comfortably on. Since we had a visitor, she needed a place to sleep and the only place she could be fixed was my bed. My Mom begged me to share my bed with her; my bed was big enough for both of us to conveniently lie on it. I didn't oppose it, besides, she was my auntie.

It was sleeping time and in no time, Mom was in her room sleeping already, my two sisters were in their room sleeping. I gave my auntie my spare blanket. She turned the lights off and the room was dark. I was on the left side of my bed trying to sleep; she was on the other side of my bed. I slept off some minutes later. It had been a long day of schoolwork and play at home, so, I needed rest.

I was enjoying my sleep when I felt a hand pull down my boxers. At first, I thought it was a dream, but the hand continued to my boxers. I quickly opened my eyes. I saw her in the dark, she seemed not to be affected by the fact that I had woken up. My sisters were on their bed sleeping and snoring.

I was just six at that time, I had no sex education, I didn't understand what sex was, or the function of my genitals aside from urinating and I didn't know what she was doing to me, so there was nothing to shout about. She started rubbing her hands on my genitals and moved to rubbing it on herself.

When she was done, she wore back my boxers for me. I didn't really understand what had happened.

When I woke up in the morning, I didn't see her. My Mom told me that she had to

travel back to her town and go to work. I wanted to tell my Mom what had happened the previous night, but she wasn't available.

Everything didn't stop after that. My auntie kept coming to our house and the pattern kept repeating itself. It got to a time that I was used to her doing it that I anticipated her visit to our house. She would do all kinds of unspeakable things with my genitals. It continued that way till she traveled out of the country. That was the last time I saw her.

How I Got Over It

As I grew older, I started having urges to continue what Auntie started. I entered secondary school and became friends with a girl in my class. After closing hours, we would follow a path at the back of my school to an uncompleted building and do together what I had seen Auntie do to me. We continued for a long time and before I finished secondary school, I had done it with three other girls in my class. I also dived into pornography and masturbation. I was stuck, yet, my parents didn't know anything.

I entered the university intending to do more of those bad things that I was engaging in, but I didn't succeed with it. I had roommates who cared about me and loved me. They invited me to fellowship and were always following me up till I gave my life to Christ.

The urges didn't stop immediately. I was still struggling with addiction, so, I opened up to one of the leaders in our fellowship who prayed for me and helped me

overcome it with some knowledgeable principles. There were times I looked back and remembered so many bad things I did in the past and blamed my auntie for it. I learned forgiveness and had to forgive her wholeheartedly. I did and my life is a lot better now.



*She is far more
precious than
jewels*

Proverbs 31:10

becomingabettermefoundation



09123343384



Chapter 3

Hi! My name is Tonia. I'm seventeen years old. I would love to share my story with you. My mom got pregnant in her fourth year in the university for her boyfriend then. He rejected the pregnancy and mom couldn't abort it. She gave birth to me and dropped me off with her mother after I was weaned to continue her education without distraction. I lived with Grandma since then.

When I turned seven, Grandma already had had two other children staying with her. The other children were my relatives, distant relatives actually. I was the second eldest. The eldest girl was about two years older than me. I was three years older than the other child who was a boy.

Grandma gave her best to raise us well. She had a little kiosk where she sold some basic things. With the little she had, she ensured we didn't suffer. We lived in a very small town, but we were comfortable. We all attended a public school in our town. Grandma also had a farm in a nearby village where she planted yam, maize, and other crops. Most weekends, I and the two other children living with Grandma would trek to Grandma's farm to help her. Sometimes during the week, Grandma would go to her farm and stay on the farm for two to three days. There was a little hut on the farm and she loved going there.

The three of us and the children who lived in our neighborhood would all play together and run together after school hours, but then, I still felt something amiss. Other children in my school had Moms and Dads, but I had only Grandma. Mom would only come to visit me once a year. Grandma was trying her best, but I still wished I was living with my parents.

One day, one of my classmates and I got into an argument and she called me a fatherless child. I was hurt. I was in junior secondary school then, JSS2 to be precise. After school hours, I stayed back and was crying. My class teacher entered the class and was surprised to see me crying under my desk. He asked me what happened and I narrated it to him. He consoled me and promised to punish my classmate the next day. I started seeing my class teacher as a confidant. Sometimes, he would ask me to wait back after closing hours and we would talk about casual things. He started taking me lessons on the subjects we do in class. I was just eleven years old then. Grandma didn't notice anything. She was either on the farm or in the market.

After the closing hours one day, he asked me to stay back as usual and I did. When my classmate left, He called me to his table and started taking me lessons on what we had done. Soon he moved to the door and closed it. He closed the windows as well. The classroom became dark, but there were little rays of light coming in from the little holes in the wooden window.

I complained that everywhere was dark and he told me not to worry. He moved closer to me, carried me, and laid me on his wooden table. He pulled down my school uniform and started using his fingers to touch me. I could tell that what he was doing was wrong, but I didn't really understand what was happening. I told him several times to stop, but he didn't. The classroom was still dark, but I could see him through the little rays of light. He progressed to forcing himself on me, covering my mouth with his hands to ensure that I didn't shout. I wasn't able to shout, but I cried. My eyes were filled with tears. When he was done, I couldn't stand up or walk properly. There was blood all over my lap. He helped me clean up with a handkerchief he had in his bag. He dressed me in my uniform and placed me on his

leg. He told me that he did it because he loved me and made me promise not to tell anyone. I couldn't walk properly still, He told me to tell a lie that I fell if anyone asked. He also gave me paracetamol and one other drug to use. It was one of those days when Grandma was sleeping over on the farm. I didn't meet anyone when I got home; the two other children staying with Grandma had gone to play in the neighborhood. I went to the bedroom that we all shared and slept off.

A tap on my leg woke me up in the night. The two other children were back and they had already prepared dinner. They called me to join them, but I refused. I still had pain in my hips, but I didn't allow any of them to notice my discomfort.

Grandma returned two days after and never knew anything happened. My class teacher, Mr. George, continued with these acts and I didn't dare to tell Grandma.

After school hours, Mr. George would ensure that all the students leave the class and go home. When he was sure that they were all gone, he would start talking to me and then close the door. He made me promise never to tell anyone. He once told me that he would have taken me to his house, but he had neighbors who were "amebo".

One particular day after school hours, I waited as usual and after everyone was gone, Mr. George closed the door. That particular day, he bought a bottled soft drink for me and snacks. He gave them to me and I appreciated him. He proceeded to hug me tight, kissing my neck and as he was about to remove my school uniform, a female teacher opened the door and caught both of us. She was shocked. She was the class teacher of JSS1 and obviously, she had stayed back late in class that day. I felt like the ground should swallow me. I started crying. The female teacher, Miss

Veronica was a very strict teacher and I knew that I was in trouble.

She screamed at Mr. George for an explanation of what was going on. Mr. George zipped up his trousers and moved closer to her, begging her to lower her voice, but she wouldn't listen. She turned to me and saw the snacks and drink on the table. She moved closer and slapped my face. She shouted that it was because of snacks and drinks that I was flirting with my class teacher. I continued crying and I couldn't control my tears. Mr. George begged her not to tell anyone and promised to do anything she wanted. Miss Veronica refused and dragged me out of the class with my school bag. She took me to my house and met Grandma at home. The two other children at home had gone to play in the neighborhood. Miss Veronica told Grandma that I was wayward and that I was following boys all around, but she didn't explain in detail that she caught me with my class teacher.

Even though, she didn't explain in detail, my Grandma was very disappointed in me. After Miss Veronica left, Grandma beat me black and blue. I cried till I could no longer cry. Grandma didn't give me dinner that night.

The next day I went to school and Mr. George behaved as if nothing had happened. After school hours, he ensured all pupils went home. I waited behind, but he instructed me to also go home. I went home as instructed, crying on my way home.

Mr. George was transferred to another school a week after the incident. We never had any conversation till he left. I felt bad. Anytime, I passed by Miss Veronica, I would feel hatred and anger rising in me. She didn't like me either. She would always hiss whenever I pass by. I guessed Mr. George bribed her and that was why she didn't tell the proprietor. However, I lost my self-esteem. I couldn't look up to

any teacher. Whenever I came across Miss Veronica talking to any of the teachers, fear would grip my heart thinking she was talking to them about me. I became a shadow of myself. Remembering everything that had happened between Mr. George and I was another horrible nightmare on its own. I would struggle to sleep in the night as the memories juggle in my brain.

I felt like seeing Mr. George again to tell him how much pain he had caused me. However, my feelings were unpredictable, one moment I hated him for everything he did to me, another moment, I was longing for him and craving to be in his arms again. I hated myself. I was having suicidal thoughts and was depressed. Yes, depressed at eleven years. I was always sad.

I finished my junior secondary school education and moved to senior secondary school. I still had a very low self-esteem and feared all male teachers. In my first year in senior secondary school, my physics teacher developed an interest in me and it was a reason to fear again. He was always calling me to answer questions in class or to go on errands for him. My fears were confirmed when he gave me his bag to help him take home after school one day. I refused and told him that my Grandma would be waiting for me at home. He insisted and described his house to me. I had never been inside his house before, but it was in my neighborhood and I had passed in front of his house several times. He gave me his keys and told me where to drop it when I was leaving. I hurried to his house and got there. I opened the door and did exactly what I was instructed. I was about to leave when he entered his house. I was shocked and scared. I attempted to leave, but he drew me back. I started begging him to let me go.

Fear was obvious in my eyes and he could see it. He asked me to sit on one of the two chairs in his room, while he sat on the bed. He asked me why I was afraid and I couldn't say anything. He kept asking and I told him about what happened between me and Mr. George, I even went as far as telling him that my mom is a single mother and I grew up with my Grandma. He felt sorry for me and promised me that he meant no harm. He encouraged me and gave me a five hundred naira note to get whatever I wanted. I was really happy that I finally got someone who wanted to hear me out. He was the first person I ever confided in about what happened between I and Mr. George. I got home that day in high spirits and kept the #500 in my "kolo"(piggy bank).

My physics teacher, Mr. Anthony, was always available to encourage me and hear my complaints anytime. He became like a father to me. Whenever I needed anything, all I needed to do was to tell him. I started calling him Daddy outside classes and it made sense to me because I didn't have a father figure in my life. After my first term exams, he invited me to his house again and all we did was talk about life generally and eat chips. I started going to his house once in a while because I was free with him and I trusted him that he was different from Mr. George. Mr. Anthony was always available whenever I needed him till I got to SSS2. One of those days in SSS2, I went to his house for a part of Physics that I didn't understand. He was asleep when I got to his house. My knock on his door woke him up. He took me in and washed his sleepy face, he started explaining to me and after some minutes of explaining, he pushed me to his bed and started doing the same thing Mr. George used to do. All I did was to cry. I felt foolish and dumb. How foolish to have trusted another person. I felt lifeless and useless. I went back home and stopped seeing Mr.

Anthony. I didn't want to be a wayward girl. I needed help and there was no one to help me.

How I Got Over It

In my first term in SSS3, a particular non-governmental organization came to my school and talked about Sexual Purity. They told us how important it was to keep ourselves pure. They gave us a purity card to vow that we would keep ourselves pure. I gave my life to Christ that day. After that day, I took a bold step to confide in a trustworthy sister in church about everything that happened and I was glad I did. She didn't condemn me. She became close to me and also the other children who stayed with Grandma. It was then we discovered that the other two children that we lived together had at one time or the other been abused in the neighborhood. We were educated. I'm done with my secondary school now and I'm a better person. I'm free from all the pains of the molestation and now I have more understanding.



*You are God's
masterpiece*

Adapted from
Ephesians 2:10

becomingabettermefoundation



09123343384



Chapter 4

Hello! My name is Cassandra. I'm thirty-five years old. I'm married with three kids. My husband is a commercial driver. I do various jobs to sustain and keep my family. I render house cleaning services, laundry services and so many others.

I have a loving and supportive husband and despite we aren't wealthy, he supports the family in the little way he can. I have two girls and a boy; the boy is the eldest and he is six years old. My second child, a female, is just four years old, and my youngest child, also, a female is six months old. I take my youngest child everywhere I go to work because none of my older children is capable of babysitting her while at home.

On a weekend, I went to a client's house to wash clothes leaving my two other kids, their father had gone to work. A part of our house building had been affected by rain, so we were expecting an apprentice bricklayer to help us amend it.

The bricklayer came after I left the house to do his work. When he was done, he sent my son on an errand to get him something. My son went to get what he requested and he was left with my daughter at home. He started fingering my four-year-old daughter and laid on her. He was about to have his way with her when a neighbor came inside. My neighbor was shocked to see a middle-aged man on my daughter. She shouted and other neighbors came, they all laid their hands on him and started beating him. The children in the neighborhood gathered to view the scene. It was in the midst of the uproar that I got back home. I was surprised to see a crowd gather in front of my house. One of my neighbors told me everything that happened. I nearly fainted. Tears welled up in my eyes. My husband came around and rushed

my daughter to the hospital. I stayed at home and hid in the room till the drama outside wrapped up. My neighbors brought the policemen to arrest him and they took him away. My husband returned with my daughter from the hospital in the evening, she had been examined and taken care of, but my heart was in pain that my four-year-old daughter had to go through that trauma. Her elder brother blamed himself for leaving his sister.

Apart from the pain I felt, I was ashamed. All the neighbors already knew what happened in our house. Whenever I went outside, one neighbor or the other would sympathize with me on what happened. Although my daughter was just four years old, the little understanding she had of what happened to her traumatized her. Our neighbor's children who were also her mate at school would laugh at her and that would make her feel reluctant to go to school. I almost lost my sanity, but I knew that I had to be fine, for my daughter and my family.

How I Got Over It

Some people came up to help me after the whole incident, but not everyone acted nice. Many people accused me of not being a good mother, but some good people advised me and supported me. My confidence and self-esteem was revived. I came across a non-governmental organization that gave my child the right sex education she needed. They also took me through some essential things I needed to know and do as a mother to protect my children. Now, I love my children and care for them, I'm very careful about where they go to and who they stay with. To every mother, your children are heritage from God, they are priceless, guard them jealousy.



*I am with you
always*

Matthew 28:20

becomingabettermefoundation



09123343384



Chapter 5

Hi! My name is Bella and I'm 22 years old. I'm happy to share my story with you. I live in Kwara State with my Dad while my Mom works in Osun State. My Dad is a pastor, while my Mom is a Federal Government worker. Due to the nature of their jobs, they barely stay at home. Daddy travels for several ministrations and Mom works in another state. I have two brothers.

During our breaks from school, we would go to our family friend's place. They had three female children and a male child who was the last born. The third female child was about my age and I was older than the male child who was the last born.

One day, the firstborn, Nora called me to her room; her sisters were there with her. I went there and she told me to pull my clothes that she wanted to check something. I was young but quite intelligent. I wanted to ask questions and refuse, but I was afraid of Nora and wouldn't like to go against her command. Nora had always been taking care of me and she was like a mother to me. I obeyed and she started molesting me. She was touching my body in several places that I wasn't comfortable with. Her sisters were there, watching her do those terrible things.

I couldn't tell my Mom, I was scared of her. Although she was working in another state, the little I knew about her was that she was a disciplinarian and she was strict. My Dad was rarely around always going from one program to another. We kept going to Nora's house during holidays and Nora kept molesting me. We stopped going into their house when we got old enough to stay alone at home.

When I turned eight years old, something else happened. We had a vigil in our

church, I wanted to urinate but I was scared to go alone because it was dark. I told one of the male ushers to escort me and he did. He sat on one of the chairs outside as I urinated. When I was done, he carried me on his lap and exposed me to his manhood as he caressed me. Then my Mom showed up, she had been looking for me. She was shocked to see me in that state. She slapped me and called me stupid while the usher ran away. There was nothing I could say to explain myself. She punished me when we got home and she was completely disappointed in me.

How I Got Over It

I intentionally put those traumatic experiences behind me even though they caused wounds on my inside. I gave my life to Christ. At some point, God began to draw my attention to these things in the sense that anywhere I went, people were always bringing up matters that were related to them. The reality of it began to dawn on me and before I knew it, I became depressed; and I couldn't talk to anyone about it.

One day, one of my sisters in the church came to me and we talked at length. I finally spoke about it with tears streaming down my face. It was at that moment I knew how deeply I had been hurt. We talked and prayed together, I read books and listened to sermons and I had to undergo different series of therapy. God delivered me totally and gave me complete healing.

Today, I'm proud of the person I am. To that girl going through something like this, Rise baby girl, the whole world is waiting for your light. I love and cherish you. I hope you heal quickly and soon enough.



God is within her,
she will not
fail

Adapted from
Psalms 46:5



becomingabettermefoundation



09123343384



Chapter 6

Hi! My name is Jessica and I am twenty-five years old. I would like to share my experiences with you.

I had my secondary school education in the village where I lived with my parents. My parents wanted the best for me, but they didn't have enough money to sponsor me to the university. I did my final exams in secondary school and had good grades. After my secondary school education, I went to our capital city to stay with my family relatives; my uncle and his wife. My uncle and his wife were nice people. However, they were also struggling to make ends meet in the city. They had three young children and the eldest was their ten-year-old daughter. I was 18 years as at that time. I wanted to start working right away to save money for tertiary education. I believed that there were several job opportunities in the city and I felt it was the best place for me to stay.

One day, I left the house to photocopy my documents and print a job application letter in a printing shop. I wanted to send it to a restaurant that needed new staffs. My uncle wasn't around that day, but his wife was. I told her before going. My small phone was faulty then, so, I didn't go with it. I left the house in the evening hoping that I would see a printing shop. To my utmost disappointment, I didn't see any after walking for a long time. I got lost and couldn't retrace my way back home. Every step I took was a wrong step.

I came across two men and told them the address where my uncle was living. They told me that they know the place and promised to take me back home. I followed them and they took me to a very deserted place. I was so scared and begged them

to take me home. They pushed me to the ground and started molesting me. Both of them raped me. They left when they were done with me. I was broken and traumatized. A young woman driving in a car stopped beside me when she saw me crying by the roadside. I told her my uncle's address and she helped me back home.

I couldn't share the incident with anyone, I kept it to myself. I cried every day. I hated myself so much. I feared the risk of contracting HIV. I told my uncle that I wasn't feeling fine and wanted to go to a hospital around; he showed me one close to our house. I went for a test and luckily for me, I was negative. I was psychologically affected. There were nights that I couldn't sleep. Tears were always streaming down my eyes whenever I remember that bitter experience. It was traumatizing for me. I was hurt from within and nobody could see it.

Two years later, I got admitted to study at the university. The university was in the same city where my uncle was living, but it was far from their house. I needed accommodation and a church member offered to help, she had a married younger brother living close to the university. My uncle trusted their family. I was glad and I moved into his house. He was married and had two kids by then. He was a mentor to me and he was a member of our church branch which was closer to the university.

Everything turned tragic when he started coming to my room to molest me whenever his wife wasn't around. He was a lecturer at my university while his wife was a doctor. There were times when his wife would work in the hospital overnight. He would bang on my door, come in, and push me to the bed. He will start doing different unspeakable things with me. I was always crying at night. There were times that I would lock my door, but he had a spare key and could come in anytime

he wanted. He threatened to send me out of his house if I said a word. I couldn't tell his wife and I didn't want to move out of his house since I was still a student. Moreover, I had no place to go if I wanted to remain a student. I endured staying there and tried to secure accommodation at another place. Eventually, I was employed as a house cleaner by a middle-aged woman at a house close to my university. She also allowed me to stay in her house and I left the house where I was staying. I was free from the abuse, but my heart kept aching.

How I Got Over It

For a long time, I tried to get over everything that happened to me, but I couldn't. My past was always coming back to me. I felt miserable, like a terrible person. My heart was shattered and it was difficult to love or trust anyone. I prayed about it, but things didn't change. I was frustrated and fell into depression. I always carried on a happy face, but deep within me, I was struggling to be fine.

At a church service on a particular Sunday, the preacher preached about "Coming out of the cave". It was like the message was being directed to just me. After the service, I cried out every hurt within me. I also opened up to the woman I was working for. She advised me and encouraged me. She also prayed for me. I forgave everyone involved and let go of the past. God helped me to get over all my pains and fears. Now, I am in my final year at the university living a peaceful life.



*I have loved you with
an everlasting love*

Jeremiah 31:3

becomingabettermefoundation



09123343384



Chapter 7

Hi! My name is Noella and I am nineteen years old. I am from Kaduna, Nigeria. I will like to share my story with you.

I have wonderful parents and an elder brother. Mom owns a little shop where she sells things while Dad is a soldier, so we lived in the barracks. Life was really beautiful until Daddy started getting transfers to other locations. The first two transfers, we went with him, but our education was affected as we had to repeat classes, my brother and I.

My Mom wanted the best for our education. She sent my brother to a boarding house for stability, but my Dad didn't agree that I should also go to the boarding house.

Mom sent me to her younger sister's place for me to continue my education there. My auntie was married and she had a little child, a young girl. I was seven years old when I got to Auntie Patricia's place.

Auntie Patricia loved me like her own daughter. She enrolled me in the best school around. One of my female cousins was also living with Auntie Patricia.

Auntie Patricia had a store where she sold shoes and slippers. She had a young boy who was helping her to manage the shop whenever she wasn't around. Whenever I return from school, I would head to Auntie Patricia's shop and we would be there together till she closes by 7 p.m. to go home together.

I was doing very well in school and met new friends. I had a small phone that I used

to call my Mom and Dad once in a while.

Soon, Auntie Patricia got pregnant with another child which minimizes her movement to shop. I kept going to the shop after classes to help the man at the shop, Raymond. He was in his early twenties.

One day, I was in the shop. As usual, I had changed to a mufti. I was trying to lose my hair and he suddenly came to my side and attempted to help me lose my hair. I refused, he struggled with me, pinned me with his legs, and started losing my hair. I felt bad that day, but that was just the beginning of everything.

Raymond started harassing me in the shop, whenever we had no customers. There was no one I could tell. He would touch parts of my body that he wasn't supposed to touch. There was no way I could stop going to shop as my auntie would ask me about it.

My auntie gave birth and temporary freedom came for me. She gave birth to a beautiful young girl and I stopped going to shop to take care of the baby and Auntie's first child. I would bathe for auntie's children, wash their clothes, sweep the house, cook for the home, and prepare auntie's first child and myself for school. I was free from Raymond at last, but I was entering something else.

Auntie's husband, Uncle, invited his younger brother to come help with some things. His younger brother, Richard, was nice and jovial. It didn't take long to admire his sweet heart and gentleness.

One day, I was watching movies in the living room, Auntie was sleeping in her room and my uncle wasn't around. Uncle Richard came to the living room and sat on the

chair with me and started cuddling me. He was lost in whatsoever he was doing and his grip was tight that I couldn't force myself out of his grip. He started engaging in romance with me forcefully. It took a while to get out of his grip, and after that, he started apologizing. I didn't say anything; I just went to my room.

I was tired. I was frustrated. Before, it was Uncle Raymond, now, it was Uncle Richard. At that time, I was just nine years old.

Uncle Richard left out house in a short period. I continued staying at home after school to take care of Auntie's children and the whole house while my female cousin kept going to Auntie's shop after school.

Auntie's husband started making some moves that I wasn't convenient with. He would call me to his room and start to sex educate me. He would intentionally touch me and tell me that he was just showing me the parts of my body and wanted me to know how to keep myself away from bad boys. Soon, he graduated to harassing me whenever I was working in the house. I hated myself. I felt bad for Auntie. I couldn't tell her all the things her husband was doing to me.

One day, Auntie went out and left her first daughter in the house. Her daughter was sleeping. Uncle was in the living room watching movies, while, I was in my bedroom. Uncle called me and I moved to the living room. I noticed something was off. I looked around and realized that all the doors and windows were locked.

Uncle asked me to get his phone for him in the bedroom. I could smell trouble, but I couldn't disobey him. I got to the bedroom and saw his phone on the bed. I picked it up and wanted to go to give him, but he was already at the door of the bedroom. He closed the door and commanded me to sleep on the bed. I was already crying at

that time and saying, "Please sir".

Uncle was a strict man and I knew what he could do if I didn't obey his instructions.

I lay on the bed and my uncle climbed on me. I started shouting and crying at the same time. Uncle stood up and before he could say anything. I rushed out of his room, locking his door behind me. I got to the living room and started looking for the key to the main door that led outside, but I couldn't see it. I was opening each drawer. My eyes caught sight of it on the sofa. I ran to open the door, woke up my auntie's daughter sleeping on the chair, and took her out of the house. I can't remember if I was running or walking, but all the same, I got to my auntie's shop in less than ten minutes. My aunt wasn't in her shop, but my female cousin was there. I stayed with her till we closed for the day and we went home together.

My uncle changed towards me badly. He would shout at me for even the smallest mistake I make and discipline me. I had two friends in school then, they also had crisis that they were going through in their different homes. The three of us would come together and share what we were all going through. I seemed to be the person going through the least of challenges, the other two had way more compounded issues. At home, it was evident to my aunt that I was psychologically affected. I was absent-minded most times and some other times I was too overwhelmed to speak to anyone. I was always feeling sad most of the time.

I finished my secondary school education and I returned to my parents in the barracks. It almost seemed like the beginning of freedom for me until Mom broke the news to me that I had to stay in another uncle's place in another state entirely to prepare for my tertiary education. There was absolutely nothing I could say to

change my Mom's mind. She insisted and I went.

Uncle Henry and his wife were the nicest set of people I had ever come across. In just a week of staying with them, they had gotten a lot of things for me. Despite their kindness, I would always stay in my room all day except whenever I wanted to eat. Uncle Henry noticed my usual attitude of wanting to be alone and He knew something was wrong. He tried getting close to me and would always ask what the problem was, but I was too broken to accept His kindness and pure love. He even suggested I see a therapist, but I didn't want any of that. I did the PUTME for the university I wanted to go to and luckily for me, I got admitted.

How I Got Over It

Getting admitted to a school and living in the school hostel with no fear of anyone who would molest me felt like freedom to me, but I was held bound by depression. I was always sad. My coursemates called me weird because I found it difficult to interact with them. Finally, I came across a coursemate who was intentional about me. She maintained a consistent communication relationship with me till I opened up to her and told her everything I had gone through. She encouraged me and led me into my healing process. We prayed together several times and examined the word of God together. I didn't get over it immediately, but when I kept opening up my pains, praying together with her, and reading the Bible, I got my total freedom. It's safe and true to say God brought me out of everything and healed my emotional wounds. Instead of the ugly sad face, you see a young beautiful girl with a smiling face. That's me.

NOTES

SEXUAL ABUSE AND RAPE

Sexual Abuse has to do with the nonconsensual touching of one person for the sexual gratification of another. It includes situations that have to do with rape, fondling, molestation, or other unwanted contact with the genitals, anus, buttocks, groin, or breasts.

Rape deals with any degree of penetration, whether minor or partial penetration, committed as a deliberate act without the consent of the victim.

Sexual Abuse doesn't leave a person the same. It affects the victims psychologically, sometimes physically, socially, and health-wise.

EFFECTS OF SEXUAL ABUSE ON VICTIMS

- Anxiety
- Fear
- Depression
- Self-harm.
- Social Isolation
- Emotional Numbness
- Hatred.
- Low Self - Esteem
- Trust Issues
- Altered Sleep Cycles
- Flashbacks
- Infection and STDs
- Unwanted Pregnancy
- Vaginismus e.tc.

GETTING OVER SEXUAL ABUSE

- Highlight the effects the abuse has on you: It's important to know the effects the abuse has on you and how to handle it. The approach to dealing with depression from sexual abuse is different from dealing with low self-esteem from sexual abuse.
- Open up to someone who can help you: Opening up to the right person is a major step to take in getting over sexual abuse. Keeping the abuse a secret would only traumatize you continually. Notwithstanding, opening up to the wrong person can be dangerous, too. Ensure you open up to someone who can handle the situation properly. It could be your parents, mentors, religious leaders, etc
- Learn to let go: In most cases of sexual abuse, the victims nurture hatred, unforgiveness, hurt, revenge, and so many other negative things. Recurring flashbacks also make it difficult to let go completely. All of these are unhealthy for you. It is wisdom to forgive your abuser and let go of hurt, hatred, and revenge.
- Pray about it: Healing doesn't take time, it takes divine intervention. God can help you get over the abuse within a short while. Seeking God's help through prayer is essential.
- Read books, listen to podcasts, messages, and content that addresses sexual abuse: Several books and movies addresses sexual abuse. There are also several advocates against sexual abuse that you can follow on social media to learn from.
- Monitor your improvements and be accountable: Each step of improvement matters. As you get over each of the negative effects of the abuse, applaud yourself and talk to your accountability partner about it.

WORDS OF ADVICE

- Parents should monitor their children. They should be careful of who their children stay with. A lot of children get sexually abused by family members, relatives, and family friends. Parents should be attentive to what their children have to say and their attitudes toward others. Parents should spend time with their children and educate them about sex as early as possible.
- Children and Young adults should learn to take safety precautions. They should not go out late at night. They should learn to open up to their parents or a trusted person if anyone attempts to abuse them.
- Victims of sexual abuse or rape should learn to report to police authorities or seek help from capable NGOs. If you are currently going through any form of sexual abuse, you need to be free from your abuser.
- If you would like to reach out for help or advice, call or message 09123343384.



WAIT A MINUTE !

**Do you know that you can get a copy
of this book for a child that really
needs to learn from this.**

With just a donation of a thousand naira, you can reach
out to a secondary school student in Nigeria.
Kindly support Becoming A Better Me Foundation

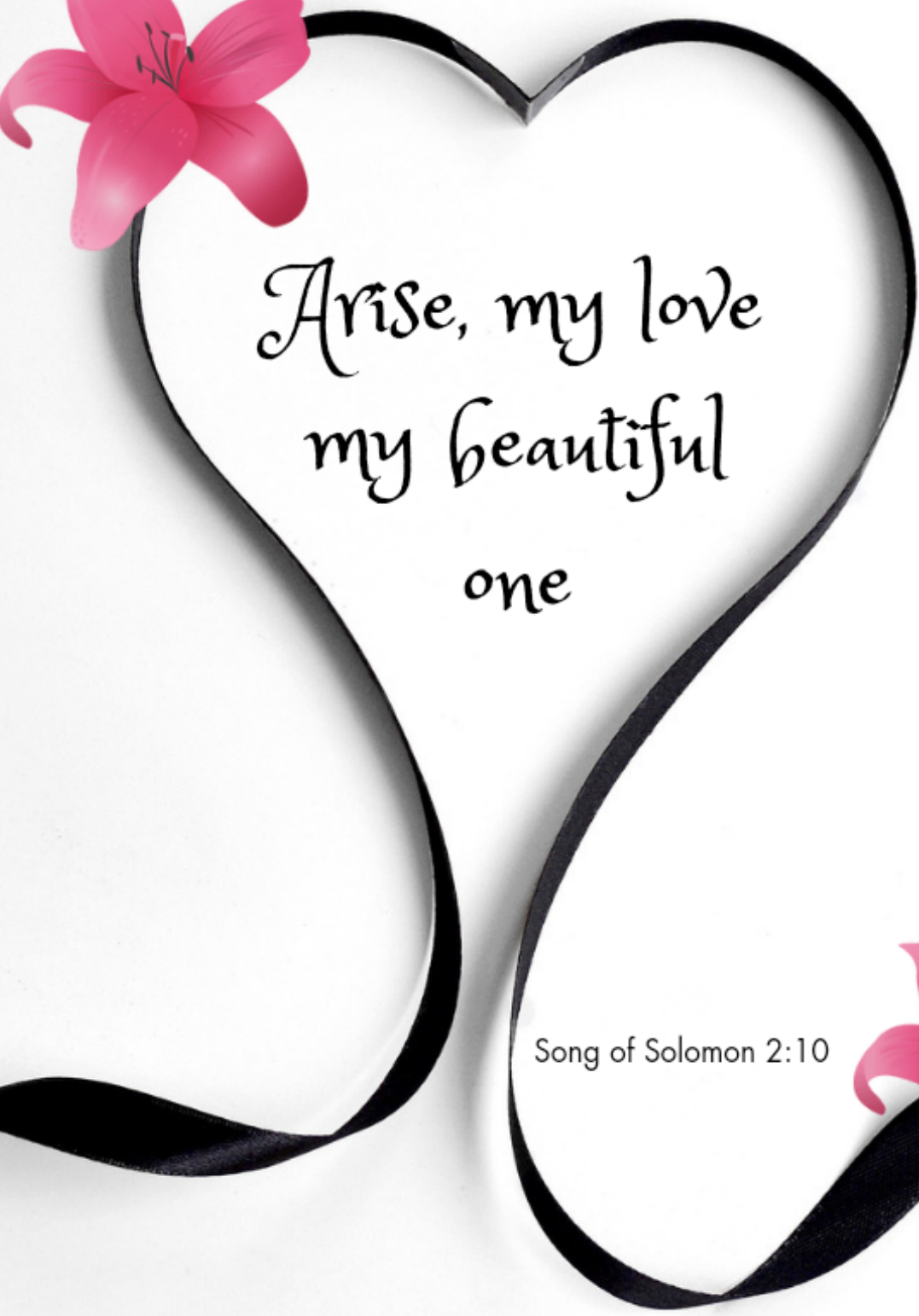
For support and donations, Call or Message
09123343384

Account Number : 1436407003
Account Name : Success Obasalewa Adegbite
Bank Name : Access Bank



Section B

FAMILY BREAKUPS AND RELATIONSHIPS BREAKUPS



Arise, my love
my beautiful
one

Song of Solomon 2:10



becomingabettermefoundation



09123343384



Chapter 8

Hello! My name is Japheth and I'm twenty-one years old. It gives me great joy that you are reading my story right now and I sincerely desire that you learn from it.

My Mom is a successful businesswoman and over the years, her business has been thriving. She owns a very big clothing store in Lagos. My Dad on his part is a medical doctor. I have only one sibling, a younger sister, Liliah.

I can still remember some little memories of I and my sister's childhood years. Dad was busy most times, but, whenever he was around, he would play hide and seek with us in the compound. He would run and we would chase him. He would take us out to supermarkets and buy ice cream for us. Dad got me a little ball in those days, we would play it together and he would intentionally allow me to win him and dribble him sometimes, after playing, he would give me a knuckle and commend me, 'Big boy'. I would laugh and we would continue playing. My sister had a lot of toys too. Dad got all of them for her. Mom had some staff at her clothes store, but, she loved to closely monitor her business. Although, she gets back home from her store early on weekends and school days and comes to pick us up from school. But then, she spends most of her time on calls trying to keep up with her business, making new orders, and ensuring that her business account is always balanced.

Mom and Dad loved each other from what I still remember. They would feed each other at the dining table and I and my sister would laugh. As a family, we had that beautiful life until I was seven. My younger sister was five then. Dad got a new and bigger job in a teaching hospital and the pay was far more than the private hospital where he was working in Lagos. The bad thing about it was that the teaching

hospital was in Ilorin, Kwara State, and not in Lagos. Ilorin was far from Lagos. Mom didn't want Daddy to accept the job offer, but, Dad claimed that it had always been his dream to work in that teaching hospital.

One week later, Dad left home for Ilorin. My younger sister cried after Dad left and it took a lot of time for Mom to soothe her. There was nobody to play football with inside the compound or run after my sister and I. I missed him for a few days and later got used to it. Dad would call us every day through Mom's phone. My younger sister would report everyone who did one thing or the other to her including her classmates, Mom, and myself.

Dad started coming home once a month and he would stay for just two to three days. Mom's business was also running well, but, it was evident that she wasn't happy with Dad coming home just once a month.

Dad kept to it and would always come home once every month. My sister and I were always eager for his return. Whenever Mom told us that he was coming around, we would arrange our room and make sure we didn't litter the living room with our toys. Dad would bring things home for us; fruit cakes, juice, and others. Well, that continued for more than a year.

Dad came around as usual one day and in the evening, we started hearing hushed tones between Mom and Dad in their room. Their voices became louder and soon, they were shouting at themselves. Later, we didn't hear their voices again. I was around nine years old at that time. My sister and I were in the living room watching cartoons. My sister who was seven years old went to their room but, Mom sent her back to the living room.

The next day, Dad left for Ilorin. Mom never remained the same way. She no longer laughed with us, cracking funny jokes. She was just by herself and looked sad most times. At the least of our mistakes or silly actions, she would beat and punish us sincerely.

We noticed that Dad stopped coming home once a month as he always did. For three months, he wasn't around. Also, his calls weren't as frequent as before. His calls turned to once a week and soon to once in two weeks. My sister asked my Mom countless times when my Dad would come home and Mom kept telling her that he would come very soon.

One evening, Mom called my sister and me to her room to talk to us. She explained to us that Dad wanted us to relocate to Ilorin and she had explained to him calmly that she couldn't move to Kwara State because of her business in Lagos. There was no one she trusted and could hand over to. Her business was already big and she had different sections in her cloth stores with about ten staff.

She explained to us that there was no way she could start over again. She was putting all her energy into making her business top-notch and making her brand well-known. Dad didn't understand why she couldn't sell off her store and start another one in Kwara State. She told us that Dad was leaving the family, but we didn't understand. I remember that I saw her crying that day and my sister went to hug her crying as well.

A few years later, Dad had not returned home. He never called again since that day Mom told my sister and me what happened. Mom always explained to us that he had another family. We had everything we needed financially, and Mom's business

was booming. She had two big cars and she also bought a beautiful house not far from our house, so, we moved there. We went to good secondary schools and had everything students should have in terms of materials, but, we honestly missed Dad. Mom was always busy with her business, she stopped having time to talk to us or go through our schoolwork. One of her staff started living with us and she was the one who did the cooking, cleaning, and washing in the house.

On Sundays, different children would come to church with their Moms and Dads, but, it was only us and our Mom. Also, during our open days at school, other children's parents were always there, but, no one would come for us.

Mom found it difficult to raise us. By the time my sister turned a teenager, things had gotten out of hand. She was keeping boyfriends and she was so stubborn at home. She never obeyed Mom's instructions and punishing her was just a waste of time. I had friends at school at that time and I wanted to also be a part of the big boys' league. We did so many bad things together, we would ask girls out for fun, we would play bets, and would take alcoholic drinks. I was just at SS2 at that time.

Mom couldn't correct me whenever I did something wrong. She was tired of always beating me. I harbored hatred against my father. I hated him for leaving us. I got into trouble a lot of times in school and I was punished in front of fellow students.

At one point, I wanted to stop everything I was into and be the young innocent guy I used to be while I was younger, but it was really difficult. There were times I sincerely wanted Dad to come back home. I wanted to see him again, laugh with him, and go to the supermarket with him, but, it never happened. I tried searching for his name on social media, but, I didn't see anything like that.

How I Got Over It

I finished secondary school and gave my life to Jesus Christ. One of the things I did was to forgive my Dad. It was clear that my Mom went through much more pain and hurt than my sister and I. For the past few years, Mom had never ceased to blame herself for not agreeing with him then.

I haven't seen Dad till today. I pray for him from time to time. Mom and I tried searching for him in the teaching hospital that he got a job then, but, they said he was no longer working there. Mom still has hope that he will come back home one day. It's been more than twelve years now since we saw him last.

My sister too has started changing for the better. Truly, we were all traumatized by the experience, but then, we started recovering from it. The three of us; Mom, Sis and I love each other sincerely and we love Dad too.



*The Lord is with you,
you mighty warrior*

Judges 6:12



becomingabettermefoundation



09123343384



Chapter 9

Hello! My name is Charlotte. I'm sixteen years old. I have a story to tell. I'm the second born of three children. I have an elder sister and a younger brother. I'm presently in my final year in secondary school. We live with our Dad in a small town in Oyo State.

We grew up in a rented flat that had only two rooms. The three of us children would sleep in one room while Mom and Dad would sleep in the other room.

Every morning, Dad would transport us to school with his car and go to work afterward. After school hours, my siblings and I would board a cab.

One day, we returned from school and met Mommy on the bed lying down. Her eyes were red and it was evident that she had been crying. We greeted her, but, all she did was nod her head.

My younger brother held her hands and asked why she was crying. She didn't say anything but only redirected us to the living room. I was just ten years old then and could not understand why mommy was crying.

When Dad returned in the evening, my younger brother reported to him that Mommy had been crying, but Dad just nodded and went to his room.

The next morning, Dad took us to school as usual. After school hours, the three of us boarded a cab home.

When we got home, we went to Mom's room to greet her, but, we didn't find her in the room.

Something else was strange, her clothes were no longer on the hanger, her big traveling box wasn't in the room and her big picture frame was no longer there. We couldn't find answers, so, we returned to our room. My elder sister had a little mobile phone which Daddy got for her just for call purposes. She dialed Mommy's number, but, Mommy didn't pick up.

There was no cooked food in the house; we didn't eat to school in the morning and the money our Dad gave us for pocket money had been exhausted. My elder sister cooked noodles for all of us. She was the only one allowed to cook in the house. We ate the noodles and played in the neighborhood.

In the evening, Daddy returned. We told him that we had not seen Mommy since we got back from school. He didn't look surprised. He told us that she would be back very soon and left for his room.

We still hadn't eaten anything apart from the noodles my sister cooked. My younger brother went to Dad's room to tell him that we were hungry. My elder sister was just twelve years old and she had not started cooking family-size meals. Dad went out that night to buy food for us. We ate that night, but, it wasn't to our satisfaction, because, the food was little. It continued like that for weeks and Mom didn't return home as Dad promised.

About two weeks after Mom left, she called my elder sister's phone number. We were so happy to hear her voice on the phone. She asked for our welfare and we explained to her that we haven't been feeding very well. She asked if no woman was cooking for us at home and we said no. It was at that point that she opened up to us that Daddy impregnated another woman and wanted to bring her in. She explained

to us that we had a new Mommy and she couldn't live with her.

True to what Mommy said, during the weekend, Dad drove us somewhere and told us that he wanted us to meet our baby sister. We got there and met a young beautiful woman carrying a baby. We greeted her and Daddy introduced her as our new Mommy. We tried to interact with her, but, deep inside, we didn't like her. We went home that day with Daddy.

When we got home, Daddy told us that our new Mommy doesn't want to live in our house, but, prefers her place.

At that time in my life, I had watched a lot of movies where step-mothers make life miserable for the children and I didn't want that kind of experience.

Life wasn't easy for us with Mom outside the picture. My elder sister had to step into Mommy's shoes in the aspect of doing chores. As a twelve-year-old, she started managing the whole house. She would wake up as early as 4:30a.m in the morning, take her bath, cook for all of us, wake up my younger brother who was just five, take his bath for him, wash plates, wash Daddy's clothes, and my younger brother's clothes. It was so much for her. I tried assisting her in any way I could. I would wash my clothes, sweep the whole house, and run errands for her. Daddy was still there to take us to school every day, but, he stopped coming home every night. There were some nights that he would sleep over in new Mommy's place and it would just be my siblings and I at home.

Mommy wasn't there, but, she tried to call us on the phone often. Sometimes, my younger brother would take my elder sister's phone to make a call to Mommy. He would start crying on the phone that she should come home. Mom told us that Dad

had a new wife and she couldn't cope. We begged her to come to pick us and she claimed that Daddy didn't release any of us to her.

Mom came to secretly visit us some months after she left. We were really happy to see her. She brought foodstuff for us and provisions and told us not to let Daddy see any of them or know that she came around. She came two other times after the first visit before Dad discovered that Mommy had been coming to see us. We don't know how he got to know, but, he insulted us and told us that we must never see Mommy again. After that time, we couldn't reach Mommy again. She stopped picking up our calls.

I started hating Daddy. I saw him as a devil. I preferred keeping to myself rather than having a word with him. My elder sister started performing poorly in her academics and all Dad could do was scold her.

Things continued that way till my sister got to her second year in senior secondary school. At that time, I was in my third year in junior secondary school; I was thirteen years then, while my elder sister was fifteen years old. At first, I noticed that she was spending a lot of time on calls. She would be on call for hours. After that, she started going out in the evening without telling us where she was going. Sometimes, she would bring fruit juice or yogurt home for us. I warned her and threatened her to tell Dad, but, she wouldn't listen.

One day, Daddy came back home in the evening and sent for my sister. Fortunately, she was around that day. She came to the living room and Daddy was about to send her on an errand when she started vomiting. She vomited about three times that day and Dad bought antimalarial for her. Dad took her to the hospital the next day

when she didn't get any better. My brother and I didn't go to school on that day, because, Dad took my elder sister to the hospital. When my sister got back home, her eyes were red and swollen. Daddy didn't say anything. My sister didn't go to school for a whole week. She confided in me that she was pregnant for one of the boys in the neighborhood.

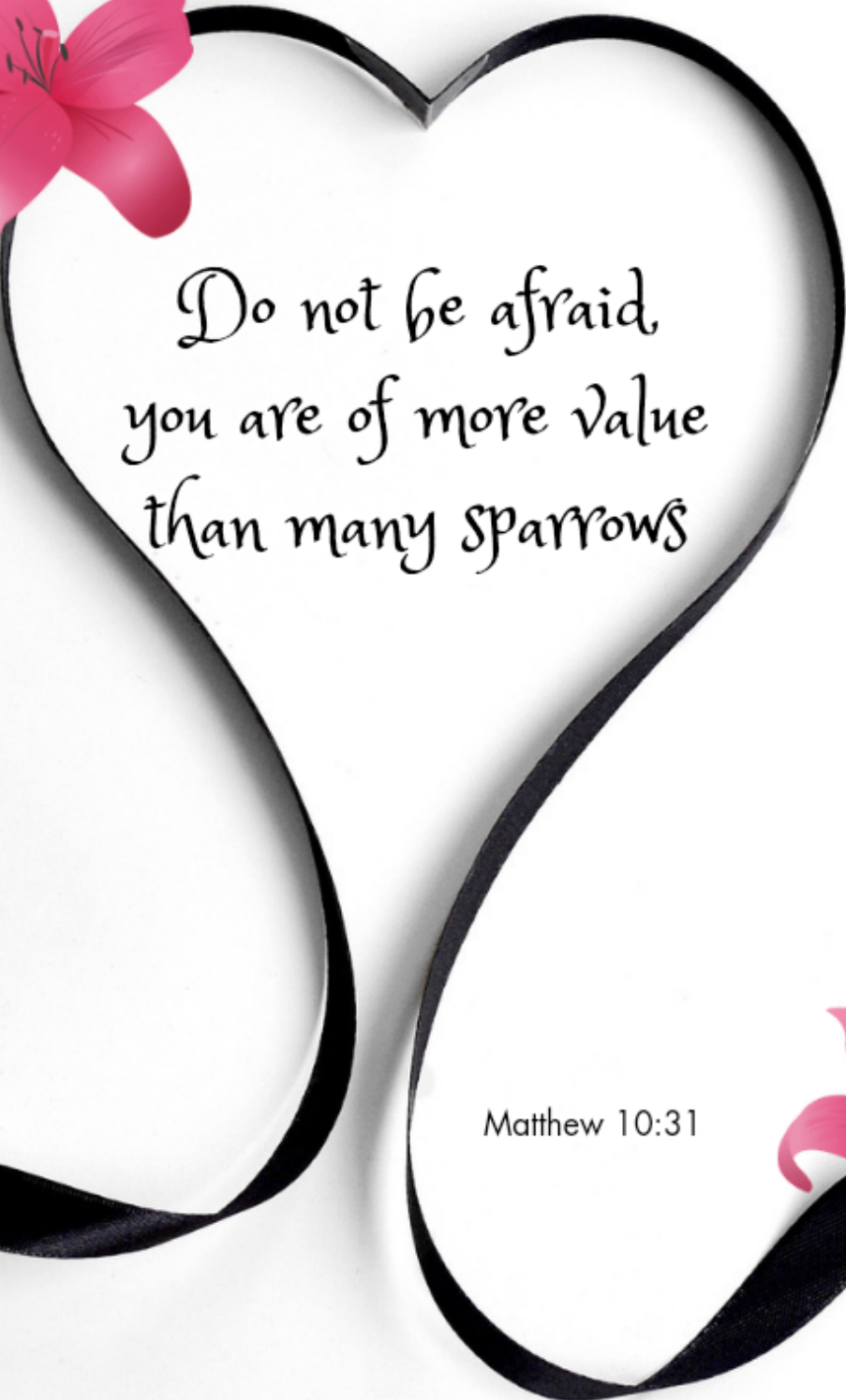
My brother and I continued going to school, while my sister stayed at home. About two weeks later, my elder sister resumed school. I was expecting to see a baby bump after three months, but, I didn't see anything. I kept asking my sister about her pregnancy and she didn't say anything about it. Daddy too didn't say anything. It was after a year that I discovered that it was Daddy who took my elder sister to a private hospital to abort her pregnancy. I was deeply hurt when I discovered it. To fathom that my sister went through abortion pains was a trauma to me. My sister finished secondary school with average results. It's been two years now that she finished and she hasn't gained admission yet. Daddy isn't ready to sponsor her in a private university. My brother is trying to maintain good grades in school. Daddy's wife started living with us. She moved into our house with her child the year my elder sister got pregnant. She didn't treat us as badly as we thought. She eased my elder sister's burden of doing the house chores, but, there is still this little space between us and we can't relate to her like we did in the past with our Mom.

How I Got Over It

My siblings and I were affected by our parent's separation. My sister turned wayward, I was emotionally affected and many times, I cried secretly because I

wanted to see my Mom, my brother was also affected, but, not that much, because he was naturally calm and not stubborn.

One of my teachers in school asked me about my Mom one day and I started crying. I explained to her what happened and she encouraged me. Since that day, she has been there to support me and help me in all ways she can. She helps my younger brother too and talks to my elder sister most time. She led me to Christ and I sincerely forgave my Dad. I'm still in school and I have been trying well to get along with my new Mom. I still hope to get back together with my biological mother one day.



*Do not be afraid
you are of more value
than many sparrows*

Matthew 10:31



becomingabettermefoundation



09123343384



Chapter 10

Hi! My name is Chloe. I am twenty-two years old and I'd like to share a part of my life story with you.

My Mom got pregnant when she was in her second year at the university. She was very ashamed and my Dad didn't accept the pregnancy. Mom wanted to abort the pregnancy, but, my Grandma advised her not to. My Mom yielded to Grandma's instructions and continued her education during the pregnancy. When it was time to have me, she traveled down to Grandma's town and gave birth to me there. She stayed and breastfed me for less than a month. She dropped me off with Grandma and returned to school.

Grandma nurtured me and I grew up to know her as my Mom. My biological mother only came to check on me during the holidays and the Christmas period. Whenever Mom came around, she would relate with me like one of my aunties and not as a mother. Grandpa died a long time ago before I was born and all of Grandma's children were in the city, so, it was only me and Grandma that were together, except for the festive periods.

Grandma didn't tell me about my biological Mom until I was seven years old. Before that time, I knew my Mom as one of my aunties. That year, when my Mom came around, I called her Mom, but, she didn't give an encouraging or happy reaction. As a young child, I felt she hated me and that I was a mistake. Mom had already finished school and had started working in Lagos.

When it was time for my mom to get married, she came to grandma's house with a

young man in a big car. She introduced me to the young man as grandma's maid. I felt so sad. Grandma apologized to me after Mom left and made me realize that my mom's fiancée might not marry her if he discovered that it was my mom who gave birth to me.

Grandma gave her best in raising me, but it wasn't to be compared to my friends at school who lived with their parents.

Mom got married to her fiancée the following year and I wasn't allowed to attend their wedding. Grandma went to the wedding and came back home with a lot of drinks and food. It wasn't difficult for Grandma to pay my school fees and other expenses as my aunties and uncles in the city were always sending money. Grandma also had a small shop beside our house where she sold provisions.

When I grew older, I became stubborn and stopped listening to Grandma's instructions. Grandma would shout repeatedly. The kind of upbringing she gave me was different from that of my mates in school.

My Mom gave birth to twins for her husband and I wasn't allowed to go for the naming ceremony of her children. I was eleven years old at that time and things were making more meaning to me. It was very clear that Mom didn't like me. I knew that I would have to continue living with Grandma till I entered the university.

Grandma gave her best to ensure that I got all I needed. When I started my period, she was there to put me through. I saw her as my mother and not just Grandma. Grandma started allowing me to travel to the city during holidays to visit my aunties and uncles. She had five children and my Mom was the fourth. There were three females and two males and were all working in the city. I enjoyed the time spent

with my cousins and nephews. We would go to supermarkets together, restaurants, and other places. However, I never went to my Mom's place. At the end of the holidays, I always cried while returning to Grandma's town.

When I became a full-blown teenager in my senior secondary school, something else came up. The boys in our class started showing interest in me. There was this particular guy in my class that I liked. Grandma was really against it, but, I liked him. I would stay back in class to talk to him. We would spend a long time discussing and sometimes walk home together. I was free enough with him to tell him everything my biological mom did to me and he was indeed a great listener.

One day, we were going home together on a lonely path. There were big trees all around the path and it wasn't too far from our school and houses. We were talking when he suddenly stopped and dragged me behind a tree. He attempted to rape me, I escaped from him and ran home. I told Grandma what happened when I got home. She consoled me and warned me to be careful. She went to the boy's house and threatened to report to his parents if he ever tried that another time. That was the end of my relationship with him.

In my last year in secondary school, my Grandma died. She died at seventy-five years old. I was eighteen years old at that time. I cried. She meant the whole world to me. Many people came for the burial including my biological Mom with her three children. She had twin girls and a baby boy. She also cried. At that point, I didn't see her as my Mom any longer. All my aunties and uncles gathered around me to console me.

After Grandma's burial, my Mom came to meet me and apologized for how she had

treated me. I was filled with bitterness against her. The fact that she didn't want me from birth till my present age was enough reason not to like her.

I continued living in Grandma's town with one of Grandma's friends till I finished secondary school. Grandma's friend had her grandchildren staying with her too. Two of them were my mates and others were older than me. We were all six in number. My stay in Grandma's friend's house was horrible, but, I had no choice.

One of Grandma's grandchildren who was much older than I was harassed me on several occasions. There was no one to tell since Grandma was already late. Grandma's friend wasn't like Grandma and I couldn't tell her most things. I wasn't that free with the grandchildren staying with Grandma and I was lonely most of the time. I was depressed all through. Most times, I stayed in the bedroom crying. I felt unwanted. I wasn't hearing from my biological Mom, but, my uncles and aunties came to visit once in a while. I was broken.

How I Got Over It

After my secondary school, one of my uncles in the city took me in. His wife was nice. They had three female children that were all younger than me. I had the opportunity of taking care of them like my younger siblings. That was when life began to get better. Uncle showed me all the love I wanted. I had been to his place several times during the holidays.

I felt like a part of the family. My uncle put me in a lesson to prepare me for my UTME. I had the opportunity to meet with so many children from the city. My village

accent started to change and I was determined to give my best and make my uncle proud. I made new friends too.

Uncle was a devoted Christian and an assistant pastor in his church. He would always say "Whoever is in your capacity to help, help them, they are your neighbors. Love them as yourself". Uncle also led me to Christ. That made a great turn in my life. I gave my life to Christ and became a child of God. I began to read the Word of God and take my prayers seriously

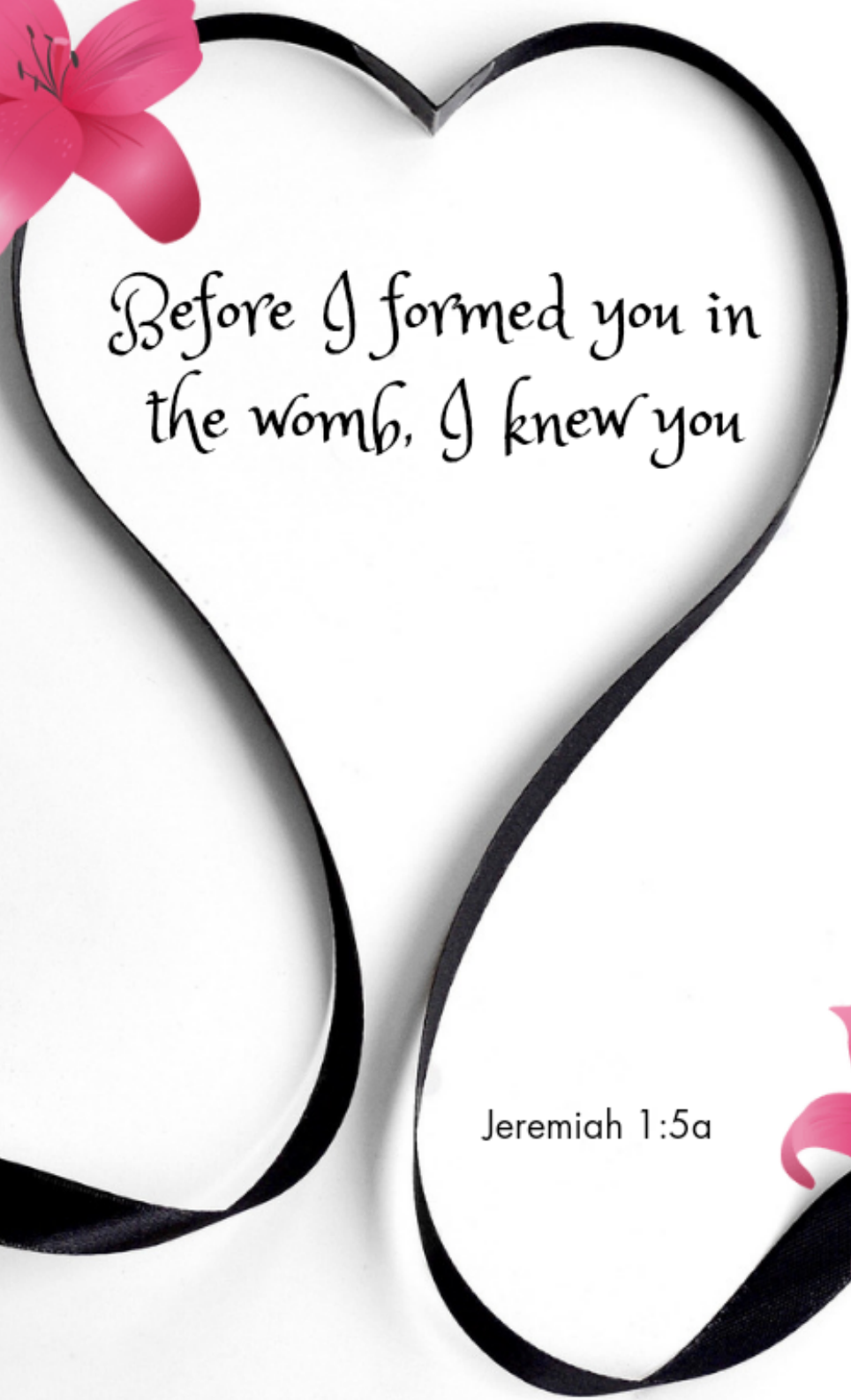
At one point, Uncle discovered that whenever he mentioned my Mom, I was always feeling indifferent. He could see that my heart was filled with bitterness and hatred towards my Mom, despite I was born again. He encouraged me to forgive her and I explained how difficult it was. He didn't force me, but, kept encouraging me. Most times, I would cry whenever he mentioned it. Mom never came to visit me at Uncle's place before then. Sometimes, my uncle and his wife would go to visit my mom. It was easy because they were in the same city. I never went with my uncle to visit my mom. Uncle kept speaking to me and encouraging me till I forgave my Mom.

Mom started coming around to visit me at my uncle's place. I became free with her and had total peace within me. It took a while to start calling her "Mom". Since the time she rejected me when her fiancée came around with her, I had taken it upon myself to call her Auntie Erica. Uncle noticed it and made me start calling her "Mommy".

Now, I'm presently studying pharmacy at a federal university in Nigeria. I go home to my uncle's place during the holidays and Mom comes around to visit me once in a while.

I still sincerely wish that I would one day be accepted into my Mom's nuclear family and I would be accepted by my stepdad and siblings, but, if Mom isn't ready to do that, it's fine by me. I pray for her every day that she receives the strength to open up to her husband. I love them all.

I have learned to accept God's love, love myself, and love my mom.



Before I formed you in
the womb, I knew you

Jeremiah 1:5a



becomingabettermefoundation



09123343384



Chapter 11

Hello! My name is Alexa and I'm twenty-five years old. I grew up in an orphanage and this is my story.

I grew up at a little orphanage in Osun state with several other children. We had three women living in the orphanage with us. They gave us the support we needed. The other children and I shared clothes; we didn't have many personal things as we shared everything we had like clothes, plates, and spoons.

The orphanage had a general room where we all gathered together for devotion or whenever we needed to be addressed. We had children, teenagers, and a few young adults living together with us.

The women living at the orphanage with us had volunteered to take care of us. One of them was a grandmother and that made us all call her Grandma while the other two were also old enough to be grandmothers too, but we call them Mommy.

There were times when several people and organizations came around to support us, but every day wasn't always like that. There were times we lacked some basic things and there was no one to ask. I remembered a time I had to walk barefoot for days because my slippers weren't in good shape. I could not even tell anyone about it as the women were using everything they had to take care of us. It was after several days that one of the Mommies noticed me and got me new slippers.

There were many times I wondered who my biological parents were, what they looked like, and why they abandoned me.

Once in a while, children were added to the orphanage while some children in the

orphanage were adopted. Some of my friends that we grew up together were adopted by people who came to the orphanage. Sadly, I never got selected.

It got me believing that everybody hated me. Many times, I imagined growing up in a home where I had a father, a mother, and siblings. Most of us in the orphanage struggled to be accepted by the outer world. We all had our secret pains and tears. I wanted to be loved beyond the four walls of the orphanage. I wanted to see and experience the joy of the outer world. Beyond living in the orphanage, many of us were psychologically affected. You might not know how blessed or privileged you are to grow up with your parents and family, but we do.

We had different uncertainties about our future. The orphanage could only sponsor us to the secondary school level. Many children who were not adopted till the end of secondary school were taken to learn trades and start their businesses and source for their university education.

As I grew older, I was diving into depression gradually. Why didn't anybody adopt me? Why would my parents leave me? I have a lot of memories of crying to bed, and staying hungry because the food served wasn't to my fill. Fasting was the order of the day most times.

My solace was the friends I had in the orphanage. They had pains as well, but we lived together, shared our pains, dined together, and laughed together. They were always there.

We usually held fellowship in the big living room and the Mommies would tell us about God's love for us. We had access to Bibles even though I wasn't born again at that time. I would always pray to God to lead a good family to the orphanage to

adopt me.

One of the charity foundations that came spoke to us about how we could have a bright future even as orphans. That day, I determined that my future would be bright. I wanted to be a medical doctor at all costs. I gave my academics all I could.

After my secondary school education, I started learning catering from one of those who had finished secondary school before me. She had learned catering from someone too. We started baking cakes and frying snacks for a living. I did that for two years before I could earn money to write UTME and PUTME. Miraculously, I passed and entered a federal university to study medicine. The Mommies in our orphanage didn't believe I could do that. I was the first person from the orphanage to study medicine.

They supported me in getting some little things I needed for school. They went as far as to give me one of the mattresses in the orphanage. I was grateful, but it wasn't easy since I had to work hard.

How I Got Over It

I entered the university and continued working and yes, I combined my education with my business. It was at the university that I finally gave my life to Jesus. Christ broke all strongholds within me; I sincerely forgave my parents for abandoning me and devoted myself to the things of God.

In my second year in the university, one of my coursemates who became my friend told her parents about me. They were interested in me. They adopted me legally

and that was a big turnaround for me. They started paying my school fees and all my expenses. I'm presently in my fifth year in medical school and I can truthfully tell you that my life is a testimony.

You might not have the luxury everybody has, but, make use of anything you have to make sure you reach your destination. Be encouraged, if God be for you, no one or nothing can be against you. You can be whatever you want to be.



*You shall be a crown of
beauty in the hand
of the Lord*

Isaiah 62:3

becomingabettermefoundation



09123343384



Chapter 12

Hi! My name is Olivia. I'm twenty-seven years old. I live in Lagos. I would like to share my little experience with you.

It happened when I was nineteen years old. I was in my first year in university.

After lectures one day, I wanted to cross the road. A young guy was on the roadside too. He also wanted to cross the road. He helped me cross the road. He introduced himself to me as Jeffrey. We flowed together and we exchanged contacts.

Jeffrey and I got talking, we went out together. I spent most of my time talking to him. We were not in the same department, but I enjoyed his company. He was so friendly and cool-headed. Two weeks after we met, he asked me out for a relationship and of course, I said yes. As a young girl, I didn't understand what I was getting myself into, but of course, being in love with Jeffrey meant everything to me. Jeffrey also played his part in showing me love. He pampered me like a baby and it didn't take long for several people around us to know that we were truly in a serious relationship.

Jeffrey took me to his home one day and introduced me to all his family members as his wife-to-be. They all welcomed and loved me. I was very close to his Mom especially. Jeffrey and I would travel down to visit her whenever we were free in school. I would even get fruits for her with my pocket money. She would also get shoes and clothes for me. She treated me as a daughter. Jeffrey met with my family members too.

In school, Jeffrey was the only person that seemed to matter to me. However, being

in a relationship with Jeffrey came along with some things. I had to become a cook for two. I had to start washing not only my clothes but Jeffrey's clothes as well. I would go to his house in school during the weekend and help him clean up. I also helped him financially.

A year after we started our relationship, Jeffrey started placing sexual demands on me. He pressured me to the extent that our one-year relationship was on the brink of breaking apart. I wanted us to wait till we got married. He pressured me till I finally gave in. That was the only thing I felt I could do to keep him. I lost my virginity to him and not only that, I discovered that I was pregnant after our several sexual escapades. Of course, he wasn't ready to be a father. He made me abort my pregnancy. For many months, I was filled with regrets of aborting my first pregnancy, but, it didn't matter to him.

We got to our final year in university. When it was less than a month before I finished school, I discovered that I was no longer seeing Jeffrey around. He wasn't even picking up my calls. I went to his flat; there were no traces of him. I went to his mother's house and she claimed not to have seen him either.

I was really scared. I asked everyone I knew around him, but, no one gave me a clue. Although he was done with his final projects and presentations, I wasn't expecting him to disappear just like that. Different thoughts roamed in my mind. The thoughts of him being kidnapped, the thoughts of Jeffrey being used for rituals, thoughts of him being murdered ruthlessly. I lost my sleep and spent days praying that God would bring him back.

Three weeks later, I was going through some posts on Facebook when I came

across a post with Jeffrey's picture. He was dressed in a navy-colored suit and a woman was standing beside him dressed in a white gown. The caption on the post read, "Happy married life", My heart stopped beating for some seconds. I sincerely wished within me that it was a mix-up. It couldn't be my own Jeffrey. I checked the other pictures and I saw one where he was kissing the bride; a lady I had never seen in my life before. The next picture broke me down totally; his mother was standing with him and his wife with a big smile on her face. This was the same woman who claimed not to know about his whereabouts. The woman I treated like my mother. I didn't know when tears started dropping down my face. It was uncontrollable. The post was from one of Jeffrey's classmates. I saw different comments from many people.

"Happy married life, Jeffrey", "Awn, such a beautiful bride", "Jeffrey, why you con rush for marriage", "Jeffrey, I thought Olivia was your babe", "If someone told me that Jeffrey was going to get married and the bride wouldn't be Olivia, I would never have believed."

I carefully dropped my phone on my bed, Although I felt like throwing away my phone and screaming, I couldn't bear the loss of my phone in addition to the pain I was feeling.

My room was spinning around me, everything around me brought remembrance of Jeffrey; the teddy he bought for me on my birthday, the small picture frame I had in my room which had a picture of Jeffrey and I, the wallpaper on my phone, the T-shirt we bought together and other things. I cried for hours and slept off afterward. I woke up in the night and it took me some minutes to remember what happened

earlier. I sincerely wished it was a dream. I turned on my phone and saw different missed calls from my coursemates, some acquaintances, and some random people. I turned on my data and saw messages from different people. I didn't have the strength to reply to their messages. I turned off my phone and slept off.

Some days after, I called Jeffrey's Mom and congratulated her on her son's wedding.

I demanded an explanation. She told me that she couldn't force her son to marry me and I should move on.

I became a shadow of myself. My brain couldn't stay for minutes without going back to what had happened. I couldn't think of how to move forward, we had been in a relationship for six whole years. He made me a woman and he made me abort my babies. I had been fooled.

I was still in school and I needed to put on a good physical appearance for the few days I had left in school. I tried to look good and carry smiles on my face, but, I was emotionally hurt.

I was about to return to the hostel one of those days and I saw Jeffrey. He approached me and greeted me. He apologized for his actions and told me to move on with my life. I couldn't utter a word. Jeffrey walked away and I could barely carry my leg. I called for a bike man, but it seemed as if my brain had stopped working. I couldn't remember the name of my hostel, a place I lived for years.

The bike man asked where I was going, but I couldn't remember the name of my area.

He was nice enough to allow me to calm down and remember the area I was going.

He encouraged me as he carried me home.

Well, I can go on and on to explain the hurt and pain I felt those times, how I nearly ran insane, and how I had to take sleeping pills to sleep. I'm grateful to God that I am still alive.

How I Got Over It

That was my first time to break up from a relationship. So, it was very difficult to get over it. I finished school, and went for my NYSC months later, but, anytime I remembered Jeffrey, I would cry. I lost interest in guys. I promised myself not to give my heart to anyone again. Truly, I was affected psychologically.

I drew closer to God and had to forgive Jeffrey and his Mom. I also forgave myself for losing my virginity to him and aborting my babies. Some months towards the end of my NYSC, one of my coursemates from school, Daniel, with whom we also served in the same state together showed his interest in me. I refused completely; I wasn't ready for another heartbreak. He respected my decision but kept being nice to me. He would call often to check on me. He would call me and pray with me. He would encourage me and buy things for me. He was God-fearing and handsome as well.

After a while, my heart began to soften, but, I still had my fears. I prayed to God about him and I got a go-ahead. I said yes to him and we are married today. We have two children already, a boy and a girl. Nathan loves me more than Jeffrey could ever have. Nathan successfully helped me erase all my mindset about guys

being crooked. Nathan is a completely sweet guy, a gift from God to me. I'm happy to share my story with you. If you are going through any form of heartbreak and trauma, I want to tell you that I have been in those shoes before and it isn't good for you to remain there. Come out of it, be brave and strong. You have the world under your feet. Stand up and be who you are called to be.



*He makes beauty
out of ashes*

Adapted from
Isaiah 61:3

becomingabettermefoundation



09123343384



Chapter 13

Hello! My name is Isabel and I'm twenty-six years old. I would like to share an experience that I had four years ago.

I was twenty-two years old at that time and I was doing my internship in a developing company in Lagos. Getting to do my internship in that company wasn't too much stress because I had an uncle who worked there. However, I wasn't living with him. I had a friend living close to the company and she allowed me to stay in her self-contained flat. Everything was going on smoothly. I was receiving stipends from the company and my parents were also sending allowances.

In my first month in the company, I made friends with almost all the workers in the company due to my friendly and jovial nature. However, there was a particular guy, Williams, a freshly employed graduate who was closer to me than anyone else. Since the first day, I walked into the company, he had made it his duty to greet me and give me a handshake every day. We became closer as time passed and before I knew it, He was everything that mattered to me. He started taking me on outings and started getting gifts for me. He wasn't too extravagant in his spending, but, with the little he had, he made me feel special.

Williams had a not-too-fancy car, while I had none at that time. After working hours, he would drive me out for dinner or get a drink for me. After work, we would speak for hours. Many times, He would drive me home. We also attended different meetings and conferences together. Williams cared to know everything about me. I told him everything he needed to know, although, he didn't tell me all about himself.

We had a very good communication relationship. My longest chat history on WhatsApp was with him even though we met every day at work. He loved video calls too. We always have a video call together before each of us sleeps at night. I believed he loved me and I loved him too.

It didn't take long for everyone in the company to know something was going on between Williams and me. My uncle could also see it and he called me a few times to warn me to tread carefully.

With time, Williams started crossing some boundaries. He progressed from little hugs to giving me pecks and gradually to random kisses whenever we were together alone. I wasn't comfortable with it, because, I had learned a lot about purity, but, I loved him. I had my fears; he had not given our relationship a definition. He didn't ask me out or make plans to propose to me, I just assumed we were something. He kept assuring me of love. I believed he was waiting for the right time.

We continued our undefined relationship. When it was a month for me to complete my internship, I discovered the truth. One of Williams' aunties came to drop something for him in the company one day. Williams and I were talking together outside and she met us there. She greeted us cheerfully and dropped what she wanted to drop with Williams. She proceeded to ask Williams about Danielle Wilkins, someone I had never heard about. Williams avoided the question and she told Williams to ensure that Danielle paid her visit and mentioned how much she had missed seeing Danielle's beautiful face.

At that moment, I knew something wasn't right. Williams' auntie left and I did not ask William about Danielle. He wasn't in the mood to answer questions. We

continued our previous discussion.

At night, I couldn't sleep. I went to social media to search for who Danielle was. I saw different results and I came across a particular Danielle Wilkins who was a mutual friend with Williams on social media. Danielle was indeed a very beautiful lady. I proceeded to check her posts and I was shocked to see different pictures of Danielle and Williams together. The captions were different love messages and love emojis. There was a recent one which was posted two days before.

The final straw that broke me was a proposal video that was made two months before. Williams and Danielle were not just in a relationship, they were in courtship preparing for marriage. My heart was broken. I cried the whole night and slept off around 3a.m in the morning. When I woke up by 5a.m, I took it up from where I stopped. Why did he deceive me into loving me when he had a fiancé all along?

I avoided him throughout work and when I was about to go home, he blocked my way, asking me why I had been avoiding him. I felt like giving him three slaps to reset his brain.

I asked him if he was waiting for his wedding day before telling me that he was engaged".

He didn't look surprised. He just gave a straightforward answer. He told me that he was engaged and would be getting married before the end of the year."

I felt like stabbing him. I asked him if we never meant a thing. He stated that we were just friends.

Saying that I was heartbroken is an understatement. My heart was shattered.

I went straight to our chats and deleted every bit of it. I deleted his number and everything on my phone that reminded me of him, including our pictures together. For a moment, I felt jealous of Danielle. On the other hand, I believed that Williams did not deserve a good woman like me. I regretted all the times I spent with him and different memories kept running through my head.

That same week, I fell sick. I was admitted to the hospital. Williams came to check on me in the hospital. Seeing him made me angry, I called for a nurse and begged her to help me send him away. Life had no meaning to me, I was just existing. After some days, I was discharged from the hospital.

Throughout my remaining stay in that company, I never spoke with him or greeted him. Everyone in the company knew something had happened, some even gossiped about it, but, no one dared to ask me what happened.

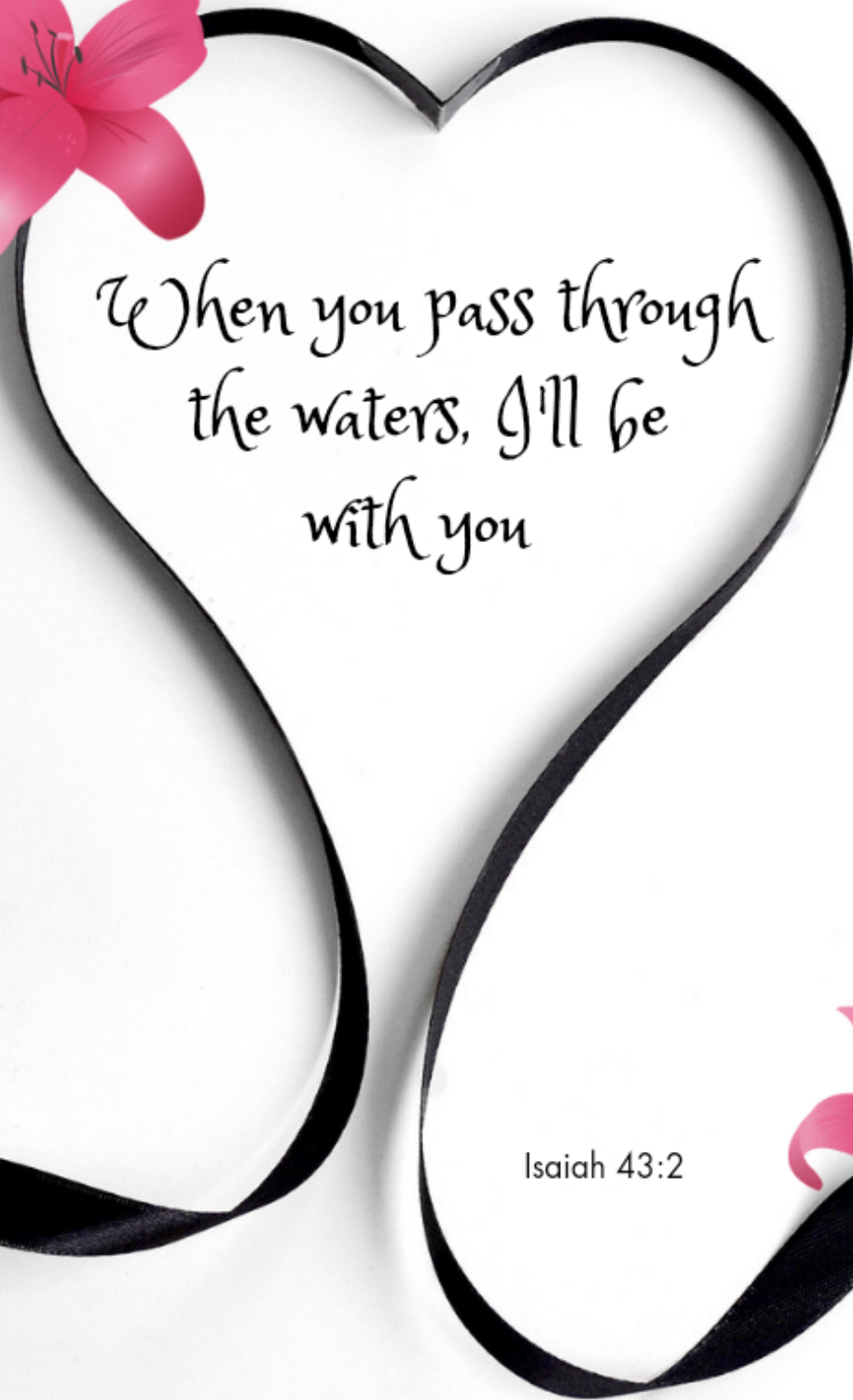
How I Got Over It

I was happy to complete my internship, I was happy knowing that I wouldn't be seeing Williams again, but, deep inside me, I was still really hurt, my heart was broken. I resumed back to school for the final year session. We resumed student fellowship where I served as an executive.

With time, I discovered that I was filled with much hatred for the opposite gender. Whenever Williams crossed my mind, my heart would ache. I confided in the president of my school fellowship and she advised me and prayed for me. Our president was a female. She kept checking up on me and ensured that I took

intentional steps in healing. I even had to get Williams' number from someone in the company and call him to let him know that I had forgiven him. He had gotten married to Danielle at that time and I wished him every good thing I could.

Before I graduated from school, I had already fully gotten over him. During my NYSC year, I came across a young man that came from the eastern part of Nigeria. He is God-fearing and handsome. We became friends and this time around I ensured our relationship was defined. He made his intentions to marry me known to me and we started courtship. We got married a few months ago and it has been blissful. I haven't stopped encouraging young people of the essence to define their relationships and set boundaries. I have learnt a lot and I hope you were able to learn from me too. Thank you.



When you pass through
the waters, I'll be
with you

Isaiah 43:2



becomingabettermefoundation



09123343384



Chapter 14

Hello! I'm Maxwell and I'm thirty-three years old. I'd like to share a part of my life story with you.

I grew up in a home of three boys, my Mom, and my Dad. Of course, we were playful and were always getting into one problem or the other. Dad was a real disciplinarian and I can never forget the sound of his little 'koboko' that he used to beat us whenever we did something wrong. Mom just knew how to shout at us and scold us, but, it was effective as well.

Due to my upbringing, I couldn't date any girl in secondary school when all my friends had girlfriends. Mom was what you would call monitoring spirit. One day, a girl dropped a love letter in my bag, till today; I don't know how Mom found it. She showed Dad and Dad did justice in beating the hell out of me. Dad knew the time I should leave home for school without getting to school late and he also knew the time I was supposed to get back from school. Whichever day I returned home, I was certain to get punished for it.

Mom and Dad didn't just bring us up very well; they also trained us in the ways of the Lord. Those early morning devotions between the hours of 5 a.m. to 6 a.m. while growing up, I always wished the devotion aspect of the day could just disappear, most times I wished Mom and Dad would not remember. Mom has made it a duty to be in our rooms every morning to wake us up for the devotion. I slept 75% off the meeting time. I finally understood the whole concept of intimacy with God when I became born again. It was the same year that I graduated from secondary school. Of course, my life transformed greatly. Mom and Dad no longer

had to force me to obey the rules. I did willingly. I got admission the following year and I remained the good boy I was. Although, there was pressure to engage in atrocities that were against my faith, thankfully, the fellowship I attended helped me greatly.

Fast forward to my final year in university, I came across this young girl in 300L. Her name was Betty. Betty was really pretty and smart. She was also a Christian. She joined our fellowship and in less than two months that she joined, everyone knew that she was fire-branded. She was beauty plus fire.

I started praying to God concerning Betty and yes, I got convinced that she was the will of God for my life. I only had some months left in the university and I didn't want to waste time at all. I told our youth pastor about it and we prayed together. He permitted me to speak to Betty by myself. Before then, I had been moving closer to Betty, greeting her, and having random conversations after church service. It wasn't really difficult because she was a jovial person.

One evening after fellowship, I told Betty that I wanted to see her. She agreed and we walked down to her hostel together. I engaged her in a conversation, but, I didn't know how to tell her what was on my mind. Thanks to my upbringing, I had never asked a girl out before that time. It still surprises me most times how the fear my parents instilled in me about ladies and relationships could form that stronghold in my adult life. I was always this bold and jovial guy before everyone else, but, to talk to a lady was a problem. I left her that day without accomplishing my mission. I continued calling her on the phone and sending text messages. It took another couple of weeks before I could summon the courage to tell her my

intentions.

I called her and told her that God had been putting her in my mind towards marriage and I was deeply convinced that she was the one for me. She told me that I was a good guy, but, she didn't want to be in a relationship throughout her stay in school. She asked if I could wait till after school and of course, I agreed. She was in 300l and I was in my final year, it didn't seem like a big deal. Betty and I remained very good friends.

When I graduated, I visited Betty in school at least once a month. Betty was just in 400l, but, I was looking forward to the end of her school program. I had it all planned out. The plan was to start courtship immediately after she graduated and get married to her after her NYSC.

I went for my NYSC and kept communicating with Betty. We would do voice calls on WhatsApp for hours and discuss many things. I couldn't wait for us to get married. I told my Mom and my siblings about her and told them that she was my friend, but we would get serious very soon.

Toward the completion of my NYSC program, I saw Betty's proposal video online. In the video, a young dark guy was kneeling with a ring in his hand. Betty was smiling sheepishly. At first, I thought it was a prank until I started seeing congratulatory messages of all kinds and Betty's responses to them. I nearly ran mad. We chatted two days before and Betty did not tell me anything. It was barely two years and I was already twenty-seven years. I called Betty the next day and pretended I didn't see anything. I asked her when she would be done in school so that we could start courting. It was then that Betty told me that she couldn't marry me and that she

had another person in the picture. She went as far as telling me about the proposal and her engagement. I wished her good luck and hung up the call.

Within me, I kept wondering if Betty had decided to play me all these years or if I was just a second option to her. In relationships, we feel ladies are mostly affected. In the true sense of it, a lot of ladies also break up with guys without understanding how painful it is for them too. Not all guys are strong enough to overlook rejections from ladies. I wasn't. For days, my mind kept going to Betty and my heart ached anytime I remembered her. I wasn't sure if I would be able to talk to any other woman about a relationship. I completed my NYSC without befriending any lady. I always looked at ladies from afar. Most of the ladies that we served together during NYSC believed I was weird. I agreed with them and we believed that together.

After NYSC, I set up my own business where I customized T-shirts, hoodies, sweaters, and all sorts of wear. It was the first of its kind in my neighborhood and I started making sales. I had a very good customer relationship with all my customers, but, I couldn't maintain the relationship with ladies. Most of them would message me on WhatsApp appreciating my work and I would just reply with a single word. My business grew well and after some months, I employed two assistants. Yet, I had no last in my life. My parents started getting worried when I turned thirty and had not brought any lady home. Well, I didn't see anything wrong in that, I strongly believed all ladies were like Betty.

How I Got Over It

I attended a conference when I was 31 years old. I can't remember the theme, but, I can remember that the guest speaker talked in-depth about how our life is sometimes affected by the actions of other people without us knowing. It was a female guest speaker and she said a lot. At one point, I felt she was talking about my life. After the conference, we prayed together before I went to my flat. I was very sure that my life was affected by what Betty did to me and also by the way my parents raised me, creating fear about the other gender.

I wanted to be completely free from the fear, and the wrong belief I had in my heart. Therapy alone couldn't deliver me, but, God gave me total freedom. I forgave Betty wholeheartedly and everyone else.

Some months later, I came across a young lady at a conference in Lagos wearing a customized T-shirt that looked like the ones I make. I was so attracted to the dress and its quality that I didn't know I was staring at her. She noticed I was staring at her and asked me why. I apologized. After the conference, we met again. I introduced my job to her and she told me how she loved customized shirts, but, got that particular one from one of her friends as a birthday gift. I got her number and we started talking. This time around, I had all the courage I needed. We became very good friends. As my friend, I made different customized shirts for her. From friends, we graduated to courtship. Today we are married and we have a little girl.

NOTES

FAMILY BREAKUPS AND RELATIONSHIP BREAKUPS

Family Breakup refers to an unhealthy separation of one or more members of a family from the others as a result of disputes, differences, divorce etc.

Relationship Breakup in this context refers to the termination of a close relationship; especially between two lovers.

Family Breakup and Relationship Breakup are similar; they both refer to separation from an existing relationship. Those who have been through a rough breakup would agree that heartache hurts. Individuals handle breakups in different ways. Most times, they are not only emotionally painful, but also physically painful.

EFFECTS OF SEXUAL ABUSE ON VICTIMS

- | | |
|----------------------------------|------------------------|
| • Anger | • Low Self - Esteem |
| • Hatred | • Trust Issues |
| • Depression | • Altered Sleep Cycles |
| • Self-harm | • Flashbacks |
| • Social Isolation | • Suicidal Thoughts |
| • Emotional Numbness | • Anorexia |
| • Lack of interest in activities | • Neurosis e.tc. |

GETTING OVER BREAKUPS

- Highlight the effects the breakup has on you: It's important to know what effects the break-up has on you to know how to handle it. The approach to dealing with depression from break-up is different from the approach to dealing with low self-esteem from break-up.
- Allow yourself to process the hurt: Feeling numb or happy after a breakup is unhealthy; It means that you never loved the person you broke up with. It might also happen in situations when you have gone through several breakups and it no longer means nothing to you. It's unhealthy to accept breakups as normal.
- Learn to let go: In most cases of breakups, the affected individual may hold grudges, nurture hatred and unforgiveness towards the other person. Holding on to grudges, hatred, regret, and unforgiveness would only cause you more pain. It might not be easy, but, it is important to forgive and let go.
- Seek help: A lot of people have ended up in psychiatric hospitals after breakups. If the effects of the breakups are more than what you can handle, seek help from therapists, counselors, and other people who can help you.
- Read books and listen to podcasts, messages, and content that address breakups: Several books, movies, and podcasts addresses breakups. They are very helpful.
- Love yourself: Learn to love yourself and take good care of yourself. Enjoy a journey of self-discovery and look towards becoming a better version of yourself. Learn to move on from the break-up. Do not remain stuck.
- Pray about it: Healing doesn't take time, it takes divine intervention. God can help

you get over the break-up within a short time. Seeking God's help through prayer is essential.

- Monitor your improvements and be accountable: Each step of improvement matters. As you get over each of the negative effects of the breakups, applaud yourself and talk to your accountability partner about it.

WORDS OF ADVICE

- Victims should guard their emotions. Do not return to a relationship or marriage that you are no longer wanted just because you miss the other person. Do not allow guilt and regret to overwhelm you or bring your esteem down.
- For breakups in a family; divorce or separation between husband and wife, the children should be well taken care of. The parents should ensure that the children are not affected by the breakup. The children should be educated, counseled, and encouraged.
- If you would like to reach out for help or advice, call or message 09123343384.



WAIT A MINUTE !

**Do you know that you can get a copy
of this book for a child that really
needs to learn from this.**

With just a donation of a thousand naira, you can reach
out to a secondary school student in Nigeria.
Kindly support Becoming A Better Me Foundation



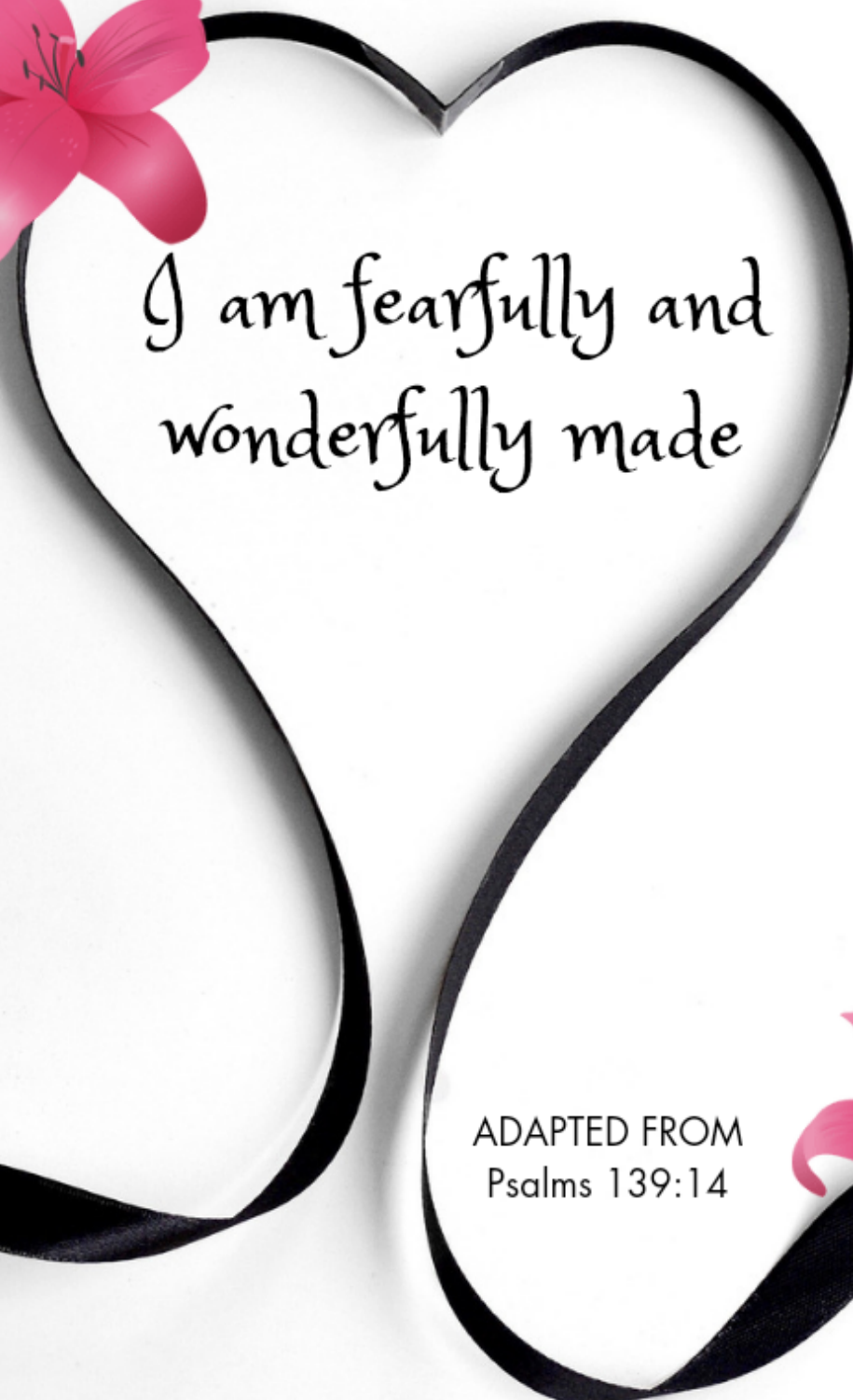
For support and donations, Call or Message
09123343384

Account Number : 1436407003
Account Name : Success Obasalewa Adegbite
Bank Name : Access Bank



Section C

CHILD ABUSE AND DOMESTIC VIOLENCE



*I am fearfully and
wonderfully made*

ADAPTED FROM
Psalms 139:14



becomingabettermefoundation



09123343384



Chapter 15

Hi. I am Aidan. I am a guy and I'm twenty-four years old. It's a great privilege to share my story with you.

I am the last born of our home. My Mom already had three children and her firstborn was already twenty years old before she had me. I had two elder sisters and an elder brother.

My Mom died when I turned two years old. She died in a car accident. At that time, my eldest sister was in her final year at the university, my second sister was in her second year at the university, and my brother was in senior secondary school.

A year after my Mom's death, my Dad remarried. Two years after they got married, she gave birth to a child for him, a girl. Dad was in his early fifties then. We all grew together in the house, my brother, my step-sister, and I.

When I turned nine, Dad died. He died in the hospital after a few weeks of being sick. I was told that he died of kidney disease. I was the only child of my Mom who was still staying in my Dad's house at that time, my elder brother was already in the university, while my sisters had graduated from university.

That same day, my eldest sister came home and started crying. She was already married at that time. Seeing her cry was an unforgettable experience for me.

My eldest sister, who was already married, took me in. I relocated to the city where she was living. She had a little daughter, Vivian, who was about two years old at that time. Her husband was a very good man, but his place of work was in another

state. He was always around during weekends. My sister was working in a bank, while her husband was working as a lecturer at a university.

Every morning, my sister would drive Vivian to crèche and from there go to work and leave me at home with a list of chores to do. I practically became the housemaid. As a nine-year-old boy, I would sweep the house, wash plates, and wash my sister's clothes and Vivian's clothes. In the evening, she would return home with Vivian and instruct me to cook.

I was in primary four before Dad died and we were already close to the end of the term, but I couldn't finish with them, so, I had to start over again in primary four in my sister's place. I had to stay at home for a new session to start. My stay at home was filled with terrible experiences. At first, I felt I was just supporting my sister with the chores in the house, but after a while, I realized she was intentionally imposing stressful and difficult chores on me. The worst part was punishing me for little things and feeding me with leftovers. I was barely ten years old, yet she would flog me every morning for not waking up at 5:00 a.m sharp, She would punish me if I did not respond to her immediately she called my name. Many times, she would deny me breakfast or dinner. Whenever I did anything wrong, she would accuse me of killing our parents and call me names.

One day, she caught me taking out of her baby food while preparing it, I was very hungry that morning. She beat me mercilessly. I had marks on my body and started regretting why my Dad died. My stepmom never treated me that way when we were living together.

My sister's husband was a nice man, but, he was only available during weekends

and did not notice what my sister was doing to me.

You should see how excited I was when I started attending school again, not for the joy of education, but the joy of being free a little bit from my sister. It was a public school and the school fee I was to pay per term was not up to Vivian's crèche fees. Notwithstanding, I was able to go to school. I had to restart primary four. I met new friends in school. After school hours, we would go to pluck oranges and mangoes at the back of our school. That was my freedom from home.

My sister made life more unbearable for me. Whenever I got back from school, I would have to cook, wash plates, wash clothes, sweep, and do other chores, yet, she would deny me food some nights. Many times, I wondered if she was truly my blood sister. My sister made me feel worthless. She would beat me mercilessly at the smallest mistake. I couldn't tell my sister's husband any of these things, because if my biological sister could be doing all that, who would treat me better?

I got to secondary school and she didn't change, she only became worse. Whenever I asked her for money, she would refuse to give me. My uniforms were torn, but I had to wear them to school that way. She preferred taking fruit juice than doing anything for me. I was depressed and felt like committing suicide or running away from the house. However, I had friends at school who understood my predicament and always encouraged me. Some of them would share the food they bring to school with me.

I also had a neighbor who would always call me whenever my sister wasn't around, she would encourage me and give me money sometimes. As I was growing, Vivian was also growing. My sister got pregnant and gave birth to another girl. Bigger

responsibilities came up and I had to do everything in the house including laying my sister's bed, washing her undies, washing the baby's clothes, and several others.

I started becoming wayward when I got to senior secondary school due to my sister's behavior toward me. Sometimes, I wouldn't go to school. Sometimes, I would beat her children intentionally because that was how she was treating me. It became a war between my sister and I. On two occasions, she sent me out of her house. Our neighbors begged her and she took me back after a lot of pleading.

The extremely bitter part of my life came when I failed JAMB in SSS3. My sister swore never to use her money to register me for another JAMB. I didn't have complete papers in WAEC too. After secondary school, I started working in a bakery, a little bit far from my sister's house. Most times, I would sleep over at the bakery. I started saving money for another JAMB and WAEC. After a year, I wrote the exam and had all my papers in WAEC, I also passed JAMB, but I didn't gain admission. It was one of the most frustrating moments in my life. At that point, my sister was already making a mockery of me. She would tell everyone that I could never gain admission. I did JAMB again and PUTME and I passed and gained admission. My first day in university was the happiest day of my life. My sister's husband took responsibility for my school fees and pocket money and things turned around greatly, but I hated my sister so much.

How I Got Over It

In my second week in school, I joined a fellowship on campus. I started attending frequently and began to see things from another perspective. I gave my life to Christ and realized I had to forgive my sister. I called her on the phone and we had a long discussion where I opened up all my pains and how she made me feel. She apologized and told me that she wasn't seeing things that way. We talked for a long time and I forgave her that same day. I was at peace.

There is a certain joy that comes with following Christ and obeying Him. Presently, I'm in 400 level studying Accounting. I now have one of the best relationships with my sister. We talk every now and then. Her children also call me through a video call to speak to me. Vivian is now a big girl and will be finishing secondary school very soon. If there is one thing to say about my life, I would say, "Once in crises, but now, in Christ".

Thanks for reading my story.



*I will strengthen thee;
yea, I'll help thee*

Isaiah 41:10b

becomingabettermefoundation



09123343384



Chapter 16

Hi. I'm Keila and I'm twenty-three years old. I would like to share my story with you.

I am from a village in Ondo State. I come from a family of seven; my parents and five children. Three girls and two boys. I am the second daughter of my parents.

I grew up in the village with my parents and my siblings. My father was a farmer, while my mother was a trader. We were not rich, but, we were comfortable.

Everything changed when I turned eight years old. Two ladies came to our house from the city and they had a long conversation with my father under the mango tree in front of our house. My father sent for me and told me that I would be following those ladies to the city and I would continue my education there.

I didn't understand what was going on, but, everything happened so fast. My mother packed my loads and the next day, I followed the ladies to Lagos. Those ladies were agents for people who needed house help.

They took me to a woman's house, Mrs Adewole. Her house was a very big one. She welcomed me and asked me a few questions about my name and where I come from. She also introduced me to her two children, a boy a little older than I was and a girl that was younger than I was, she told me her husband was not yet around. She showed me my room.

That was my first night sleeping alone. It had always been my siblings and I in a room. I was scared and anxious.

The next morning, Mrs Adewole woke me up by 4:30 a.m. to sweep the whole house.

The house was a very big one and it took close to an hour before I was done. After sweeping, we started cooking. She told me to watch her cook because I would completely take over after learning in a few days. After cooking, I washed plates and she gave me clothes to wash.

I was confused and still didn't understand what was going on. My dad had told me that I was going to the city to enjoy and further my education. I had no phone and there was no way of reaching my parents.

Day after Day, Mrs Adewole's behavior started getting worse. She would beat me up, deny me food, and ask me to do tedious work. Her children were spoiled, they didn't treat me any better. I would serve their food on the dining table and pack their plates to wash after they were done eating. Their mom would buy several things for them and leave me out of it. She would take her children out to restaurants, parks, and big places and leave me to stay at home. Many nights, I would sleep on an empty stomach.

I met Mr Adewole after a week of staying in the house, He was always busy and rarely around. Mr. Adewole was only around during the weekend. Mrs Adewole had a store where she was selling clothes. She had a lot of workers working for her at work and she always returned home by 6p.m in the evening.

For the first year I spent with the Adewoles, I didn't go to any school. Mrs. Adewole claimed she was training me and I needed to work at home all through. I needed clothes, underwear and some other essentials, but, Mrs. Adewole claimed she was paying my parents a certain amount yearly and I wasn't her responsibility.

After a year of staying with the Adewoles, Mrs Adewole enrolled me in a public

school some kilometers from the house. It was quite far for a young girl like me, but, I had to trek to school every morning and trek back while their children attended the best private school and had a bus to take them to school and bring them back. Mrs. Adewole told me that she was doing me a favor by sponsoring my education and ensured I paid for it with my sweats.

I was broken. I was angry with my parents for sending me to a place like that. I suffered. I was allowed to visit my parents after two years of staying with the Adewoles. My siblings too had been sent to different houses in the city to work as maids. It was only the two boys that were at home with my parents. I begged my mom not to allow me to go back there, but, they sent me back after three days.

I accepted fate and continued working with them. When I turned twelve, Mrs. Adewole's son started harassing me sexually. He was fifteen years old at that time. Nobody believed me. It stopped when he entered the university. I was only fortunate not to get pregnant.

I finished secondary school and Mrs. Adewole made me realize that I had gotten to the peak of my education and I had to continue working with them. I worked for them till I was eighteen years old. They released me to go home for a three-day break and I never returned. When I got home, I swore to my parents that there was nothing that would make me return to that place. I had gone through the most inhumane treatment. There was no resting time in that house, I was the cook, cleaner, laundry girl, errand girl, gardener, and so many other things. My dad wanted to force me to go back, but, I promised him to make money and give to him. Money was the reason he was sending me to the Adewole's.

How I Got Over It

I learned tailoring in the village and received my freedom after a year. I got my equipment with the help of my mother and started sowing for people in the village. I was very hardworking and it didn't take much time before I started receiving a lot of customers. I had it in mind to further my education, so, I traveled to a nearby town and registered for UTME. I studied and had a fair result. I selected a federal university and wrote their entrance exam. To everyone's surprise, I was admitted. Although I was admitted for another course, I went all the same with the money I had saved. I was in school, but, I was still hurt. I wanted to revenge on the Adewole's family. I was angry with my father too. It was impossible to believe that my dad had sold me to some family he didn't know at that age because of money. I met a friend in school and she was interested in knowing me. I told her everything I had been through. She felt so sorry for me. She encouraged me and told me never to think of revenge. She helped me let go of the hurt and the pains and helped me to know God. Everything is a lot better now and I'm looking forward to more better days.



Let not your heart be
troubled, let it not be
afraid

John 14:27



becomingabettermefoundation



09123343384



Chapter 17

Hi! I'm Amelia and I'm a young lady and I am twenty-one years old. I'm delighted to share this with you.

I grew up in a very small town in Kwara State. My Mom is a food seller. She sells rice and beans, rice and spaghetti, “moimoi”, “eko”, and other cooked food in front of our house. For my Dad, he is a bike man. My mom gave birth to four children and I was the first. I was the firstborn of the house and I was a girl, the two after me are twins; both girls, while the last one is a boy. My parents weren't poor, but, to take care of the four of us children and sponsor our education wasn't easy. To make matters worse, Dad wasn't helping. My Dad was a bike man and obviously, he was making some money, but, he was always complaining he had no money and Mom was the one majorly taking responsibility for almost everything. Mom believed that Dad was spending money on some ladies outside our home. My siblings and I agreed with her. Mom had to do everything. She could sell food in the morning, and hawk in the evening to take care of us.

My story is not like the normal story of child abuse you hear everywhere, but, I started hawking at five years old. My Mom started taking me out together with her to hawk “moimoi” and “eko” in the evening. It was interesting to me then and I loved every part of it. My siblings would be with our neighbors while I go out with Mom to sell. Our neighbors would also sell to anyone who wanted to buy whenever we weren't around. Some months later, Mom stopped following me in the evening and I started hawking alone. The hawking time was between 5p.m to 7p.m and most times, I returned home before 7 p.m. Sometimes the “moimoi” would remain

and I would have to hawk around the morning of the next day before going to school. My Mom would be at home selling rice and beans to people in front of our house. When I returned from hawking, I would dress up for school. By that time, they would have started classes in school. I didn't see it as any form of child abuse, Hawking “moimoi” while my mates were going to school in the morning. I loved that I was assisting my Mom.

When my siblings, the twins also clocked five, they started hawking with me. I was seven years old at this time and my younger brother was three. Mom would cook and sell “moimoi” and cold pap in the evening in front of our house. We would hawk around the neighborhood to bring in more sales and add to the money Mom was making in front of the house.

She had to work harder to take care of the four of us and pay our school fees. We also had to hawk longer distances and sometimes miss classes. Of course, I couldn't blame Mom because Daddy would always tell us to go to meet our Mom whenever we needed money for school materials. He only bought things for us a few times. There was a particular time he got slippers for my siblings and I. During Christmas celebration time, he also bought a chicken. Those were rare occasions.

It wasn't easy to cope well with academics, because, we would hawk after school hours, early in the morning, and sometimes end up missing classes. My siblings and I were affected by that lifestyle. It wasn't only our academics. There were times when we were harassed by young boys. Sometimes, we would be hawking and a random guy somewhere would come and hit me in my buttocks. I felt bad for my younger siblings who had to witness these things and go through them sometimes.

By that time, we were already teenagers and we still needed to hawk. I feared anyone of us getting raped and I didn't want it to be them if anything like that would happen. I persuaded my Mom to allow them to stop hawking, but, she didn't agree with that. Sales would reduce as I wouldn't be able to sell as much as all of us would. Whenever we wanted to go out to hawk, I would go to an area my sisters would cover different directions.

How I Got Over It

It was like that till we got out of secondary school. Mom wasn't sure if she would be able to sponsor our university education. I hawked another one year after secondary school and I got admission to a federal university. I was the first to ever get admission to the university. Mom used her savings and money from contributions to sponsor my education. However, I was still bothered about my siblings hawking around. I wasn't born again at that time, but, my major prayer point was that my siblings stop hawking. Soon, my Mom called me and told me that my sisters were no longer hawking, but, were helping her to cook as she was getting many customers in front of our house. You can't imagine how excited I was.

When I got to two hundred level, I met with Christ and it was a great turnaround in my life. He helped me to get over the bad experiences I had while hawking around. I'm still in school, but honestly, life is better now and I'm also a better person.



God is our refuge and
strength, our very present
help in trouble

Psalms 46:1

becomingabettermefoundation



09123343384



Chapter 18

Hi! My name is Jonathan and I am seventeen years old. I have a short story to share with you and I hope you will learn from it.

I come from a family of four, my Mom, my Dad, my sister, and myself. I grew up in a compound where there were several flats. Ours was a two-bedroom flat. My Mom is a civil servant, while my Dad works in a company that produces fruit juice.

My earliest memory while growing up was that when Daddy and Mommy were shouting at themselves in the living room, I was seated on the sofa watching cartoons. Dad shouted at me. I went to my room and started crying. I was about four years old then.

My elder sister and I grew up in that kind of home. Mom and Dad would always argue on even the smallest issue. For instance, Daddy could be shouting about the size of meat he was served, inability to find the money where he kept it in the wardrobe, and Mommy accusing Dad that he was a womanizer.

They would not only shout but insult each other and call each other bad names. Sometimes, Mommy would grab Daddy's clothes and insult him. Sometimes, Daddy would slap Mommy's face.

Honestly, while I was growing up, I thought all families were like that. I never believed that there were families that weren't going through the drama I was seeing in my house every day. My teachers in school started noticing that I was a unique boy when I turned six years old. I was just in primary one, but, every teacher described me as stubborn. During the break time in school, I would always insult

the girls in my class, and call them different names. I was always punished by teachers for this, but, it didn't make me change.

When I got to primary five, I had gotten worse. I would pick up fights with my classmates. I had someone as troublesome as I was and most times, we would beat each other up and our classmates would try to separate us. At times, we were punished on the assembly ground.

Mom and Dad did not change. It got to a time that I stopped feeling bad again whenever they shouted at each other, because, I was already used to it. Unknown to me, it was affecting me. It made me think there was nothing bad in violent behavior.

Once or twice, I was reported to my Mom by my teachers and my Mom beat me for being violent at school. She reported me to my Dad and he also beat me. At that point, I was confused; I didn't see anything I did wrong.

When I got to secondary school, I was tagged as one of the bad boys in the class and I was always sitting at the back with some other boys. I attended a reputable private school and they had a very high level of discipline, so, we couldn't do much in school, but, we had several ways of dealing with people. Sometimes, we would pick their notes and hide them in places they would never see it. I was also good at using derogatory words on people and body shaming them.

The situation at home was also affecting my elder sister. She was two years older than me and she was also in senior secondary school at that time. The situation at home made her socially withdrawn from our parents and everyone in school. At one point, she started opening up to a guy in school who gave listening ears to her and

before she knew it, they were in love. It didn't last long as her heart was broken and she was emotionally traumatized. She completely withdrew from everyone including me.

It was so evident that there was no love in the family.

How I Got Over It

In my second year in senior secondary school, I had a teacher who took an interest in me. He was my English teacher; he was serving in my school as an NYSC corps member. He was passing by one day and saw me fighting with one of my classmates. He stopped and I thought he was going to punish me just like every other teacher. He told me to see him in his office and he left. I contemplated going to see him, but, I knew that could lead to a bigger punishment. I went to see him the next day during the break time. Surprisingly, he was smiling at me. He didn't scream at me. He asked me how I was doing, about my Mom and Dad's well-being, and if I had a challenge in any subject. He just said casual things and told me to see him another time. I was shocked.

He kept checking on me till I told him about my Mom and Dad's constant fighting.

He told me he already knew something like that was happening to me. He analyzed all the effects those things were having on me and made me see a need for a change. I was sober and determined to stop, but the next day, I found myself insulting one of my classmates again. I told the corps member about it and it was at that time that he made me realize that I couldn't do it by myself and needed Jesus. He told me about

Christ and led me to Jesus. That day is a memorable day for me. I started to see a version of myself that I had never seen before. I became so gentle that my classmate could hardly believe that it was still me.

The corper got to know about my sister too. He started talking to my sister and after several discussions with her, my sister also changed positively.

Although my parents are not the exact picture of what I hope for yet, I pray for them every day.



*For I know the thoughts
that I think towards you*

Jeremiah 29:11a

becomingabettermefoundation



09123343384



Chapter 19

Hi! I'm Priscilla and I'm twenty-four years old. I am so happy to share my story with you. I come from a humble background in Ondo State, Nigeria. My parents are pastors and they brought me up in the way of the Lord since I was very young.

I got admission to study at the university the same year I finished secondary school, but, not my dream course. I went for it anyway. My first year was filled with several happy memories and joyful and funny moments. I became a worker in the student fellowship and I was very committed.

In my third year at the university, I met a guy on campus named Thompson. We met in a store where I wanted to buy something. He was also a student and was in his final year. We exchanged contacts and started talking. It didn't take time to like him. He was very funny and jovial and knew how to capture a woman's heart. We started going out together. It got to a time that I couldn't do without speaking to him for a day.

We got into a relationship and before I knew it, I was compromising my standards for him. As a pastor's daughter that I was, it was wrong to date without having marriage intentions. Thompson invited me to his house on several occasions and I couldn't resist. We engage in practically all forms of romance and it took all the commitment I had not to have sex with him.

Soon, Thompson started complaining about the way I looked and my body size. He claimed there were several other beautiful girls on campus and I felt hurt by his words. He made me feel like he was the only one who could love me and date me.

Thompson was fond of one thing; posting different ladies on his WhatsApp status. He would post them and use sweet names as captions. It got to a time that I became very confused; I didn't know which of them he was dating. He also posted my pictures on his status a few times. Thompson would hug ladies in public, I mean deep hugs. I was emotionally unbalanced.

I confronted Thompson about his attitude. Thompson became aggressive and whenever I complained, he would beat me. That was in his house. Thompson would slap me, push me to the ground, and beat me whenever I complained about the different girls hovering around him on campus and the ones he was always posting. After such beatings, I would cry and swear never to return to him, but, he would beg for days, and before I knew it, I would be back in his arms. That was the kind of life I lived for a complete year. I was frustrated, but, I thought, I had gone too far with Thompson than to turn back.

When I got to 400 level, it was as if I was into slavery. I didn't have my freedom. Most of my friends didn't know anything about my relationship with Thompson. Only a few people knew; Thompson's friends and hostel mates. I couldn't dare to confront Thompson whenever He did anything wrong for fear of being beaten or slapped.

How I Got Over It

I was almost losing my mind. One day, after fellowship, I called the sister's coordinator. We stood at the back of the fellowship hall. I told her everything I was going through. She consoled me and cheered me up. She made it clear to me that it

wasn't God's will for me to be in that relationship in the first place. She advised me to end the relationship. She led me in rededicating my life to Christ. I cried that day like a baby.

The sister's coordinator kept encouraging me and cheering me up till I broke up with Thompson. I sent a message to him that I was no longer interested in the relationship. I blocked his number as well. That was freedom for me. Thompson didn't make any move in trying to get back at me. Whenever we met on campus, each of us would go on our separate paths.

I'm presently in my final year in the university and I'm completely healed from the abusive relationship I had. Thanks for reading.



Be strong and courageous,
be not afraid nor
dismayed

2 Chronicles 32:7a



becomingabettermefoundation



09123343384



Chapter 20

Hi! I'm Joan by name. I'm twenty-eight years old, and a mother of two boys. I was really happy when I saw the opportunity to share my story and reach out to many people.

I got married seven years ago when I was just twenty-one years old. It was some months after my national diploma and being the first child of my parents with seven younger siblings, my Dad wanted me to get married straight away. He strongly believed that getting married would generate more income for the family and that the money he used in sponsoring my education would be recovered.

I got married to a young Igbo guy, a successful businessman who had a shop in the market where he sold shoes. He was five years older than me, but it didn't mean anything to my father.

We got married and of course, Dad requested a huge amount of money as my bride price, several foodstuffs, and materials and He got them.

Truthfully, Chike loved me. Our first year of marriage was heaven on earth. He rented a shop for me in the market where I was selling frozen foods like frozen fish, chicken, and others. After work, we would go home together on his bike.

I gave birth to our first son in our first year of marriage and things were going well. My business was not bad also. My siblings too were fairing well.

Things turned around in our third year of marriage when I was pregnant with our second son. My husband started returning home late. He started raining abuse on

me for my slightest mistake. He graduated to hitting me whenever I did not serve his food on time or attend to his requests.

I was shocked. I never saw any attributes like that in him before marriage. I kept hoping that he would change, but he kept getting worse. He graduated to beating me whenever he was angry. I would kneel to beg him and apologize even when I had not done anything wrong.

Most times, there were bruises on my face and marks on my body. My husband never apologized for once.

I got frustrated and told my Mom about it. She told me that I had to endure. I kept on enduring. For some periods, Chike would stop beating me, then, he would start again.

I had my second son and kept working at the frozen foods shop. The work at the shop combined with being a mother of two, a wife, and the only one to do all chores wasn't an easy task at all. Chike didn't make it any better.

When I couldn't take it any longer, I told my church pastor's wife about it. She came to our house together with her husband to visit us. She spoke to us and tried to enlighten my husband about how terrible it was for a husband to beat his wife. Her husband, our pastor also talked for a long time and taught us the basic things in marriage.

When they left, my husband was very furious. He figured out that I had told them what happened. He beat me blue and black that day.

I started taking my second child to kindergarten, while, my first son was in nursery

School. After school hours, I would bring them to my shop and we would go home together after I closed my shop for the day. One day, I was attending to a customer while my boys were playing with the other children around. One of the children unknowingly hit my second boy with the stick they were playing with and my son's head started bleeding. I was scared to death when I saw blood coming out of my little boy's head. Someone went to report to his father in his shop and he came with full force. The first thing he did when he saw our child was to rush to me and hit me. That was in front of everyone in the market, he kept hitting me till blood started coming out from my nose and my mouth. The other marketers were begging him to stop, but he wouldn't listen. He kept blaming me and telling me that I was careless. I was on the floor ashamed in front of the market women and the little crowd in front of us.

I stood up and rushed my son to the nearest hospital. He was admitted to the emergency and they started taking care of him. I was trying to make a transfer for the deposit payment when one of the nurses noticed that my nose and mouth were bleeding. She called me aside to ask and I lied to her that I fell. She persuaded me till I told her the truth.

She wanted to invite a social worker, but I begged her not to. She took her time to educate me on how dangerous it was for me to continue staying with a beater husband. I explained to her that my hands were tied and I couldn't leave the marriage, I already had two children for him. My parents would never take me back with my two sons. She asked me one important question, "Who would take care of your children when your husband beats you to death?"

Throughout our stay in the hospital, my husband just visited a few times to check on his son and know the state of things. My son got well and after a week, we were discharged from the hospital.

A week after we were discharged, I made an important decision, I packed my little belongings and my children's own and relocated to my grandma's village. It was a little village and ever since my Grandma died, I had not been to that village. I didn't tell anyone where I was going including my parents. It was the only option I could think of. I met my grandma's younger sister in the village and started staying with her after explaining my predicament to her. With her help, I got a shop where I started selling foodstuffs. It wasn't an easy decision, I missed my husband and my sons wanted to see him too, but I couldn't continue living with a woman beater. My parents reached out to me and despite I explained everything I had been going through, they warned me to return to my husband's house, but I didn't listen.

My husband called my number. His only concern was his children. He threatened to arrest me if I did not bring his two sons. I was very sure he would never get my location and I wasn't ready to trust him with the lives of my children. I enrolled my children in the school in the village and continued selling foodstuffs. Although the business was not yielding as much income as that of the city, I had peace of mind. I wasn't receiving beatings.

How I Got Over It

My sons were absolute sources of happiness to me, but there were nights I couldn't find sleep as memories of my husband beating me flooded my heart.

I did not want to be a single Mom and I didn't want to die of beating as well.

I came across a marriage counselor online and booked her services. We had a lot of personal sessions together and she made me realize a lot of things. I learned a lot through her therapy, but that didn't heal my emotional wound, I was still psychologically unbalanced. I hated my husband for beating me and damaging my esteem, but a part of me still yearned for him. I started praying for my husband and my home. I spent a lot of time praying for restoration.

A year after I left home, Chike called and apologized. He wanted me to come back. I had a condition for him, He had to sign a legal agreement never to beat me again. He agreed to sign it and my children and I returned to the city.

Ever since then, he has never laid his hands on me. We are a better family now and also God's family. The joy in my heart as I write this can't be measured. Thank you for reading.



For God so loved YOU
that He gave His only
begotten son

Adapted from
John 3:16a

becomingabettermefoundation



09123343384



Chapter 21

Hi! I'm Caleb and I'm thirty-five years old. I would like to share my story with you. I live and work in Lagos, Nigeria. I'm an artist, I draw and paint beautiful artworks while my wife, Margaret, works in a bank. We have two children, a boy and a girl.

I got married when I was twenty-seven. I met my wife on social media, Facebook to be precise. We became friends online and we started chatting. Her pictures were mesmerizing and I got the opportunity to meet her physically after six months of chatting online. We became close and she loved my artwork. I am a year older than Margaret.

We started meeting more frequently and I was convinced she was the woman for me. We got married a year later.

A few months after we got married, some issues started coming up. Margaret started complaining about our finances. She had a monthly salary but I didn't have a stable income. I only got money whenever I had a contract for artwork or whenever clients requested for artwork. It wasn't every day that I had artwork to deliver, but whenever I earned money, I ensured I catered for the family.

Everything turned worse when Margaret conceived our first child. She had mood swings every now and then. I was working from home; I had a room where I did most of my paintings and drawings. She would go to work expecting that I do all the house chores before she returned. She had a terrible nagging attitude that got me fed up and tired.

One day, I went out to get some materials I needed for my next project. Margaret

didn't go to work that day, I got back home in the afternoon tired expecting lunch since I didn't eat before going out. I got home and realized that Margaret didn't prepare anything. I got annoyed and raised my voice at her. She was very angry; she held my clothes and shouted at me. She kept screaming and crying that I wanted to kill her despite her condition. I left for the bedroom speechlessly.

Margaret became a thorn in my flesh. Our home was far from peaceful. It got to a point that I started thinking of divorce. On the other hand, I did not want to divorce her for the fact that I was a committed worker in my church. We are both respected members.

We had our first child I sincerely thought she was going to change, but she did not. She became even more aggressive.

The worst period came when contracts were no longer coming in and for weeks, I was spending my savings. One day, I went to the kitchen to serve myself the food Margaret cooked before leaving for work. Upon her arrival, she realized that I had eaten the food. She got so angry that she slapped me. I have heard of several men abusing their wives, but I had never come across women abusing their husbands. Margaret was the first I ever saw that did that. For the first time in a very long time, I bowed my head and shed tears. I knew I needed to do something, but I didn't know what exactly.

How I Got Over It

For days, I kept pondering on what to do to make my marriage work. At that point, I needed some space from home. I needed to hear from God and think. Retreat was the only option I could think of.

I left home after sending her a text message that I wouldn't be around for some days. I went for a personal prayer retreat. I was there for days, listening to messages about marriage, reading God's word, and praying.

I returned home after four days as a renewed man with an increase in knowledge and understanding about marital issues from the different messages I received. When I got home, I met Margaret at home. She was mad at me for not picking up her calls and telling her my whereabouts. I didn't say anything. She started crying and apologized. We had a lengthy and understanding conversation that day. Well, Margaret changed. She did. We started praying together and listening to messages together. Honestly, prayer works. We started to understand each other and listen to the messages of preachers. Today, Margaret is my best friend and we are doing very well. Thanks for reading.

NOTES

CHILD ABUSE AND DOMESTIC VIOLENCE

Child Abuse in this context refers to any act of maltreatment, neglect, emotional ill-treatment, sexual abuse, commercial or other exploitation of a child, resulting in actual or potential harm to the child's health, survival, development, or dignity in the context of a relationship of responsibility, trust or power.

Domestic violence generally refers to violent, abusive behavior by an individual to exert control over their partner. The abuser may employ psychological abuse tactics such as humiliation, guilt, gaslighting, intimidation, and dominance to manipulate the partner. Domestic Violence can be caused as a result of substance abuse, less access to education, personality disorders, cultural attitudes, gender ideologies, low self-esteem, struggle with anger management, insecurity, History of violent victimization, Poor behavioral control, High emotional distress, etc.

EFFECTS OF DOMESTIC VIOLENCE AND CHILD ABUSE ON VICTIMS

- Anxiety
- Fear
- Depression
- Insomnia
- Social Isolation
- Low Self - Esteem
- Emotional Outbursts
- Suicidal Thoughts
- Flashbacks
- Injuries leading to death

GETTING OVER DOMESTIC VIOLENCE OR CHILD ABUSE

- **Prioritize safety:** Safety is very important, the healing process begins when the victim of abuse is finally away from their abuser, but for so many people, this is difficult. Some victims have no place to go; especially children going through abuse. A lot of individuals continue going through domestic violence or child abuse because they believe they have no options. If you do not have a trusted friend or family member to go to, you can inform a capable NGO for safety.
- **Stabilize environment:** Once a victim is out of an abusive environment, healing can begin. However, it's important to have a stable environment where they can feel at peace and recover.
- **Highlight the effects the abuse has on you:** It's important to know what effects the abuse or domestic violence you experienced has on you to know how to handle it. The approach to dealing with depression from child abuse or domestic violence is different from the approach to dealing with low self-esteem from child abuse or domestic violence.
- **Learn to let go:** It's easy to hold grudges and nurture unforgiveness and hatred towards a caregiver or parents who maltreated you as a child. In cases of domestic violence, the victims may also have feelings of regret and guilt for marrying that kind of person. All of those would only cause more pain, it is important to forgive and let go.
- **Seek help:** Reach out to people who are capable of helping you and advice you rightly. Talk to a therapist or a counselor if need be, tell them about what you have gone through, and allow them to help you.
- **Read books and listen to podcasts, messages, and content that addresses Child Abuse/Domestic Violence:** Several books, movies, and podcasts addresses child abuse and domestic violence. They are very helpful.

- Love yourself: Learn to love yourself and take good care of yourself. Enjoy a journey of self-discovery and look towards becoming a better version of yourself.
- Pray about it: Healing doesn't take time, it takes divine intervention. God can help you get over what you have gone through within a short time. Seeking God's help through prayer is essential.
- Monitor your improvements and be accountable: Each step of improvement matters. As you get over each of the negative effects of child abuse or domestic violence, applaud yourself and talk to your accountability partner about it.

WORDS OF ADVICE

- Victims should guard their emotions. Do not return to an abusive relationship or marriage just because you miss the other person. Do not allow guilt and regret to overwhelm you or bring your esteem down.
- Parents should ensure the well-being of their children. They should not send their children to places where they might be maltreated or abused. Parents should not neglect their children. Most importantly, parents should not use their children for commercial or exploitation purposes that can lead to potential or actual harm to the children.
- If you would like to reach out for help or advice, call or message 09123343384.



WAIT A MINUTE !

**Do you know that you can get a copy
of this book for a child that really
needs to learn from this.**

With just a donation of a thousand naira, you can reach
out to a secondary school student in Nigeria.
Kindly support Becoming A Better Me Foundation

For support and donations, Call or Message
09123343384

Account Number : 1436407003
Account Name : Success Obasalewa Adegbite
Bank Name : Access Bank



Thank you so much for reading till the end.

Are you going through any pain, trauma, ; A life without Christ is a life in crises. If you are yet to give your life to Jesus Christ, it's not too late, you can surrender your life to Him.

If you would like to surrender your life to Jesus Christ, say this simple prayer:

Lord Jesus, thank you for dying on the cross to take away my sins. I'm sorry for all the wrongs I made. I ask you to come into my heart and reside there forever. I'm trusting you right now to make my heart clean and I take you as my Lord and Savior in Jesus' name. Amen.

If you just said that prayer sincerely, congratulations! Welcome to a new life in Christ. You are now a new creature and old things have passed away, all things are become new. Now, there are some things you need to start doing:

- 1.) Praying: You need to speak to God everyday. He is now your father and to have a good relationship with Him, good communication is required.
- 2.) Reading the Bible: You need to read God's word daily to know Him better. The Bible says in Psalms119:11 - Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee (KJV). Reading the word of God and putting it to practice keeps you from sinning against God.
- 3.) Fellowship with other Christians: God doesn't want you to forsake the gathering of the brethren. Look for a Church of God around you and fellowship with other children of God. God bless you mightily.

Would you like to share your story, testimony or review?

Kindly call or message : 09123343384

Follow us on our social media platforms:

Facebook Page: Becoming A Better Me Foundation

Instagram Page: becomingabettermefoundation

What'sApp/ Telegram Page, Message: 09123343384

Gmail: becomingabettermegmail.com

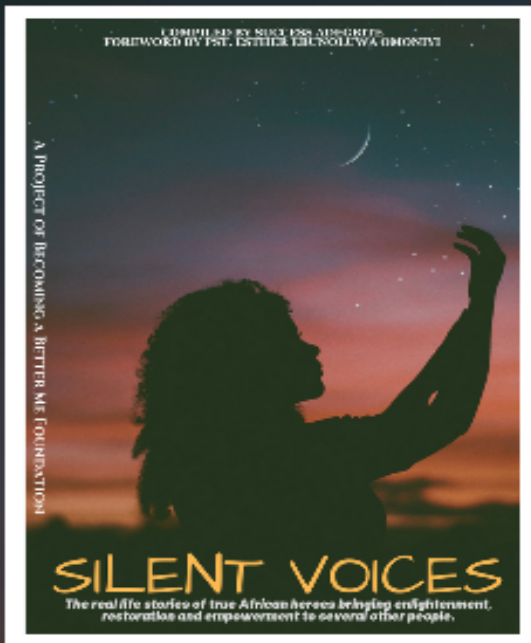
For Donations, Partnership and Sponsorship :

Account Number: 1436407003

Bank Name: Access Bank

Account Name: Success Obasalewa Adegbite

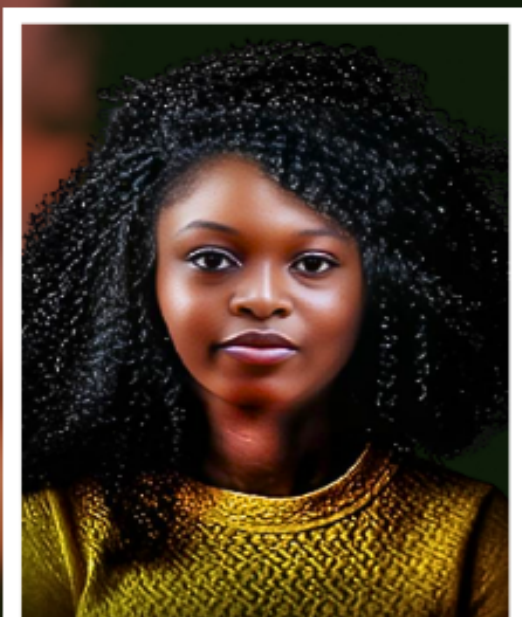
ABOUT THE BOOK



Hidden in the hearts of so many children, young teenagers, young ladies, middle-aged and old people across the globe are past experiences and stories that still hurts, bring bitterness, anger and hatred. Many have nurtured these bitter feelings in them for years and the slight remembrance of some of these experiences brings back the hurt they caused at the beginning.

Silent Voices is a book compiled to help you become better psychologically. It is the compilation of the true-life stories of several characters from different backgrounds. It discusses the agonies of these people, men and women, their pains and their hurt and how they overcame them. Although their names and ages are imaginary, their stories are true.

ABOUT SUCCESS ADEGBITE



Success Adegbite is a child of God and a great lover of God. She is the founder and president of **Becoming a Better Me Foundation**, a faith-based non-governmental organization that has helped a lot of people to become better versions of themselves through outreaches, teachings, and publications. **Success Adegbite** has a burning passion for making impacts and revival in this generation.

She is also a **Christian Novel Writer** and a **Script Writer** and has written many books for the enlargement of God's kingdoms. Her books include: **Travails Of a Woman**, **Voice of The Voiceless**, **The Forsaken Sacrifice**, **Wrong Side of the Bed** and so many more.

Success Adegbite thesuccessadegbite 08078050667

