

Two friends. A boy and a girl. Sixteen, at most. A birthday party sleep over. The room is filled with people, but everyone's sleeping. The girl included. The boy isn't. They're on opposite sides of the bed. He's sprawled. She's tucked into a ball.

He rolls over and puts his arm around her. She wakes a little, and moves his arm off her. He puts his arm back. This time, he moves it lower, towards the top of her pants. She's confused; what's happening? She doesn't move in fear: she's the only girl at the sleepover and she's scared of what people will think. She doesn't want this, but she's been called a prude before. *Maybe, if I say nothing, he'll stop.*

But he doesn't. He puts his hand into her pants - between the flannel pjs and her underwear. *Maybe if I make a noise, he'll stop.* So she does. And he stops. Just long enough to make sure she's asleep. And then he starts again.

Panic. That's all she feels now. She wants to tell him to stop but she doesn't know how. Around her, all she can hear is the breathing of others. So she turns on her stomach - hoping it will stop. He will stop.

He climbs on top of her. *Please stop.* But it doesn't. He doesn't.

She's in the bathroom. Tears down her cheeks. Vomit across her mouth. Shame and anger and hate in her heart.