



The Truth About Rape: It Can Happen to Anyone

Last November, I was beaten, drugged and raped by my ex-boyfriend.

I was drinking my second drink when I started to feel extremely intoxicated. I kept wondering why I felt like this after only two drinks. I remember putting my drink down on his coffee table and then I blacked out. The next thing I remember is gasping. I don't know where I was or what I was doing, but I was naked and gasping. Then, the next memory I have is him screaming for me to get out of his house. I was crying hysterically but I couldn't figure out why. I had never seen so much rage in someone before like I did that night.

The next thing I remember is hearing a loud knock on my window. It was several cops flashing flashlights into my car. I don't remember ever getting into or being in my car. My heart was racing. How did I get here? Why am I here? I was found half-dressed and unconscious in the middle of an intersection in my car. My pants were on backwards. My bra was mangled and twisted around me. My shirt was ripped and hanging around my waist. I had no underwear or shoes on. I had a bloody laceration on my eyebrow and bruises all over my neck, arms, legs, thighs and back. I had no time to process what had happened. The cops were asking me so many questions. I was disoriented and don't remember much else until I was taken to the police station.

From there, I was told that I was arrested for a DUI. I couldn't believe it. I knew I would have never intentionally driven drunk. Just as the cop was taking my blood, another sheriff came into the room and told me I was under arrest for a hit-and-run. It was my worst nightmare come true.

The morning after being arrested, I woke up and knew I had been raped. I didn't tell anyone. I was still trying to make sense of what had happened the night before. I went to go look in the mirror and I didn't recognize myself. My face was swollen and my neck had several bruises. I went to the Apple Store to get my phone rebooted since it was still locked. As soon as it was unlocked, I texted my ex-boyfriend to tell him to ask what happened last night. I had to text him at least five times before he finally responded. He wouldn't tell me much besides I was drunk and he never wanted to hear from me again. He didn't care that I could have died that night. He didn't care that I could have killed someone when I was driving. When I told my friends and family what had happened, some were very supportive and others victim-blamed me. My sister told me I deserved to be raped and that it was my fault for what had happened to me. My father told me he wasn't going to help me and that I have no one to blame but myself for going over to my ex-boyfriend's house in the first place. I had friends that told me they would never end up in a situation like that. Well I have news for you, I never planned or wanted this to happen to me. Rape can happen to anyone, no matter the age, gender or race.

It wasn't until I started to have flashbacks that I really understood what had happened to me. My first flashback was of me gasping. I could feel the pressure of hands on my neck and I couldn't breathe. My other flashback is of me naked and throwing up on his carpet. As soon as I started throwing up, he yelled, "ARE YOU KIDDING ME?" and smashed my face into the side of his bed frame. That's how I got the deep laceration wound on my eyebrow. I couldn't believe what



my flashbacks were telling me. How could he do this to me? Why? What had I ever done to deserve this?

Four months passed by and it was March 2013. My blood had been sent out to a lab to be tested for blood-alcohol concentration levels and drugs. My lawyer called me and told me he had my test results. I could feel my heart sink into my stomach. He said, "I'm very surprised by your results." He told me Rohypnol and Ketamine were found in my blood. I dropped to the floor and started sobbing uncontrollably. I couldn't believe it. He drugged me and thought he could get away with it.

A few weeks later, an investigation began. My ex-boyfriend was listed as the only suspect in my sex crime case. I was hoping and praying that charges would finally be pressed and that my case would go to trial. The lead detective in my sex crime case repeatedly victimized me. She said I must have taken the date-rape drugs because my ex-boyfriend didn't admit to putting them in my drink. She said that he couldn't have drugged me because the kitchen, where he was making my drink, was visible from where I was sitting on the couch. She said that my ex-boyfriend would have never jeopardized his future as a medical student by committing a crime this serious. I was told by my detective's supervisor that I was the first sex crime case in the department's history to have blood evidence of being drugged with date-rape drugs. I couldn't believe it. Even with all the evidence, they weren't going to do anything.

My case never made it to trial. No charges were ever pressed. I was told that because I was intoxicated, I wasn't reliable enough to testify. I was told that since my case was acquaintance rape that it wasn't likely to get a conviction. It was like they completely dismissed that fact that I was drugged and nearly died that night. Although justice was never served, I refuse to give up. This case wasn't just about getting justice for me, but for the man involved in my hit-and-run. There is not one day that goes by that I don't think about that man. Now, I'm more than ever determined to put an end to victim-blaming and rape culture. How would you feel if someone victimized you?

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