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I Had a Dream

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I had a dream

J.K.D.

I am a well-educated woman. I am comfortable in my body and in who I am, am in a relatively high and secure socioeconomic class, and live in a nation that is amongst the richest and most free in the history of the world.

But I am still a woman. And the reality of my life, and my status, intrudes upon my thoughts even as I sleep. This is my dream:

I'm sitting in my car in the middle of a parking lot, waiting to meet my sister to go shopping. It's dusk. About three rows down, I see a cream car with two men sitting in it, looking at me. I get a weird feeling, but ignore it.

I decide to drive over across the parking lot, over to a craft store, to do some shopping while I wait. I park on the side of the store and go in for a while. When I'm finished, I walk back out to my car. The parking lot is sloped, and once you round the corner of the shop, you are outside view from the store.

The cream car pulls up perpendicular to me, right behind my car. I see the passenger. I know he is going to try to get me.

I make a move to get to my car, but he jumps out. It is obvious he will get me if I continue for the car, so I turn and run away (the way their car is positioned makes it impossible to go for the store). I run into the middle of the road, waiving my arms, screaming for help, and begging cars to stop. But none do. They just swerve out of the way and keep driving. I am screaming and have tears streaming down my face. I know he is gaining and about to get me.

He grabs me and picks me up/draggs me to the cream car, with the driver waiting in it. He throws me into the back seat. All the while I am trying to fight him off — kicking, biting and flailing — pretty much trying anything to make it impossible for him to get me in the car. But it is a lost cause. He completely overpowers me. All the while I know that if he gets me in the car, I am a goner. The chances of survival after they get you to the second location are pretty much nonexistent.

Inside the car there are no handles or locks to pull up. The guy who

grabbed me tells me to shut the fuck up if I want to live. He gets in the back seat with me and pulls out a knife. He swipes it across my face, telling me that this is for the little stunt I pulled: fighting to not get in the car, which left him with marks.

I ask him to please stop and tell him that it is not worth doing this. That my mom and family will be devastated. Ask if he has kids. Anything. He yells at me to shut the fuck up unless I want him to kill me now.

He starts to rub his fingers over my body, along my breasts, my thighs and crotch. Tears are streaming down my face as I sit still, knowing that he is going to rape me.

He does. In the back of the car, on top of me.

The driver stops the car at a wooded dead and commands the other guy to get the fuck out of the car so he can have a go. He climbs in. He doesn't seem to like the confined space of the car, so he drags me out of the car and throws me onto the hood. He yells at the passenger about marking my face up before he fucks me and how now he has to get my fucking blood all over him. Again I am lying there, with tears streaming down my face.

I try to look around to see where we are and where to try to run if I can get away. But I don't have a chance.

They drag me into the woods towards a little shed. They tie me up on the bed and each have additional goes at me throughout the night.

They grab shovels off the wall and go outside. At the door, the driver sneers that at least my family should be happy that I will get a proper burial.

They are gone for a long while. The passenger comes back in alone. He fucks me one more time. Then starts to stab me.

The pain is excruciating. Blood is everywhere. He unties me and carries me outside. He walks towards a hole that they have dug. There is a box within it. He puts me in the box and shuts the lid.

I try to get up or yell, but am too weak. I hear dirt being dumped on the top of the box and a fire crackling in the background. They are burning their clothes to try to destroy evidence. I lie there knowing I am going to die and hoping that I bleed out before I run out of air. I am terrified.

This is when I wake up. And yet the dream — and the reality that lies behind it — stays with me, even in my waking hours. As a woman, it is something that I can never leave behind.