

# Happy 30th Reunion

I wrote this, so you may as well read it.

At a now infamous party in grade ten I was gang raped. I did not go into that bedroom willingly. I did not have a good time. I did not deserve what those boys did to me, but more than that, I did not deserve what you all did to me after. I was raped and you all either covered it up or created a narrative where I was a slut and liked it. Some of our friends decided I had no value and barricaded me in a room. Some of our friends used a coat hanger to rape me and left me with life long scars. Some of our friends raped me and you did nothing.

Actually, not nothing. You made it worse. Some of you chose to believe I was a willing participant. Seriously? How could you think that a 15 year old girl was willing to partake in a gang bang? Some of you knew the truth and did nothing. You pretended it never happened. How could you ignore the fact that someone you claimed to be friends with was raped? How could you never once do the right thing? How can you still not do the right thing?

That night started me on a long road of self destruction. I want you to know how it impacted me. I want you to know how you impacted me.

The whole night is a blur to me. The last thing I remember is sitting on a couch and drinking. I don't remember being drugged. I don't remember how I got into a bedroom. I don't remember who all was in that room. I don't remember a dresser being shoved against the door to keep me trapped. I don't remember having a hanger inserted into my vagina. I don't remember two of you finally getting me out. I don't remember them telling my mom "she had a rough night". I don't remember my mom believing them. I don't remember the night I lost my value.

I do remember laughter. I remember the colour of the walls. I remember blurry images of faces of people I thought were my friends. I remember waking the next day and hurting. Everywhere. I remember trying to remember. I remember being afraid to remember.

I remember going to school on Monday and no one would look me in the eye. I remember the shame. I remember knowing whoever it was that hurt me was walking the halls with me. I remember being so filled with fear. I remember begging to go to another school. I remember being so filled with rage. I remember fighting the voices in my head.

I remember being called a slut. I remember the whispers, or the out right bullying. I remember being called Chevron because I was the 'town pump'. I remember, after a year and half of slut shaming, that I was never going to change your minds. I remember deciding if everyone thought I was a slut, I may as well be one. I remember accepting your version of me. I remember sleeping with guys I didn't know. I remember enjoying being degraded. I remember getting your boyfriends to sleep with me because that was the only weapon I had. I remember becoming everything you said I was.

I remember cutting my wrists for the first time. I remember how beautiful the blood was. I remember thinking soon all this would be over. I remember crying myself to sleep because I could never cut deep enough. I remember waking covered in blood because I would scratch myself raw in my dreams. I remember waking in the hospital more than once. I remember thinking I had this beat.

I remember the taste of vodka. I remember drinking to feel something. I remember drinking to feel nothing. I remember there never being enough vodka in the bottle. I remember watching my children play as I tried to drown my sorrows. I remember how hard it was to get sober.

I remember abusive relationships. I remember being told I was worthless. I remember believing him. I remember being hit. I remember being taken to the woods and left for dead. I remember that deep down it felt right that I suffer.

I remember the darkness. I remember feeling safe in the darkness. I remember that in the darkness I

remember being hit. I remember being taken to the woods and left for dead. I remember that deep down it felt right that I suffer.

I remember the darkness. I remember feeling safe in the darkness. I remember that in the darkness I was alone and your words couldn't hurt anymore. I remember wanting to die.

I remember hating myself. I hate myself all over again. I hate that I never spoke out. I hate that you never spoke out. I hate that you never questioned the version you chose to believe. I hate that I still had to go to school with them. I hate that I still had to go to school with you. I hate that you turned me into a dirty little secret.

I want you to know that I hate you. Truth be told, I have for 33 years. I want you to know that I will never forgive you. I want you to know if you see me in public, avoid me. I want you to know that I mean you. All of you.

I hope your children are better people than you. I hope they are better friends than you ever were. I hope if they see someone breaking they try to help put them back together. I hope they have better friends than you. I hope if someone breaks them, no one calls them a slut.

I will no longer be silent so you can feel like you did nothing wrong.

I was gang raped. I was broken. You all helped.