

From the

**SURVIVOR'S STORIES**



2020



**National Center Against  
Violence**



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*A thousand butterflies flutter will cause a  
storm of change*

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Any reviews and feedback regarding the content is welcomed and appreciated via the email address of National Center Against Violence at [mongolcav@gmail.com](mailto:mongolcav@gmail.com).

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#### **NATIONAL CENTER AGAINST VIOLENCE**

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Та өөрийгөө болон  
ойр дотны хайртай  
хүмүүсээ хамгаалж  
**МАСКАА  
ЗҮҮГЭЭРЭЙ.**



## FOREWORD

The National Center Against Violence is one of the first civil society organizations to provide comprehensive services to victims of domestic and sexual violence since 1995 and advocating to create a positive legal environment for victims for 25 years.

We have provided service to more than 21000 clients in the past. Through our support groups and leadership programs, we build the capacity of our clients to reintegrate.

The NCAV emphasizes the participation and voice of those seeking to overcome violence and oppression. In 2003, for the first time, the "Conference of Survivors" was organized by children and women who survived, gave presentations and held discussions.

We run our client capacity building program called "A thousands butterflies flutter will cause a storm of change," which emphasizes the importance of supporting each other and working together, not fighting alone to overcome violence. It is also interpreted as a symbol of the spread of social movements, ensuring the participation of everyone in the prevention and fight against the recurrence of violence.

This time, the survivors of our service wanted to show, through their stories, the harms of violence and the process of overcoming it, how much patience and perseverance the victim needs, and why they need formal and informal help and support from others.

A survivor is a victim who is involved in the whole process, such as reaching out to an organization or specialist seeking a way out, seeking advice, and accessing the necessary services.

If your life or the life of someone you know seems to be close to this story, Don't worry! And don't blame!

Instead, provide her the information she needs and tell her where and to whom she can seek for support.

*"I came to your organization's door just to go back 7 times. I always thought I would go through the door, share my problems and seek for help. I've understood by bracing myself to meet you I'm making the first step to overcome this..."*



# CHILDREN WHO GREW UP UNDER VIOLENCE DON'T ALWAYS BECOME ADULT ABUSERS...

**I** remember my childhood, growing up hearing about the great blessing of being born as a human being. It was nice to see children laugh and be happy, but in my life there were only a few reasons to laugh.

Not long ago, when I was 7 years old I became a student at a secondary school in Chingeltei District. In class, I was very lively, active, loved by my teacher, respected by my classmates, and loved my studies. During my studies, I really missed my father's support and attention.

How wonderful it would have been if my struggles of life ended with just this. But my tiny body grew up with unbearable stress and fear.

While other children woke up in the morning thinking of delicious food, new clothes, and dreams for the future, I woke up hoping there would be no arguments today, my father would not drink, and my classmates would not find out that I was living such a difficult life, and greet the night with the same

thoughts throughout the day.

For me, my home has never been a place without fear and peace. So whenever I could, I would spend the day at my classmates homes in the name of doing homework. My mother understood all this and did not hesitate to send me.

It breaks my heart to think about my mother's life spent with us. There were days when no one should be seeing. My mother worked and lived hard for us, but there was never a reward. The days of rejoicing for my mother, who was always beaten, oppressed, and humiliated, were as rare as the stars of the day.

More than once, repeatedly, me and my mother went to the shelter house of the National Center Against Violence to seek protection as victims, witnesses of violence... During those days, we get to have a good night's sleep and a little rest. And as the days passed, my normal life welcomed me back.

My father's beastly behavior would get added to my past wounds every day, leaving deep wounds in my heart. It was not known when it would end, and the days of tears in my eyes and sad thoughts in my heart floated like a thread.

Parents have the responsibility to be the closest helpers, protectors, love and care providers, and advocates of their weak and powerless children. But it is unfair and horrible for children who need all of this to feel humiliated, beaten, intimidated, and abused not by a stranger, but by a loved one.

For me, the warm chest of my father, the scent of my father's shirt, the warm embrace, the look, and the fond memories left my heart.

Several years ago, my father drowned in alcohol and died on one cold winter's day. This tragic news shocked us. Since then, my mother has raised her children under the name of "a single mother" and has tried to make us into educated people with professions.

We chose the profession "Social Worker" to show that children who grow up under violence do not necessarily become perpetrators of violence, but become intolerant of violence. As someone who has grown up experiencing the effects of violence on children, I have worked tirelessly to establish a non-governmental organization to help those in need.

I have started initiating and implementing many activities for women and children, so that they do not have to experience the dark days of my life again.

Children and women who are going through dark days with bitter tears around you are in great need of your help.

Every step you take against violence gives hope and encouragement in the life of someone who has been abused, like a light at the end of a tunnel.

Please believe that your small gesture of help for others can make an unimaginable difference in their future lives.

The header features a vibrant yellow background with several colorful butterflies in shades of blue, purple, and green. On the left, there is a white silhouette of a woman's head and flowing hair. The title "EVERYTHING CAN BE CHANGED..." is written in a bold, black, sans-serif font with a white outline, centered at the top.

# EVERYTHING CAN BE CHANGED...

One day I, who had a secret dream of meeting my life partner, a part of my heart, met a beautiful young man who showed his support and love. His promises and warm words seemed to grant me a dream-like life. On a beautiful autumn day, we had our wedding and moved in as a family. Shortly thereafter, my husband began to drink. I was amazed to see him turn into a completely different person from his first promise. How should I know that these events were the beginning of my unimaginable hard life?

I hoped he would come into his mind when we have a beautiful child, but my hopes were dashed like a wildflower, and I was mercilessly beaten and chased away on a cold winter night as I held my 6-month-old baby in my arms.

As I was kicked out of my house with my baby in my arms, I went to take refuge at my older sister's place for a while. One day, as I was taking a stroll with my child in the playground near my sister's house, my husband suddenly appeared out of nowhere promising that he won't beat me, he will change and think about our daughter, and he

kept begging me. At that moment, I felt hope that he would really keep his promise and change, and forgiveness came to my heart. Seeing him begging on the floor every day, my compassion convinced me from the inside, and I decided to try living with him again.

Since then, God has sent two more children as a gift. Each time I gave birth, my little expectation that my husband would change when he saw his children, that he would feel his responsibilities, faded away day by day. The days of regretting my decision to forgive and reunite continued.

As time went on, the children grew up and I had the opportunity to work. But he came to my workplace, verbally abused me, would get jealous, and beat me, which constantly blocked my ability to work. All of this endless fear, pressure, and beatings overwhelmed my patience, and one day I realized that I was in a vicious circle of dark violence, and I found myself wandering in that circle. And it was a great achievement for me to realize that my husband was not able to stop the action he was on to, let alone understand and

admit his guilt. There are times when I wonder how much I have suffered until I realized it. Based on all of this, I decided to change my life and go to court to get a divorce.

My appeal to the court showed the attitude and service of today's law enforcement. The first step of reconciliation allowed the violence to continue and wasted time. As for someone, who was kicked out of her home, dragging her two children with the clothes they had on at the time, I tried to get a living standard certificate from the khoroo, because I could not pay the state stamp duty, but by saying "It's not possible to get an appraisal yet. You lived reasonably well when you lived with your husband," they left me with no choice but to pay the stamp duty and lose time trying to make money. When I filed a lawsuit by settling all this, I had to file a missing person's report following their "your husband was not at the address," statement. Because of these many procedures, our divorce was getting delayed. Moreover, by giving me reasons such as "your husband couldn't be found, he was missing, he didn't appear to the courts summoning", and asking me to find him myself, I have found him for them by risking my life numerous times. After all these processes and events, I got divorced, but my two young children's allowances are still not

being paid.

I have been a clear example of how the services of law enforcement agencies, who work to protect their citizens, are hurting the victims more and more. Although this is the story of life, many women like me are discouraged, put at risk, or killed in this way by not getting their rights protected.

As for me, I am happy to be able to raise my children in a peaceful environment without fear, to be optimistic about the future, and to strive to achieve my goals.

I realized everything can be changed once I decide to put an end to violence, believe that there is a better life than this, that I deserve it and that I must not be under violence.

Everyone has the right to love and be loved. No one has the right to intimidate me by force or injure my body or soul. I am an ordinary woman who has experienced firsthand that all this can change when we don't consent. If you are in a situation like me, I want you to be freed from the tyranny of those who will never love you. You were not born in this world to live like this. Everyone is valuable. Always experiencing that is the meaning of life. I hope you won't be late like me to understand





# BECAUSE OF THEIR FEAR OF THEIR FATHER CHILDREN WOULD STAND UP AUTOMATICALLY...

**B**efore the transition from centrally planned economy to a market economy, in 1986 I met my husband and had two beautiful children, and we got officially married in 1990. At the time, after finishing a sales clerk course I was working as one. As my home was located far away, I quit my job for a while and gave birth to another son. As the family grew and we lost our job, my husband decided to rent our house to two sisters, which marked the beginning of my difficult life.

Because my husband started to live with two wives in the same yard. I was constantly teased, beaten every day, and kicked out of the house naked at night. I spent the night shivering outside, while he would threaten my children if they opened the door. To avoid freezing to death, I begged for clothes from the other family and later started to hide them outside before they returned in the evening. Many times I was kicked out of the house with my children, and every time I went to sleepover at my brother or sister's place, he would come after us and smash the windows and

break down the doors. It's obvious, they have their own lives.

Because of all this, when I talked about divorce, he would insult me, saying that if I divorced him, I would be killed or make me disabled. Wherever I ran away due to his threats and harassments, he somehow managed to find me and take him home threatening with a knife.

Shortly after we moved to Khentii province to my in-laws in 1993, my husband fell in love with gambling and often did not come home for countless days. Even if his parents saw all this, they would do nothing.

In the winter of 1994, my husband went to prepare for the Lunar New Year and did not return, and in April of that year he told me to come home saying he was sick. Although I was about to give birth, we moved to the city with our five cattle cows. I nursed him back to health. I would milk our cows and hand the milk to my husband, but in the evening he would return with no milk and no money. He would gamble whenever he found money, and he didn't care if we had food at home or if anyone was sick.



I had 4 young children and sold dumplings at the market to make ends meet. It was a difficult time, when my father passed away, I had no money to go to his funeral, and I was in pain, shedding bitter tears, and living a life of deprivation.

Violence was always at the forefront for him to protect himself when he was exposed to cheating with other women, and to cover up his shameful actions.

My fears kept me with him, not my love or caring feelings for him. As a result of all this violence, our children would always have fear in their eyes and automatically stand up when they saw their father coming drunk.

Due to multiple pelvic injuries and a lack of blood supply to the brain I started to suffer from fainting. At the same time, my husband was sentenced to 20 years in prison for murder while drinking.

I was left with six children, aged 0-18, and I never gave up and worked tirelessly for them. Thanks to my efforts, my three daughters have successfully graduated from university. My two children graduated from vocational schools. Now my youngest son is successfully studying in a secondary school. Our children are living well here and abroad.

We worked hard between 2005 and 2017 and got our own house and apartment. The hard work of my children has been a great help to me. In the meantime, I didn't reject any work, and I did what I found with enthusiasm. While working I would even look after my mother-in-law. So for 12 years, I lived my life without any violence. However, since my husband's release in 2017, the violent relationship has continued and has become a serious threat to my life.

Thus, I was able to put an end to my violent relationship by reaching out to the National Center Against Violence for professional assistance. Years of violence and persecution have destroyed many of my youthful dreams, aspirations, and happiness. But I realized that it is never too late to put a stop to this. But there are times when it would be too late if my children's peace and security, my own life and health becomes a victim of violence. The good times of my youth will not be replaced, but I hope that I will be able to live happily for the rest of my life. Now I am retired and looking after my grandchildren with no worries.





## I HAD A DREAM...

My childhood of me being more fragrant and sacred than wildflowers, blooming like blisters and wearing colorful clothes was not long ago. My life goes on with innocence, dreamy thoughts, a sincere smile, and spotless days.

I lived no less than others. My father was with me from the time I became conscious, so I thought of him as my own father, and he loved me as much as my two younger siblings, and raised me well. I was a good student, studying hard, dreaming of becoming a doctor in a white gown and helping many people in the future. My father worked as a carpenter in the market, and my brother took and sold them.

I was only nine years old. One night while my mother was pregnant, her labor pains had started and was taken to hospital. That scary night my father raped me. That night, full of fear, pain, and tears, I was strongly reminded by him that fathers love their children in this way, it is a normal thing, so I

should not tell anyone. Since then, my father's attitude toward me has changed dramatically, and he has become more controlled and attentive.

He somehow managed to create an opportunity to be alone with me, and after raping me he would take me outside and buy what I wanted. I was too young to understand why he was behaving this way. There were many days when I cried about not being able to tell my mother, who loved me and raised me, because of my fears of my father. Psychologically I was always unstable. The days of wanting to cry, not wanting to talk to anyone, or wanting to spill out everything continued. I didn't like my studies anymore. My mother didn't notice it at all. So not knowing I was pregnant, I gave birth to my first child at the age of fourteen. Everyone around me was amazed, but my father was the only one who could explain it. He lied by telling people that I was dating some boy and became pregnant at the time. At times, it was horrible to see my hypocritical, pretentious

father. How could I know that his sexual desires toward me, who was so weak and incapable of defending myself, could have put him in prison for life?

After I had a baby, my father's supervision increased, and he became suspicious of my peers, not allowing me to see them. One day when I had a disagreement with my mother, I became upset and anxious, so I told her everything that had happened. At the time, my mother was startled and not trusting her cruel and hard-hearted husband, she researched the relevant organizations to get all of this solved and contacted the National Center Against Violence. All of the incidents were investigated and my father was sentenced to 23 years in prison, ending the shameful and horrible nightmare-like dark days of my life.

Our father, who was carrying the main burden of life, went to prison, our standard of living changed, and my mother was in a difficult psychological state, but we realized how important it is for us to live a safer and more peaceful life than to have materialistic things.

My past life has not been as innocent, fearless, and peaceful as that of other children, but it has been 12 years since I have overcome it with my mother and with the help of many wonderful people whose hearts are beating and working against violence.

My dream of becoming a doctor and many other wishes to create good memories did not come true, but now I am a sworn civil servant, a mother of 4 beautiful children with a wonderful husband, working like everyone else and living in peace without fear.

But still I had a dream...



The header features a light green background with several colorful butterflies in shades of yellow, blue, and pink. On the left, there is a white silhouette of a woman's profile with long, flowing hair. The title "THE LIGHT OF A SILENT WORLD" is written in a bold, green, sans-serif font, centered in the upper half of the page.

## THE LIGHT OF A SILENT WORLD

**I**n a frosty remote rural soun, two daughters were born to a poor family. As for me, I was the eldest daughter of the family, but I was born deaf, lacking in the human universe. My only sibling, who came to me as a gift, was born deaf like me.

My father was visually impaired, and my mother died shortly before we entered school. Thus with no other choice, we moved to the city for a living and the days of misery have begun. When my mother, who loved us dearly, was no longer with us, my father enrolled us in the 29th special school and placed us in a dormitory because he could not afford to live on his pension. At that time, my father asked the dormitory cook to look after us.

We went to school and spent our time studying, while time passed like an arrow. The cook was as close to us as our mother. And a quite amount of time has passed since my class teacher started treating me very well and making me help him with his house chores and other personal things from time to time. I was always grateful for this man's kindness. I became a member of their family and knew every problem. One of my teacher's sons was

much older than I, and had intellectual and hearing disability. Soon the teacher persuaded me to marry his son, he got angry and tried to plead with me. But for me, graduating was important, so I never thought about getting married. One day, my teacher, to whom I was grateful, got what he wanted, he took my documents, registered my marriage with his son, and received 500,000 MNT from the state for supporting young families.

With my graduation the time to leave the dormitory has come. We lost contact with our father and lost track of where we lived. Taking advantage of this opportunity, the teacher suggested that I live at his home, so I went with him because I had nowhere else to go. Soon his son and I had a beautiful baby girl.

Although the teacher was happy to have a grandchild, his attitude gradually changed, and as he became angry and frustrated, he began to chase me, telling me to leave my child. His son also beat me from time to time, but I had no choice but to put up with it. So they took my daughter and kicked me out on the street in the cold of winter. Everything went too far, so I told the cook and, mustering up my courage, me

and my sister went to the National Center Against Violence seeking advice.

When we arrived, my sister and I walked in the door, not sure if we would be understood by them or whether they could communicate with me, but the woman who greeted us with sign language gave me a spark of faith, as if she had solved all my problems. We were housed in a shelter house, regularly enrolled in women's capacity building groups, gained self-confidence, and had the courage to go to court against them. I took my daughter under my care, sent her to a 24-hour kindergarten, worked myself, rented a house with my pension and wages, and started to live peacefully.

My divorce and child custody were settled in court, but my husband's family tried very hard to get my child. I'm glad I was able to get through it all and change my life. Even though my problem has been solved, there is still violence in the silence that has not been revealed.

In our school environment, girls often have such problems, but they do not know where, to whom, or how to reach them because of their hardships. Our native language is sign language. Signal interpreters are needed to receive services and in everyday life. When resolving issues through the judiciary an interpreter is greatly needed, but it is not possible to hire due to the high fees. And

because people with disabilities know each other so well, secrets can be easily spilled out. No matter how much we warn about privacy, it is hard to believe in interpreters.

Wheelchair-bound and visually impaired people have limited access to independently receive service at the national level, so they will with their abusive caregivers and partners. In that case, will the problem be exposed? These things continue to be a barrier for us. Many of the abused children and women are driven back and discouraged due to these reasons, which pushes them back into the violent environment and forces them to endure everything.

Therefore, it is crucial to provide the public with equal access to legal aid and information on how to protect themselves and others from domestic and sexual violence in a way that is suitable to their specific disabilities.

Although I was deaf and my family life was difficult, I did not give up to violence and decided to change my life with courage. Now that I think about it, my disability has strengthened me, and I have come to realize that it is pointless to live succumbing to others without power. So I have a purpose in life, and as a result of my hard work and determination not to give up, I now have a place to live in peace with my daughter and sister.



## DIDN'T INTEND TO DISCLOSE MY FAMILY ISSUES

I had everything. I had radiant glances, laughter that invited joy, youth that is not going away soon, and dreams of a bright future. Since I became known as Enkhmunkh's wife, everything white has turned gray, and eventually it has turned completely dark. I had a job like everyone else. Since youth and love are twins I became a wife in 2003.

Little did I know that the day I thought I had found happiness and a part of my life, a big abyss awaited me in the future. If I could go back in time, I would not have started the day I became known as his wife.

In the first year of the marriage, holding my tiny baby, I cried in the locked house in the dark shadow of jealousy. I sat behind a locked door with a wire mesh window for four years. He would lock when he went to work in the morning. And would open in the evening. Raising children is a source of happiness, but living as a slave to husband's abuse, beatings, and immorality is

not something that comes to mind of a conscious one.

Everyday I had hoped that my husband's behavior would change and that having a child would change him. In others eyes, our family is a beautiful family with everything. A caring husband, a good father, and a man carrying his life. But life in that square house continues under the gaze of one man. I didn't want to reveal my family's issues to others, and I didn't want to expose my husband's misdeeds. I hid this pressure from others and lived with tears in my heart. As my children went to kindergarten and school, I began to support my husband's work, sewing and selling things at home.

I gave up on myself for a full family life. If I don't greet my husband with a hot meal and tea when he comes home from work, he slams everything down, saying "With whom I was messing in the day time, not making dinner," while I close the door of our small room with all the furniture, and sit crying

with my children. When I took the courage to get on the train to go to my mother in the city, my husband somehow found me and dragged me to put under the train, saying "It's better to die than divorcing him," and the people around separated us.

I never realized that I had lost sight of the future. I endured this pressure to keep my children with their father and to protect my family's reputation... But I later found out from this blind thought that my daughter, who was in full bloom, had already been cut off and turned into a marcescent flower. My daughter, trying to not contribute to her mother's miserable life, suffered under the sexual abuse of her stepfather for 5 years. The years I insisted that I had to endure because I was a mother sent not only me but my daughter to hell. I was too careless. I didn't realize that sometimes he would talk to my daughter on the phone and ask her if she was menstruating or if she had a boyfriend, when she had gone to school in the city. Realizing that all this was outrageous, I decided to put an end to my self-created life, reached out to a professional

service provider, divorced him, and held him accountable for his actions in the case of my daughter.

I regretted so much for pretending and losing my values for my husband's honor.

I have asked myself many times why I have not been able to make such a decision and such courage over the years. If I had taken a bold step, my daughter's face would have had a smile, just like the beginning of her mother's youth, instead of fear and sadness.

But today I live with my children without fear, with a bright future and peace of mind. I realized that I could not change the person who did not see love as love, who was trampling on my open-heart and feelings.





## NEVER TOO LATE TO FIGHT

**W**e lived in Darkhan. I was born as the second of seven children. My childhood was marked by the violence and fear of my alcoholic father. We spent many nights hiding and running away to protect our mother. One day I saw an advertisement recruiting students for the best circus school in Mongolia. When I told my family about it, my father took me to Ulaanbaatar to participate in the selection. I was lucky enough to be selected as one of the two out of 550 children.

While studying, I lived at my aunt's place. She would treat me like a slave. I endured endless pressures and hardships thinking everything would end once I finished school successfully.

While studying, I met my first lover at the age of 16, and we worked together in a circus. He was very handsome, strong, and charming. I thought I had found someone who could keep me safe. When I shared the news about my marriage, my mother and the circus director

warned me that he could not be a good husband. But I ignored their warnings because I was in love with him. But they were right.

We got married and life was good at first. Shortly after we got married, he fell in love with alcohol and started beating me from time to time. At the time, there were no shelter houses for women, who fell victims to violence in Mongolia. After he beat me and broke my jaw, I tried to escape, but he beat me and brought me back home.

He promised people that he would change, but he never kept his promise. I had no one to help me, so I spent 7 terrible years in pain. I was lonely and very depressed. But I had to live for my son.

One day, circus performers from the USA came to Mongolia. They chose my show and offered me to go to the United States with them for two years. And I agreed. But I told them I would not leave my 5 year old son. What mother would leave her son in the midst of



violence? Fortunately, they agreed to my request. That was the end of my seven years of humiliation and violence.

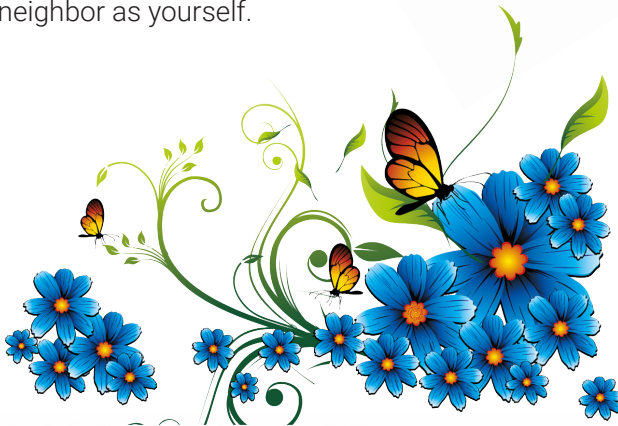
I started a new, safe, and happy life for my son and myself. Today I am teaching my son how to communicate with women and children. He treats others with kindness, gentleness, and respect. I have just been freed from generations of domestic violence. I'm very proud of that. It hurts so much to see people still living the life I went through.

We, Mongolians, should raise our children from an early age to be loving, compassionate and protective people, not violent.

I urge you not to encourage violence, but to fight to stop it and to love your neighbor as yourself.

I am now a happy, strong, beautiful, and intelligent 50 year old Mongolian circus performer and teacher living and working in the USA. My smile is sincere, I realized my worth, and no one should use force against me.

All of you women living in difficult circumstances are beautiful and have the right to be loved. You have so much courage and strength hidden in you. Believe in yourself. You can be smart for yourself and your children. It is never too late to fight.



The header features a vibrant blue background with several colorful butterflies in flight. On the left, there is a white silhouette of a woman's profile with long, flowing hair. The title "STRUGGLE FOR LIFE" is written in a bold, white, sans-serif font with a blue outline, centered at the top.

## STRUGGLE FOR LIFE

**I**n the midst of a difficult life, my mother gave birth to me in 1983 as a fatherless child. My mother became mentally ill, obsessing over books and movies due to the heavy load that she could not bear. We lived through the hard times of the market, with her speaking to fiction characters and begging on the streets.

It was hard for me when others make fun of me saying all the stupid men in the soum were my father. Due to a life in extreme poverty, I spent the day guarding the door of every home for a single meal. Wherever there was benevolence or feasting, I ran around the door, looking forward to being called for food. Since there was not a single tree to light a fire, I stole firewood from other families all night, and later burned the floor and chairs in my own house, and spent the whole day dancing and warming myself in our frosty home.

With no one to take care of us, 10 year old me and my 2 year old sibling became humans by running

like puppies. I used to lay in my bed for a long time, imagining that I was eating beautiful meals full of a table. Apparently I was meditating in today's words. I collected all the iron, aluminum, and copper wires at the soum landfill, and sold them for flour, and poured tea into my siblings mouth just before she fainted. We are still grateful to the neighbors around us who took turns feeding us.

When I was offered a job at my classmate's kiosk, I first learned how to trade, borrowed 5,000 MNT from someone, and started raising money. After working hard, I got a shop and a home of my own. Life got better and better, and at the age of 20, I became a labor champion of our soum. So I found my missing sister, left her in charge of the store, and became a law student at the university. At that time, I met a son of a boss and married him dedicating my everything. Soon I gave birth to my first son, and life was good, but he would hit me, commit adultery, and beat me until I bled. I got out of his

hands and went to the doctors, they would receive me with shock. Eventually, my visual loss became 70% and the disability was determined. The best thing I did in my life was learning about the existence of the National Center Against Violence, an organization that protects children and women against violence, and going there.

The attitudes and professionalism of the staff of this organization, which came to light my dark life, have made an invaluable contribution to my life. I have learned many bitter lessons from my 15 years of suffering and loss of physical and mental health.

Many provisions of the Special Part of the Criminal Code, such as threats, stigmatization, grievous bodily harm, violent intimidation, murder, and causing death to others, were applied to a single subject. How can one overcome these many actions of crime? In particular, no one compensates for the emotional damage that cannot be seen or felt. It is too unfair and tragic to receive humiliation and cruelty from my spouse, who is a part of my body, who has a responsibility to love and care for

my precious body. Thus, to put an end to all this, I filed for divorce and got established child support.

Hope many women don't fall victim to such injustice. Even if your life is dark, don't turn off the light of hope in your heart. Be courageous and strong to stop everything and start a new life. Asking for care from someone who doesn't love you is like trying to fill an empty container.

Now I am at peace taking my children to kindergarten and school, living in a house donated by the NCAV staff. When falling victim to violence, wealth and prestige do not fill the void in the heart.



A decorative header featuring a woman's silhouette on the left, surrounded by various colorful butterflies (blue, orange, yellow) and circular patterns with stars and floral motifs. The background is a warm, golden-orange gradient.

## IS LIVING A FULL LIFE IN RISK IMPORTANT?

**M**y husband and I became a family in 2010. In 2011, the night my first child was born was the happiest moment of my life. My husband was seven years older than me, and he was a very caring and neat person. We lived with my mother-in-law. From the beginning, my mother-in-law treated me badly and made fun of me for everything I did.

Soon after, attacks, accusations, and criticism from my in-law began to increase. I later learned that when she was about to marry her son to a rich woman, he met me, and that's why she always treated me badly. I did not tell my husband about the repeated attacks, and kept quiet so as not to damage the mother-son relationship. In this way, life went on and I gave birth four times in a row and became a glorious mother. All of this was very hard on my mother-in-law.

I started receiving text messages from my mother-in-law telling me to divorce my husband. When I went into our entrance to talk to my husband about it, he slapped me hard without saying a word, and as I fell, he hit me once more with my head on the handle of the ladder. When my head was filled with noise and feeling dizzy, he rolled my long hair in his hands and dragged me down the stairs, as the ends of both of his legs shone in my eyes. I was dragged from the 9th to the 7th floor, unable to escape. Luckily for me, in the early hours of the morning of the day before Lunar New Year, a man on the 7th floor exited, and I escaped to run home. Although both my mother-in-law and brother-in-law watched the event on the door, it's awful that no one said anything to stop it. Soon my husband came in from behind, grabbed a knife, and mutilated me in the face with a fork. My mother-

in-law did nothing about it. I hardly called 103 and went to the trauma center, where it turned out that the right side of my nose was invaded and I suffered a brain injury. Soon the thought of not turning my children into orphans came to my mind, and I forgave him. Shortly afterwards, he threatened to kill me, so I went to the bathroom and called 102. The police arrived quickly. Meanwhile, when he unlocked and broke the bathroom door from the outside, I called his mother for help, but she didn't come out. After the police came in and took him away, the pressure from my mother-in-law increased.

So I lost my patience and went to my brother and told him the whole truth. My sister-in-law took me to the National Center Against Violence.

I realized that I was not the only one living with such suffering. There were many women who received services there and lived in the shelter house. And I realized that I should not expect a good outcome enduring years of violence. I am still happy that the center's specialists have made me understand that I will either

die or become disabled and suffer losing my health and feelings. I appealed to the police, and the court sentenced my husband to 2.5 years on probation, and the child custody issue was resolved.

As a result of actively searching for a job, I got a job as an organizer at a shopping center and was soon appointed as CEO, and was distinguished as the best employee of the organization. Then I successfully opened a cafeteria next to my workplace. I feel more confident and stronger day by day.

If we, the women, have the courage to put an end to years of violence and overcome it, we have every chance of success. Remember exactly what kind of father our children need. Think about whether they are really happy, safe, and peaceful living under a full life, and come to a broader and wiser conclusion.





# THE CHILD IS NOT GUILTY...

I am 32 years old and live in Ulaanbaatar with my husband and two children. I lived with my husband for 7 years from 2000 to 2007. The situation was quite difficult because we lived with our in-laws along with our two children. At that time, I worked in a cafeteria, so I was always late because I had a lot of work to do. So my husband picked up our children from kindergarten. He was extremely frustrated with this, so he would get angry at our children and beat them. When I said, "they're not guilty," he ignored me and beat me as well. He would say that he doesn't care about me working, and I need to understand that he is the head of the household. Not knowing how to get out of this situation, I reached out to my parents-in-law and siblings, but they would say, "It's your fault."

So I was stuck and didn't know where to turn. I was getting beaten for no reason, so even though I loved him, there was nothing warm left in my heart, I did not believe in him, and I decided to break up with him.

After I made the decision, I called my siblings and my husband's relatives and asked them to come over, but no one from the in-law's side came. But my brother and sister came and heard about everything. I took my two children to live with my sister. But I didn't tell my sister about domestic violence, and I didn't have the strength to talk. For me, it was a big secret. He would choke and bruise me using my clothes, and I would always wear a long neck shirt to hide the bruises all over my body. After my divorce, I was able to talk about this issue freely with my co-workers and even with my boss and others.

They told me it was wrong for me to hide it. It turns out that when I arrived in the morning, my coworkers would notice my puffy eyes and bruises here and there. I never cried at work, but I cried getting beaten all night. They knew something was wrong. When I was asked, "What happened?" I replied, "I just slept a lot." But when I talked to them, I found out that I was not the only one who had such a problem, and there were people who were divorced. My co-workers supported me so much.

I remarried and started a new life. Now I have a three year old child. I am no longer in a stressful relationship. Sometimes my children see their father, but he still thinks that the children are to blame for all this. He does not come regularly to see his children, and he pays alimony because of a court order. Sometimes it is difficult when we do not have enough money for children's books and supplies.

Remarriage was also a bit of a challenge. But I have a good husband now. I trust him because he understands me and used to help me when I was with my ex-husband.

Now I know there is a better life for me, and I am confident that I can improve my life.



*From the*

**SURVIVOR'S STORIES**

