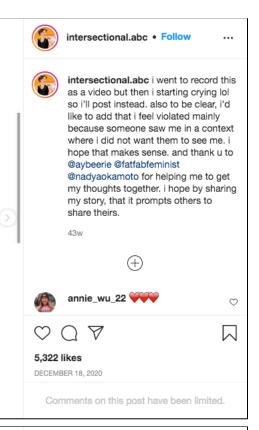
It took me a really long time, but I've been dealing with this for over two months and I want to come forward and share this story and experience with you all, because I hope it is something to learn from. And I want to be brave enough to speak out so that others may also feel brave enough to speak out. Trigger Warning for assault.



To be clear, I do not gain anything by sharing this. I've not been offered any money, I don't seek to gain attention from this, and I am not looking to ruin anyone's reputation. I don't plan to report it officially, because I don't want to go through the trauma of reporting and having my story be picked apart.



I've learned that trauma shows up in the most unexpected ways and often weeks later than the actual event. Two months ago, I got really drunk with friends at a small, covid safe gathering. The next morning, I woke up completely naked next to someone who was at the time a good friend of mine, hungover, and with very little memory of the night before. All I knew is that I needed to leave immediately, so I got dressed and left. It took me over six weeks, several therapy appointments, and multiple conversations with neutral friends to understand why I felt so uncomfortable. I was more than uncomfortable, I felt violated.





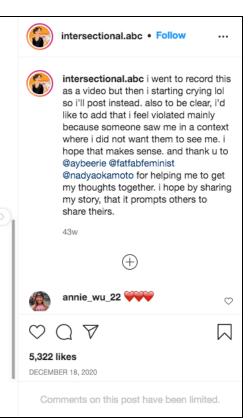
I've been told that your brain doesn't let you remember things to protect you. So my memory is still kind of wack right now but I do have a few distinct memories that point to assault. The first is that I kept trying to leave to visit our other friends in a different room and she kept coming in to pull me back to the bed. The second is that one of our mutual friends kept coming into the room and she kept kicking him out. And the last one is that I have a distinct memory of being completely naked and flat on my back and wanting to leave and stop, but I was too drunk to do anything about it and too drunk to get up and move.



I won't name the person explicitly, because they are a public figure and a prominent climate activist and a fellow NYU student. The entire situation is really unclear and I don't really know how to deal with it, but I do know that I feel traumatized by it. A couple of weeks ago, I saw a video that they made on twitter and it sent me spiraling into a panic attack. The day after the assault, I clearly remember how bad my breath smelled in my mask and now, every time I don't brush my teeth or smell the same thing, I get really anxious and uncomfortable. I have had panic attacks about it and I have to impulsively brush my teeth to get rid of it.



I avoided having a conversation with her about it for a long time, because I felt deeply uncomfortable and triggered by the situation. Weeks later, she sent me a long long message saying "I disrespected her because I refused to handle the situation", and that she felt like I used her. She accused me of being homophobic/lesbophobic. She told me that "no one forced me to drink as much as I did and that it was my decision" and that "I clearly consented" (but the problem is that I don't remember it at all). I was really shocked and hurt by it.



I want to share this story, because this was the first time I had been assaulted and the first time that I had been with another woman. It wasn't even until last week that I used the word assault, until another survivor and fellow friend and activist told me that it was okay and valid.



I'm sharing this with y'all, because prior to this incident, I thought consent was very very straightforward and clear cut and that sexual assault was very clear even in situations with alcohol. I have spoken to several friends and supported survivors through their trauma, but until I have experienced it myself, I didn't really understand how unclear situations can be until now. And that trauma shows up in the most unexpected ways. It took me almost two months to come to peace with this one night.



And lastly I wanted to say thank you to
@aybeerie for being that friend who kept
coming into the room to cockblock and for
being a witness from the start. And for
reassuring me that I'm not crazy for feeling
that this situation is sketchy. Thank you to
@nadyaokamoto for even telling me that it's
okay to use the word assault and for truly
standing with me. Thank u @fatfabfeminist for
being my FRIEND and honestly I love you so
much for validating me and everything. Too
much to put into words.

