

Purple Cried

K-State Students' Accounts
of Violence, Trauma,
and
Sexual Assault

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*Between age 14 and college graduation,
1 in 4 university women
will suffer
an attempted or completed
sexual assault.¹*

¹ <http://www.oneinfourusa.org/>

Our Stories

This collection is dedicated
to all those women
and men, girls and boys,
family members and friends
who speak out to help others.

Your courage is an inspiration to all of us.



Stop
Hurting
Us

Victim's Impact Statement

**in Riley County Court
for Sentencing-
(Resulted in maximum sentence given)
-KSU student, 2003-2004**

I would first like to thank you, Judge, and the court, for taking the time to hear my thoughts. I would really like to thank the prosecutor's office for all of their hard work and support throughout my case.

This event has affected my life in ways I cannot put into words for you today. The amount of trauma and emotional stress this has caused me are truly unquantifiable. November 25th is a date that will haunt me for years to come.

Before this date I was confident; confident in my strength, confident in my looks, confident in my peers, confident in my own control over my life. That night changed virtually every part of me. I now question myself on nearly every decision I make, wondering what the hidden consequences may be. I now question every outfit I own, wondering if it invites men to take advantage of me. I do not trust anyone, especially men. Most importantly, I lost control of my own life. My emotions overcome me at inopportune times, I am terrified to open up to anyone, afraid they will betray my trust; and I get nervous when any man approaches me. My life was put on hold, and my closure

repeatedly pushed farther down the road. That night I lost a part of myself, and I will never be able to get it back.

The months that have followed my rape have been overwhelming and challenging, but I have persevered, learning to adapt in order to survive.

In these past 11 months I have been forced to change virtually every aspect of my life.

I was forced to quit my job because that man and his friends were constantly roaming the halls of the mall. The constant reminder was unbearable, so I chose to take the matter into my own hands and alter my life in order to take control of whatever elements I could.

I have never been much of a partier, and I hardly ever drink more than one beer, but since my rape I no longer wish to go out or drink at all. I am too afraid to drink and let loose with my friends because I constantly feel uncomfortable and scared; scared I will have that last drink that pushes me over the edge, scared that someone I trust will betray me, scared that I will again be violated and then blamed for it.

I cannot explain the impact this has had on just the littlest things in my life. I used to love getting dressed up, I used to love to walk into a room and feel sexy. But now I look at those clothes in disgust. When choosing an outfit I lean towards jeans and a t-shirt. Unconsciously I gave into the stereotype that I got raped because I was doing something wrong; wearing too provocative of clothing, sending the wrong signals, asking

for it; somehow forgetting that on the night of my rape I wore a ball cap and fleece hooded sweatshirt.

When I think about this fact it makes me angry--- I was not asking for anything, and no matter what I was wearing, or how drunk I was, it did not give that man the right to do the things only he knows he did to me!

This experience has been incredibly painful. It took weeks for the physical pain of that night to diminish. I am grateful not to know the details of those hours, knowing the little I do is enough to make me sick. I will never forget hearing the doctor's voice reciting for record the amount of tearing, the placement of tearing, and the bleeding.

As I stand here today, and as I sat writing this, all I could think was 'how do I measure the impact this has had on my life?' There is so much to think of, so much to sum up. This has been an incredible struggle for me. I have had so many people tell me, 'you are stronger than this,' or 'you can't let him win, stop crying,' or 'you're smart, you can write a statement,' and all I can say is they are right.

I am strong, and I am smart, and I sure as hell don't want to let him win; but for some reason all that doesn't matter right now. People don't realize what this process involves, how it breaks down even the strongest person. I want to open people's eyes to this trauma: The rape kit, which is not only shockingly expensive and painful considering the tearing which has already

occurred, but also allows several strangers to see and touch areas that have just hours ago been violated. Not only is there the scare of STDs and pregnancy, but the medicines prescribed to prevent STDs are expensive and have severe complications in themselves, including causing flu like symptoms and liver problems; not to mention going back to the doctor every three weeks to be retested.

There are the thoughts that the event in itself makes you sexually undesirable to every other man you meet. But the worst part of the process is the waiting.

Preparing for court; toughening up to face the man who wreaked havoc on your life and his lawyer who will inevitably call you a drunken whore no matter what the facts state. I have prepared and made plans, and changed plans--- all for his convenience, his rights.

I ask today where my rights have gone in this process, when my convenience is a factor in the equation. I have put school, work, and closure off for eleven months, and each time I saw the end in sight my closure was pushed back; my life put on hold for another three months.

As I stand here I have the answer for you sir, and the court. The impact this event has had on my life is immeasurable. I do not know when the pain will ease. I do not know when I will trust someone again. I do not know when I will be able to think of this even t without crying. I do not know when I will feel comfortable just being me again.

Because of these unknowns I stand here today and ask you for
your judgment.

I ask that you enforce the maximum punishment for this man's
crime.

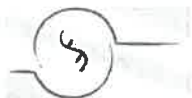
I ask this knowing that the full amount of time sentenced will
rarely be served, but maybe the uncertainty will punish that man
as much as it has punished me these past eleven months.

I ask that you require him to pay the Crime Victims
Compensation Board 100% of the medical costs they have so kindly
taken care of for me.

Along with the medical costs, I ask that you require him to be
responsible to the board for the counseling I choose to take
part in.

I ask you to hold him accountable for his actions.

I ask that you show him and his kind this violent behavior is
unacceptable, and will no longer be tolerated.





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If there is a next life,
I want to be a female lion,
walking gracefully on the prairie,
but
when someone tries to hurt me,
my roaring would make him shake
and my teeth and paws would tear him apart!

C.-- 2006

My Perfect Life

I can still imagine my perfect life.
The perfect family, the perfect friends, and living every day as if there were no tomorrow.
I was invincible, trusting everyone and believing that
no one in this entire world would ever hurt me.
October 24 was the day my so-called "perfect" life came crashing down, leaving me
feeling nothing
but horrified, powerless, dazed, and completely traumatized. My world unexpectedly went from
"perfect" to extremely unstable, in a matter of hours.

It was Homecoming Week.
What started out as a simple evening of hanging out with friends turned into something that left
me with an incredibly pessimistic view of life. We were at Fast Eddie's pool hall in Manhattan
with our homecoming partners.
We decided to make our way to Fat's Bar and Grill where there were many others having a good
time. While sitting at the bar, I was approached by a very handsome and charming individual.
To my surprise, his hometown was not far from mine and right away we struck up a
conversation. Pulling up a chair beside me, we continued talking until the bartender kicked us
out at closing time. Because we were in the middle of conversation, he asked if my friend and I
wanted to join him and his friend at his nearby apartment for some wine that he had bought
earlier. We hesitated at first since we had just met them, but decided it would be okay to go
because they seemed like good guys.
When we got to their apartment, they poured us each a glass of wine and we listened to
some music while continuing our conversation. I was starting to develop somewhat of a crush
on this guy because he was so attractive, and the lifelong goals and ambitions he shared with me
were captivating.

It wasn't long before I noticed that I wasn't feeling well. I motioned for my friend to join me in the bathroom where I proceeded to get sick and throw up. As I came out of the bathroom the guys noticed something was wrong and asked if I was okay. I said I was fine but that we should probably get going since it was getting kind of late.

On our way to the door,

I noticed the guy I had been talking to had disappeared, and out of the corner of my eye I saw him in a doorway beckoning for me to come toward him. Not thinking twice, I walked down the hallway to see what he wanted and he shut the door behind me, closing us in his room. He picked up a bottle of cologne off his dresser and said he just got it and wanted my opinion on it.

I sniffed it and told him I thought it smelled wonderful and that's when he reached for something else.

Grabbing a glass of wine from his dresser top, he asked me to take a drink.

I refused since I had already gotten sick and told him I just needed to find my friend and get home. He wouldn't take no for an answer, convincing me that he "promised" I would like this kind. I took a drink and before long started to feel really dizzy. He noticed this and told me I needed to sit down so I would feel better.

By this time, the entire room felt like it was spinning. I lay down and that is the last thing I remember. There was a period of time where I was completely blacked out. The next thing I remember is waking up with what I had thought was this great guy on top of me not being charming, but forcefully raping me. I stumbled to my feet and out the door while he yelled at me, telling me I "don't know who he is and what his business is about."

Kicking me out the door

I was left in the very cold streets of Manhattan, shaking and shivering and feeling completely disoriented. My friend and the other guy found me and carried me back to a different apartment where they found a ride for us back to my sorority house. When we arrived at the house, several

girls had to carry me inside. During this moment, I could hear every word that was being said, but my body felt like it was in a coma. I couldn't move a muscle. I found it very difficult to breathe and like I was in a terrible dream that I could not escape. Waking up the next day, I still found it hard to move my body and I expressed my concern to my roommates. One of my roommates had heard K-State's Women Center Advocate give a speech at Greek 101 and called her for advice. Since I hadn't showered, she told them they needed to get me to the emergency room right away so I could be checked out. When we arrived at the hospital, a member from the K-State Women's Center was there to console me and help me through what seemed like the hardest part of it all. My body had already been violated once and now it was about to be violated once more by getting a rape kit done. I soon encountered what felt like a spiraling effect of shock, denial, and anger in an intensity greater than I had ever expected. I quickly realized that this wouldn't be a simple process. I felt as if I were numb, like no amount of help possible could ever pull me out of this giant hole that I was in. In next to no time, I became very withdrawn and distant from the people in my life. I wanted to not only forget about what had happened, but also avoid situations that would trigger my memories of the incident. Shortly after the unpleasant event, I knew that I couldn't continue to deny the emotional impact it had upon my life. I did what every person hates to do, I asked for help. I was referred to a specialist on campus who works for the K-State Women's Center, the advocate. Although this was hard, she gave me a feeling of acceptance and helped me to realize that I had self-worth and strength to get through this traumatic experience. Receiving help from my friends and family was something that became my "saving grace." Even though only a few knew about what had happened,

being surrounded by smiling faces every day helped me make it through. Not only did they listen to me, but they also expressed an amazing amount of support and comforted me in ways I can't even explain. They assured me that what had happened was not my fault and that I, in no way, deserved something like this to happen to me.

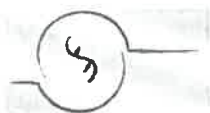
My friends and family helped me know that this experience would cause much disruption in my life, but that I would recover.

Unfortunately, there are so many women each year who have experiences similar to my own.

I tell my story today to inform you that what you've heard happens more than you know, possibly by people you know. There is something that each of us can do to stop this from happening. We can live as a man or women of integrity every day. Your actions truly speak about who you are. Each of us has a purpose in life, even as students.

I strongly encourage each of you to reflect on your own purpose, and to live it.

k



Free Liquor and the Best Attorneys

As I walk through the Manhattan streets
it is almost always nostalgic,
as I went to school here in the 70's & 80's.
I lived here in Old Town, they now call it, in houses or apartments, always
looking to improve my digs
as seniors moved on and a cool house opened up.

I used to walk these streets at night,
I knew where the big yellow cat with scarred face and big jowls roamed.
I knew where the alleys were with the best stands of Hollyhocks,
hiding the trashcans.
But now there is a new layer of experience as I pass by the houses and
apartments
Here in Old Town.

Today, I passed some apartments right across from the city park,
around 11th and Poyntz.
In the Rarely Ending Stream Of Thought that distracts me from Peace, was :

There is where Beth lived.
There is where Beth staggered to, the night a human being in Aggieville decided
to take away-- to steal -- all her control and self-sovereignty.

A sweetly decorated bedroom
in that apartment complex was where, during the winter of 2002, Beth lay down
afraid, confused, stunned,
after having been invited with her friend for a “free drink” at a liquor store,
where she was drugged and raped by the owner, a man named Kent who’d once
played football for KSU.
I know it was all in the papers, but there is something about passing
her little apartment that hurts
me in my heart.
Something about the blood on her face as she staggered home
Which was her menstrual blood.
Something about the lawyer later saying, her pants would never have come off
over her boots...unwillingly...
Something that makes me wonder
why the Grown-Ups in our culture cannot do something about these “men” ...
I know the stats are that 1 of 6 women will be assaulted in their lifetime.
If you are a Man, you’re likely to have dated or been brother or son or father
to a victim of violent crime.
But
there is something about seeing that apartment—I wonder who is living there
now?—that chills me.

When the drugs wore off, Beth went to the police.
Eventually many others came forward and stated that the same man had
committed the same crime against them.
In court, one is usually prohibited from testifying that one was drugged.
The jury hears things that make them think,
Oh She Was Drunk.
The jury does not get to hear about how confused and terrifying
Terrifying Terrifying being drugged is.
Beth got counseling. She went through the trial.
One day, the Fear fell away.
Yes,
He had the Best Lawyer in Kansas.
Yes, they were trying to destroy her character for the jury.
(I mean, she is telling the truth or she is a Huge Deranged Liar, right?)
But one day in court, the Fear fell away like a veil from her face.
Beth had the truth. She had the Truth!
She was vindicated legally. She graduated. She went with the Peace Corps to
Africa. She is back, and beautiful, and full of intelligence and vitality.



Stitches from Senegal

The Reach of Violence

When you're young the world looks different.

I thought the world I grew up in, --in the fifties through the seventies--
that I could believe the people I loved would always be there to protect, love,
and comfort me.

Well that all changed when someone close to me was killed.
My grandfather was a victim of a hit and run driver and
left in the middle of the street.

People don't realize how their actions affect other people's lives. That day
destroyed my family and me, my grandfather played numerous roles in my life,
but foremost he was my best friend.
And now he was gone.

When violence happens it's like a circle,
it winds itself around you and suffocates you.
In 1969, I was raped at gunpoint. I had run away from home.
I was 14 and I was taken to a park where four guys took turns.

I was not only traumatized physically, but mentally. I didn't have
anyone to tell. I lost trust in all adults. Today I'm still mistrustful of people. I
don't have close relationships with anyone.
When violence occurs, it touches everyone;
it's a cycle that's played out over and over. I can't continue.





Because he was my boyfriend

[so, He murdered my mother but it wasn't really murder because he was
my boyfriend.

[He stole my car but it wasn't theft because he was my boyfriend.
He hit me in the eye but it wasn't assault because he was my boyfriend.]

Actually
He raped me and forced me to do things I
Did
Not
Want
To
Do

ButTheySaid
it wasn't really rape
because
he was my boyfriend

m.todd



Today wasn't my strong day
Don't look me in the face
Because high my head won't stay
The tears leave paths erratically traced

When you see me can you say
that you were proud to know
that with me you had prayed
that you've seen me grow
I hope that now it's shown
you won't think any less
even the strong get blown
breaking under the stress

Today wasn't my strong day
Don't look me in the face
For up high my head just won't stay
As tear tracks dry, I hide their trace

Years down the road
I hope her eyes don't hate
there resentment may abide
will it deter her from fate?
A man will enter my life
I can't even make contact
losing to an internal strife
unable to make love a fact

Today wasn't my strong day

Did you see my face?
Or that one tear that went astray
Of my struggle, it's a small trace

A dark night lies in my past
that left me scarred and tainted
setting me apart fast
a changed life was painted
I hope I will one day move on
that I'll be able to be normal
but I know that that's gone
that I can no longer fulfill

I pray with each new day
for the strength and courage
to carry on and never astray
from what was now in my life merged

Today wasn't my strong day
So that many more could be
From this path I'll never stray
Because God is always with me

Written by a crime victim who paid dearly.
But now, All is Well.
Even Better than Well.

grace stone

The rapists

hadn't regarded it as a crime, or probably even as an inappropriate act.

They had culled her from the dance floor, steered her down the hall, and while two of the men stood in the doorway of a dusty storage area, the other two used her rather sadistically, she having been stripped and laid on a bench in such a position that while one violated her from behind, the other arranged himself under and in her mouth and waited his turn to move to the back.

When the four were almost finished, her fetal position and wounded crying noises prompted one to remark, "I don't think she's into it anymore."

It appeared that the fraternity house where the felony occurred was not investigated.

How does one investigate a party?
The freshman transferred to another university.

Just like some that have transferred here.



One Mother's Plea

Dear President Wefald,
I'm writing this letter to you in regard to a male student at your school.
His name is [Eddie].

He transferred from a school out of state.
On September 1st, I received a late night telephone call from my daughter.
She was sobbing uncontrollably, she informed me that Eddie has been beating/abusing her, for
the past three or more months.
Can you imagine receiving such a telephone call from your child?

My daughter's name is CC. She lives off campus. She is 20 years old.
When she was telling me about it over the telephone,
I was silent for approximately 10-15 minutes,
because I was in complete shock.

Apparently, that night around 9:00 pm, he had beaten her again, causing her mouth to bleed. One
of CC's roommates, Jay, had to pull Eddie off of her. The police were called and had arrived, but
Eddie had already left the house. When Eddie called Jay on Jay's cell phone while the police
were at the house, he asked Eddie *where are you?* Eddie's response was, "It is no one's business
where I'm at."

The police told my daughter that it is a slim chance that he will be arrested, because there is no
evidence.

He has beat her up on numerous occasions.
He has punched her in the face, kicked her in the stomach, choked her to point that she can't
breath, spit on her, bruised her face and neck, caused her to bleed in the face—
He has punched her in the mouth (causing her mouth to bleed).
He verbally assaults her, calling her names likes *bitch*. He has the gall to give her an ice pack
after he has beat her up.
Sounds like a typical abuser to me.

This Eddie is out of control.
My daughter has two roommates, one male, one female. Eddie took it upon himself to take my daughter's spare key ring with her car & her house key on it. He won't give that back to her. He has threatened to slash her tires. This arrogant bully is an abuser. He has no right to beat up on my daughter or any other woman. I know he drinks hard liquor a lot too.

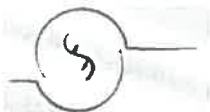
Mr. Wefald, do you have any children? **Do you have a daughter?** If so, hopefully, you haven't had to deal with your daughter being abused by a man.

I'm so afraid that I'll get a telephone call with news that he has killed her.

He has chipped away at her spirit. There is no excuse for that type of behavior.

Actual letter received by several K-State staff several years ago.

The K-State woman got assistance, and graduated with honors.





Thoughts After a Class About Rape

The last couple weeks of class have been very emotional for me and at times, a little hard to digest. Although I myself have been in less than desirable sexual situations, I feel that now more than ever, I will never be able to fully understand the wide array of feelings that a victim experienced after this crime has violated them. I have friends and friends of friends that have dealt with this, but I still don't feel that I will ever be able to know their whole story because of all they have had to deal with. My friends and I have been dealing with a lot this semester.

One of my very close friends was raped a year ago at a party and after much support and consideration, she has decided to push forward with legal proceedings. It feels as if he has infiltrated our lives, our social circle, and the way that we view others around us.

He is there at Pat's, Rusty's, or Tubby's. He is sitting around drinking a beer with his ignorant buddies and laughing about something that I'm sure isn't that funny. He is stalking unsuspecting women with his eyes as they walk past his table unknowingly. They have no idea the amount of pain and destruction he is capable of. But we know.

We have seen the wreckage and damage that he has left behind as a personal calling card on our very dear friend. We feel the rage bubbling up inside when we see his smug face or hear of another woman's story. It is as if we too have a relationship with him that will just never go away.

If I ever see him again, which I know that I will, I will not be able to just walk by
not knowing what he is.
The unseen aspect of rape's aftermath has become a part of my every day life.

I will never know the pain that my friend, his victim, feels on a regular basis. Or
the possible fear that invades her heart and mind when we call her and tell her that we
saw him out, yet again. I don't know that I will ever be able to help her ease that pain,
but at the same time I don't know if it's my place.

She must find that comfort within herself to face those demons and then leave
them behind. She transferred to an east coast school. I'm not sure how healing will
happen for her. I suspect that for some women, it never does happen.

-M.H.



Ali Kemp

"I Wish I Was There,

In a Wonderful Place

Where No One Knows the Word "Hate."

I Wish I Was There,

In a Wonderful Place

Where Everyone Knows the Word "Love."

These phenomenal words, written in a poem by the late Ali Kemp, rang in my ears during my PEERS class today. I have personally known Ali since I was three years old and her murder and attempted rape for some reason came flooding back to me. I'm not exactly sure why this poem by Ali came into my head and rang so true. I guess I have just never taken the time to let it affect me.

Who are these men who think they have the power to do these horrific things to other humans? How is it possible?

My Sister

Last week's class couldn't have come at a better time. I left with my mind racing, thinking a million different things. I think listening to Kelly, a rape victim, speak so openly and bravely about her experience has given me a new, fresh perspective. It made me even more curious about my sister Laura's perspective now on her experience 4 or 5 years ago.

Laura and I have talked before about what she went through, although until this weekend there were things I hadn't heard yet. Some of the things made me really angry, and other things we talked about made me feel a lot better and less worried about her. She also encouraged me to continue being involved with this class, and even gave me more ideas of how to help others.

I asked her if she had any regrets on the whole experience. At the time of her assault, Laura didn't press charges. She never went to get an exam, she didn't even tell anyone about her assault until 4 months after it happened. She told me that, looking back, she may not have done things the "right" way, but she did what was right for her.

She wouldn't have wanted to face a trial or have to go through with any other interactions with that "man." Her only regret, she said, was he never fully realized the negative impact of what he had done to her.

She also said that although she knew she should have told people what happened, it was something she had to come to terms with before she could even begin to tell others.

I asked her about the depression she faced for so long after her assault, and also about her drinking. She apologized to me for seeing her like that, thanked me for all I had done for her, and said she was

a better person now for everything she went through. I think I'll remember this conversation forever, because it helps me see that not all rape victims are the same, and what is best for one victim is not necessarily best for another. It will be a constant reminder to me that although rape is a very serious and devastating crime, everyone has the right to make up their own mind about the actions they choose to take.

This conversation also opened up other issues about rape. Rape is a very calculated crime. It manifests itself in our society and inside the minds of the victims it takes. It has the power to devastate, and the power to lift one above their surroundings and overcome pain.

I see now that my sister is not the same person as she was before.

And although I would take away the pain and her assault if I could, she is the beautiful, smart, confident woman she is today despite and because of her experience. I'm happy to see that she has healed dramatically since her experience, but I will always have the image of my sister crippled with pain and stuck inside her mind, unable to make it through.

This will haunt and inspire me every day for the rest of my life.

-L.



TRUST

The trust bond that is established between a stranger and an individual is not strong at all but the trust bond between an individual and their best friend is one that has probably been worked on for years. My best friend and I had a bond that we had both worked on for about more then 3 years we trusted each other and would never do anything to hurt each other or so I thought. What would make this situation worse was not only did he have my trust but he was also the best friend of my boyfriend at the time so he had gained his trust as well. My best friend at the time was your typical popular All-American Football player in high school and I was just an ordinary out-going very energetic teenager. He was one that I never knew could do something so terrible as what he did to me.

The day was December 16, 2006 it was during my senior year and we were hanging out at my ex best friends house with our other friends like any other Saturday night. It was getting later and we were all becoming hungry so he decided he wanted to go grab some food from McDonald's. He asked if I wanted to join him, I agreed because in my mind it was just another late night food trip. As we were driving to the restaurant we discussed our future plans and how we wanted to remain best friends in the future. He also mentioned how jealous he was of my boyfriend because he had been wanting to date me. I just kind of blew it off and didn't think anything of that situation. On our way back he stopped at a stop sign and had leaned in to kiss me, I pulled away and told him we should continue on going home. He continued to drive and then had stopped driving and parked on the side of the street. I knew we were close to his house but it was so dark and I didn't really know how to get back to the house. He leaned in again to kiss me and ran his hands around my body. As I pulled away he started to become more rough and before I knew it the innocent kisses had become rough

touching and a strong young man was on top of me holding my arms down.

As I screamed for him to stop his determination just became stronger.

He finally stopped-
looked me in the eye and apologized as much as he
could and cried. He asked if I could please not tell anyone I agreed
because I knew he always had a gun in his truck and
I was afraid that
he would kill me.

As we returned to his house he once again asked that
I didn't tell anyone but wanted me to just let it go.

That night when I got home I felt horrible, I cried myself to sleep, and
wished that I could forget it because since he was my friend maybe it
wouldn't effect me. The next day I realized it effected me more then
what I thought. I finally told my mom the following night and she
drove me to the emergency room where they began tons of testing,
questions, and finally I was put on tons of medications. The beginning
days I didn't want to press charges because I was terrified of the
judgment from all of our friends. I finally got over it and decided to
press charges and then the police told me that there was not enough
proof that anything happened, it was just my word against his.

I have gone on with my life,
I have my moments when I just can't believe
this had happened to me and it becomes hard for me to trust others and
it's hard to be happy with my body.

But one thing I don't want is for
him to know that he still has power over me and with that thought it
makes me stronger every day.

I am now sharing my story
because I want other survivors to know that they can continue on
surviving
and
I also want to continue on spreading awareness that something like a rape can
happen to anyone by anyone.



I was a K-State Junior.

I was on a blind date with a guy my friend had set me up with-- we met at a restaurant and had some drinks at Little Apple Brewery and sat down, had dinner. We were having a good time, the conversation was good, he was very complimentary of me, seemed a sweet person.

Then after dinner, he told me about a party his friends were having. And so I rode with him in his car to the party; my friends were going to meet us there.

I walked into the house and there was about a dozen people sitting around the couches with a coffee table in the middle, doing lines of coke (cocaine).

I felt very uncomfortable, and so I turned and I told him, I thought he had the wrong idea about who I was, I wasn't into this, so I'm going to leave the party.

In front of the people in the room, he flew off the handle--he started me calling me all these names, a slut, a whore, a bitch, "You're stupid for not wanting to be here with me"-- everything he could think of to put me down. I stood there and let him say everything he wanted to say.

Then I said "Are you finished," he said "No--so I'm not going to get laid?" I stood there--I could not believe he had just said that. He said, "I knew I should have put a roofie in your drink."

I was so overwhelmed with emotion, I didn't know how to express myself verbally—so I just punched him. I never felt like this before. I have never done anything like this - I couldn't think of anything else to do.

I said, "Now, I am going to excuse myself from the party."
I went outside, walked about a block, and called my friend who had set us up for a ride home.



Ugly

Golden light pierced the depths, filtering like a glittering haze into the surrounding reefs. Silvery air bubbles swiftly darted to the oceans foamy surface as they systematically escaped the confines of the two divers below. A strong, knowing hand led her deeper, where the daylight shimmered against the paleness of the white sand.

Rainbow fish, of many colors and many varieties circled, spun, and fled around the pair as they continued downward. The sea was at her fingertips. One of the world's most magnificent coral reefs, teeming with life, grew miles in every direction. There were nooks and crannies simply craving discovery.

Reaching the depth of the instructor's discretion, they stopped amid a school of angel fish. Artificial flippers patted the sand into small whirlpools as she stepped onto the ocean floor for the very first time. Arms flung out, she spun in a circle, using the toe of her flipper to twist her body once, enjoying the feel of nothing but water in every directions- like flying, only beneath the waves.

Swimming up next to her, the man rested an understanding hand on her bare shoulder as they both stared, half standing, half floating in the blue.

His fingers tread lightly through her floating hair tendrils, and eventually come to rest on her spine, massaging the small of her back.

Bristling, her eyes darted sideways, attempting to glimpse the man in her impaired peripheral vision. The black plastic of her mask and another firm hand planted against her cheek prevented any further inspection or movement.

Heart speeding a touch, she tried to casually swim forward, away from the harsh hand on her face, and the soft touch on her back. Managing only inches, she roughly found herself pulled backwards by two hands, now no longer familiar.

Her mind raced. *It's okay, he's just playing. You'll tease him about it later.* Grabbing her by the waist now, he floated her around and reeled her in until they were mask to mask. Using his feet expertly, he kicked off his flippers and removed hers while leaning forward until the lead on their weight belts pulled them down, gravity causing them to drift gently into the

sand. When she tried to move, another thought kicked in. *HE knows what he's doing. You're fifty point three freaking feet underwater, and he has the knife and the know-how*, she thought, eyeing the sharp net cutting blade strapped to his calf.

No longer wanting
or caring

to view his face,
she looked away,

her baby blues coming to rest on any number of fish as the thought of all the things she should
have done, could have done... but didn't.

Jesus. Come on, kid, get a hold of yourself.

It will be quick; you'll tell the police and be done with this nonsense.

Before she could chastise herself any further, she realized that the lower half of her two piece had been slipped off, and one of his hands parade inside of her as if she were some sort of novelty. She felt tears, and knew how absurd they were as they began fogging up the plastic pane of her mask. No more thoughts came after he climbed on top. Both of her arms were held stiffly against the sand while her lower half was pushed repeatedly down. She no longer had the will or the guts to fight back.

Pain.

Pain down there, worse than anything she had felt in her life.

What will I tell Mom? What will Mom tell Dad? Her thoughts wandered. A brief sense of turmoil, then as if time had stopped,... nothing. *Am I dead?* No... he wasn't there. Lifting herself from the sand, she blindly felt around. Her flippers had been shoved beneath her spread eagle legs. Going by feel, she slipped them on, and ignoring the burning below, she slowly kicked towards the surface.

Upon feeling the gentle, salty breeze on her cheek, she removed the worthless, foggy mask and swam the diving ship's hull where she beat the side- the sign for the work boy to pull her up.

Grabbing the line thrown in, the boy pulled her up.

His eyes widened in surprise
as she crashed to the wood deck wearing only half of her bathing suit.
Taking the nearest towel,

she kicked off the flippers and dropped the tank off her back, allowing it to hit the ship deck
with a loud clatter.
Slowly, an understanding of her indecency occurred and she quickly wrapped the towel about
her waist, covering her shaking legs.
“Dear?” a voice called calmly.
“Coming, Mom...” she staggered forward, ignoring the boy as he laughed.

Beautiful

They sat across from each other:
she rested on the crumbling brick wall, he sat in the grass at her feet.

“So you trust them?” he arched an eyebrow. Curious.
“Yes, and it’s really weird, because I always said I’d never be caught dead with a guy
while I was alone.”
Rocking back on the cold, smooth brick, she hugged her knees to her chest, nearly blushing.
“But these are good guys, I think.”
“Well, you’re here alone with me, aren’t you?” he jibed.
She stared, her cheeks pulling back in a grin. “But you’re gay.”
A long, long pause presided.
“Well, yes... this is true,” he smiled, understanding.
“I’ve never met guys like this. They really are nice. Granted, all they ever talk about
concerns engineering, or computers, or sometimes operating systems, but all that aside,” she
shrugged visibly, “They’re good people. I trust them.”

“Glad you’ve finally met some straight guys. I was beginning to worry.” He stood up,
spinning a twig between his fingertips.
“So tell me, any projected futures with these so called men?”
Her face turned serious again.

“You know I’m not ready for that.”
“It’s all good, kid,” he planted himself down next to her and they both sat watching the
sun slowly sink beneath the horizon.



Classmates in College

Last fall I lived in Haymaker Hall. We'd gotten ready to go out for the evening in our room. I was with my roommate, and then I think we met up with some other freshmen girls, and I believe we went over to the Fiji house first to hang out. We probably all started drinking at Fiji. I talked to a lot of people there; one of the people I spoke to was A. My friends and I had hung out the Fiji house in the couple weeks we'd been in Manhattan, so I knew him and had spoken to him before, had considered him a friend.

At some point we left and went over to another house, because there was a guy there I had been talking to and had a crush on. When we got there he had blown me off for another girl, which is when I got really upset and started drinking heavily. I know I had several beers; I know I drank from a whiskey bottle. Then we were just hanging out. I was upset, a little bit before we were going to leave I actually called my mom so upset over the fact that this guy had ditched me. I started feeling really drunk and at that point my memory gets really foggy. I can't remember everything I said to my mom, I remember crying hysterically into the phone.

My friends and I headed home, walking from the ATO house to the dorms, and one of our friends walked with us, E. He and my roommate and I had been hanging out since high school.

I don't remember the entire walk home. At some point I remember A. was talking to my roommate on the phone. She had to carry me part of the way home.

I don't remember, but I guess we got back to the dorms. I don't remember going up the elevator, or going in our room.

The next thing I remember, A. was above me, his face was right above mine. I could feel his weight on me. The next thing I remember was waking up the next morning, blood on my sheets, and I felt really weird. When I went to my desk, I saw a used condom in my trashcan. I asked my roommate what had happened the night before. She said that A. had come over. I have the top bunk and she has the bottom, I guess the whole bed shook. She told me that he got out of bed and he had waved the used condom in her face.

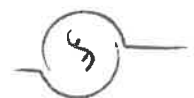
When I got up, (I asked my roommate about the condom).
I never really talked to anyone about it again.

There were a lot of changes after that, dealing with trust and being scared. Within a month, I wasn't acting much like myself anymore. I started checking the doors at night like 5 times a night (to make sure they were locked) and couldn't sleep any more. I started staying with my boyfriend because I didn't feel safe otherwise. Our relationship eventually suffered because of what I experienced that night.

My grades have also suffered. It put strain on some of my friendships, because they didn't understand me anymore.
I've been dealing with crying a lot for no apparent reason, feeling withdrawn from things. I get stomachaches that are really bad.

Before this happened I was carefree, I wasn't scared of people. Now at night I get terrified really easily. I only feel safe with certain people. I moved out of the dorm and into my sorority house.
I don't always feel safe even in my sorority house.

Since I decided to deal with this, and started talking about it, I've been getting some counseling.
I've thought about what it would mean to press charges with the police.
One thing is for sure—I never gave him consent to have sex with me. I never gave him consent to do anything with me. First of all I was so drunk I wasn't even conscious. I was so drunk and everyone could see that plainly.
Legally, A committed a rape. He just came into my room and gave me no chance to even defend myself.



survivor



After Hearing a Survivor Speak

My heart hurts.

After listening to K.M. speak, so many emotions have filled me.

I wasn't expecting this.

At the beginning of this class I felt as if I would never speak of my personal trauma, but after listening to K.M. I felt as if I could.

I have done numerous presentations to different organizations telling my story. Yet I have never felt the way I did after this particular class. I'm not sure whether it was because of the unique, warm setting, or because I was with people who I have learned to trust.

In recent years I have just begun to let myself hurt.

Because that's what is healthy.

It's healthy to hurt.

It isn't healthy to keep things to yourself and let your pain bottle up with no release of emotion. K.M. simply reinforced that within me.

I was so unbelievably proud of the survivor who wrote the victim's impact statement.

Looking back at my personal experience I wanted to desperately to have that opportunity. I wish I could have accomplished what she did.

She got a chance to tell the court system of the impact of her heinous violation.

So many women in our society aren't getting the opportunity to tell their story and get justice from the courts.

I look at different women who have been through this vicious crime and see the way they are portrayed in the media. I feel as if they are rarely given the opportunity to share their story and tell of the impact it had on their lives.

A part of me is incredibly jealous. A part of me wanted to desperately to scream to the world the way my particular victimization affected my life and completely shattered me.

To simply speak of my pain would have made a mountain of difference. I guess the way I get my validation now is through the presentations I do for high school students. I get the opportunity to change high school boys' impressions of rape and truly give them a life person who has faced the trauma and overcome it.

K.M.'s story was the one that truly touched my heart. So often people speak of college date rape and yet nobody thinks it can happen to them. Then

Kelly comes in and speaks of her trauma, this petite, beautiful woman whom nobody would ever guess this happened to. She has such strength to do what she does, and I admire the way she has handled this horrific time in her life.

Kansas State University students
don't realize that students HERE are getting assaulted.

Every day, girls on this campus are being physically
and psychologically violated.

As a campus community, we need to stand up and take action, and
have more people like Kelly out there telling their stories and
enlightening our student body.

Next year when I complete this course
I hope to have a chance to do what Kelly is doing:
To spread awareness

and even hope to K-State students.
She sends so much hope to the women she is reaching out to and
sending such a strong message to the males.

Hopefully I can take the information I have learned from watching her
and the personal knowledge I have myself and take my presenting to a whole
new level.

-M.

Peers Class Reflection Paper



An Equal Educational Experience?

I live on 10th and Moro, right next to Aggieville
and every night I come
home from campus (usually on a bike but many times walking)
very late
at night, usually at at least midnight to anytime after that.

Several times,
men have followed me very closely,
from Aggieville down the street near where I live.

This area is full of
back alleys and it is completely dark. Every time I loose sight of
someone (I always keep an eye over my shoulder) I fear he has gone into
a back alley to follow me where I definitely would not be able to see
him.

Every night I fear that I will be "ambushed" at my backdoor from
the dark void behind me.

(Well, Stop going to the library.
Stop going to your study groups.
Stop going to the gym.

STUDENTS' THOUGHTS ON AGGIEVILLE

I had some friends in town a few weeks ago; I met them for a drink at Tubby's. Turned out, the bouncer @ Tubby's that night was the same guy who drugged me and raped me two summers ago. At the time, he was bouncing at Rusty's, but he's now working at Tubby's....sick, sick, sick in SO many ways.

I am male, and I carry a knife with me if I go to Aggieville. I've seen it too often: guys drinking way too much looking for a fight. They want to fight me and do even worse to a girl. I'm from Kansas City, and in Westport, there are police EVERYWHERE. Anywhere you look, there are police. That's all you need. People in uniform to help prevent fights and rape.

I think you know about our (male) blind student who was beaten-up last April in the bathroom at Tubby's by 4 other men. I just wanted you to have that on your radar as well.

The student died in August. I am still not convinced it didn't have something to do with the aneurysm he suffered during the attack.

Late night meets last call: Is THE WORST TIME IN AGGIEVILLE. I feel more aware and concerned than some of my friends. When I leave Aggieville, I see things that make me cringe. Groups of guys just hanging out hitting on drunk passersby, especially females. I am intimidated by these situations and have responded negatively and I've had people get mad at me. Guys now have the EXPECTATION that women will drop everything and go home with them just because we are out drinking and walk by.

I FIND MYSELF QUESTIONING THE MOTIVES OF "THE MORE SOBER DUDE TAKING HER HOME."

When a woman is violated, it appears to be common practice to blame her for it, make excuse of some other kind, or simply ignore it. No one cares.

It is like, "Oh yeah, that rapist, yeah that happens sometimes," as though being raped was just a part of everyday life that someone should accept. I don't think Manhattan has some of the security issues of a larger town. I don't fear being robbed at gunpoint, or being beaten by a mob, or any sort of criminal craziness, with the exception of rape.

If I were to be harmed in this town,
I would expect the violation to come in the most intimate fashion: rape.

Being raped on my way home from a fun night with friends is a true fear of mine, so I hardly ever go out for drinks in Aggieville.

If I did, I would not walk home by myself.

I probably wouldn't walk home unless I was with more than five people. Men may not understand this fear. Men may say, "So what? What's the problem with walking home with friends? You shouldn't walk home alone. protect yourself!" The problem is: men don't have to walk home with friends. THAT'S PATRIARCHY!!! There are barely any streetlights between Aggieville and my house. **The streets are so dark that, if I did choose to walk home, I'd have to squint to see the sidewalk!** This is true; it is not an exaggeration.

Young women are unprotected in Manhattan.

Some bars in Aggieville don't even have locks on the bathroom doors.

I hear of rape almost everyday, and I am sick of it.

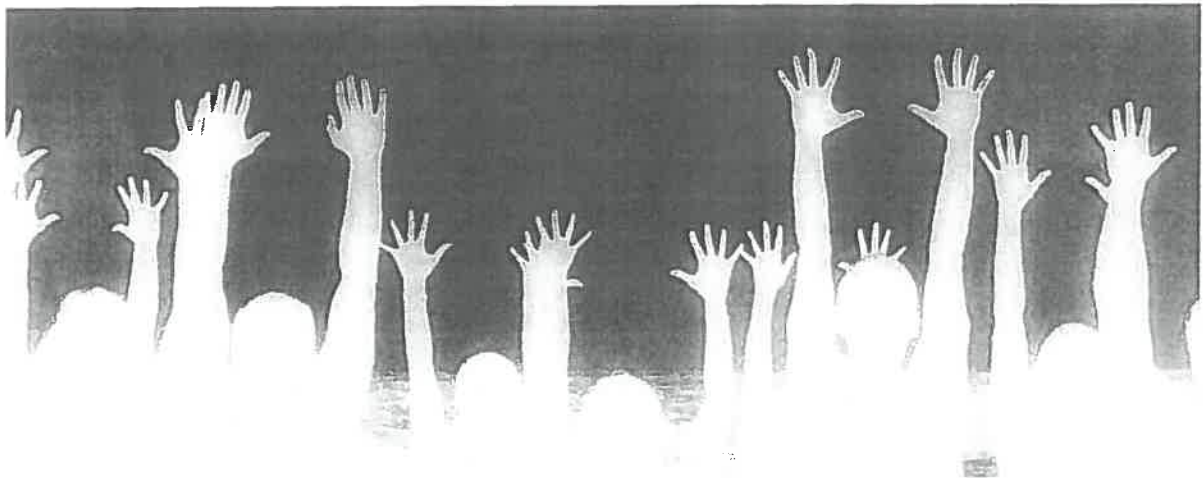
I am sick of it.

The bars and other businesses in Aggieville seem to be completely unconcerned with Rape.

Of course, what do they care? They made their money.

Mommy I'm Scared: Aggieville can be a scary place for a young woman to venture to for a night of fun. **Many bars do not have adequate numbers of bouncers to sufficiently monitor**

their establishments. I have been in bars that have patio areas or back rooms that are completely unmonitored, other than the occasional waitress. This creates not only an unsafe environment for customers, but also for waitress staff. Bars need to work on having all areas of their establishments securely monitored.



WHO HE IS

My dad's best friend growing up since they were 5 was Mr. G. They grew up playing together. They both were coaches for high school and loved their jobs. Mr. G's wife and my mom were friends too and had known each other since college. They had three sons.

I always felt out of place when we went to visit; I was the only girl with four guys, my brother included. Mr. G, especially always tried to make me feel included in the fun. I was so shy though, I usually stayed with my mom or played with their cat outside. Mr. G would always play around with me by trying to chase me and give me kisses; it was innocent, however. He thought of me like his daughter.

He and my parents always would joke about how wonderful it would be if GR, his middle son and I grew up and got married. GR was the closest to my age, only a few years older, and very good looking; he knew it too.

I would always get embarrassed when they would talk about me and GR because I thought there was no way I would ever marry GR; he was too attractive for me; I was not near pretty enough to catch his attention. I hated when they would make jokes because it made me feel even more aware that I was not pretty enough to ever have someone like him. I secretly had a crush on him and was nervous enough around him without their jokes.

THAT NIGHT

That night GR had asked my parents if it was alright if he took me to a party with some of his friends. Of course they agreed and I made plans to go. We all went out to eat, except for GR, and we got back too late for me to go to the party. Of course I was a little disappointed, but a little relieved since I had never been to a party like the one GR was going to and I was nervous.

Instead I ended up watching a movie in their game room and falling asleep on the couch. Usually I would sleep with my mom in J's room. I woke up really late, or early depending on how you look at it, to GR's voice in my ear. He told me he was sorry I didn't get to go to the party with him. I sat up and he told me to come sit next to him on the bigger couch. I got up and went to sit next to him. His breath smelt strong of alcohol and he was slurring his words. We sat and started talking and then he ran outside and started throwing up. I didn't know what to do, so I went to the kitchen and got him a glass of water. I brought the water outside to him. He yelled at me to get back in the house and that he didn't need to water. I told him he should take the water anyway and he did. I went back in the house and waited.

LIFE NOW

This experience has changed my life forever. I have not looked at the world in the same way, and probably never will. The pain was so overwhelming and barely describable. Finally years later, I am able to live life somewhat normally again. I still think about what happened everyday, but I do not get upset everyday.

I believe what has helped the most is becoming involved with Wildcats Against Rape and being very active in raising awareness and helping other survivors of sexual assault. It makes me happy to be so active in a group who helps so many people and raises awareness in our community.

I do not share my story often, but I believe it is important for people to know that this does happen to real people that they know and it is not OK. Sexual assault and rape are horrible acts that terrorize the victims and their families. A change needs to occur now to prevent these horrifying acts from occurring to more people.

One way to help change occur is for victims to share their stories and for more people to recognize that rape is a real problem and be active in doing something about it.

mp



New Friends at College

I played for the KSU marching band. A couple weeks after school started, my friends and I wanted to go party before the first football game. I was excited to go; it would be my first real “going out and partying” in college. I didn’t do that much in high school, my parents were strict about that. Actually, I didn’t drink through high school.

I was also excited because a senior, her name was X, asked me if I wanted to party with her and friends. I asked who and she said just one of her girlfriends, someone she’d known for a long time. So I went back to the sorority to change. X told me she was going to pick me up and we’d go to the friend’s house. She came and picked me up, we went to a liquor store and she went in and got all the alcohol she wanted, a whole bunch. We started to drive and we got on the highway; I said; wait a minute, what’s going on? She said, Well, BF just called (her boyfriend) and said we need to meet him over there (at Ft. Riley) and she said we’d be coming back to go to the girl’s house (still no name).

I was a little bit nervous but I trusted her, she seemed like a trustworthy person—she was a senior. We got to the Fort; she didn’t know where to go so we called him. BF calls her back and says he’s got a friend with him and he’d meet us at Casey’s (where we were). He met us there with a guy, named Kevin. X and BF went over to talk privately; I stayed in the car, on my phone. Kevin sat there staring at me. I was talking to my boyfriend.

BF and X came over and said that X’s “friend” is coming over and we were to meet her at The Rose (a really smoky, skanky looking bar). I didn’t feel comfortable there at all. We sat down at a table and started talking, X and Kevin got up to get us some drinks. I specifically asked X to carry mine for me (I had always heard my dad say don’t trust getting your drinks from guys; apparently I have to change that now to anybody.)

So they brought the drinks back—it was called “sex on the beach”- I remember the name, I drank the whole thing, & about 20 minutes later it started going crappy—I was really drowsy, my vision was shaky, I was slurring my words, and I was dizzy, really tired, I felt like I was gonna

pass out. I didn't feel that I should be getting drunk off of one drink. I felt nauseous and my muscles were like, I couldn't control what they were doing, my arms would move, I had tremors.

They had to help me go wherever I went, I couldn't walk by myself. But I knew where I was, and who everyone was that I was with; I knew that X was helping me get around. When I got into the car I was out. I felt confused and helpless.

I would say I was there, awake in the bar total time 30-45 minutes.

I was kind of passed out in the car but I could hear them talking. They were talking about getting a taxi, and the fact that there were cops nearby and they didn't want to get a DUI. I heard them say they could not go back on the base. I was wondering what was going on, I didn't know anything. Then I felt like I was being moved, I guess I was being put into a taxi-- the taxi driver said to them, "is she alright" and I heard them say, "yeah, she just drank too much." That made me so mad but I couldn't do anything about it.

Then the car stopped and we got out of the car and everything just blacked out.

I woke up. I was completely naked. I thought, what is going on? X was in the bed next to me with her boyfriend, fully awake, aware of what was going on. I knew that she must have been in on it. I just told her, *Get me out of here*, and she said, ok find your clothes and I'll get you out of here. So I found them. I was scared. I had no idea what had happened.

In the room the two men were still sleeping.

She called a cab and we went to the club to get the car. In the car on the way back I asked her what was going on, she said, what do you mean? She acted like nothing was wrong. I asked, *How come I don't know what happened last night?* She said, you were really drunk you had way too much to drink. I said, ok, so then, what happened, & she said, "Well you had sex with that one guy, Kevin." She said, "well, it seemed like it was ok."

I was like, almost in tears, she was fully aware of what had happened. How could she have let that guy take complete advantage of me like that? I said, take me back right now. I didn't speak to her the rest of the way home.

I went home to my sorority house, and then felt a huge emotional thing come over me. I curled up in a chair and cried and cried. I couldn't get a hold of my boyfriend on the phone. My sisters heard me crying, and came to see if I was alright. I didn't tell my one friend right away what happened, but did eventually.

Then my dad called, he was on his way to KSU to go to the game.

He wanted to know if I wanted to go dinner.

I told him to come and pick me up—or I could meet him. And then I called my friend L—I knew I couldn't eat by myself, I told her what happened, to please come to dinner with me.

My dad knew something was wrong but we didn't have time to talk. I then went with L, it was call time- for marching band.

Since then I'm just emotionally drained. The JC Police were not helpful in anyway. There must be unreported rapes all the time. Now I know.



Predators

"Jane" and her freshman boyfriend went to a fraternity party at the Holiday Inn. They were dressed up for the dance. They went to a party also being hosted by the fraternity at a house in West loop. They went to the house with the intention of meeting people and then returning to the Holiday Inn. At the house, they each had a couple of cups of alcoholic punch. Jane spoke to the housemother who was at the party. They were waiting for the DD (designated driver) to return to the house to take them back to the Holiday Inn.

"Peter", a 5th year senior, made drinks for the freshmen couple. They recalled that he had told Jane to "chug" hers and for her date not to drink it. However, Jane was unable to drink it all and her date drank some. Shortly thereafter, her date became ill and went outside to vomit. Jane also became ill. Her friends noted she was sick and crying. They helped her lie down on a couch.

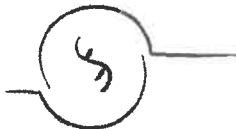
Most of the party was outside.

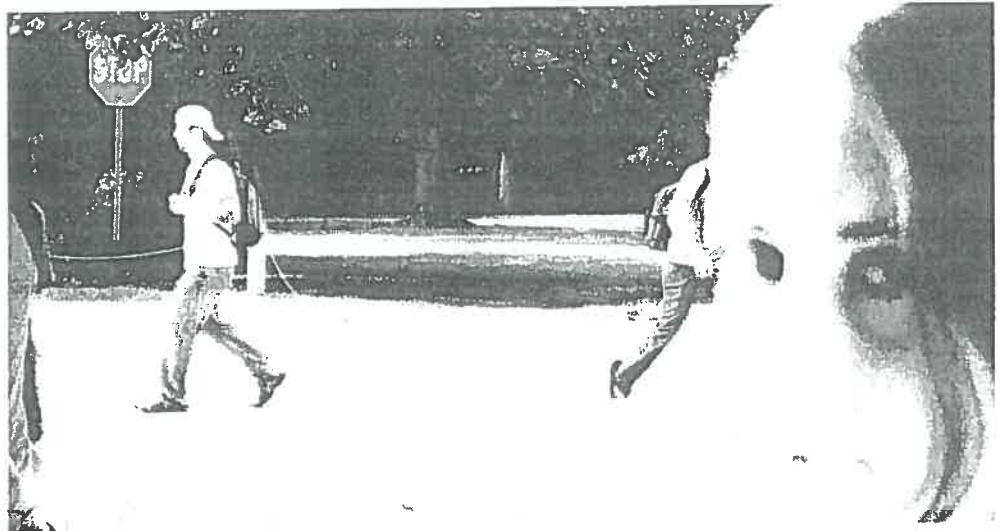
Jane remembers next waking up nude in Peter's room. She was on his bed and he was digitally penetrating her. She remembered pushing him off and trying to find her clothes. He seemed angry and threw some clothes at her. She found her clothes and got dressed. Her boyfriend was asleep on a bed in the house; she went home with some girlfriends and spent the night at their house.

It was stated by some friends that Peter had "Done this type of thing before." The fraternity kicked him out immediately. They did not wait for the trial, they believed Jane immediately.

Jane graduated with honors. She was accepted into grad school, again graduated with honors.

This is a typical type of assault for a college woman.
The rapist hired the best lawyer in Kansas (P. I.) and was acquitted.





My Story

Somewhere between all the physics labs, the geography tests, the falling asleep in American Literature, and the "recess duty"...it happened. Every young college female thinks, "It'll never happen to me." But it did. It happened to me, and it's something that I will forever carry with me...always wondering if I had just done one thing different...

Late November

Christian Challenge has become a regular item on my weekly schedule. Every Thursday night at 8:00, I'll meet up with A. and her roommates, K. and C., in Forum Hall of the KSU Student Union for "Challenge". This particular week, neither A nor her roommates were going to be able to attend. I didn't want to miss it just because they weren't going to be there, so I figured I'd just go myself. However, earlier that evening I was talking to B online, a guy who also goes to Challenge, and we decided we'd meet up at the Union and sit together. I didn't know B real well...he was in a couple of my classes last year (he's an Elementary Ed major too) and I'd seen him at Challenge before, but we'd never really hung out. But I decided, nonetheless, to go with him. From about 8-9:30 we sat there together in Forum Hall, worshipping, and even praying together. After Challenge he asked me if I had any plans for the night and since I didn't, he invited me to come over and watch a movie. At the time, I don't even remember debating whether or not I should go with him. I trusted him...he was like a big cuddly teddy bear, completely innocent...a year away from becoming an elementary teacher...a regular at Christian Challenge...completely harmless.

So, we went to his apartment. Played with his puppy...popped in "Van Wilder". He showed me his extensive CD collection, which impressed me, as he was as musically versatile as I am. We were having a great time. Then casually, he asked me if I wanted a drink. Yet again...a decision I didn't think twice about answering. I accepted his offer. Welch's White Grape Raspberry juice w/ "just a touch of rum". I tasted it, and was quite impressed...I could hardly even taste the rum. Though I had class the next day, I didn't think that one drink, which really wasn't that strong at all, would bother me.

Taking that first drink was my last clear memory of the night. I don't know how much time had passed by, but the next thing I remember was being in his bathroom, leaning over the toilet. I had never felt so sick, and I knew I couldn't have been drunk...I hadn't even had a full glass. But I puked for what seemed like forever. Then I remember him bringing some of his clothes into the bathroom and telling me I could take a shower and change into them. He left the room and I stepped into the shower. And that was the last event of the night that, even now, is instilled in my mind. I don't know how I got out of that shower. I don't know if I passed out or what. But my next memory was of me waking up...in a bed that was not mine...hurting in places that I knew shouldn't have been hurting. Opening my eyes, finding myself face to face with a 250 pound monster, that no longer, in any way, resembled a cuddly teddy bear.

He was still asleep, so I quietly crawled out of his bed, threw on my clothes, grabbed my purse, and proceeded to walk out his door...the last thing to catch my eye being an almost completely full bottle of rum. I didn't take note on the time when I left, only that it was light outside. I don't remember driving home, nor do I remember walking into my apartment. In

fact, pretty much all of Friday was hazy. I didn't go to class,
I didn't go to work. I just sat in my bedroom staring at the
walls. I'm not sure if I slept or not...the whole day I just
kind of felt semiconscious.

Then at some point Friday night, I decided I needed to get
out of the apartment, so I went for a drive. I ended up running
into N, and we started talking.

It didn't take him long to figure out that something was
severely wrong.

Of all people I could have told about this, he would've
been one of the last, but the reality is...he was there, and I
just couldn't keep it in.

So I told him.

He didn't really say anything (what can you say to
something like that)....he just held me and told me it'd be okay
and insisted that I make a Dr. appointment to get checked out.

After talking to him, I went back home and slept. I woke up
Saturday, and decided that Thursday night had never happened. I
didn't want to deal with it or face the fact that something like
that had happened to me, so I didn't. I put on my "happy face",
went to a movie with M, decided that I was just going to push it
all away.

Pushing it away....not exactly the most responsible way of
dealing with it,

but it was the only way I could handle it.

And I'd have to say, I was doing a pretty damn good job of
acting like everything was okay, until Sunday when I got a phone
call from a Detective from the Riley County Police Department,
saying someone had reported that I had been "sexually
assaulted".

I knew it was N, and I was SO mad.

How could he betray my trust like that?
I vaguely told the Detective what happened over the phone,
but was pretty reluctant to share too much detail with her
(mainly his name and such information) because I knew it was too
late for any evidence to be gathered, and that there was no way
he could be convicted, so what was the point in filing a report
or pressing charges?

The Detective could tell I wasn't going to be worth much,
so she asked if she could call me back in a couple days after
I'd had time to calm down about it. I agreed that that was a
good idea. Then she asked me if she could give my number to the
Women's Center on campus, which dealt with situations such as
mine, and I told her she could.

I got a call from the Women's Center about an hour later.
I'm not sure what it was about the advocate, but I was able to
talk to her about the incident a whole lot easier than I could
with a Detective. I guess it was just the comfortable tone in
her voice, or perhaps the fact that she seemed so genuinely
interested in my wellbeing. She made it clear to me that she
would do ANYTHING in her power to help me. She even gave me her
cell phone number and said that I could call her anytime, day or
night. We set up an appointment to meet the next day (Monday)
at 1:30.

I missed class Monday morning, but decided to go to work.
I got off work, just a little after one o'clock, and ran home
real quick to get a bite to eat. Then I headed to 206 Holton
Hall. My heart was beating a million beats per minute, as I
walked up the stairs to the office. But a slight wave of
assurance came over me as I stepped in her office and shook her
hand. She was wearing a long blue tie-dyed dress... something
very similar to what I would find in Mom's closet. Her office

was full of plants and she had some soothing music playing softly in the background. The Advocate listened to my story, which I told without shedding a tear, until she asked me if I had told my parents about what had happened.

That was when I broke down.

The thought of having to tell the people I love most of how much I was hurting, how someone had taken advantage of their little girl...it was a thought I just couldn't bear.

How could I put my parents through that?

So I decided, at least for the time being, that I wouldn't say anything. Maybe when I came back for Rose's play, or maybe after Thanksgiving....maybe.

We agreed that it was necessary for me to go get checked out at the Women's Clinic at Lafene. Physically, I was feeling alright. Since I was unconscious when it happened, I wasn't really bruised up or anything. Mainly, they wanted to get me in to do some STD tests, and find out if there was a possibility that I might be pregnant.

Wednesday at 10:30 was my appointment at Lafene.

Again, I was scared to death walking into that Dr. Office. But I knew it was something that had to be done. The first few minutes were pretty standard. I filled out some paper work, then they let me in and the nurse took my blood pressure and asked me a couple questions. Then Dr. B came in. Really cute and petite with a short boy-style haircut. As with the advocate, there was just something about her that I found comforting. We talked about what had happened. Then she proceeded to explain my options to me.

She told me that since it was so long afterwards, there was no reason to do a pelvic exam for purpose of evidence. And

since I was no longer feeling sore, it wasn't really necessary.

She said that if I wanted to though, they could do one to test for select types of STDs. Or, if I rather, she said they could just prescribe me antibiotic treatments for those STDs that could be detected through the pelvic exam, without doing a test.

I asked her what she thought was best and she said most people just undergo treatment without the test, but that the decision was up to me. I asked her about the cost, and since it wasn't too expensive, I agreed to accept the treatment.

Then she pointed out that both Syphilis and HIV can only be detected through a blood sample. This thought really scared me, but I didn't want to have any doubts, so I also agreed to do some blood work to test for both. However, she said this soon afterwards, the likelihood of anything showing up was very slim, and that it would be best for me to come back in 3-6 months.

The next decision to make was whether I wanted to receive the Hepatitis B vaccination. I figured I would, since I knew that eventually would need it to teach in the schools anyway.

The only item left for consideration was a pregnancy test. It was too soon to do one at that point, but she said I could come in the following Monday if I wanted. She assured me though, that since this happened the day after I had finished my cycle, there was VERY little chance of me being pregnant and that I shouldn't worry, but if I wanted to be sure, I could come in on Monday. At that moment, I decided I would, just because, once again, I didn't want to have any doubts. Later in the week, after thinking about it, I decided that it was something I didn't feel I needed to do.

So I left the Dr. Office with a follow-up appointment for the following Monday, and a small bruise from my shot. But overall, it was fairly harmless...until I started taking my antibiotics. She gave me three different prescriptions. Two of them were one-time treatments, and the third was a twice-a-day treatment for a week. That one was the killer. *Doxycyclene*, it was called, and it made me SO sick. So the remainder of my week, trying to keep up in class and work, I've spent with my stomach completely in knots. Every time I take it, I felt like vomiting for the next couple hours...not fun.

Thursday (exactly a week after the incident), the Detective called back and we set up a time for me to come down to the Riley County Police Department to file a report.

I almost felt like I was tricked into it.

I guess I was just really unsure, since I really don't know what happened that night. Both the Detective and the Women's Center Advocate are confident that I was slipped something into my drink...that I was drugged, since I didn't drink much.

But it just seems like something that you hear about in movies, not something that really happens. It is, however, the only possible explanation for me throwing up so much and passing out for the entire night like I did. I've also been hesitant about taking any legal action on the issue, just because there is absolutely no evidence for him to be convicted.

So I guess I just kind of fear that the police will question him, and that nothing will come out of it, other than him getting pissed at me.

I like the idea of them having his name on record, but I really fear the idea of them approaching him about the incident.

Nonetheless, it was decided that I'd meet with the Detective at
10:30 on Wednesday morning.

Today is Sunday, November 23, so I have yet to go to my
follow-up medical appointment, which is tomorrow, or meet with
the Detective. And as for talking to my parents...well, I've
been home all weekend, which is exactly where I need to be right
now....out of Manhattan where I feel a sense of security and
normalcy. I guess I've had a couple opportunities where I could
have brought it up, but instead I've chosen to practice my
acting skills beyond what I ever did in any of the high school
plays. I've gone around, keeping a smile, trying to be as much
of a goofy dork as I always have been. And I must confess it's
been hard. But it's been a whole lot easier doing it here where
I'm surrounded by the people I love most.

Mom and Dad,
I know this is probably so hard for you to read.
And I'm sure you would have wanted me to just come to you
and tell you.

But I just...I couldn't do it.
I couldn't see the look in your faces.
And for that, I'm sorry. But know that I'm okay.
And I'm already starting to undergo the healing process.

I love you both more than I can ever express
and never before have the words
"There's no place like home"
impacted me the way they have this weekend.



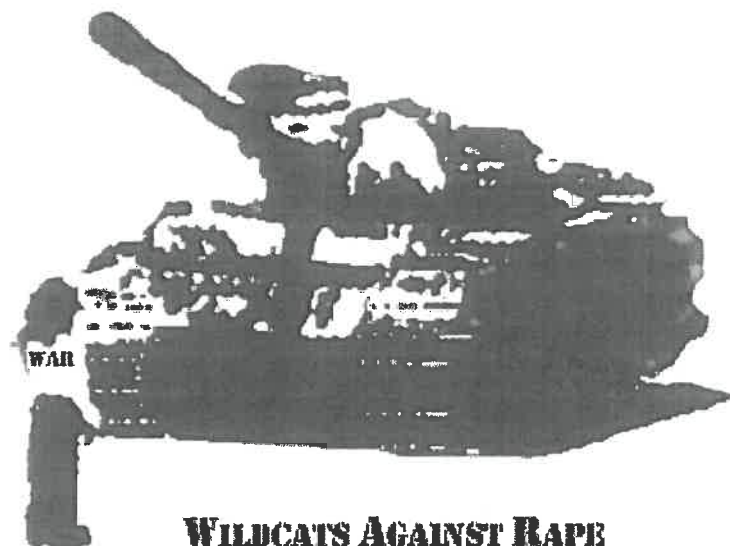
Mother

I screamed for you to help me
You just turned away
I asked what I had done to make you hate me so
You said I was a bad daughter
I was 6
How could I have made you hate me?
You told me I lied
That I made it up
I didn't
All I wanted was your love
You couldn't love some one like me is what you said
For years I kept silent
For years I let him and you win
Then he left
I thought you would love me again
I was wrong
You used me for your own desires
You hurt me worse then they ever did
You were my mom
Where were you
Standing beside me smiling
Saying that I had finally made you proud
That you had found a use for me
I loved the feeling of you being proud
Though I shouldn't have
Dad died
Why I never trusted him I don't know
I should have gone to him
Now it's too late
This set you over the deep end
You no longer cared about me
Not that you ever did
You no longer made me go to those men

You said that you no longer wanted to live
You left me to care for my sister and brother
Though you didn't know he hurt me to
I became the mom
Left my childhood behind
Not that you ever cared
I was just a pawn to you
A way for you to get what you wanted
I escaped
FINALLY
I no longer was the mom
I had some one to care for me
I was already to screwed up to notice
I thought that no one would ever care for me
I angered them and tried to get them to hate me
That was the only feeling I knew
You said you saw the error of your ways
You said that you were sorry
I forgave you
I was manipulated
You still tried to use me
I gave you money to feed your habit
I contributed to your demise
I was close to forgiving you
Letting you back into my life
Then you hurt me again
You left me forever
Wondering if I'm the reason you died
Why didn't you love me?
I will never know
I'm left to ponder that alone
Though I wish you would have told me
I loved you and always will
I wish you would have given me what I need most
A mother

We all want to live in a society where we are able to trust, be trusted and live outside the confinements of fear. W.A.R. members are taking the initiative to challenge the current environment where 1 out of 4 college women will suffer a rape or attempted rape between the ages of 13 and college graduation. We, K-State men and women, are ready to have our voice heard in the community.

Because of our dedication to nonviolent ideals, W.A.R. has chosen the representation of Tiananmen Square to illustrate our mission. In 1989 hundreds of college students in Beijing were massacred for nonviolently protesting injustices within their government. When the tanks began arriving at the scene of the protest, one man stood at the front of the tanks to stop their progression. This one man held up a line of over 17 tanks for a significant period of time. He didn't carry a weapon. Although our name is W.A.R. we are a nonviolent culture-change group. We are not out to patrol the streets, place blame, or 'get those rapists.' Our goal is to change the part of our culture that makes it acceptable for people to take control away from others and behave in a violent, selfish way. W.A.R. may be a small group of individuals but ideals of peace and nonviolence is what gives us hope and strength.



WWW.K-STATE.EDU/WOMENSCENTER/W.A.R/W.A.R.HTM

Outrage in Western Kansas

(Sentencing the leader of a gang attack on a high school girl, who was sexually assaulted while unconscious by several students who had filmed the entire thing.)

I am a K-State alumni, a complete stranger who read about this crime and went to court to watch what they would do here in Hays.

I attended the sentencing hearing of the young man
(Accused/Defendant).

I saw the female (Victim) standing there.
[She is a very beautiful girl; attractive in her appearance and manner of dress.]

I entered the court behind: the Judge, the Accused and
his family. I walked so close to him as I passed, that
I hoped the cat hair on my back brushed off on his \$800 suit.

The accused was a strong-framed,
good looking guy, strong enough to overpower his petite victim,
even in an intoxicated state.

I sat in the center of the seats and could only see the Defendant and the Prosecutor for the State,
as well as the Judge.

The crime victim's Family sat in the very back so I never saw or looked at them again. I sat
directly behind the poor distraught family of the
young man who had ("behaved so badly") (the accused).
The reading of the Plea: was that he was to accept
3 counts (personal) battery to serve consecutively.
each a Max. of 6 months. = 18 months.

But

that a JAIL term of 40 days would be served (apparently at his convenience) either 10 days, 10 days, and 20 days, OR the 40 days.

THE JUDGE NEVER STATED in his his decree as to what jail should be served.....I waited to to hear and I never hear it from the JUDGE.....???
The Pleas was accepted and the Defendant plead "NO CONTEST"

He was asked about his schooling? Can he read and write etc...(YES) And that he was to start his "STUDENT TEACHING" this spring semester.. (!!!!!!great!)

He stood and looked right over my head and offered a tearful apology to the Victim. (I noted that he said in a fumbled way that HE FORGAVE THEM..???) and that "he hoped they would forgive him" He sat down and bent over at his chair and wept for a short time. The family of the Victim and the Victim choose not to make a statement.

The Judge made a statement about the fact of a TAPE (showing the crime, that the perpetrators had made!) and that *"the outcome of a JURY trial would be unpredictable....."*
Basically the Judge said that **"this was bad behavior and a cautionary tale."**
He was sentenced to the 3 counts, 18 months total. (whatever that means) but he will be on probation for 5 years.... THERE WAS No other comment of Jail time.

He was ordered to go to "court services" and the hearing was released.
The family quickly fled past me in the hallway to the basement.

I watched as the "grieving family of the defendant" walked across the street to court services building.

The whole thing took 15 minutes.

B.R.



Living with Depression

I don't think like this now. With the help of one particular therapist, I am alive and am able to experience happiness. I had been to other therapists, but they just asked questions. It was almost as if they were more interested in studying me than helping me get past my depression.

If you ask me why I didn't just be happy, I won't hate you like I would have five years ago. It's like being stuck in a huge mansion with no lights.

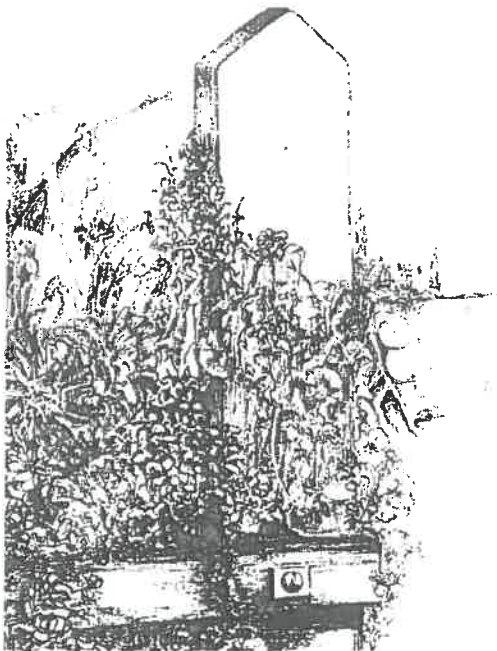
Telling someone to leave isn't as effective as giving them a flashlight to help them navigate their way out. I had spent almost all of my life trying to get out of the darkness. I was beginning to feel like I would never leave. Whenever I thought I was on my way outside, I would find out a month later that I was more lost than I was.

I think my former girlfriends found comfort in hearing that I had also experienced a scaring pain.

The pain is scaring because it never really goes away. You don't get over it like you can with loss of some relationships or even some lives. You have to live with this pain. This pain will always be a part of you.

I will probably never be able to get off of my prescription antidepressants. Throughout the day, I will see at least once in my mind's eye, a bullet going through my skull, traveling through my brain, and breaking through the skull again to exit; a knife slicing between two bones and cutting my heart open; a car in oncoming traffic swerve into my lane.

I will always have to fight my old thought patterns and prove to myself they are wrong. I won't know the pain and sense of helplessness my parents felt when I was hospitalized for my various suicide attempts. I won't know what I have done to my brother. I have to live like this. This is my life now.



The Manhattan (so called) “Serial Rapist”

The Spring after the assault, “Jess” made a decision to come forward and tell her story at the K-State Women’s Center, hoping to warn others who assume, as she once did, that living in an upscale apartment complex (surrounded by friends, other students and Manhattanites) made her safe from a break-and-enter sexual assault from a stranger.

Although telling her painful story opened wounds that were just beginning to heal, Jess felt it was crucial to speak out for several reasons. “No one has been talking about this serial rapist. My understanding is that he has committed rapes when the weather turns warm.

I want to warn other women, especially since there seems to be a lot of silence about the crimes.”

Here is an excerpt from Jess’ Story.

More of the story may be viewed online at Mary’s Be A Gooddog Blog

The night that Jess was violently assaulted, she had just returned to Manhattan from a weekend with her family near Wichita. She had hoped to stay an extra night at her parents’ house, so she checked her e-mail late Sunday but did not find the message she’d hoped for—an announcement that her Monday morning class would be cancelled.

She left Wichita Sunday evening.

Back in Manhattan, Jess enjoyed the summer night in ways that are typical for K-State students: She picked up some groceries, stopped to see friends, grabbed some necessities from Wal-Mart, and returned to her apartment in West Manhattan.

It was about 10 pm; there were a number of tenants in the parking lots listening to music and a group of students gathered at the pool. It took her five trips to haul her fresh laundry and her groceries up several short flights of stairs to her west Manhattan apartment, a complex where she’d lived for 2 years. Her roommate was away, so Jess had the place to herself. She remembered how relaxing it was to clean the apartment and get ready for the coming week. Her visit home had left her feeling great—they’d celebrated her father’s birthday on Saturday—and it was good to be back at K-State, snug in her beautiful apartment, which she had decorated in an Asian style, rich deep colors, lots of candles.

The Aftermath.

“I didn’t want to throw away my life because of him.”

Besides wanting to return to K-State to pursue her academic goals, Jess also found it comforting to be with her friends, and in some ways found it easier to talk to them about the assault. “Talking to my parents, I could see how sad they were, it hurt me to see them. My dad—he’s really protective of us kids—like, my sister had just moved to Kansas City by herself two weeks before this happened—he went up there, helped her get an apartment, he wouldn’t let her get an apartment without an alarm. . . . he had checked out my apartment too—we thought it was safe. . . .”

At one year:

The aftermath for Jess meant asking herself, “How do I get back on track,
how do I get started again with my life?”

She stated, “From that day on—well, my life is different now.

Before that, I felt like nothing had ever happened to me that was terrible.

My life was perfect—I had everything going for me and then this happened, it just was like, now I have this part of me that’s damaged: my sense of feeling safe all the time, and security, and freedom.”

The violence affected every part of her life: family life and friendships, academics, even her sense of herself. “Inside, I had always been a happy person. I never thought of anyone as being bad in any way, I always found the good in everyone. After this happened it just made me think differently of people . . . I

have this anger part of me now. It makes my heart hurt. Every part of me was happy; everything was going well for me. I feel like in a way, I’m different from everyone now, I’m jealous of my friends, I wish I could be like I was again. . . .”

Jess realizes it’s hard for people she knows to talk about the rape, partly out of wanting to respect her privacy. She’s brought up the topic herself with some friends. “A couple of my friends said they didn’t bring it up because they said they didn’t know how I would respond. They really do care; once I say something they want to talk.”

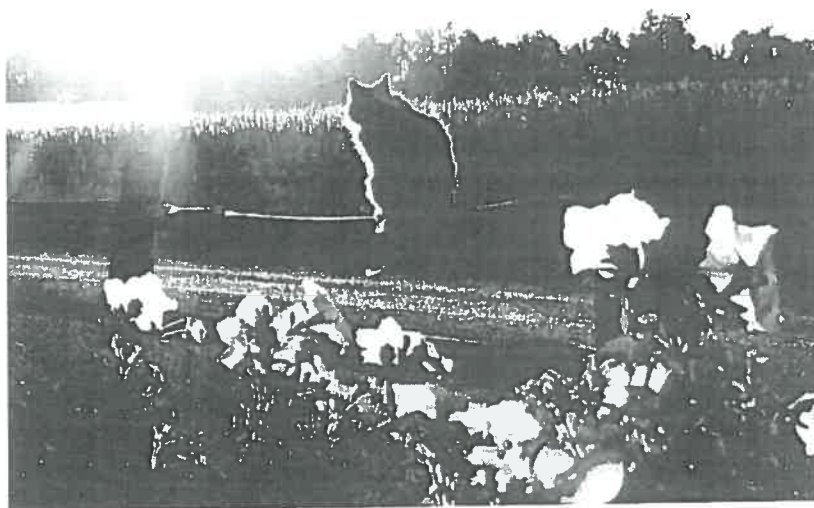
But at times she feels very separated from her friends. “I don’t think they realize it’s part of my everyday life. When they complain about something like it’s the worst thing in the world, it makes me think, ‘it’s not the worst thing in the world’ . . .”

The Future

When she considers the future, Jess is hopeful. "I want people to know I'm able to move on with my life. Something so tragic happened, but now I know I can overcome anything. Her message to others:

Don't assume you are safe. Take precautions such as extra locks on doors, lock your balcony sliding doors, check with apartment managers to make them install "panic" button alarms in each apartment.

Nonetheless, she also has praise and thanks for many she encountered in the aftermath of the crime. Jess looked happy and vibrant a year later when she said that thanks to "wonderful support from my friends, my family, and others that went through this with me, I'm doing great and moving on."



Victim of a Violent Act

When I was a carhop at Sonic, I was a victim of a violent act. I, as usual, picked up a tray of food and placed the drinks on it and proceeded to walk to stall 6. Once I arrive to the car, I read the ticket information to make sure that I have the right order. The driver just looks at me like I'm stupid and tells me, "I don't want that."

I ask him what he wanted and ask him if he's placed his order yet. He laughs. Then after that, he reaches under his seat and pulls out a gun. He points it at me. My heart drops. He tells me to give him all my money. So I do. I start to untie my apron, and since it was full of change, it was heavy. It falls to the floor. My heart drops even further.

"Hurry up, bitch!" echoes throughout my head. I don't panic, though; I knew if I did, then things would get worse. After he backs out of the stall, he stops and looks at me. Suddenly he changed his mind and wants the food. I run up and give it to him and catch the license plate number. I walk in the lobby of Sonic and confess what just happened, but still in my calm state.

No one believes me.

When everyone denied me of me being robbed, I felt like a pitiful, helpless person. All of a sudden, I just break down crying and ask everyone, "If I wasn't robbed, then where's my changer and my apron. How about my tray, where's it at?" The manager, which happens to be my mom at the time, grasps me and tells everyone else to tell the other customers that don't have orders that we're closed. My mom is holding me for at least 5 minutes, just letting me sob.

I thought my life was over and all my coworkers have to do is laugh at me. I felt horrible. However, after everyone realized I was serious, they all apologized and then asked 20 questions about what happened and how I reacted. Thankfully my mom was there to comfort me because all I wanted to do was go home. Eventually, I got there and realized me thinking smart and keeping my cool saved my life.



A boyfriend's perspective

I received this email from my high school boyfriend about rape, and an experience he had.

~~~~~  
"So I was going to call you and maybe you I still will but i wanted to talk to you about something that happened to me recently that was really powerful and inspired by you. So this past week i was at one of my conferences. It was down in LA this year and it wasn't anything special till one night. So this year it was kind of small and the group i am involved with only had like 20 people. These people are like college age and a little older. The high school group has a dance and traditionally the older college age group gives a Sex Drugs and Rock and Role talk or we have changed the name to Respectful Relations a little more PC.

At any rate the beginning was typical with stuff like "this is a condom" and this is how you use it and blah blah blah. We went on and answer general questions about this and that and then we moved on to this other activity called a Fish Bowl. A Fish Bowl works like this, people write questions for a gender and place them in two separate hats one for men and one for women then one gender sits in the middle while the other gender makes a circle around them and just listens. the people in the middle pass out all the questions and if you have one you want to read or speak to you can hold on to it and at an appropriate time you stand up and read it and possibly respond to it. At any rate usually it is a lot of things like how do you know if a girl your with had an organism or how often do you really masturbate or whatever. It is usually question for the opposite sex that you can ask anonymously. So at this Fish bowl the women went first and it was pretty typical but good we talked about shaved balls and silly stuff like that but when it was the men's turn i got a question that i really felt strongly about.



The question was something like "If I have been raped should i tell my boyfriend". Now honestly i thought of you and i was like my god i need to say something. I sat there for 15 minutes while other questions about sex went by and finally i spoke.

I started crying and just thinking about you now i have tears in my eyes. My god Angela i am so sorry. I don't even know how to express what i am feeling. I love you and i can't even begin to imagine what you have been through and how strong you are. You are truly amazing. So back to what i was saying.

I will call you i really need to express and talk to you about this. I just wish that men didn't do this thing. Anyway so yeah so what i said in response to this question was basically

yes, you should tell your boyfriend and i told them that i had someone i was very close to that went through this experience and for the first and only time in my life

i was ashamed to be a man.

The fact that i share a gender with people that can do this disgusts me.

I said that it was infuriating and yet i was just hurt. At this point i was pretty much fully tearing trying to just get out my point and it totally changed the group. It was so powerful i can't really describe the sentiments of the other men that were speaking to this questions and after a while a girl 13 years old stood up and said that she had been raped when she was 10 and never told anyone. I can't even write this e-mail this is so hard to even think about. I mean my god, little kids, my campers friends of mine that i had known for years stood up and shared with all of us things that they had been holding in for years. How can this happen?

I didn't think that writing you this e-mail would be so hard. I think i might go have a cigarette or a beer or something... I mean what the f##\*% is wrong with people with men that they can turn this sacred wonderful thing of making love into the worst experience a person can go through. So let me try and get through explaining what happened. So a number of girls and shared with this group of probably 45 people ranging from 12 or 13 to 28 or 30, men and women.

And everyone was bawling.

I have never been around so many boys and girls holding one another crying so hard. It f-----g changed me it f-----g changed everyone in that room for the rest of their lives. I have never been in a room with this much hurt and emotion in my life. I was trying to hold it together because i was running this fish bowl or whatever but this was not what i expected but this was also amazing f-----g amazing and so important. I just want to say again i have so much respect for you. You are so strong i am only thinking about what you and these girls went through and its enough to make me need another cigarette and i am not even a smoker. You are truly amazing. Anyway I grabbed a few of the older people in the room including my friend Melina that works in an abuse and battery shelter for women and family's.

She helped me try and close it and we just broke into smaller groups of people or well people just sitting there or going outside for some air or cigarettes. And it well kind of ended but it didn't end for me and it didn't really end for anyone us. Melina said that she had never seen a people do that in a group of men and women. It was like nothing she had ever seen. Anyway it was way f-----g intense and i am saying it fucking changed me.

I feel a strong urge to get involved. I can't believe that this happened. I got back to my house tonight and i am reeling from this week where i connected with people and shared such a strong experience and i don't even know how to tell my friends what i went through. It was so crazy but i know i need to and i know everyone the gdam world needs to know that this is real and that this is wrong and that something needs to f-----g change.

Anyway to finish but we constructed a list of resources for abuse and rape and statistics about rape to give to the high school kids and we said that we would be there for them and talk and just do whatever we could. I don't even know man i just don't even know. one more cigarette....

Wow no i just had to kill a rat in our garage crazy  
man the thing was caught in a trap and bleeding all over the place.

Anyway Angela i love you and i hope you are ok.  
I am sorry if reading this brings back bad old memories.

This should not have happened to you F--K this should not have happened to anyone. I do feel  
really strongly and i am going to get involved with awareness and prevention and all  
that kind of stuff to work with this because this shit is running through my head over and over. I  
have work in a few hours and I am super tired.

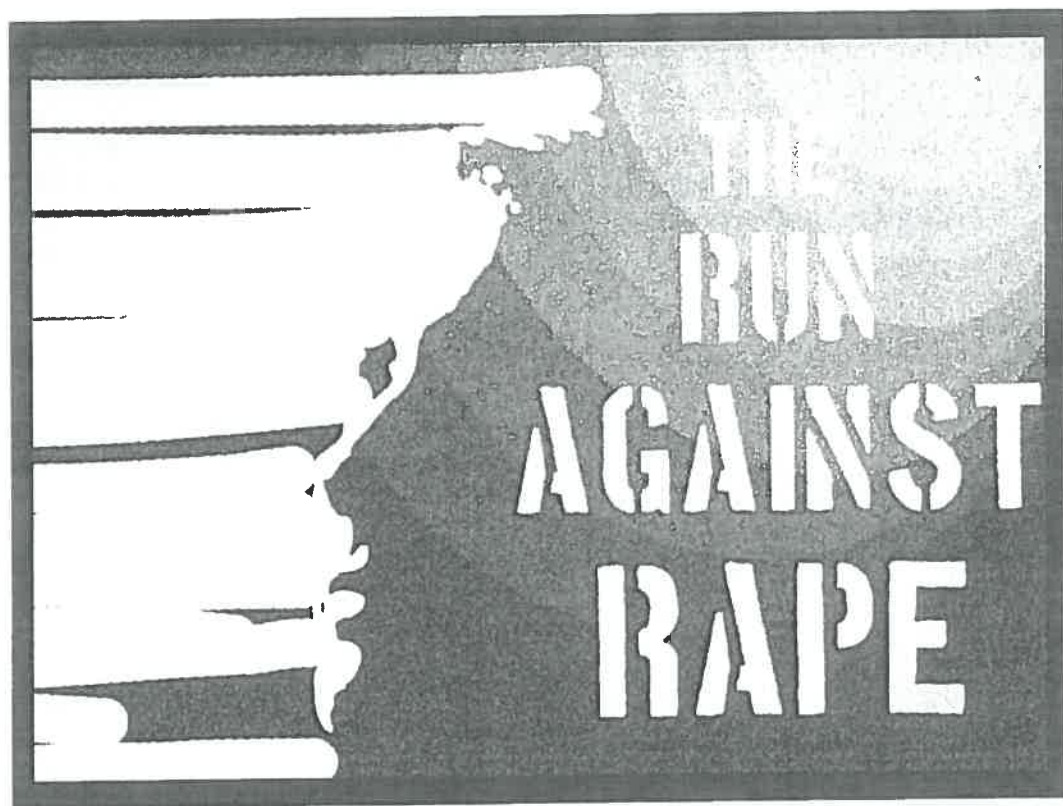
I don't know how to end this e-mail now that i went  
outside and just watched my friends sit there goofing around,  
*when there is this truth out there.*

I will be fine tomorrow. I miss you give me a  
call sometime soon. I would love to hear from you.

Take care of yourself.  
You are a wonderful person and i wish you were more in my life.  
Goodnight

Love,  
A

You are amazing



Congo Man

Pissing in your own cup of cold clean water  
Shitting in your bowl of sweet rich food  
I can't wrap my head around your psychosis  
Tell me, what you doin, Congo Man?

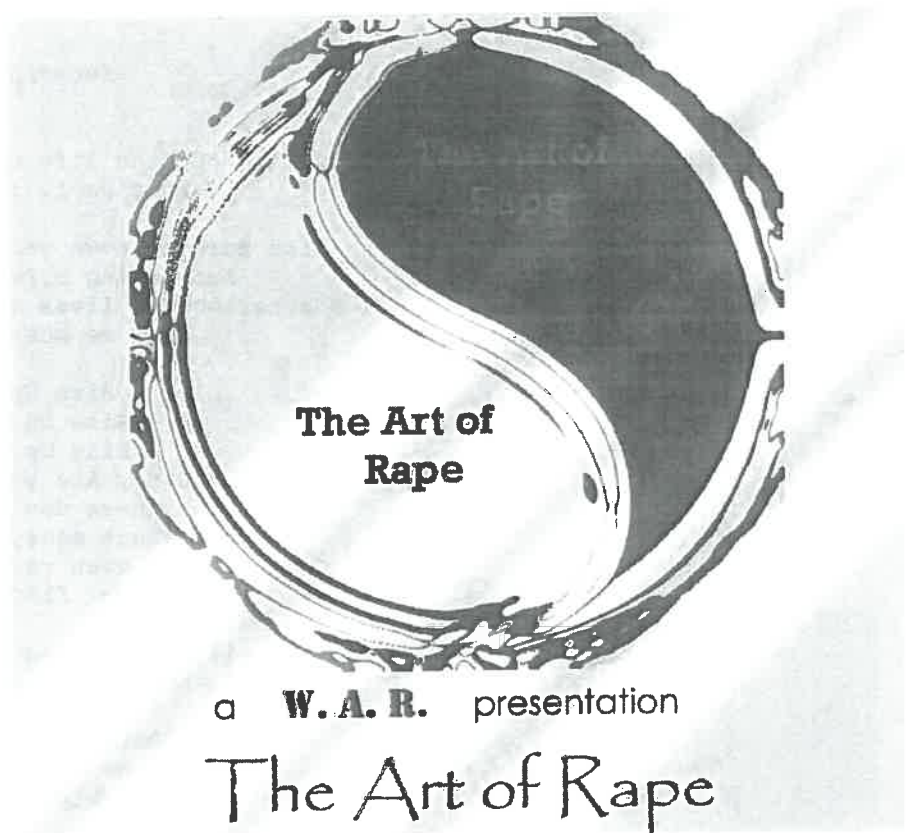
Shooting a gun up inside a woman  
The very body of a woman-  
The woman of your land  
Cutting out the life of your future generations  
What devil in your head, o congo man?

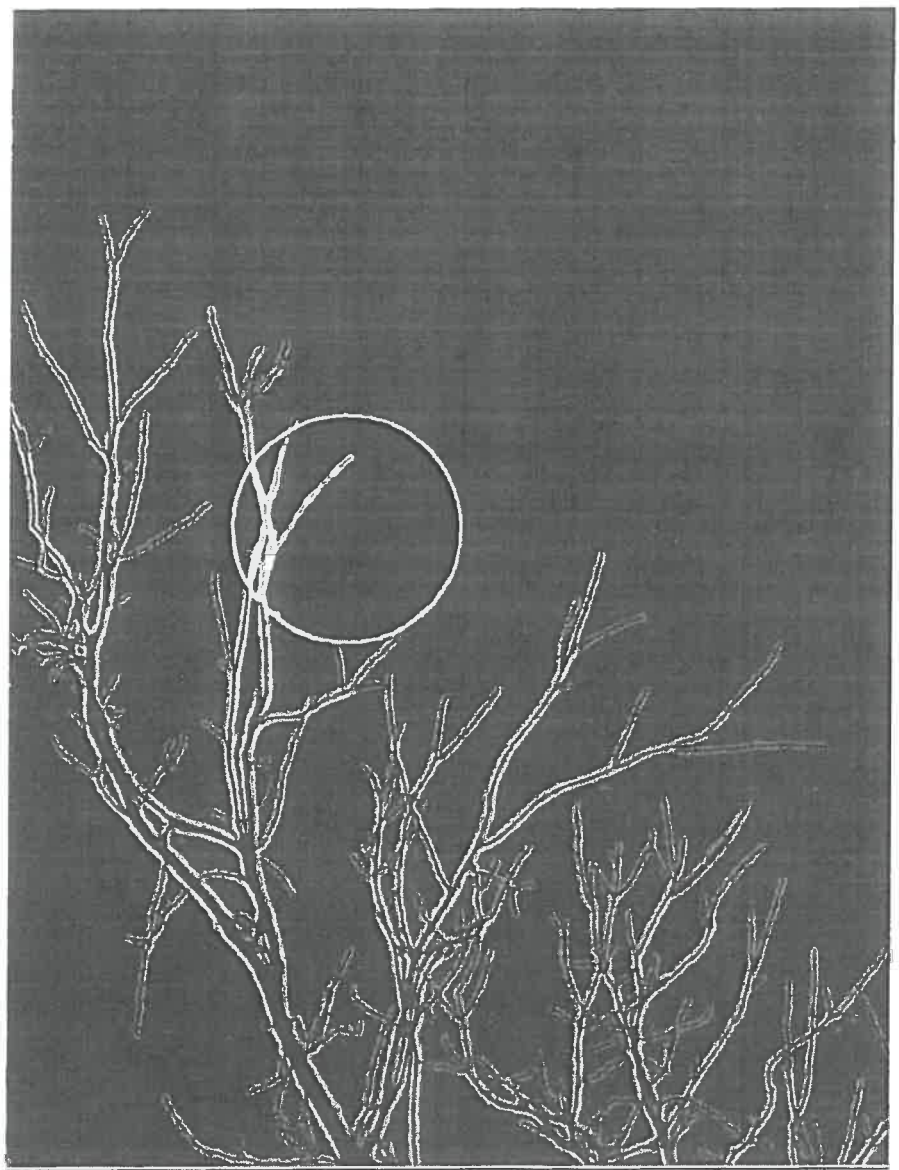
Like Burning down your fields so full of grain  
And making sure everybody watch the pain  
Shattering the lives of your very own daughters  
Tell me bout your madness, Congo Man!

Rise Up, Rise Up, Good Congo Man  
Rise Up, Rise Up, Good Congo Men!  
Rise Up, Rise Up, Good Congo Men!  
Are you there, Are you there, Good Congo Men?  
Put these devils in a tight little box.  
Forget about money, come out from the dark.  
Give even your life if it is required.  
Better find your Christ, o Congo Man

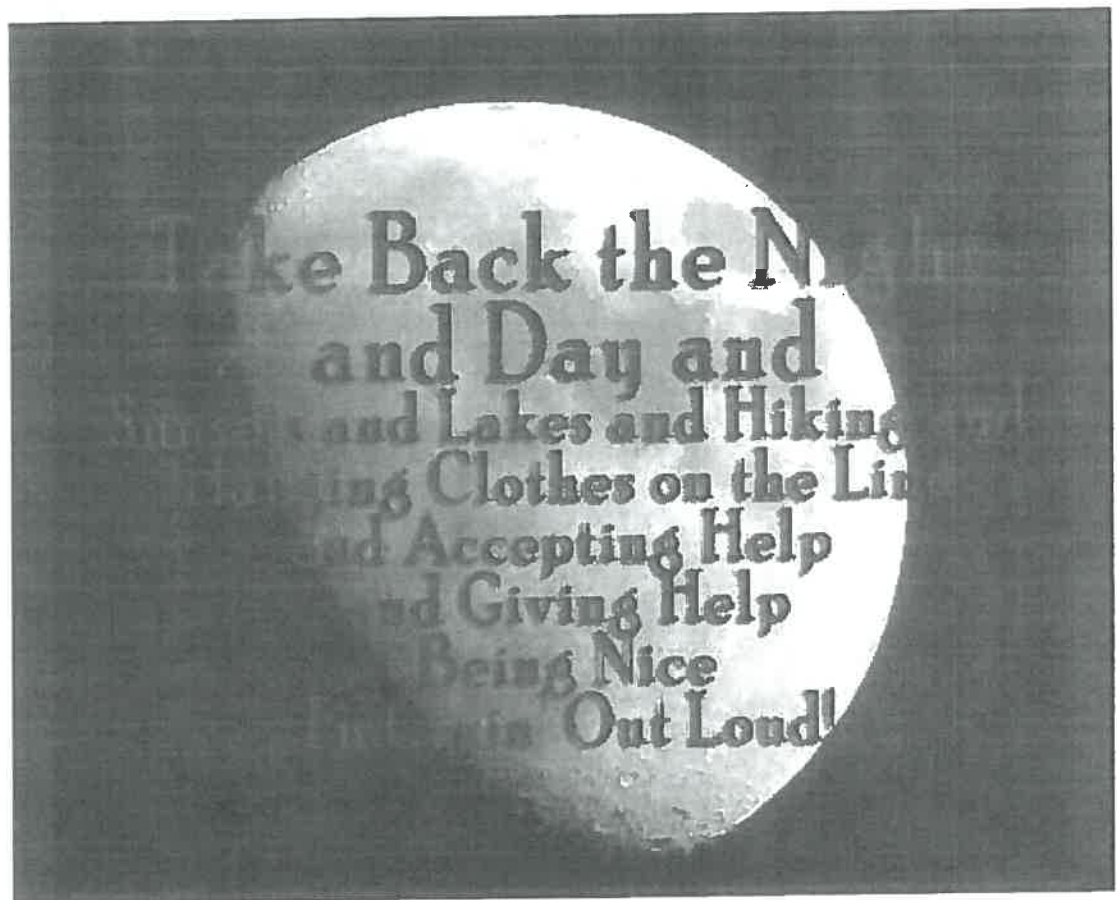
(Well, Neil heard screamin and bullwhips cracking  
and asked How long? how long? we say,  
Congo man better find your head  
Dont forget what your good book said  
We know change gonna come at last  
Now your chances are burning fast  
Congo Man)

m.todd 2008











### *I was a High School Freshman*

I dated one of the captains of our high school's football team my freshman year.

He was a good citizen, an honors student, and did community service.

He also sexually assaulted me.

Being young and naïve, I had no idea that I had been assaulted.  
I did know, however, that it didn't feel right. I felt nervous and uncomfortable, but I thought that  
since we were dating it was somehow okay.

Seeing a video in class this week about rape hit me hard because it felt like  
I was watching my life on that TV set.

I felt all of those feelings again.

I only talked about it once during those four years, and when I did, my girlfriend at the time  
told me that it was "impossible" because a nice guy wouldn't do something like that unless I had  
asked for it.

So that was how I began high school.

I continued on a downhill path from there.

Despite the fact that my grades were okay, I went out every weekend and partied. I did drugs  
and drank, and slept with people even though I didn't really want to.

I somehow felt like that would make it better.

My senior year of high school, I went abroad as an exchange student. It felt like an easy  
out for me.

In talking to my Mom about it years later, she thought I had left due to problems at home  
between my parents. Who knows? Perhaps it was a little bit of both. All I know was that I  
needed to get away – so I went as far as humanly possible.

I met people while I was abroad that were better friends to me in one year of my life than  
some people had been my entire life back home.

I opened up to a girlfriend there, and she too had been through a horrible situation with someone close to her. She convinced me that the best thing I could do for myself would be to get some professional help.

I attended a JUCO in Kansas my first year of college. It was a rough year for me. I had become involved with a guy while I was in Europe, but I was also carrying around all of this extra weight due not only to my past, but because my parents divorced.

It was a tricky time in my life, and I still hadn't gone to talk to anyone. During the second week of school, I stayed after class to talk to a professor because I was feeling overwhelmed by the course. As we began to talk, I just broke down. I was so embarrassed, but he was so kind to me.

He took me to the counseling center on campus and introduced me to someone who could help me deal with my "transition to college." During that first semester I got some really excellent help, not only with dealing with my "transition anxiety," but with all the emotional baggage I had been hauling around with me for so long.

Realizing after all those years that I had done nothing to deserve what happened to me was not only a relief, but it also made me angry that I hadn't spoken up sooner.

I now live with the knowledge that because I didn't know any better, someone else is probably in the same place I once was because of this man; and if I had only done something, I could have prevented someone else having to go through what I did.

I have profound respect for the women that are able to talk about their assaults to other s because it is so incredibly hard to do. It is important for people to realize that they are not alone; and that things can get better.

### I hold in my hand

A destiny far greater  
The power it gives I can't stand  
Tempting to the traitor

What is left for me now?  
Anticipation trips my heart  
Waiting for that what makes me bow  
Obstacles to tear me apart

But what's worse than heartbreak?  
Betrayal of my fellow man  
Setting up impossible stakes  
A choice to make; no one can

But I did

His selfishness made me suffer

And it hurt

But from it I was delivered  
God gave me a gift to give  
How I wish it was meant for me  
But my life she was not to live  
My pain she shouldn't have to see

Now this path makes me leery  
Will the cross he gave me gain?

Do I have time to breathe and wipe my  
tears?

From my heart can I erase the stain?

Can I heal my fears?  
Is there time before I face them again?  
Hoping someone finally hears  
Not caring about my sins

When I reach out for love  
Warm arms embrace my ache  
Pulling me securely into their cove  
Comforting me as our way we make

A part of me is out there  
Making me not quite whole  
My thoughts are always with her  
Her happiness is what makes me full

God, I pray for strength to bury  
I'm too weak to let go  
Help me with this burden I carry  
So, I'll never grow bitter and cold

Help assuage my trepidation  
Teach me to turn pain into wisdom  
To be able to soar with elation  
So that I can be worthy to enter your  
kingdom  
grace stone

Parents, sisters, husbands, brothers, children, girlfriends, and boyfriends.

We all have some things in common.

We have a lot of **Anger**.  
Underneath our anger is **Hurt**.

There is also **Confusion**.

[Particularly with the Fathers--a Bewilderment, Incomprehension, almost a Panic-- --"if the Monstrous thug who raped my daughter is **not** going to be arrested; if he has raped before and will rape again; if he hurt my sweet wonderful tender child [who never hurt anyone in her entire life] in a way which really Wounded her down to her CORE---am i Required by a Humanistic Moral Code to go Teach him to within one inch of his life **not** to be a selfish beast with no regard for gentle kind young women? Am I actually being remiss as a parent if I do not Band the Capacity to rape out of him? I know banding is unnecessarily tortuous to animals- I would never do it to my own animals-but a rapist is not an animal;

a rapist has made a conscious decision, has planned, has worked it out, has gotten pleasure out of stealing something which was Never his and never would be his; has taken pleasure out of deeply hurting someone who trusted him; has lied and is lying to the world every day he does not turn himself into his Coach, his Teacher, his Father, and say, "I have a huge problem: I am selfish and violent, I hurt people, I am not a good guy."

Here is my daughter, so fresh and funny; she was a giggler as a child; she made us all laugh ourselves to tears as she grew taller. She baked cookies for me on Father's day. SHE BAKED COOKIES FOR ME ON FATHER'S DAY! Am I really supposed to let this grown up man force himself onto my daughter with no

Answer?

Here is my sweetest child--she overcame her fear of the deep end of the pool and jumped in because I was there to catch her. She trusted me. Am I really meant to let this criminal, this thief, this predator, this punk college boy who thinks he is the Top Dog (his territorial pissings spread from girl to girl) simply walk away?

How can I bear this?"

We have a lot of Anger. Anger that we have not worked out a system that is effective in prosecuting sneaky, low, cowardly slime.

Underneath our anger is **Hurt**.

Hurt that the lovely trust and happiness, the beautiful innocence and the natural thinking that people are good, inherent in our young children, has now been DEMOLISHED.

**Tell me, how does one talk to a Rapist?  
What shall a Mother say?**

**What does a Father say to the Man who Raped his daughter?**

"Please, for your sake, troubled sir, turn yourself in. Let us get you some help."  
or

"In order for my life to continue, I need you to go to the police and say, 'I need help. I am a bully, a thug, and I take away other people's rights'."  
or

"Being a religious man, and as the father of your victim, I need to tell you a couple things. You are going to have to pay for this unjust act. You can pay now if you want. You simply go to your Coach, your Father, a Policeman, your Mother, a clergy, and you say,

'I want to turn myself in. I have committed a felony- many actually, and I want to make amends.'  
You take whatever punishment the courts will give you. You make amends. You find a counselor and you get some treatment for your "issues" which have given you these feelings of inferiority, of bullshness. You tell them about your need to feel better by hurting someone else.

Because if you do not pay now, you will pay later.

But the payment then will be so very High.

Do you really think that a Universe full of Good things will allow such malignancy to go unnoticed?

Please

take this advice as a kindness.

I myself will not give you your justice.

**I value my Daughter too much to dishonor her.**

I honor my family by taking a pass on vigilantism.

Your Justice is Waiting for you.

You can be an Honorable Man and face the Truth, your Justice, Right Now.

Or you can wait, and continue to trick others and dishonor yourself.

But everything will be exposed in the Light One Day, and

The interest is building on your debt. Pay it now!

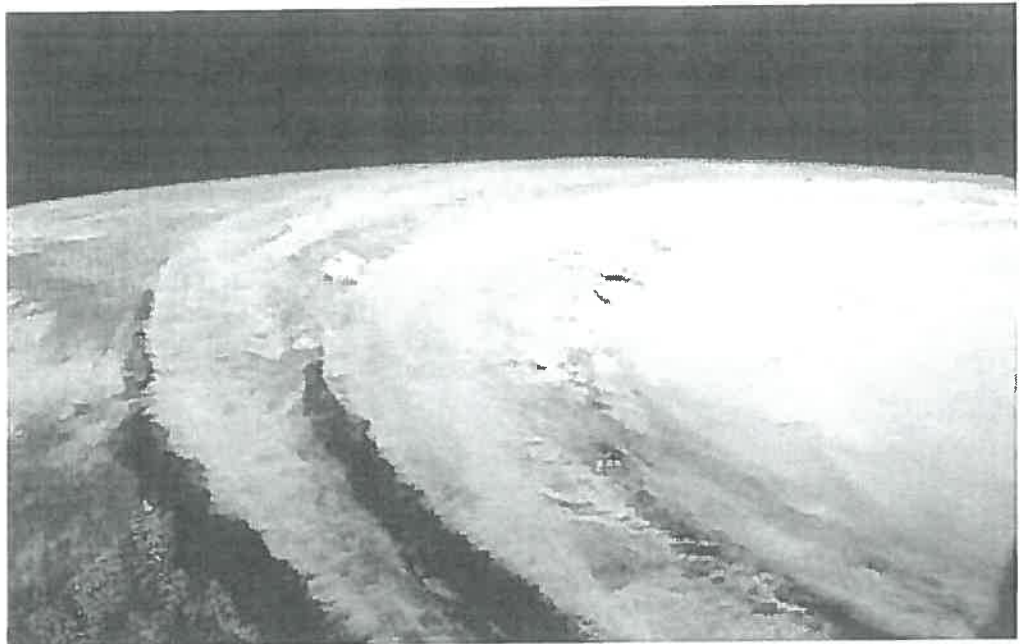
Then be free.

And

**I myself will put all the fierce energy** of my anger, my hurt, my confusion, into creating a good and gentle space for my family to grieve, then celebrate our love and kindness to each other.

**I would not want to be in your shoes when your debt comes due.**

Mary's Be a Gooddog Blog



### The Right Place at the Right Time: A Little Story from the Internets...

GOD has a way of allowing us to be at the right place, at the right time.

I was walking down a dimly lit street late one evening when I heard muffled screams  
coming from behind a clump of bushes.

Alarmed, I slowed down to listen, and panicked when I realized that what I was hearing were the unmistakable  
sounds of a struggle; heaving grunting, frantic scuffling, and the tearing of fabric.

Only yards from where I stood, a woman was being attacked.  
Should I get involved?

I was frightened for my own safety and cursed myself  
for suddenly deciding to take a new route home that night.

What if I become another statistic?  
Shouldn't I just run to the nearest phone and call the police?

Although it seemed like an eternity, the deliberations in my head had only taken seconds, but already the cries  
were growing weaker.

I knew I had to act fast.  
How could I walk away from this?  
No! I finally resolved, I could not turn my back on the fate of this unknown woman,  
even if it meant risking my own life.

I am not a brave man, nor am I athletic.

I don't know where I found the moral courage and the physical strength, but once I had finally resolved to help  
the woman, I became strangely transformed.

I ran behind the bushes and pulled the assailant off the woman.  
Grappling, we fell to the ground where we wrestled for a few minutes until  
the attacker jumped up and escaped.

Panting hard, I scrambled upright and approached the woman, who was crouching behind a tree sobbing.

In the darkness, I could barely see her outline,  
but I could certainly sense her trembling shock.

Not wanting to frighten her further, I spoke to her from a distance.

"It's okay." I said soothingly. "The man ran away. You're safe now."

There was a long pause...

And then I heard the words uttered in amazement.

"Son is that you?"

From behind the tree stepped my mother.



### If Robbery Victims Were Treated Like Rape Victims

1. The victim's expensive suit, watch, and nice home would be cited as tempting robbers beyond human endurance.
2. The victim's spouse, family, friends, and representatives of the victim's religion and favorite charities would be called in to testify that the victim frequently gave money willingly (even enjoyed it.)
3. The victim's name would be withheld because it is shameful to be robbed.
4. If the victim knew the robber, it would be automatically assumed that the items or money taken were actually gifts by the victim to the robber.
5. The victim would be quizzed about how much the victim resisted the alleged robbery and would be required to show proof of struggle.
6. The victim's checkbook, bank record, and tax returns would be subpoenaed and submitted as evidence the victim has given, spent, and lost money and property foolishly before.
7. The robber would sincerely testify that since the victim left the door unlocked, the robber naturally thought the victim wanted to be robbed.
8. The robber would sincerely testify that it wasn't robbery. They were just having 'rough giving' together.
9. Robbery victims would be suspected of going through all of the above just to get attention or to harm the honor of the robber.
10. Society would think none of the above is strange.

## Sexual Assault Prevention Tips Guaranteed to Work!

1. Don't put drugs in people's drinks in order to control their behavior.
2. When you see someone walking by themselves, leave them alone!
3. If you pull over to help someone with car problems, remember **not** to assault them!
4. NEVER open an unlocked door or window uninvited.
5. If you are in an elevator and someone else gets in, **DON'T ASSAULT THEM!**
6. Remember, people go to laundry to do their laundry, do not attempt to molest someone who is alone in a laundry room.
7. **USE THE BUDDY SYSTEM! If you are not able to stop yourself from assaulting people, ask a friend to stay with you while you are in public.**
8. Communicate! Don't pretend to be a caring friend in order to gain the trust of someone you want to assault. Tell them you plan to assault them. If you don't communicate your intentions, the other person may take that as a sign that you do not plan to rape them.
9. Don't forget: you can't have sex with someone unless they are awake!
10. Carry a whistle! If you are worried you might assault someone "on accident" you can hand it to the person you are with, so they can blow it if you do.

And, **ALWAYS REMEMBER: if you didn't ask permission, and respect the answer the first time, you are giving MEN a bad name. Stop doing that!**



adapted from a blogpost circulating about the wwwweb

Rape is a word no one likes to say.  
Sometimes the word "assault" comes out of my mouth because  
the word "Rape" sounds so harsh.  
The word itself hurts, somehow.

I wish we could focus more on how and  
why so many men are acting in such hateful, selfish, and depraved ways.  
[Less locking our windows and avoiding the moonlit nights; more addressing the disgraceful  
problem of those who steal freedom from us all.]

I work to eliminate the myths that surround this crime of violence.

In the most important ways, rape is not sexual.

It is an internal battering. It is a theft of power, of trust, and of something ineffable—Rape steals  
inner things that belong to no one else.

Men, from time to time, have asked me what makes this crime so horrible. If you are a man,  
imagine that you held down or drugged by five big strong men and then are battered, inside and out,  
while a certain amount of cheering or enjoyment is expressed with each punch, kick, or stab (with an  
infected knife). But still, there is no fear that you might have

Conceived a Life during the attack.

Or that your wife may leave you due to your poor "choices"—or that  
in 6 months you might have AIDS.

One K-Stater, a victim of the so-called "serial rapist," was a virgin when she was raped. I told  
her, and I believe, that she is still virginal. She still knows nothing of the mystical union of making love  
or of warm sexuality. Someday she will be transformed, Sun-bleached clean, although it takes longer to  
recover from this battering than from your body being beaten to within an inch of its life.

I admire so much those women and men who tell their stories.

They do it so that those who don't understand might take a bit more care. It is so difficult to tell  
the police! It is so hard to tell your friends or teachers or landlord or doctor! The thought

of inflicting such pain on your mother—your father! Impossible. “Maybe I will tell a counselor, a nurse, or an advocate,” one thinks, and soon the recuperation begins.

Being raped by a friend or boyfriend or family friend is a nightmare I hear from dozens of K-State students each year. That first healthy psychological structure, Trust—upon which Autonomy, Industriousness, Initiative, all those good tasks are built—is lost. It is a different individual who must find their way back.

Such is Trauma.

If one does the right thing and puts oneself in the hands of law enforcement and medical personnel, if one “goes public” to do the right thing, to prevent others from being hurt—only to be humiliated and dismissed, from friends or professionals—a shocking reassessment of reality occurs.

Am I living in a nightmare?

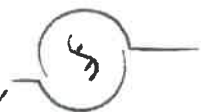
We here in Manhattan are grateful to have the SANE SART program: Sexual Assault Response Nurses who are competent, and kind, and who work with law enforcement and others to give good care. We thank the County Attorney’s Office, those in K-State PD and RCPD who work for justice; the wonderful therapists at K-State’s Counseling Services, our Office of Student Life, and all the families and friends who get K-State Students through this valley.

Read these narratives, related by your own classmates, and realize it might have happened to the student sitting next to you, or to someone you love.

Take care of each other.

Mary Todd, K-State’s Victim Advocate

<http://www.k-state.edu/womenscenter/>



**24-hour MEDICAL** with SANE-SART Nurses:  
Mercy Hospital ER, 1823 College Ave., just west of the  
K-State Stadium Complex.

785.776.3322; ask for a sexual assault nurse examiner.  
You can receive medical assistance/evidence collection  
without having to make legal/reporting decisions.

**24-hour POLICE:**  
K-State Police: 785.532.6412;  
Riley County Police: 785.537.2112

**24-hour Domestic Violence and Emergency Shelter:**  
The Crisis Center, Inc. 1-800-727-2785 (In Manhattan: 785.539.2785)

Sexual Assault **ADVOCATE** for K-State students  
(information—referral—liaison to academics, counseling, legal)  
Kansas State University Women's Center, 206 Holton Hall,  
785.532.6444

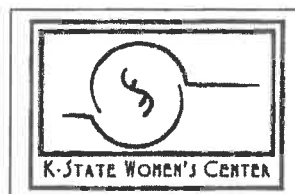
<http://www.k-state.edu/womenscenter/>

**KSU Lafene Health Center** Women's Clinic, 785.532.6554

**Counseling:** K-State Counseling Services, 785.532.6927

**Academic:** K-State Office of Student Life: 785.532.6432

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A thank you note from a college student's parent to a college advocate

Words cannot express my  
gratitude for helping my daughter  
through one of the  
more difficult life experiences she's  
ever had. It was like she had turned  
a corner after seeing you. You let  
her talk, you validated her feelings  
and you provided her with facts. I  
wanted to be there for her but couldn't  
there was obviously a reason for that...  
The help you gave her. Thank you.  
A grateful mom-





Take Time to Breathe



BE A GOOD DOG