

Within a short seven month relationship, he proved to be the ultimate bad actor- a wicked, depraved, serial offender under the guise of a protective, stable, responsible father who wanted to build a beautiful life and family together. After about 5 months of keeping up his “good guy” charade, bewitching my family and friends, he unveiled his mask to reveal the devil that he truly is. He has done nothing but nearly end my life, negatively impact my existence in the world and create debilitating fear from the first time he hit me.

That was at our home at 190 Banff Road in Leaside on a sunny afternoon, May 29th 2021. A small number of guests were over, compliant with the on going COVID turmoil. For unknown reasons, Michael became increasingly aggressive amongst everyone else having fun. After 3 failed attempts where we restrained him, he finally threw a patio chair over onto the neighbours adjacent property, which caused a verbal confrontation with them. Fueled by the confrontation, Michael then intentionally smashed a large mason jar on the pool deck, shattering it. He kicked our poor sweet mini golden doodle, Lucky so hard the pup cowered. Out of embarrassment and shame, I knelt down to clean up Michael’s mess, and to my shock he kicked me so hard, I fell into the shattered glass. The male guests, appalled at Michael’s abusive behavior, came to my defense and Michael proceeded to wildly and uncontrollably fist fight with them for protecting me in “his own house”. All of this egregious and targeted behavior was coming from a “man” who said he loved me. When everyone fled the gathering, I went and hid in a neighbours house, still in shock and afraid to return home. Michael then started berating me through text to return and got angry at me for “betraying him and protecting myself.” This was the beginning of the end.

Fear for my safety was the constant, daily, agonizing theme of the rest of the relationship. It became a cycle. After every hostile attack, came his promises to “never do it again”, begs for forgiveness, promises of marriage and happily ever after, pleading, “good times”, the “I love you”. These were merely intentional ploys in his manipulation to confuse, undermine and destroy my trust, self esteem, livelihood, friendships, family bonds, and life. He wanted me on his rollercoaster; he *enjoyed* making me and everyone else around him suffer. He would often discredit my perspective and gaslight me, denying ever doing anything wrong, despite me having videos, photos, recordings, and witnesses of his heinous words and actions. He told me I was too sensitive to his overt abuse and if I wasn’t so “emotional” everything would be “perfect.”

The *next* time he laid hands on me was less than a week later on vacation, something arranged clearly as an apology for his abuse the week prior. He grabbed me by my hair pulled me towards him and explosively smashed my face into the drivers side window of his car. My entire body froze. The whole world stopped. From that moment on, I’ve never been the same. Fighting back would mean taking on someone who nearly double my weight, about 4 inches taller and male. He used his size and male dominance to intimidate, control, overpower and coerce me into paralysis, where all I could do was obey him. Running away would be a guarantee of further abuse, so I froze. He never needs a reason to be violent, it’s just who he is.

And then there's the *next* time. On June 10th, Julius, Michael's then 10 year son and I were peacefully at home enjoying some quiet time. I was preparing to go to work to film a movie at 19:00h. Michael suddenly came in raging, drunk driving home from his personal trainer's after lying about his whereabouts. He proceeded to argue with Julius and I for unbeknownst reasons. Michael then threw a dinner plate at Julius' head from across the kitchen and it shattered behind him. Julius and I were both terrified; the monster was back. We locked eyes trying to protect ourselves and each other from this unpredictable, pugnacious being. Michael then tried to leave again, but I was fearful of him driving intoxicated for the sake of civilian life, so I attempted to stop him. There were various bottles of open alcohol in his car and when he tried to drive away he slammed the drivers side door on my body so hard I was bruised. Michael did all of this in front of his son. Julius called his mother, Jennifer and she rushed over to rescue him from his father, so I could flee to work. I left Michael at the house. I was late to the film set and so distraught I could barely function. I was afraid to go home after we wrapped.

Michael uses *any* excuse to become enraged. He justifies his actions and constantly shifts blame to *anyone* or anything but himself. His favourite thing to do was berate me and attack me verbally for hours: calling me every name in the book from slut, to whore, bitch, cunt, low life, good for nothing, lazy, and then stone wall in silence for days on end, refusing to even acknowledge my existence. Michael created such a dangerous environment for Julius and I, Jennifer even invited me to stay at her home. She knows what he is capable of, often stating "Julius wouldn't be good without you". Their marriage was only 7 months long as well.

July 19th after one of his escapades, was the *next* time he slapped my face with his open palm right across my cheek so hard it flushed red. I can still feel it. He took his abuses a step further that day, this time by cracking my forehead into the front door and splitting it open. (PHOTO) I fell over from the impact, further bruising my head and legs. (PHOTO) I was terrified and I left for my parents house shortly after. (Photos)

All of these graphic incidents were features on his backdrop of pressures for sex using language like "if you don't sleep with me, I'll go out and find maybe one or two other women to fuck," exposing his genitalia to my female friends unwarranted, attempting to force me to perform sexual acts in front of other people, forcing his son to parade around in Hitler masks, urinating on my office toilet seat as an act of territorial possession, attempting to burn my hand bags on the stove, demolishing my personal belongings, opening my personal mail, attempting to take out a life insurance policy on me and his constant and explosive demands about cleaning, cooking, relentless pressure to perform "wifely" duties. Nothing was ever good enough for Michael. No matter what I did or how I aimed to please, it was NEVER the right move. I just wanted the man back as he introduced himself in the first 5 months, but that ideal is not the reality of who Michael is.

Michael was an expert at making me feel worthless and he sadistically loved that. He knows *exactly* what he is doing. He ripped my hair out of my head, he slapped me on more than one occasion. Julius confided in me that he has been strangled by his

own father and that he was scared to be alone with him. It got so dangerous that Julius, and I risk saying this, as I am afraid Michael will go home and beat him tonight, texted me to call the police on his own father. I wound up in hospital with a severe panic attack, after a night of Michael's harassment and sneaking other women into the house when I was at work. The doctors knew something was wrong at home. Michael meticulously strategizes to lure innocent people into his orbit and inflict nearly lethal pain on them, in order to fuel his bottomless need to feel more powerful. I nearly, completely lost myself in his destruction. That's exactly what he wanted.

From the first time he assaulted me I was trying to assess the best and safest way to *leave*. We lived together during COVID, so I was already isolated and he was breaking me down day by day. My journals, including this one which he tore in half in a fit of rage (reference ripped journals) have daily heartbreaking notes of my escape attempts, recognition of his abuse, self safety planning, concern from friends, suspicions from family members, embarrassment, covering up for him for fear of worse retaliation, constant debilitating fear for my life, my assistance to protect his son from abuses, disjointed thoughts about how to merely survive, and endless paragraphs about Michael's entrapment, control, verbal, sexual, mental and physical abuse. Every day was fraught with danger. The fear consumed me. I was trapped and....

When I did try to finally leave, Michael knew it. Then he tried to kill me.

On Saturday July 31st 2021 he confined me in our house for nearly 4 hours and beat me so violently with a wooden rolling pin, I nearly didn't survive. He could not find his car keys, and he thought I should die for that. He committed unspeakable actions: split my head open and nearly tore my left ear off. He pinned me down and gauged my eyes out with his thumbs. He brutalized my body so badly I have scars on it. I can still hear him pounding my face and cracking my jaw and nose with his fist. He did not stop for nearly 4 hours, even when I tried to shower to wash all of my blood off of me. You cannot wash blood out of your hair even with shampoo, blood binds to the hair. The entire shower was sea of red. I'll never forget the smell. Then he came back for more. He threatened to kill me and my family. I was begging for my life when the SWAT finally showed up (Photos) I was hospitalized with life threatening injuries, but finally, finally made it out alive. But of course, not until after I had to fight Michael off of for sex, barely conscious, broken, bruised and covered in my own blood.

*"Why does **he** abuse?"*

And a better question *"WHY IS HE ALLOWED TO GET AWAY WITH IT?"*

Even after I escaped him, his abuse continued. He hacked into my iCloud and deleted the majority of our relationship conversation on iMessage to remove whatever digital evidence was there. He tried to bribe me into dropping the criminal charges against him in exchange for money. He dated another woman from a foreign country after me for the exact same amount of time of his marriage and our relationship was- SEVEN months.

She reached out to me on social media concerned for her safety. I tried to respond severely times. She has since, disappeared.

The long term effects of major concussion, nerve damage, traumatic brain injury and emotional and mental taxation have nearly ruined my life. My interpersonal relationships have all suffered immensely. I have flashbacks of all of his abuse, Ive never been able to truly relax since. I don't even want to give him the satisfaction of knowing that he did hurt me this badly but:

I do not feel safe no matter how far away I live from him. I will never feel safe in Toronto or Canada again. I fear for the safety of my family. I fear for the safety of my former neighbours. I fear for the safety my friends. I am frightened beyond words for Julius and Jennifer, who are still stuck in Michael's abuse. I am so, so deeply frightened for the next woman to fall victim to his trap. Frankly, I have deep concern for anyone who crosses his path. *Every single* day I live in fear of him. I hope, but have *zero* faith, there won't be a *next* time. I'd bet my life on it that he will never stop.

**Michael Paul Volavka is a violent abuser.**

**But he is not worth another second of my breath.**