It’s Not Just Me Anymore

It was a morning like any other, I woke up the same as always emotionally distraught, hurt, and confused from the night before. Although, this had been going on for quite some time, I was still just as confused as the first night. I went on with my day as usual, but that night things altered yet again for the worse. Throughout the day it had crossed my mind a few times that me and my sister hadn’t talked for awhile, and caused me to wonder if she knew she could tell me anything. I decided to talk with her and make sure she realized she could always come to me. I called her into my room and asked “You know you can tell me anything right?” At first her response was normal and that yes she knew she could confide in me. But, then the look in her eyes changed, it was like she had just thought of something terrible. She then said “There is one thing I can’t tell you.”

 What she said echoed in my mind over and over, that is when it all hit me. The times I found her in her room crying, the times she said she wanted to run away, her being extremely emotional, and the look in her eyes I saw everyday in the mirror. It’s not just me anymore.

 I proceeded to calmly tell her “Of course you can tell me anything Kay, I’m your big sister!” After talking back and forth she began to cry and tell me she was having dreams that our dad was touching her, but she could feel him doing it. As the words came out of her mouth they repeated in my head slowly and I began to panic. NO! I screamed in my head, he wasn’t going to do this to my little sister! After that everything happened so fast. First, I ran and shut my bedroom door reassuring Kayana that I knew what she meant and it was happening to me to. I grabbed the phone to call 911, but then I froze. Was I doing the right thing? What was I going to say? I was so scared and confused. At that moment I heard my mother’s voice in my head, “If anyone ever touches you inappropriately you always tell me”. I’d never had the strength to tell before, but this was my sister, he was crossing a line. I turned to Kayana and told her that we needed to tell mom. She of course became frantic and told me not to. I ignored her and made my way down stairs.

As I sat down in front of my mom everything in me wanted to run for the hills, but I had to do this, I had to protect her. “I have to tell you something important” was all I got out before Kayana was slowly walking down the stairs tears streaming down her face as she struggled to breathe. I began to cry as I finally let the words spill out of my mouth “dad is touching us”. My mom immediately went into complete shock and didn’t know what to say. After that I remember purposely removing myself mentally from the conversation because it was so hard to hear my mom talk my sister into it being just a dream. I knew how this was going to end so I began agreeing just to get it over with. I walked up to my room and screamed into my pillow as loud as I could. I wanted the whole world to hear me but knew no one was listening. That night changed everything because I no longer said “not tonight please” as I heard footsteps up the stairs. It now was “My room not hers, please not hers”.