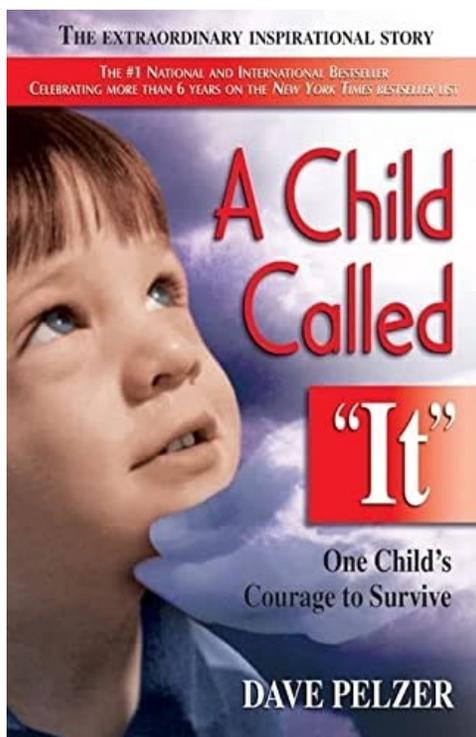


A CHILD CALLED "IT"



Adult

By Dave Pelzer

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Book Summary:

Autobiography of David Pelzer's endured abuse as a child.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains violence involving child abuse and bullying; profanity; and alcohol abuse.

3 /5

Minor Restricted
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
30	Mother would simply grab me and smash my face against the mirror, smearing my tear-streaked face on the slick, reflective glass.
31	When I timidly asked her what it was that I was to find, Mother smacked me in the face.
33	For my parents, 3: 00 p.m. meant “Happy Hour.” Father would cover the kitchen counter top with bottles of alcohol and tall fancy glasses. He cut up lemons and limes, placing them in small bowls beside a small jar of cherries. They often drank from mid-afternoon, until my brothers and I climbed into bed.
34	Mother’s eyes were glazed and red, and her breath smelled of booze. I closed my eyes as the oncoming blows began to rock me from side to side. I tried to protect my face with my hands, but Mother would only knock them away. Her punches seemed to last forever.
37	Mother smacked, punched and kicked me until I crumpled to the floor.
39	After smashing my face against the bedroom mirror, she snatched my arm and dragged me to the car.
41	<p>Mother then reached over and turned on the gas burners to the kitchen stove. Mother told me that she had read an article about a mother who had her son lie on top of a hot stove. I instantly became terrified. My brain became numb, and my legs wobbled. I wanted to disappear. I closed my eyes, wishing her away. My brain locked up when I felt Mother’s hand clamp my arm as if it were in a vice grip.</p> <p>“You’ve made my life a living hell!” she sneered. “Now it’s time I showed you what hell is like!” Gripping my arm, Mother held it in the orange-blue flame. My skin seemed to explode from the heat. I could smell the scorched hairs from my burnt arm. As hard as I fought, I could not force Mother to let go of my arm. Finally I fell to the floor, on my hands and knees, and tried to blow cool air on my arm. “It’s too bad your drunken father’s not here to save you,” she hissed. Mother then ordered me to climb up onto the stove and lie on the flames so she could watch me burn. I refused, crying and pleading. I felt so scared I stomped my feet in protest. But Mother continued to force me on top of the stove. I watched the flames, praying the gas might run out.</p>
42	This infuriated her even more, and Mother began to rain blows around my head and chest.
55	<p>As soon as they left, she brought out one of Russell’s soiled diapers. She smeared the diaper on my face.</p> <p>...After what seemed like an hour, Mother knelt down beside me and in a soft voice said, “Eat it.”</p> <p>...“I said ‘eat it!’” she sneered.</p> <p>Switching tactics, I began to cry.</p> <p>...Mother answered my crying with more blows to my face, stopping only when she heard Russell crying.</p> <p>Even with my face covered with defecation, I was pleased. I thought I might win. I tried to wipe the crap away, flicking it onto the wooden floor.</p> <p>...She grabbed me by the back of the neck and led me to the kitchen. There, spread out on the counter top, was another full diaper. The smell turned my stomach. “Now, you are going to eat it!” she said. Mother had the same look in her eyes that she had the day she wanted me to lie on top of the gas stove back at the house.</p> <p>...Before I could find the clock, Mother’s hands seized my neck. Again she repeated, “Eat</p>

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	<p>it!" I held my breath. The smell was overpowering. I tried to focus on the top corner of the diaper. Seconds seemed like hours. Mother must have known my plan. She slammed my face into the diaper and rubbed it from side to side.</p> <p>I anticipated her move. As I felt my head being forced down, I closed my eyes tightly and clamped my mouth shut. My nose struck first. A warm sensation oozed from my nostrils. I tried to stop the blood from escaping by breathing in. I snorted bits of defecation back up my nose with the blood. I threw my hands on the counter top and tried to pry myself out of her grip. I twisted from side to side with all my strength, but she was too powerful. Suddenly Mother let go. "They're back! They're back!" she gasped. Mother snatched a wash cloth from the sink and threw it at me. "Clean the shit off your face," she bellowed as she wiped the brown stains from the counter top. I wiped my face the best I could, but not before blowing bits of defecation from my nose. Moments later, Mother stuffed a piece of napkin up my bloody nose and ordered me to sit in the corner. I sat there for the rest of the evening, still smelling traces of the diaper through my nose.</p>
74	<p>She smiled, and I could tell by her slumped shoulders that the booze had her in a deep-six.</p> <p>...My thoughts became cloudy, but my trance broke when Mother got up and strolled over to the kitchen sink. She knelt down, opened the sink cabinet and removed a bottle of ammonia. I didn't understand. She got a tablespoon and poured some ammonia into it.</p> <p>...With the spoon in her hand, Mother began to creep towards me. As some of the ammonia sloshed from the spoon, spilling onto the floor, I backed away from Mother until my head struck the counter top by the stove. I almost laughed inside. "That's all? That's it? All she's going to do is have me swallow some of this?" I said to myself.</p> <p>...Without hesitation I opened my mouth, and Mother rammed the cold spoon deep into my throat. Again I told myself this was all too easy, but a moment later I couldn't breathe. My throat seized. I stood wobbling in front of Mother, feeling as if my eyes were going to pop out of my skull. I fell on the floor, on my hands and knees. "Bubble!" my brain screamed. I pounded the kitchen floor with all my strength, trying to swallow, and trying to concentrate on the bubble of air stuck in my esophagus. Instantly I became terrified. Tears of panic streamed down my cheeks. After a few seconds, I could feel the force of my pounding fists weaken. My fingernails scraped the floor. My eyes became fixed on the floor. The colors seemed to run together. I began to feel myself drift away. I knew I was going to die.</p> <p>I came to my senses, and felt Mother slapping me on the back. The force of her blows made me burp, and I was able to breathe again. As I forced huge gulps of air back into my lungs, Mother returned to her glass of booze. She took a long drink, gazed down at me and blew a mist of air in my direction. "Now, that wasn't so hard, was it?" Mother said, finishing her glass before dismissing me downstairs to my cot.</p> <p>The next evening was a repeat performance, but this time in front of Father. She boasted to him, "This will teach The Boy to quit stealing food!" I knew she was only doing it for her sick, perverted pleasure. Father stood lifeless as Mother fed me another dose of ammonia.</p> <p>...Again I clenched my fingers together, beating the floor. I looked up at Father, trying to call out to him. My thoughts were clear, but no sound escaped from my mouth. He simply stood above me, showing no emotion, as I pounded my hands by his feet. As if</p>

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	<p>she were kneeling to pet one of her dogs, Mother again slapped me on the back a few times before I blacked out.</p> <p>The next morning while cleaning the bathroom, I looked in the mirror to inspect my burning tongue. Layers of flesh were scraped away, while remaining parts were red and raw.</p> <p>...Although Mother never made me swallow ammonia again, she did make me drink spoonfuls of Clorox a few times.</p>
107	<p>She sent me to clean the bathroom with her usual time limits. But this time, she put a bucket, filled with a mixture of ammonia and Clorox, in the room with me and closed the door. The first time she did this, Mother informed me she had read about it in a newspaper and wanted to try it.</p> <p>...In the corner of the bathroom I dropped to my hands and knees and stared at the bucket. A fine gray mist swirled towards the ceiling. As I breathed in the fumes, I collapsed and began spitting up. My throat felt like it was on fire. Within minutes it was raw. The gas from the reaction of the ammonia and Clorox mixture made my eyes water.</p> <p>...After a few more minutes, I thought I would cough up my insides.</p>
110	<p>Mother leaped out of the car, snatched the brown bag in one hand and punched me with the other. She then threw me into the car, and drove to the house where the lady had made the lunch for me. The woman wasn't home. Mother was convinced that I had sneaked into the lady's house and prepared my own lunch.</p>
111	<p>Once home, the usual "ten-rounder" left me sprawled on the floor. Mother then told me to sit outside in the backyard while she took "her sons" to the zoo. The section where Mother ordered me to sit was covered with rocks about an inch in diameter. I lost circulation in much of my body, as I sat on my hands in my "prisoner of war" position. I began to give up on God. I felt that He must have hated me. What other reason could there be for a life like mine?</p>
112	<p>As the tub began to fill with cold water, Mother tore off my clothes and ordered me to get into the tub. I got into the tub and laid down. A cold fear raced throughout my body. "Lower!" Mother yelled. "Put your face in the water like this!" She then bent over, grabbed my neck with both hands and shoved my head under the water. Instinctively, I thrashed and kicked, trying desperately to force my head above the water so I could breathe. Her grip was too strong. Under the water I opened my eyes. I could see bubbles escape from my mouth and float to the surface as I tried to shout. I tried to thrust my head from side to side as I saw the bubbles becoming smaller and smaller. I began to feel weak. In a frantic effort I reached up and grabbed her shoulders. My fingers must have dug into her because Mother let go. She looked down on me, trying to get her breath. "Now keep your head below the water, or next time it will be longer!" I submerged my head, keeping my nostrils barely above the surface of the water. I felt like an alligator in a swamp. When Mother left the bathroom, her plan became more clear to me. As I laid stretched out in the tub, the water became unbearably cold. It was as though I was in a refrigerator. I was too frightened of Mother to move, so I kept my head under the surface as ordered.</p> <p>Hours passed and my skin began to wrinkle. I didn't dare touch any part of my body to try to warm it. I did raise my head out of the water, far enough to hear better.</p> <p>Whenever I heard somebody walk down the hall outside the bathroom, I quietly slid my</p>

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	<p>head back into the coldness. Usually the footsteps I heard were one of my brothers going to their bedroom. Sometimes one of them came into the bathroom to use the toilet. They just glared at me, shook their heads and turned away.</p>
114	<p>At times when I laid in the tub, my brothers brought their friends to the bathroom to look at their naked brother. Their friends often scoffed at me.</p>
116	<p>A few times she whipped me with the dog's chain. It was very painful, but I just gritted my teeth and took it. The worst pain was a blow to the backs of my legs with the broom handle. Sometimes blows from the broom handle would leave me on the floor, barely able to move. More than once I hobbled down the street, pushing that old wooden lawn mower, trying to earn her some money.</p>
118	<p>Mother filled the tub just as soon as I had finished my chores. Again she warned me about keeping my head under the water. As a reminder, she grabbed my neck and pushed my head under the water. Then she stormed out of the bathroom, turning the light out as she went. Looking to my left, I could see through the small bathroom window that night was beginning to fall. I passed the time by counting to myself. I started at one and stopped at one thousand. Then I started over. As the hours passed, I could feel the water slowly draining away. As the water drained, my body became colder and colder. I cupped my hands between my legs and laid the length of my body against the right side of the bathtub.</p>
126	<p>When the lady was clearly gone, Mother closed the door in a rage. "You little shit!" she screamed. I instinctively covered my face as she began swinging. She hit me several times, then banished me to the garage.</p>
137	<p>Because I was an outcast of the entire school, my classmates at times took over where Mother left off. One of them was Clifford, a school-yard bully who would periodically catch me when I ran to Mother's house after school. Beating me up was Clifford's way of showing off to his friends. All I could do was fall to the ground and cover my head, while Clifford and his gang took turns kicking me.</p>
142	<p>Just as I thought, Mother gave me a sound thrashing before we reached the station wagon. As soon as we were in the car, she ordered me to lie on the floor of the back seat, where her boys took turns stomping me with their feet for "mouthing off" to them and Mother. Immediately after we entered the house, Mother made a special batch of ammonia and Clorox. She must have guessed I had been using the rag as a mask because she tossed the rag into the bucket. As soon as she slammed the bathroom door, I hurried to the heating vent. It didn't come on. No fresh air came through the vent. I must have been in the bathroom for over an hour because the gray fumes filled the small room all the way to the floor. My eyes filled with tears, which seemed to activate the poison even more. I spat mucus and heaved until I thought I would faint. When Mother finally opened the door, I bolted for the hallway, but her hand seized me by the neck. She tried to push my face into the bucket, but I fought back and she failed. My plan for rebellion also failed. After the longer "gas chamber" incident, I returned to my wimpy self, but deep inside I could still feel the pressure building like a volcano, waiting to erupt from deep inside my soul.</p>
143	<p>Minutes later she stormed into the room, wrapped her hands around my neck and began choking me. I twisted my head from side to side, trying to squirm away from her</p>

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	grip. As I began to feel faint, I instinctively kicked her legs, forcing her away from me. I soon regretted the incident.
150	Mother reached into one of the cabinets for her bottled prize and seated herself at the end of the sofa. She sat alone, pouring glass after glass of alcohol.

Profanity	Count
Ass	3
Bitch	11
Fuck	1
Shit	3