

News Reportage

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# Daughter of the phoenix - Term 1: A terrible nightmare


ISABELLE MÜLLER


Tuổi Trẻ trên Google News


TTO - There is a Vietnamese mother, a French father, who is now a successful businessman in Germany, but Isabelle Müller did not hesitate to share her story: the deeply poor family, the racist environment, rude, cruel father ...


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## Classifieds

 Selling 16m streetfront houses, 187m2 Phu Lam A, P.12, Q.6, TP. HCM **12 billion VND** Ho Chi Minh City

 House for sale Main Fold, horizontal 5m long 14.5m, 72 m2, price **6 billion VND** Ho Chi Minh City

 Open sale of riverside villa compound Palm City Q.9 - Book coming soon **8.75 billion VND** Ho Chi Minh City

 The owner needs to sell

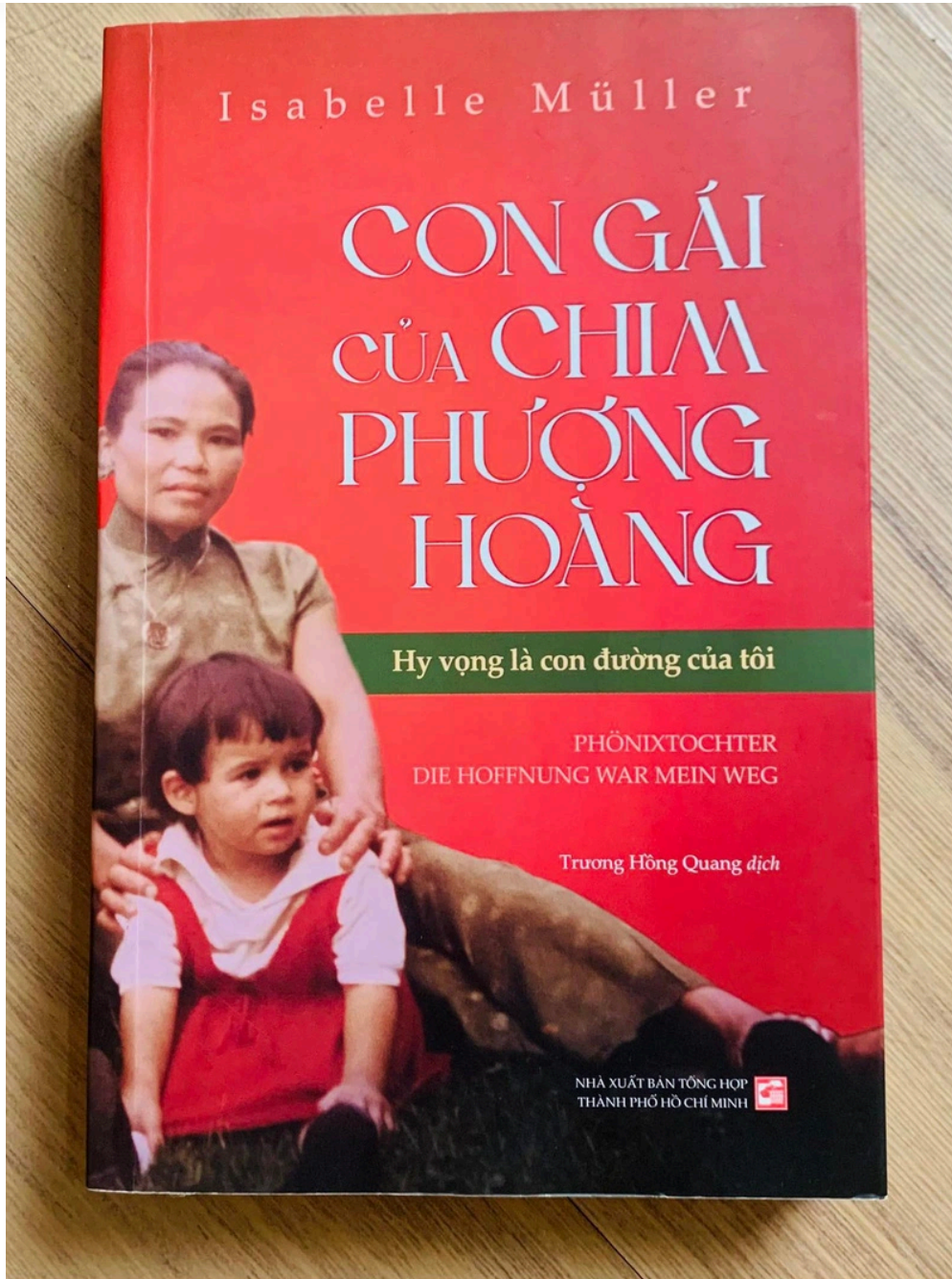


Photo: POINT

And beyond all the stamina of a girl: nine net years of sexual abuse before reaching adulthood. Isabelle recounted with all the courage to share and encourage the little girls, the boy who is the victim of persecution around the world: Speak up!

### The nightmare began when she was 8 years old ...

I was home alone and discontented as a maid for Loan's mother in the restaurant. By the end of the afternoon, I was also allowed to leave, my mother could manage without me. Once I turned home, when I was back to my room, I was startled by my father. He jumped out of the bathroom, his nose was hot, ran straight to the bedroom and slammed the door. Obviously I surprised him for something. Heart pounding, I closed the door, lay down on the bed and opened a book ...

"Darling..."

street  
house  
59 billion  
VND  
Ho Chi  
Minh City



Sang  
Long Hoa  
commune  
land, Can  
Hour  
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be scolded for causing him to be startled, I stood up immediately. "Come on, will you come?", Dad called again, his voice now echoes from the bathroom. I went to him, not sure what was going on.

My father was standing by the washbasin. His eyes were on a strange ray that I had never noticed before, and on his lips appeared something like a smile. "Because I care about things like that," he said, "so you must know what a man looks like."

I couldn't say anything, Dad unlocked his pants. I didn't want that, I thought in my head and was stunned, but speechless.

"Do you see?", he asked me, pointing at ...

I stood motionless and said nothing.

"Now let's see what happens," he continued and began to masturbate ... My father suddenly grabbed my hand. He gripped it tightly and forced my hand to coordinate with his hand, while he said babble.

Suddenly he became steaming. He took a handkerchief from his pocket and ejaculated into it, shouting "Darling!". Then he let go of my aching hand.

I stood still, completely confused by what had just happened. I had no idea what I should do.

"Put now!", suddenly he shouted at me.

Awakening from the dull state, I ran to my room, my whole body shaking. I am disgusting, constantly wiping my hands. What just happened, I wonder. Why did you do this to me? I could not get a pivotal thought.

At the beginning of the evening Dad called me to the kitchen, Loan's mother was busy receiving guests in the bar. As if nothing had happened, he asked me to fry the omelette because he was hungry. Usually I was assigned to make cladding because everyone in the house said I cleverly knew how to beat the eggshell.

Daniel sat at the same table as us. When I cut off my egg as usual and the yolk was flowing, Dad suddenly punched his hand at the table. My heart jumped and the fork knife set fell out of my hand. "Nobody cuts omelettes with a knife!", Dad unjustly shouted to me. "It is better to plug your finger into that asshole!".

Daniel's big and scared eyes were down. I tried to hold back my tears and swallow the lump in my throat, I felt that my father's anger was related to the incident at noon. The memory of this made me both angry and confused. Why did he call me darling then scold me now?





Miniature author and horrific pain - Photo provided by author

### "No, please don't..."

Too touched to be able to tell anyone about this, I kept everything to myself. I need time to understand what's going on. But I have that time. Two days later, when Dad and I were alone at home, he ordered me to go to the bathroom again.

No, please don't, I think. Once again, I couldn't say a word for fear of being scolded or beaten.

Dad ordered me to kneel down to try "something new". This time there will be another way. "What Dad did yesterday," he said, "an ordinary man is not allowed to do it."

That's right, I'm breathing in my mind. But why do I have to kneel?

I felt like blood was flowing in my throat when I saw Dad unlocking his pants again.



not true, I will wake up right away.

What's especially bad is that I can't confide in anyone. His father's threats later blocked this possibility. "Don't tell anyone, otherwise people will imprison you for you! And not to say a word to her mother. If she knew what you did, she would be very angry. She will never forgive you!".

The nightmare is not over yet. Less than a week later, my father called me into the house again. I felt cold sweat streaming down my back.

We stood in the corridor, my father was scared and I was hoping to be caught by someone. He pushed me forward, stood behind me and pulled my pants down.

I was completely paralyzed and realized that the worst now really started. I gritted my teeth and closed my eyes. I was so hurt that I couldn't cry.

When he finished he said, "Doing so is very convenient! Then we will be happy that you are not pregnant again. That's why so many people do this type!".

Suddenly he looked at me disgusting. "Go to the toilet to wash away!".

He walked into the living room, walked and sang, and turned on the television. He let me stand there in bewilderment. I have never been so hurt and humiliated. I hate my father, like never before.

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### I used to look forward to being proud

Mother is the only Asian woman in the region, we are not considered ordinary foreigners like Spaniards or Portuguese. We were placed in the position of lower immigrants, with a strange appearance.

Sometimes my father watched me and my siblings for a long time. At one point he was soaked saying, "Well, what a bunch of cute kids. The children are European-Asian, so the children are different and smarter than the others!". Above all, I want to be different, because Dad said something affectionate and made me feel he was proud of me.

Dad found everything we needed on the large local landfill. I was anxious to wait for him to return, excitedly rummaging through, hoping to find toys, or if lucky there could be a coat. If there are shoes, even if they are more than two sizes large, then we keep them, because they will fit at some point and make my feet happy.

From the headboard, I occasionally heard his father's sighs. At times like these, I'm very day to end when I think about the costs incurred. Each new bill is evidence that parents will fall into poverty. And that's because of our kids, maybe even just for me ...

\* This profile is extracted from CHIM PHOANG'S GIRL book - HOPE IS MY ROAD, by Isabelle Müller, published by NXB General TP.HCM in March 2022.

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From that day on, my happiness was a week that passed without being attacked, or a day when Dad didn't notice me ...

#### >> Next period: Thousands of helpless questions



#### The 5-year-old girl died in Ms. Ria: Squeeze the victim to death, sexually assault and leave

TTO - Afternoon 19-4, City Commissioner Ms. Ria and Provincial Police Ms. Ria - Vung Tau official information of the 5-year-old girl's death in Long Tam Ward, TP Ms. Ria. The one who killed his grandson, Pham Van Dung, a neighbor, was born in 1975.

ISABELLE MÜLLER

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