

I invite you to read a selection from my new book:

IT HAD TO HAPPEN THIS WAY

The Boston Stranger: A Woman's Worst Nightmare

Perspiration lined my neck and forehead as I packed my red shiny VW Beetle in the heat during the summer of 1969. With meticulous assembly line precision, like a young soldier at boot camp, I lined the leatherette surface of my car with layer upon layer of “teacher-type” dresses. The back seat was jammed with all my clothes and a detailed portfolio of my art. Thirty boxes of mementos and life-long possessions were put in storage to be shipped at a later date. I was headed on a journey toward a new life. I had not chosen to move but nonetheless I felt like a pioneer. It was as if one day I had roots strongly grounded in the lovely college town of Columbia and the next I was forced to pick a place to live without a clue as to how it happened. I flipped a coin, literally, between Boston and San Francisco. Tails it was, the first week in July, I was on my way to Boston.

As I drove through Indiana and Ohio, I began studying the landscape for hints that my world was going to change. These states seemed similar to my home state of Missouri. The first day on the road was uneventful; day two something stirred within me. Towns began to end in “Burg” and “Ville.” I was leaving my past with familiar sounds as Flat River, Chillicothe, Sikeston and Sedalia. I was about to experience a part of American history. Washington, D.C. clinched it! Driving through the Capitol, I was in awe of the monuments to our most dedicated educators and politicians. At that point, a curious feeling began to arise inside me. I, too, was going to conquer new territory.

Immediately, when I arrived in Massachusetts, I called two friends who had moved to the east coast, David a fellow teacher from Columbia and Michael a childhood acquaintance. David was the director of the art gallery at a prestigious university in Cambridge, Massachusetts, on the opposite side of the Charles River bordering Boston. David gave me a part-time job working at the gallery, one day a week on Sunday. I was grateful for this gesture because I had not been prepared financially or emotionally for this unexpected move. He also helped me find an apartment to sublet for the summer near the campus. In just a few days I was on a roll.

A friend of David's wanted to go to the Cape for a few months with her children. The situation was perfect for me to rent her second story Edwardian apartment while she was on vacation. It was a long, cozy furnished flat with three bedrooms. I moved in just a few days after my arrival to the city. Since I only needed a small space, I closed all the rooms but two, the main bedroom and kitchen. I figured this way I would have less to clean at the end of the summer. Part of this rental agreement included allowing the downstairs neighbor to use the telephone whenever she wished. I met Beth the first night I was there. She was a woman who was to play an important role in my future.

The duties at my weekend job were simple. I was told to count guests attending the art exhibit by using a cold, hand-held, metal gauge balanced between three fingers. I was the hostess seated at the entrance of the stately gallery. In addition to counting heads, I was to answer any questions concerning the artists or their work. The first Sunday I worked, the exhibition was a one-woman show of monumental cast sculpture, each piece weighing at least one ton. The artist did beautiful abstract designs which I thought were exceptional. I was eager to have the opportunity to talk about her art.

The ornate telephone on my desk rang with a delicate chime within the first few minutes I was at the job. When I answered I was surprised to hear a mysterious voice on the other end that sounded like that of a young man probably in his twenties. He began describing me in detail. “Hi, pretty lady in the orange gauzy dress. You look comfortable with your shoes off. Are you bored with your job?” This went beyond flirting and I would have been scared had I not suspected a student was watching me through the floor-to-ceiling glass gallery doors. There were so few patrons to count with my clicker; I rather enjoyed this bold, witty, guy on the wire. Soon he identified himself as a library attendant on the school staff. In this architecturally designed wing of the university, many spaces were lined with glass. I could see him clearly as he signaled me from the book shelves on the second tier. After he pointed himself out and waved the telephone receiver in his hand, I thought what a fun beginning this was for me, a playful, innocent, alluring tease.

Suddenly, a man in his late thirties entered the room in great haste. With a few dramatic gestures, he swung himself around and landed on the planter box next to the desk. He was practically in my lap. Without introducing himself, he began to complain bitterly about the design of the show. He went on and on how poorly the sculpture was arranged. He didn’t mention the art itself, just what a terrible job the gallery director had done in placing the pieces within the space. I was puzzled. My friend David was a superb designer and I thought the art was displayed beautifully. *Why did this strange man have to edge himself so close to me? I felt his hand touch my leg.*

“This room, it looks disgusting. How dare they destroy the artist’s integrity by showing her work this way? Awful! Something must be done,” he ranted. “You must

inform the director of my displeasure.” I wondered what he was talking about, his words cloaked by his heavy accent.

I didn’t know how to get rid of him. Either my insecurity or lack of experience prevented me from saying, “Would you please leave!” That’s what I wanted to say, but I didn’t have the guts. He was scary.

Although he did not leave his spot where he was perched on the planter, he did eventually change the subject. He told me he was working at the university. “I am a Ph.D. Fellow from Germany here for a few years. Are you employed full time by the gallery?” he asked. When I realized he was doing research for such a prestigious institution, I softened. I had always respected a good mind and having come from an academic environment, I was intrigued with him. I answered, “I have just moved to the area and have only been here one week. I am an artist looking for a teaching position.”

“An artist? What kind? A painter?” He had risen slightly and was leaning over me uncomfortably close. He stared at me through unusually thick lens of his horn-rimmed glasses. His dark pupils were magnified. One was the size of a pea and the other the size of a marble.

“I am a ceramist. I have been a college art instructor for years but I’ll take any teaching job I can find at this late date. I’ve brought my slides with me to go on interviews.” I was chatting nervously.

“Slides? Where? Here?” He seemed excited by the prospect of seeing my art.

I explained that I had examples of my work at the apartment I was subletting for the summer. Anxiously I gave him unnecessary details of my current living situation, all but the address. I found his behavior fascinating and, foolishly, I trusted him.

For the next several hours, I was occupied with guests attending the show. At 5:00 p.m., closing time, I was locking the oversized decorative brass lock on the double doors when I felt the presence of someone nearby. For the second time that Sunday, I was being watched. It was he, the strange man.

“Would you like to go with me to my laboratory? There is something I think you would be interested in seeing.” He was coaxing me with his arm as he spoke.

“What type of work do you do here?” I was genuinely curious.

He explained enthusiastically, “I am experimenting with magical properties of rare water found in the New England area. Some of the wells produce liquid with mystical healing properties. I am doing extensive research as to the chemical composition of the water.”

I was surprised. “Here, at such a conservative school, you are doing work with metaphysics?” I didn’t believe him and thought he was pulling my leg.

“Come.” He aggressively took my elbow as if I had said yes. We started walking for what seemed an eternity. Feeling uncomfortable, I filled the time with endless prattle. I didn’t give him a chance to say a word and he didn’t seem to mind. I remember passing a stunning garden, filled with white and pink Azaleas, before we began climbing double width stairs to the second floor of a much older building. The lovely fragrance of the plants was in stark contrast to the formality of the hallways. We covered a maze of corridors until we reached our destination. As he turned his key to unlock the office door, I read the word **PHYSICS** on the translucent glass window. The same word was hand-painted on all the door windows. I knew I was on a science floor.

I entered first. The sight in this small lab amazed me. Irregularly shaped glass vessels filled this musty room. There was barely room to walk. The bottles were small, large, some round and all were intertwined with twisted glass tubes. It was a sight straight from the scene of a movie depicting the laboratory of a mad scientist. What appeared to be clear liquid was bubbling rapidly inside the glass vessels. I couldn't believe my eyes. On a table next to the experiment was a leather-bound book with this man's name as the author. It indeed was a published dissertation on the healing power of water. I was impressed.

"Is this work the nature of your fellowship?" I asked.

"No, no, no, no." He was slightly embarrassed. "I am doing this experiment on my own. I thought you would like it."

When I started becoming inquisitive about the project, he seemed to have had enough and wanted to leave. Our time spent together in the physics lab was relatively short but sufficient for me to know this man was odd. I wondered if he was a genius.

He asked me for a date that evening. I refused but I did give him my telephone number and commented, "Perhaps some other time." I was tired and just wanted to get home to be alone. He offered to walk me outside.

We stopped to linger awhile by his car. His vehicle was closer to the main entrance than mine. As he leaned against the right front door, I noticed a temporary parking certificate on the dashboard. His name was written in pencil. The spelling was the same as the name I had seen earlier on the leather-bound book in his office. Vladimir Aachen.

I arrived at the flat feeling hungry and clammy. I was cursing myself for having shut all the windows when I left that morning. I was so concerned about causing dust in this borrowed apartment, I made sure on my first day at work, not a grain of dirt was going to stir. The heat was stifling. Cambridge is hot and humid in the summer.

What to do first, I wondered. *Do I eat or change my clothes?* I decided to remove my shoes, stockings, underwear and leave on the gauzy dress, even though it was sopping wet. I thought *I don't want to ruin another outfit before I have my bath and go to bed*. I slipped into a pair of orange sandals on my way to the kitchen. I had just enough groceries for a few good meals.

There came a knock on the door. I was surprised and said, "Who is it?"

"It's your downstairs neighbor. May I use the phone?" I had forgotten about the arrangement with Beth. I led her down the long hall to the living room and went back to preparing my dinner. She poked her head in the kitchen before she left. "Thanks. Boy you sure are noit."

"Yeah, I'm a Virgo." I was fascinated by her Boston accent, although she was much harder to understand than the Kennedy's. Her words sort of rolled together. I wanted to talk, but she rushed off without looking at me

Fifteen minutes later, there was another knock. I hurried down the hall to answer for I was eager to have Beth's company. I opened the front door with a gesture of anticipation.

"Kay, I've come to see your slides." It was Vladimir. I was shocked.

I said, "What are you doing here?" and at the same time thought, *how does he know where I live?*

“I want to see your artwork.”

Clutching the door knob, I said, “Tonight is not a good night.” I felt uncomfortable. Aggressively, he stepped into the apartment.

“Where are they? Your slides I mean.”

He was audacious. I was apprehensive. Automatically, I turned and walked into the first open door in the hall, the bedroom. He was right on my tail. I reached for the large metal box of slides resting on the bedside chair. As I started to speak, he grabbed the container, shoving one of the sharp corners into my abdomen.

“Oh!” I felt an intense pain shoot through my body. We were down on the bed. In a matter of seconds, he was on top of me.

Is he playing? I thought. Quickly, I realized this was not a joke. The man was serious.

“You are just like that woman we saw today!”

Earlier, when we were standing by his car, a beautiful college coed had walked past us. “She’s a virgin, you know. You can tell by the way she walks.” With an air of smugness, he made this statement. He said it so assuredly, I wondered if he knew her.

What does he mean, like that woman? Does he think I am a virgin? What does he want? I’m scared!

“You know what I want. You asked for it. You women are all alike. You wiggle your asses just to taunt us.” His awful breath splashed my face.

Those piercing eyes, with their unbalanced pupils, were glaring at me. They seemed to pulsate with the energy of loathing and anger.

Oh you are so ugly! I hated him. I grabbed the right rim of his spectacles and threw the glasses to the floor.

“Now you are going to get it!” A cigarette materialized from nowhere, which he methodically used to burn my flesh. Sadistically, he pushed a lighter into my vagina.

His weight shifted. He was towered above me, using his knee to hold me down. Wham! The left side of my face was on fire! Every knuckle had pierced my jaw. I felt a gush of blood. For a second, the warm pleasure soothed my pain.

Holy shit, this guy is going to kill me!

The man was fixated on power. I fought desperately to free myself. My inner thighs were burning. At the same time, I was aware of weird words coming from his throat; guttural sounds in chant-like repetition.

My God, he is experimenting with me! I hurt so badly. When will it end?

I no longer was in the room, or on the bed. I had yielded to fear with terror enveloping me. Time seemed suspended; I moved in and out of this hazy static state.

“The end hasn’t come. The end hasn’t come. I’m telling you the end hasn’t come.” His words echoed in my ears as he thrust himself inside me violently. I was repulsed.

After what seemed like hours, I said, “If you are going to kill me, there is an easier way. I take anticoagulants. Cut me. I’ll bleed to death.”

“Oh, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, I don’t want to kill you.” At that point, he leapt off the bed, scooping his glasses from the floor.

I was paralyzed. I watched him turn and look at me with distain as he dressed slowly, ever so slowly. Without another word, he disappeared out the door.

The clock read 9:15 p.m. Beth had used the phone at 6:00 p.m. What happened to the time in between? It was dark outside. The dim light in the room crackled.

I wanted desperately to get up and lock the latch. I tried to focus on accomplishing that desire. My limbs were lifeless. It was difficult to concentrate. I needed to put one thought in front of the other like a child learning to walk.

Hasn't anyone heard this struggle? I remember screaming loudly at one point, which had brought the back of his harsh, flattened hand to my face. This violation had been long and rough, surely Beth was aware of it.

I need help. This thought was scarcely in my mind.

As I dragged my legs across the spread, I was horrified to feel how wet I was. I was afraid to look. Each move I made was deliberate, to what end I wasn't sure. I just had to get out of there!

I found myself in my car, driving toward Boston. *Go, go to Michael's apartment.* I couldn't seem to put two thoughts together. My mind wandered as I crossed the bridge.

It was eerie; the Back Bay was ominous at night. There wasn't a soul in sight. Michael's basement apartment had one window that opened to the street. I knelt down and between black iron bars whimpered, "Michael, help me." I finally roused him. As he staggered to the window, I repeated, "Help me, help me, I've been raped."

He met me in front of the building and guided me down the long corridor to his unit. I told him what had just happened. His response was peculiar – he ran to his front inside mailbox and removed his name plate, and said to me, "Just in case you have been followed." I could see he wasn't going to be of any help.

What to do? I mumbled that I should go to the police and he nervously agreed with me. It was obvious; he wanted me out of his apartment and feared for his own life. I prayed I could make it to the police station on my own. For the next several hours I drove my car aimlessly. After finally finding the bridge I reached the Cambridge Police Department sometime in the early morning.

As I entered the precinct, all eyes were on me. I searched for a woman, or at least a friendly face. I found neither. I saw that all the uniformed officers were male. As I approached the front desk, I caught a glimpse of myself in a glass partition. I was aghast at how disheveled I looked. I was covered with blood.

“Something awful has happened!” I was astonished when those words came out of my mouth for I was thinking, *I’ve been raped!* I was apprehensive and wished I hadn’t come. It was uncomfortably long before anyone spoke to me.

“What can we do for you?” a hardened senior policeman asked.

Being in this situation made me so nervous, I didn’t know how to answer. Just as I was trying to formulate a sentence, a grievance sheet was shoved in front of me. I was not asked to sit down and was made to feel as though I had committed a crime. I felt ashamed, embarrassed and completely out of place.

“If you have a complaint, fill out this form. After you have done that, someone will help you.” I heard his words but his features were lost in a sea of color. The room was swirling. Thud. I heard the sound before I saw the floor. I had fainted.

That got their attention. I looked up to several fleshy faces peering over me.

After helping me to my feet, I was escorted to a private office. Here their attitude changed. They seem to want to hear what had happened. It was difficult to think. I tried

to reconstruct the story in a reasonable fashion. My thoughts were jumbled. *Where do I start? The sculpture show, the lab, the book, his car, forcing his way in, what he did to me?*

“Do you know this man? Did you let him in your apartment? What slides? Art? Were you showing this guy pornography?” They were firing questions at me. The rapidity of their words was confusing.

“The man is a scientist at a nearby university. I’m sure; I’ve been to his office. I just met him today, yesterday. No, I wasn’t showing him pornography. I told you, I’m an artist.” I felt helpless. This is not what I had expected from officers of the law.

I actually had experience with police early in my youth. I remember being helped by them. Around the age of 13 years when my stepfather was new to our life, he cornered me in a closet with his roving hands and kisses. I immediately walked to the county police station and gave a formal complaint. I didn’t approve of his behavior and wanted some protection. They listened to me. A policeman drove me home and had a “chat” with my mother and stepfather. It never happened again.

Today was different. These guys didn’t believe me!

Some time passed before an officer offered to accompany me to the college. I wanted to prove to them the man really existed. Although it wasn’t the scene of the crime, I felt they would help me when I showed them his laboratory. They would then be convinced I was telling the truth.

My credibility was shaken even more as we left the building and walked down the front steps. *Where is my car?* We searched and searched, walking up and down streets

and alleys. I couldn't remember where I had parked. I felt stupid. After we had looked for over half an hour, the policeman suggested he would take me in his car.

He announced our arrival to a campus security guard and the three of us proceeded to locate information about my attacker. We started with the school telephone operator. She looked in all the current directories, to no avail. She contacted the registrar's office for a listing of teachers, staff members and Ph.D Fellows; she found nothing. I told them I had seen his temporary parking certificate. The man's name was no where to be found. I was devastated. I knew they would never believe me now.

Then I remembered his lab. I would find it; I knew I could. I said, "His lab is on the Physics floor. Where is the Physics building?" These guys had no idea and were waiting for me to show them. We began walking . . . and walking . . . and walking. I tried to retrace the path from Sunday. It was awful, we kept going in circles. Finally, one of the men called the operator and found the location of the Physics wing.

When we reached the proper floor, I was disappointed to discover that all the doors looked alike. Each office had a translucent glass window with the word *PHYSICS* painted on it. Not even a number distinguished one from the other. This was my last chance for help and I had blown it.

The next thing I remember, I heard a knock at the front door. I was in bed in the apartment. It was David. "You haven't answered your phone all week."

"All week," I gasped when I realized it was Friday. He came into the bedroom and was surprised to find I had been there for five days.

"What's going on?" He asked this in a thoughtful and concerned manner. He seemed sincere.

“I don’t know.” I really didn’t know . . . anything. I was tongue-tied. It felt like I was floating in a bottomless pit lined with pus. I was in perpetual motion unable to grab hold of anything solid. I didn’t know it then, but I was deeply depressed.

“How did it go last Sunday?” Was David asking me about the job? I drew a blank. I was overwhelmed with feelings of insecurity.

My friend realized I wasn’t myself. In a gentle way, he began probing for answers. I remember thinking, *he really cares*. Slowly, I related my sad tale of woe.

He was surprised, yet he believed me. He said, “I’m going to see what I can do about this,” and left hurriedly.

Around 2:00 a.m. the following morning, the telephone rang. As I groped my way to the phone in the dark, I was overcome with pain in my left leg. It was excruciating. I knew exactly what it was, a blood clot. During my late teens, I had been hospitalized with thrombophlebitis. It hurt then and it hurt now.

I let out a loud groan just as I picked up the phone.

“What was that?” It was Michael, calling me in the middle of the night.

“Oh, I’m in pain!” I was annoyed at his inappropriate timing.

“What’s wrong with you?” he asked. This was the first I had heard from him since I had seen him the previous Sunday evening.

“What’s wrong with me?” I was angry! “I have a blood clot!”

“Sorry I called. I knew I shouldn’t have. Goodbye.”

I was dumbfounded and for a moment I hated him for his insensitivity. I don’t remember going back to bed.

The next morning, I packed an overnight bag and had a cab drive me to Massachusetts General Hospital. The emergency room was jammed with people. My leg throbbed with pain but I had to wait my turn. Finally, after a few hours, a resident doctor began examining me in the waiting room. As he knelt on the floor poking my leg, he asked many questions. “When did the pain start? Does this hurt? What makes you think it is a blood clot?”

I answered him by explaining my history of hospitalizations and my experience with thrombophlebitis. I told him I had come prepared to stay. He looked at me like I was crazy.

The next thing I knew I was being ushered into a small two-bed examining room. I was given a gown to wear and the drape was closed. I lay there staring at the white rippled curtain. I couldn't remember my last meal and my stomach began to growl. I was hungry, now. Nothing changed for hours; not a soul peeked behind the fabric. It wasn't until late afternoon the curtain was drawn and doctors appeared; there were several of them. They formed a semi-circle around the bed. The young intern who had questioned me earlier was beginning to explain my history as he pulled back the coverlet. He was visibly shaken when he saw my leg. By this time, it was twice as large as the other one.

“Why did you leave me here for so long without a proper examination?” I was so irritated with him and upset at the sight of my swollen calf.

“Well, ah, your story was so bizarre.” He wouldn't look at me as he spoke.

I heard a voice and saw a hand gesture to a nurse. “This woman clearly knows her condition. Admit her.”

Within hours of being placed in a four-bed room, a hospital social worker paid me a visit. Her questions were routine. She expected to talk about my medical history but instead I told her about the rape. We talked for a long time. She was a kind woman and I could see by the expressions on her face that she had empathy for me. She would grimace with each detail. I felt relieved when she said I would see her again. This was the first bit of comfort I had been given and it meant a great deal. She suggested that my file be given to the Department of Psychiatry. Apparently it was, for the next day, I was wheeled on a gurney to a conference room to present my story lying down. Treatment for thrombophlebitis (blood clot) is complete bed rest. It was terribly awkward, facing these doctors in a prone position. As I peered around the I.V. tube, which was dripping Heparin into my arm, I longed to see a woman's face. All these physicians were men. I told them what had happened to me, the best I could. Surprisingly, they understood. They reassured me that what I had experienced was a major trauma. It would take time to heal. They did not feel I needed additional therapy. I was handling it well.

I didn't agree that I was handling it well. I felt totally "out of it." But, because the "voices of authority" had spoken, I closed the wound in my heart and buried it deep within my soul. It was not to reopen for another twelve years.

Later that evening, another drug was added through the slowly dripping I.V. tube. I asked what it was. The nurse quietly said, "An antibiotic for the prevention of syphilis, a precautionary measure." I was embarrassed and somehow felt it was my fault, all of it. What had I done to deserve this mess?

At that moment, I looked up to see a slightly familiar face, that of Beth. "What happened?" she said. At first I didn't recognize her for I had only seen her one time.

“How did you know I was here?” I asked.

“That guy Michael came by to see ya. He knocked on my door to see if I knew where ya was. We checked upstairs and saw food out in the kitchen. It didn’t fit. I know how noit ya are. He said we’d call the hospitals.” She spoke so rapidly, I had to strain not to miss words.

“Did he tell you I was attacked?” I couldn’t bear to say the word “rape.”

“Shit, but I was right home that night, you was right above me, I didn’t hear nothin!”

What a nice person, I thought. *She came all the way over the bridge to see me.* She didn’t stay long but her visit meant a great deal to me. She helped put the surreal experience in a different perspective. It had happened, it was over, and it was time to move on with my life.

I remembered very little of the next three weeks, they kept me sedated most of the time. *Funny, how did I go to the bathroom? Did I use a bedpan?* I slept around the clock and was awakened to eat now and then.

Near the end of my stay, at a point where I was hobbling, I passed the waiting room. People were whooping and hollering. I glanced at the TV screen to see men in space suits landing on the moon, for the first time! I didn’t care.

When I was discharged from the hospital I was intent on finding a job and spent all my time searching for a teaching position. I had absolutely no money. I went to the Department of Social Services and was given some quick cash in the interim. Asking them for help was humiliating but I was grateful they had something to offer. The lovely social worker tried to reassure me that I had nothing to be ashamed of. She said, “You

have worked for years, paid your taxes, and now when you need the help it is there for you.” I accepted food stamps and cash for an elastic stocking to support my left leg, the one that had developed the blood clot. My state-of-mind was far from my former energetic, ambitious self but by some unknown source I operated on automatic pilot.

I found normal sounds disconcerting. Automobiles honking or telephones ringing were extremely upsetting. One night after letting the phone ring incessantly, I didn't feel like talking to anyone, I finally picked it up. What a shock when I heard the voice on the other end! It was Vladimir! I was speechless. He wanted to take me out on a date as if nothing had happened! I have no idea what I said to him, but I remember gritting my teeth and holding the telephone receiver so tightly my hand hurt when I slammed it down in his ear. I sat staring at the phone in disbelief for a long time. I felt powerless!

I called David immediately. After a tireless search, he had located Vladimir's office that same day. When I told him Vladimir had just called, he said not to worry; he would take care of it and hung up quickly.

The next thing I knew, David went to the Physics lab and was able to find Vladimir at work. Bursting into the cramped space, he threatened him by shouting, “You had better never go near Kay again. If you as much as even call her, I'll kill you. You got off easy!” Although he didn't give me all the details David did relate this to me later. He said Vladimir seemed disturbed by his intrusion into his office, maybe even a little scared.

David's action was heroic. I admired and appreciated him for doing this for me. After a long discussion at a restaurant in Harvard Square, we decided to go to the

Cambridge Police Department and let them know David had found Vladimir. He held my hand as we made our way to the precinct.

This time, presumably because I was with a man, and I looked more presentable, we were greeted courteously. David asked if we could have a private meeting with the appropriate investigator.

I was overcome with shame and guilt. Somehow I felt I was doing a bad deed by turning in this horrible man, even though he had brutally raped me. I remember having a dreadful stomach ache as I answered the officer's questions and told the emotional story. I shall never forget the dialogue the uniformed sergeant and I had.

He asked me, "What type of a job are you looking for?"

I replied, "I am looking for a teaching job. I am an art instructor."

"A teaching job, oh, if you are involved in a sexual crime in these New England parts, no one will hire you. You best be to not press charges."

David and I just looked at each other. I could tell by his eyes that he truly understood my plight for the first time.

I felt sick and could taste the acid in my mouth. I thought any minute I would throw-up. I was broke and did not have the energy or confidence to fight for my rights. I just knew no one would ever believe me against this accomplished Ph.D. professor from Europe. I was defenseless. He was free to come after me again.

With no arrest made, and the rapist at large, I decided I was too vulnerable. It was time to move.