



# MY NAME IS ROSE

by Rose Doiron

[Ordering Information](#)

# **MY NAME IS ROSE**

**by Rose Doiron**

Copyright 1987 East End Literacy Press

**Canadian Cataloguing in Publication Data**

**Doiron, Rose, 1955-  
- My Name Is Rose**

(The New start reading series)  
A project of East End Literacy.  
ISBN 0-920013-07-4

1. Readers for new literates 2. Doiron, Rose, 1955- 3. Abused Children  
I. East End Literacy (Association). II. Title. III. Series.

PE1126.A4D64 1988

428.6'2

C88-093257-0

**MY NAME  
IS ROSE**





My name is Rose.  
I live with my husband, Paul.  
We have been happy  
for many years.

But still I have bad dreams.



My dreams are about my Dad.  
When I was six,  
he beat me up  
with his belt buckle.



My mum loved me.  
She tried to help me  
but when she did,  
he beat her up too.



In my dreams I say,  
"Don't touch me!  
Leave me alone!"

Paul has to wake me up.



In the morning,  
the dreams are gone.

The cat jumps on the bed.  
She likes to play.  
I have my own life now.

But my dreams are true.  
This is my story.



My Dad beat me up a lot.  
It got worse every time.

One day, my aunt Carol  
came to see us.  
I could not talk very well  
but she saw  
what was going on.



Aunt Carol said,  
"Come into the bedroom, Rose."  
She took off my clothes.  
There were bruises  
all over my body  
and cigarette burns  
on my back.



Aunt Carol called a social worker.  
The social worker took me  
to a home for children.

The home had a gate.  
The gate was locked.



My Mum left my Dad then.  
She came to see me.  
I said, "Mum,  
why can't I be with you?"  
But my Mum was sick.



She was tired and poor.  
She said, "Don't worry, Rose,  
I still love you."  
And I said, "Mum,  
I love you too."



In the house for children,  
I met Denise.

Her Mum and Dad were dead.  
She followed me everywhere.



I said, "What do you want?"  
She said, "I got nobody  
to talk to.  
Please talk to me Rose."



I could talk to Denise.  
We were like close sisters.  
For many years,  
we shared a bedroom.  
We shared clothes.  
We talked and laughed  
and played music  
all night long.



I went to school.  
There were too many children.  
We all needed help.  
We did not learn  
to read and write.

Sometimes we just  
sat there doing nothing.



One teacher wanted to help me.  
Her name was Miss Hampton.  
She took me to her house.  
She taught me how  
to write my name.



When I turned 16  
I had to leave the home.  
They said that there were  
too many children.  
There was no room for me.  
They said I was old enough  
to live on my own.



I went to my Mum's.  
I had my own room.  
I helped her out  
when she was sick.



But the landlady said  
I had to go.  
She did not want kids  
in her building.



I lived on the street  
for a while.



At night I slept  
on the cold grass.



I met some kids on the street.  
We sniffed glue.  
Sometimes I wanted to die.



I had no where else to go.  
I had to go back to my Dad.



My Dad did not want me.  
He wanted my government  
cheque.

He called the social worker.  
He told her I was retarded  
because I could not talk  
very well.

He said that he  
would take care of me.  
And she believed him.



So every month,  
they sent a cheque  
and my Dad cashed it  
to buy beer.

He made me clean the house.  
I felt like a slave.



One day, my Dad took me  
to the doctor.

He did not tell me why.



The doctor tied my tubes  
and burned them,  
so I can never have a baby.

Now it is against the law  
to do what they did to me.



When I was 18,  
I met a man.  
Everybody called him Chubby  
because he was so big.



He said he loved me  
but he beat me up.  
He made clean his house  
and he called me a slut.



One day I got mad.  
I said to Chubby, "No more!  
I am not a slut!  
I am not a slave!"



Chubby cried. He tried  
to get me back.  
I said, "No more!"



I went looking for work.  
I got a job in a workshop  
making tables.

My friend Denise worked there.  
And so did a man named Paul.



One day, Denise asked Paul  
for 25¢ to buy coffee.  
Paul said, "Sure."

Then she asked him  
for more money.  
Paul said, "What for?"  
Denise said, "For Rose."  
Paul said, "Who is Rose?"  
"This is Rose."

That is how I met Paul.



Paul and I went to a party.  
I liked him.  
He was different.  
He was kind,  
and I could talk to him.



It was late.  
I said, "Paul, I got a problem.  
If I go home now,  
my Dad will beat me up.  
Can I stay at your place?"  
Paul said yes.



We went to Paul's place.  
He said, "You sleep in the bed.  
I can sleep in the chair."  
I said, "It's OK, Paul.  
Sleep in the bed.  
I trust you."



He said, "Do you want a knife  
to protect yourself?"  
I said, "Paul, I trust you."



In the morning,  
Paul gave me the keys  
to his place.  
He said, "Rose,  
come back anytime you want."



When I got home,  
my Dad beat me up bad.  
I took Paul's keys  
and I went back to him.

Paul cleaned the blood  
off of my face.  
He took my bloody shirt  
and gave me his to wear.

I said, "Paul, I am not  
going back to my Dad."



I told Paul to call the cops.  
We had to go back  
and get my things.  
I did not want  
to go back alone.



The cops came with us.  
All our friends came too.  
There was quite a crowd!  
We packed all my things  
and I got out for good.  
My Dad just sat there  
drinking beer.



Paul and I lived together  
for two years.  
Paul never beat me up.  
One day, he said, "Rose,  
do you want to get married?"  
I said, "Let me think about it."  
I felt very good inside.



We went to see my Dad.  
Dad said, "No, Rose!  
You will not get married!"  
I said, "Dad, I have a life  
of my own to live."

I do not talk to him anymore.



Then we went to see my Mum.  
Mum said,  
"I am proud of you, Rose."



The night before the wedding,  
Aunt Carol asked me  
to stay with her.  
In the morning,  
she did my hair.  
She dressed me  
in a wedding gown.

Aunt Carol said,  
"Gee, you look pretty, Rose."



We went to Niagra Falls  
for our honeymoon.  
I have never seen so much water.  
There was a rainbow  
over the water.

I felt my new life begin.



*The New Start Reading Series* is published by East End Literacy Press. The stories are written by adult learners at the Toronto East End Literacy Project and produced by volunteer tutors, adult learners and staff. The series is designed as reading material for adult learners of basic literacy and English as a second language.

*For more information write:  
East End Literacy Press  
265 Gerrard Street East  
Toronto, Ontario M5A 2G3  
Canada  
(416) 968-6989*

*The production group for My Name Is Rose was: Betsy Alkenbrack, Chris Brillinger, Liz Cooke, Paul Doiron, Rose Doiron, Elaine Gaber-Katz, Haley Gaber-Katz, Tom Gaber-Katz, Anne Healy, Jim Hooey, Maureen Kahn, Judy Kondrat, Linda Laplante, Sally McBeth (co-ordinator), Micheal Moore, Connie Ross, Kathryn Schroeder, Debbie Sims, Sister the Cat, David Smiley (Photographer), Vivian Stollmeyer (assistant co-ordinator), and Ruth Wehleau. Special Thanks to the East End Literacy Women's Group, Michele Kuhlmann of Interval House, the Metropolitan Toronto Police, King Edward School, Pixel Graphics, and the Spadina Health Centre.*

*This book was made possible through the generous support of the Department of the Secretary of State of Canada (Women's Programme), the Jackman Foundation, and the Women's Candian Club of Toronto.*

# MY NAME IS ROSE



THE NEW START READING SERIES

Rose Doiron is 32 years old. She is learning to read and write at East End Literacy in Toronto, Canada. Rose wrote her this book for her mother, her aunt, her sisters, and her many friends. "If people read my story, maybe they will talk more about what it is like to get beat up," says Rose. "Maybe, someday it will stop."