

# The worst day of my life

[Family](#), [Mother](#)



The Worst Day of My Life Sherry Miller Everest University ENC 1101-157

Composition I - 157 Elaine Childs November 4, 2012 The Worst Day of My

Life In this essay you will read about one of the worst days in my life. It is the story about the first time I was raped. I was 13 years old, a junior high school student (8th grade). See I used to have a newspaper route that I delivered before school and got the baby-sitting job after school. Well one day while delivering the newspaper to these town homes, Joe (the husband) stopped me (see he was the security guard for the town homes). Joe asked me if I baby-sat, and I said " yes", so he asked me to come over to his house to meet his family. The reason that they needed a baby-sitter is so that the wife can do her errands and he can sleep between jobs. See the Joe had two jobs. He worked at a pizza parlor and as you read earlier a security guard at the town homes that I deliver the paper, too. I got the job which made me excited, because now I could save up faster for my first car. Everything seemed to be going fine, until one day. See I showed up to the apartment like I had been for a month to baby-sit the kids, while the wife left to do her errands and Joe was supposed to be sleeping, which gave me a chance to work on my homework. See Joe looked asleep when I went to put the youngest in to his crib, which happened to be in his parents' room. While working on my homework, Joe called me from the bedroom, so I thought that maybe the baby was awake and that is why Joe was calling me. When I noticed that the baby was still asleep, I asked Joe why he called me to the room if the baby was not awake. He did not say a word. Joe grabbed me by my wrists and pulled me hard down on the bed. As I fought to get my wrists loose, the harder he held on. He held me down by my wrists (to this day I still

cannot be held around my wrists). As he held me down by my wrists, he climbs on top of me. He started to kiss my neck and tried to kiss me on my lips (I kept moving my head side to side to make it hard for him to kiss my lips). At this point he told me to quit moving that he would not hurt me. Well from the time he climbed on top of me, to the time he got off, I kept yelling for him " to get off of me". That did not seem to work because he kept telling me to quit moving around as he tried to get my skirt I was wearing up and my underwear down. I finally got really sore and tired from all the squirming around I was doing trying to get him off of me. Since I ended up not squirming anymore, it made it easier to get my skirt up and underwear down to penetrate me. In which he succeeded to do, because of I had to get a pregnancy test, because he wore no condom. After he was done, he got off of me and cleaned himself off and I tried to pull up my underwear and pull down my skirt as I ran to the living room. When I got to the living room I sat on the couch scared to death that he would try again. I had to stay until Joe's wife came home. As soon as she did, I grabbed my stuff and left without saying a word. All I heard from his wife was " See you tomorrow". I could not tell anyone because I thought that I had done something wrong to give the wrong impression. See for the next few months I had to keep working for the family, until one day I was no longer needed (which I was glad for). I was 15 years old when I finally could say anything about what had happened. It took me going to group therapy with my mom and brother along with other people in the group. See what happened was I ran out of the group when they started talking about run-a-ways. At break my mom came out to find me (which I was hiding around the building on a bench) to see what was

wrong, to see why I ran out of the group. I finally told her about the rape and all my mom could say to me (it wasn't let's get you help); no it was " What did you do to cause it? " As you see my mother was not supportive of the situation. She blamed me for the rape. I managed to talk to my counselor about what had happened to me. My counselor called the police and I talked to them about the whole thing. What they told me was " they will keep the case open for 7 years, so if he does it again we can arrest him for your rape too". So the 7 years has passed with no results. So either he raped someone else or they are just as scared as I was or it never happens again to anyone. Not sure which it was.