

DARE 2 KNOW



NATIONAL DOMESTIC VIOLENCE
AWARENESS MONTH

*SUBMITTED
YOUTH STORIES*

When I was in high school, I was stalked by someone older than me. I didn't realize until I was older that it was stalking. I was afraid when this was all happening but others thought it was funny and didn't understand my reactions. Here's my story... My sisters boyfriend worked at a local hotel and befriended a guy. "The guy" was in his 20's and I was 16-17. My sisters boyfriend arranged for all of us to go on a double date out to dinner. During the double date, it was awkward. He kept staring at me to the point that it made me very uncomfortable. It was also hard to communicate because he didn't speak much English. As we were leaving dinner, I just wanted to go home. My sister and her boyfriend tried talking me into going with "the guy" but I didn't want to. Then my sisters boyfriend told me "the guy" would bring me right home and just to ride with him. I finally gave in and agreed to that. The car ride between me and "the guy" was very awkward and I soon figured out that he wasn't driving me home, he was driving me to his apartment. I remember feeling scared and having knots in my stomach. I kept telling him to take me home but he kept saying, "Please?" I wasn't sure what I was walking into. When we got to his apartment, there were 2-3 other guys there and they didn't speak English either. All the men were checking me out and speaking to "the guy" in a language that I wasn't familiar with. They were making motions that were sexual in nature and I became even more scared. I had no idea where I was and I didn't have a cell phone to call anyone. I couldn't even explain how to come and get me if I did have a way to call someone. Calling 9-1-1 wasn't even a thought in my mind. I felt really uncomfortable in the apartment with all the men by myself.

“The guy” eventually asked me if I wanted to go into another room and I said yes because I wanted to get away from all of them. “The guy” took me into his room and tried to pressure me to kiss him. I kept telling him no and kept asking him to bring me home. Finally after about an hour, he agreed to take me home. I thought that I would never see him after that but now he knew where I lived. He called me every day after that and often called several times a day. I never wanted to take his calls. My own mother would get after me to talk to him and I didn’t want anything to do with him. People didn’t understand. I soon started talking to another guy, we were friends but we liked each other. He was interested in me and I was interested in him. After “The guy” realized that I wouldn’t take his calls, he started coming to my house randomly. When I seen his car in my driveway, I would tell my siblings to tell him I wasn’t home. Thankfully they did. Then one day another car pulled into my driveway and I thought it was my new friend. It wasn’t. It was “the guy”, he had borrowed some else’s car and came over. Not knowing this, I came out of my house and walked up to the car and saw “the guy” sitting there. He was mad. He tried to confront me about why I didn’t answer his calls and why I was never home. I was so uncomfortable and afraid. I just wanted him to leave me alone. My sisters boyfriend would come home and tell me “the guy” would ask about me at work. He found out that I was interested in another guy and called me a slut. He was angry. He came to the house a couple more times to try to confront me. I remember one of the times my mom tried to make me go outside and talk to him and I didn’t want to. She kept pressuring me and I ended up locking myself in the bathroom and crying. I would not come out until he was gone.

I think as a last attempt, he tried to come over and had another girl in the car to make me jealous. My sisters boyfriend was there and told me what was going on. I didn't leave my house. I just wanted him to go away and leave me alone. He did this over a span of a couple of months before he moved on. I found out later that my sisters boyfriend instigated a lot behind the scenes. He thought it was funny and kept trying to get us together. Later on in my teenage years, I would be put in more unsafe situations by my sisters boyfriend. He wasn't looking out for my best interests, and it took me awhile but I soon figured out how toxic of a person he was and couldn't trust with him. At the time, I didn't know this was stalking. It wasn't until just recently that I realized it.