

Unheard words · The culture of silence

I was just ten years old when he first time took my hand and forced it to rub his intimate parts. I was sleeping with my elder cousin whom I naively believed was like my guardian or my protector.

I felt weird but I was not able to express that. Afterall, I was not aware of the existence of such happenings. As time passed, every time he visited my home, he repeated the same actions and if I tried to say anything, he threatened me with dire consequences. The intensity of his actions increased, and my silence took me to the depths of dark well with no hopes to come out. As I grew, abuse with boys was not common and this made me a hollow human. When I gathered the courage to share this with my parents, they consoled me and asked me to be silent as he was part of the family and nothing could be done.. Their reply left me emotionally weakened and now I have no voice.

Anonymous victim

Student

