



DON'T PUT YOUR HAND ON ME

DON'T PUT ME IN TIGHT SPACES

DON'T LET ME WALK ALONE

DON'T GRAB MY WRIST

DON'T SHOUT AT ME

DON'T SIT NEXT TO ME

DON'T LET ME SEE BLOOD

I wore sweatpants. I had no one to impress. He ripped them off, so quick and strong they split down the seam. Next were my underwear, completely torn in half. His nails made bloody lines down my hips and thighs. Flailing my arms around, trying to get him off of me, I pictured myself clawing his heart out and feeding it to the wolves that lived behind his house. He choked me so hard that I blacked out. I still don't remember exactly what had happened to me. The next thing I remembered was blood all over my clothes and inner thighs. There was a strange stinging all over my back as if alcohol was being poured into open wounds. Bruising was immediate on my neck and arms. I'm in shock, and I'm sick. My body told me what had happened. Torn and bloody clothes in hand, I left.

There are moments when I feel fine, but it's been five years, and I still feel as though it just happened.

He gripped my wrist and threw me toward the couch. My back hit it so hard that I screamed. He became silent and turned into a person I did not know. I felt that it was the end of

my life, and in a certain way, it was. When I walked through my door, my sister began to cry. She helped me undress. "You look like you were mauled to death," she said. She helped scrub my body so hard that it felt like three layers of skin came off. She cleaned my clothes for hours to get the stains out. Was I even there? I knew I was there, but my mind was somewhere else. As I sat in the tub with her next to me, I knew in my mind that I would never be the same, my body would never be the same.

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THESE ARE MY NEW RULES.

EVIDENCE

NARRATIVE PROJECT

EVIDENCE

Paige Flowers

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Professor Angela Riechers

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