My Husband is a Hardcore Drug Addict.....

Every woman dreams of running her own happy family and has an ever lasting marriage. The ties of a marriage built on the strength of love should not be impeded by differences in nationality as love is blind. Such my wish when I married my Malaysian husband as I am Indonesian.

After almost 12 years together, my husband and I were blessed with a pair of twins, 9 years old, and a daughter 6 years old. My children were raised to respect their parents and be of good behavior. They were my jewels and we were grateful for these blessings showered by God.

We stayed in the family house that belonged to my husband's late father, along with other members of his family. This arrangement made me uncomfortable at times, and I often wish that we had our own home.

My husband, a person I used to love and respect, has now become an object of my hate, and respect is far from anything I feel for him. After our twins were born, he started hitting and assaulting me. Most of his free time was spent with his friends, and he would stay out till late into the night. If I were to question his whereabouts, I would become the subject of his anger.

Day after day, he became more and more distant with no signs of improvement. Worse yet, he became a drug addict. He even made a room in our house a place for him and his friends to indulge in their addiction. Which wife's heart would not ache seeing such behaviour from her husband? With nowhere to turn, his family continually advised me to be *Bersabar* 'Be patient…' – a phrase that made me so angry at times. I dealt with the cost of raising my children with the earnings I was making from a women's spa I work, which thankfully allowed me some independence. In this way, I was able to support my family.

Once, after being hit by my husband, I made a police report, but due to the urging of his family, I withdrew it, despite knowing in my heart that it was not fair. My husband had become a hard-core drug addict, and was several times arrested and jailed – but ultimately was freed on bail by his family members. This kept me frustrated to no end and put no fear in my husband as he was confident he would eventually be bailed out every time he was arrested.

On October 2013, over a trivial matter, he hit my body and head, as well as my child who tried to stop him. This time, my patience had reached its limit, and I lodged a police report against him for hitting me and harming my child and me. My husband was subsequently arrested and remanded 5 days in jail. He was charged, pleaded guilty and the fine was paid off with the help of his family again. But for me, there was no justice. Who was going to guarantee my safety?

After lodging the police report, I decided to free myself from this life of injustice and torture. The police on duty referred me to the Welfare Department (JKM) for temporary shelter.

The JKM officer brought me to WCC for help. My children and I stayed at the WCC Shelter while the social worker counselled me and also assisted with the renewal of my special social pass as a foreign spouse. They also faced a lot of harassment from my husband and family members who wanted me to return to the family.

Now, with the strength and support of my family from Indonesia, I am still in Malaysia to continue to raise my children with love and care. I have taken the brave step of choosing to file for a divorce and am fighting for the custody of my children.