



Victim 2 Victor- Chapter 1

'Victim2Victor'. The inspirational true story of a courageous woman struggled with sexual abuse and devastation until she discovers the path to inner peace by Anu.

No matter what I have been through, I am still here. This is my story of how I heal. Introduction. There was light in the darkness, even it fit is only a flicker in light, it is always there and grows, the more we tend to it. I know this because no matter what I have been through, I am still here, and I can share my story with you. If you are going through abuse or trauma as I did, this light exists and it will remain with you until your journey leads you to a place of healing. Just as minded.

I am an Asian woman of Indian ancestry. I was born with black hair and lots of it. I was very fair skinned for an Indian girl, and developed to be a tall woman with a height of five feet eight inches. I took after my mother who was a very pale and so she didn't have any trouble finding a husband at 16 as there was a queue of potential partners willing to take a hand in marriage. Myself had 16 I didn't feel so worthy. And I had put on weight because of overeating and secret eating. It was my way of comfort to cover the pain that I felt inside as I had suffered sexual, physical and mental abuse as a child, and which continued until my teenage years. And as a young adult. I longed to talk to my mother about my feelings of hurt and betrayal that I was suffering. I wanted to open my heart and soul to her and be comforted by her in return. However, the need to talk through problems was suppressed in Asian culture.

We didn't discuss feelings everything we did was based on status and reputation which doesn't include publicizing our private affairs. As this was firmly adhere to in my co-chair, I experienced difficulty in letting my family know what I had gone through at a young age, especially since one of my sexual abusers was also a relative.

When I finally told my parents what he had been doing to me, I was instructed to act as if nothing had happened. I know now that this was wrong to push these incidents under the carpet, being unable to acknowledge and to talk about the abuse were two of the principal reasons I struggled for so many years to heal myself.

When I was growing up this situation led me into many relationships where men who were as needy as I and who abused me, they scorned whatever I did, which increased my feeling of self-worthlessness, and I also lost all sense of belonging. I became confused I drifted even further toward them, hoping that this would help me.

I described the struggles which I experienced with these men in this book. In reality, it took years of therapy self-help motivation and turning the light within to rid me of these negative feelings. I'm writing this book today with a sense of joy and freedom that I have been able to overcome the intense feelings which dis trauma caused. Until I was strong enough to seek the therapy or needed from a dedicated professional I was overwhelmed by fear, distress, rejection, low self-esteem, being powerless and isolated.

These thoughts and emotions run through my mind almost continuously from when I was free. The self-awareness programs of Tony Robbins and training to become a Reiki Master and a yoga teacher also helped me to find my true self-worth. So I have changed I am now a strong, determined and resilient woman. I am no longer am a victim but a victor who has accomplished a great deal through hard work and determination, I gained a Master of Science degree and traveled worldwide twice. I've also developed a successful career in sales and education as well as becoming an author. My most notable achievement to date is that I am now a mother my beautiful son Noah was born in 2018.

Healing energy healing is an alternative medicine based on the belief that vital energy flows through the human body. It is a holistic practice that helps us activate our body's healing power by removing energy blocks. My favorite piece helped me spiritually and taught me to use e healing energy and tapping techniques. She gave me the tools to change my thoughts to realign my emotion and realize that I didn't need to rely on others to be complete.

I switched from trusting the wrong people to appreciating and valuing myself my true self-worth. She also showed me that I deserve to be happy and loved. I became a Reiki Master embracing his philosophies and I learned the healing discipline of yoga.

I attended seminars and classes given by Tony Robbins, also known as Anthony Maverick, an American author, philanthropist, and life coach. Tony's ambition and drive helped me gain further insight into what had influenced my decisions. When I attended the seminars, I reset my beliefs about myself with an esteem, I could release the negative thoughts which ran through my mind in seminars, books and lectures gave me the tools to make the right decisions for me. I will tell you more about the oranges on my trauma in this book, how I responded to the challenges this presented and how my therapists helped me heal. I will also talk about Tony Robbins and how his energy and knowledge changed my life. I hope you will read my book with an open mind and be prepared to understand my journey. It means by you and show you how you can heal too, and how you can overcome the challenges life has thrown at you. You can become a victor just as I did. Part One, my childhood trauma chapter one, abuse, fear and guilt. I came into this world on June the 25th 1980 in Coventry, and was brought up in the United Kingdom. My parents were born in the Punjab area of England, India sorry, they moved to the UK when they were teenagers intending to make a better life for their family and themselves. They lived at a close relative's house with him and his wife and their two children. They were sleeping on a mattress on the floor in the spare room with nothing to the name.

When they finally saved enough money to move out, it was into a two bedroom terraced house in the inner city of Coventry. Mom mother was 18 years old when I was born. I also have an older brother

18 months old and me. Looking back I can see how tough life must have been for our mother with two small children at such a young age. She didn't have the skills to deal with the society in which she found herself and its influences. As a child you had been subjected to Indian culture where women have specific roles. They're expected to look and behave in particular ways while men are in control of the family and society. It was different in the United Kingdom.

My wife Thatcher was Prime Minister in the 1980's, the laws and social acceptable behavior for women had changed given them a more prominent role in the home or workplace. Immigration was also under review. She promised to drastically reduce the number of Commonwealth immigrants who like the members of my family were arriving in the United Kingdom. She held the belief that foreign influence was harmful to the British way of life and so many immigrants suffered from racial abuse and discrimination. Even though we lived in a multicultural area, my family was often referred to as Asian or Indian, rarely British. It was common for families of the same ethnic culture to build communities where they lived as it gave a sense of security and familiarity.

Many had embraced Margaret Thatcher's policies which led to poor working conditions for immigrants, and with the locals looking down on us. On shopping trips in the city centre back in the 1970s. My mother and father were co packers and were told to go back to their own country and not welcome in the UK. This abuse was mainly from the new Nazis who also turn the skinheads. My privates had come from Punjab, North India, though we are all seen as Pakistanis. They view Sony bought my parents closer together and they have maintained a powerful bond throughout their life. I can't help but think it was a struggles they had overcome together which grew their resilience and strength, and a solid foundation to raise their family.

I also experienced what I call indirect discrimination even though it was never directly to my face. An incident which I will never forget occurred while in primary school, I had received some sterling silver jewelry for my birthday and more than beautiful necklace, earrings and bracelet to school the next day. I was told by the head teacher to remove my jewelry because we could not wear any so I placed the jewelry into my bag on a peg outside of my class. When it was same time I thought that my beautiful pendant earrings and bracelet were gone. It devastated me. I had an idea of who had stolen it. A boy named Greg in my class was known for stealing from everybody.

After the initial shock, I cried because I was so hurt that I hadn't even wore my jewelry for more than a day. I went to my teacher who took me to the head teacher and I explained what had happened. And then I knew who had stolen my birthday gift. The children had already left for the day and the teachers wanted to go home. So there was nothing they could do. Now I felt like a burden a past and a reason her dinner would be late. My feelings of loss didn't seem to matter to anyone, maybe because I was an English, perhaps because I wasn't worthy of their time. Whatever it was, that feeling of worthlessness stayed with me for many years. Greg had gotten away with it. I still feel that more could have been done about this in terms of an investigation, that there was nothing I felt defeated and like I didn't matter. I have some good childhood memories such as my doll who my chord K. I loved her dearly, and the days when we played outside. Kay was a gift to me from my parents when I was born. She still had my hospital birth bracelet on her wrist, she was a beautiful white doll and was maybe brought to my life to signify the beauty of being white. I would play with K in my bedroom

and she had her little cot and I treated her like a baby. I would feed her milk from her bottle and hug her and care for her. It was such a beautiful connection that I felt with Kay and one that I could cherish forever. These memorable childhood moments sadly didn't last.

As a child you have the right to be cared for protected and loved. When I was only three or four years old, I no longer felt safe, and my innocence had been taken away from me. Gary, a tenant who rented a room at our house sexually abused me, Gary used to open my bedroom door during the night, he would creep inside hold my hand or forced me to touch and lick his genitals. I learned from him as a tiny child how to perform oral sex and how to masturbate someone. Gabby also used to creep into my bedroom where my family his friends were there. This did not stop him from entering my room. Gary coerced me into performing indecent acts on him. So I felt guilty and of us afterward, I understood that what I had been made to do was wrong and I was frightened. He was an adult, so I had to obey. He told me it was our little secret. So I shouldn't tell anyone or there would be terrible consequences for my family and me.

My parents should have been able to trust him as an adult and a friend of the family. This experience also taught me how to be deceitful or pretend to be asleep, hoping that he would decide not to awaken me. I didn't scream or cry out for help. I did as I was told, and I didn't tell anyone about it at the time. In reality, no child should have to remember the sight and smell of a naked man who forced her to pleasure him. To this day, I can still vividly recall what happened despite the many years of therapy, I can continually associate the pervading smell of his genitals with those on my pants. It isn't difficult to understand why my later relationships failed. Gabby's abuse was always in the back of my mind. And I have struggled with intimacy for most of my life and sex became a form of play acting for me. I even compared it to a game of twister. Although I regarded it as dirty. However hard I tried. I couldn't associate sexual intercourse with love.

Less let it happen. Without knowing that I had a choice. It made me feel empty on the inside as if I had exposed my inner self to the world and it was very war. I realized now that I played right into his shame, the more ashamed of I felt the more power he had over me. I was living in a dark place. I no longer smiled and laughed. Yet no one seemed to know or understand what was wrong with me or even care. After two years of this, I told another close female relative who I felt I could confide in. You have to understand how hard this was for me in my culture, being in the 80s shame fueled fearful of the consequences yet I found the strength. I cried when I told her what was happening. I described the things Gary made me do. I said that he would do bad things to my family and me because I had spoken to her. But he had reached the point where I had to tell somebody

My heart was breaking. My female confidant was appalled, shocked and furious. She had no idea what Gary had been doing, nor did the rest of our family. She cried with me that day and assured me she would speak to my parents. They flew Gary out of our house, after what must have been two or three years of abuse. And what a happy day that was for me. I can't remember getting any extra attention for my mom afterward, but I was so relieved that he had gone. The sun had come out again and I could enjoy being a young girl again.

I was still early a child. Being sexually abused for years of age was traumatic and it got worse when it happened again at seven. This time my abuser was a trusted relative from India. He often visited my family and although I can't recall the exact time it lasted. I believe that the abuse went on for about a year. I can still vividly remember an incident when he quietly opened my bedroom door and I had fallen asleep. He got me into bed with me put his hands inside my pajamas and caress me. As a child, I used to have to pretend to be pleased to see him. His visits felt like a form of torture. I believe that when you looked at me, I felt like he intended to molest me later. I try not to stay in the same room as him. I didn't feel able to run away from home as I knew how much this would alarm my family. There was a light still burning within me, but I couldn't help my emotions switching off after a while. I could not even bring myself to be affectionate to my parents, and especially my brother who had now become distant. I learned to hide how I was feeling. When I was in my room at night I pretended to be asleep or froze as I did when I was younger, hoping again that my abuser would go away. I tried to show him I enjoyed his visit when I was with my family but deep inside I was crying I was so sad that I such a young age I had to learn to lie to protect myself and my family.

Look who's come to see us and who isn't that nice? Yes, daddy. Although what I really meant to say was not really daddy. Why don't you show him your picture from school? Yes, daddy. Even though What I meant was no things Daddy, I don't want to spend a second longer than a Half Dome in this room. Why are you shy? My dad asked. Sorry, daddy. What I really wanted to say was because I don't want him to think that I like his attention, Daddy, this situation brought more confusion and pain. A child is unprepared for repeated sexual stimulation. Even if I didn't know precisely why it was wrong. I developed emotional problems that have haunted me my entire life. I suffered low self-esteem feelings of worthlessness and a distorted view of sex. I became withdrawn and mistrustful of adults. I pushed myself instead to get good grades and to do well. I was desperate to do something which would make my family proud of me and to love me. However, this had caused me to make poor judgments throughout my life. I always felt ashamed, guilty, afraid and angry. I had no idea when I was seven years of age that what I was suffering from, had a name or was even something for which I could get help. All I knew was that Gary and my relative had hurt me badly, physically, mentally, emotionally, and there was no one there to soothe the pain.

Children who are abused and traumatized keep their feelings and thoughts hidden. And I locked mine deep inside myself. Later on, I didn't want to confront the trauma I had suffered, and I had no idea how to start the healing process. I know now that hiding the actions of an abuser gives the child a higher risk of suffering from anxiety symptoms, depression and the risk of suicide attempts. The psychological problems can disrupt a child's healthy development and have a lasting impact. Sexually abused children are often dysfunctional and distressed well into adulthood. Perhaps if they had had been someone who understood what was happening to me when I was a child and stop the abuse, I might have begun to heal and not found it necessary to act out the trauma in my later years. My family didn't know how to deal with neither my sexual abuse nor the aftermath of it. My younger life was shattered, and no one came to pick up the pieces.

'Victim2Victor' by Anu Verma chapter two. Why was this still happening to me? Cases of pedophilia and kidnappings dominated the news back in the 1980s. So there were constant feelings of fear while growing up as a child in Coventry. We lived in the inner city and terraced housing and the back was

an alleyway in which myself and my neighbors would meet and play. We were all between the ages of four and eight. We would be scared away frequently when one of our older neighbors who was 18 of age would come out and flashes.

Growing up and becoming a teenager was challenging. I was developing physically and attracting the wrong sort of attention from the boys at my school. It reached a point where I seem to be sexually harassed wherever I went school, outside on the street and at home by the relative while the abuse continued. When I stayed at a relative's house where the abuser live, I was allowed to stay up late with him. He would put his hand side my shirt and underwear as we sat on the couch. When I asked him about he replied, this is how families show each other love. I don't see this happening anywhere else in my family. So why is this only happening to me, I asked myself being vulnerable and confused? The boys or school would push me up against the war to grow me. They told me dirty jokes and said crew things. As a young woman. This caused me to feel even more unloved and to dislike myself.

If the boys can greet me and have their way with me, then I am free to do whatever I like. This was my attitude toward life. I misbehaved and by the time I was 16, I was considered the black sheep of the family. I have since been diagnosed as suffering from developmental trauma because of this abuse, which can affect healthy brain development, also emotional, physical, social and cognitive performance. As a result of what was happening to me as a teenager, I'd become more isolated for my family and I began to stay out late with my friends. I learned a strong work ethic when growing up, which remains the case today. My parents worked long hours as most people from India do. By the time I was 11 years old, my job was to cook and clean for the entire family. Mom was working long hours and dad was doing long shifts at work. I was keeping up with my studies and having housework responsibilities.

My life we took a turn when at the age of 14, I was sexually assaulted by an Asian college student with a big strong guy and a bully. He grabbed me pushed me into the alleyway and felt me up forcefully. I tried resisting him though he was too strong as he had his hands around me. I remember stumbling home afterward feeling us vulnerable and hurt. I had once again been damaged physically, emotionally and mentally. I walked into my house sobbing uncontrollably. I could see my mum through my tears looking at me in alarm. A family friend who also attended my school was present and shouted angry at me. He said that it was my fault I was being molested. He explained how I had bought this upon myself. Because of the way I acted and dressed. He carried on saying that I was to blame. And I can remember thinking then that perhaps he was right.

I later found out that my family friend was bullied by the same gang. I have feelings of hurt anger. When there are no methods or ways to deal with these feelings of pain, sadness, it commonly comes out on those close to you. And on this unfortunate occasion. It was me. Sadly, the student who assaulted me wasn't brought to justice. And I will often wonder now how many other guilty may have molested. Sexual Violence is prevailing in our society. And at that time, I didn't know how to find help. I didn't think I could report the matter to the police or get therapy for myself. And there was again in a similar situation as before.

I received no sympathy when I struggled from the abuse or later on from the trauma that resulted. Despite so many times when I longed for referral support. Nobody understood how or what they could do to support me so it was easier to ignore me than to deal with these issues. In retrospect, I now understand why I became so self-reliant people saw me as independent throughout my life. Although there is a vast difference between being independent and self-sufficient. I was forced to be self-sufficient and I had to fight for myself. The impact of sexual violence goes beyond physical injuries. The trauma of being sexually assaulted is all consuming it shatters you, leaving you ashamed, scared and alone. Nightmares, flashbacks and unpleasant memories plague you being attacked at 16 heighten the memories I already had of being abused by Gary and my relative. Continually thinking about all these traumatic incidents made me feel as if I was going crazy. I believe that I was dirty or damaged goods. Relationships became a dangerous area and depression a part of life. I kept seeing people who looked like my abuser. I felt that if I had been assaulted once in an alleyway, then it would happen again. I didn't trust men and I fought no one would believe me if I dared to talk to them about it. Or they would say that it was my fault that this had happened. Just like my family friend had told me that I had bought the abuse upon myself between 16 and 18 years of age, I was determined to hold my head up and to have fun. During my late teens. My best friend Monica and I were tell lies about where we were and what we were doing. Monica has always been a wonderful friend having my back during the rough times and the good. We would stay out late at night which worried our families, we would tell our parents that we were at work, or I would say we were going to the library. While we had our clubbing clothes in our bags, I'm sure that my parents suspected the truth but I didn't care. I was angry with my family because they didn't seem to understand what I was going through the identity.

The crisis I was suffering was again connected to my sexual abuse. Being an Asian brought up in the Western world, I felt like I was a victim and I mostly was lost. There was always a confusion of the east or west cultures in which I was raised. We had a strong Eastern culture at home where we ate your patties and curries, and I spoke Punjabi with my mom. I wore conservative Western clothing which never reveal admit skin, women cooked and clean while the men went out to work. at family gatherings, the men sat around and drank whiskey while the women would be in the kitchen cooking and making sure the men were fed. My cousins would come around to visit and we would sit upstairs and entertain ourselves. We were seen but not heard. We never had the supportive parenting that kids had these days life was survival. Our parents came into this country when nothing built everything from scratch. There were no boyfriends or girlfriends allowed. And even when kissing scenes would come on the TV, we would get shy and put our heads down. Communication wasn't great and feelings were not discussed. It was tough love.

Growing up as a teenager and going to school and being exposed to Western culture and how relaxed English students were would feel foreign to me. They were allowed out late and their parents gave them so much freedom to speak, to be extroverts, whereas most Asian students seemed suppressed, and as a result were more introverted. To my identity in place in my world, I began to bleach my hair blonde, I will say Mitch faked Han that my skin looked orange and my makeup was outrageous. Bright pink lipstick was my color of choice and I fought I looked gorgeous. In reality, all of it was a total disaster. My friends tease me about how I dress and the makeup I wore, I pretended not to care what people fought on me, but I wasn't happy. I hated everything about myself. The United Kingdom has

a long history of being influenced by distinct races and nationalities. It has created a diverse culture and economy and some ethnic and racial discrimination is a fact of life. His external influence together with my bizarre teenage behavior made me a target for bullying and humiliation. What made it even worse was that I was trying to look as British as everyone else. Dyeing my hair and wearing heavy makeup made me feel as if I was part of the crowd. I was instead confused as I refuse to be honest with myself, I did not understand who I was.

Thank you very much for listening to 'Victim2Victor' by Anu Verma, if you do wish to find out more about my book, and also if you do wish to read some valuable articles, as well as listen to some beautiful meditations for healing, then please go on to my website. I'm at www.victim2victor.com.net. That's the victim with a number two victor.net. If you do wish to purchase my book via Amazon, then you may do so by just putting in my book title and you can then download my book via Kindle or purchase it from whichever country you are currently at. Thank you again for listening, and I look forward to seeing you again on my next podcast. Take care everybody. God bless. Thank you

