

This book is a testament to resilience, a journey illuminated by those inadvertently instructing the language of self-doubt. With gratitude to former friends and mentors whose words once painted a canvas of perceived insignificance, this dedication seeks to honor the intricacies of the past. In reverence to the shadows left by the abusers, sculptors of emotional voids, this offering extends compassion to those who share similar paths—the lonely souls, *the other women*.



## Prologue

Being abused for years left nothing but a hole in my chest. Validation, love, acceptance are what I seek. However, in a world full of individuals, you somehow managed to make me the other woman, the extra, the one who's left on the sidewalk, ready for you to grab. How can I feel my success when I am indulged in your smell, that hideous smell? This book is for the lonely, the extra's, the other women.