

I was 15 years old, and up until that point in my life, no man had ever made me feel afraid



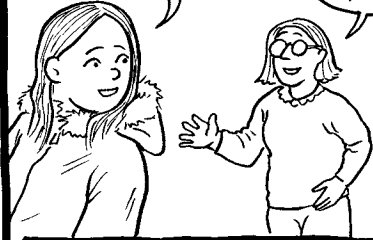
So I didn't suspect anything



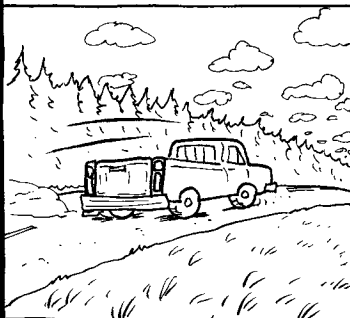
When one cool and sunny afternoon in the fall of 1982

See you later!

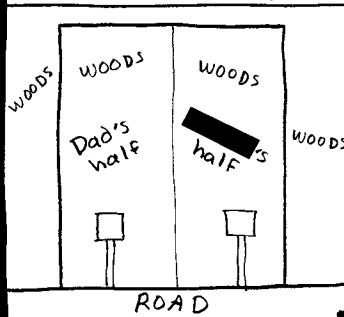
Bye!



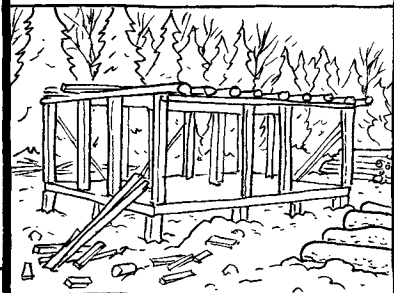
drove me to the woodlot he and Dad bought



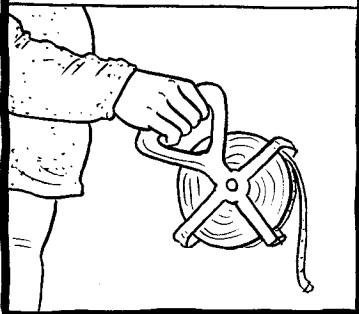
The one they divided down the middle, each taking half



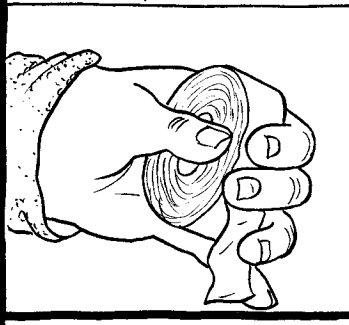
The one where Dad would begin building his log cabin a few months later



brought a hundred foot tape measure with him



And some pink flagging tape



We were going to look for a house site for Dad



I have always loved being in the woods - so quiet, so beautiful and peaceful, and fall was my favorite time



The air was crisp and cool



The leaves had turned crimson, orange, and gold



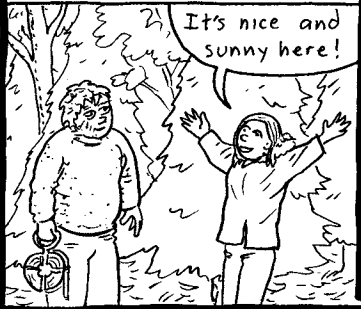
Some of the leaves were still on the trees



But many had fallen, forming a beautiful colourful blanket that covered the forest floor



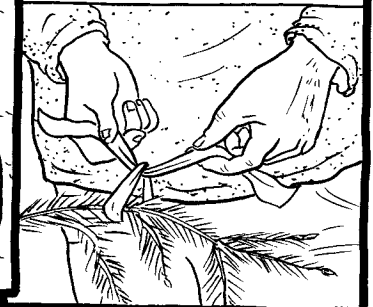
We picked out a nice house site for Dad's log cabin



We measured to the edges of Dad's side of the property



And tied ribbons to mark the boundaries



When we were done, [redacted] sat down under a tall white pine



But something was wrong



Because he seemed to be more lying down than sitting



Like seductive poses you see on TV and in movies



"Come and sit down for a minute," he said to me



I was apprehensive, but I felt that I couldn't say "no."



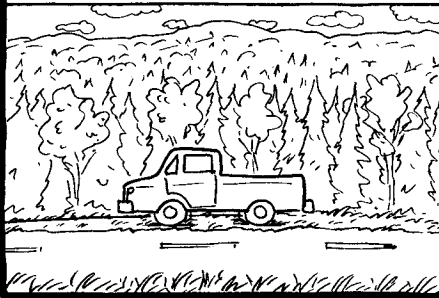
I quickly realized how trapped I was



The sun was starting to set, turning the trees to the west into silhouettes



The only way to get back home was in [redacted]'s truck



I was all alone with [redacted], surrounded by forest



█ chatted away like everything was perfectly OK



You know when I was younger...

But my intuition was telling me something was wrong



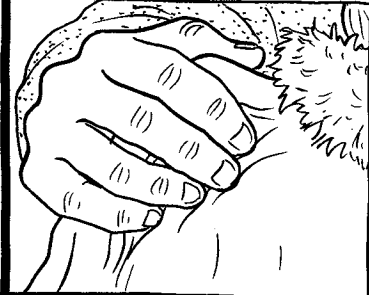
I loved the forest so much I would walk in the woods

I tried to act like everything was OK



...Every evening for an hour

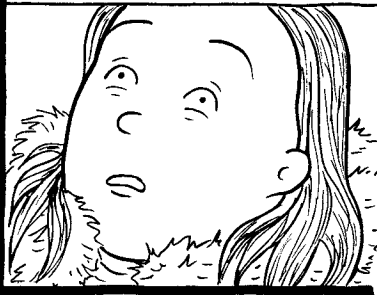
But then █ suddenly grabbed my jacket and with one quick jerk of his arm



He rolled me towards him, until I was right next to him, but facing away



I immediately went into fight or flight mode, and my heart started to race



He quickly pointed up into the trees to distract me



Look! A wasp's nest

There was nowhere to run to, and he was too strong to fight



So I froze, too scared to move



I hoped he couldn't feel my heart pounding



Waves of guilt and fear washed over me



This was wrong! [redacted] had a girlfriend, this was cheating



What's going through your mind right now?

It would for sure be very hurtful to [redacted]!



I don't really know...

I was only 15 years old and [redacted] was 40!



Maybe I think this is a little immoral!



What's immoral?

I felt his knee pushing between my thighs



I think it's kinda neat...

Me older and you so young, and me feeling the way I do...

And I felt an instinctive vulnerability



That I came to understand later in life





He leaned in closer and said:

In some countries this would be perfectly normal



I would enjoy you until I died



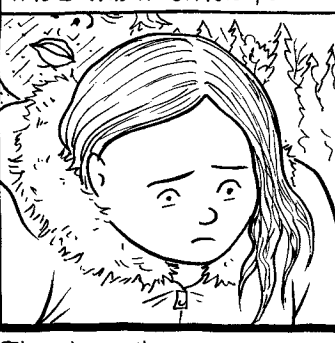
And you would be very rich then

He sensed my apprehension and his voice softened



You know, things between ~~us~~ aren't very good...

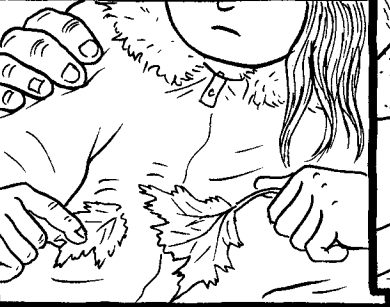
I felt incredibly guilty, like I was a terrible person



I picked up some red maple leaves and tore them apart



I could feel my heart banging inside my chest



Then he rolled me on to my back and leaned over me



The way his creased eyes bulged as  
he loomed over me made me afraid



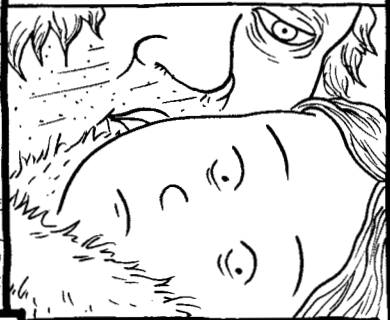
You're special  
you know...

I had to  
look away

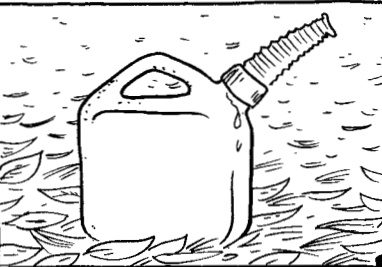
He kissed my cheek. His stubble felt like sandpaper



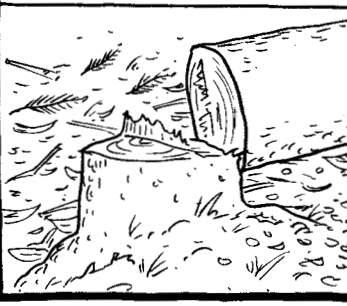
I couldn't look into his eyes



His scent filled my nostrils -  
the faint smell of chainsaw gas



Mixed with freshly cut spruce



And the acrid odor  
of stale sweat



"I like the way you think,"  
I heard him say



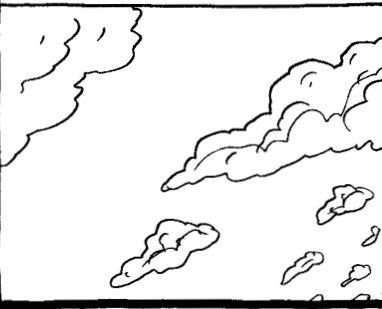
My heart was pounding.  
I just kept looking away



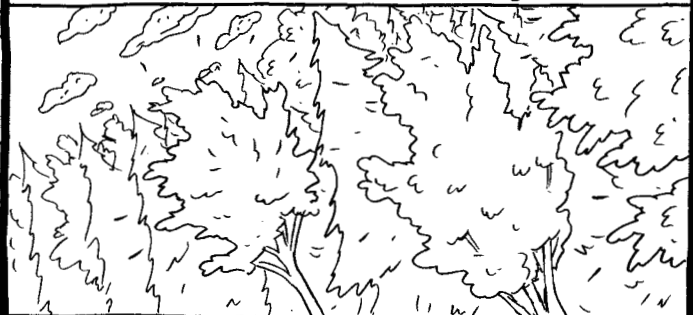
Up into the tree branches



At the pastel coloured clouds  
in the evening light

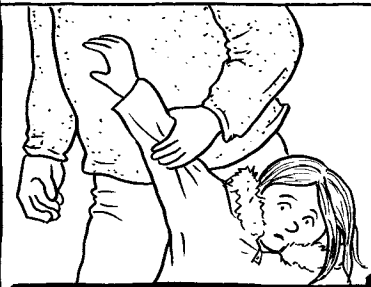


At the tops of the maple trees that glowed  
orange in the light of the setting sun





Then [redacted] grabbed my arm and pulled me to my feet



We were standing about a hundred feet from where Dad would eventually build his log cabin



My legs felt like rubber and my knees shook



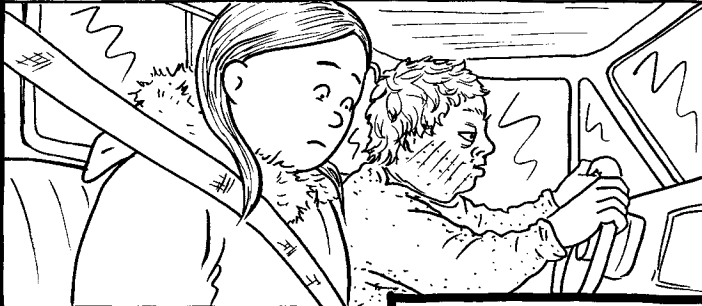
I was so scared, I almost fell down



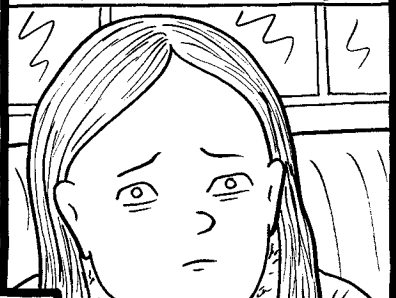
Let's go and see where the road is going to go... is



On the drive back to [redacted] and [redacted]'s house, I stared silently out the window



But inside my head, my mind was racing



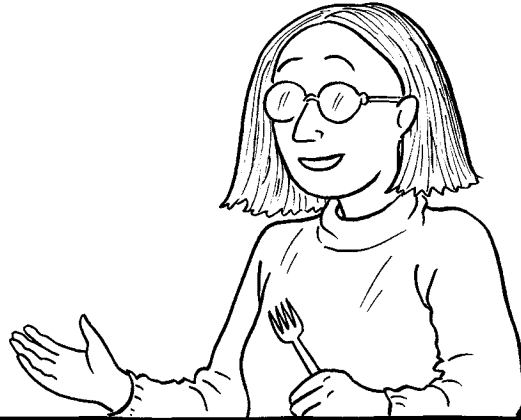
I was consumed with feelings of guilt over what had happened



How would I face poor [redacted]?



And that evening  
at supper time



All I could think about



Was what a  
terrible person I was

