

Throughout life, we consistently compete with and judge one another. Believing that each individual is superior to others, this egoistic lifestyle and thinking has been passed down through generations.

Even before your fertilization, society had determined your life. The choice between whether you were going to wear Spiderman or ballerina shoes were made. The same concepts of gender roles present them in different forms throughout life; the majority of them we don't notice as they happen. Envision yourself as a first-grade girl. Your teacher says, "I need three strong boys to carry chairs." You offer assistance, but she reminds you that she asked for strong boys. "Why can't I help? I'm a strong girl." The teacher looks at you and says, "How about you help me sort papers?"

Consequently, two undertakings have happened that will influence you as a female from this day forward. One, you now perceive boys as the more vigorous sex. Two, you are now questioning if some of the things you liked to do or wanted to do were only "meant for boys."

Growing up, I was naïve, so I readily accepted things that were said and taught to me. Like other girls, I was taught that when a boy is mean to you, then it means that he likes you – installing the lifelong attraction to destructive love. We're taught that love is supposed to be hard and that we have to accommodate the male. We're taught to cover up our bodies. We're told to lock your doors, make sure to bring pepper spray, cover your drink, learn to protect yourself, and scream. That's the reality of what it's like being a woman.

Even if you do follow all the rules, life has a way to punch you in the face. After getting assaulted at the age of 12, I was afraid: afraid of him, afraid of what my parents would think, afraid of the world, But I was mostly angry with myself. I tried to forget it and act like I was okay. However, acting like nothing had happened while being a middle schooler going to the same school as the people who knew your assaulter was not easy.

I was made to feel like my assault was my fault; I was sent on a three-year guilt trip. When you report sexual assault, you're questioned as if you're the criminal at the police station. Even though they say, "We are here to help." You can still feel the judgment. At the end of my case, the officer told my mom that I lied because I got "caught"; You never forget words like that. They never interviewed my assaulter or questioned him, But They used statements from witnesses who were asleep when it happened. The slut-shaming and the guilt of feeling like I let myself down haunted me every day.

I tried to reclaim the power over my body, but mistakenly self-destructive choices were all I turned to; they only offered temporary satisfaction. Days later, I could no longer recognize the girl I saw in the mirror.

Recovery is a journey filled with countless battles. I reminded myself that I was the one who experienced this, pushed through it, and survived. Therefore, I would not allow other people to destroy me mentally. I became aware of the imbalance of control between men and women and how it's rooted in us at a young age. I am pleased that I gave myself clarity on what happened to me. I flourished when I reconciled a healthy relationship within myself. I will use my story to empower women across the world. I will break generational attraction to destructive love and work alongside others to rebuild our educational, healthcare, and home dynamics to cater to a similar upbringing of boys and girls to avoid the injustice that people receive based on their gender.