**“Stop, Let go of me. What do you want? Stop! Stop!”** and then when I realized that he was not going to let go of my wrist, I started to scream as loud as I could.

I let out a eerie scream in fear because he was pulling me away from my car and into the dark, back side of the alley way.

All I could see was his vacant, empty dark eyes. He had no expression on his face. He was about 6 ft. tall, very skinny and wore a hooded windbreaker that draped off his body.

He was strong and he was dragging me closer and deeper into the dark passage way.

I had my grocery bag in my left hand. He was pulling me with my right hand. By the time that I realized that he was not going to let me go, I dropped the grocery bag. I heard each jar of my baby food crack on the concrete sidewalk.

None of my efforts changed the blank expression on his face. Not even the loud sound of all of the jar foods.

I dropped my skates held by my right hand on the ground. Why didn’t I use one of them to strike him and make him release me? Why didn’t I grab for the car horn to notify the store managers? Why didn’t I do something more?

All I could do is to yell, “Stop! Stop! Let go of me. What do you want? Stop! Stop! ” but he would not.

In one thought, I remember hearing myself say deep inside of myself, “Oh Lord, make him stop” and then I heard myself yell out from deep inside of my lungs “Somebody please help me! Help! Help!” and I screamed louder.

All of this took less than five minutes. He was pulling me, and I was pulling against him too.

Finally, two white guys who were in their cars at the Krystal eatery, looked up, saw the incident, heard my screams and immediately jumped out of their car to run over towards the dark area where the attacker was invading.

He was aggressively pulling me and facing towards them, so as soon as he saw them coming, he released my wrist, grabbed my handbag and quickly ran away.

My back was towards them and therefore I was unaware that these two guys were coming to my rescue.

As he let go of me, and grabbed my handbag, I heard myself say, “You asshole, there is no more money in my wallet. Your not going to get anything from this…”

I could hear the two men’s voices behind me asking if I was going to be alright.

I remember saying, “Oh no, all of my son’s baby food jars are broken. What is he going to eat tonight?”

I think I was in shock. They walked me back towards the lighted, store front area as they kept telling me that there were more baby food jars in the store and not to worry.

The police were called. My husband was called and my mother was called.

Everyone was angry because of the incident. Everyone had opinions and judgments regarding me and the aggressor.

The police said that I should have paid more attention to the assailant’s description.

The store manager said that I should have parked closer to the lighted area.

My mother said that I should not have been out at the skating ring by myself that night.

My husband said that I should have picked up the baby foods earlier that day.

However, those two young, energetic, courageous, white gentlemen’s only concern was for me; as they continued to ask me if I was going to be alright.

They will always be in my prayers. I wish I would have gotten their names or some information to better thank them later.

But my family was embarrassed on my behalf and wanted me out of that vicinity immediately. So we left.

My husband along with my infants in the back seat of our car rode around the city throughout that night as he continued to point out and ask me to look and identify each black 6 ft. young man on the streets, as the attacker or as a harmless guy.

The next day, he purchased a small Saturday night special revolver for me and I took gun classes to learn how to protect myself.

From that day forward, my internal reactions to a male stranger who seems to be approaching me has been to live on the offense instead of the defense. I imagine that the approaching fellow may be there to attack and I immediately plan how I will respond (via weapon, tools, body or verbally).

To date, I have not needed to respond to an invasive attack, however, that night woke me up to the fact that there are people who will cross into our personal space uninvited.

It is up to each of us to be aware of such people and to be prepared to defend ourselves if this situation occurs.

Perhaps, there may not be a kind stranger who will rush to the rescue. Perhaps, we may have to stand alone and fend for ourselves. Therefore, we must make preparations to learn how to protect ourselves from harm.

I am grateful for what I learned that night. I was so very naïve. I had no idea that this would have ever happened in my life. I never saw it coming. At that time, it shocked me.

I am a survivor! Two young men saved me from a dark event and I will forever be grateful that they courageously pursued that attacker.

I am also proud to be a believer. That night, I heard myself ask the Lord to protect me; and He did. ☺