

Dyad Practice-Facilitating Detailed Narratives

1. Choose a Trauma Type
2. Follow these steps to facilitate details:

1. Ask (open ended, clarifying questions)
2. Listen
3. Repeat/Reflect
4. Write Down

5 year old (serious dog attack)

I opened the laundry room door and that's when it got me. He knocked me over and I hit my head on the dryer. Then I was on the ground. He ripped my shirt and I thought "what is going on? Jackson (the dog) is always nice." I don't know why he did that to me. Now Mom says that all dogs are dangerous. I remember Jackson growling. I felt so scared and in my brain I thought "where is mom?" He bit my arm, so hard. It felt like a shark attack. There was blood and I could feel his slobber too. It was so gross. I screamed so loud. Then Mom came. Finally. She screamed too, like me, and I saw her face. She looked scared. She got him off of me. He yelped. I cried and Mom called the ambulance. He died after that. Mom said he wasn't safe anymore.

10 year old (physical abuse)

I could see it in his eyes and then....either he would have a belt or we would chase me...and always got me. I didn't know exactly what it would be, but it was never good. Always bad. I always felt scared. But mad too. So mad at him. It hurt so bad but I tried to pretend like it didn't hurt because I didn't want him to know he hurt me. I remember trying never to make a noise so he wouldn't know it hurt. The worst part was him pushing me up against the wall. He called me an idiot and told me to pull my pants down. But I think he is the idiot, right? The belt felt cold and it stung like a million bee stings, stinging me over and over again. I wished my Mom would have come out of the bedroom to help me, but she didn't. She never did.

9 year old (domestic violence)

I was watching TV. I heard dad call mom the b-word again. I had heard it before lots of times. I heard a crash and I thought "not again." I covered myself up with a blanket on the couch. After the crash there were bangs and Dad yelling at Mom. Mom was screaming and I heard a loud smack. I just hid and I felt worried and scared. I didn't want Dad to find me. I didn't know what he would do. And I didn't want Mom to die. I was scared she would. He said he would kill her. I thought maybe I should do something, like go help my Mom, but I kept hiding instead. The police came. Mom was a mess. She had blood on her face and she looked sad. Dad was so scary. I tried not to look at him.

15 year old (sexual Assault)

I got into his car. We were supposed to go to the movies. He wanted to make out and that's not all he wanted, but I didn't know that. It was all I wanted. He wouldn't stop. I told him no. I kept saying it but nothing changed. I remember how he held me down in the backseat and I couldn't move. I felt trapped and so scared. I wanted to scream but no one would've heard me. Then when he started raping me it was gross and it hurt. When he was inside me I felt like I was dying right there in the back seat of the car. I didn't know what he was going to do. He finished and told me to put on my clothes and don't tell anyone because no one would believe me. And then when he drove me home I acted like nothing happened. Mom even asked me how the date was, and I said fine. I went upstairs and took a shower. It didn't help. I could still feel him. He is a creep and I hate him. That is all that matters. But I never should've gone to the movies. Maybe I should've known?