

Content Warning: Rape, Sexual Assault; all stories are from BU survivors, please read at discretion

1. "I was raped by a member of the kappa sig fraternity at BU my freshman year. I was friends with the guy and HE was actually the drunk one when it happened, but he's much bigger than me and used his strength and size to overpower me and hold me down. It's infuriating to see that the leaders of these frats are only coming forward now that they're on social media for all to see. This kind of thing should be dealt with out of a concern for your fellow peers-NOT in an attempt to save face." -Posted 5/12/2020
2. "My junior year I was in the application process for a BA/MA program and my advisor sexually assaulted me. Reported it, nothing happens... start seeing another counselor who is technically his boss, but long story short this advisor couldn't be fired for whatever reason. I also would have to be very close with him for the remaining two years and communicate often for my MA. Somehow there was no way around this person, not even with CAS deans involved and SARP and behavioral medicine at BU and various notes and pleas from my doctors, psychiatrist and disability department. (SARP is fantastic btw) Anyway, I ended up dropping the program because I couldn't take it. Other hopeless situations presented themselves over time but BU didn't really do their part. I have certain health issues and a mental disability that challenged me through college and that's not anyone's fault, but the way BU handled these and the assault hit me hard. BU is a bureaucracy and I'm not surprised, but I regret even coming to college and taking out so many loans for nothing. The way the econ department handled it made me feel like a dramatic bitch and I slowly started to resent the whole major in general. Basically, what I think I'm trying to exemplify through this is that BU's administration, CAS college, econ department, SHS-all suck. Really suck at aiding students through life while at BU. It kills me that I was accepted into a masters program at the beginning of a semester and then by the end was in a mental hospital and gave something up because of one person who assaulted me and BU looked the other way. I wish someone would be fired for all the hell they put students through." -Posted 5/12/2020
3. "I have a story to share about sexual assault on campus. When I was at a party this past semester a woman in an unnamed sorority came up to me and grabbed my genitalia. I was extremely uncomfortable and didn't know what to do. None of her friends did anything about it. I have heard about occurrences like this happening to many of my other male friends around campus and it's extremely demoralizing. I just want to shed light on sexual harassment that occurs to guys as well and the impact it can have on them." -Posted 5/12/2020
4. "I graduated from BU a few years ago and I was sexually harassed by one of my CS professors. I didn't report him because I was afraid that if I was dismissed, I would get even worse sexual advances or he would do something to my grade. I got counseling at SARP (which I agree with the other person's post, is amazing) but other than that I graduated without anything happening to him. Recently I heard he stopped teaching last year so I'm glad he's no longer around female students. I wish I was more confident in BU's system so that more people (girls or guys) would be willing to speak up when this happens. Something needs to change"- Posted 5/12/2020

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5. "My freshman year I was raped by a guy in pike. I decided to go to SARP, where they helped me go through the process of reporting to the school. They do a great job of making you feel comfortable, and making sure you know you did nothing wrong. Unfortunately, the reporting process itself is the polar opposite. You walk into a judicial affairs conference room where a middle aged white man talks to you like you're the one who's in trouble. The process goes on for months with question after question. They would email me asking a question and address me by a whole ass wrong first name. They sent me their decision on fall move in day, in which they said they had no way to prove what happened to me, despite having several witnesses validate my claims. He received no punishment, but I still had a campus stay away order in place (like a restraining order but from the school). This spring I found out I had a class with him so I immediately contacted the school, thinking the stay-away order would get him removed from the class. I ended up being the one having to switch classes, even though the class was required for my major. BU doesn't care about victims, they care about who pays more tuition." -Posted 5/12/202
6. "I lived in a fraternity house this year and at one party I decided I had too much to drink and go to bed. After a little while, a girl in an unnamed sorority came in and said she left her jacket in my room and laid down next to me in the bed. One thing led to another and we were having sex, but I decided to stop because I didn't really want to. It made me uncomfortable and I think it's important to consider that sexual assault can happen to anyone." - Posted 5/12/2020
7. "The beginning of my sophomore year I went out to a frat at BU. I was 'good friends' with a lot of these guys and had been for a year. However, my friend and I got separated and I left the frat and was trying to get home by myself, very drunk. I ran into a guy who I thought was my friend, who helped me get into an Uber and get home. He then showed up outside my door and the guys who lived downstairs in my brownstone let him into the building. I had texted him telling him not to come over. He entered my room anyway, which I hadn't locked because I felt safe inside my small dorm building. He came into my room and started kissing me; I couldn't even form a sentence outside telling him my boyfriend would be very angry at him for doing this. He raped me, even as I cried. I only have small memories of the actual rape, probably because it was so traumatic. I woke the next day covered in scratches and on bloody sheets. He still continued to text me and act like my 'friend', even while I was calling SARP (who didn't answer the phone) and visiting planned parenthood. I never filed a case because he had told me repeatedly that he was very wealthy (like many people at BU) and I knew he would win any case because I didn't have any money. I secretly hope he sees this and feels ashamed of himself. I hope the boys who let me leave the frat party by myself are ashamed, too, and can learn from that mistake. This was at Boston University in September of 2019. I have since left the school after I could not get the mental health services I needed after the event. BU does not take care of survivors, and I know that about half of my female friends at BU have been sexually assaulted." -Posted 5/13/2020
8. "I'm a guy studying at BU. Last semester I returned home drunk from a Halloween party with my friends. That night I was visited by one of my friends or at least I thought she was a friend. After

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about a half an hour I asked her to leave cause I was about to pass out but woke up the next morning with a torn shirt and bite marks all over my body that my housemate pointed out too. I don't remember giving consent for anything or even doing anything, but it still happened and I felt super uncomfortable post this incident. The worst thing was that months after the incident, she gave me the details of that night and said 'you were passed out so I stayed over' we all know what happened after which is not fucking okay. Despite all that I didn't press charges cause I'm international but I had a few friends I spoke to who helped me get over that cause first of all I would never have imagined being with that girl ever in my whole life but now I got to live with that fact that there was that one night. This shit happens to boys too, no one is safe we got to look after ourselves and our friends fuck it it's selfish but what can you do." - Posted 5/13/2020

9. "My sophomore year I was raped by my ex-boyfriend, who went to UMass Amherst, in my Boston University dorm. Only a few close people know, and though I've gotten myself the help I need through SARP, I have not reported it. He emotionally manipulated me into staying with me in Boston the day before an interview. He told me he would sleep outside the dorm on a bench if I didn't let him into my room, and I was too naive to understand what was happening so I let him. We were in the process of breaking up, so afterward, I cut all forms of contact with him. However, he persisted and three weeks later, he tried to contact me. When I hinted at the fact that it was not a consensual encounter, he blamed me and said I didn't say no. I haven't heard from him or seen him since, but I worry every day that I'll eventually run into him, especially because we went to the same high school and may see each other at reunions and things. Consent is not a joke. I just wonder when people will learn so nobody has to go through what I did." - Posted 5/13/2020
10. "I go to BU and this happened freshman year and the fall semester of sophomore year. My best friend and I were drunk and our friends were in my room which was a quad. There were lofted beds and him and I often were in the same bed together, NBD, so him and I were in my bed and the others were on the floor. My friends and roommate all left to go to his room downstairs and I stayed because I wanted to get myself situated for a minute and lay down. He stayed too. I had a boyfriend at the time and he knew it. I kept telling him no but he'd always try to kiss me and get close to me and get me to try things with him. I was fairly inexperienced and he wanted to 'show me things'. Kept trying even with all the no's. He kept asking if we could do things I told him no to. He kept asking and was trying to take off my clothes. He took off my pants and was touching me and trying to go further all the while I was trying to get him off me and make him stop. After some more time of this and him eventually catching the memo he just stops. And we just sit there and he's like "Oh do you want me to go" I said ya and wouldn't talk to him the next day. He yelled at me for not talking to him and then I told him what happened and he broke down and cried. My boyfriend and I broke up. I broke up with him. I (still) feel like I cheated on him. I feel so stupid, but I had a relationship with him after the fact for 7 months. He broke up with me before summer. Come fall sophomore year I fall back into this trap and we have a sexual relationship for a while. There comes a point when I realized he has sexually assaulted me and emotionally abused me. I made an anon tweet without his name and he gaslit me saying I was the one who

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abused him. I told him: "I'll never get rid of the feeling of your body on mine" and he said: "but I didn't have sex with you though." I interpret that as 'I didn't rape you though'. I've had a few girls at BU tell me he doesn't understand consent and he's pushy. He grabs a girl's ass with no shame and will try to coerce girls to come over when they are drunk/high. There was another who has a story similar to mine. He has a track record and I'm trying to report him. I fear that if he doesn't he will just escalate and he's on stugov and is a part of a group of boys that throw parties (with a pretty widespread following). He just keeps doing this. He sat there and cried with me when I told him what he did the next day. I'm still fighting this and trying to do something about it. Things like this are hard. He tells people I'm crazy and discloses my mental illness to others I don't know. I have depression, he tells others not to listen because I'm a crazy ex. So many of his friends are my friends. I'm actually in the same friend group as him and it's hard because I don't want to lose my friends so I still go over to see them. Sometimes he is there. I know it sounds stupid but it's hard to part with my only main friend group-they were all guys. I found myself crying on bathroom floors for a lot of sophomore year. I had my best friend, obviously not him, who is also his best friend tell me that I had told a girl at a party what he did to me. He was trying to get with her. He was mad that I was talking and my BEST friend came to me and sat with me on a bench and told me to be careful who I talk to, that I don't wanna stir the pot or make people mad. Now I love this friend, and I know he may mean the best, but this hurt, bad. I'm African American and so many people in that community know and love him. I'm just trying to gain as much awareness as possible, I'm tired of hearing more and more stories from more girls." -Posted 5/14/2020

11. "Hey, I just want to clarify that the 60-day timeline that is currently in place is a soft guideline more than a rule. I reported my sexual assault and my investigation was dragged out by BU for 137 days. I had graduated by the time they reached an outcome (which simply said yes, we found him in violation of school policy for sexual violence), and my perpetrator was no longer at the school by that time either. There were 0 consequences. I might as well have not reported and saved myself the semester of reliving my trauma and waiting for some type of justice that never came." - Posted 5/16/2020
12. "I was at a party with friends when a man I had been casually seeing came to pick me up to 'hang out'. I was pretty much black out drunk. He was stone cold sober. I don't remember much of that night other than hearing his roommate ask him if he had a "foreign bitch" in his room (I'm international) and then then mutually celebrating. Although I was hooking up casually with the guy at the time, I still knew immediately something was wrong when I left the next morning. I told my roommate what happened and she said it wasn't rape and I was making a big deal out of it. It took me YEARS to recognize I had been raped. In the meantime, I started to experience PTSD, and eventually develop an ED which I was subconsciously using as a coping mechanism. I still suffer with both these mental disorders today and haven't fully come to terms with my rape. If anyone has been in a similar situation, I want to tell you I BELIEVE YOU. Please seek help/therapy as soon as you feel comfortable, trying to push it down will only result in more issues. Your story matters, don't hide it from yourself!" - Posted 5/18/2020

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13. "I haven't ever really shared this story until now. I studied abroad with BU the fall of my junior year in a foreign country. I was proficient in the language, but not comfortable enough to call myself fluent. I went out one night with this guy from Columbia and we had a bottle of wine - I didn't drink more than I usually do (which isn't a lot) but felt a lot more out of it than I ever have been. I don't know for sure if I was drugged or not. This guy ends up bringing me back to where I was staying and getting me into bed- at this point I'm in and out of consciousness. I woke up to him having sex with me multiple times. In the morning, he was gone. The gravity of the situation didn't hit me for a few days, and when I went to a clinic to get checked, the doctor asked me if I had been drinking that night. When I said yes, she immediately said "You were drinking, it was your fault. This was all your fault. I was only halfway through my program when all of this happened, I felt completely isolated and alone. I still have trouble trying to shake those words."
-Posted 5/18/2020
14. "My freshman year, the very first week actually, I was sexually assaulted by someone in Kappa Sig. I met a guy at one of their parties and we were hanging out outside. The cops came to shut it down and told us to leave, so we started walking. He asked if I wanted to come over and because I was very drunk and had no clue where I was, I said yes. I didn't want to get stuck alone in the middle of the night and I just figured I would figure out how to get home once we got there. When my friend arrived to get me, he wouldn't let me leave. He locked me in his room and assaulted me. It was terrifying but it could've been so much worse if my friend hadn't demanded his roommates to get me." -Posted 5/19/2020
15. "Freshman year I met a guy on campus that I was going to hang out with. I figured we were just going to hook up but didn't know him well so wanted to get to know him better before anything happened. As soon as I went over to his place (west campus dorm) he started trying to kiss me, but I told him I wanted to talk first. We barely talked and he kept trying to kiss me and he was a good kisser so I went along with it. I was on my period and wearing a tampon so I knew nothing would happen and told him that. He took off my pants anyway and (I thought) took my tampon out because he was fingering me aggressively. I told him verbatim that we were not going to have sex that night but he kept trying to convince me and force himself onto me. I literally said to him that if I didn't know any better I'd say he was acting like a rapist. This did not phase him at all, kept trying to force himself on me. Luckily I was forceful enough to literally push him away from me or he would have gladly raped me. I don't remember how I ended up leaving and I don't know why I didn't leave sooner. I found out about a week later when it fell out of my body that he had actually just shoved my tampon basically up to my cervix, which miraculously didn't cause me any health problems. The disturbing nature of the interaction didn't really hit me until a while later, I've been sexually assaulted many times and tried to laugh it off as a ridiculous story. The dread I felt when I would run into him on campus was what made me realize, but I knew I wouldn't gain anything from reporting it. I feel pretty relieved that he's graduated now but I know there are so many rapists still running around campus." -Posted 5/19/2020

16. "There is a professor in the biology department (neuroscience) that I am currently filing a complaint against for sexual harassment. Sexual harassment is defined as non consensual touching of ANY KIND. No matter how small it may be. What this man did to me ruined my sophomore year. I truly thought he was a mentor to me when in reality he was grooming me for his own personal motives. We met in fall 2019 and I was supposed to work in his lab. He asked me to work with him. I am an undergrad. It started out professional then he started asking more about me, about my mental illness, my family life, very personal details. I thought nothing of this because I truly thought I could trust this man. This was the first time for me that I thought I had found a mentor or professor that truly cares about me and my wellbeing. It was a huge moment for me. We started messaging on slack and then it was decided I wouldn't work with him until spring semester. He gave me his phone number to text him saying: "It would be easier [two laughing face emojis]" again, I thought nothing of it because I thought I could trust him, I thought he was a mentor. He would send me pictures of his niece, alcohol (I am underage, 19) ask me how I was everyday, wink at me in class, roll closer to me in his fucking wheelie chair, stroke and touch my arms and hands (this is the sexual harassment and why title IX can be involved) he would text me saying "big hug to you" and ask me to come see him in his office, ask me if I was home in my dorm. He knew the location of my dorm and would try to call me or ask me to call him. One time I didn't respond to his text message and he sent "Hello *my name*!" As if he was exasperated that I didn't answer. It took another girl to come up to me and tell me what he had been doing with her, and EXTREMELY similar pattern. She was associated with him longer so he progressed further with her than he had I. It was clear that he has a pattern of preying on undergraduates. I spent weeks my sophomore year in denial, I believed the other victims of course because this is the 3rd time in my life that I've been assaulted, abused or harassed and I understand what it is like to have no one believe you. I was so confused. He got me a summer internship, wrote me letters of recommendation, convinced me to take his class. And I did all of that, I found myself struggling to get by in principles of neuro because of him. I barely made it through. By the grace of God I got a C+ in the course. What he did to me was subdued. He preyed on my vulnerabilities and lured me in. I am so hurt and I no longer trust the university or the professors at Boston University. I am undergoing an investigation and they legit do not care about my safety. They ask me for witnesses and they don't understand that sexual harassment doesn't mean that he slapped my ass. He touched me. I didn't want him to. That's. Sexual. Harassment. He has TWO open investigations against him currently. He has interim measures not to text undergrads, not to grade undergraduates who work in his lab, and not to go into undergraduates rooms (like that even NEEDS to be a rule) After not talking with him for weeks I emailed him asking questions academically. No personal shit no funny shit. I kept it concise. He responded and then asked me to zoom, I didn't ask him for help or anything. He wanted to zoom to talk about personal shit. I didn't answer. The next week he TEXTED me because I hadn't answered his email. He broke his interim measure and all the school said is "we will take that into consideration". I don't even want to go to SARP. As much as I have heard good things, nothing will change my mind on this. I trust no one. This is the second time this has happened to me on campus. I am a sophomore. I got to the point where I physically could not

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see him in class (before remote learning). I wouldn't be able to pay attention and would silently cry the entire time. He didn't rape me. But that doesn't seem to matter. The university doesn't seem to understand that. And now I'm in an investigation in which he probably won't get any repercussions meanwhile this is so traumatic. I love my school and my education, I wouldn't leave BU because I love the education I am receiving. But it's hard when NO ONE is on your side. BU needs to do better. If he receives no punishment I am hiring a lawyer or reaching out to a news outlet. I am done being a victim." -Posted 5/19/2020

17. "My freshman year I went to a kappa sig party and I ended up going home with a senior there. Looking back on how that initial hookup happened gives me chills because I was clearly a young freshman that was drunk and alone and easily coerced by a much older senior to go to his dorm. Young and naive I went with him drunk and we ended up having sex multiple times that night. It was rough and he didn't make sure I was wet or ok with what was happening. I left with little thought the next morning and defended his behavior because I hooked up with a senior and that was "cool". A few weeks later drunk at a party again he kept pushing me to go back home with him. I did. That night I woke up in the middle of the night to him trying to shove his dick in my mouth. I was fully asleep, woke up with his dick in my face and him trying to open my mouth. In the moment I freaked out and shoved him off me. The next day I pretend like nothing happened. It wasn't until months later that I found out he had an active sexual assault case against him that I fully realized my trauma. When I found that out my whole body shut down. I had kept those feelings repressed for so long like my feelings weren't valid and like that was "ok" for someone to do. Despite him having an active sexual assault case against him, he was (at this point graduated) still attending kappa sig parties and preying on young women. When I saw him in the basement one night my body literally froze and I had to run out of the party to get air. I'm still scared of running into him at bars. As time has gone on I've learned even more stories about him. Now 3? Years out of college he's still preying on young BU girls. It's scary." -Posted 5/19/2020
18. "When I was an underclassmen I met a stranger at a party. I was pretty much blackout drunk, and he could tell because he kept convincing me to keep drinking. I ended up taking him back to my place to hook up. I told him very clearly before we arrived that I could not have sex with him because I have vaginismus. He said he understood, so I felt comfortable. While we were hooking up, he kept asking me if I was sure I couldn't have sex with him because I seemed really into it. I told him no every time, but he kept asking and going further, even when I told him I was in pain. I am lucky that he eventually listened to me, but I can't stop thinking that if the situation had been different, he could have raped me. I don't know if what happened to me was sexual assault, but I do know that many other people have not been able to say no in similar situations. No one should have to convince someone else not to assault them. He should have listened the first time I told him." -Posted 5/19/2020
19. "When I was a freshman, I had been talking to a guy on tinder and decided to meet up with him after a party (he knew I lived in rich). I kinda knew some other people on his floor so I felt sorta

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safe going over and hanging out with him for the first time late at night. We sat in his bed and talked for a really long time and it was a great conversation. We kissed for a little, which I was okay with. Then he asked me if I wanted to try his dab pen. I had never been high before but I was like sure why not. He coached me through several really deep hits (I had no idea how much dab pens could mess you up) and then shortly later I was so high I couldn't function and then my memory was really fuzzy. I just wanted to go to sleep. I remember passing out and then waking up to him touching me and trying to finger me and I couldn't even process what was going on. The next morning I left and walked back to Warren still super messed up. I tried to message him later that day but he said he was seeing other girls and that he couldn't talk to me and then blocked me on everything. Basically he knew how fucked up I would get and he was completely functional and touched me anyway. I still see him around campus and it just freaks me out."

-Posted 5/19/2020

20. "I had been dating a guy for about 2 months and had told him very clearly I don't feel comfortable having sex yet. One night when we were together he forced himself on me and I was too shocked to say anything and I just froze. He had been acting so sweet and understanding up to that point and I was so confused and didn't know what to do. Over the course of the next 2 years he would force me into sex and when I said I didn't want to, gaslight me, manipulate me, hit me, and threaten to kill himself every time we had a fight or I tried to break up with him. He wouldn't let me drink, smoke, or hangout with my friends and threatened to tell my really religious parents that we were having sex if I disobeyed him. I finally caught him cheating and had the courage to break up with him, but when his friends heard everything he did to me they chose to ignore it and say that I broke up with him because I wanted to "be free to fuck other guys in college". I was depressed for so long after and to this day have a lot of problems forming relationships with people because I can't trust anybody." - Posted 5/19/2020

21. "The fall of my sophomore year, I had just started using online dating apps. I met this guy on tinder and we went on one date on the Esplanade and it was okay, all we did was kiss and talk and he seemed like a nice guy. But the next time we were gonna meet up, he asked me to go on the Esplanade again. He made me smoke a blunt and I don't know why but it left me feeling completely numb, physically and mentally. And weirdly enough, he was very resistant whenever I offered him the blunt. He said it was just for me (even though I knew he smoked). I'm pretty sure he drugged me because all I really remember is him leading me to the hidden dock area, pushing my head towards his dick and later him inserting his fingers into me. And sometimes, I'm scared that he raped me and I just don't remember. At the time, I felt like I had to be proud and that this was what dating life in college was and I felt pressured to continue seeing this guy (who was doing this while he had a girlfriend btw). I was so internally conflicted, I spent my sophomore year almost always high and inebriated but it took me a little over a year to come to terms with my assault. I honestly think that therapy saved my life and helped me look at myself with respect instead of disgust." -Posted 5/21/2020

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22. "During my freshman year, I was drinking with friends before break and we were playing Never Have I Ever. I knew I had reached my limit, and one of my friends offered to show me around the city, and we took some unmixed vodka to go because he said he was sober. I tried to hand the cup to him, but he said I had to drink too, even though I repeatedly told him I'd had enough. Safe to say, I blacked out and was still drunk when I woke up naked in bed, with a phone full of selfies he had taken of us the night before. I immediately panicked and asked him (word for word) "Did we fuck?" And he said "yeah but you passed out in the middle of it." I had to leave to go home for break and when I came back, I realized that he had helped himself to the snacks I had in my dorm. The snacks my parents had brought back from another country for me. I hated myself for that because I felt like I'd tarnished my parents' reputation since both of us come from the same small town." -5/21/2020
23. "I was in a really happy relationship until he decided to start sexually abusing me. He would constantly wake me up in the middle of the night and all I can remember is being jolted awake to him trying to shove himself or his fingers in me or my mouth and these days I can't sleep anymore and when I do fall asleep I have nightmares. Sleep is supposed to be a recovery time for your body but for me it's terrifying because my brain already associates it with rape. He was someone I really trusted but he hurt me and now I just feel scared of the world, scared of people, scared of myself for getting myself in that situation and letting him do that to me. During the relationship I felt so depressed and worthless I wanted to end my life but I managed to talk to a suicide hotline. I don't know why I didn't have the strength to break up with him the first time he raped me. I was so scared of saying anything. I feel so alone now and I'm battling severe anxiety but I don't want to bother my friends with dark depressing stuff like this, and I'm embarrassed by it, so I feel like if I tell people my story they'll hate me or think of me differently. But I'm really struggling and I'm scared." -5/21/2020
24. "I didn't start my freshman year until January 2018 (Spring Semester). It was within my first three weeks of starting college when I was raped by someone I barely knew. We knew of each other through a mutual friend and have only talked once in person PRIOR to the rape. Here are a few of the traumatic things that happened to me: 1. Before I went out to a party that night, my perpetrator asked me if I was doing anything, and I told him that I was going out to a frat party but if I came back early we could hang out (I only said this to be friendly since it was my three weeks in college and I was trying to make as many friends as possible). 2. Before going to the frat party, I was invited to an Aphi pregame as a freshman with some of my other freshmen friends at the time. We had all drank before the pregame but also drank more once we got to the suite. I had drank way too much (we all did) but I wish the people I went to the party with stuck by each other because I ended up being alone in the basement super drunk and lost, calling an uber back to Claflin. GIRLS please don't leave anyone behind and check on people if they got back home safe, etc. 3. When I got back to Claflin and passed through security, I felt super sick and knew I needed to sober up ASAP so I texted the fastest person I could think of, which was the guy, and asked if he wanted to get food with me so that I could sober up. The next thing I know, I am in his room as he sits me down on his lap, making out with me and then carrying me to his bed. He

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starts to take off my clothes while I fall in and out of consciousness and then I wake up in pain when he enters me. It was my first time. I did not give consent at all. I woke back up a few minutes after as he was done and he said "So I just took your virginity away huh?" 4. I told my 'friends' what happened but they were not helpful or supportive. Following the assault, I stopped going to classes, meeting and talking to these 'friends' and fell into deep depression and anxiety. Yet these 'friends' never reached out to me and completely dropped me knowing fully what happened to me. I felt so betrayed. 5. One day my rapist TEXTED me: "Did I do something wrong?" He knew something was up because BUPD contacted him to question him since by then I had filed a report. He freaked out and immediately apologized and admitted he was wrong to me in private. He did this in person when we were both in the Claflin basement's study lounge. He approached me when no one else was in the area while I was studying and I had no idea he was down there too so I freaked out and told him I "forgave" him only so he would leave me alone ASAP. 6. Months after this, I was so angry I made him think I "forgave" him so I texted him confronting him. This time I did not hold back. To my surprise, he did not deny and said "Idk how but that shit just happened" and didn't deny anything. He easily could've but didn't because he TOO knew he was in the wrong. Think about it: what innocent person would sit there and let someone call them a rapist and go off on them if they GENUINELY didn't do anything? So I screenshotted this as evidence and went further with my case, found a lawyer and worked with judicial affairs also. 7. But BUPD failed me. They promised to send my case over to a district attorney. They even clarified and told me what happened was rape "for sure" making me feel secure that I was getting help and proper attention from authorities, but I found out a semester later that they never sent my case over and the lieutenant who handled my case also left BU on an administrative leave, leaving me behind with no answers on the status of my case... 8. I had witnesses (some people who saw me the next day after the assault to see how serious the marks on my necks were and how much it affected me/ people who have heard "disturbing" things about him go in to talk to the school's investigator). This meant he was also allowed to bring someone in on his behalf and he brought our MUTUAL friend who fully knew what happened to me. If anything she was one of the few who supported me and my "best friend" at the time. We drifted apart for some reason though and she immediately started hanging out/became closer to him (knowing it would betray me) but in addition still went in to lie about things I never said such as telling the investigator I told her I was going to have a "make out session" with the rapist so I went into his room fully sober with the intentions of "hooking up". 9. Judicial affairs failed me too. Their initial decision after reviewing my case was: "We believe Ms. ____ had memory loss and was intoxicated, however was not incapacitated under BU terms" So I appealed with my lawyer as we had found even more evidence such as screenshots, pictures, and other conversations I had with people that night where I was clearly not typing like a sober person. We set up an actual hearing after I appealed where there was a panel of judges, me and my lawyer, and him and his. When the panel reviewed the evidence I gave, they could not make sense of any of the conversations I provided because I was THAT drunk. They acknowledged I must've been really really drunk and believed my speech was very slurred (this is what incapacitation is...) In addition, during the hearing my perpetrator even said on audio recording that I did not give "VERBAL consent" but seemed "to like it". My lawyer attacked him saying how could I

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possibly if I was a virgin at the time, and the judges also seemed to take this very seriously and even said this was very “concerning” for him to say upfront, making us all believe he’d be punished. 10. Fast forward to the hearing’s outcome, their decision was that they finalised that he took my “form of consent as consent”. HOW is this possible when my perpetrator even said I DID NOT GIVE VERBAL CONSENT? In addition, what shocked me most was when they stated in the hearing’s outcome: “The Panel strongly encourages” my perpetrator “to take this experience as a moment to improve upon his approach going forward.” What happened to me was very real, and not an excuse to be used as a learning curve for someone like him.” -Posted 6/3/2020

25. “I am lucky to have never experienced a more extreme form of assault, but I still feel that it’s important that I share this story. Last semester, I went to a party at the house of an athletic team. I had to use the bathroom and was waiting in line when a mutual friend (who was an athlete on the team) told me I could use the upstairs bathroom that was connected to his bedroom. I went upstairs with him and he tried to follow me into the bathroom, and I politely told him not to do that and I just needed to pee and I would be on my way, and he let me do that. However, when I came out of the bathroom, I realized he had locked the door to his room, locking me in. Because I was drunk, I had a hard time figuring out how to unlock the door. He then pulled me onto his bed and started touching me, and tried to convince me to have sex with him, even as I was saying “No” and that I had to leave. I tried to be casual and polite even though I was very drunk, uncomfortable, and annoyed. I had to say no several times and push myself away from him before he let me go. I was lucky that I was able to get myself out of that situation and that nothing else happened, but it is unfortunate and angering that an athlete and fellow student put me in that situation. No one should EVER feel the need to lock someone in their room and put them in that situation without prior discussion or consent, or try to convince someone to have sex with them when they are drunk or impaired.” 6/6/2020
26. “Freshman year at one of the first frat parties I attended, I felt someone dancing up close behind me. I continued dancing because I was facing all of my friends, but before I knew it he wrapped his arm around my stomach and pulled me backwards. Soon we were against the wall with multiple people shielding us from view and none of my friends noticed. He stuck his hand down my pants, and luckily just then I made eye contact with one of the frat brothers across the room. He came over and made up a situation saying that the guy was needed somewhere. The guy argued but then eventually agreed to go, and the brother then asked if I was okay and said that he saw I looked uncomfortable and didn’t want anything like that to happen at his frat. I thanked him and went back to my friends, but only a few minutes later the guy, very drunk, returned and kept trying to dance with me/ I told some friends and they would try to stand in between us but he wouldn’t leave us alone. When I wanted to leave, several friends, who were quite drunk at this point, insisted on staying and even continued to dance with the same guy. To this day they say they didn’t know it happened, but I told them I was uncomfortable. I never took action but regularly see this same guy on campus, passed him in the dining hall multiple times. He would smile at me, and most likely didn’t remember the night that still plagues me. I noticed he follows this account and decided it was time to share my story.” -Posted 6/21/2020

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27. "I was out with a group of friends in October of senior year. We met at the BU pub, and eventually went to Barcade in Cambridge. I had hung out with all of these people before and felt comfortable and safe, especially because I was with my best friend. However, she had a tendency to over drink, as did another one of our friends, who was a guy. I had one beer that night and ended up Ubering back to campus with both of them. Out guy friend was making a lot of comments about wanting to sit in the middle of the backseat, which I found to be unsettling, especially since my bestie was so drunk so I made sure to put myself in that spot of the car. She began to throw up out the window, and while I took care of her, he reached into my pants and touched me. I was so shocked it took me a while to process it, but once I did, I decided to report with Judicial Affairs after meeting with SARP. They helped me put a stay away order in place and verbally. The dean of students decided to suspend my perpetrator, but he was able to appeal it. He made all of these ridiculous claims that I was only doing this because of his race and other things that I would never do; I made it very clear in my initial report and my response to the appeal that I wanted to report this because it was what I felt was right, especially since this man wanted to be a teacher. I was not trying to get him suspended or anything of the sort. However, when an appeal is filed, a hearing has to take place with both parties at the same time in the same room. I still don't understand why, since I had a stay away order, and they refused to put up a barrier because my case was not deemed "serious enough". I was nervous all week leading up to the hearing, and I ended up not being able to go because I was so nervous to see my perpetrator. He won, and got his charges dismissed because of the rules BU has in place. This bugs me to this day. Not because I am mad about my own case, but I constantly think about the other victims at BU. This isn't the way to handle proceedings, and something needs to change."
-Posted 6/24/2020
28. "One of my close friends from my freshman year had just broken up with his girlfriend and we started getting really close and hanging out a lot. I went to a party and had too much to drink and then smoked as well. However we had made plans to meet up later to smoke because he had to stay in to finish some work. He was sober. I stumbled from Allston in a huge storm soaked to his place. He sees me in that state and offers me his bed to me to sleep because I was clearly extremely intoxicated. I get into his bed and he then starts talking to me. I remember everything was spinning and that then he was on top of me. But everything seemed so fast and confusing. Because we were friends I couldn't comprehend that he assaulted me. He kept trying to be my friend after that." -Posted 6/30/2020
29. "I met a guy at a social event in 2018, was already slightly tipsy but not drunk. It probably should have been a red flag that he kept offering me more to drink, but I was so young then. We went back to his place and were (consensually) kissing and becoming more intimate. I gave in eventually and had another drink, he started getting a little more eager but since I was still intoxicated I wasn't alarmed until he said some things that reminded me of an abusive/harassive relationship I'd been in a few months earlier, and it freaked me out so much that I froze up. I thought he would stop because I literally wasn't moving or speaking. He didn't, and instead he held me down by my throat while he raped me. He was choking me, I couldn't breathe. I couldn't

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have even told him to stop if I wanted to. I was literally crying. It took me close to a month to admit to myself I'd been raped because I kept telling myself I'd gone to his place and I'd already kissed him consensually. It was like everything I learned about sexual assault and everything I'd ever said about how terrible rape culture is went out the window. Like I seriously gaslighted myself into thinking nothing had happened and it had just been a misunderstanding. I didn't tell anyone then and I don't think I ever will because we all know what happens to girls who were drunk when they were raped. Just look at Brock Turner's trial. My rapist and I also went to different universities and the thought of having to involve two administrations and have to justify myself twice was just too much. I don't want to corrupt the image of myself that everyone around me knows. I want rape apologists to know how ridiculous it is when they say accusations can ruin lives. That's bullshit. I am the one who has to live with what happened to me. I am the one who has to deal with the panic attacks, the nightmares, the flashbacks, who has to decide when to tell a new partner that she's damaged goods, who has to live the rest of her life feeling like her skin is crawling. He probably doesn't even remember. It happened at this point. He's the one who gets to come out of this unscathed, who gets to survive. I feel a little shame for feeling so vengeful, but I think I'm entitled to this much: if I ever do decide to publicly name him, let it ruin his life. He has stolen so much from me. In the meantime, I hope other survivors who have had difficulty coming to terms with what happened know it's okay to take time in doing so."

-Posted 7/1/2020

30. "When I was admitted to BU early decision a bunch of group chats were made on group me that were super active. One of them was the "boys chat" that was a ton of men and they used it to rate the girls that had been accepted from their social media. One of the girls I was talking to changed her name on GroupMe and joined as "mike". She then sent me a screenshot of the group chat discussing my pictures and one boy who was friends with many of my friends said "I would only fuck her if I was drunk". I saw him around all freshman year and had to think about how he said that about me." -Posted 7/3/2020

31. "My senior year of college, I was sexually assaulted by one of my friends. We had slept together before consensually, but after one party I had blacked out at, I woke up next to him at his apartment without any memory of the end of the party, walking back with him, or having sex with him. I kept believing it was my fault for letting myself get that intoxicated, or maybe I didn't seem as drunk as I was, but my friends who were around that night told me they could tell I was blacked out. I didn't tell many of my friends because the guy and I had many mutual friends and I didn't want to know who wouldn't believe or support me. About a month later, I felt like I was at a breaking point trying to pretend everything was fine and finally decided to sit down and have the conversation with my friend who assaulted me about what happened. He was very gaslighty, telling me that he's sorry but he's a good [erson and he didn't see a difference between this occurrence and the consensual ones. After this happening with someone I trusted and who seemed to be "one of the good guys", it sometimes feels like I'll never be able to be fully comfortable with or trusting of any guy, even my friends." -7/6/2020

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32. "I was talking with this guy that was a year older than me because we had a class together. We finally went out and ended up back at my apartment to smoke. He kept handing me the joining and telling me to smoke more. I didn't realize he wasn't smoking but just giving it to me. We started to hook up and he wanted to have sex but didn't have a condom. I told him no because I didn't want to risk anything but at that point I was very high. I remember him trying to have sex with me despite me saying no multiple times and that I did not want to. Eventually he gave up and tried to get me to give him a blow job, he kept insisting and grabbing me towards him. I kept saying no and that I was uncomfortable. I finally pushed him away, grabbed my clothes, and went to the bathroom. When I came out he was dressed and I forced him to leave. I never talked about this with anyone or thought of it as sexual assault until I read the other posts. I never reported him or went to SARP out of fear of being exposed or victim blamed." -Posted 7/7/2020
33. "I was a 17-year-old freshman and found what seemed to be a perfect work-study job (BU initiative for literacy development). When I went in for an interview, there were three coordinators, 2 women and 1 man. At first, one of the women stood up to interview me, but the man saw me and told her that he'd "take this one". This was my first ever job interview so I was just very eager to please. He started asking me increasingly personal questions, then asked for my phone number at the end. I thought that was normal since he was a grad student and said they would notify me that way. As soon as I left, he started texting me from his personal cell phone and asking me to hangout. I tried to be polite since I really wanted the job, but he became more and more invasive, texting me constantly, even calling me during the day, and once he sent me a really long, sexually explicit and vaguely violent "poem" detailing the things he would do to me. I tried to keep the conversation focused on the job, but he kept putting off telling me whether I was hired or not, saying that he'd tell me in person once we hung out. At that point I was so uncomfortable, but I still hadn't heard back about the job and this man was nearly 10 years older than me, so my only way to avoid his pressuring me into meeting up was by telling him that I was underage (which I was). He then freaked out and said "maybe we should wait" and stopped contacting me. I ended up getting the job and taking it, and luckily he wasn't directly involved with the day-to-day work, but I distinctly remember avoiding him during trainings, and him calling me out during those trainings to try and humiliate me since he felt rejected. I told a few of my coworkers, but none of them encouraged me to say anything, and since nothing physical had happened, I didn't feel like I had a case. I heard that something similar had happened to another girl we worked with, but we never talked about it. I'm close to his age at this time now, and looking back, I'm disgusted by how this man used his position of power at a BU educational outreach program to prey on young girls who worked there." -Posted 7/8/2020
34. "My freshman year I went to a frat party at MIT with some people that were friends at the time. I was drunk and saw a BU boy that I recognized from around campus. We started making out and he dragged me to the wall in a super crowded room and forced his hand in my pants. I grabbed my friend and told him I was uncomfortable and needed help and he left me alone with the guy, who was much taller and stronger than me. I had to fight to get free and even gave him my

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phone number because I was scared of what he would do to me if I said no. When I got home there was blood in my underwear from what he had done to me. He would stare at me in the dining hall and I couldn't eat there for about a month. The friend that refused to help me later went on to assault someone." -7/9/2020

35. "This is not a specific story but I just want to mention how much of a problem sexual assault/rape is at frats. This is definitely an issue not specific to any one issue, but it is one that I have personally witnessed and experienced far more at frats at BU. Essentially every single time I have gone to one I have either personally experienced sexual assault, had one of my friends I am with experience it, or witnessed it happening to someone else. The frats need to take more responsibility for the actions of their members, but also the other individuals they allow in to their parties. No one should feel they need to choose between a social life on campus and being sexually assaulted, two things I often felt I was choosing between." -7/10/2020
36. "I had one drink at an apartment frat party, with Kappa Sig in 2015. One drink and a few hours later I woke up to an empty apartment sleeping on the couch next to my own throw up. I assume now that I was roofied. A "friend" who was one of my girlfriends best guy friends (who I had recently gotten dinner to celebrate her birthday with 6 people) said he lived in my building (Stuvi 1) and would take me home. I don't know how but I ended up in his bathroom throwing up, in Stuvi 2. I did not know where I was so I got into his bed thinking it was my own. I was falling asleep when he started yelling at me "Suck my Dick" repeatedly. I did not move. He then said "Oh I know what you want" And I could not speak, I don't know if it was fear or that I may have been drugged, but I tried to say no. He then forcibly went down on me. He eventually stopped and I thought it was over. He eventually stopped and I thought it was over. The next thing I know he was entering me from behind. The next day I woke up in his bed and didn't know what happened, I saw a condom so I figured we had sex. I was confused because I knew I was not attracted to him and we never flirted before. I could not remember what happened so I was polite, I think I even asked for his number. I left, and began to remember the few details. I immediately told my friend what happened, and she said that he raped me. When I told another mutual friend that "I think we hooked up" because the idea that it was rape still felt unreal to me, she replied "Oh yea he has been going wild ever since he broke up with his girlfriend." I can only imagine I was not the only one this happened to. In 2018 during my first year of law school I read the criminal definition of rape and I was finally sure that I was raped. When I tell my story to a select few friends I tell them I am lucky because it was not violent. But I never once thought of telling anyone in the BU administration. I had only ever been reprimanded by BU for underage drinking, or having a guest that ripped down a door tag, something so trivial compared to rape. I did not think there was anyone to turn to. Especially since my roommate told me a similar story about how she woke up naked in BU hockey house and reported it and the administration turned her away because she may have been drinking underage. Now I have a close friend who goes to BU, I had to warn her that she could be raped by anyone, even her friends."s

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37. "I was at BU's athlete formal about a year ago and I was just dancing with some of my friends. The dance floor was kind of tight so I got separated from them for a second, a guy came up and behind me and proceeded to touch and grab what seemed like every part of my body, my boobs, my butt and even tried to put his fingers inside me. I couldn't even comprehend what was going on because everything happened so quickly. I pushed his hands off me, which he resisted for a moment and then let me go and I just pushed forward through the crowd. I got off the dance floor and found some of my friends that were not on the dance floor. I didn't even get a look at his face and to this day I have no idea who this guy was. No one saw what had happened. I did tell some of my friends but I didn't really know what to make of the situation at the time so I just kind of joked about it because I didn't wanna make a big deal out of it. However, sexual harassment/ assault is not a joke and it is a very big issue. I wanted to share this story because at the time, I was uncomfortable but I didn't think too much of it. I want other people that have to experience things like this or people who have been the guy in this situation, to know that this kind of behavior is unacceptable and cannot go ignored." -Posted 7/15/2020
38. "This just happened during my first year at BU. Two close female friends and I (a dude) were coming back from a Beanpot hockey game at TD garden on the T and we were just chilling until this guy in his 40s-50s walks up to us. The subway cart is entirely empty except for us but he walked all the way across it just to sit next to my friends. It was like he was waiting for the hockey game to end so he could find college kids on the subway (he was doing this at midnight on a monday). The guy went from making casual conversation to talking about how his niece slaps him in the face for "hitting on young, pretty college girls like you two". He was trying to flirt with my friends who wanted him to leave them alone and then I stepped in when he started saying sexual stuff. While he did this the entire cart filled up with other college students and no one said anything, not a single word, while I told him to back off and threatened to call the cops/ He kept trying to bait me into fighting him and no one stepped in- not even the other dudes. I was the only person separating him from my friends. The guy had his hand in the pocket of his coat the whole time and I was worried he might pull out a knife or something. My friends moved seats and I made sure his attention was directed away from them and onto me. He started yelling a bunch of xenophobic shit about me being/looking like an immigrant and he started to provoke me into hitting him by touching my shoulder. Only one dude who wasn't even a student stepped in to help me at that point. My friends and I shortly switched carts afterwards along with most of those other students who just stood by. I let the transit authority know this guy was going around, but I never heard anything back. If I wasn't there for my friends I doubt those other students would have even helped. Everyone should help each other when they are in need- not just their own friends, especially when it comes to sexual harassment." -Posted 7/16/2020
39. "A couple years ago, I was at a frat party and met a guy there. We were consensually making out, but I started to get too drunk and went home with him after my friends left me. He shared a room and his roommate kicked him out to go to bed. He ended up taking me into the bathroom, and I decided I wanted to go home but my phone had died and I didn't know where I was. He

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had sex with me in his bathtub and I didn't know how to stop him. My head was hitting the faucet. I didn't stop him. I didn't think I was assaulted because I consensually made out with him and went home with him and I don't remember whether I told him "no" when we started having sex." -Posted 7/17/2020

40. "The first time I had sex with my ex, he pressured me into having sex without a condom. I had brought one but he told me he just couldn't get off without one. I didn't feel like I could leave because he was intimidating. Throughout our relationship he was rough with me and refused to go down on me or make things pleasurable for me. After we broke up, he begged me for sex and tried to force me to sext with him, sent unsolicited nudes, and threatened to harm or kill himself if I didn't engage with him. He had his friends reach out to pressure me and shame me after I blocked him. I didn't know how to report it because he never raped me, but I am still terrified of him and his friends." -Posted 7/18/2020

41. "A few years ago, I was at a frat party and a man who was visibly too old to be there started flirting with me. My friends left me and I wanted to hook up with him, even though I was too drunk to realize he was much older than college age. He took me back to a hotel. I don't remember what happened there because I blacked out but at some point after I started to sober up I remember he went to the bathroom and I just ran. I hid near reception and called an Uber. I don't remember why I was so terrified. I still don't know what he did, and I don't know why a frat allowed an older man into a party." -Posted 7/19/2020

42. "Thank you for creating this page. There are tears streaming down my face as I write this. As a fellow BU alum I am equally comforted and disturbed by the sheer number of situations that sound so similar to what I experienced on campus. It is increasingly difficult to share your story and your experience when the person who rapes you is a well liked and well respected frat boy and very involved in campus activities. It makes it harder for people to believe you because they don't want to. I was at a bar with friends and had too much to drink after pregameing too hard. I had been dancing with a guy and he kept pushing me to leave. We were walking back from Allston to campus and I couldn't find my ID. He offered to let me crash with him. I was fading in and out of consciousness and didn't know what to do. I remember sitting down because I felt dizzy and I do not remember exactly what happened next. I woke up naked. When I tried to tell my friends (his mutual friends) about it they tried to convince me that because he was cute and I admitted to being attracted to him in the past that I was being shy and not wanting to admit that I was into it. My closest FEMALE friends didn't take my side, how on Earth could I expect BUPD to or a jury? I did not want to have to relive the trauma. I decided to have a rape kit done and contacted BUPD. The next day he texted me pretending he was so drunk he didn't remember. He apologized if he had "gone too far" and hoped I did not think badly of him. All he cared about was his reputation. I decided to not go through with legal action because he had money, power, and our mutual friends said they did not feel comfortable speaking out against him. I lost not only my closest friends from my experience with sexual assault on BU's campus, I also lost my sense of safety. At an alumni event he walked right up to me to tell me how good I looked

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(YEARS LATER) To know that he faced no repercussions for his actions and still felt enough power over me after the fact makes me sick to my stomach. To this day I dread walking around the city I know he lives in because I never want to have to see his face again. Dressing sexy and having a good time doesn't mean you're asking for it. Rape is something that you carry with you for the rest of your life. Waiting for the right moment to tell your boyfriend why you don't like when he does certain things to you because you get flashbacks to the worst night of your life. Do better BU!" -Posted 7/25/2020

43. "I tried to write down my specific experiences with sexual assault during undergrad but I was overcome with guilt and shame that I let someone take advantage of me, writing the words down made it real. Maybe one day I'll share my story but just wanted to say welcome to Boston University where the guys are so full of themselves that girls can't even laugh at jokes, or ask them to workout without giving off the vibes that they are down to fuck." -Posted 7/26/2020
44. "This happened a bit outside of campus with a recent campus alumni about a year ago. I consented to having vaginal intercourse with him, but I did not consent to having anal. He was into rape play and he kept thinking I was into it because I would keep crying and resisting. I was scared to say stop because he was actually slapping me in the face and maybe could've beaten me up if I said stop. He kept calling me these terrible names (I won't name them because it can be really triggering). He even filmed me which was the worst part. I think at some point I was in so much pain I finally screamed stop, and he did, but he looked at me very weird. I was so tired and couldn't think so I stayed the night, and I honestly was scared to leave idk if that makes sense. The next day I sort of confronted him. I wasn't as stern or clear as I should have been. I told him I wasn't into rape play and he said that I was making him feel bad because it wasn't rape just "rape play". I felt so humiliated and so guilty afterwards. I thought it was clear that I didn't want to see him anymore and later that day he sent me a video that he filmed of us and asked him to delete it. I felt so fucking disgusting watching it and so traumatized. And he asked me why which just bewilders me. I'm scared that he still has it. I felt that it was my fault for going on a tinder date and not being cautious, not being clear, that I did technically consent to having sex with him, and that I even stayed over after that happened. I kept telling myself that whatever happened wasn't sexual assault or rape because when I said stop he did stop. I've never told anyone about this because I didn't think it was valid. Reading stories on this page made me realize that I shouldn't be blaming myself for what had happened. Thank you." -Posted 7/30/2020
45. "A professor in the biology department sexually harassed me. At first I didn't know what to do or if I could talk to them about something and eventually they started a title IX investigation. I was in this professor's class and lab as an undergrad. I was scared and didn't really know what to do or say, worried I would lose letters of recommendation, worries my grades would be affected, future opportunities taken away. This professor pinched me up and down the arm and stroked my face on multiple occasions while we were alone in his office or I was in the conference room studying alone and he would come and sit next to me and start touching me. He has hugged me

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more than once and I was so uncomfortable but didn't know what to do, walked me home but not just to my dorm he actually came into my bedroom and hugged me. I've never felt more unease. He texted me often very personal messages, pictures, memes, yet the case was dismissed, he wasn't guilty of anything. I'm still so traumatized, first because the professor I went to for help had casually mentioned it didn't look good on my CV to switch labs as many times as I had, even though there were extenuating circumstances, should I have stayed? Should I have just stayed, and cried every night alone so my career wouldn't be affected. I wish they realized how traumatic this was and still is for me. I think about it all too often. I know I'll have anxiety every time I see him at pavement or in the bio building. I can't even fathom what it will be like to seeing that professor in the fall, knowing he will do this to another student and the department will do nothing about it." -Posted 8/3/2020

46. "So I am the other student the professor harassed. Same professor in the bio department. I already made a post long ago, but my case just concluded yesterday. It was found that he DID sexually harass me, I won my case basically. In these cases, only the professors have grounds to appeal. Meaning when the other student got her results from the case, she couldn't appeal. I got news about 10 minutes ago that he is appealing the case. Basically, I have been in this process since March, I had a sensory overload last night that almost resulted in a panic attack over this. I am in shambles right now. I CANNOT do this again and idk what the University is going to conclude. In his statement he made false accounts about me. Everything he said was either a stretch of the truth or downright false. He described my use of antidepressants as "drug use". He's trying to portray me as unstable because I have depression, but he is forgetting who the FUCK I am. I have juggled THREE jobs at once WHILE in school. I work at a goddamn hospital I got that job at 18 fucking years old. He is shitting all over my name and HE'S the one who gets to appeal. I am lost. I am hurt. I am broken. I am tired. I have lost all hope in Boston University. I am a competent, intelligent, and kind human being-with my depression it takes a LOT for me to be able to say that-and he is trying to drag me through the mud for the sake of his own name. I am at my wits end, I have been assaulted/harassed/abused two other times in my life. This time by a goddamn professor. No one gives a fuck about me. At this rate it makes me not even want to go back to school. And I love school with everything in me. So that's saying a hell of a lot. I'm so tired of this school." -Posted 8/6/2020

47. "BU On Broadway is one of the most toxic, assault riddled groups there is. They frequently have parties where the theme is blackout. Not the clothing, but getting that drunk. They would push us to drink so much, everyone would bring their own bottle of wine and they'd have shots and they'd pressure you into drinking more. There was this creepy dude that was known for being creepy towards younger women, so known that the eboard would talk about it. He would grope women inappropriately and without consent, but would constantly be in leadership positions. At one of these parties he got me too drunk and kept pouring, then took advantage of me. It was horrible. Luckily I had one real friend who cared to get me out of there. And I know I'm not the only one. This insane group would laugh about these things and share videos and pics to their group chats. And they have had so many other instances of their members sexually assaulting

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people, and they just laugh it off. They laugh off the pressure to drink and do all these drugs too, it's so dangerous. The worst part is that the University and Dean of Student Activities blindly supports them. They get tons of money, funding, and all of the excuses in the world. If you thought Greek life was dangerous, BU On Broadway is deadly. They don't care about the safety of their membership, and they have the money to make it all go away." -Posted 8/6/2020

48. "I saw the BU On Broadway story and it hit me. I had so many of the same experiences of being taken advantage of. It wasn't just the older guys taking advantage of young women. It was frustrating and shame inducing because I only wanted to do theater. Not be pushed to drink or hookup when I didn't want to. Or "experiment with my sexuality" when no thanks I know who I am and don't need you touching me without consent to figure it out. Then when there was a situation instigated by an OB member participating in a Stage Troupe show. I guess Troupe removed that person from Troupe activities to protect their members when it happened. I heard rumors it was about sexual misconduct and while I don't know those details, there was a past history to back it up and I did unfortunately experience. OB let that known predator continue to participate in their stuff. I guess a lot of people knew but protected that person and I don't get why. So many of us kept asking OB to protect us. They didn't" -Posted 8/7/2020

49. "Seeing the stories about BU On Broadway has inspired me to share my own. The culture of permissibility in the group is long-standing. There was a specific person who graduated 4 years ago who was well known and extremely inappropriate and often crossed many lines. They were on many creative teams and had lots of power in the organization. This person would always force everyone to dance with them sexually even if the other person was uncomfortable. If it was to a woman, the person would just go "oh I'm gay so this doesn't count and it's okay!!!" as if that excused their behavior. They used their sexuality as a shield. At one OB party, they got a freshman super drunk and then forced them to make out with them in the middle of the party. The freshman was a man, so no one looked twice. Everyone at the party just accepted it as normal and what you had to deal with from this person. This freshman was extremely shaken by the event and quit the theater community. I always tried to avoid the person at parties but sometimes was unable to and always felt violated after. But because this person held power in the organization, they got to do what they wanted. The problems in the group are not new. They've been handed down from generation to generation." -Posted 8/8/2020

50. "Referred to by their own members as "cults" and "frats on steroids", the "blackout" and toxic culture as aforementioned in prior accounts is prevalent within Boston University student theater organizations. All of the descriptions and information on the previous posts about On Broadway is accurate and true. In addition, the prevalence and severity of sexual harassment and pressured intoxication also occurs within another BU Theatre organization--Stage Troupe. I've been a member of both organizations and seen this first-hand throughout my time at BU. Stage Troupe also has these blackout parties, as well as 'cast bondings' where the objective is to "get to know each other" while encouraged to do so drunk. The organization is jokingly referred to as a frat, Sigma Tau (ST, initials of Stage Troupe). Every spring semester features an

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under-the-radar midnight tech show which happens on campus grounds. The purpose of this non-advertised performance is for the actors, techies, and audience to be drunk and high. The historical tradition of this performance and its culture lends participants to be persuaded to perform inebriated for added humor purposes. There have been several instances where participants have vomited on and off stage and were on the brink of serious alcohol poisoning. The members in positions of power within the organization purposefully denounce getting students in these situations transported to receive medical help, and rather stay with them as they are throwing up just so they can ensure the University doesn't find out about this annual event and so that they don't get in trouble. Personally I have also encountered several serious instances of sexual harassment and abuse, many of which have been exacerbated by the alcohol culture of Troupe. At one of these parties I was groped by a heavily inebriated member who was purposefully getting me more drunk throughout the night. A friend saw the situation as he became aggressive with me, and was told by the perpetrator what he was going to do to me. The friend locked me in a stairwell for "my own safety", so that this perpetrator wouldn't end up raping me. I don't remember much from that night (except what I've been told), however, I vividly remember shaking and contemplating jumping off the balcony a couple stories up, just so that I could get out of the house and get out of the situation. That feeling of fear is something that will stay with me forever. No one wanted to call the police because the house was filled with drunk minors and the owner of the house was supplying alcohol. The executive board and the organization's faculty advisor was made aware of everything that happened that night. They discredited the reports and wrote it off as not an official Stage Troupe event therefore not Stage Troupe's problem-- despite the party solely containing Stage Troupe members as a 'celebration' after a final performance. Stage Troupe has had multiple known instances of sexual harassment and abuse--some that have even been reported with formal investigations through the university--all ending with no repercussions. They receive massive funding and the university is aware of what is occurring within these organizations, however possibly not to the extent of the frequency of them. I hope that BU starts thoroughly investigating and taking these issues more seriously before a student ends up dying from the negligence of Stage Troupe." -Posted 8/9/2020

51. "During my sophomore and junior year at Boston University I was manipulated and sexually harassed by my professor and advisor at the time, a member of the classics department. After taking CL101 with him I decided to enroll in another of his classes and asked him to be my advisor. As I got to know him better, he began to become uncomfortably familiar with me (and in the spring of my sophomore year) even started saying inappropriate things about my appearance and relationship with him (which I understood as teacher/student or mentor/mentee). He would also make physical contact with me: touching my arms or legs and asking for hugs. He obtained my cell phone number via the BU system and initiated text conversations with me. Some of these were on the weekend while he was under the influence of alcohol. When I expressed concern about the appropriateness of a professor and student being "friends" he guilted me into continuing to engage with him by saying he was really depressed/lonely/stressed/etc and insisting he needed my friendship. Eventually, he began to make increasingly disturbing declarations to me about his "feelings" for me and I tried to

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distance myself from him. However, I was still in his class--so I had to see him every day and continue to interact with him. I was also afraid of what would happen if I told one of the other professors about what was happening. Over the summer, he persisted in trying to be in contact with me even when I told him that I was bothered by all the emails. When I returned to campus in the fall, I tried to have a conversation with him about how he had treated me and voiced my concern that he was acting inappropriately towards me and potentially other students. He became very irate and defensive and began insulting me. At this point, I completely cut off contact with him and tried to avoid him as much as I could. However, he would hunt me down in STH (he came to one of my classes and would appear before me in the hallway or elevator) and try to talk to me. I always told him to leave me alone and that I didn't want to talk to him. One time he saw me leaving the building and chased me across Comm Ave trying to get me to talk to him. I was incredibly uncomfortable and just ran away. He also delivered (in person--he must have looked up my address in the system) a letter and a box of items to my BU apartment building. Meanwhile, he would send emails daily, begging me to talk to him and berating me for not responding. At this point, I was beginning to feel really uncomfortable/unsafe on campus and didn't know what to do. I sent him an email saying that he must never contact me again or I would notify the university about what he was doing. For a while he stopped. But he has since sent multiple letters and parcels (mainly books) to my house. In fact, I just received something from him a few days ago. I know I should probably tell BU about this, but I am terrified of what would happen--that people would claim that I hadn't earned the grades I got in his classes or that, somehow, I would be implicated. I'm also frightened by the process of reporting sexual harassment because I know it can take an enormous emotional and psychological toll. However, this professor is a predator and I don't want him to be able to do to others what he did to me. So, if you're thinking of taking CL101 this fall and you're a female-identifying person, please BE CAREFUL!" -posted 8/9/2020

52. "Hi! I wanted to thank you for sharing the stories of survivors because it is so important. As a SA survivor myself, it makes me feel validated. As a member of both Stage Troupe and BU On Broadway, I felt as if it was important to recognize that the BU Student Theatre community as a whole is complicit in party culture, and when a sexual assault happened at a Troupe performance, it was pushed under the rug even though it would've been a good time to address it. Troupe also has an event once a year where they encourage students involved to get drunk/high and participate in a performance, which I find to be just as toxic as a party. I will commend OB as the party culture has diminished a lot over the past year and there is comfort ability from upperclassmen to stay sober and not be forced to drink and go out, but I've heard stories where that was once the norm. It's a very complicated situation and I feel like neither EBoard is responding appropriately. And just so you know I have a ton of respect for the people in these groups as I am a member, and some of my best friends are past/present eboard members for both of them as well! But BU theatre has always had a toxic party culture across all fronts (CFA not exempt either) so it would be really cool to see something good come about this." -posted 8/10/2020

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53. "Thank you for this platform. After reading all of these stories this has brought back some painful memories which I guess I have been suppressing for sometime now. As a member of both On Broadway and Troupe it is painful to see all of the hate in this once vibrant community. One particular instance was when I was in the cast of Spring Awakening and our creative team pushed us all to drink even when we did not feel comfortable doing so. There was one particular director who kept getting power in OB and directed multiple times who was detrimental to the entire organization. He should have been stopped but was too popular and always tried to control everything. I really hope the groups can recognize the pain they have caused and move to creating a safe environment." -Posted 8/11/2020
54. "I dated a guy who was friends with some very problematic people. A few of his friends made advances on me while we were together. For example, we were all at a Halloween party and one friend got drunk and groped my tits, but I justified it in my mind because "he was just drunk and it was a one time incident" so I thought I should keep it to myself. Another friend repeatedly tried forcing himself on me. We usually would hang out and watch movies but if my boyfriend got up to use the bathroom he would grab me and try and kiss me, touch my body, despite me physically pushing him off and always telling him no. He would either blame it on the fact that he was high or threaten me that I could never say anything because my boyfriend would believe him over me and I would just be "problematic". But the worst was a specific friend who raped one of my closest friends freshman year. She confided in me when I started dating my boyfriend so I tried talking to this friend because I wanted him to know that I knew he was a rapist and didn't feel comfortable being around him or was comfortable with the fact he was best friends with my boyfriend. The friend then started threatening me with physical violence and said that if I told anyone and tried to ruin his life he would do worse to me than what he did to my friend. So I kept it to myself but not that this anonymous platform exists it needs to be shared. Not only am I still traumatized even though my relationship ended and I don't have to see these people on a regular basis, but these boys continue to enable each other's assault and harassment. People need to stop defending abusers because they're friends with them or because they have a couple redeeming qualities. An abuser is an abuser period. But also people need to recognize that by continuing to be friends with someone after learning they have a history of abuse, they themselves become a rape apologist/sympathizer and perpetuate rape culture." -Posted 8/11/2020
55. "My first semester freshman year I was in a Stage Troupe show where the bulk of the cast was freshmen and our director was a senior. Our director held parties in her apartment where she encouraged all of us to drink enough to blackout, and repeatedly made it clear that she wanted to sleep with multiple members of the cast. She repeatedly asked me over and over to meet her friends for drinks at different bars when she was already drunk, even though I was underage and didn't have a fake. She would text me late at night to come over to her apartment and drink with her, and she'd constantly touch me and text me at the rehearsals, like I was somehow different from the rest of the cast. She knew she was taking advantage of me, and repeatedly asked our mutual friends if it was okay that she "wanted to hook up with this freshman." Eventually our mutual friends told me what was going on and I started avoiding her, but at our cast party she

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and a friend of hers had a three-way with another freshman cast member. I'm glad OB is getting called out for their toxic culture, but I'm worried Stage Troupe will continue as if nothing is wrong within their culture, and it was there that I felt the most vulnerable. The worst part of the experience was that I never would have known how bad it was because everyone in the group felt they were the "clean" or "nice" group on campus, even though they knew how their power dynamics worked between directors and new actors." -Posted 8/12/2020

56. "When I was a freshman, I went to a party and got a little too drunk. I went with a guy to his room. Everything is kind of blurry but I do remember telling him I did not want to have sex and him not stopping. Eventually I was able to leave and two of my friends picked me up and took care of me as I cried. Honestly I never even considered reporting this incident because I just assumed nobody would believe me." -Posted 8/14/2020
57. "I had been dating someone at my school for a month and a half. While we were hooking up, he asked to go down on me. I said I was uncomfortable with it because I was really insecure about my body at the time. He took that to mean it was his job to make me comfortable with the act. He put his hand over my eyes, I pushed them away, and then I felt him spread my legs apart. At that point I just let it all happen because I felt like it would be worse to have to explain why I didn't want it; it seemed like he was already taking it personally and I didn't want to not be in a relationship with him just because of my issues with my body. He told me I tasted "completely normal", and I waited through it. I've hesitated for years to call it assault because we were in a relationship, and ultimately I allowed him to do it. But I never wanted it. And even though he and I are pretty much fine with each other at this point, I still don't want anyone to go down on me. I never feel anything. I think about that moment with his hand and my legs almost every time now. I don't think he has to carry it with him in the same way. Sometimes I think of myself as lucky because my experience isn't as horrible as other people's, but then I remember that it's still always on my mind. I'll always remember it even if I "loved" the person at the time and even if now I'm able to think of it as a case of bad judgement on their part. They still abused my trust and left me to carry this, and it fucking sucks." -Posted 8/15/2020
58. "I have been roofied twice in my time at Boston University. My freshman year Halloween I was given a drink by a guy I was friends with at AEPI. I had only had that one drink and started feeling super weird and lethargic. Luckily I was with a friend and nothing bad happened other than being drugged by someone I considered to be a close friend. My sophomore year I was given a drink from the bar at Kappa Sig by a different boy I knew. Later, my friend told me she had seen him pick up a bottle behind the bar different from the one they had been serving to others and my drink came from that. I have no memory from the rest of the night but my friend and I left while I was clearly not okay. It was obvious I wouldn't be able to make it to west because I would have needed to be carried and she was much shorter than me so we went to our friends house in Allston. I proceeded to vomit for hours before waking up the next morning in pain with no memory of what had happened the night before. I was covered in vomit, cuts, and bruises from falling in the Kappa Sig basement and in the street outside the house and the brothers that saw

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made no effort to help me or assist my friend. I feel very lucky to not have experience sexual assault this time either, but stories like this need to be shared and these frats need to be held accountable for drugging their fellow students for their own personal gain.” -Posted 8/21/2020

59. “As a freshman I matched with a guy from Northeastern on Tinder. I went over to his off campus apartment that weekend where we drank. He kept encouraging me to take more shots than him, but in a sort of joking way with proving that I could drink. We started making out (consensually) but he started going too fast and I asked him to slow down. At first he did so I thought everything was fine. He kept his hand around my neck the whole time but it didn’t hurt so I didn’t say anything. He started getting aggressive again and slapping and was choking me very hard. He was already holding my wrists above me so I couldn’t do anything. I think I tried saying something like please slow down but I was struggling to catch my breath. I know that I did say once “please stop you’re hurting me” and he repeated what I said in a mocking tone while choking me even harder. He tried to unbutton my pants multiple times although I pushed his hands away and said I didn’t want to have sex. He didn’t take my pants off and would end up choking me while dry humping me. He also put my hand on his dick a few times and I kept pulling away. I did end up leaving and had bruises the following week. I thought I was overreacting because nothing “really” ended up happening so I didn’t tell anybody. I now have an extremely supportive boyfriend and am doing much better.” -Posted 8/23/2020
60. “I dated a guy in kappa sig for a couple years and about a year into the relationship sex started hurting for me, so sometimes I didn’t want to have sex. But, my boyfriend would convince me (telling me I had to leave his room if we didn’t / that I was my job as a gf / that he didn’t want to be in a relationship if we didn’t do it / that I should do it because he would do anything for me etc.) I would always eventually say he could if he would be gentle (since it hurt) but he was never gentle. A couple times I started crying during sex, but he wouldn’t stop until I pushed him off of me. Other times I was just visibly upset. Afterwards he would give me shit about how I was making him feel bad and I was being manipulative. I would be angry in the moment but later on I would decide it was my fault and feel guilty and try to make it up to him. After a while I went to a doctor and the pain during sex went away but I was still pretty much never allowed to say no. He would get mad at me and tell me I was making him insecure and making him hate himself. Sometimes he would just get mean and tell me things like how the other girls he cheated on me with wanted him, in order to make me jealous. But whatever he said he would always say in a calm voice so I thought he was being rational and I was the one being “crazy” because I was the emotional one. I would eventually have sex with him because that was the only way to stop the fight. Every time this happened I would barely participate and cry afterwards and I could never understand how he was okay with having sex with me like that. I once accused him of raping me and he told me that was a terrible thing to say. He would gaslight me so much in this manner it got to the point where whenever I was sad about the relationship I just thought I was being manipulative and would feel super guilty and felt like the whole thing was my fault. I never told anyone about any of this during the relationship because I knew it would make him look bad and felt bad saying this about someone I loved and who loved me. What he was doing was wrong but

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it wasn't until many months after the relationship that I realized this. And it still wasn't until I started seeing other girls' stories that I realized my story could help people and decided I wanted to start talking about it. I also realized that I wasn't responsible for protecting him from his own actions. However, I still didn't think anyone would believe me and would go back and forth between being extremely upset and wanting to press charges to thinking that I was just being dramatic and needed to get over it. I am still scared to share this story with such a big audience for fear that it will somehow bring him back into life. I have waited a long time to post this, but I feel confident that it is the right thing to do as I want to spread awareness and encourage others to take action in any way they feel safe doing. It may seem obvious that this is wrong but when you're in an intense relationship with someone you're in love with it's hard to trust your own. If you have any feeling that something bad is happening then it probably is. Trust yourself." -Posted 8/24/2020

61. "APES (an off campus BU frat) during rush brought a girl into a room with all of the potential rushes. A brother slapped the girl's ass in front of everyone, and then told them that if they decide to join then this is the lifestyle they get to live. This happened a few years ago but there are still countless stories of some of their brothers being aggressive towards girls. APES advertised the entitlement to sexually assault women. I don't think BU can do anything about this since they are not affiliated, but everyone should be aware." -Posted 8/26/2020
62. "I've never told this full story before. I came into college a virgin. I'd always wanted to wait for the right person. Fall of 2015, that was taken away from me. I was invited to a BU frat party for Halloween from a guy I was seeing, a guy I fully trusted. We were together almost the whole night. We both drank a good amount, we came back to his room (he had to carry me from the elevator) and we started making out, all of a sudden he was putting on a condom, unbuttoning my white shirt from my costume, and out himself inside me. It all just happened really fast. I have a vivid flashback of him pulling me to get on top of him and then telling me to "get my shit together", meanwhile, I was too intoxicated to function. I woke up the next morning to see blood on the sheets, just feeling extremely confused and flat. The worst part? He had no idea what he did. He still doesn't. He proceeded to act so normal so I thought it was okay. It took me about 2 years to process, to stop minimizing it and stop blaming myself for it. I couldn't even admit to myself what happened to me until a full year later. I felt like such a coward for never standing up for myself or confronting him about it-to this day I wish I had. I blamed myself for so long-I thought I put myself in that situation and it was my fault for being drunk. I never said yes. A drunk yes is still not a yes. I want to share this for those of you who think that something like this isn't a big deal just because it was with someone you know or trust. It's not okay." -Posted 8/27/2020
63. "My advisor makes many women (myself included) extremely uncomfortable, to the point where many of us have switched to others. Every time I see him, he compliments my appearance profusely, makes excuses to close the door/have me stay longer in his office, finds reasons for personal contact-and I have reason to believe he has done much worse to others who were not

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so lucky as I have been. The first time he did this to me was in group advising, the very first time I met him during orientation. It's bad enough that I'm certain there will be some who will guess correctly who I am referring to just from the behavior described here. Despite this, the school seems determined to do nothing about it." -Posted 9/4/2020

64. "I was also at BU's athlete formal and the last post made it all come back to me. I have never felt so violated as the time I was there. 3 separate men came out of nowhere and grabbed my hips and started grinding on me. One guy, who I saw in west dining hall almost daily for the rest of the year and was a member of the men's water polo team, would not leave me and my friends alone and followed us around for a long time while we just tried to dance in a circle. He tried to grab all of our hips and dance with us and at one point he forced himself in the middle of us and bent over and started grinding his butt on my friends crotch. I went home feeling sad and disgusted and I lost a lot of faith in humanity." -Posted 9/5/2020
65. "I met him at a frat party. He went to another school in the area. I had a boyfriend, but when he asked me to go home with him, I did. I don't know why, and I'll always regret it. I told him I was a virgin, and he didn't pressure me to do anything more than I wanted. We started hooking up regularly, sneaking around and doing everything short of actual penetration. I couldn't believe that I could hold the attention of two men at one time, me. I know it was wrong to cheat with him, I felt awful about it, but I couldn't stop. We started developing feelings, and he asked me to let him take my virginity, he told me he would be gentle, that I'd like it. He whittled away at my consent until I said "FINE, go get a condom." The minute he put it on, I started crying, I knew I wasn't ready. He scooped me up, told me it was okay, that he'd wait and I fell asleep, feeling safe. When I woke up, I was on top of him, in pain. We were having sex for the first time. I looked down at his face, and he told me "Scream if you need to, squeeze my hand when it hurts." I felt, for a long time, that I couldn't tell anyone because I had been cheating. I thought people would think I had deserved it. Cheating was shitty of me, and I shouldn't have led my boyfriend on, but the sexual assault was not my fault. I didn't deserve it, it wasn't karma." -Posted 9/7/2020
66. "I started to hang out with a guy friend but not dating. One time there were only two of us and I was intoxicated. I blacked out and only remember a few flashbacks. He started kissing me and took off my clothes. I didn't say No but I didn't say Yes either. Then we had sex. The next morning when I woke up he didn't say anything and I left in shame. He has been unfriendly to me ever since. I wish it was merely a drunk hookup but the feeling of being used and betrayed couldn't be erased in my mind." -posted 9/15/2020
67. "My friends and I lived off campus at BU, and one Friday we decided to invite a couple friends over for a low key hangout and a few drinking games. One of my roommates invited a classmate (let's call him X) who she hadn't gotten to see in a while. The night started off fine, but then I noticed that X kept offering my roommate a ton of alcohol, and she got sufficiently drunk. At one point, everyone else had gone back to the kitchen for another drink, and X and I were alone in my room. He asked me if I wanted to hook up, and we started kissing. Midway through, he

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paused and said "I really want to fuck your roommate, but I guess you'll do, unless you all want to fuck together." I was too drunk to register that insult, so we kept kissing and I told him that I didn't want to have sex or go too far since I was switching BC at that time and it probably wouldn't be effective. Despite that, he assaulted me and I woke up the next day sore and with bruises all over my nipples where he bit me. After he assaulted me, he started to cry and told me that he hoped he hadn't "done anything I didn't want, since other girls told him that before". He then told me that if I told anyone what happened, he would kill himself. It took me months to realize this was manipulation. I wanted him to leave and he refused, and since I was underage and had been drinking, I didn't feel safe calling the police. He slept in my bedroom that night and I hid in the bathroom in the morning until he left. My roommates (who are no longer my friends for a variety of reasons) didn't even try to help. I'm bi/queer and to this day haven't had sex with another man since X. I don't feel safe being around white men, and the issues I already had with depression and childhood trauma have worsened. My assault even triggered a bad PTSD attack that ended in a suicide attempt. It's been almost 2 years and I'm now in an extensive amount of therapy and finally processing the manipulation that happened." -Posted 9/16/2020

68. "When I was a freshman, a junior invited me over to his dorm to wind down after a party we both went to. Given that we recently met and I wanted to make friends, I hadn't thought much of it until I arrived. There was some awkwardness as we drank the wine he had in his dorm, but he immediately escalated the situation by trying to wrestle me for the bottle. I thought he was just playing around, so I reciprocated a little, but then he physically lifted me up/immobilized me multiple times. At this point, I was pretty drunk and my senses were dulled so I found humor in the situation rather than fully understanding the danger I was in. However, I began to come to my senses when he pushed me onto his bed and easily overpowered me by climbing on top of me to use his weight to pin me down. While I had consented to kissing, I explicitly told him multiple times I didn't want to have sex. However, he relented by emotionally manipulating me ("If you think I'm cute, why won't you have sex with me?"), gaslighting me ("but you were leading me on"), to straight up demanding me to have sex with him. I was terrified that if I responded very negatively, I would be overpowered and raped, so I instead appeased him through kisses (that I didn't want to give but felt coerced to) and coaxed him to sleep. As soon as he fell asleep, I immediately ran out of his dorm. While I luckily got away without being too deeply violated, this rape culture is so deeply normalized especially at BU. I shouldn't have had to tuck my fear for my life away in order to coax a grown man to not rape me. I shouldn't have had my boundaries so explicitly and continuously disrespected." -Posted 9/27/2020

69. "We had gone out for dinner earlier in the evening then we met up with a group of friends. I could tell she was very into me but, for a number of reasons, I didn't feel the same. As was normal with this friend group, there were a lot of shots and I was pretty happily drunk. She suggested more shots (that I barely remember taking) and she was sitting/ laying close to me while our friends chatted and we all had a slice of pizza. At this point I'm way too drunk, the room is spinning, and I really just want to sleep. Next thing I know I felt her hand creep under my skirt and roughly push my underwear aside. She started aggressively fingering me in a room full of

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our friends and I remember making some sounds because it hurt but I'm afraid they may have been interpreted as moans. I don't know if any of our friends noticed what was happening so I never said anything about that night. I had to see her everyday around campus and we never talked about what happened. I'm still embarrassed and ashamed. If one of my friends came to me and said this happened to them I know I would recognize it as sexual assault but in regard to myself, it's only recently that I accepted that that's what it was. I never had the opportunity to consent and I was way too drunk to consent. But I am still grappling with thoughts like, "I should have asked her to stop," and "I shouldn't have been that drunk." I'm fine most days but sometimes I see that skirt in my closet (I haven't worn it since) and I find myself sobbing on the floor." -Posted 10/1/2020

70. "I was at a frat party for Halloween this past year when my friends went to go for more drinks. I still had mine so I told them I'd just wait for them. A guy came up while I was waiting and we started consensually making out. I didn't know him and never found out. He tried to put his hand up my skirt which I pushed away and told him I'm done. He asked me to come to his apartment to which I told him that I was waiting for my friends. He told me I had to at least give him my number which I also refused. He then put his arm around my neck and started choking me and saying that I shouldn't be such a tease. I tried to push him off, but he shoved me against the wall where he kept choking. He started groping me extremely aggressively and I tried to push him off again but he was much stronger. Eventually he let go of me since I "want to be too difficult". I texted my friends that I was leaving and went back to my dorm. After showering I noticed bruises around my neck and on my thighs. I'm now in a healthy relationship but I still struggle with being touched sometimes. It bothers me to know that this guy probably doesn't even remember anything and won't ever have to." -Posted 10/3/2020

71. "Seeing all the stories regarding BU On Broadway made me finally feel safe to share my experience in Stage Troupe. There was a person who got involved in Stage Troupe in the Fall of 2018 who ruined theatre for me. I was involved in a production that fall where he was cast and preyed on all the women in the cast. He made them feel physically uncomfortable. I was scared to attend any event he was part of. Later in the spring he was given a position of power in Tech Show (a Troupe event) and though I was not involved, I heard he was an absolute nightmare. So many underclassmen groups. I saw him gaslight and manipulate women and treat them with the utmost disrespect. He was dangerous. And everyone knew it. And two different groups on campus knew. And nothing was ever done." 10/6/20

72. "I was a member of OB. Everything that has been shared has been true, and there is so much more that still needs to be talked about. As a queer freshman in the group, I was regularly harassed and aggressively pursued by seniors. As a first semester freshman I didn't think much of it, but looking back I am so disgusted and disappointed in my experience. The seniors would scope out underclassmen and try to get them drunk enough to sleep. I regularly blacked out and felt pressured into hooking up with upperclassmen. Fortunately, I did have upperclassmen that were also looking out for me, but the environment was just really elitist, predatory, and toxic. I

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remember one of the members of my year was deemed the “hot freshman” and the seniors created such an unhealthy and weird dynamic surrounding the new members. There were insane power dynamics due to the leadership and creative teams, and every social event felt like a test. Sometimes, it was just straight up bullying. I finally realized how awful and unhealthy the environment was after I was sexually assaulted in the spring of my freshman year by a senior. I just remember feeling so unprotected and scared of all the people I looked up to. Regardless, the current response to this is unsurprisingly lack luster and trying to dissolve the group of blame; it is embarrassing. Individuals can graduate/be barred from participating, but environments need to be analyzed and changed actively. The actions of a few will reflect on the whole, and to try to side-step this is a mistake. The membership needs to take a stronger stance on denouncing the culture this group has created and committing to changing it for new and existing members. And to members who have graduated who are silent, I hope you are reflecting on your presence as a bystander and your compliance in assault and harassment.” Posted 10/10/20

73. “I was raped by a guy from the BU tennis team. He added me on snap a day before asking me to come to a tennis suite party in stuvi1. I didn’t want to go by myself so i made sure to bring 3 close friends. Me and the guy were making out and i was fine with that but I told him numerous times that I didn’t want to have sex the first time meeting him. As the night went on I was very drunk and high and my friend saw I was visibly very out of it and was trying to lead me out but he had to pee. So I waited by the door. I don’t know how this happened but all I remember was ending up in stuvi 2 with the guy who invited me, i couldn’t even tell you what suite or what floor or how i even walked there. I don’t remember how i got back to my own dorm but my roommate said she saw him grabbing my arm and when she opened the door he refused to tell her his name. I genuinely don’t remember having sex with him, all I know is that he sent me messages the next morning to take a plan B and i have a video from that night of me just saying over and over again please don’t touch me. I never reported it because I didn’t even know what happened and because I didn’t want to make it a big deal and I thought I could just bury it. “
Posted 10/17/20
74. “Noticing the response to BU on Broadway, I’d like to know if anyone else had a similar experience with Boston University’s running club? It seems like people in running club circa 2016-2019 know about a predator named A- who was described as very “forward” with girls. He also worked for the admissions office which makes it even more creepy, but I distinctly remember being at running club parties and having him do and say creepy things to me and my friends. I spoke to a girl in one of my classes who said this guy at a running club party grabbed her and kissed her, and when I described A-, she said that was the guy. I know the Eboard has had discussions about him being “too forward” with girls, but at the end of the day didn’t do anything to protect the girls who came to the parties or were in the club. Stop protecting guys like this!” Posted 10/20/20
75. “I was sexually assaulted by a BU grad student. I can’t go into the details because it could expose their identity (and they’ve made it clear they will retaliate) but I’m also disturbed and

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traumatized by the support this person has received. Their friends (fellow grad student) reached out to me afterwards and told me that I shouldn't report them to Title IX because they've "worked so hard for their PhD" and "don't deserve to have that taken away". After reading all the stories here, there's no way I would report them to title IX, just for the sake of my own mental health. But I'm so angry that they will never be held accountable for their harassment, coercion, and abuse that went on for months." Posted 10/24/20

76. "Seeing all of the stories of sexual assault and misconduct at BU makes me sad, but they are very real experiences to too many people at the University. I've had 2 major experiences on campus involving being blackout and being taken advantage of. Part of me would like to think that the 2 guys probably thought I was okay, or were inebriated themselves but it's still inexcusable. Both times I woke up after being blackout, one time half naked, in my friends bed after attending a frat party of his, and the other after having a little too much to drink at a bar, and some guy who lived in my building walked me home. After the second experience of not knowing what happened I was just relieved that I was graduating and leaving that building for good, not having to see his face ever again. I don't think I ever felt safe disclosing any of this to anyone at the university. Aside from those experiences there have always been many unwanted sexual advances or comments made at parties. One of the most uneasy experiences was when my finance TA told me I did really poorly on my assignment but we could". It was at a frat people, and completely uncalled for. In the end I ended up dropping finance because I didn't feel comfortable." Posted 10/27/20
77. "I agreed to go to a formal party hosted by ZBT with a new member. I knew at the time that he might be interested in me but my intention was to go as friends, as I was friends with some of the other brothers in the frat. The theme was a "fifth and a friend" and I became drunk very quickly. He tried multiple times to make physical advances but I brushed them off, in an effort to remain nice. Wanting to go home, I told him that I was getting tired and he suggested that we return to his dorm room. In all honesty, I don't remember how we ended up in his West dorm room. I don't remember how we ended up in his West dorm room. I don't remember how I ended up in his bed. I do remember that he was very rough, that I had flashes of fear because he was a lot bigger than I was. He repeatedly asked me if I had cum and repeatedly asked me following the incident if I was lying about it. I remember feeling very scared and very pressured. He asked me to give him head REPEATEDLY and I knew that I did not want to engage in this behavior and insisted that I wanted to leave. He made it incredibly difficult for me to leave, but I was able to eventually (with some lewd comments made by his friends as I passed them in the hall). I was not attracted to him at all - and when I sobered up I was horrified, ashamed, and so upset that that had happened. Consent should never be optional. No one should have to repeat themselves more than once if he/she does not want to engage in a sexual act. I should have never been scared to stand up for myself or tell him no - unfortunately, that has become normalized nowadays. Not once did I consider going to BU for help, knowing that it would most likely amount to nothing, based on what I have observed happen to others who have reached out. BU - you may have failed past and current students - but do better for your prospective

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students. This incident is not the only incident of sexual assault I have never experienced at this school. Nothing is more painful than the sadness and frustration that follows the recognition that nothing might happen to your assaulter.”Posted 10/29/20

78. “I was at a Boston University On Broadway party. They basically go harder than frats, the theme was blackout. Not the clothing color either. I got a little too drunk, and it didn’t help that people would pour drinks for you while encouraging you to drink out of your personal wine bottle. NO idea how much was in the mixed drinks, which was dumn but the thought was that this was a group of friends at a party. I remember telling my friends that I fet too drunk, I needed to go home but they laughed and said that they meant I wasn’t blackout yet. The next thing I know a guy well known in the group is forcefully groping me, trying to make out with me, and getting really aggressive. I tried to say no, stop but he was too strong and pulled me away into a corner. I hated every single moment. He pulled at my shirt and stuck his hand down my pants. I’ll spare those details. It was awful. He started whispering in my ear the things he’d do to me and grabbed my hand to pull me upstairs. Luckily one of my real friends not really in the organization had been looking for me and saved me before this guy could do anything worse, but I cried so hard after. I felt gross for months, scared to go to events with an organization I thought I loved. Nightmares, to this day. The worst part is that he was KNOWN for being a creep to women. And they still put him in positions of power so if you wanted in, you’d need to interact with him, and I did. But I will never forget the night he violated my body and the organization watched. Later that year, someone leaked some of his texts to his friends bragging about the night to me. They laughed too. I was too scared to file a Title IX.” Posted 10/31/20
79. “All I want is to say girls (freshman girls especially) PLEASE be careful) at Kappa Sig. Better yet, just don’t go, and encourage your friends not to as well. The things I’ve experienced, witnessed, and heard about occurring there are so gross. It’s not only assault and harassment (although there’s plenty of that) but the way in which the brothers talk about that stuff within the frat.” Posted 10/31/20
80. “Hello! I am not sure if this is something to submit but it’s recently come to my attention and deeply troubled me, and I want to hold the BU English Department accountable. We were sent out an email today about the Spring 2021 course offerings, and the very last one on the page details a course dedicated to studying the works of Roman Polanski, a man famous for egregious sexual misconduct. I am so upset because as a survivor and someone who knows several survivors at BU and at home, glorifying abusers by dedicating a class entirely to their work is never okay. Of all the filmmakers to study, the English department chose to highlight Polanski, and I truly think a conversation needs to be opened up about this. (Picture of Course Information: Studies in Literature and the Arts. Topic for Spring 2021: Polanski. Intensive study of films by Roman Polanski, from his Polish-language shorts and feature to the 2019 film J’Accuse, studied in relation to relevant literature and genre fiction. Topics: black humor, corrupted innocence, forms of evil. Weekly screenings. EN594 A1 Monk. MW 2:30-5:15.” posted11/1/20

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81. "Hi! I wanted to thank you for sharing the stories of survivors because it is so important. As a survivor myself, it makes me feel validated. As a member of both Stage Troupe and On Broadway, I felt as if it was important to recognize that the BU Student Theatre community as a whole is complicit in party culture, and when a sexual assault happened at a Troupe performance, it was pushed under the rug even though it would've been a good time to address it. Troupe also has an event once a year where they encourage students involved to get drunk/high and participate in a performance, which I find to be just as toxic as a party. I will commend OB as the party culture has diminished a lot over the past year and there is comfort ability from upperclassmen to stay sober and not be forced to drink and go out, but I've heard stories where that was once the norm. It's a very complicated situation and I feel like neither Eboard is responding appropriately, and just so you know I have a ton of respect for the people in these groups as I am a member, and some of my best friends are past/present eboard members for both of them as well! But BU theatre has always had a toxic party culture across all fronts (CFA not exempt either) so it would be really cool to see something good come about this." 11/2/20
82. "I am a member of BUTV10. While I love the organization, there is a COM professor who helps run it that greatly sours the club experience. I have done on-camera work before. Almost every time I've done it, he has "adjusted" my microphone for me, either by going through or around my shirt to do so. Even though he always asks if he can adjust my mic, it's hard to say no to someone who has authority over you. He does this and other outfit adjustments to other on-air girls, as well, and it is a known subject we discuss when he leaves the room. He also ridicules on-air outfits and makeup of many girls, holding a conservative perspective on what is appropriate for a college television station. Overall, he has created a toxic culture within the organization by making campus television seem like the most important commitment and shaming those who make mistakes within it. I know people who have had panic attacks or vomited based on their show performance, and I've watched this professor make various people cry. He acts like he is our only ticket to making a career in television and that we are nothing without his help. He has made plenty of politically incorrect comments and gaslights individuals students into things that they are the reason why an episode went wrong. HE has a specific pattern of shaming that starts with a compliment and ends usually with him angry at a student for not knowing all of their resources they could use to make a scene work when they probably weren't informed of them in the first place. Some people buy into his manipulation and do huge amounts of work to impress him, but I've never seen this behavior rewarded. I doubt he thinks he is being tyrannical, but I know many students who interact with him are way of him." 11/3/20
83. "This platform is incredibly important so thank you for helping to share stories with the community at large. I have had a very hard time reading all of these messages about the BU Theatre community - but wanted to share my voice to help others. I was a member of Stage Troupe for three years until I decided I needed to step back for my own safety. Every year they have a party known as CAHIJID (Christmas and Hanukkah in July in December) where you are encouraged to dress up in holiday attire but in July - basically make it slutty. It was my first time attending a party and while I made the conscious decision to kiss someone, I was not aware that

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someone videotaped it and then posted it in a Stage Troupe group chat. I was humiliated and did not want to show my face of work with the club again. I never felt safe attending a party or social gathering out of fear that it might happen again. The entire culture of extremely toxic behavior dates back generations of students and the leadership continues to perpetuate its history. There is an annual event known as BUSTIES which celebrates the year of shows they put on, It is also a night to roast the Seniors of the group as a final send-off. I attended as a freshman and was mortified that some of these roasts dived into individual's personal sex life; showing basically the nudes of certain member during a school sanctioned event in Photonics. She ended up walking out of the event crying. The worst part was that the faculty advisors at the time (names removed from post) sat there the entire time laughing along with everyone else. The culture is horrible and these groups must stop these traditions that are truly harmful to so many." Posted 11/6/20

84. "The BU Shakespeare Society is not free from the assault and harassment that is rife in the BU theater community. I can't bring myself to tell my whole story, but I can attest to the fact that these situations have occurred in the past and present. In my experience, it was less about parties (though I know others have had bad experiences) and more a matter of boundaries, authority figures, and a lack of accountability. The person who harassed and ultimately assaulted me was someone I trusted, and the social and power dynamics of the group largely contributed to enabling what happened off stage. Though some have been held accountable in the court of popular opinion, many have not and will likely not be. It is disheartening that there is a culture in this group that makes healthy communication difficult and distancing the easier and safer choice. I'm glad that people are finally speaking about this side of the BU theatre environment and that the groups in question seem willing to try to address their internal problems, but it makes me very sad that it currently feels like an unsafe community. I hope all of these groups can focus on healthier growth and face their issues and members with an objective eye. This isn't about group rivalries; this is about making theater at BU the safe space it claims to be." Posted 11/7/20

85. "This story happened after an OPA party (omega pi alpha). I don't remember how I got to his Whitestone. I don't remember how bruises appeared all over my body. I don't remember when my friends let me leave, especially since I was already blacked out. I do remember the layout of his bedroom, only because I can still feel the pain as he forced my body to move with it. I remember looking forward, silently waiting for the pain to ease. I remember telling him I was too drunk numerous times. I remember regaining my senses, And feeling ashamed because it felt all wrong. But, since I was drunk at a party, I must have wanted it right? That was the only way I could do it, I even told him thanks for the hookup just because I didn't want to believe what just happened to me. I went back that day to hang out with different friend groups as if nothing happens, even the same people who left me earlier. I took a long shower to try and wash away the filth I felt. Something was wrong, but I thought it was my fault. This drunken hook-up couldn't be rape, right? I didn't remember if he wore protection, so I texted to make sure. He said yes, for part of it, but I had zero recollection to confirm. So I went to shs and got Plan B and an STD test. I should have gotten a rape kit to – but I didn't want to believe what happened to me. It

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wasn't until months after did I realize that what I experienced was raped. It wasn't some "bad hookup" it was sexual assault. I went to counseling, started therapy, and began to rebuild my life. But once you are a survivor, it's a title you can never relinquish. It's not something you can graduate from. It's not something that just fades away. It haunts you every single moment, reminding you that your body and your soul will never be the same. The worst part was that I found out one of my closest friends started a relationship with my rapist. When I told her about my assault and the trauma, she said she didn't want to hurt me. But she still went on to date him, post publicly about him, and tell me that she didn't believe he could do that. If your friends come to you with their stories, please please please believe them and support them and make sure that you are there so that they never have to become victims in the first place." Posted 11/10/20

86. "What does Title IX for survivors at Boston University? It's different for everyone. Even though I've been through two separate investigations, this cannot possibly be all-encompassing of every BU survivor's experience. If you are a survivor, it is likely that yours was different. And if you are a survivor, I stand with your story. And I believe it. Whether you choose to tell it or not. But given the amount of bravery and strength on this page, I thought sharing mine could give context to those who have not directly experienced sexual assault/harassment. Depending on the context of the case, the way in which it is handled could change. For example, in an investigation against the rapist who assaulted me that happened in a non-organization/non-group setting, there were no consequences given to that individual. Not one. Why? Because my case wasn't believed. There wasn't enough evidence, and it was difficult to receive protection from the University. They referred me to SHS and then an external therapist. They wanted a rape kit to prove rape. But by the time I found the courage to report, the time for a rape kit had passed. Despite being a student, this was a powerful, popular individual at BU. Not to mention, a rape kit involves an incredibly, incredibly invasive process to which you subject the survivor. Not the rapist. No, an investigation will never be as invasive as someone taking photographs of your freshly violated body. No, a positive rape kit actually doesn't mean the rapist will face consequences. Search any news story for that, but back to BU. I faced that rapist in class every single day for the remainder of the semester. I don't blame BU's Title IX team. They really tried. There was little they could do given the federal and University level policies, many of which have been rolled back since that time. The second Title IX investigation that affected me at BU happened at an organization's event. Very publicly. In this case, Title IX had more leverage. There was digital evidence and it was clear. The rapist was a repeat offender. Yes, repeat and on campus. The investigation was incredibly painful. In this case, there were rules set in place at the start so that no parties involved were to talk about the investigation or results from it. I'm not sure if this is standard but it was to protect how sensitive and traumatic a sexual assault is. You see, in group organization, information spreads. False sexual assault and drug and alcohol use are somethings groups should be educated on, talking about it at the time of an assault can be emotionally and psychologically damaging to the survivor. This is why proactive action and education are crucial. Reactive can be harmful to those already harmed. Anyway, since I was not the only survivor, there were some things out of my control. I accepted that. I don't know but when Witnesses

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broke the silence rules, information spread, and yes it was damaging and all the ways described above. My GPA changed even more than it had, I failed classes, the rumors were rampant, and I cannot control the narrative. Because I was protecting the privacy of survivors. To this day I am unsure of the consequences that rapist faced. All I know is that I did not see them in the organization again, but I was informed that they may still be on campus. This individual continued to be well-connected to the organization and the other group closely tied to it. To this day, people still talk about this, uneducated on the specific situation, who it truly affects, and how it affects them. I will not reveal this organization for the same privacy reason stated, but it could have been sports at BU. It could have been On Broadway or troupe. It could have been a sorority or fraternity, or even an academic club. I have friends with similar stories and these organizations. This happens everywhere. When you don't hear about an investigation it doesn't mean an organization did not do it. Your cue comes from the survivor and what they need. Support? Love? Space? Calling for an investigation on this page? YES. To all of that. The cue comes from the survivor. But when it comes to culture, the cue comes from you. As a survivor, I should not have to recount my story in order for someone to believe this is a systemic problem. "Sexual assault and drinking is a problem, let's address it" should be warning enough. You don't need a detailed history to change the culture. Stop asking for one. That is up to the survivor and the survivor only to CHOOSE to tell you. And only if they want to. If the past sounds messed up, it is. Survivors have to accept it, sometimes without knowing all the details as well, and you can too. Because if we dwell in it we get stuck and nothing changes. We need to focus on moving forward. What's our action plan? How do we make this informative, educational, and positive? What are you doing for the next 30, 60, 90 days at an individual, organizational, University, and federal level? Rapists choose to commit a crime. It is a choice alone. But the systems we buy into everyday failed for myself and many others at BU. We have all contributed to these systems. BU, we don't have to keep failing at changing this". Posted 11/11/20

87. "I met this guy at one of my friends house parties, he was a grad student and it was fun talking to him and we decided to exchange numbers. Already then I thought he seemed nice but not someone I'd date but hey could be fun to hang out sometime. A few weeks pass, we texted a bit and then decided to have a movie night. I went over to his and we started smoking a bit and talking, he asked how old I was and I said 21 and then he told me he was 28...now, had I known that when I met him, I don't think I would have exchanged numbers...When he told me his age I was a bit weirded out, I mean why would a 28 year old want to go to a college party...but I decided to put those thoughts to rest because it would be a fun story to tell later, plus age doesn't always have to matter. At first things went well, we started watching a movie and then cuddled and eventually things got more heated and after a while we stopped. He asked me if I came, I didn't but because I was pretty much ready to leave and didn't want to sleep with him again I lied and said yes. He then said "well you still have a job to do" - and that made me really uncomfortable but I thought he was joking. I mean he had started putting his clothes back on. So I also started getting dressed but decided to stay a bit longer and finish the movie. We were cuddling and I could feel him hardening and touching me and I thought ok I guess I'll continue, because I felt like I needed to. But then things got more rough without my consent, he choked

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me, pulled my hair and in the end pinned me down on my stomach and was on top of me. When it was all finished he asked if I wanted to be walked home but quickly said I was good. When I got back to West to go to the bathroom I burst out crying, and that's when I knew what had happened was not ok. That's the day I learned to always trust my gut. If it doesn't feel right that means it isn't and never do something because the other person said you "owe" it to them."

Posted 11/13/20

88. "During my freshman year, I had a boyfriend who went to another school. I became friends with some guys in aepi so for my friends and me, it became our go-to place. One particular member of aepi, an upperclassman, used to aggressively flirt with me at parties by asking whether my boyfriend and I had broken up yet and by lamenting over the fact that I wasn't single. Sophomore year, my boyfriend broke up with me and I was devastated. The following weekend, I went to a party at aepi. I was talking outside about my break up with my friends and some of the aepi guys. I said I had to go to the bathroom and out of nowhere, the same upperclassman appeared and said he would take me to the upstairs bathroom so I could avoid the line. I was quite obviously very drunk and not in a good mental state. He took me through someone's bedroom (the lights were off and the door was locked and immediately pushed me against a wall and said he was so glad I was finally single. He started making out with me while keeping me pinned against the wall. I was lacerated by a sharp corner on a bedroom dresser when he did this and was bleeding out of a six inch gash on arm. I kept repeating that I just wanted to use the bathroom. This went on for about 5-10 minutes. Finally, he let me go and opened the door. At that moment, my best friend was standing outside the door with another brother getting ready to unlock the door. When I didn't come back right away, she came searching for me. I remember her reaction to seeing my arm covered in my blood and it wasn't until that moment where I realized what happened in there was not right. Because I was friends with a lot of guys there, I told the president of aepi what had happened the next morning. He spoke with the brother who said he was shocked by hearing this and that he thought I wanted it. He said I seemed into it and gave no indication that I didn't want to hook up. After hearing that, I knew that taking this further would have been pointless. He was a senior in the business school who had been part of aepi for years and I was just a drunk sophomore mourning the loss of her high school boyfriend. I had to let it go because I wasn't mentally stable enough to survive the fall out. I still struggle with whether this is a story I can share because I don't want to diminish the experiences of survivors who have experienced so much worse. But at the same time, I know he took advantage of someone in a vulnerable situation and that is not right." 11/19/20

89. "There was a member of the Boston University tennis team who lived on our floor. He had a friend who was 21 years who would visit often and was also on the tennis team. They would often play pranks that often involved sexually assaulting me. They would take peaks while I was in the shower and or using the bathroom. They would sneak and hide in my closet after I took a shower. They would run around flashing themselves. It was disturbing. I was even dry raped by one of them. I now have PTSD. The school refused to help and made things worse. These students ruined my reputation and made sure I didn't have a relationship or any friends. They

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literally told me I control your life. I literally lost everything because of these assaults. It was sooo tough to rebuild my life. For example, I'm the only one of my friends not to have friends from college. I feel so ashamed." Posted 12/2/20

90. "In my first 3 months of college at Boston University, I was sexually assaulted four times. I am not considered conventionally attractive, and I never really got any attention from boys in high school. I was shocked when I got to college and guys started paying attention to me...I felt lucky and thought that I owed them something for giving me attention and thinking I was attractive. This way of thinking made it very difficult for me to finally accept that none of the assaults were my fault, and that I didn't deserve them. On Halloween my freshman year, I went to a party at BU's DTD (delta tau delta) with a girl who was my friend at the time. I remember hearing about how nice everyone was at DTD and how it was one of the safest frats, so I was excited for the party and not super nervous about it. When we got there, we immediately made friends with another group of girls and started dancing and hanging out with them. The night was going really well, but there was this guy who kept eyeing us. I remember thinking he was kind of creepy, but thought nothing of it. Around 12:30, my friend said she was going "upstairs" with someone and to let her know when I wanted to leave. At some point the girls we were hanging out with left as well, and I was alone with strangers in the basement. The guy who had been eyeing us walked over to me and started grinding on me. We started making out (consensually) but then he said that we should go upstairs. I told him no, that I did not want to go, but he kept repeating what he had said. After I refused about 10 times, he said "Fine, but can we at least go up to the porch?" I agreed, because the porch was on the first floor, and we went outside. I was very clearly drunk at this point, and he continued to try to get me upstairs. I said several times that all I wanted to do was make out, and reiterated that I did NOT want to go upstairs. Once I could barely see straight, he said we should go back inside and grabbed my hand. Before I even knew what was happening, he was dragging me up the stairs. At the top of the stairs, he took me into the bathroom. He locked the door and shoved me down on my knees, Then, he forced me to give him oral sex, during which I vomitted twice (he made me continue). He then tried to take my clothes off but I pushed him off of me and said that I needed to go home. He said that he would come home with me and that we could have sex in my dorm but I said no. I made him unlock the door and ran downstairs, screaming for my friend and already calling the Uber. I went outside to wait for it and he followed me outside, still talking about how he wanted to come to my dorm. I continued to say no. When the Uber arrived, my friend and I got in and I thought I was finally safe. At the last second, he got in and said he was coming with us. When I protested, he said he would get out across from StuVi and go home. We completely passed StuVi, yet he said nothing to the Uber driver about stopping. I finally begged the driver to stop driving somewhere around CFA. The guy told me he wanted to come home with me and asked why I wouldn't let him, but I just told him to get out and go home (which, thank GOD, he did). The next day, he texted me twice (he had called himself from my phone) and DM'ed me on Instagram. He asked when we could see each other again and then a few hours later why I wouldn't respond to him. It took me a long time to realize that what happened to me was assault. I thought that because I had consented to kissing him, I deserved what had happened to me. It wasn't until six months later

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that I realized why he was still showing up in my nightmares, and why I had panic attacks whenever I saw him on campus. Thanks to all of the brave confessions I have seen on this account, I finally feel comfortable sharing my story. To all of you, I am so sorry for what happened. You are so brave, and so loved.” - Posted 12/22/20

91. “I was a freshman when I was assaulted at BU. I am not going to say what fraternity it was because they would know it was me posting this, and I would like to keep some shred of my sanity after such a horrible experience. I was at a party and making out with someone and he asked me if I’d like to go home with him. I said yes. We were in a BU dorm, and his roommate had gone for the night. We started hooking up and I had an awful feeling about it. I told him I didn’t want to do anything and he went down on me. I tried to stop him but he got up, pinned my hands on either side of me and began intercourse. From that point I knew I was trapped there (I was pretty wasted), so I just let him finish and then left. I could barely walk and put on my pants inside and out when I tried to dress myself, but he didn’t say anything at all. I was so drunk that I needed to ask a girl standing outside which way Commonwealth Avenue was because I had no clue. I walked a mile to get back to my dorm and fell multiple times. BUT, I didn’t remember this whole night for a week - I just had an awful feeling about it and knew something went wrong. Not long after, I developed a “friends with benefits” relationship with another guy in the same fraternity, who I genuinely enjoyed hanging out with. I never saw what happened to me before as rape, it was just an experience with a guy gone wrong (when I tried to tell a friend, she asked me if I was SURE that I said no). I told him that something had happened with me and one of his brothers, and he made me feel heard. The next night, we were at a party and went back to his place. He tried to stick his dick in me MULTIPLE times after me telling him I wasn’t comfortable, and after knowing what happened with his brother. These 2 events happened to me in the span of 2 WEEKS. I told someone in the frat whom I trusted about the first incident, and they made the decision to blacklist me from the fraternity for causing too many issues. I don’t think I’ll ever be the same because of them. I got diagnosed with PTSD later that year and affected the rest of my college career and will affect the rest of my life. I’m stronger for it 100%, but NO survivor should have to be. Your stories bring me to tears because NOBODY should have to be this strong. I love every one of you, your stories empower everyone who reads them.” Posted 12/23/20

92. “I had been hooking up with this guy for a while, I went over to his place after a party one night. I went over to his place after a party one night. I had a few drinks in me, but I was mostly just exhausted from lack of sleep. We had sex and he asked me to sleep over. I did, and I woke up to him over my body fucking me. I tried getting him off, but he continued and I just fell back asleep. I didn’t realize that I had gotten raped, until I told my current boyfriend about it and he told me that that is rape. Before my boyfriend and I talked about it, I hadn’t told anyone, because I thought that maybe guys just do that to everyone and that it’s not a big deal. I felt so uncomfortable in my body and felt super weak after the experience. Now that I can acknowledge it as rape (what it was), I feel confident in myself and my ability to stand up against those who think that women’s bodies are sex objects to be used at their disposal.” Posted 1/1/21

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93. "My time at BU was spent on occasion playing for the women's rugby team. The team culture at the time was crunchy and cult-like. There were expectations placed on new players that made them feel small, inferior, and often sexualized. There were social gatherings that involved forceful drinking, sexualized anthems, and demanding inquiry into each player's sexuality and sexual history. At no time did I feel safe and secure, but ultimately I felt the pressure of wanting to be a part of a strong, "supportive" community of girls. Sexual harassment occurred to and by players on multiple occasions, ranging from name-calling and flirting to unwanted advances and alcohol intoxication. The "vets" would create bets on the "rookies" in their "fun" fantasy league. While I hope this all has changed since leaving. Having experienced, witnessed, and heard stories of sexual harassment, BUWRFC - your culture is hypersexualized and toxic. Create a better future of players." Posted 1/3/20
94. "I am at my wits end. I literally do not know what to do anymore. My case began in MARCH, against this professor in the biology department. It is now September. Their policy states that cases should be handled within 90 days, does this look like 90 fucking days to you?? I literally do not know what to do. The professor, ofc, is appealing - which I previously said - but it has been at least a week and a half since I have heard ANYTHING. Not a peep from the university. I emailed them a copy of my appeal report, twice now, and I have yet to hear back. One of those emails I sent out was today, but the other one was a week + old. I'm literally so done, I'm even considering getting a lawyer. This is insane, it is absolutely absurd. The fact that I was sexually harassed by a teacher is just so prevalent. I'm asked to recount it like 7,000 times, I spend DAYS writing PAGES of testimonials to make sure the university does not ignore what happened to me. I am the reason that they ruled in my favor. I took DAYS and wrote a 24 page testimonial. I have relived all these experiences with this professor, it is LITERALLY the next semester and I am STILL not done with this case. They haven't even told me if they've done anything about him. He may be teaching this semester for all I know. Tomorrow I am emailing a dean. Period. Otherwise, I'm getting a fucking lawyer. I am DONE, the university has treated me like DIRT. This WHOLE TIME it's been like I am the one who is really being investigated. I have poured emotional energy, I have lost sleep, I have had mental breakdowns over this. And I'm still going. I love my education but I HATE Boston University. I'm here because I want to learn. Period." Posted 1/7/21
95. "My junior year I started a research job for a professor that I was really excited about. It nearly ruined me. During our meeting he always closed the door. He always made me sit in a chair furthest from the door in a crowded cluttered office with his chair in front of the door, making it clear that I wouldn't be able to leave unless he wanted. He touched my legs and my arms. He told me how pretty I looked especially when I wore femme outfits. One day he hugged me and told me he would kiss me if he could. Later he insinuated he was above the law and that any cases brought against him always got dismissed because he was so good at his job and esteemed in the field. It took me months to realize what was happening. I only put the pieces together after I had recurring panic attacks the night before our weekly meetings. When I finally mentioned it to a couple friends they said they'd never seen me so terrified. I stopped going and with the help of SARP they communicated my resignation to him. After he found out he accused

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me of stealing equipment after I had a friend promptly return it to his office. I blocked his email because I couldn't bear reading any reaction he would have. SARP proposed going to the police but because of previous experience of the police being (unsurprisingly) dismissive and unhelpful when bringing allegations of abuse to them, I didn't do it. I was too scared to file a claim with BU because I was scared he would shut it down and come after me. I remember my counselor saying that they didn't have a group for survivors of assault on the part of faculty and staff but maybe they could in the future. I could barely believe what happened to me and thought of it happening to others was gut wrenching. I've felt guilty for not filing a claim ever since because I'm so worried he will continue to do so to others. The incident affected every part of me. Granted I was already in an unstable position mental health wise because of another abusive situation outside of school, but this pushed me over the edge. I had to cross the street every time I walked past his building. I worked on campus and was scared everyday that he would walk into my place of work. I quit that job and I moved to the other side of the city. I lost income and a professional opportunity when I was already financially providing for myself. I almost dropped out and ended up finishing my degree at a local community college. I blocked it from my mind as best as I could but it still haunts me all the time. I gave friends, family, professors, and strangers bullshit excuses as to why I quit the job, moved, and almost dropped out, It resurfaced this past week after I had a job prospect for which this research position was the perfect experience. I realized I didn't even want to mention it because I was terrified of acknowledging that time with him, and obviously couldn't put him down as a reference. Nothing enrages me more than how this incident continues to threaten my wellbeing and financial security while he only goes on to be praised for his work unaffected. I'm almost convinced he doesn't ever remember it, if only for some resentment for me quitting a "great opportunity to further my career". I've impulsively decided to share here along with many others' stories, but am still terrified of telling anyone else." Posted 1/13/21

96. "I work in the dining hall at BU and for the most part it's like any other job, but there is one chef in particular that has made me feel disgusting, on several occasions, he has touched my thigh. Before, I excused this as a tight quarters: we work in a kitchen, bumping into each other is bound to happen, but I began to notice that he was the only person this would happen with. While walking behind me, he put his hands on my sides, there has never been anything obviously sexual in the way he touches me, and I've been hesitant to call this behavior sexual harassment, but any environment in which you are uncomfortable probably means you are unsafe I always tell myself that the next time he touches me I will tell him not to touch me, but when the time comes, I'm honestly so scared of making a scene, especially because it's in my workplace." - Posted 1/13/21

97. "I've shared my experience on this platform before, but as this year comes to an end it pains me to think that so many individuals continue to suffer, and so many contributors to that suffering continue to get off without so much as a warning. I would like to reshare my story in a way that could potentially be more impactful. Freshman year, I was raped by a man whom I had, at the time, considered to be a friend. He was very drunk in need of a place to crash because he wasn't

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able to make it all the way back to his own dorm in South campus, so I agreed that he could sleep on my floor for the night. Apparently, he had other plans and proceeded to force himself on me in a situation that I have since severely unconsciously blurred my memory of. He is now in the Kappa Sigma fraternity at Boston University, an organization that I know has blocked this account from tagging them in posts. However, I'm hoping that this post will still get the word out there a little more. As we enter into the new year, we need to hold these people accountable. We need to see a change for the better. I applaud every survivor, whether you've shared your story or not, for being a living example of the strength we possess." Posted 1/18/21

98. "Sure, I was interested in her from the moment I met her. She seemed pretty cool and we got along in groups. But I was NOT ready for sex, we hadn't even kissed yet. After a long night out she brought me back to her dorm room. I assumed we might make out a bit, but she was intent on doing more. I drank a lot that night but I still clearly remember desperately wanting to escape the situation. Finally, as she tried to take my clothes off, I got off her bed and left. I haven't spoken to her since in fear she would shame me for being a prude, for being a male prude." Posted 1/18/21

99. "Freshman year I met a boy at a frat party and I don't even want to say what frat because I've never told anyone this. I was really into him and we started talking for a few weeks. One night I went to a bar and got pretty drunk. He was texting me asking to come over and I wanted him to. We started making out and eventually started to have sex (consensually). I was not a virgin but the pain and roughness I felt during sex with him is unlike any other I have ever felt. I asked him to stop and slow down many times and he kept saying things like "you know you don't want me to stop". I started crying and basically begged him to stop but he wouldn't so I kept quiet until eventually he was done with me. It took me about a year to accept the fact that I had been assaulted, and I still try to deny it to myself. I thought that since I wanted him to come over he was entitled to do what he wanted to me." Posted 2/19/21

100. "I was raped by a guy from the bu tennis team. He added me on snap a day before asking me to come to a tennis suite party in stuvi 1. I didn't want to go by myself so i made sure to bring 3 close friends. Me and the guy were making out and i was fine w that but I told him numerous times that i didn't want to have sex the first time meeting him. As the night went on I was very drunk and high and my friend saw I was visibly very out of it and was trying to lead me out but he had to pee. So I waited by the door. I don't know how this happened but all i remembered was ending up in stuvi 2 with the guy who invited me. I couldn't even tell you what suite or what floor or how I even walked there. I don't remember how i got back to my own dorm but my roommate said she saw him grabbing my arm and when she opened the door he refused to tell her his name. I genuinely don't remember having sex with him. All i know is that he sent me messages the next morning to take a plan b and i have a video from that night of me just saying over and over again please don't touch me. I never reported it because i didn't even know what happened and because i didn't want to make it a big deal and i thought i could just bury it. It worked for a little and then I started getting triggers like scenes on tv, having nightmares, and

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just being very paranoid in general. Recently I've been having nightmares, and just being very paranoid in general. Recently ive been having nightmares about my own friends raping me. After the first 3 months of it happening, burying and not talking about it worked then i started having ptsd about it so i thought addressing this to him and telling him i was uncomfortable with what i assume happened and explaining to him i was pretty much blacked out he basically told me that no one would believe me because we were at a party at first with all of the tennis team and said that all of them said i was fine even though i don't remember so much of that night. One of my close friends I've disclosed this too told me that he's heard a lot of bad things about him and that he knows other girls who have had bad experiences with him." Posted 2/10/21

101. "My freshman year, I used to hang out off campus quite a bit. I had a close friend who went to a nearby school, and it was comforting to know that I had a piece of my home life to help me acclimate to Boston. I became good friends with her friends, and vice versa. One night, we were all out drinking. I hadn't had much to eat that day, and the guys in the group kept pushing me to take shot after shot. Eventually, I was completely blacked out. When I came to, I was locked in the stall of a bathroom in my friend from home's dorm. A guy in our group had removed my tampon and was inside of me. My friends knew that I didn't want to hook up with boy, because I made it clear to them, but they let him take me into the bathroom that night: right across from their room, knowing I was incoherent. My blood was on his hands and clothing and I said no. As soon as he was done with me and unlocked the door. I walked back home, alone, at 3 o'clock in the morning. It was a long and treacherous walk, especially with articles of clothing missing, and yet again, none of my 'friends' checked on me. I never processed what happened to me until I described the details to a friend the next morning; who had been sent to the hospital earlier that night for drinking too much after pressure from this group. She told me this was NOT drunk sex like I thought it was, but rape. My world came crumbling down. I failed classes. I developed an eating disorder. I lost all of the self confidence I used to have. I became dependent on drugs as an escape. This was three years ago. It's hard sometimes, feeling like a burden on my friends and family because of the severe PTSD I developed from this: but I am slowly reaching a better place today, with a stronger support system. This experience does not define me. I am thankful for this page because it demonstrates the sheer strength of survivors who have endured similar experiences to mine. We persevere. " Posted 2/11/21

102. "During my freshman year, I decided to not go home for thanksgiving. Instead I got caught up on homework and watched a few movies for my writing 100 class (vietnam war literature). A friend of mine is also in town and offered to join me while watching depressing Vietnam war movies and I said sure. We didn't drink. We made popcorn and he asked for water. I handed him my water bottle and he finished it and then offered to go refill it. He left the room, filled the bottle in the common room and offered me a sip. I didn't even think about it because it was just water but about 15-20 minutes later I passed out. I'm an insomniac and I've been taking sleeping meds every night for years in order to sleep. There is no way I just fell asleep, I was drugged. I woke up mid assault but I was terrified and still messed up so I laid there completely still. When he finished he got up to go to the bathroom and I was able to lock the door before he came

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back. After break I was embarrassed and didn't want to talk about it so I just pretended it didn't happen. I began to spiral into a deep depression and I lost most of my friends. They kept asking me why I didn't do anything about it so I called SARP and they told me I could have a free counseling session but that was it because I had no proof. They said I would've needed to go to a hospital and have a rape kit in order to provide any admissible evidence. When you're drugged and alone, you're not exactly capable of getting yourself to a hospital. I got tired of SARP representatives telling me that I was obviously drinking or leading him on. I gave up on BU and I transferred schools. I picked up my life and moved across the country because no one at BU believes that sexual assault happens." Posted 2/17/21

103. "My freshman year I lived in Warren Towers on a co-ed floor. There was a guy on my floor who I had begun talking to and when things started to move further I decided I didn't want to pursue anything or go any further. After this he began acting weird around me and knocking on my door late at night while he was drunk. He would force his way into my room and try to lay with me on my bed or spend the night. He would try and sit on the same chair as me in the common room or hug me and refused to let go. One time I fell asleep in the common room and woke up to find him sitting across from me and looking at me. Every time he was in the same room I would feel uncomfortable and most, if not all, of these things would happen while others were in the room. It got to the point that my friends would "trap" me between them, the wall, and the table so that he couldn't come near me. I thought I finally got away from him after I went home for the summer and moved to a new dorm, but he continued to call me (I have since blocked his number) and follow my social media (I have also blocked him on all social media as well), but everything he did made me uncomfortable as well as those who were around while he did these things. I never reported it because I thought it was harmless, but I now realize that this is harassment and I have a right not to feel uncomfortable by anyone's presence." Posted 2/27/21

104. "It was the first night of my freshman year and a couple of people I just met earlier at orientation agreed to hang out in the study room of our residence hall. I was nervous about making friends in college and I thought this was a good place to start. We hung out in the study lounge and then decided to go down to one of our dorms for a drink. I had a drink, but we all did. I left around 11pm and went back to my room and into bed. Around an hour later I was woken up to knocking on my door. It turned out to be one of the people I was hanging out with earlier in the evening. Apparently I had 'forgotten' something in their dorm and he needed to return it. I accepted the item and returned to bed. A few minutes later I saw the same guy standing in my dorm. He raped me and I don't remember. I woke up the next morning with my underwear laying on the floor and I felt sore. I retreated into a shell of a person. I developed severe PTSD and ed. I was shamed by school advisors for taking a 'W' on my transcript because I could not function in the same classroom as him. My knees would buckle when I saw him on campus and I would be overcome with anxiety and fear every time I was in my room. Once I went to SARP I was told the reality was my case would be his word against mine. I still meet with the dean of my department every semester to make sure we never cross paths in our classes. I

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am a long way from being fully healed, but hearing that I am not alone gives me some comfort. We will get through this." Posted 2/28/21

105. "If you saw the recent BU alert of an intruder at 96 Mountfort Street in South, I wanted to give you the full story. As one of the apartments involved in the incident, BU did us an injustice, and did the surrounding community injustice