Doing grocery shopping can be one of the most terrible things in my family. I remember staying with my dad the entire afternoon, how calm and natural it was. We had fun, and it was a sunny day. Mom went to the supermarket, and just like the sky got dark and tense with the end of the afternoon, so did the mood. My mom got home, and ironically, I was playing with dad, pretending we were in a grocery store, using my toy cash register. The role-play game was nothing like real life, at least not in our family, as I was about to learn.

The discussion started as soon as he saw all the grocery bags, the way he looks at them still the same, like he is blaming us for having to fucking eat. He checked all the things that mom shopped, and if there was one little cookie package that he assumed was not "necessary" he would blame my mom for being the reason why we spend so much money, and don't save for the future and that lame talk. As we were starving. We were not. Our family had money; everything was fine. The problem was that the money was his money. My mom lives under his violent grip, she can't choose what she wants to buy, to do, or anything…. Because she was naive enough to give up her dreams and career. Now she is not only emotionally dependent, but also financially. That's a way to torture, control and violate women. Make them weak and dependent. My mom had to take care of my special needs brother, and for doing that she was guaranteed to be protected and provided for, she just couldn't know that it would have to be on dad's own terms.