

Coming Home

I think the reason I'm okay is because I decided it wasn't rape. I decided it was something I asked for, and convinced myself it was normal, and that lots of girls get fucked by lots of boys at once, and that even though I wanted to shrivel up into smoke immediately afterwards, because I walked by that house, and because I went there because I wanted to fuck this one guy, just one, just once, that maybe I had asked for it, but I hadn't understood that I had.

I saw this movie where this girl's whole life was ruined by getting fucked by a bunch of boys, and a couple of TV shows about it, too, and I'm thinking the only reason I didn't kill myself or go crazy was because I had decided it was all my fault. I absorbed all of the responsibility of all those guys that fucked the hell out of me at that one guy's house and decided that this was just the way things were. Girls didn't go to guy's houses when their parents weren't home because they might get fucked by the entire high school wrestling team. I wish my mom had told me that. I wish my mom had said one single thing about how these things worked.

I really liked how in that movie and in those television shows how fucked up those guys who fucked those girls ended up being themselves after taking part of those gang rapes. Guys who do things like that to girls should bear deep scars, deeper than the ones girls like me carry. An enduring need for redemption. Self-loathing. Fear of intimacy. A dead prick.

That seems fair.

Holly Day