

It Was Wrong

CHAPTER ONE

“Mom, I’m going over to Julie’s,” I call as I run out the door. Julie is my second best friend.

“Don’t cut across the field; use the road. You’re wearing a path in the soybeans,” Mom yells.

I don’t like walking on the road because I have to walk past the gravel pit. I know I’m ten years old, but the gravel pit gives me the creeps.

“Where’s Julie?” I ask her big brother, Edward.

“Upstairs, but I’ll play with you,” he says.

I’ve never liked the way he looks at me. “No, I don’t want boys playing with us.” I run up the stairs.

“Hi Jackie,” says Julie, “Let’s go play hide and seek in the gravel pit. Edward said he’d be the one to look for us.”

“No...let’s just play here.”

“What’s the matter, Jackie, afraid I’ll be able to find you?” Edward asks as he comes into the room.

CHAPTER TWO

I look at the clock. “If we stay up one more hour, it’ll be midnight,” I tell Sue, my first best friend.

“Jackie, did you hear that noise?” Sue asks. “There it is again. It sounds like there’s something outside by the window.”

We jump into bed and turn off the lights; listening, but we don’t hear anymore noise. Finally, we go to sleep.

The next morning, while eating French toast, I tell Sue, “Let’s go outside and look by the window.”

We walk around the house and there by the window we see four holes.

“It looks like a chair was here!”

CHAPTER THREE

“You have new pajamas,” Julie says.

We hop into bed.

“Do you remember the time...?” We lay there giggling.

The room gets darker and I look up to see Edward standing there. “I hear you have new pajamas, Jackie. Let me see them.”

“No,” I tell him.

He pulls back the covers.

“What are you doing?” I grab at the covers.

“Crawling in bed with you.”

“I don’t want you to.”

“I’ve slept with Julie before and besides I’m sixteen and can tell you what to do.”

“I want to go home now,” My voice gets loud.

“You are such a baby.” He stamps out of the room.

Julie and I don’t say anything to each other and we don’t giggle anymore.

I don’t know why, but it felt wrong for Edward to get into bed with us. A little voice inside told me so.

CHAPTER FOUR

I run past the gravel pit, to the mailbox. The letter from my pen pal should be here. “Not today.” I turn around to walk home; Edward stands there.

“Hey Jackie, I have something to show you.”

“No, I have to go home.”

“Come on, Julie and I both wanted to show you, but she’s at our grandma’s. You’re going to want to see it.”

I don’t think I should go with Edward. The little voice inside me tells me “no”, but if Julie wanted me to see this; it must be O.K. I go with Edward through the trees and part way down into the gravel pit.

He grabs me and puts his hand over my mouth. “Don’t scream,” he says. He pulls down my shorts and forces me to sit between his legs.

My back is to him and I can’t see his face, but I can feel his hot stinky breath.

He pulls up my shirt and rubs his hands across my chest.

“You don’t have much for boobs.” Then he puts his hand between my legs and rubs me.

It hurts.

I want to scream, but he told me not to, so I just sit there. His jeans scratch my legs.

He pulls his hand out and tugs down my top. He stands and yanks me up. “Pull up your shorts and if you tell anyone; I’ll kill you.”

His voice is cold and I believe him.

He climbs out of the gravel pit and leaves.

I stand there and cry.

CHAPTER FIVE

Sue sits on the swing in our yard. “Jackie, where have you been? When I came over your Mom said you were getting the mail, sure took you long enough.”

I look at Sue and the words tumble out of me; I tell her everything.

Sue looks at me. “You know, I bet that was Edward looking in the window.”

“Sue, your mom called; she wants you home,” Mom says.

“Bye Jackie, I’ll call you later.” She walks out of the yard.

I want her to stay with me.

“Jackie, what is wrong; why are you crying?” Mom asks.

I tell her what happened with Edward. “He tricked me; I didn’t want to go with him.”

“Did he put anything inside of you... down there?” Mom asks.

“He put his hands between my legs.”

“Jackie, you must never, ever tell anyone about this.” Mom walks into the house.

The way she says it; I know I have done something bad.

“Are you going to talk to his mom and dad?” I don’t know if I want her to or not.

“I’ll talk to your dad, first” she says.

I love my dad, but I don’t want him to know that a boy had touched me “there”.

Nothing is ever said again.

CHAPTER SIX

“Hurry up, Jackie. We need to get going so we can pick up Julie and her brothers. It’s raining and we need to give them a ride to school.” Mom grabs the car keys.

“Mom, Edward is going to ride in the car with me?”

“Yes, you can sit in the front seat and he can sit in the back seat.” Mom pushes me out the door.

I do not turn around to look at him that day or the rest of the school year, but I can feel him looking at me.

CONCLUSION

For many years, I walked around with the horrible secret inside of me. Who could I tell and if I did what would they think of me? I finally went to see a therapist. She told me I had been sexually molested and I learned:

It was wrong of Edward to touch me the way he did.

It was wrong of my mom not to protect me by having Edward arrested.

It was wrong of my mom for making me feel that I had done something bad.

It was wrong of me to take the blame. For so many years, I believed it was my fault and now I know it wasn’t.

AUTHOR’S NOTE

Writing this book, telling you what Edward did, has helped heal me.

If something like this has happened to you, please don’t ever think, “I should have.” You did the right thing at the time. Yes, I could have screamed or fought. I can say that now, but when it happened I was too terrified to know what to do.

If something feels like it’s wrong; it is. Listen to the little voice inside of you. PLEASE TELL SOMEONE and if they don’t believe you, TELL SOMEONE ELSE! Do not take the blame. By telling someone, you can start to heal.

And remember there is someone who cares.

I care.