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HIM: This is in one of the email drafts I deleted, but I distinctly remember telling myself—when I was in grade school probably—not to have emotions because that way the other kids in my class couldn't use them to hurt me, which is not really a productive way to go through life.

ME: Do you think you forgot that others have strong emotions?

HIM: It wasn't like I thought other people shouldn't have emotions. I didn't want to give anybody else anything that they could grab onto and use to hurt me.

ME: What were some of the thoughts that you had, or that you can recall having, that night? Either before or during or immediately after? I know you said you remember me crying. Do you remember what sort of thoughts were going through your mind?

HIM: I remember knowing that I shouldn't be doing this and doing it anyway. And then I remember you started to cry and then I lay down. There was a little gap where I lay down and then I remember thinking maybe you were so drunk you wouldn't remember it, or that it was bad and

then maybe it would be okay, and then you did start to cry and I remember you whispering, He raped me. And I realized that it wasn't going to be okay. And then it's just however many hours of just me realizing what I had just done and that it wasn't going to be okay.

ME: It's strange to hear that I used that word rape, considering how I didn't think of it as rape at the time, or said I didn't think of it as rape. Did I just whisper that to no one?

HIM: Yeah, just, under your breath. I remember you were crying and said that. And yeah, it's tough really to think about.