

“I asked if you were okay with just sleeping next to each other. You told me it was fine; it would be just like the other night. When we were in bed, and you started to touch me, I asked you to stop.

You didn't listen.

I said, "I don't want to," but you didn't care, you kept going while I lay there, frozen in disbelief. Later, I kept thinking that it wasn't that bad, it could have been worse. I cried for hours the day after it happened, alone on the floor of my bathroom. You didn't understand when I told you that you hurt me, I don't think you ever will. The feelings I had for you didn't go away after that, they simply became more complicated. Because how can you love someone who doesn't care whether you consent or not?”

“When I was walking into my very first party here at Stanford, a man groped me extremely hard in passing on the way out. There was no acknowledgement or look. That was that.”

“He said it was okay if I didn’t want to so I felt okay to say no. The next day he proceeded to ignore me. That really hurt. And I didn’t realize until much later how deeply that impacted me. At first I thought it was sweet that he considered to ask if I wanted to, but how he proceeded to act when I in fact didn’t want to revealed a lot to me. How he acted after cut me deep and years later I am still trying

to heal that wound. I just want people to know that they deserve better and that someone asking you if you're okay with doing something isn't an extraordinary act of kindness. It is the bare minimum and you deserve so much more."

"a story on male consent in a straight monogamous relationship:

When she told me "I don't know", I tried to understand her apprehensions. But when I said "I don't know", she told me that I was

putting too much pressure on her. Why even ask if you didn't care about what I had to say? If honoring my consent makes you uncomfortable, maybe we should be asking other questions too.”

“When I saw my violator in person and pointed him out to my close friend, I

watched her experience all
five stages of grief at
once.”

“He asked to kiss me

but did not ask to
finger me”

“He asked to undress me and I said ‘i don’t know,’ because I did not want to say no and upset him and I thought he would not ask again. He did and I said the same thing, but this time he undressed me. He touched me and put his

mouth on my breasts and I quickly got dressed and left. I was not in my own body the entire day. I was somewhere else. The next day I saw him and for the rest of the day I kept wiping my breast and genuinely did not want the breast he put his mouth on, to be a part of me anymore.”

“I had a guy come over to my room to study. I really thought we were just going to study and get to know each other better. He asked to sit on my bed; I said yes, still thinking we would just be working. He asked to sit next to me and share my pillow; I said no. Eventually he laid down and put his head on my knee, without asking. Half an hour later, he asked to share my pillow again. I didn't know how to say no again. We cuddled for an hour and I hated every second of it. When he left, I felt really yucky. I hadn't wanted him to touch me. I felt foolish for inviting a guy to my room with the intention of studying, because in hindsight, isn't that college-student code for something physical? "Come study in my room?" When I told some of my friends about the incident, they felt bad for me, but would also raise an eyebrow when I explained I invited him to come study. Lesson learned, stick to public places, I guess.”

“we smoked more than i had ever in my life and he knew that. after that we had sex (consensually) but the whole situation felt wrong. he asked me overly intimate and specific questions about men i had been with before. i was not in a state to have that conversation and he had never tried to have it before i got that

high.”

“It feels ridiculous to have to say this, but it’s not cringe, or corny, or awkward, to ask for consent. It’s not. It takes a second to just stop and ask the other party if they are comfortable as you go forward with any sort of physical contact, and doing it more often than not as that contact progresses is

always, always, better than not."

**"it took me a long
time to realize that
just because i don't
mind, doesn't mean i**

have to do it”

“he never asked me

before he started

choking me. i hated it.

i said nothing.”

“So you can ask to

kiss me, but you can't
ask to touch me??”

“A guy, who seemed nice and
who I could have seen myself
being friends with, too a
picture of my friends and I

for us and said 'if you didn't all have boyfriends I would fuck you'. Maybe he said that encouragingly? But it felt... wrong and uncomfortable"

“I keep thinking back and wondering when the moment was when he decided that my

body was not mine, but his to use. How long after seeing me did he know what he was going to do? Or did no thought go into it at all?”

“It's insane to me how men don't stop harassing on this campus until the non-contact order appears, or until it becomes a feasible threat to their on-campus reputation.

**It's only until their
image potentially
becomes challenged by
the rest of the world
that they choose to**

change their actions.”

“I’ve had so many times where I’ve wanted to say no but it’s been too awkward to do it, so technically nothing happened. Like I’ve put myself into situations where saying no would just ruin everything, especially the mood. I’ve gone on dates, or danced with guys at parties, or hung out with them one on one, and despite realizing that the guy made me feel uncomfortable romantically, I felt like I indebted myself to be hugged or kissed or touched. And even though I knew I *could* have said no, and would have expected them to respect my no, I didn’t want to ruin the mood, so I just kind of endured it. It sucks ‘enduring’ things that you’re supposed to like.”

“I was riding a bike, wearing a dress, through a parking lot at Stanford where I worked. My supervisor asked me to drop off something at Tressider, and she offered her bike for the ride across campus. A man pulled up beside me and rolled down his window. He was an older, well dressed man. I assumed he wanted to ask me directions, but he made eye contact, and just said "I saw your panties," and then drove off. I felt really creepy, and although this happened maybe 20

years ago, it still gives me a sick feeling.”

“the first time we had sex
he put it in without asking
for my direct consent,
without a condom, and
without telling me if he

was STD free”

“I crocheted a bikini, and wanted to take pictures of it. My shoot location was near the roundabout by the farm, and I used the self timer setting on my camera. A car of four men drove by and saw me. Yelling, they drove around the roundabout once,

twice, and three times before leaving,
while I attempted to hide behind a fence."

"I have a list in my notes app of things that define my existence as distinctively female. That I am consistently the only woman in my hometown gym-- particularly in the weights section-- and being there garners me just a few too many looks that are just a bit too long from men just a little too old to look at me that way. That even though I love to go for walks and runs, not once in the summer of 2022 did I go farther than a block without getting honked at. or leered at. or catcalled. I walk and run with my airpods in, but with nothing playing: so I can be aware of my surroundings. That at work, men say things to me like 'suck my

dick' 'let me experiment on your tits' and 'be my girlfriend or my wife.' I work at a coffee shop. That at that job, I have thought extensively about which doors lock and which don't-- where I could hide if I felt threatened. That I walk with my keys between my fingers always and I carry pink pepper spray and a bejeweled personal alarm. I feel like prey in public.”

“Sometimes I felt like I owed my ex-boyfriend sex. Sexual intimacy was important to him, as it is to me. I wanted it to be an element of our relationship, and so did he. But sometimes, since I knew he wanted sexual intimacy from the relationship, I felt as though I wasn't meeting his needs if I said no. I wasn't being a good girlfriend. Not having your needs met in a long-term relationship is a valid thing to be upset about. So I would say yes, even when I didn't feel like it.”

“My ex-boyfriend pressured me into having sex with him after we broke up. Three months after the break-up, he came over and cried to me for hours about how I was the best thing that had ever happened to him and he was nothing without me. I had hurt him so badly. Destroyed him. Broken his heart. The least I could do now was have sex with him. The least I owed him, a man I had loved for years, was sexual pleasure. In retrospect, I see the manipulation. In the moment, I felt like I was the most awful person in the world, and spreading my

legs for him would make me good again.”

**“Sometimes I don't
know if I want
something or if I just
want to give someone**

what they want.”

“i don't like when guys
are aggressive. they
never ask”

“I was in a restaurant with my family, walking back from the bathroom alone when I passed a well-dressed middle aged man. His wife had approached me earlier, asking me which sports I played and discussing where I had applied to college. They were both complete strangers, and I was 16 at the time. I suppose he felt entitled to his own comments, or comfortable enough to share them, so he said something along the lines of ‘you're so tall and beautiful,’ specifically commenting on my body and, as I remember it, touching my shoulder or my back. I have always endured more comments on my body from strangers than average, perhaps because American society equates height with beauty or athleticism, and many strangers I meet feel entitled to know how tall I am or which sports I've played or whether I've considered modeling or even if it's hard for me to date. This was one of the first times I was overtly sexualized for a trait outside of my control, one I have a quite complicated relationship with, and unfortunately I'm sure it is not the last.”

“I thought that this
was what was
meant to happen
because we were in

a relationship.”

“Both my grandma and my mom have been molested in the past by their own family members, and I am fearful that

the same will happen to me or my sister. How did we let this become generational?”

“hooked up with a crush of mine and felt weird about it because i was drunk and he was not. though i know it would have hooked up with him sober, it felt wrong the next morning.

i felt like a boundary had been crossed. wished he would have just taken me home, and hooked up when we were both sober.”

“I always feel uncomfortable when people (and particularly men) stand too close to me when talking. It

indicates a disregard for my personal space and feels a lot like an attempt to close down my paths of escape.”

“I’m here for you.”

“I get
uncomfortable
when a guy
assumes I'd say
yes without
asking me.”

“How I knew something was wrong about my experience when my pants were on backwards because I put them in a drunken stupor in

the backseat of a friend's
car”

“Repeated physical
touch once you've

already withdrawn
yourself”

“My best friend, a Stanford student, assaulted at least 3 women in a 6 month span of time. After the first assault, he lied to me and said he would never violate a woman's boundaries again.

After the next assaults he lied and said his victims were okay with what happened, so I talked to them myself..

they were not okay with it, at all.

He assaulted one of my best friends, while she was crossed, while her brother was in the room.

Preying on women who are intoxicated is his go-to strategy. He walks around campus just as I do, and I fear every day that he's led on another girl who doesn't

know that he's a predator.
Nothing will be done about it,
and he will never face justice.

He has cut me off, and
everyone else who knew about
what he did. He does not want

to be held accountable. He does not want to change.”

“Someone evidently trying to get my attention while I actively try avoiding them in a fitness class and feeling the need to avoid this person even

if that causes a shift in my
actions when in reality it
shouldn't be my job instead he
should just mind his business.”

**“Sexually assaulted
at Stanford frat party
— an entire group of
guys watched and
did nothing”**

**“Stop coming up to
me in the gym just
to interrupt my set
and look at my**

boobs”

“Working out at Stanford
gym and having men
follow me and sit down

to watch me when I'm
wearing leggings”

“Frat boys touching
me unsolicited or

following me when I've
made it clear I'm done
with the conversation”

“During the first week of freshman year, my boundaries were crossed by a girl I was and am still friends with. They masked their coercive behavior under a proclamation of friendship, making it very hard for me to tell them I was uncomfortable with their actions. This type of relationship happens too often—friendship should not be weaponized to make others uncomfortable.”

“I was on a Coupa date at Meyer Green. We had been sitting there for a few minutes when he went in for a kiss. I pulled away, not wanting it, but he grabbed me and kissed me again. It was broad daylight, surrounded by people,

but I felt uncomfortable and alone.”

“he tried to convince me to go again after i said no. i remember laughing and playfully shoving him away, feeling extremely

**uncomfortable with the near
stranger in my room”**

“you touched me repeatedly
while your roommate was in
the room even though I told
you not to. it made me so
uncomfortable and months

later I still feel like a
terrible person for not
standing my ground and
leaving in the moment.”

“my friend got
roofied at Opal

freshman year and
I had to carry her
back home"

“I have started to wear baggy clothes under the guise of comfort. In truth, I am sick of the looks, of the catcalling, and of the discomfort. Why do I have to be dressed like a man to feel comfortable around men?”

“my boyfriend in high school was really insecure and that would often manifest in anger towards me. I was made to feel guilty because “someone else had been in me” even though it wasn’t my choice. When we were in bed if he started making moves on me and I said I was tired he would ask why I wasn’t into him. He would get upset at me and I knew that I could make it go away if I just made him cum.

When I came to college I didn’t trust my instincts because I my body’s default was fear and shutting down. I told myself I had to push through and I should to trust people. I should have trusted my guy because it was trying to protect me. My freshman fall I was feeling bold and decided to take an upper division psych class. Needless to say, I was a little lost in the sauce, so when a senior asked if i wanted to work on our projects together I accepted. I proposed we meet in the library or my dorm lounge. He counter offered with meeting in his room in miralless at 9pm. “This is sus, he wants to hook up with you,” says my gut. “stop being an anxious victim. He’s going to help you with your homework and you will get a better grade.”... that’s the voice in my head that says you are not good enough. So I biked over in the dark and for the first hour or so we did work on the project, and then he put on Black mirror, and i fell asleep and woke up with his penis inside of me. I turned my head to the side and focused on reading the protein powder labels beside his bed. I

accepted that I was not going to be able to change anything about this situation. I was stuck underneath a 300 lb senior on the football team, and I all i could do was pretend this wasn't real.”

“it makes me uncomfortable when im hooking up w someone and happen to be on my period/don't want to have sex, but i feel like i still owe it to them to make them finish. and its not that they're intentionally pressuring me into doing anything, but i feel like i need to give them head or whatever because im like failing as a woman by being on my period. it sort of feels

like im doing it as an apology or consolation prize.”

“i have felt incredibly guilty about not being on birth control in the past and "forcing" guys to wear condoms--it makes me

feel like i'm just going to
disappoint them”

“i was hooking up with this guy who
vehemently disliked condoms and right
before we were about to have sex he was
like ‘can i put my dick in you without
the condom for just a little bit and then

put it on after' and i didn't want to kill the mood or disappoint him so i let him do it even though i had asked him to use a condom before we started having sex”

“My friend was giving this guy head and he started filming her in the middle of it without her knowing. she saw him filming

her and told him to delete the video. she was drunk, and they ended up continuing having sex. we later found out that he sent that video to a groupchat with his friends”

“I feel guilty about

the times I have
initiated, knowing
my partner was
tired. How could I?”

“I was over at a guy's house, and he was giving me a massage. Without asking, he started touching down my body, and inserted his finger inside of me. I felt like my discomfort was too dramatic or awkward or wasn't important enough in the moment to tell him to stop, so I didn't”

“This girl used to make
incredibly sexual "jokes" about
me, and touch my thigh and
laugh. I didn't want to be
perceived like that in her

comments.”

“When I was 9 years old, at a sports camp full of boys (I'm a girl), a boy pointed to my chest and commented on my "boobs". All the boys ranging in age from 8-15 laughed at me

and looked. The instructors
around me (aged 18 and up)
joined in laughing.”

“My best guy friend
started grinding on

me at a club. I ran
away and I never
spoke of it again.”

“Too many friends who had sex with
people they didn't want to because they

didn't want that person to stop liking them”

“finally hooking up with someone who I thought genuinely liked me as a person (we had been talking for months), only to get ghosted the next day”

“We already hooked up, so he assumed I was okay with doing it again. I wasn't.”

“I have a boyfriend. We sleep together 2x during the week. That doesn't mean (for me) I want to have sex those 2x. Sometimes, I feel

pressured to do so.”

“I had a close friend who was raped by her significant other. She felt like it was her fault...like she owed him sex... I think we have a culture issue here. No one is entitled to someone else's body. Nobody owes someone else their body. How can we begin to heal our relationships with one-another and our collective beliefs and culture? How can we come together and enact change, instead of continuing to be torn apart?”

“I believe you.”

“A friend visiting
from high school

tried to kiss me and
then made fun of me
for not returning the
feeling.”

“He kept coming to me drunk at 1am and the only way to keep him from waking up everyone in my dorm and to get him to eventually leave was to just do what he wanted. Still processing.”

“My ex was horny and
was complaining about
not being able to go to
sleep until we fucked”

“Lingering stares at the gym”

“being around

only white girls”

“having lunch outside, started being yelled all these gross things at by a drunk guy on the street. i was eating with my dad. he didn't know what to do, so he did nothing. we just kept eating while the guy was screaming at me.”

“Being coerced into not using condoms.”

it can be even

harder to get out

**of situations that
were supposed to
feel comfortable.**

acknowledge

your discomfort