

My Choice by Chloe Whitehorn

A monologue for a 14-year-old girl

I'm not a victim. In the fourteen years I've been alive everything in my life has been my choice. Things don't just happen to me, I make them happen. I choose. My dad says that I even chose when I was born. Mom's labour started when he was out of town so I stayed inside. I stayed inside until he finished his meeting and drove back from Ottawa and was in the hospital room with my mom. So I could have my whole family there. 'Cause it was my day. I don't do anything that I don't want to. It's my life and I'm going to live it the way I want to. I make the choices.

So the first time I kissed a boy it wasn't gonna be some random guy during some dumb spin the bottle game at a party in someone's musky basement rec room. It was going to be a major first so I wanted it to be perfect, you know what I mean? I chose Brandon. He's cute enough that I wouldn't be embarrassed to say I kissed him, but not so cute that people'd be like "yeah, so? He kisses everyone". We'd been flirting all year so when I asked him if he wanted to hang out after school, it wasn't like, out of nowhere. He said he had an hour to kill before hockey practice and I should come to his place 'cause his parents wouldn't be home.

Walking to his house, I carried my backpack on my left shoulder even though it kept slipping off, just so my right hand was free in case he wanted to, you know, hold it. But he didn't. His house was warm. My house is always cold when I get home because the thermostat is set low when nobody's home, but his place was warm. Warm and decorated, like a museum. Didn't wanna touch nothin' so I just sat. I sat down in the middle of the couch though, so he would have to sit close to me.

It wasn't like in the movies. He didn't look deep into my eyes and whisper compliments. Everything was really fast. His hands were rough. He didn't brush my hair away from my face like they do in movies. I tasted gum, and um, my shampoo. I think, my bra, it got pulled down. He didn't even look at me. And he... I don't know. I thought we were just gonna kiss.

I know what everybody's been saying, and seriously, I'd rather they think that stuff about me than think I didn't want it. That I was some sort of victim, you know. I'm not going to say that he "took advantage" or whatever. I mean, yeah, I thought we were just gonna make out but... Even if I didn't want to do... what we did... WE did it, so... So this isn't something that just happened to me. Right? I mean, it's my life so I get to choose how I remember this... and if I tell anybody. And I choose not to. Why does anybody else have to know anyways?