

Alive Nightmare

by anonymous student

That night began like any other night. It was so uneventful that I would have never thought that something so dramatic would happen. I was out with my friends like I was every Friday.

That day we went to the Jewel, a very trendy club in the North of London. I was wearing a short black sparkly dress and due to the cold weather that hit London like the rest of Europe for that matter, I also had a black French coat on. The atmosphere at the club was nothing short of incredible. We each had something to eat and over our meals, we talked for several hours before deciding it was time for us to leave. I left with my friend Katy as the two of us were taking the Piccadilly Line. So we took the subway together and she left a few stations before me. That was when those three guys caught my eye. The three of them were very tall and muscular. They could easily be the quarter backs of an American football team. They were also acting very strangely. Let's say they were not really trust worthy. I have to admit I was damn scared, alone with those three guys in London subway. I was just hoping that they were not going to get off at Holloway road, my station but unlucky as I was they did get of the train at the same time I did.

I started walking towards my house. I could hear them laughing behind my back which totally made my blood run cold. You probably think I was paranoid but trust me when it's 1 am and you are alone and there are three guys that might be following you, you totally have the right to be.

So, I started to walk faster and so did they. My heart was beating so fast I could feel it bursting out of my chest. It was at that moment that one of them talked to me.

“Don’t run away from us honey” he said touching my hand lightly.

“Don’t touch me” I snapped back.

My nightmare then began. One of the guys grabbed my wrist and took me into a dark alleyway. He then tackled me to the brick wall and held me tight so I could not run away. He ran his hand on my hips and began to kiss me. He kissed my forehead, my neck and then my lips. The sound of his kisses were resounding in the cold and silent night like my poor cries and whining. I could have screamed and fought but I was petrified. The only thing I was able to do was cry. Without taking into account the fact that I was begging him, he undressed me and then raped me.

The two others were “just” watching but I felt as if they were raping me as well. At that point I had not realized the worst was to come. Without any reason they all started beating me and punched every part of my body. Blood running down my face, that is the last thing I remember because seconds after I fainted.

I woke up completely panicked, sweating and not able to believe what really happened to me. I wanted to stand up again and that was when my hand hit one of my pillows...

Even if it was just a dream, this story really affected me and since then I have never come home by my self late in the night.