

ANONYMOUS

I was a very bold child, but as bold as I was, I still couldn't bring myself to tell my parents about the nasty things I had seen and done.

Every cousin (old and young) that walked through our door had something they wanted to do to me.

They made me touch their private parts at odd hours, they made me give them oral sex and they took my body as a play thing for their entertainment, they fabricated all sorts of lies that hindered me from telling my parents all I had been through.

It got worse when one of them had to live with us for a while. Every night, he would sneak into my bed and won't stop until he had bruised my thighs.

When my parents eventually found out, my cousin lied that I asked him to do all the things he did to me and I forced him to make me touch him, I was never given the chance to explain or say my own side of the story. It is the worst day of my entire life, I watched my parents cry as they hit me with everything they could lay their hands on, I may have died and came back to life that very day because they didn't care where they canes and belt hit and they didn't stop until I had bruises on my body.

Even though I have forgiven them, sometimes, I wonder if they ever feel sorry for the way they treated me and for the many years of emotional trauma and low self-esteem I had to battle with. I am glad there are resources on www.restforher.com This is where I get help when I'm feeling vulnerable.



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Though I have decided to move on, I however get upset when I remember the incident. I tell myself, "Maybe you should have screamed, maybe it would have been better if you got killed, maybe there was even no bullet in the gun, maybe the knife was not sharp, just maybe..."

It happened in 2014 when I was in year 1 in school, precisely after the 6 months ASSU strike. I went back to school and all my friends commented on how I looked more beautiful. One Saturday after school activities had fully commenced, while I was fast asleep around 2am, I heard a knock on my window and a bright light from the same direction. A sharp voice said, "Open the door quietly or I waste your life". I was jolted awake by the voice and immediately noticed that the net of my window was torn. What I saw was a gun and a knife protruding through the window. In fear, I opened the door quietly, I was asked to back the door, a cloth was used to cover my face and I was brutally raped.

He took my phone and the 500 naira note on the table and left. I limped to my landlady's apartment and thankfully her son opened the door, I told him someone just left my room with my phone and I was raped, the first word that came out of his mouth was "Why didn't you shout?" and I said he was with a gun and a knife, he called his mom {the landlady}. After explaining to her, she said "why dem no go rape you when you come back, come fine more" tears rolled down my eyes, her son said " e sweet? You like am?" I felt so ashamed of myself. I was hurt and I wept bitterly, I quietly went to my room.

The next day I went to my family friend's house and told her all that happened, she took me to the hospital, called my family and they showed me love without judging me. It has however not been easy to move on. This is why I called the REST for Her Project on **080040404040** after seeing their Advert on social media. I got counselled and I am doing better now.



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I'm a 15 year old girl and my aunt's husband sleeps with me whenever my aunt goes to the market. I am currently 24 weeks pregnant and my aunt has been giving me herbs to drink to forcefully induce the pregnancy.

I have been trying to reach out to my parents, but they have deprived me of the opportunity to reach them. Coincidentally, my mum found out about the situation and she came over to my aunt's place to see for herself. Immediately my mum saw me, she fell on the floor and wept bitterly. I tried consoling my mum but she refused to be consoled and immediately called for a family meeting.

The elders of my family didn't come to a meaningful conclusion on the matter. My troubled mum had to call my elder sister and narrated the whole situation to her. My sister recommended the REST for Her project and I got help when I called their free help line on **0800404040**.



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Hmmmm... where do I start from? My name is Oghenekevwe, a 35-year-old mother of seven, and I suffered for 5 years before I took the bold step to leave my abusive marriage. After 5 years of living with my husband, I wasn't just afraid that he would only beat me at any slight provocation, but I was convinced beyond reasonable doubt that he would kill me someday.

My children also suffered psychological stress and economic hardship as a result of the abusive nature of their father.

Initially, I was reluctant and afraid of how my husband would react if I decide to report the case to available SGBV support service providers that I had been seeing their adverts online. These messages were however consistent and they showed that reporting what I was going through would enable my family to get better as my husband would get help and I would also get counselled.

This led me to calling the REST for Her project on **080040404040** and I was counselled on the different options that are appropriate for my situation.