



CUT HERE. NOW!

FOR COMMUNITY WITHOUT DOMESTIC VIOLENCE

PROJECT IS IMPLEMENTING:



Agencija lokalne demokratije
Sisak



Grad Sisak

**CENTAR ZA
SOCIJALNU SKRB
KUTINA**

FUNDED BY:



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INTRODUCTION

In 2003 Local Democracy Agency Sisak opened its first help line for victims of domestic violence in Sisak-Moslavina County. The idea sprung in 2001 when the project for strengthening women's participation in political parties was in action and during the course of which the participants stated that domestic violence was the most important issue to be dealt with in the community. At that time local community had no existing service for persons suffering from domestic violence other than traditional institutions.

In order to find out what were the needs of the community LDA Sisak conducted the research on Sisak-Moslavina County population's stands on domestic violence in 2002. Certain percentage of subjects was people exposed to domestic violence and as the most needed ways of help they stated: 1) Existence of the help line, 2) Opening of the Safe house and 3) Women's association's activity.

In accordance with the results of the research LDA organised intense education for the help line volunteers. The work on the help line for victims of domestic violence started in 2003.

Besides the help line LDA has developed the entire programme for reduction of domestic violence. It has been implemented since 2003. The programme consists of education for experts who work with the problem of violence and on making the public more sensitive.

Implementation of the project «For Community without Domestic Violence» started in 2007. The project is carried out through partnership with the City of Sisak and through cooperation with the Centre for Social Care in Kutina. The project is co-funded by the Ministry of Health and Social Care and the government's Office for Gender Equality.

The overall aim of the project is to reduce domestic violence in Sisak-Moslavina County area, while specific goals of the project are:

1. Giving first aid and strengthening the victims of domestic violence
2. Achieving more quality protection of domestic violence victims in and out of the institutions
3. Sensitising the public on issues of domestic violence and society's responsibility in providing help for the victims.

During the course of the project the help line has been working every week day from 9:00 am till 1:00 pm. The phone number is 0800 357 357. Also, virtual self-help group has been set up on web pages of LDA Sisak. The address is www.Lda-sisak.hr

Four educational trainings have been held for experts such as social workers, psychologists, social pedagogues, lawyers, policemen/women. Topics dealt with are 1) The foundations of legal counselling for family violence victims, 2) Empathy and helper's burn out, 3) Crisis situations and phone counselling and 4) Victim-helper circle.

Inter-sector work group has been founded for reducing violence in Sisak-Moslavina County. Its members are representatives of the Centre for Social Care, the Red Cross, the hospital, the police, City of Sisak, Sisak-Moslavina County and municipality's lawyers. Four meetings have been held during the course of which the implementation of the project which followed and future joint actions and projects were planned.

The competition for the short story on the topic of domestic violence for high school pupils in Sisak-Moslavina County was announced. 48 stories entered the competition and the best five stories won money prizes.

In order to sensitise the public some actions were taken: five radio shows were broadcasted on Quirinus radio which covers the entire County,

posters and leaflets were printed and billboards set on busy places in Sisak and Kutina.

Project's results show that these kinds of projects are necessary because all the interested parties in a community were included, from relevant institutions and persons suffering from domestic violence to wider public. By networking of the organizations working with the problem of domestic violence a solid base for further common action in reducing domestic violence in Sisak-Moslavina County was formed.

FORMS OF DOMESTIC VIOLENCE AND WAYS OF ITS RECOGNITION

Violence is an act or omission in interaction and dynamics of mutual relationships by which the other person is inflicted with physical or psychological harm by the use of physical or psychological force, individually or in a group.

The Law on the Protection from Domestic Violence (art. 4) defines domestic violence as:

- every use of physical or psychical force or coercion against the person's integrity,
- every other action of a family member which may cause or provoke the danger of inflicting physical or psychical pain,
- the cause of feeling afraid, personally in danger or disruption of one's dignity,
- physical assault, no matter if it results in bodily injury or not, verbal assaults, insults, cursing, using derogatory names and other forms of harsh harassment,
- sexual harassment,
- stalking and all other forms of abuse.

Penal law (Official Gazette I 29/00, art. 215a) describes violent behaviour in the family as an act in which a member of a family makes another member feel degraded by abuse or particularly impertinent behaviour.

Who can be a victim of domestic violence?

No matter of age, gender, status, education, race, nationality, sexual orientation or material situation, violence can happen to anybody. Most frequently subjected to domestic violence are women, children and the elderly.

PHYSICAL VIOLENCE

includes all forms of person's physical integrity endangerment. Physical violence is the most impressing and the most recognizable form of domestic violence. Therefore, society reacts to it most frequently and most promptly.

Against children:

inflicting physical harm on a child including deliberate poisoning or knowledge, as well as reasonable doubt that the harm has been inflicted or knowingly wasn't prevented.

The factors showing the existence of physical violence against children are: reoccurring accidents, skin wounds, bruises, burns, bone injuries (fractures), the syndrome of a «shaken child».

Against adults:

slapping, hair pulling, pushing, hitting with hand, legs or objects, inflicting injury with various types of weapons, pinching, shoving, burns, cuts, strangulation, keeping one's head under water, bone fractures, bending (arm twisting), spitting and numerous other forms of harassment which may result in light or heavy bodily injuries.

Action steps for persons exposed to physical violence:

1. Find a way to protect oneself
2. Use of the available services
3. Family therapy for all members of the family

EMOTIONAL VIOLENCE

includes numerous forms of destructive behaviour in the family from the husband/father towards wife and children, wife/mother towards husband and children, adults/parents towards children, manipulation of feelings, especially feelings of guilt and feelings of being less worthy and it is:

Against children:

rejection, terrorizing, ignoring, isolation, bribes, manipulation

Against adults:

Threatening to hit or beat up, using derogatory words about looks and habits, isolation from friends and/or family, threats about taking the children, threats about kicking out of the house, threats about placing one in a psychiatric hospital, banning possession of things extremely important to one of the partners or destroying these things.

How to recognise that a person is exposed to emotional violence:

Fear, mistrust, helplessness, insecurity, irritability, consternation, guilt, depression, sadness, bad self image, loneliness, retreating from society, heightened dependency on others, difficulties of concentration and attention, change in attitudes, insomnia, headaches, chest pains, loss of appetite, undefined pain.

Consequences of emotional violence are manifested in the emotional field, through person's behaviour and can also be visible through somatic disturbances.

Children often use some forms of behaviour that help them to overcome fear:

Aggression, insubordination, lying, avoiding obligations - including ones in school, stealing, rebellion.

How to help persons who are exposed to emotional violence:

1. work on the trust rebuilding and bringing back the joy
2. work with children individually
3. better inform all parties through various media
4. educate teachers, parents, doctors, social workers
5. prepare parents for responsible parenthood

SEXUAL VIOLENCE

SEXUAL HORASSMENT OF CHILDREN is every kind of sexual contact between a child and adult. It can be in the shape of children's pornography, touching, masturbation, exposing children to pornographic content, vaginal, oral or anal contact or sexual intercourse.

Signs of sexual violence:

Physical– genital injuries and infections, bleeds, breast injuries, injuries under the stomach, pain during urinating, frequent psychosomatic disturbances, headaches, stomach pains, sudden loss or gain of physical weight or similar.

Emotional - anger, anxiety, helplessness, fear of going home after school, fear of the dark and going to bed, fear of closed doors, bathrooms, showers and rooms with only one door, isolation, shame, guilt, fear of physical contact, fear of certain persons, crying, depression, confusion, sense of betrayal.

Sexual behaviour as a sign of sexual abuse – use of «dirty» words, drawings with high-lighted sexual details, drawings which show genitalia through clothes, mixing emotions with sexual behaviour, promiscuity, prostitution.

Signs of sexual abuse in social behaviour – confusing roles in the family, child begging or refusing to stay with a certain person, wetting the bed, babbling, wanting to know everything that will happen next, lying, controlled behaviour, introverted behaviour or hyperactivity, night mares.

Self-destructive behaviour – drugs, alcohol, suicide attempt, self-inflicted injuries, running away from home

Behaviour in school – attention disturbances, day dreaming, distractibility – easily distracted, skipping school especially when parents allow it, frequent mentions of secrets or sexual topics in school reports or conversation.

Treatment of persons exposed to sexual violence:

1. Individual psychotherapy
2. Group therapy for children
3. Group therapy for parents
4. Child-parent therapy
5. Family therapy

SEXUAL HORASSMENT OF WOMEN in most cases includes rape, incest, sexual misuse, situation in which woman is forced or coerced into unwanted sexual activities, when a woman is forced to participate in sexual activities that are unpleasant and degrading, when she is forced to look at pornographic magazines or films.

ECONOMIC VIOLENCE

includes denial and robbing of financial means, preventing someone from getting a job, not including one in the planning of expenses and not informing them about the income, not paying the alimony and all other ways of leaving a person without the means for living.

SUMMARISED RESULTS OF THE RESEARCH ON SISAK-MOSLAVINA COUNTY POPULATION'S STANDS ON DOMESTIC VIOLENCE

In August 2002 Local Democracy Agency Sisak conducted the research on domestic violence in Sisak city's area as a part of the project "Help Line for Victims of Domestic Violence".

Since then two more researches have been conducted in the area of the whole Sisak-Moslavina County: in August 2003 and in July 2006.

The aim of the survey was to explore the citizens' standpoints on domestic violence and the survey's results were used to create the programme for providing help for domestic violence victims.

In this period, from the year 2002 to 2006, the three researches included 1470 citizens from the areas of Sisak-Moslavina County (cities: Sisak, Petrinja, Kutina, Hrvatska Kostajnica, Glina and municipalities: Dvor, Hrvatska Dubica, Gvozd, Topusko).

In all three researches surveyed citizens were selected randomly, they varied from the age of 18 to 70 and were of both genders. 26 % were men and 74 % women with different educational background: 6% had finished or unfinished primary school, 5% were none qualified or re-trained workers, 8% were qualified or highly qualified workers, 55% had high-school degrees, 25% college or university degrees and 1% master's degree or doctor's degree.

Overall result of all three conducted researches has shown that:

Out of the given forms of violence (psychical, physical, sexual, economic and structural) the most serious is:

Sexual abuse for 37% of the citizens
Physical abuse for 31% of the citizens
Psychical abuse for 24% of the citizens
Economic abuse for 4% of the citizens
Structural abuse for 4% of the citizens

In their personal experience:

33% of the citizens experienced psychical abuse
16% of the citizens experienced physical abuse
10% of the citizens experienced economic abuse
5% of the citizens experienced sexual and structural abuse
36% of the citizens stated that they haven't experienced any form of abuse

When they were victims of abuse:

85 % of the citizens asked their friends and relatives for help
10% of the citizens asked the Centre for Social Care and the police for help
5 % of the citizens didn't ask for help

Help which was given when they were victims of abuse:

Didn't satisfy 77% of the citizens
Partly satisfied 21 % of the citizens
Satisfied 2 % of the citizens

For appropriate provision of help for victims of violence and abuse 30% of surveyed citizens think existence of the shelter for women is necessary; 27% think a family counselling centre is necessary; 22,5% of them think help line is needed and 21% deems necessary for women's association to exist.

For certain standpoints on domestic violence citizens declared:

STANDPOINT	I totally disagree	I disagree	I don't agree nor I disagree	I agree	I completely agree
It's not violence. Husband and wife are just quarrelling.	21 %	37%	28%	12 %	2%
Women provoke violence or even deserve it in a way.	43%	38%	15 %	4 %	
Women want to be abused.	67 %	25%	7 %	1 %	
Domestic violence is a private matter.	48 %	46 %	3 %	3 %	
Women make up abuse because it will give them an advantage in the divorce proceedings.	25%	42 %	31 %	2 %	
Violence exists only in problematic families.	26 %	40%	17%	14%	3 %
Violent men have problems with alcohol.	7 %	46%	27%	17%	3 %
Men who abuse women were abused themselves when they were children.	6%	19 %	39%	27 %	9%
Women like men who abuse them.	47 %	34 %	16 %	1 %	2%
Battered women abuse their children.	12%	43 %	30 %	12%	3 %

WHO TO CALL FOR HELP?

SOCIAL CARE CENTRES:

SISAK, Ulica lipa 11 (044) 543 076

GLINA, Trg dr. Franje Tuđmana 24, 811 660

Topusko, Trg J. bana Jelačića 20 (044) 885 040

Gvozd, Hrvatskih vitezova 1 (044) 881 035

HRVATSKA KOSTAJNICA, Josipa Marića 2 (044) 851 185

KUTINA, Stjepana Radića 7A (044) 683 603

NOVSKA, Novska, Trg Đure Szabe 7 (044) 600 672

PETRINJA, Artura Turkulina 7 (044) 815 272

DVOR, Bana Jelačića 15 (044) 871 130

HEALTH CENTRES:

Sisak, Kralja Tomislava 1 (044) 567 100

Petrinja, Radoslava Lopašića (044) 815 554

Mošćenica, Hrvatskih branitelja (044) 733 652

Hrvatska Kostajnica, Josipa Marića 1 (044) 526 526

Novska, Zagrebačka 6 (044) 608 313

Sunja, Matije Gupca 1 (044) 833 200

Hrvatska Dubica, Tomislava Bogića 4 (044) 855 027

Dvor, Kralja Tomislava 42 (044) 871 138

Gvozd, Kralja Petra Svačića (044) 881 122

Glina, Vukovarska ulica 41 (044) 882 025

Kutina, Antuna Gustava Matoša 32 (044) 630 666

Topusko, Vranovinska cesta 6 (044) 885 094

HOSPITALS:

Opća bolnica dr. Ivo Pedišić Sisak, Josipa Jurja Strossmayera 59 (044) 553 100

Neuropsihijatrijska bolnica dr. Ivan Barbot Popovača, Vinogradska 55 (044) 669 100

Opća bolnica dr. Ivo Pedišić Sisak, Petrinja, Zeleni brijeg 2 (044) 527 941

POLICE:

Sisak, Rimska 19 (044) 560 111

Petrinja, Ivana Mažuranića 5 (044) 560 539

Hrvatska Dubica, Oluja 95. (044) 855 092

Hrvatska Kostajnica, Ante Starčevića 1 (044) 851 178

Uštica, Unska (044) 672 520

Matijevići, Antuna Gustava Matoša (044) 871 490

Sunja, Matije Gupca (044) 560 639

Kutina, Kralja Petra Krešimira IV 2 (044) 646 111

Gvozd, Križnog puta 5 (044) 560 939

Novska, Staroselska 7 (044) 600 092

Glina, Stjepana i Antuna Radića 27 (044) 560 439

Dvor, Bana Jelačića 6 (044) 871 100

OTHER NUMBERS:

Savjetovalište za djecu, mlade i roditelje GD Crvenog križa Sisak, kralja Tomislava 18, tel: (044) 545-094, 544-211.

SOS telefon za žrtve obiteljskog nasilja ALD Sisak, working days 9:00-13:00 sati, free-of-charge line: 0800 357 357

Društvo za psihološku pomoć Zagreb, Prilaz Gjure Deželića 27, tel: (01) 4826 111

Plavi telefon Zagreb, Ilica 36, tel: (01) 4833 888

Bračno, predbračno i obiteljsko savjetovalište Zagreb, Kumičićeva 5, tel: (01) 4550 849, 4550 926

Autonomna ženska kuća, 10 000 Zagreb, Hrvatska, tel: 01) 48 23 188,

Centar za žene žrtve rata Zagreb, Kralja Držislava 2, tel: (01) 4551 142

Savjetovalište za prevenciju ovisnosti Zagreb, Mirogojska 11, tel: (01) 3830 088

b.a.b.e. grupa za ženska ljudska prava, Medveščak 62, tel: (01) 4611 351

MODUS – savjetovalište Centra za djecu, mlade i obitelj u sklopu DPP-a, Kneza Mislava 11, tel: (01) 4621 554

Ženska soba - udruga građanki za ženska prava, Zagreb, Ulica grada Vukovara 237C, tel: (01) 6176 602, zenska.soba@zamir.net

Poliklinika za zaštitu djece Grada Zagreba, Argentinska 2, Zagreb, tel: 01/3457-518, www.poliklinka-djeca.hr, info@poliklinika-djeca.hr

Hrabri telefon – telefon za zlostavljanu i zanemarivanu djecu, Argentinska 2, Zagreb, tel: 0800 0800

Centar za krizna stanja Zagreb, Kišpatićeva 12, tel: (01) 2421 603 – prevencija suicida i ostalih kriznih stanja

Ministarstvo zdravstva i socijalne skrbi Republike Hrvatske, Zagreb,
Ksaver 200A, tel: (01) 4607 555

Vladin ured za ravnopravnost spolova, Zagreb, Mesnička 23, tel: (01)
6303 090, 6303 038, 6303 266, fax: (01) 4569 296, 6303 035, ured.
ravnopravnost@vlada.hr

Pravobraniteljica za ravnopravnost spolova, Zagreb, Preobraženska 4,
tel: (01) 4848 100, fax: (01) 4844 600

Pravobranitelj za djecu, Zagreb, Andrije Hebranga 4/1, tel: (01) 4929
669, 4921 278, fax: (01) 4921 277, info@dijete.hr

STORIES AWARDED IN THE COMPETITION FOR SHORT STORIES ON THE TOPIC OF DOMESTIC VIOLENCE

SUPERIORITY

Dino Pešut

Gymnasium Sisak, 4.d

Mentor: Vesna Rogulja Mart, professor

At one point I got lost. I stood all alone with a drink in my hand and the suspicious image of the world which was spinning and spinning and spinning... The sound of the Studio 54 reached me only in waves. Maybe even Blondie.

Lemon, a glass, salt. Lemon, a glass, salt... Eyes filled with smoke, «once I had a guy», worried looks, I was looking for a cigarette, my trousers were hanging. I urgently needed a break.

When I woke up I decided I needed a break. Toxins were destroying my perception of reality. I was mixing the terms of Truth and Reality. My chromosomes were in a row. I rented the apartment far from the place I live in. Somewhere in my head. I just needed to run. Admittedly, from one fantasy to another. From one rehabilitation to another.

Family house was reconstructed into four little suites. These had room for one or two individuals, although ours was occupied by six persons or fugitives, to be more exact. All the suites were filled.

That morning I was greeted with a slap in the face. People are so corruptible – that was the message I got. Disgusting, spoiled, rotten. I'm probably more expendable than the cheap tins of food. The parasites from which I was made of are still in me. It's all just a matter of science and no matter how hard I try, nevertheless, one day I'll except existentialism as

the absolute truth and will put the aesthetics of ugliness on a thrown. I escaped nature (or it escaped me?).

I want to say that I still see myself as a child wanting to be a priest because it sees magic in the Divine, but I simply turned into a bitter minor seeing alcohol instead of a host and Sartre instead of Jesus. The world made me so. The course as such was the logical result of all my choices. I'm condemned to being an island.

Never, I mean never, will I be good. If I could, I would be an angel. I knelt down and chose to be here. Here, in this little room with five people who each for himself/herself embody the curse and the sin of men. I'm so empty and evil. To be passive, passive-aggressive, falsely superior, submissive, revolutionary...

There's chaos and destruction wherever I look. Absolute breakdown of the system. As if the universe decided not to spread any more. Anti particles become visible and all returns to the beginning. Into the Chaos. And I impatiently wait for the new Aphrodite cause the old one is used up and sick, treacherous and cheap, messy and impractical.

Or I just can't be controlled any more. Aesthetics is simply nonexistent these days. Only disturbances and addictions with which I can't cope. And I proportionally lose importance in the global village. Who's done anything new? Good?

Against whom I can't say a bad word? The aesthetics of ugliness and the Bald Singer masterfully rule the world, if not worlds.

Tucked in bed, heated with the body I love only half-way and with my eyes wide open I was listening to the sounds around me. Even in nature there is no more nature. Everything I touch turns into mud, distress and misery. The Ways of the Cross surround me. Society slowly falls under

the crosses with no women to wipe me nor friends to help me. They are leaving me. Malice is the same, only with other excuses. The voyage to infinity and the thoughts of eternity.

False declarations of love believed by nobody, already betrayed promises of fidelity and the most honest deep breathing of sleep...

All that has been choking me, all that which I tried to escape from found its way around me in the woods, far from the skyscrapers. I needed a cigarette, promptly and immediately. Oral satisfaction and eight minutes sold just for me, with the view of the cypresses lit up by the moon, which were supposed to calm me down. Loud arguing could be heard coming from under me, most likely from spouses. You could hear he was drunk by the way his tongue was twisting. She was crying. All you could hear was the sobbing and jamming against the wall. Screaming for help.

Whispering forgiveness.

Surrender.

Silence.

Death.

In tarot death is a new beginning. Dying of night is the birth of day. This time death was bringing new motherless morning, two more social cases, treats for news people writing for the crime section, low pleasures.

A shot.

Even more joy for news agencies and the small-town demi-monde. Death has become so mainstream.

In the apartment above a woman sits with a cigarette and complains.

„You’ve been out again?“

„Are you ashamed of me?“

„You left a mess!“

„You haven’t left any money, the kids are starving all day! “

„What, I can't afford nails?“

„Please, come on, must I look desperate?“

„Maybe I should leave you. You take up too much of my energy.“

„As a matter of fact, I'm leaving you!“

„Right, is that all you have to say?“

„Stop acting!“

„You've become an evil disgusting person!“

„If I wasn't smoking, I would stand up and slap you!“

„Take the kids, they are yours anyway!“

I heard a man's voice for the first time.

„All right, just give me back my cigarettes.“

Door. Curtain. Bow?

I'm disgusting and deranged. I've distanced myself from nature from which I derived. I do things not noted in the chromosomes. I love to inflict pain. I love to receive it. I love! In the name of that fictive neo-love I'm ready for everything, even a sacrifice.

Exploitation of feelings and reason. I feel the quake. Our ancestors are turning under the ground. There's urination in the National house. Wives are beaten. Women say it's because of the children. I am making sacrifices, bowing to the pagan kings of hedonism. I am turning grey and fading away. I watch extra news and gloat over tragedy. Instead of nectar I drink pain. I try too hard to be loved and no one will love me. With the death of Antics the term becomes violated. There is no neo-ancient times. Renaissance is fiction sprung from the Church. The Church is the conservative new age against which it is fighting. If I didn't want abuse, I would fight against it. If I didn't want to suffer, I would reject the crosses.

Some languages have no present tense. It is not there. All belongs to the past. It is easily replaced but it is still irretrievable and not seldom built on the medley of circumstances and bad choices. The future is

unpredictable, it is now and it is dangerous. More dangerous than a mammoth or tuberculosis. More dangerous than nazism or camps. More dangerous than me myself. The Maker.

Violence doesn't exist. It is a non-realistic, suggestive and seductive force. It is Satan and the snake from which we take the apple each time. No matter of the side effect.

Cause after all, it is also the magic of every drug. I don't know whether it'll make me superior or it will stick in my throat. Will I afflict or receive pain. Hold the whip or be hurt by it? Sometimes both at the same time.

I alone created this fiction, this Truth and analogically to that – Reality. And the past is an irretrievable package. Same as me. I'm no more than ordinary batteries that become depleted and poison the environment the most.

With this I fell into the teen mainstream.

Police came in the morning. Nobody heard the shot. No one knew anything.

And somewhere in the world of Hades where everyone see only doom (or truth) Sartre is the only one rubbing his hands with complacency and superiority.

PAPER SOLDIER

Predrag Stojić, Gymnasium, High School Glina, 3rd grade

March the 12th 1889

Respectfully yours. I didn't know how to start this, my first

entry, so I came about it the way I was always taught. It might be good to start with a few things about myself because it's my journal, so if anyone ever reads it, he or she would at least know who it's about. I'm Peter O'Hara, blacksmith's John O'Hara and Elizabeth Kingston's only child. I live in a little town called Willshire about 85 miles west (or maybe east, I don't really know) of London. I was born on December the 24th the year of our Lord 1873 which meant I got presents for my birthday and Christmas all in one. I never went to school nor I plan on going because, as my father says: «I never needed school, so why should you» and accompanies the words by spitting on the floor and hitting the hot metal with his hammer. I have spent my entire life in my father's blacksmith's workshop learning the secrets and skills of the trade. My mother taught me how to read and write letters. She tried to teach me maths as well, but I hated it. Maths, not my mother. She also gave me this little book to write about my life. My father made fun of me and often summoned me just as we were about to learn something. He did it because he was jealous. Right now he is calling me to help him make hooves.

March the 27th 1889

My mother is a beautiful woman with black hair hiding her chestnut brown eyes which were filled with sadness more than happiness. She had fingers thin as keys on a piano I once saw in a window and when she walked she was light as the moonlight. I remember her telling me fairytales in which I was always the hero. «Paper soldier» that's what she called me. She married my father very young and gave him a son, my older brother who died of tuberculosis at the age of seven. I still remember the blood on his chest and the lifeless look in his eyes. Father loved him more than anything in this world and was sad when Jack died. All that drove him to drink and he had often hit my mother blaming her for his death. With his heavy fist he would beat her on the back so

neighbours wouldn't see the bruises on her face. When he finished he would go to the cellar and cry thinking nobody saw him, but I always did. Tears were flowing over all his scars from the only eye he had. Mum told me he had been handsome once, but he had borrowed money from the wrong kind of folk who carved him up with a knife. She loved him despite his disfigured face. Once he saw me watching him, so he beat me with a rod he used to drive our horse Tom. Today he got drunk again and started to beat my mother, although she is 6 months pregnant. I stood in his way to protect her, so he slapped me and made my nose bleed. He was just about to hit me again, but now it was mum who was holding me and begged him to stop. He went to the cellar cursing all the saints of the catechism at me. If wicker Whiterby heard him, he would have expelled him from Sunday mass, although he wasn't a regular. As I write this, my nose is still the size of a pear.

April the 14th 1889

My mother is dead. The funeral was today. I looked at her body lying in a wooden coffin. I leaned over to kiss her. She was cold to the touch. Her skin was white, too white. While she was being buried, the tears were running down my face. I couldn't control them. I looked in my father's direction, the bastard just standing still. No one here knows what happened. They all think God wanted my mother to abort the baby and die. It wasn't He who did it, but the son of a bitch I call my father. I saw it all. He came home the night before yesterday dead drunk and asked my mother for twenty pounds she didn't have. Then he turned into a beast. He started hitting all he could and she was crying for help and trying to protect the baby. I went numb and froze. Maybe she would still be alive if I had protected her. After the beating she just went to the bathroom to wash of the blood while father was drinking whiskey from a used bottle. Half an hour later she still wasn't coming out of the bathroom. I went in and saw a scene from hell. All bloody mother was

lying on the floor holding in her hands a stillborn the size of neighbour Mary's puppy all covered in slime and blood. She was dead. I'm going to kill him, I swear to God.

April the 25th 1889

I can hear tracking dogs barking in the distance. I've been running for three days, trying to escape the posy hunting me for my father's murder. It is true, I've killed him. I made him pay for what he did to my mother. Four nights ago I asked him to come to the cellar and waited for him to come down. I took a heavy hammer and swung it as hard as I could. The hit struck the back of his head with precision. He fell on the ground and I kept on hitting him. I don't know when he died, I didn't care. I left the body there, picked up the package I prepared earlier and started to run. So I've been doing since. I don't know what to do next. I miss my mother. I'm tired of it all. There's a cliff 200 miles from me and I'm going to plunge myself into the abyss. I have no reason to live. Mother, I'm coming.! Embrace your sinful son, embrace your paper soldier. And you World, I bid you fare well. See you some other time.

MY NAME IS ANA...

LUNA BANDA, 2.a

Gymnasium, High School Tin Ujević, Kutina

I.

Oh, it's already ringing! The break's too short! I'm bumping into people with an apology: "Sorry, I'm in a hurry!" Everyone's late, rushing and running... still, there is an order to this general mess because, when the school bell rings for the second time... everyone reaches their destinations so harmony and stillness rule again.

I'm running into the classroom. School bell chimes a second after. I won the race with time. I always sit next to the window, but today everything looks different. Desks are piled up against the wall and the chairs set in a circle. «What's this people!» - Tomi comments. I sit myself down on the first available chair. «Somebody hasn't been sleeping?» Gloria asks. «Have you been hanging on the MSN? – she continues and yawns.

Our teacher came into the classroom with some woman. She had previously explained that she will help us understand each other more, solve problems better and with some other similar stuff. She promised us a good time. «Yeah, like I'm up for a good time before maths!» - Tina was mumbling and the rest were rolling their eyes and making faces.

The woman is Miss Lea and she likes working with young people (like she's old!). For starters, we should say our name, whether we like it and if something nice happened to us yesterday. Lea started in order to show us how it's done. She likes her name because it's short and yesterday she got a flower from her boyfriend. «Henpecked husband!» - a comment came flying from the back of the classroom. «Only brutes make fun of romance!» - girls replied. Lea asked that we greet her with an applause instead of an argument. Welcoming applause filled the classroom. It felt good.

Mario was the first to speak. He said his name was OK and he had played games with his friend yesterday. He couldn't hide his smile when we applauded. Maja got her long wanted T-shirt... Mirna a puppy.. With the help of her dad Lara drove a car for the first time (cool!)...

II.

My turn was coming up. My heart was racing, my head was thumping, my throat was choking and my mouth was dry.

„ Are you all right? You look like you're about to faint!» - the teacher whispered as she leaned towards me. «I'll go out for a while, I'm nauseous.» - I answered gratefully. As I was closing the classroom door I heard another applause of welcome and something in my throat choked

me. Warm tears were mixing with the sweat, my face was burning and knees shaking. I barely managed to breathe in some air. However, with every sigh the pressure that almost choked me lessened. I sat on the desk and stared into the wall.

What nice thing happened to me? Oh God, what am I going to say? The truth or should I lie?

Yesterday Robert (my brother) and me came from school cheerfully retelling the daily events. Mum was finishing lunch. Everything appeared to be fine. Still, mum looked kind of sad. The bruise under her eye, that she got from slipping on the wet floor, was still visible (so she told us) ... When mum is home I always feel nice. The smell of food, flowers on the table... what more do I need? «What about lunch, I'm starving!» - Robert shouted. I was setting the table when we heard the sound of a car. Worriedly, mum looked through the window from where the squealing of tires and the breaks screeching was coming. «I wish we ate!» Robert added and ran into the room. There was fear in mum's eyes. That kind of arrival meant only one – dad was drunk as a skunk! «Where are you bitch...?! – he was yelling and his tongue twisting as he was getting out of the car. He had already broken a pot of flowers outside. Mum was shivering and the food started to burn. «Go to Robert, lock the door and don't open till I come!» - she cried. I wanted to stay with her but she wouldn't have let me. «Robert is alone! I'll sort out this thing with dad.» - she added. Drunk as he was, he was already grabbing her shirt.

Robert had been in bed with a pillow over his head. He was sobbing. Blunt hits, cries and cursing were echoing from the other part of the house. I could have hit him – he could barely stand as it is! I should have phoned the police!... But, I was just holding my brother.

It went quiet! Robert fell asleep. I was listening to the tired footsteps approaching the room. Mum was coming! Still as ever, her hair combed, eyes red, eyelids swollen... she whispered. «I only care that you two are alright!» She hugged me and said: «Come on, you got and eat.»

I didn't feel the taste of food – only the salt from the tears.

III.

I have to go back to the classroom. The bell will ring soon! I fixed my clothes and combed my hair. Still, the day ended well because we didn't have to lie to the doctor about our cuts and bruises. Mum often says that there are children who are much worse off than we are. It is much worse not to have a dad at all.

I'm trying to picture a day without dad (well, not entirely without dad, but without alcohol). On that day my dad would walk out of the car and give my mum a flower and we would eat together. After lunch he would teach us how to drive a car. He would play a game with Robert and then we would go to the city and buy a shirt for me and a pair of pants for Robert. We would walk and dad would put his arm around mum's shoulder!

I'm coming into the classroom. Miss Lea says that I'm the only one who hasn't introduced herself yet.

I sigh and say: «My name is Ana...and I love my name because my dad picked it out for me. Yesterday mum made a cake that I adore. We got a little puppy. Could the day be any more beautiful?»

Again, I didn't have the courage...

THEY DESERVE IT

Zdenka Petrak, I.b, High School Glina

My name is Milan and I'm a small entrepreneur. I'm a model worker because I love my job. I sometimes think that my work is the only thing I love in my life. I live with my wife and our three children. The eldest Dragan is 13, the second Mirna is 11 and the third Slobodan is 9. At first glance my life may seem fairly simple and ideal to you. But,

everything is not what it seems. Throughout my childhood my father used to beat me and my younger brother Slaven. Now he lives far from me and our father's grave. He learned to hate him more than me and that is the reason for which he left, searching for a new life that would have brought him more joy. Beating was the only way my father dealt with all arguments, quarrels and family issues. You surely think it's an awful childhood. I thought so too, but you're wrong. As a child I would rather die than endure such beating. I wanted to vanish from the face of the Earth just to see what would the world be like without me. I wanted to take my brother with me to some new secret world, a new life. I hated my father for beating us so. I hated my mother who couldn't stand up to him. I didn't have anyone beside me and I hated the whole world. Now, my opinion is different. Childhood was terrible, but it made me out to be the right and fine man. I have an ideal family and work, but also problems, as any other man on the planet. Now I'm all grown up I know how hard it is to be an entrepreneur, how difficult it is to be a husband and a father. Now, I think differently too. My problems are normal in today's world. If something is wrong when I come home, if the children aren't obedient or wife is messy, I put it all to right with a beating. I can't tolerate insubordination, I don't want it in my house. They deserve these beatings. I like to see the fear in their eyes when I take of the belt or take a rod or something like that. They are used to it. They already are. I don't think about how they feel while I'm hitting them. They deserve the pain when I'm hitting where ever and who ever I can with all my might. I don't think about who I hit and I don't feel sorry about it. To me it's important to hit because their pain passes on from one to another. They share the pain just like my brother and I used to. If I hit one child, all will scream. It's an indescribable sense of pleasure. They deserve that pain. I deserved it in some cases when I was a child. Now it's their turn to suffer all I've suffered. They don't understand that it's for their own good, it's to help them become what I am, a model entrepreneur and a fine family member. They need to understand. The

time will come for them to understand. Till then, they will hate me and I'm aware of that, but it doesn't matter to me. All it matters to me is making them into what my father made me, a perfect man. They have to be like me and that's why I'm doing it, trying to create myself out of them. That's why they have to experience it. I love hitting them, I love inflicting pain upon them because I was hurt when I was a child. And they even did what I did when I was a child. They tried to run away from me, out of my life. They tried to do what I didn't have the courage for. I felt angry, ashamed and proud at the same time.. They tried to run, they have the courage. The wife and the kids, they are very brave. I was so proud at that moment, I was so ashamed and enraged. They've proven to be braver than me, they've proven that they deserve more beating. They deserve more so they wouldn't repeat it, so they don't try to run from me because I control them, I control their lives. That day they got the beating they deserved. They made me feel ashamed, they've shown courage I didn't have. I couldn't let that happen so they paid. The strokes were harder than usual, I enjoyed it more than usual. I loved the hits, the tears, the moaning they made each time I've hit them. The sound of the belt on their skin, the sound of pain coming from their bodies. I enjoyed it. I love hitting them. They deserved it. I've proven to them that I control their lives, I've proven that, as long as they live under my roof, things go according to my rules. They are not aware of what's in store for them if they try to repeat it. To make me feel ashamed like that, to try and run away from me, to try and destroy me and my life. They've deserved that beating. Yes, they have. They need to see who is the boss and who isn't. I know they'll hate me. Maybe they already do, but that's who I am. I won't stand for any kind of disobedience or anything like that because I have the solution that helps and gives pleasure at the same time. I... I love seeing fear and pain in their eyes, the tears and the blood on their bodies...

SIX O’CLOCK AND FIFTY-SEVEN MINUTES

Sabrina Fetibegović, Gymnasium Sisak

She saw darkness when she opened her eyes. At first it freaked her out so she reached for the light with her hand. She was tied up. Her hands were bound to the bolster with soft silky ribbons. The satin sheets under her and the comfort of the bed made it obvious that it wasn't hers. When she moved her legs she realised she was naked. She searched her memory of last night trying to remember how she ended up in somebody else's bed. She felt strange, but she wasn't able of defining the feeling. The air in the room was stifling. She could feel the sweet scent of vanilla, so she presumed that the pose was the result of last night's party which she couldn't remember most likely due to large amounts of consumed alcohol. She felt something warm sliding down her thigh. She understood it as the confirmation of her previous conclusion.

- What's the time anyway? – a question popped up in her mind. Someone turned on the light. She was frantic, staring with her eyes wide open. She didn't get her bearings right away because it was her dad who stood in the doorway.

- Dad... I... I'm sorry. I'm probably late? I'm sorry. I don't know how I got here. – He just smiled and his eyes reflected the inexplicable shine.

- But, I know, my beautiful – the smile on his face became disgusting. He approached the bed slowly holding his breath, lowered himself beside her with no haste and started caressing her breasts. The fright in her eyes was so great that she didn't manage to say a word. Even if she did, she wouldn't know what to say. All the memories came back to her and the tears ran down her face.

- Why are you crying, you little slut?! You haven't been crying while you paraded in front of me in short skirts and tight tops. It was fun torturing me! Well, now it's my turn to have fun! She was astonished because the words were coming out of her father's mouth. Her dad's. The only

stronghold of her life.

Mum died giving birth to her and she had only him from as far as she could remember. During the last couple of years he had withdrawn into a shell for some strange reason which was inexplicable, to this moment at least. They never saw the family nor had any friends anyways. However, she had plenty of friends in school and now, as a senior, she was popular with boys from the university as well. That was one of the reasons her father was the last person she expected to see when she found herself tied up in bed with satin sheets.

In her mind she returned to the cold room and realised that he was holding his hand on her bellybutton and was slowly moving it downwards. She let out a piercing scream and started to cry. She thought that somebody was bound to hear her sooner or later. Her father laughed instead of being confused or angry at least. – This room is sound proof, don't you remember? – he said and left the room. As he forgot to turn off the light, she looked around and got confused. All the walls were wrapped in purple satin sheets, there weren't any windows and the bright light was coming from two big lamps which were also purple. The metal part of the bed was the same shade as the rest of the room, the sheets beneath her were the same colour, as well as the ribbons she was tied up with. No other furniture was there and the room was so small that the marriage bed together with the two lamps took up all the space. She lifted her head as much as she could and realised that the warm stuff on her thighs was larger amount of blood. Just as she saw that scene she became aware of the pain in her vagina.

- No! – she couldn't even think about it. – Damn, is it possible that he is such a sicko?! How this hurts ...- And how was it hurting. Her soul was in pain because the disappointment with her father outreached the physical limits of her being. Her gut was hurting, she was so disgusted with life that she thought she would throw it up. But, she didn't cause

she had no strength to move.

* * *

She woke up and it took her a few seconds to realise it was reality so she expired with a heavy sigh. She was hungry and thirsty. It seemed to her she was there a few days already cause she had no sense of time. She got cold because she was still naked, so she tried to cover herself with the satin sheet as well as she could.

He appeared on the door smiling, like the last time.

- Thirsty, beautiful? Do you want some water? – he asked while he was devouring her body with his lustful gaze. She couldn't recognize him. Like she hadn't lived with this man for 18 years of her young life. She nodded to confirm. While he was holding a glass of water for her a déjà vu happened after the first sip. This has happened before, the last time before she went to sleep too. She spat out the water and looked him in the eyes. He looked away and stood up from the bed.

- He had drugged her! Who knows how many times so far! For weeks...

- the look of disgust on her face drove him to turn around and walk out slamming the door behind him.

- How ironic – she thought. – He can't bear that I'm disgusted by him, not even after all he's done to me. – He came back with a hose, as it seemed. While she was lying confused he turned on the water and started pouring her. The water was cold as the frozen lake in winter. She started to scream.

- This is to cool you off, you were feisty last night! – he shouted and gloated with the scene. While he was doing it he forgot to close the door so she saw the hall. She was in her own house! In the basement. The basement windows couldn't be seen from the sheets, but using that way she could have surely escaped this icy hell.

* * *

She spent the whole night or day, as you like it, trying to untie herself and the monster didn't come. She wouldn't give up.

* * *

After, what felt like to her, seven or eight hours she untied her right arm, so with it she freed the other one. By now she was already dry from the pouring. She grabbed a sheet and rushed to the curtains. She saw the windows. The light from those two lamps was strong enough to light up the whole basement which was much larger than the space surrounded by the curtains. She tied the sheet into a knot over her shoulder and above her knee in order to move easier. While she was doing it she realised there are scars and fresh cuts all over her body. On her right thigh father has carved his name. She almost fainted, but she knew that she had no time for disgust. She opened the window and climbed out where she stumbled upon another surprise. It was a cold foggy morning outside. It was muddy and she was barefoot, but she never thought of going into the house because he was there. She saw frost around her and was stunned by this inexplicable thing because the last time she was out was May and this looked like a sudden climatic change. – Nothing strange for this century. – she thought. She started off with fast steps slowly lurking in front of the house till she got to the road. Nobody was out yet. The new shops were opened and buildings built in her street. She didn't understand. On friends' doors she found other surnames and she didn't know where to go.

* * *

She stood on the railway station or, to be more exact, a little further, hidden behind the trees. What would people say if they saw a carved up girl in a purple sheet?

- The train from Split is coming to the central station, platform 4, at 6:57 – a voice from the speaker announced. She looked at her thigh with her

father's name on it again. She threw up. Feeling helpless and vomiting made the tears start flowing. When she stood up she was dizzy. Just a passing weakness. The train was approaching and she jumped in front of it.

The colour of blue coming nearer, and peace. Whiteness. No feelings, colours, scents. Not even taste.

* * *

The newspaper article which I feel obligated to show:

ZAGREB – This morning at about seven o'clock, twenty-five year old girl threw herself under the train at the Central railway station. Police say that it is A.N. which is missing for seven years. Her father is in shock.- Since my daughter disappeared I feel like a part of me is missing. I don't want to believe it's her –said the poor girl's father. His wife, which would have been a stepmother to the girl if they ever met, had no comment. There was no suicide note, so the reason for it remains unknown so far, as well as the reason for the initial disappearance.

- *I was her guardian angel* who obviously got fired. But, angels can't feel, so I'm only left with memories to remind me of what carelessness at work may lead to.