

**Rape.** It is such an easy word.

Everyday we hear more statistics about rape. Everyday we hear the phrases rape and date rape. Everyday we grow a little more accustomed to the word "RAPE".

With all this, do we start to lose sight of just what we are hearing and talking about? Rape is a serious issue. We often become almost blind to the topic.

Imagine someone you know. Imagine your sister, your friend, your mother; imagine your girlfriend. Now imagine someone forcing themselves onto her. Hitting and punching her. Imagine her screaming and crying as he tears her cloths off. think if the pain she feels as he forces himself into her. Her screaming is only silenced by him punching her over and over again in the face to shut her up. Imagine hem laughing at what he was doing to her. Imagine the hurt, the fear, the loneliness she feels as he walks away smiling. She is left lying there bleeding from the powerful hits he gave her. Imagine the inner pain she must feel from being robed of everything that was hers, and the pain of knowing that something was stolen form her and that she will never be able to get back. Remember that the person you thought of at the start of this article will never be the same person again.

When it happens, what you have imagined is a reality. You can imagine someone you love in that situation, then you can more understand the word rape.

Female Student.

### Story

The evening began like most other pubs. I had some drinks with friends at my apartment while he and his friends did the same. Needless to say, we were all feeling no pain" upon our arrival at the pub! It was a fun night! We all spent too much time at the bar and partied like crazy! I spent about an hour watching him from across the bar but I remember noting that he also, was watching me. Throughout the night we talked and eventually, we ended up at the same table together. Our friends were giving us the know-looks and smiled amongst themselves. When we decided that it was time to go downtown, we all piled into a cab together.

Downtown was a blur I guess. We danced together, talked to everyone, and generally had a pretty wild night. As the night wore on our inhibitions wore down

and the dance floor became a place of endowing mutual affection. It was exciting. We danced closely and touched each other often. There was no mistaking that we were both interested.

We went to get something to eat after the bars, and somehow we all ended up back at his apartment. Everyone continued to party, including us, but after a while we ended up in another room by ourselves. We were both drunk. We began to talk, then touch and kiss. Our hands began to wander and our clothes began to become disarrayed. Things get pretty intense and the so-called passion started to become uncomfortable. The "heat of the moment" suddenly became forceful and I, although intoxicated, became afraid. I tried to calm things down to where they's been before but it didn't work.. The more I tried to pull away and slow down the kissing, the harder he held me and forced his tongue into my throat. So we struggled for control, we both ended up on the bed with me being smothered under his weight. I think I passed out at this point, or maybe blacked out, because I can't remember all of the details. Maybe it's just as well. I remember not wanting to have sex. I thought I made that perfectly clear but I can't really remember. I fought but I think he told me that I'd like it once we get going. He did say that I should finish what I's started. When I woke several hours later, I got dressed and went home. Everyone was passed out all over the floor, and he was asleep i=on the couch with another woman. That week I saw him at the library he laughs about the weekend "Yeah, it was a good time - at least what I remember of it!"

This piece incorporates several stories as understood by the author. CARBONE



**STOP VIOLENCE  
AGAINST WOMEN**