When my parents separated, life became very difficult for me. My father was an alcoholic and often beat my mother. At night, I would hear her screams, but I was too small and helpless to do anything.

One morning, I woke up to find my mother packing our things. She bathed me, dressed me, and we took a bus to the city. Life there wasn't easy. We lived in the slums because my mother couldn't afford a proper home. She started selling fries on the roadside to make a living. During the day, she would leave me with neighbors, but they didn't care for me the way she did. Sometimes, I went hungry, but my mother had no choice—she had to work hard to provide for me.

One evening, my mother didn't come home, and no one told me why. I had to stay at the neighbor's house, but I felt uneasy. That night, the woman's husband came into the room where I was sleeping. He covered my mouth, removed my clothes, and raped me. I tried to scream, but I couldn't make much noise. When he was done, he threatened to kill me if I ever told anyone.

The next morning, my mother picked me up, but I was too scared to say anything.