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the door shut

Anonymous

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the door shut

Anonymous

The door shut. Twice.

Everything she remembered was a blur.

College kids gone wild,

wasn't always fun and games,

like everyone thought.

Judgment.

The package was almost hardwired.

Hardwired so teenagers wouldn't steal them.

She grabbed the package and stood.

Judgment,

from the others in line.

It was her fault,

she's the one who downed shot after shot

shot after shot

shot after shot

shot after shot.

Anonymous: the door shut

**“If I was you,
I’d feel disgusting.”**

She took the pill from the package,

Swallowed it in a timely manner.

She kept saying, over and over and over in her head:

“please work”

“please work”

“please work”

“please work”

Anonymous: the door shut

He texted her:

I've never seen someone so drunk before.

Did you take it?

Let me know when you get your period!

“I have something to tell you. Something happened the other night. I don’t really remember it. It didn’t mean anything. At all. I’m so sorry.”

Anonymous: the door shut

He gave her a hug. He asked if she was okay.

She loved him,
so much.

He kissed her.

He was her first love.

A few weeks later, she got her period. Thank God.

A few months later, he moved hours away for a new job.

He was her first love.

If only she could go back to tell him how kind he was, after a
confusing night, when everything
seemed to go wrong. He showed no judgment and he showed
only love. She wishes she could go
back and say thank you... For loving her and letting her
understand...
he was her first love
None of it was ever her fault.

~ Research estimates that between 10% to
29% of women have been victims
of rape or attempted rape since starting
college.
The National Crime Victimization Survey
estimates that 6.1 sexual assaults
occur per 1,000 students per year. ~