

Targeted

"In the house there were four white walls, with a wooden bed up against the wall. In the top right corner under the window, I could see a small photo frame hanging up, it was a birthday badge. As I turned my head I could see that he had his dog stay in his room with him. While I was on that bed, my heart was beating and my mouth was dry. All I could hear was the sound of his little portable radio, beside his window..."



#SaySomething

My Home Life

Hi, I'm not going to say my name for personal reasons. I am a 14 year old girl who has been through an awful lot. I was born in the local hospital. It wasn't a normal birth, as I became very ill after I was born. This meant I was in and out of hospital until I was 3 years old. The doctors all tried their best to find out what was wrong with me and how I could get better. In the end they told my mum I had meningitis and they had to do an operation on my brain to bring the swelling down. This meant they had to put a tube in my brain to prevent the swelling.

I have had this tube in my head for about 14 years. There have been times where I have needed it to be changed and yes I have also caught infections, which meant having to take a trip to the local hospital. Other than that I am a healthy young fourteen year old girl.

When I'm not in hospital I am at home with my mum, dad and older brother. I didn't have a good family upbringing but I didn't have a bad family upbringing either. My dad was a drinker and he has also taken drugs. When me and my older brother had fights and arguments, my dad would always get involved and break us up. The sad thing is that my dad would always hit me a little harder than he hit my older brother.

I will always remember one night when I was 6 or 7 years old, my dad had been drinking and my mum was making dinner. Mum and dad had been arguing about something and I could hear them upstairs, all I could hear was them both shouting. Well I could mainly hear my dad shout at my mum most of the time. Dad had hit my mum's friend and mum had gone mad at him.

This time I knew it was too much, as my dad had grabbed hold of my mum's arm and pushed her so hard up against the front door, causing her to smash her head against it. My mum's friend rang her partner and asked him to pick her up, she took me and my brother with her. My mum's friend came upstairs and told me to get my things organised and to meet her downstairs, where she would be waiting in the car.

Dad came running out of the house, shouting "Stop, Stop". He ran to the car window, pushing my mum's friend out the way. As dad came to the window he said "Please don't go, it will be different now I promise. Me and your mum were just playing, please stay, don't leave".

I stopped for a while, looked at my mum's friend and sighed, I didn't know what to do. Do I go back into that house where all that happens was my own mum getting beaten up, or do I go... do I go and never come back. I must have been really stupid as I got out of the car and went back into the house. My mum's friend gave me that look, you know as if to say are you sure about this? I think I was, I must of been to go back into the house.

After that day it only got worse, mum and dad were always fighting and shouting at us kids for no apparent reason. Sometimes I thought about calling someone, telling someone about what was going on at home but I didn't, I couldn't, I was too scared. Nothing ever stopped, dad was always starting. It seemed like he wanted to be the boss and he would put you back in line if you stepped out of it.

I was scared of my dad, when he'd been drinking. There was one night mum had gone out, she didn't say where she went to, so that meant my dad had to babysit me and B, B is my friend. My uncle, my mum's brother, had brought me a drum set for my birthday and me and B were playing on them. We were so loud that my dad had shouted up the stairs at us to keep the noise down. Soon it got late and me and B got ourselves ready and jumped into bed.

I was half asleep but B was wide awake. She said she could hear loud footsteps, B was getting really scared so she woke me up and was telling me how close the footsteps were getting. I turned to face her and said "It's only my dad walking around downstairs" Then I turned back around. I could see by the look on B's face that she wasn't happy. I asked her what was wrong and she said "Take me home, get your mum to take me home"

An hour after B had gone home, mum had come back. Dad was sat on the sofa watching TV. Mum asked where B was, dad had said to mum that she had gone home. Mum was confused and wanted to know why. All dad had said was that B wanted to go home and didn't want to stay anymore. Dad said to mum that it was something to do with her being scared.

I remember that mum had come up to check on me, my bedroom door opened and a glimpse of the landing light shone through the crack of the door. Mum came in and stood beside my bed, she bent down and kissed me on my forehead. My eyes opened and I could see my mum looking down at me. Mum walked towards the door and switched off the light but before she did she smiled again and said "Goodnight".

It got too much and one day mum and dad split up. They both moved on and got into relationships with new people.

Primary School

My time in primary school was so different to home life, it was so much harder. You had to make friends, make sure you didn't make any enemies and try to keep on top of school work.

I was in nursery when I made my first friend. I was in a sand box playing with sand and making sand castles. I must have had a moment of madness as I just got my ice cream and literally shoved it in this girls face. She was one of those girls who was really quiet and kept to herself, so I didn't think she would do anything. I was so wrong, she got a bucket of sand and filled it up to the top and chucked the bucket all over me. After that I was really mad, I got up and pushed her. She pushed me. We were pushing and shoving each other.

Then one of the teachers came over and broke us up. The teacher sent us in to the classroom to face the wall and think about what we had done. So we stood there, staring at the plain wall not saying a word. The teacher left and we started to laugh, she apologised for chucking sand on me and for pushing me over. I smiled at her and said that it was ok. She told me that people call her the Cool girl in school. By the time the teacher had come back into the classroom we had already made up. The teacher sat us down, talked to us and made sure we knew what we had done and that it was wrong. After that she let us both go. Once we left the classroom Me and E went to the playground to meet up with our other friends.

Primary school wasn't all that special really. The kids there were nothing but bullies and caused people pain.

I was one of those kids who got bullied. Every day when I went into school I would have people making fun of me, calling me names, teasing me and so on. My life in primary school wasn't very good. My friends stuck by me until someone came along and started pushing me about then they would just leave me and go off somewhere else.

I remember as I got in to year 5 and 6, it got much worse. People would be hitting me, kicking me, taking my things and just making my life in school a living hell. There was even a time when I went swimming with the school and while I was in the pool this stupid kid jumped in the pool, swam over to me and pushed my head under water. By the time I was brought back up, everyone was getting out of the pool and there I was just floating waiting to get out.

The next time the school went swimming, I didn't want to. When we arrived at the pool I got changed and got into the pool, without looking at anyone. I saw a girl and a boy swimming near the edge of the pool, so I swam over and said hello. They made me laugh and the girl was very quiet. We went for a swim and after that they were the two people who were always by my side when I was getting the shit off people. Every time the school went swimming it was always me, my friend who I call Mouse as she is so quiet and my other mate, who is a guy.

At break times at school it would always be me, Mouse and the guy. Then one day I came across a girl who was sat on the bench in the playground. She looked sad, so I walked over to her and sat down. She looked at me and then looked away. I asked "Are you ok? She didn't answer me, so I asked her again. She looked at me and gave me half a smile. She said she'd had a really bad lesson. I asked her why? She told me that the teacher had given her a telling off all because she got up and moved seats. I reached my hand over to her and said to her "He must be some dick head then" she lifted her head up out of her arms and laughed, while wiping the tears from her eyes.

After she sat up she was telling me all these jokes about the teachers, I was in stitches. I call her the Queen Joker. Queen Joker was different to my other friends, she was always there for me. She helped me face up to the bullies and she even told the Cool girl to step up her game. Queen Joker was a great friend, she was my friend and I could trust her. Me and the Queen Joker were the best of friends and no one was ever going to change it for anything.

Sadly the Queen Joker was leaving, as it was her last year in primary. I was going to miss her so much. I remember us hugging and crying as we knew that when she left school we'd never see each other again. So we did everything together that day, we went to the bathroom together, our classes together, played together and had lunch together. Until sadly the end of the day came and we all had to go into the school hall and have a year six leavers assembly. By the time that was finished I ran up to Queen Joker and gave her the biggest hug that I could. I really didn't want to let go of her but I knew I had to. So I did, we said goodbye and then that was it.

The next few weeks weren't much fun, I had lost my best friend and I had a hole in my heart. I was sad at break times and had no one to play with. My other friends couldn't cheer me up, I was sad. All I wanted was my Queen Joker, who meant everything to me.

Secondary School

I was so nervous my first day at secondary school. We had an assembly to start off the year. The teachers introduced themselves and said a little about who they were. After the assembly we were given a time table, which had what lessons we had each day. I was ok, I had my friend Mouse and the dirty minded boy in my lessons so I felt ok.

The bullying on the other hand, had carried on. It didn't stop until I was nearly at the end of year 9. My first week into secondary school, I got four loads of home work.

In secondary school there were a lot more people who could wind me up. I remember in years 7, 8 and 9, I was always in trouble. I was beating people up, chasing them around the school, swearing and slamming doors.

I always had detention and was being sent out of class. It got to the point that the teachers had to give me a time out pass, which allowed me to go out of the lesson for 10-15 minutes to cool down. If I didn't calm down then I didn't go back into lesson, which was fine with me but not the teachers.

I'd always have meetings to see how well I was doing in school and how well I was getting on with my work. Although every time my mum came in to see how well I was doing they would bring up all the problems that I was either causing or had been a part of.

Then I suddenly realised, I can't go on like this. I need to move on, not let people get to me anymore, be the bigger person and so that's what I did.

Summer Holidays

Summer holidays should be a good thing right? My summer holidays were spent babysitting my little brother, so I didn't really go out. When I did go out I was with my friend Loopy Loo and we would go wherever the wind would take us.

I went to my Nan's every weekend to see how she was and stay down there for a bit.

I would even go with her and help her on the buses. Me and my Nan used to watch a program called 'Art Attack' and we used to get a lot of ideas and then create them.

I liked to go for walks or take my bike along the river and watch the ducks go by. Every now and then I would take a loaf of, out of date, bread down to the river and feed the ducks, sometimes the geese would come to have some as well.

The seagulls would fly by, and you would have to watch them as they could come and snatch the bread right out of your hand.

Dad's New Partner

When mum and dad split up, dad went and found himself another women. The women he found was a lovely lady, she always smiled and never had a bad word to say about anyone. She had kids already and was very sporty. She loved the trampolines and was always on them, I guess you would call her a trampoline addict.

Anyway dad was happy and so was I. There were days I would stay over and have dinner, I would help prepare dinner and sometimes I would even cook dinner myself. Sometimes, dad and his girlfriend would come and take me and my older brother out places, maybe for a meal or we'd go bowling. I remember a time we went camping. I didn't want to go but dad's girlfriend persuaded me and made it sound fun. When we arrived at the camp site, the first thing we did before anything else was set the tent up, blow the air beds up and then get dinner on. The camp site had a nice river going all the way around, so me and dad's girlfriend went for a walk. It probably had taken us at least an hour and a bit to get round it, as it was so big.

The first night we stayed in the tent, I had to go to the bathroom. So I woke my dad and he said "Go wake up my baby and tell her to take you". So I woke her up and she showed me to the bathroom. Things were going great between dad and his bird, until one day it all changed. Me and my older brother were with dad at his girlfriend's house when we heard a glass break and loud voices were raised. Me and my brother came in to the kitchen and there was dad and his girlfriend arguing. Dad then turned to us and pulled us out of the house and took us home.

Mum's New Partner

Mum eventually met a guy, she met him through dad at his old work place. They went out for at least two or three years and they seemed so happy. She introduced us to him, we were happy for her, he seemed nice. He stayed round nearly every weekend that he could. He played with us, and bought us things. The four of us would go out on little day trips, it was always such a laugh and we always had a lot of fun when we went out.

There was one day though when it was me, mum, my older brother, mum's boyfriend and his nephew. We were all going to the zoo. I remember I was being a bit naughty and mum's boyfriend had shouted at me to stop and I did. I was quiet after that, never made a sound, always did what my mum and her boyfriend told me to do as I didn't want to get told off again.

One day I got ill, then my brother caught it from me and then my mum caught it from him. We got better but she kept being sick and wasn't able to eat. Mum went to the doctors and they said to her "Is there a chance that you could be pregnant? My mum said 'no' right away. She told them she couldn't be as she was on the pill. The doctor made her take a test anyway, it turned out that she was pregnant.

Mum and her boyfriend were so happy, my brother was happy and so was the rest of my family. The only one who wasn't happy was me, I didn't want another brother or sister as I felt my mum had no time for me anyway. So with a baby, she definitely wouldn't have time for me. Every one of my family was messaging me. Saying "Oh you're going to have a little brother or sister. You're going to be a big sister." I didn't want the baby. I felt that I was going to be left out and forgotten, like I was already being.

It hurt me to feel that my mum wanted another child, although I thought of it from her side and how she'll need me to help her. So I gave it a go. When the baby was born they were so happy, I eventually got used to the idea of having a little brother. The time I spent with my little brother while he was growing up was special. All the birthdays and Christmas' we had with him. I liked it when I saw his little face light up, when he was opening his presents on his birthday and on Christmas day, it was magical.

Dad's Wife

Dad met another women after it ended with the previous one. I wasn't too sure about this one. She didn't seem like his type. Although my dad called her the love of his life. They would go on the back on his motor bike together and stay at each other's houses nearly every night.

Dad's girlfriend has two kids, one aged 10, she was 8 at the time I met her, and the other was 15 so she is probably 16/17 now. We all went to some kind of fair, me and the youngest went on this ride, and I was so scared to go on it. The arm would swim up and down and round in a circle, it made me feel sick.

On Christmas day 2013 they got engaged, instead of asking us what we thought about it, he got our mum to ask us. My older brother was ok with it, he didn't really care. However I had lots of questions but my dad didn't want to know. So that caused tension between me and him. The tension only got worse from there, he called me an ungrateful, spoilt brat and more, all because I thought it was a little early for them to be getting married.

So my brother went to the wedding while I stayed at home, I did ring him to wish him luck but that was it. I still thought he was making a mistake.

My First Love

I must have only been 12 at the time, when I was with my dad visiting my Godfather and his girlfriend. We arrived at her house and my dad told me to go into the living room while he spoke to some people. So I walked into the living room and I saw a guy sat on the sofa playing on a DS. He was really good looking. Anyway I said hello and he looked up and nodded, "You can sit down if you want" he said. So I did, I sat next to him and watched him.

He kept looking at me and smiling, I did the same, he then asked my name so I told him. He said he liked my name, he asked where I lived and if it was alright where I live. Before I knew my dad was telling me we needed to go, so I got up, winked at him and said "Goodbye".

The next day I woke up and heard people talking outside. I looked out the window and saw a moving van. I went downstairs and out the front door to go have a look. I opened the door and to my surprise it was the boy from the house. He saw me and came over. "You live round here then?" I smiled and nodded. He asked me to show him around and I agreed. He was a real nice guy, so sweet. His eyes sparkled and his teeth shone.

Everyday we would hang out, going on bike rides and playing in his garden. I really liked him. He was my sweetheart.

Me and my sweetheart were taking a walk one day, my mum went out again and her annoying friend was looking after me. Me and my sweetheart went on a long walk and by the time we got back it was cold and I was cuddling up to him. He put his arm around me, and then gave me his coat.

I loved him and I wanted to ask him out but I didn't have the courage to do so. He knew I liked him because of all the hints I gave him. We did everything together, everyday without fail we went on bike rides. We left our house's at half past six and we got back by seven or half past seven in the morning, just in time for school. When we got up it would annoy our parents but we didn't care, we loved leaving the house and spending time together before and after school.

There were times I'd go to his house and he would cook me something to eat. There was one time he made me French toast and that was really nice.

Sadly things had to come to an end, as his mum told him that they were moving away. I was due to go to a Halloween party on the day my sweetheart was leaving. He promised me he was going to be there when I got back. So I went. I was at the party and all I could think about was when can I go and see my sweetheart. I wanted to say goodbye before he goes. By the time the party was over my sweetheart had already gone and I was left heartbroken.

The Chain Smoker

When I first met this girl I had no idea what to think. She was such a crazy girl, she always had a go at people and was always going down to the bottom of the school field and smoking. Every morning I got to school, she was always down in the field puffing away on her fag. I started to go down there with her, I was always the look out in case a teacher came. After she finished her fag, we would switch and she would be the look out.

Me and this girl, who I will call the Chain Smoker, were pretty much friends. We were always there for each other, every break and after school I would wait for her and we'd go off together. The Chain Smoker would come to my house. Now and again we would go off into the city centre.

Me and the Chain Smoker did have our moments I admit, not every friendship is perfect. She wasn't my friend all the time, I mean at first we didn't see eye to eye. There were arguments, fights, and just plain arguing. She was friends with this other girl, who thought she was all 'that' but she wasn't. After a while the Chain Smoker would just go off and leave me.

First Time I Met The Devil

One day the Chain Smoker said to me that she had a boyfriend. I was like "Oh right ok, who is he?" The Chain Smoker wouldn't say much, all I got out of her was that he lived local and that they had been together for two or three months. I know it was two or three months as we were already in October. I was happy for her, and wanted to meet who was making her so happy.

On October the 3rd I got a knock at the door. My mum answered and it was a guy, he asked for me. My mum called me down from upstairs and said "someone's at the door for you" I came down from the stairs and saw a guy standing on the front door step just looking at me.

I asked who he was and why he was asking after me. He just said "I'm here on the Chain Smoker's behalf, she wanted me to come and get you". I shouted to my mum that I was going out to see the Chain Smoker. Me and this guy walked up the road to the flat where they lived, he opened the door for me and I walked in. I shouted "Chain Smoker where are you?" She shouted back "I'm upstairs, the first room in front of you" so I went upstairs and knocked on the door. I walked in and the Chain Smoker was sat on the bed, as usual smoking a fag.

The guy said to me "Why don't you go in and sit down" I walked in and sat next to Chain Smoker. She rolled me a fag and there we were smoking on the fags, listening to the music. Every time I walked out the room, the guy would suddenly bump into me and then say sorry about it. I'd just smile and say "That's ok".

We all went back to my house, me, Chain Smoker and the guy. We were in the garden with my mum and my older brother. My older brother had his friends with him, they were both high on weed and chatting a load of shit. Me, Chain Smoker and the guy went in to the living room with my mum and my older brother. My older brother and his two mates were annoying me and non-stop doing my head in. Chain Smoker turned to me and said "Do you want to come and stay at the flat with me tonight?" I wasn't too sure, as I didn't know where I would be sleeping. The Chain Smoker said "you'll be sleeping in a room with me", "Ok" I said.

My brother and his mates were still doing my head in, so I went upstairs and packed a small bag for one night. I came downstairs and off we went. I went back home as I had forgotten something, while I walked off Chain Smoker and the guy had gone off. By this time the guy had asked Chain Smoker for my number and she gave it to him. When I got home I decided to stay home. A few moments later about half past six or seven I got a text message.

"Hi. xx"

I replied "Who is this?"

They text me again saying "It's the guy from the flat"

I said "Oh ok how did you get my number?"

The guy replied "Off your friend, is that alright?"

I said "Oh alright, she could of asked me first"

They guy replied "I know,"

The text messages stopped for a while. I was about to go to bed, when I was awoken by my phone going off. I checked it and could see I had 6 unread text messages from that guy. My phone went off again and the messages started up again.

"Hey. Xx"

I replied "Hey. X"

The guy asked me if I wanted to stay the night.

I wasn't too sure, as I hadn't known him long but he seemed keen.

"Do you want to stay at mine tonight?" He asked

"I'm not too sure" I said

"Why not?" he asked

"Because I don't know you that well and I don't stay at a person's house if I don't know them"

"Oh come on, please?"

He wouldn't stop asking me, he wouldn't give up. Soon I just gave in and said yes.

"Ok I'll see you tomorrow then babe?"

"Yeah ok but don't call me babe"

"Oh sorry babe" He said again

"Stop calling me babe, I mean it"

The next morning there was a knock at the door and it was the guy. I left my house and went to the flat. I put my bag in the bedroom and followed him. He went to the Chain Smoker and that's when me and her sat on the bed and started having a fag.

The guy asked "Do you want me to do you anything to eat babe?"

"No thanks I'm good".

The guy came back in to the bedroom and sat next to me on the bed. He looked at me and smiled, I thought nothing of it and carried on smoking on my fag.

The Devil Started to Get Horrible and Controlling

The same night, October 3rd I was at the flat, I was about to get into bed and I asked Chain Smoker to hurry up. Chain Smoker said "I'm not coming, your sharing a bed with that guy tonight" my face dropped and I said "Are you fucking mad?".

She said "No"

I shouted at her "Do you think you are funny? I am not sleeping in a bed with him".

Nothing got said after that, everything was quiet. Time came for me to go to bed, so I did. I got into bed and all of a sudden I see the door slowly open, it was that guy. He smiled at me and shut the door.

"Are you alright my sweet?" He said.
I looked up and nodded.

I asked "Where is Chain Smoker, I thought she was coming to bed?".

"No" he said.

He shut the door, I got scared and really worried. He squeezed in beside me in the bed and put his arm around me. I looked at him and turned away. It was quiet and then he suddenly moved in towards me and kissed me on the cheek. I moved away, he grabbed my arm and pulled me close.

"Don't you want this, don't you want me?" He said.
I couldn't say anything because before I knew it he'd already got on top of me.

My heart was racing and I had no idea what was going on. He started asking me all sorts of things.

"Have you got a boyfriend?" He said.

"Are you single?" he said.

"Do you want a boyfriend?" He said.

"Do you want me?" He said.

Then he came out with something that I had nothing to say back to.

"Would you let me finger you? If so how many fingers?" He said.

I was scared and said "I suggest you'd better get off me now"

I tried to move but he was too heavy for me, I couldn't get away from him.

He started moving his hand down my chest and I couldn't get away. He had one hand on my chest and the other on my arm.

"Relax" he said, "It will all be ok, it will all be over soon" he said.

"I won't hurt you" he said.

I was really scared.

After that night I went home and got into the shower. Once I got out the shower, the guy was knocking at my door. I opened the door and he came in. He smiled at me and nothing was said.

My mum was cooking a chicken korma when I told her what happened.

She looked at me and said "Did you bleed?"

I said "No".

It was left at that because my older brother and his friends were around and I didn't really want to say anything in front of them. So the next day the guy sat down with me and my mum and we talked. My mum thought we were going out so she said "Considering the age gap between you, you both want to keep it on the down low and make sure you use protection next time".

She wanted me to get tested and go on the pill but it never happened. It happened again many times after that, every time it was in his room and no one else was near us. It was the 16th of October and it was my brother's birthday, he was 17. The guy brought my brother a card and a box of beers. While he was at the shop, I was at the flat with Chain Smoker, he also brought me a bottle of WKD and Smirnoff Ice.

He came back and brought me in to his room. Chain Smoker wasn't bothered, as she was puffing on her fag. I went in to his room and sat on the bed, I felt nervous as I didn't want another repeat of what had happened before. I sat on the bed and he came over and sat next to me, while putting his arm around me. He opened my drink and got Chain Smoker to make me another fag. He got the fag and lit it up, while also opening my drink. He gave me the drink and the fag, while I was smoking the fag I could see he had his hand on my knee and was slowly moving his hand upwards.

I moved and he pulled me back. He grabbed my face, kissed me on the cheek then slowly moved on to my lips. He kissed me and was also putting his tongue inside my mouth.

"Well go on then" he shouted.

So I got down and gave him a blow job. It went on for at least 10 minutes. When he finally pulled out he told me to get back on the bed and give him a wank. I really didn't want to but I knew I had to.

Another night after having sex, I wanted to go home but he wouldn't let me. He said "As it is only Saturday you can stay another night and then go home". I didn't want to, I just wanted to go home. There were a few times I wanted to go home and when I did try to leave he'd pull me back in, or punch me. There were some nights I would be staying and he would make me cry. There was one night I didn't want sex and he got mad. I said "No".

He wasn't happy, he had brought some alcohol and said I could have alcohol though". I still said "No" and walked away.

He grabbed me and chunked me on to the bed, I felt his heavy body getting on top of me and I was scared I wanted to go home. When he was on top of me my whole body shut down and I had no feeling in any part of my body. He had ejaculated in me a few times, but he swore to me he didn't.

There was one night that was different, we had sex as usual but this time when he pulled out he saw a bit of blood. So he stopped, then he got up and said

"Give me a blow job".

"No" I said.

He bent down and asked again. I was really scared now. So as he pulled his trousers down I just sat there on the bed watching. He turned me around and said "Here you go". I didn't move, I didn't speak. After that it was pretty much every night we had sex, oral and anal. A few weeks past and it was me, the guy, Chain Smoker and her boyfriend. We had taken Chain Smoker home as she had to be in by seven.

We got to the local centre and we sat in a park. Chain Smoker and her boyfriend sat on the bench with me and the guy was standing around. He had a BB gun with him and was aiming it at birds and trees. I had told the guy to stop shooting in random places, he told me to shut up and that he was tired of my attitude. I was confused and had no idea on what he was on about.

He said "I am sick and tired of how you speak to your mum".

I stood there thinking to myself, what is it to do with you?

So I said it "What is it to do with you anyway?"

He wasn't happy with the way I was talking to him, so he started shooting at me. He missed a few times but then he managed to shoot me in the side of the head. I felt funny after that and had to sit down. Chain Smoker saw what had happened and started shouting at him.

"Get the Fuck away from her, you Cunt" she said.

"You better run now" she said.

All he did was shout "Shut up" and he ran off towards the shops. Chain Smoker walked me to the bus stop and waited with me for the bus to come. The bus came and I jumped on. By the time I got home and I told my mum what had happened she said "See how you feel in the morning".

The morning came and I still felt the same. So mum kept me off school and took me to the hospital. I went to the hospital and the doctors asked "What's wrong, what has happened?"

My mum explained everything and by the fourth day in hospital I had a visit by the police.

But before they turned up I kept getting text messages from the guy. Asking me if I was ok and that he was sorry. I did reply every now and then, but after a while I got really annoyed and told him to shut up.

He turned funny after that, he started saying how the police were going to get involved and how he was going to blame the whole thing on me and shit like that. I was getting scared. Then he came into hospital and spent the day with me. I was scared as I didn't really want him there.

He came up and all he did was saying sorry non-stop, over and over again. Every night after that he would ring the hospital receptionist and ask to see me. They would come and ask and all I would say is "Tell him I am asleep". So they did that.

Pregnant

I was really scared, every time the Devil and I had sex, I always thought there was going to be a possibility I would end up pregnant. After all, the fourth time the Devil had sex with me, he made me bleed. I wouldn't be able to picture me with a kid. Come on, I was only thirteen when it happened and I am only fourteen now. I can barely keep myself together, never mind looking after a kid as well. So I was happy when the doctors asked for a urine sample and it came back negative. I can actually remember seeing the look on my mum's face when the doctor came back and told us. We were both so pleased and so happy that I wasn't pregnant.

Statements

The Police came and took a statement about the shooting. So I told them how the guy was messing around with the BB gun and we had an argument and he turned the gun on me and shot me in the head. After I came home on the Friday I was welcomed by a Police Officer and she wanted to take a statement about him having sex with me.

She took me to a house where there were cameras set up and ready to record. She introduced me to a Police Social Worker who was in charge of the statements. She seemed really nice. We sat and had a drink for a bit. After that we went into the room and she explained what was going to happen. The recording started and she started asking how I met him. We were having a real conversation and to be honest it didn't feel like I was talking to a Social Worker at all.

"So how did you meet this guy?" She asked.

"I met him through my friend" I said.

"Who's your friend?" She said.

"Chain Smoker" I said.

"Why do you call her Chain Smoker?"

"Because she smokes a lot of fags, that's why" I said.

"Ok" she said.

"Right, now talk me through what happened in the bedroom" she asked.

All I had really said was that he brought me drinks and fags. Then he would move in for a kiss and it would all go from there. The statement was finished and I was taken back to the hospital. Once I got back to the hospital, my mum and I went home.

Back To School

After it was all over, and I started going back to school, I was scared that people would know what had happened. I was really scared that people would come up to me and ask me why I had told the police. I was lucky because they never did and I was safe. I couldn't really concentrate in my lessons though because I knew he hadn't been picked up yet and he knew where my school was. He used to come and wait outside the school gates for the end of the day.

This girl, who I have known for three years, had heard about what had happened. She didn't judge me, she wanted to kill him. I just wanted to forget, but I knew I would never forget because you never forget things like that really.

Visit The Court

It was during school one day that my Social Worker and the Police Officer took me to the Court to show me around. They picked me up from my house and drove me to the Crown Court in the City Centre. When we arrived we were a bit early so my Social Worker and I went to get something to eat. We had a walk around for a bit and then we headed back to the Court. We walked in and had to go through security to get into the building.

I was amazed by how big the Court was when my Social Worker and the Police Officer showed me around. They showed me a possible room I would have to wait in. Then they took me up some steps in to a medium sized green courtroom. The Police Officer showed me where I would sit, where the judge and jury would sit and the guy and the barristers would sit.

I looked around and I remember thinking "I can't do this, I can't stand up and say what that Bastard did to me". Inside I could feel the nerves building up, the sense of panic I felt, knowing that I would have to re-tell what he had done to me.

The Court Day

The trial had been set for three days in April. Sadly those dates got cancelled as he didn't show up and was apparently rushed into hospital. So those three days were really three days of worry and grief. I knew he was guilty, my mum and older brother knew he was guilty, so did everyone else. Unfortunately he didn't want to go to Court and so he thought he could put it off.

A new date was set for May but again that creep decided he wasn't going to go. He told the Police Officer and his Solicitor that he had no money and therefore had no way of getting to Court. So my mum got a phone call saying it had been cancelled again, even though me and my mum were almost ready to leave the house. The police had arranged a different date for Court and this time they arrested him for wasting police time, so we knew he was going to definitely appear this time.

The day at the end of May finally came and I had to make my mind up about what I wanted to do. If I wanted to be in the courtroom, watch it all from behind a screen or do a video link. I finally decided that I wanted to watch everything through the video link.

When they brought him down to the courtroom, my mum and both cousins were there to watch the trial. I was with my support worker in another room, as my social worker had to end her involvement. Anyway it was me, my support worker and the witness lady, who helps support people at difficult times, in the video link room.

The Judge entered the room and everything went quiet for a while. Then he said "All rise" and everyone stood up. "Sit down" and everyone sat down. The trial had started. You could hear my Barrister telling the people what I went through and how it made me feel. Then we heard from his side, his Barrister was questioning what my Barrister was saying and making judgments about it.

He was saying stuff like;

"My client said he had full consent".

"My client had a learning difficulty, so he wouldn't of been able to take part in full sexual contact".

"My client says that she knew his real age".

"She had plenty of chances to leave but she didn't".

And it went on and on.

While they were all talking about what had happened, I could feel myself getting really angry but it was anger that made me want to cry. After hearing what they were saying, about how I wanted it to happen and I had consented to it, I was really upset. I remember getting up and walking out of the room I was in. My support worker and the witness women came after me. Soon after the Police Officer came down and tried to help me understand that they have to say things like this, that it is their job to help find him innocent.

I remember being really upset and I really wanted to just walk out because honestly, I couldn't take it anymore But I didn't, I couldn't, my support worker and the Police Officer stopped me and they told me to go back into the room. After I had cooled down a bit I went back in, but when I went back in I got told that the Judge had stopped and told everyone to go and come back in two hours time.

I left the Court with my mum and my cousin, we went and got something to eat. My mum had a fag and I just waited around. The time came to go back, so we did. Everyone went back to where they were meant to be and it continued. The Judge had heard everything now, all that was left to do was sum up.

The Judge said "As you have a learning difficulty, being in prison for a long time may not be good for you, so I'll be nice". He also said "Considering you did shoot her in the head with a weapon that isn't allowed, and you did admit to sleeping with an underage girl, that has also got to be taken into consideration."

I was 13 at the time and he was 21, one of the arguments was that I gave consent – how could I? I had been groomed, given alcohol and forced to do sexual things I didn't want to....

The Judge spent 10 minutes talking through it all, until he came to a decision. He gave him 22 months in prison. Half the time he would spend in prison and the other half he would spend in a bail hostel. He would also be on the sex offenders' list for 10 years. I remember my support worker asking me something and then me looking at her like, is the Judge actually taking the piss.

"Are you ok?" My support worker asked.

"Is he actually taking the piss?" I said.

"I'm sorry but this is what the Judge has decided" my support worker said.

"It's not fair" I said.

"Look, I know it isn't much but at least he got some time inside" my support worker said.

I remember having tears in my eyes and slowly walking towards the door and out of the Court. I met my mum, cousin and the Police Officer outside. We talked some more, then we all went our separate ways.

How I Really Feel

With all that has happened to me, I finally understand that you always need to be on the lookout when it comes to men. You need to watch out for them, you need to be aware of what they can do. For me it probably took me a few months ahead of May 2014 to actually learn when a guy is being nice and when a guy is wanting to get into your pants.

I was in the local centre with my two mates from school. We walked all the way around the city centre and also looked in some shops when a guy approached us. We didn't hear him coming, he just came up behind me. Anyway I was standing there talking as I do. When I heard a voice, he said "Excuse me, do any of you have any spare change?" I looked around and saw this guy standing next to me, he must not have been that old.

"Sorry but we haven't got any money" my friends said.

"How about you? The guy asked me.

"No I haven't got any either sorry"

The guy looked at us and gave us all a funny look.

While he was walking away he grabbed my arm.

I moved and turned, to see him slowly moving his hand away.

"I'm so sorry" the guy said.

"What are you doing?" My friends asked.

"I..... I.... I'm sorry, I didn't mean to catch you".

"Well you did" I said.

"You didn't mean to my butt" my friends said.

"We saw you grab her" one of my friends said.

"I didn't, I mean I honestly didn't mean to" the guy said.

"Well you did, so why don't you just Fuck off" my friends said.

After the guy had gone, my friends had asked if I was ok and if I wanted to go home.

I said "No".

After the guy had left, my friends wouldn't stop asking me if I was ok.

"Are you ok?" They said.

"Do you want us to take you home?" They said.

"We can, if you want?" They said.

"Come on, let's go" they said.

"No" I said.

"I'm alright, I want to stay here" I said.

"It was just a guy, who was asking for money. No big deal" I said.

My friends looked at me then left it at that. As we walked, all I kept thinking about was did he mean to grab me, or was it a genuine mistake. I didn't tell my mum about it, I thought that there wasn't any point of telling her. Let's face it, he didn't hurt me but it did make me think you just never know what could happen.

How You Can Get Groomed

When I first met the Devil, he'd always say to me;

"Don't worry, I won't hurt you".

"Oh my, you look really nice today".

"I like what you are wearing".

"Why don't I come with you?"

"I can take care of you".

"Don't be scared, I'm here to help you".

"Would you like me to buy you something" (if he winks then you know).

Then it moves to the stage where the guy/girl touches you and starts laying their hands all over your body.

"You make me a better person" he would tell me, then he is basically saying without you he'll be nothing. Making you feel bad for him.

If the guy/girl keeps you locked away and doesn't let you out of his sight, then that is another way of telling if he has groomed you and is controlling you.

My Life Now

Ever since it happened I have been trying to get over it and move on. I have great friends and they have helped every step of the way. Yes things do get hard, yes I have pushed people away but I know where they are and I know who my true friends are because they have stuck by me no matter what I have said to them and how I have treated them.

I don't know where I would have been without my friends. Well I do know, if I didn't have the friends I do, I'd be lost and always dwelling on the past. I did have someone to talk to, when all this happened but I don't anymore. To be honest she wasn't very helpful anyway. What I needed then and still need now are my friends.

(That's what you need, you need your friends by your side. You need friends who will help support you in every way they possible can.)

Thank You!

I'd like to say a huge thank you to my mum, my family, my support worker and Social Worker and also to my friends. I wouldn't be where I am today without your help.

I know times were rough and it got hard but even when I felt like giving up, you lot were always there to pick me up. I know how frustrating it may have been to just wait until I was ready to talk but I am grateful that you did stop and listen. It meant, and still does mean, a lot to me to know that I have a great family and good friends by my side. I do feel really bad that I dragged my mum into this mess and I so wish I hadn't. All the times I lashed out at her and called her all the names under the sun but really she was only trying to help and I just pushed her away.

If This Has Happened To You

If you have been a victim of rape or sexual abuse then please, please don't hide away. There are people to tell and to help you. I didn't want to tell anyone and if it was up to me I would of kept it quiet and just carried on like normal. Although, if it wasn't for me going into hospital and then the Devil telling the police he shot me. I would have never told a living soul.

If you don't feel like telling your parents, or telling someone at school or work then may I suggest you try some of these people for help;

Police
Teacher
Parents
Child line
Social Services

You can call #SaySomething on 116 000 to talk to someone 24/7 and be anonymous.

Things will start looking up and things will start getting better if you tell someone.

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