



*I was so young*

**MUM WAS A SICK**

**RAPED MY OWN MOTHER**



**I still can't understand how she could have abused me like that**

By Gregg Milligan, from Michigan, USA

**A** mother's love – there's nothing like it. How she makes you feel so safe. Not my mum... My first memories are of cowering from her rages. Drunk, stinking of fags, she'd hunt me down as I sobbed, trying to hide among the mildew, mould and cockroaches in our filthy home. But she always caught me, punching, slapping and kicking me. 'I hate you so much!' she'd spit. 'I wish you'd died at birth.' 'Please, Mummy, no!' I'd wail. My mother, Jean Milligan, was

an alcoholic prostitute who'd been 36 when I was born. My dad, also an alcoholic, had left when I was 2, leaving only echoes of their violent fights behind. By the time I was 7, four of my siblings had run away, never to return. Leaving only David, 9, and April, 5, to suffer alongside me. And we suffered. Mum often brought punters home, in front of us. But things were about to get worse... I was only 4 years old the first time she touched me. That first time she fondled me in the bath. I was too young to understand,

**'I hate you so much, I wish you'd died at birth,' she said**

I thought she was being loving – she'd never shown me any attention before. 'Come with me,' she'd order. Then Mum would make me lie in bed with her, and touch her between her legs. 'You seduced me!' she'd rage, hitting me. 'Go to your room!' As time went on, I realised it was wrong. But I was just so young, too weak to stop the abuse. Sometimes, if I couldn't make her orgasm, she'd beat me until I was bleeding, smash glass ashtrays over my head, slam me into the walls. 'It's all your fault!' she'd roar. 'You've made me do it.' Then I'd crumple,

sobbing – for I knew in every cell in my body that she was right. I must be a sick, twisted little deviant, just like she said. And that shame stopped me telling a soul. If they knew, they'd be disgusted at what a filthy boy I was. Besides... 'I'd drown you in the bath,' Mum would hiss. 'I'd throttle you until you were dead.' I was stuck with her... And with her clients. 'How much for the boy?' asked one punter. Mum told him a figure, took the cash and left us there. I wept with horror as he performed a sick sex act on me. Soon, I lived in terror. I couldn't



*I grew up – but couldn't forget...*

Written by Tiffany Szeleczek

K PAEDO

BY  
OWNER  
ER



Mum pimped me out, too

perform when Mum demanded.

But when I was 9, Mum discovered that if she touched me in the right way, my body was able to have an erection.

'Do it, now!' she'd roar, ordering me to have full sex with her.

It was hell. Disgusted, I'd fight so hard not to become erect. But after she beat me half-unconscious, it'd happen, to her delight.

Then, as soon as Mum was satisfied...

'Pervert! Deviant!' she'd scream. 'You wanted that!'

She was still forcing me to do stuff with her punters, too, but eventually I learnt to weep so loudly, they'd run away, scared of neighbours calling the cops.

She'd be livid, but at least I only had to have sex with her now.

Then, at 11, my beloved cat Sam passed away. She was the only creature who'd ever loved me - without her, I had nothing. I had to get out.

But I couldn't leave my siblings. So I phoned our sister, who'd

escaped years before.

'You have to come and help us!' I wept to her.

So we made a plan...

She came to the house and we grabbed our bags, ran for the car.

'I will find you - and kill you!' Mum roared at me.

But she didn't get the chance.

Now I told the authorities about the violence and they banned all contact. But my

dirty secret? I kept that well and truly hidden from everyone.

Going into foster care, I threw myself into my studies.

I didn't dare have friends. I felt too dirty to get close to anyone.

Instead, at uni, I became promiscuous, seeking love in all the wrong places.

And at 19, I had a nervous breakdown. Racked with constant panic

attacks, crying uncontrollably. I was a complete and utter mess.

The university forced me into counselling, and there, for the first time ever, I forced out the most terrible words a boy can ever speak...

**'I will find you and kill you,' Mum roared at me as I ran for the car**

**OVER THE PAGE: 'It's the dark secrets that kill us - sharing them sets us free...'**

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I had sex – with my own mother,' I howled.

And incredibly, the counsellor didn't recoil in disgust. Instead, he was so kind and understanding.

'You were just a terrified child, trying to stay alive,' he said.

It helped – a little. And a year on, I met Leslie and had my first true relationship, although I still couldn't tell her about Mum.

But when she fell pregnant, I was petrified. How could I ever amount to a good dad?

'I'll always protect you,' I cried, overwhelmed with love when Gregg Jr arrived in May 1986. But as he grew into a little boy, my heart broke.

He was so tiny and innocent – how could Mum have looked at me and had those urges?

Don't think about it, I'd tell myself, trying to forget. But how? My panic attacks and nightmares grew worse than ever.

At 32, I couldn't run away any more.

'It's over,' I cried to Leslie. Then I returned to counselling. And this time, I finally faced the past head-on. Me and Leslie split up, but I shared access to our son.

Then... David and April phoned one day in 1996.

'Mum's about to die,' David explained. She was in hospital with cirrhosis of the liver, and organ failure.

'OK,' I said, hanging up. She could rot in hell.

But April phoned back.

'Please,' she wept. 'I need you.'

I felt sick arriving at the hospital. My skin crawled, I longed to run away.

She's in a coma, I said to myself.

And seeing her, a yellow, emaciated skeleton – a shadow



I'm finally free of this monster

of the woman who used to rape me... She'll be gone soon, I thought. But suddenly

those eyes flashed open, stared into mine.

'Gregg,' she croaked – and I nearly screamed, for suddenly I was 7 years old again, scared.

Then she sank back to the bed – and died.

## Now I wake up happy each day

Gregg Jr. I'd never told him. Didn't know how to bring it up. Now, he wept.

'But it's OK,' I soothed. 'I'm happy now.'

It was true. So I had the book published, gave public talks. In February 2010, I even appeared on the *Oprah Winfrey Show*.

'It's the dark secrets that kill us,' I said. 'Sharing them sets you free.'

And now, I wake up happy. My mother was a monster. Yet I've broken free, and it feels amazing.

But my journey wasn't over. Now I'd found peace, I wanted to help other survivors. So I wrote a book about it.

Then... 'This is for you to read,' I told

For more on Gregg, go to [www.godmustbesleeping.com](http://www.godmustbesleeping.com)

## Symptoms of terrible trauma

When the abuse first began, Gregg experienced bouts of unexplained blindness and paralysis. Abuse experts later explained that his terror was so overwhelming, Gregg's brain had tried to protect him by creating 'hysterical symptoms'

that meant he was unable to perform.

However, this didn't stop the abuse.

Later, Gregg was haunted by self-loathing, and thought the fact he'd been able to get erections while being raped by his mother meant that he'd

somehow wanted it.

Experts explained that it was, in fact, a defence mechanism in his body.

Under threat of death by his mother's beatings, Gregg's body instinctively did anything necessary to keep him alive. Including involuntary erections.

### Watch it!

See Gregg on the Oprah Show at [www.oprah.com/oprahshow/Full-Episode-Raped-by-His-Mother-&Victim-Comes-Forward-Video\\_1](http://www.oprah.com/oprahshow/Full-Episode-Raped-by-His-Mother-&Victim-Comes-Forward-Video_1)