

The Desolation
of a
Tortured Soul



George Colby Hoffman

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Dedication

I dedicate this book, *The Desolation of a Tortured Soul*, to all those children and adults I call *The Forgotten Children*, the victims who were fortunate enough to survive child abuse. My heavy heart goes out to you all. May God bless and keep you always.

Acknowledgments

First, I would like to take this time to thank God for helping me write this book. You see, it is by the grace of God that I am able to write this to you. And I would like to thank God for sending his two angels to watch over me. Also, I would like to thank Strategic Book Publishing and Rights Agency for this opportunity to tell my story.

Introduction

This story of extreme child abuse promises to take you on a journey through the eyes of a child victim to the young adult survivor. My purpose in sharing this story is to help child abuse victims by acknowledging their experiences and help those more fortunate to understand the victims.

CHAPTER 1

The Root of the Tree

Welcome to my life and my story, *The Desolation of a Tortured Soul*, a story of faith, endurance, and my will to survive! You see, I am not only a victim, I am also a survivor! My fourth father used to tell me many years ago, that we are all a product of our own environment, which means that who we are and how we are raised is who we will become as an adult. He is right to some degree I suppose, because I have been somewhat self destructive, hopeless, and destitute my entire life, leaving me hopelessly engulfed and plagued with manic depression and serious suicidal tendencies.

My sole purpose in writing this book is to reach out to anyone who has ever been physically or mentally abused, and to plead with you to seek out help with your situation, or else you will end up like me, hating yourself and all alone. The world is cruel and mean and will chew you up and spit you out, just like it did to me. Or you could become just like the world: mean and full of hate. And before you know it, your life will have passed you by. But you see, for me it was not quite so easy, because after seeing mental health professionals, I would go right back into the fire. I would have to go back into my mother's house, the very same place where I had been subjected to a life of physical and mental abuse! I never got help until I was an adult.

Just by being in that atmosphere of living down trodden and in a shack, if you will, was very depressing, especially when my own mother told me that I could never do any better. So I could never really escape the child abuse issues.

Dear Reader, the story you are about to read contains actual events that took place from my earliest memories as a small child up to adulthood. First, let me start by telling

you that I attempted to write this book many, many times throughout my adult life. I wrote several hundred pages, day in and day out, and night after night into the wee hours. I recall crying myself to sleep afterwards. And once I awakened the very next morning, I frantically shred or burned the fruits of all my labor, fearing what someone might think of me if they were to read the thoughts of a man driven insane and painfully tormented by a past that stalked and haunted me like an unwanted ghost. Sometimes the truth hurts.

In my moments of extreme weakness and despair, I cried out to anyone who would listen to me. And in these rare, but significant—if only to me—occasions of self-indulgence and moments of weakness, I would relieve myself of this heavy burden, which had enslaved and relentlessly tormented my mind for years. And when I was done telling this story of woe, it was usually followed by tears of sadness.

There were gestures in writing a book about my life experiences of child abuse that I was forced to endure. You see, *The Desolation of a Tortured Soul* is so much more than just a story of extreme child abuse. It's a life-time cancer that eats at the very core of my soul! But the one thing I knew I had to do first and foremost was to stay true to myself and to you, the reader, by all means, and to never let myself stray from the facts or to sugar-coat anything, just to save face or pride or dignity or my feelings, or anyone else's for that matter. The one thing that stands out—and I am sure you will notice—is just how I have gone to great lengths to be very detailed in order to give you a visual image of the very extreme nature of the abuse I experienced. This was not easy for me to do, but however I felt, it was highly important so that you could understand. I have a pretty good memory of the child abuse, which is the sad part for me: it never really goes away! No, time does not heal all wounds, especially these old wounds!

When you are reading my autobiography, it is my wish that you try, if at all possible, to keep an open mind and heart, simply because no child ever asked to be raped or beaten or tortured by a family member or a complete stranger! There

is one question I have been asked by several mental health professionals throughout the years, which has always been troublesome for me to answer: Did I enjoy the rapes? The answer is *absolutely not!* The very question is, in itself, totally insane to even suggest that a five- or six-year-old child has any clue of or desire for any kind of sexual gratification! The rapes were so severe and brutal that I had to seek medical attention.

The truth is, after a period of time I had been completely brainwashed into becoming submissive to the brutal rapes. I did this for several reasons. First, the more I tried to resist these rapes, the more I was beaten! I guess the other reason, which is equally sad, was that I had never felt loved before, nor did I know exactly what it was or how it was supposed to even feel. Now obviously being beaten and raped is not love, but this was the only attention anyone had ever shown me. Perhaps in some bizarre way I had begun to think that this was, in fact, what love truly was. And, yes, if truth be known, I guess I did find some sexual gratification in being raped, but that did not happen until I had reached the age of being able to experience orgasms or puberty, one might say. But I never became accustomed to the brutal beatings that always accompanied the rapes. You see, I never knew what a normal childhood was like.

I am now fifty-three years old, and I still can't explain what a normal childhood is supposed to be like, nor can I explain why I had to suffer the horrendously sick, perverse, and barbaric attacks that I did as a child! My beloved grandmother use to say, "But by the grace of God, there go I."

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