

The Girl Who Cried Rape

My whole life I have experienced women opening themselves up to me about a terrible traumatizing event that has scarred them emotionally for life. Women with whom I have developed a friendship with and have their trust to share a horrible time in their life. This event occurred when they were at their most vulnerable state. I have always sympathized with them, never posed any judgement on the situations they have placed themselves. I have always taken the side of the female, until the unthinkable happened to me. I was accused of rape.

She was 5'10", blonde haired, brown eyed and completely caught my attention. We were at a local bar and I decided to buy her a drink. She acknowledged with a witty remark with, "what took you so long?" We hit it off great, she was very easy to talk with. We talked for hours. She opened up to me the fact that she was in the middle of a nasty divorce. She told me how her husband would physically and emotionally abuse her in front of her children, and that she had not been intimate with him in over 7 years. Her story surprised me, I whole-heartedly felt sorry for her. Our conversation seemed like minutes even though hours had passed and after everything was said and done we exchanged phone numbers. During our text conversations her tone completely changed. She told me about the physical trauma her husband had inflicted and how emotionally frail she was. She also spoke of how glad she was that she had found me and had me to talk to. I was very flattered. Day in and day out she would text me and pressure our next encounter. If I had not been so busy with school and work I knew I could plan something. But fate had it that a couple of days later I received a text message begging for help. Her husband had left her out in the cold and she needed a place to stay for the night. I immediately offered to help and I went and picked her up that same evening. Upon our return to my apartment I offered to sleep on the couch and let her take the bed. She noted that that would be "silly" and that she would feel more comfortable having me next to her during the night. I had no problem with this, after

all I was highly attracted to her.

We laid in bed discussing our past relationships and sharing common interests. I remember her making the first move, however I was just as eager. Afterwards we soon fell asleep and an hour later she woke me up begging me to take her back to her place. She said it was dire that I take her back immediately. I accepted, but noticed how weird she was acting. On the way to her destination, I tried to make small talk but she gave me one-liners. I dropped her off and that was that. I made it back to my apartment and fell asleep. I slept through my phone which rang about three times with an unknown number.

When I awoke I checked my voice-mail and that was when my heart sank to my stomach. It was the Pleasant Grove police department wanting to speak with me immediately. I called right away and spoke with the detective. He wanted me to come in as soon as possible, I told him I would be in to meet with him in about 30 minutes. My heart was racing, I had no idea what was going on. When I showed up to the department I was put in a small room, and thus began my interrogation. The detective asked me if I knew what I was there for? I said, yes. Yes because I slept with a woman whose divorce was not completely finished, this was considered adultery. He told me that I was there because I was being accused of rape. I could feel my entire world crash down on me. Fear gripped me, even though I knew I was completely innocent for our encounter was completely mutual. I felt helpless and that judgement had already been opposed on me. Luckily though, I had kept all her e-mails and text messages that she had sent me since our first meeting. As soon as I began to show the detective my evidence his demeanor dramatically changed. He started notating everything and had me forward it to his phone for records. He let me go with a handshake, but I still did not feel any sort of closure, in fact I felt the complete opposite. As soon as I got home, I phoned all my girl-friends and any girls that I had past relationships with and explained to them my situation. Talking to these women that I have had intimate and non-intimate relationships with helped to ease my fear. Every single one of them exclaimed absolute shock to hear that someone would say that I had done this unthinkable act upon them. They all

explained that I was the type of guy that could not hurt anyone, I was the “good” guy in their minds. They also said that if push came to shove they would help in any way they could. Luckily though, it did not go that far. With all the notated proof of all my conversations with this woman combined with her story she gave to the detective accusing me of raping her did not add up. The case, if there ever was one, was dropped. I never heard from the detective or the woman again.

There is always two sides to one story. I have never in my life questioned the validity of a friend's rape trauma. I have seen in their eyes the true fear and horror that comes from being sexually assaulted. This situation could have destroyed my life in many ways and for that I am still a bit angry. This anger I can deal with though, I was lucky enough that this situation was resolved. The worst part of this whole ordeal is that this woman, faking a rape, makes it more difficult for those women who truly have been assaulted. Every time a girl claims rape when no rape has actually occurred, it takes away years of progress in the prosecution of rapists. Rape is not a joke or an excuse to cover up one's behaviors it is a serious crime and should not be taken lightly. It can permanently effect people's lives.