PUNCH HER IN THE FACE
...TO PROVE YOU'RE RIGHT
It was about 11:45 P.M. when Mary arrived home after spending the evening with a few of her friends. The three ladies had had a late dinner, seen a movie, and chatted over a couple of cups of coffee. When Mary walked into the house she threw keys down on the counter and hung up her jacket and purse in the closet. She then proceeded into the living room where her boyfriend, Joe, was watching television. Mary walked into the room and approached him to give him a kiss hello. As she got near Mary said, “Hey hun, how was your day?”

Joe acted as though he did not hear his girlfriend’s question and asked one of his own. “Where were you?”

“I went out for a little while with Lucy and Kate,” Mary replied not sensing that Joe was upset with her. That didn’t last too long though, because when Mary bent down to kiss her boyfriend he turned his head away.

“You just leave the house for hours at a time without letting me know where you’re going to be,” the volume of Joe’s voice began to get higher. As he stood up from his seat he continued, “Who the hell do you think you are?”

“What,” Mary responded, having never seen Joe get this upset. The two of them had only been dating for a couple of months, and only just started living with one another two weeks ago. “It was getting late and I hadn’t heard from you, so I figured you weren’t going to be home for dinner,” Mary continued, “so when Kate called me and said that she and Lucy were going out tonight I decided to join them. I don’t think I did anything that warrants you acting this way.”
At that point Mary turned around and began to walk out of the room. Joe was now beyond irritated. First his girlfriend went out without letting him know what she was doing and no she was talking to him as though she was the one wearing the pants in the relationship; these were the thoughts racing around in Joe’s head. He began shouting at her. Shouting ridiculous things about her lack or respect for him and how lucky she was that he was in her life. He concluded his outburst by walking toward her as he yelled, “And don’t you ever, ever think it’s alright for you to turn and walk away from me when I’m talking to you.”

At this point Mary was now facing Joe, but was backing away down the hallway growing more confused and afraid by the second. With a shaky, timid voice she began a reply to Joe’s rant, “This is not talking this is you yelling at me for no reason.” Mary had begun to cry, but tried to continue on, “And I don’t know what kind of relationships you’re used to being in, but if you want to stay with me you better think about what you’re doing.”

At this last remark Joe snapped. Mary had reached the end of the hallway and was backed into a corner by her boyfriend who was at that point enraged. He raised his hand, clenched his fist, and hit Mary knocking her to the ground. Joe was as shocked as Mary was at what he had just done. He took a few steps back as his girlfriend lay on the floor crying and holding her face. Then he took a few more steps back still saying nothing. Joe backed all the way back into the living room and sat down in the chair he had been sitting in when Mary came in.
Mary stayed lying on the floor for a few minutes more, until she realized that Joe would not be coming back down the hallway. She picked herself up and went into the bedroom because she did not know what else to do. She was scared to leave and feared what may happen if she tried. Once in the bedroom she closed the door and went into the bathroom to check and see how much damage the blow had done. Mary feared she would have to come up with a story to tell people about the possible black eye.

While still looking in the mirror there was a knock at the door. "Mary," Joe said calmly, "Can I come in and talk to you?"

Mary didn't want to say no out of fear of what Joe might do then, so she agreed to let Joe come in and talk. When he entered the bedroom he sat down on the bed and motioned for Mary to come and sit next to him. She complied and once they were both on the bed Joe looked Mary in the face and said, "I'm so sorry that that happened. It got completely out of hand. All I wanted was for you to admit that you were wrong and apologize and when you wouldn't I just lost my cool. Then when you started turning it around and yelling at me I snapped. So you have no idea how sorry I am, and I promise something like that will never happen again. You know how much I love you and I hope you can forgive me."

Joe did not wait for a response. When he finished his half apology, half "pass-the-buck" routine he got up and left the room closing the door behind him. Mary didn't follow because she did not know what to say. There were so many thoughts inside her head that she just curled up into a ball on her bed, closed her eyes, and hoped she would soon wake up from the terrible dream she was in.
In this fictional short story Mary got into an altercation with her boyfriend that led to him hitting her. Then when he was supposed to be apologizing, which doesn’t mean anything to begin with since nothing can excuse those types of actions, Joe basically said that none of what occurred would’ve if Mary just admitted that she was wrong and he was right. This act of violence occurred because the male in the situation felt he was right, and who was this female telling him otherwise. He used his physical strength to make her give up her point, when in actuality she was right and he was getting bent out of shape about nothing. The attached picture, on which this story is based, implies that males are always right and sometimes a woman needs to be hit to realize that they are wrong. The picture says that what Joe, and what many other males do to women in similar situations, was not wrong. Instead it was something that needed to be done in order for the female to recognize who is right and who is the boss.

I found the picture that I used in doing this assignment hanging up on the door of a dorm room for all to see. When I saw it I immediately thought of this assignment and I inquired as to where the person whose door it was found the picture. When he told me I could’ve just left the room, but instead I felt compelled to ask him why he would hang something like that up. He told me that it was just a joke and that he would never hit a girl. The point of this little story is that until males realize violence against women is not a joke and they step up and join the fight against it women will keep getting punched in the face by males who are trying to prove that they are right.