

SOMEONE, PLEASE TELL ME: WAS THIS SEXUAL ASSAULT? KAREEN CASILLAS

**Author's Note: Please take care of yourself when reading the following piece, as it may be triggering. Contains images of sexual assault.*

- 1) I thought I was safe. Being twenty years old and fairly responsible, being fairly used to having my shit together, being in control of what I thought was healthy for me. I think it's more of a "oh it happens to all of us" mentality...That could just be a way to cope.
- 2) "Just a second" – same thing the character said in the movie Higher Learning. It wasn't brutal. It didn't hurt. I obviously connected with him afterwards, and he made me orgasm several times before that.
- 3) I'm totally trying to negotiate with myself. I was comfortable after he promised not to come inside of me. I was worried about getting pregnant. That was my main concern. He said, "I figured if it were that big of a deal, you would've told me."
- 4) It wasn't the 'r' word. It couldn't have been the 'r' word. Stop means stop. If she's not reacting to you in a way that is positive (barely able to move around on her own because she's so crossed), you shouldn't tell her to "come here" and continue to fuck away. I was coherent. I knew what was going on. Was I in control? Hell no.
- 5) He made me feel special. He got what he wanted.
- 6) Have you ever seen the videos of birds attacking something from the sky? That's how I feel towards him right now. I want to rip his flesh off with my claws. I'm torn, angry, and confused.

7) “But if you said it’s fine, you don’t need a condom, then it’s not assault.” I did say that, friend. After he pulled out and said it would take him longer. I didn’t want to take away from his pleasure. I put his above my own.

8) “I’ll give it my best not to get as drunk next time. There were a few moments where I felt too slow or sluggish to move as quickly as I wanted” I texted him the next day.

9) They both got what they wanted and left me outside. The guys I’ve had sex with. Once they got what they wanted, things went south, and here I am begging for emotional attention and physical affection. I have trained him into knowing I’ll reach out to him first every time. That’s on me.

10) I am afraid of what it would do to them once they realized/I told them how badly they’ve hurt me. So I’d rather carry on with the pain than have them freak out. Why should I have to carry that burden? Gut reaction: I am a woman and there is an unspoken agreement between us that we carry emotional turmoil rather than our loved ones/people we care about. Why do you feel like you need to carry that weight? It’s not a need. It’s a want. I trick myself into thinking I can handle it. Is that a factor of my depression?

11) I pitied him for a while. Worried about his well-being in the future. How he would contend with the real world in five, ten, etc. years.

12) I told him to stop. Pushed up against him and thought to myself: “Where is his roommate? Can’t he hear me? Is this really happening?”

13) He tried to play it off as a compliment, later on. As if being inside of me felt so good, I was so tight that he didn’t want to stop, etc. That’s all bullshit.

14) It was my first experience with 100 proof alcohol. I had never smoked out of a bong. I kept telling him I didn’t want to fall asleep. I wanted to have sex but didn’t want to fall asleep before we could even get to that part.

15) I worried about getting home safely. The next day was one of the worst hangovers I’ve ever experienced. Slept on the guest bed without any sheets on it. That pissed my mom off a little bit.

16) He never apologized.

17) I am done retelling the story. I am tired. I just want to move on.

18) I am so tired.

19) I told him to stop.

