

**Dr. Angela®**

## **Short Case Stories #IPV-51**

*See end of this article for Dr. Angela® consult contact and copyright information. Thank you.*

### **Cage Story**

*She used to ask Douglas why he could not just call a few hours in advance and let her know, one way or the other, whether he was eating at home that night.*

*Douglas had always found this request an insult. “My work is so unpredictable and so demanding, I often don’t know when and where I’ll next get to urinate let alone when and where and even whether I’ll have dinner,” he would explain in a hurt voice.*

*“But why make me suffer for this, Doug?” Sophia would inquire righteously.*

*“Suffer?” Douglas would say. He would wave his arm pointing around at the view from and the furniture in their very upscale home. “You call this suffering?” he would shout. “You live so well because I work so hard,” he would shout at Sophia.*

*“Well, I work hard too. I don’t make as much money as you do, but I do work hard. And I would gladly live in a smaller place with fewer things and a smaller overhead. I would trade all this away for happiness, Doug,” Sophia would tell him sadly but calmly.*

*“Happy?” Douglas would shout and stomp. “This is happy. Are you so sick, such an ingrate, that you don’t acknowledge this?” Doug would continue to stomp and pace. He would yell, “Are you so out of touch with things that you think we’re not happy?”*

*At that point, Sophia would try to hold his hand, in hopes of getting through to him, of talking to his heart. “Doug! Doug! No, this is not happy. Please, Doug, please,” she would beg, “we have to sit down and try to communicate. We have to try to connect somehow,” Sophia would shout to be heard over Doug’s yelling. “It’s my life too, you know! It’s the time of my life too!”*

*Doug would push her away and say, “Who cares? Who cares whether you missed a hair dresser’s appointment or you didn’t get your little article into the paper on time? Who cares if you lost a little consulting job that might have made you a few thousand puny little dollars? For God sake, what do you contribute here? What makes your needs, your schedule, your dinner menu more important than my work? Where do you get off making demands on me?”*

*Sophia would always feel deeply degraded by such comments from Douglas. It was as if he could, in one fell swoop, erase all of her contributions to their finances, to his career, to their family life, to their house-hold, to their social standing in the community where she had been at his side all the way as the wife, half of the public face of the great attorney and future candidate for Senate—the public face of Douglas Hansen completed so beautifully by her presence.*

*“Doug, I’m part of all this. I’ve worked very hard, too.”*

*“On what?”*

*“On everything I’ve contributed to our family enterprise and to the Douglas Hansen show.”*

*At this point, Douglas would usually sputter and sometimes sound as if he were suppressing an urge to vomit.*

*About now, Sophia would feel the insult rushing through her nervous system like hot acid. “You are a pig! How dare you invalidate my contributions like that?”*

*Douglas would come and stand over her and yell down into her face, his saliva flying at her as he yelled, “Because you are a nothing, a no one, a little meaningless consultant and bad housewife and you have no right to tell me when to come and go or report in. Having dinner ready in case I want it is the least you can do. You owe me at least that much!”*

*“Owe you?” she would shout up into his face. “Owe you? I owe you nothing!” And then she would shove him away before he started to again yell into her face and in so doing again spray his saliva into her face.*

*Once he was shoved, he would somehow manage to feel that he had his license to kill—or to just about kill—to hit, to beat, to throw Sophia, to grab her by the throat and press in on her airways, which he often did at that point. Then he would walk out. On his way out, he would shout at her that it was her fault, “If you had the brains to stop yourself from pushing me, you wouldn’t be on the floor now.”*

*Sophia would try not to cry. She hated herself for being hated so much by her husband.*

-----

**© Dr. Angela®, Angela Browne-Miller, Metaterra® Publications. 2016, 2014, 2000.**

**For more information on the physical health and mental health effects of emotional, financial, physical and other forms of abuse and violence, see FOR KNOWING NO HURT NO HARM by Dr. Angela, also known as Dr. Angela Browne-Miller. To make a telephone consult appointment with Dr. Angela, email [DrAngela@DrAngela.com](mailto:DrAngela@DrAngela.com). To listen to Dr. Angela® on health, mental health, wellness, life, see [www.DrAngela.com](http://www.DrAngela.com) Thank you.**