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### Life Changing Moments

Ever had an image created about you but it wasn't really the type of person you were? It happened to me before I could even talk. Everyone wanted me to have this good girl image, which I did but since I was a good girl one mistake could change everyone's opinion about me. Here's my story. So I started at the age of three and I indeed went to preschool which is kind of a blur in my memory but I do remember attending a school in which my grandma worked at. I was always ahead of my class, intellectual wise. I rarely needed help with my assignments as an adolescent. I was known as the trophy kid and if I did anything wrong my whole world would be changed forever.

To start things off, I've always been a top notch person, school wise. However, I've had a lot of issues outside of school that was taking a toll on me. I've always been the shy kid who never talked unless I really had to but this changed once I got to high school. I came out of my shell and I became more into my social life and less into school life. I was what was known at the popular girl for once in my life. I became the captain of the cheerleading team and the well-known track star of the school. It's safe to say that I was loving all of the attention from the people at my school.

During my first year of high school I met who is now my best friend, Camille. We literally did everything together. Together we were a dynamic duo that couldn't be stopped. Often I would say hurtful things to people that tried to converse with me that I didn't know well just to humiliate them. It was no reason behind that, I just liked being considered the class clown. A lot of the people at my high school that went to the same middle school as me was shocked at the person that I had become. They were used to me not saying a word, now I was the main voice that they heard throughout the day. I was turning into a person that nobody, not even I had saw coming.

My behavior would only get worst. By the time my sophomore year approached my best friend and I started using illegal drugs. My parents worked the graveyard shift which really gave me all the freedom in the world. I would call Camille every night so that she could spend the night and we would then invite boys over and do drugs with them. The boys were just my friends because I did come off as a tom boy. This was an every night thing and it was very seldom that we didn't invite boys over. I had numerous of sleepless nights due to my freedom at home so I got all of my sleep at school, either in class or skipping school and sleeping at someone else's house. One day, all of this changed.

Camille and I were having one of our famous nights at my house which had no adult supervision at this time. She called her boyfriend over and told him that she was over my house and that he should bring a friend over so that I would not endure any boredom. He came and his had his friend with him which neither of us knew. I could remember everything that he had on from head to toe. He had on black Levi denim jeans, a black Nike hoodie, a black skull cap with his hood pulled over it, and he had on black Nike tennis shoes.

At first, we were all in the living room sitting on the couch watching horror movies until Camille asked could she and her boyfriend go into my bedroom. I said yes even though I had my doubts about being left alone with a complete stranger. Once they went into my bedroom, the guy left on the couch with me was starting conversations that came off to be normal. We conversed for about 25 minutes until he started asking me disturbing questions about my person life and that led to him asking me questions about sex which I knew nothing about. Even though I invited boys over and used drugs I never once in my life had sex so I just started to ignore him. This was the time that I would start to get an uncomfortable feeling about being left alone with this guy.

He kept trying to get me to respond to him and when I didn't he would only get more irritated by the second. He said "It's okay, the next time you don't answer a question from me I'm going to take off all of your clothes." Once he said that he laughed so it wouldn't look serious. I then grabbed my phone and started scrolling through Twitter, trying to not think about this guy sitting next to me. I was nervous and I was not in my right state of mind. He asked me if could see my phone and I responded by saying "no!" He then said "Oh so the only time you could talk to me is when you want to say no?" I ignored him once again and he grabbed my phone and powered it off. He yanked my arm and mushed my face into the couch. He had my arms behind my back with one hand and he started to remove my clothes with the other hand.

I'm now in a state of shock and my first instinct was not to scream and my mind was blank. After he had all of my clothes off he raped me. I went upstairs to my mom room and just laid on the bed until I went to sleep. I'm not sure of what times the guys left but I did not say anything to Camille about the actions that had happened. I didn't say anything to anyone because I was embarrassed. I knew had to eventually get help because my mind was not right. I was having a

lot of anxiety attacks, I was fighting a lot of my family members for no reason, and I tried to kill myself.

My mom took me to the hospital and told them that I tried to kill myself. She knew nothing about it and when she took me to the hospital that's when she found out. Comes to find out the boy who raped me had a sexually transmitted disease that he had passed to me. The doctor's decision was to put me into a mental institution for a month which was a terrible thing to experience. Even though it helped me get over it, my life has been changed forever but I honestly can say I'm proud that I overcame that. I hated myself for a while but now I'm in love with the person I'm becoming.