An interview with Charlotte

Charlotte tells us about the terrible experience she had of being brutally raped by two Arabs in Egypt, when she was 13 years old.

My mother took this photo in Egypt, the day after my 13th birthday. The white bear I'm holding and the watch I have on, were two of my birthday presents.

This photo was taken three days before I was raped.

(Sorry photo had to be removed)

**This is the first time I have ever talked about what happened**.

***Where did it happen?***

I was at a private girl’s boarding school in England. The summer holidays were due to begin, my parents worked in Egypt at the British Consulate and I was going out to stay with them for my school holidays and celebrate my thirteenth birthday.

I was ever so excited; I had never been abroad before.

***Did it happen in Egypt?***

Yes, about two weeks after I arrived, my mother had warned me about the Arabs. I never went out on my own. I wasn’t stupid; in fact I was a very sensible girl for my age.

May be that’s the only reason I am still alive today, the penalty for rape in Egypt is the death sentence, that’s why most of the rape victims are killed, so they can’t identify their rapist.

***How old were you then?***

I was just 13. I had only just had my birthday three days before it happened.

But I looked older then 13, I was tall for my age. My dad was very tall and my mother was Swedish and blond. I knew I was quite a pretty girl, being tall and slim with long blond hair.

***What clothes were you wearing when it happened?***

We had been invited to some sort of embassy dinner and dance for families and friends who worked at the consulate. Mum had brought me a white cotton dressit was very beautiful, it came just below my knees and had a hand embroidered hem, short sleeves and buttons down the front to the waist. I even had matching short white ankle socks

Mum had done my hair; she had left it long with just a few curls in it to make it look fuller. I was so proud; I think I must have been the prettiest girl at the ball.

Children and all the under-sixteen year olds had to leave the ball before 9 o’clock.

We had a magic show, then dad said I had to go home, he organised a driver and I was driven back to our apartment block, the driver even accompanied me into the reception area and he called the lift.

***Did you at anytime you feel in danger or that somebody was following you?***

No, the apartment block was very safe; we even had security in and outside. Our apartment was on the 8th floor. They were renovating all the apartments on the 4th floor; the Arab workers always used the staff and furniture lift. *Long pause.*

***Take your time, I know it must be very difficult for you, just tell us what happened.***

In the lift I pressed the button for my floor, the door closed and the lift went up. The bell rang and the lift stopped at the 4th floor. The doors opened. Two Arab workers were standing there; they were both wearing the typical dirty white caftans that Arab workers wore.

It all happened very quickly, they both came in the lift, one snatched my hand the other one grabbed my hair and together they pulled me out of the lift.

I screamed and the one pulling me by my hair put his hand over my mouth to keep me quite. They pulled me along the corridor and into one of the apartments that was being renovated. There were cement sacks and boxes of tiles in the entrance; they pulled me into one of the rooms, it was empty, apart from a dirty old mattress on the floor.

***Can you describe your assailants?***

This is a sketch of what the older Arab man looked like.

I’m quite good at drawing and I drew this from memory. Even though I drew this three years later, as long as I live I will never be able to forget what that horrible dirty old man looked like and what he did to me.

Both Arabs were about the same height, bigger then I was, but not as tall as my dad. They were both very unclean and the old man stank, they had very dirty white caftans on, their heads were partly covered with the head wear that the workers always wore on the building sites. One was about twenty five or thirty but I can’t be sure, and the other one was much older I think he must have been more than sixty. His face was all wrinkled and he was a black Arab, probably from North Africa. He had a grey beard and mustache, and his teeth, most of them were missing, and what few he still had were disgusting, they were all black and dark yellow decayed stumps.

They pulled me over to the mattress, the younger one that was holding me by my hair with his hand over my mouth pulled me down by my hair, forcing me down onto the mattress. The older one grabbed my ankles and pulled my legs out, so I was laying flat on my back.

***Did they speak any English?***

Yes the younger one, his English was quite good, and I think he could understand me. The older black one only spoke Arabic.

***Tell me what happened next.***

He took his hand away from covering my mouth, and pulled my arms up behind my head. I yelled at them to let me go. I told them my dad worked at the British Embassy he’s a very important man and they would get into big trouble if they didn’t let me go.

I think I was very composed for my age, considering what was happening. I struggled to try and get away, but they were both a lot stronger then I was. After he had pulled both my arms up behind my head he put his knees over them so that he was kneeling on them to hold them there. I tried to kick but the other one just grabbed my ankles and held my legs down. Then he knelt on my feet and legs, he was very heavy and I couldn’t pull my feet out from underneath him.

Maybe they hadn’t understood me. So I tried to tell them in simple English, I said “My father policeman, he coming to look for me, you in big trouble, let me go now” I don’t know if they understood me or not.

They were talking to each other, but the older one was getting very loud. It sounded like they were arguing; I couldn’t understand them as it was Arabic. I hoped they were talking about letting me go. But when I think about it now, they were probably only arguing over who was going to be first, anyway the older one must have won the argument, he raped me first, although the first time he tried, I really resisted and fought like mad to try and stop him. I was a virgin and he couldn’t get his penis into me.

But then the old Arab gave the younger one a knife. He told me in English that he’d cut my throat if I resisted.

He held the knife against my throat while the horrible dirty smelly old Arab raped me. It was awful and very painful, he knew I was a virgin, he really hurt me.

***Did you think you were going to be raped when they pulled you out of the lift?***

No, I was only just thirteen, and very naïve, I hadn’t even had my first period yet.

My mother was very religious; she had never really talked to me about sex. But I wasn’t stupid, I knew were babies came from and how they were made.

At school I had three very good girl friends; we all came from good families. We’d made a pact, and solemnly swore on the Bible, that we would all stay virgins until we were 18 and only then if it was Mr. Right**.** I suppose that was typical what young girls do. No, I didn’t think I was going to be raped. Men didn’t rape 13 year old girls. I was totally innocent and had never even been kissed - I was very scared, but I thought they were only going to frighten me, then let me go.

***What happened then?***

They held me down on the mattress.

The older one lifted my dress up so he could see my legs. I screamed and the other one put his hand over my mouth again, he told me to be quiet. He kept his hand over my mouth, while the dirty smelly old Arab put his hands up under my dress all the way up to the top of my legs. He got hold of my panties. I couldn't believe what he was doing.

I tried to scream as he started pulling my panties down, and struggled madly but I couldn’t stop him. The one with his hand over my mouth holding me down, he kept saying “Be quiet girl, be quiet” I started crying then as he pulled my panties down, I was really frightened. He pulled them all the way down my legs till they were down round my ankles. Then he put his hand up under my dress again and started feeling my legs. Oh god I didn't want to be touched by this horrible old Arab. He slowly started moving his hand further up my leg.

It was awful; I had never ever been touched by a man before, I was a very respectable shy, innocent 13 year old girl.

I clamped my legs together tightly to try and stop him, but he forced his hand in between the top of my legs.

Crying I shook my head madly I didn't want him to touch me there. The horrible old Arab was grinning at me, showing his disgusting teeth, he was such a revolting dirty old man. I could feel his fingers in between the top of my legs, slowly he started pushing the tip of one of his fingers into my vagina. It was horrible, I hated him touching me. I felt so ashamed. He pushed the end of his finger inside my vagina; he kept pushing his finger further in me till it started to hurt. He spoke to the other one still holding his hand over my mouth. It seemed like he was very excited he said “Masutu” he said it a few times and then pulled his finger out of me.

***Did you know what he was talking about?***

Yes my mother had mentioned it, when she had told me about the Arabs way of life and how important it was that I didn't go out alone. I knew that word and what it meant. In the Arabic countries it was their belief that the most important and precious thing a girl could ever posses is her masutu, her virginity, a girl who still had her masutu is a virgin, her maidenhood is still intact, meaning her hymen hasn’t been broken. For an Arab man to take a girls virginity is a great honour for him and it’s said for every virgin he takes he will live longer and be healthier. For a girl, if she loses it before her marriage it’s a great dishonour for her and her family; she might even be stoned to death.

***He knew you were a virgin then*.**

Oh yes, he definitely knew I was a virgin , because as he started pushing his finger further up inside my vagina he obviously felt my hymen with his finger so he knew I was still a virgin because my maidenhood was still intact. That’s what he was so excited about. Anyway he must have realised I was far too young and too tight not to be a virgin, my god I was only just thirteen years old. I hadn’t even had my first menstruation. His finger was the very first thing I’d ever had inside my vagina.

***What happened next?***

They talked together ignoring me. Then he got up from knelling on my feet and went to the door, he shut the door to the room. I was terrified.

The one with his hand over my mouth spoke to me, he told me to be quiet and listen. I will always remember what he said. He told me his friend was going to have sex with me. I was horrified when he said that. I pleaded with him; I told him my daddy would pay them a lot of money, he would make them both very rich. I started begging them not do that to me, but they didn’t listen.

***You knew then that the old Arab was going to rape you.***

Yes, but no, you don’t really think it will happen. You keep thinking and hoping that it’s not going to happen, that he won’t really do it, or somebody will stop it from happening, you know, at the last minute the door will open and the good guys will come rushing in and save you.

***Tell me exactly what happened****.*

The old Arab pulled my panties off**;** then he grabbed my ankles and pulled my feet apart enough so he could kneel between them. I still tried desperately to keep my knees jammed together to stop him from getting between my legs.

The other one wasn’t holding his hand over my mouth any more so I could talk; I was pleading and begging them not to do anything to me. But they just ignored me. The older one bent forward, and grabbed hold of the front of my dress; he yanked the top of my dress down. I screamed at him to stop it, a hand was put over my mouth again to keep me quite. One of the buttons popped off the top of as he pulled it apart and opened the front of my dress wide enough so he could see my breasts. I think he was disappointed that my breasts were not bigger, most thirteen year old girls don’t have a lot of breast and I was no exception, a couple of fried eggs would have been a fair description. But it wasn’t my breasts he was interested in. He pulled my dress up, pushing it up till it was above my waist so I was naked from the waist down apart from my white ankle socks. The horrible old Arab looked at me, glaring at my nakedness; no man had ever looked at my private parts or seen me without my clothes on before. He grabbed hold of my ankles again; I tried desperately to keep my knees together, but he was strong and easily pulled my legs further apart. He knelt between my opened knees. Horrified I watched him undo the front of his caftan. He was very black. I'm not a racist, really I'm not, I have nothing against coloured people, but I didn't want to be touched by this disgusting dirty old black Arab.

He opened his caftan, he wasn’t wearing any underwear. I saw his penis. I had never seen a man’s penis before. He had an erection. It looked disgusting, sticking out from between the top of his legs like a long thick black sausage, it was enormous. I didn’t know a man’s penis would be that big. God, I didn't want this horrible dirty old black Arab to put his revolting penis in me. I started wriggling madly, screaming at him, trying to close my legs anything to try and stop him.

I was only 13 and there were two of them holding me I wasn’t strong enough to stop him. He forced himself in between my leg and then bent over me lowering himself down to get on top of me, using his hand and guiding his penis in between the top of my legs. As he moved on top of me I felt his stiff penis in between the top of my legs as he rubbed and pushed it against my most private part.

I knew he was trying to find the entrance to my vagina. He kept pushing it hard against me, I was hysterical, wriggling madly and frantically kicking my legs. I didn't want this horrible old man to put his penis in me; I didn’t want to be raped.

Because I was so young and still a virgin the entrance to my vagina was very small and obviously being dry and very tight it made it difficult for him to penetrate me. You can believe me, I really did struggle madly, I did my very best to try and stop him

***You were only just 13 still a child, everybody knows you did your best to try and stop him.***

After a while he stopped trying to penetrate me, he sat back kneeling between my legs.

I was so young and naïve I didn’t really know then for sure, if he had raped me and taken my virginity or not. I thought it was over then and they would let me go home.

Unfortunately in the next few minutes I was going to find out there was a big difference between a man trying to penetrate you with his penis or being penetrated properly and raped.

The horrible old Arab seemed annoyed because he hadn’t been able to do it to me properly. I thought it was because his penis was so large and I was still very young, his penis was obviously too big for him to push it inside my small tight vagina so he couldn’t rape me properly.

I was able to talk, so I begged them to let me go. I said I wouldn’t say anything to my parents or anybody else, I promised them, if they would just let me go.

The two of them talked together and then the older Arab handed the younger one a knife; I really thought they were going to kill me then. He held the knife up in front of my face he said. He knew I was a good girl and his friend was very pleased that I was still a virgin. But I must have sex with his friend, if I refused, he would cut my throat.

He even told me his friend was going to have great enjoyment taking my virginity. I must be a good girl and open my legs for his friend or he would kill me. I was so afraid then seeing the knife, I just nodded. I didn’t want to die. I wanted to go home and see my mommy and daddy again. He wasn't giving me a choice, you have to understand, I had to agree, if not, I really believed he would have killed me. I realised then that they definitely weren’t going to let me go before the horrible dirty old Arab had taken my virginity and it wouldn’t be over till he’d pushed his revolting penis up inside my vagina, had sex with me properly and satisfied his lust.

He said, I had to lay still and keep my legs wide apart till his friend had finished taking my virginity. If his friend was pleased with me, then he wouldn't kill me and they would let me go home afterwards.

The old Arab started spitting repeatedly into the palm of his hand, until he had a hand full of spit; he used his knees to keep my legs apart while he put his hand in between the top of my legs and wiped his revolting spit on me. I knew why he was doing it. He did it another couple of times, until I was all wet from his spit in between the top of my legs.

The one with the knife, he put it against my throat, and told me if I didn’t keep still and open my legs, he would cut my throat. It was awful and so terribly degrading, he made open my legs for that horrible dirty old Arab so he could put his penis in me.

The old Arab bent over me again. I knew he was going to rape me then. He still had an erection, he lowered himself so that he was on top of me. I felt his horrible large stiff penis in between the top of my legs, he started rubbing and pushing it against me again. I immediately started wriggling trying to stop him. The knife was pushed against my throat.

He made me, I couldn’t stop him. It was awful, I had to lie still keeping my legs apart, while that revolting dirty old man rubbed and pushed his revolting penis against me.

I begged him to stop, I told him; “please Mr. I’m only 13, please don’t put your penis in me, oh god please don’t do that to me” I begged the younger Arab, to tell him to stop; at least he could understand me. I closed my eyes and prayed to god, that he wouldn’t be able to put his penis inside me. I was only just 13 years old; I didn't understand why an old man would want to do such a terrible thing to a young girl.

***You were a very pretty young girl, you looked older than 13 and you were white, with long blond hair. In some parts of the world, it's normal for girl's even as young as 13 to be married.***

***Do you still want to say what happened?***

I could feel him he kept trying to push and force the end of his large penis into the small entrance to my vagina. He started pushing harder and harder.

Because I was wet from his spit, it was acting like a lubricant and he was slowly beginning to force the tip of his penis into me. Then as he started to penetrate me, that's when the pain started. His large penis was opening and stretching the small entrance to my vagina.

I screamed at him “you’re hurting me, stop it” I tried to move away and close my legs because it was hurting so much. The Arab that was knelling on my arms he pulled my hair, forcing my head back. He pushed the knife against my throat again to make sure I stayed still and kept my legs apart.

I remembered what one of my girl friends at school had told me, she said that her older sister had a girlfriend who had done it the first time with a man who was much older than she was, apparently he hadn’t been very gentle, she cried, but he hadn’t stopped.

It had been so painful she nearly fainted, he made her bleed a lot and after he had finished taking her virginity she had been very upset. He had hurt her so much that she was so saw between her legs that she even had trouble walking for 2 or 3 days afterwards.

So I knew if he forced his large penis in me it was going to hurt a lot.

Crying I told the one who was holding me down with the knife that it was hurting.

I begged him to tell the old Arab to stop as he was hurting me so much. He told me, if I kept still and opened my legs wider apart, then it wouldn't hurt so much.

***Did you do what he said?***

I didn't want to be raped, it would be the worst thing that could happen to me if that horrible old man to put his penis in me, anything, but not that, please believe me

The horrible old Arab he just kept pushing against me, slowly he started to force his penis into me. It hurt, oh god it hurt so much, I screamed at him to stop it. He was on top of me, grinning at me showing his decayed teeth, his breath stank. He knew he was hurting me, but he didn't stop. He had his hand in between the top of my legs holding his penis to stop it from bending. He put his other hand down and grabbed hold of the inside of my leg just above the knee he pulled my leg outwards spreading my thighs wider apart to make it easier for him and he said something to the one holding me down. Then he suddenly pushed hard against me. I screamed in pain, it was awful. There was a terrible pain between my legs as he began to force his penis into me. I knew he was taking my virginity then. It felt like I was being split in two, I screamed in pain, nobody has ever hurt me like that. I even cried out for my mummy.

A hand was put back over my mouth to muffle my screams as I continued to scream in agony. The one holding me down with his hand over my mouth told me I was being a good girl. He said it will all be over in a few minutes. It was hurting so much; I really didn't want his penis to go further inside me. But you have to understand it was so painful then, he was really hurting me; I just wanted it to be over. I wanted to go home. I feel so terribly ashamed now that I did it, but yes, I did what he said, I opened my legs wider for him, I know I shouldn't have done that, but I just wanted to stop it from hurting. I opened my legs as wide as I could, anything to try and stop the pain. It was agony; it felt like his penis was tearing me apart as he forced it further into me and took my virginity. Then his penis finally penetrated me properly and he raped me.

I don't think it's possible for a man to realise how awful it is for a young girl to be raped, it's the most terrible thing that can ever happen to you, first of all it's very, very painful, especially for a virgin. Your vagina muscle cramps as you desperately try to stop this foreign object from entering you, but you can't stop it, your small tight vagina is being opened and stretched against your will as he tries to force his large penis into you. Then suddenly there's a terrible pain, its absolute agony, you feel yourself tearing it’s like your being split in two and torn apart as his penis destroys you hymen as he takes your virginity and he penetrates you. The pain is less now but it still hurts a lot as he pushes and forces his revolting penis further and deeper up inside you.

But much worse than the pain now is the dreadful dishonour and shame that comes over you. A horrible dirty old man is on top of you forcing his revolting penis into the most private part of your body, not only is his penis taking your virginity and innocence away forever, but he's also taking your pride and self respect away, you feel so dirty, this man is defiling and ruining you, your being dishonoured for the rest of your life. The worst thing was, and I will never forgive myself for doing it, they made me.

I had to open my legs for him. I feel so ashamed, it was so degrading, I had to lay still and keep my legs wide apart so he could do it to me properly.

He put his hands round my waist, then holding me tightly he thrust hard into me, that really hurt. I screamed and cried out for him to stop, but he kept pushing and forcing his penis further and further into me till it was right up inside me, and he had finally achieved full penetration. I could feel it big right up inside my tummy, opening and filling me. God it hurt so much.

Then after his penis had finally penetrated he kept it pushed up inside me as he put one of his hands back down between my legs I felt him feeling to make sure all of his penis was pushed inside me. He took his hand out from between my legs and started laughing as he held his hand up showing his friend, the blood all over his fingers. They were laughing and talking. He said it was the will of Allah that I was here today and his friend had been chosen to make me a women.

It had been very important for me like every decent young girl I wanted to save myself for the right man.

I was bleeding now I knew girls often bleed the first time when they lose their virginity. They were both looking at my virgin blood on his fingers as if it was some kind of trophy and proof that my hymen had been intact, and that his penis had ruptured it. He knew from the blood that I had definitely been a virgin.

I could feel his revolting large penis it was inside me and it was hurting me. The hand was removed from my mouth. I was crying and screamed at him to take his penis out. I just wanted him to get of me and take his revolting penis out. I thought it would be over then, he’d raped me and taken my virginity he’d got what he wanted.

He just kept grinning and laughing as he used both hands to hold me round the waist again and then the thrusting started as he began to fuck me. He kept withdrawing then thrusting his penis back into me, he kept doing it, as hard as he could, again and again. He kept ramming it back into me, hurting me as he pushed and forced his large penis in as far as he could.

I knew the younger Arab who was holding the knife against my neck could understand me, so I started pleading and begging him to tell the old Arab to stop it because he was hurting me so much. He just ignored me and told me to keep my legs apart.

I think he wanted to be certain that he had taken my virginity properly, and that his penis had broken and completely destroyed my hymen.

It was agony every time he thrust his penis right up in side. He knew he was hurting, me but it didn't stop him, He kept doing it, I don’t know how long for. Eventually the pain got less and his movements got easier and less painful as my vagina was forcibly stretched and opened till it could take the full length of his large penis. Finally he seemed satisfied that he was able to get the full length of his penis up inside me.

He then started jerking his penis quickly back and forth in side me; I knew he was having sex with me now. I didn't want him to give me a baby. Even though I was sobbing and crying my eyes out, he continued raping me.

He started squeezing my small breasts and pulling my nipples. He began moving his penis faster and faster back and forth in side me. I was being fucked by that revolting old Arab and he was grunting like an animal on top of me, enjoying using my tight young body to satisfy his lust.

It was horrible I just wanted it to be over. Eventually he reached his orgasm; thrusting his penis hard into me, pushing it in as far and as deep as he could, he came and ejaculated inside me, keeping his penis pushed right up inside me till he had finished emptying his filthy sperm inside me. Finally he withdrew, it hurt as he pulled his penis out of me; but it was over, he was finished. I saw his blood stained penis hanging limp between his legs and there was a lot of blood on the front of his white caftan.

***Did they let you go home then?***

No. The old Arab got up. Then the younger one that had been holding me down he said, I was a good girl and it was his turn now, and then he raped me.

***Did you resist?***

**Charlotte.**

There wasn’t any point in resisting, I knew I wouldn't be able to stop him. I just wanted them to let me go home. He knelt between my legs and opened his caftan, he had an erection. I don’t think his penis wasn't as big as the old Arab. He bent over me and pushed my knees further apart. I just lied there with my eyes closed and prayed to god it would be over quickly and that it wouldn’t be too painful. It hurt as he entered me, but it was nothing like the terrible pain before when the old Arab had forced his penis into me for the first time. Well I wasn't a virgin any more then. I suppose you could say the old Arab with his large penis had definitely done a good job opening me and braking me in.

My vagina was well lubricated as it was still full of sperm. He quickly started fucking me, as he was jerking his penis back and forth in side me, even with my eyes closed I still saw the flash. I opened my eyes and was horrified to see the old Arab was walking around taking photos. He was using a cheap instamatic camera and from different angles he was pointing the camera at me and kept taking lots of photos while the younger Arab raped me.

Eventually he reached his climax and came inside me and it was over.

He got of me and stood up. I closed my legs there was a lot of blood on my legs and I pushed my dress back down to cover my legs and pulled the front of my dress up over my breasts, I wanted to put my panties back on but I couldn’t see them anywhere. I stayed sat on the old mattress sobbing and crying holding myself. I had a burning pain between the top of my legs, I was hurting up inside me were there penises had been.

Both Arabs sat together on the floor over by the door smoking those cheap black cigarettes that the locals always smoked. After a few minutes the younger one got up and came over to me, he knelt down beside me.

He said I was very pretty and I had been a good girl, his friend was very pleased with me because I’d been a good virgin. He then told me, his friend was going to have sex with me again, and then they would let me go.

I pleaded to him; not to do it again to me, I told him it hurt so much. I didn't want the horrible old man to touch me again. I just wanted them to let me go, but I knew they wouldn’t take no for an answer.

He said, I had to, and then afterwards they would let me go. I knew if I refused or resisted he would use the knife and force me. I had to do it or they wouldn't let me go.

I begged him and made him promise that he would let me go afterwards and he even promised to let me go. I pleaded to the younger Arab to tell him not to hurt me.

He spoke to the old Arab and he got up and came over. I was sitting on the mattress crying. The younger Arab told me to show them what a nice pretty girl I was. He made me. I had to undo and pull down the front of my dress again so they could see my breasts, lay back flat on the mattress. I had to pull my skirt up and open my legs, so the horrible old Arab could have sex with me again.

It hurt, he was very brutal, the thrusting, he just kept thrusting his penis into me as hard as he could, it was very painful. I think the horrible old Arab enjoyed hurting me. He lifted my legs up and bent my knees back so that my feet were up in the air spread wide apart. He was able to thrust his penis deeper and get it further inside me in that position. That really hurt. The younger Arab took lots of photos of me, especially when I had my knees bent backwards with my feet up in the air. He even made me; I had to look at the camera as he photographed me while the old Arab raped me.

They took it all away from me then, every little bit of innocence and modesty a nice young girl could still possess, it was taken then, they stole it all from me.

It took much longer the second time before the horrible old Arab finally reached his climax and ejaculated inside me again.

Even when the rape was over I still had a terrible pain in my tummy.

They let me go then. The younger one helped me back to the lift I was very unsteady on my feet. There was a lot of blood and sperm oozing out of my vagina it was dribbling down the inside of my legs, he gave me some toilet paper to put between my legs so I wouldn’t drip all over the floor in the lift.

I was very sore between my legs and I hurt inside for about 5 days afterwards. I never said anything to my parents about what happened.

But maybe I was lucky; at least they didn't give me a baby. I never said anything to anybody that I had been raped.

My first boy friend about 6 years later asked me if I was a virgin, I said yes, I told him I had never made love before, which was the truth. He was very gentle and thought I was still a virgin. I will never forget or forgive that horrible dirty old Arab for taking my virginity, raping me and steeling my innocence.

***Have you told us everything?***

No. It was about 12 days later I was still in Egypt, my mother and father were out when the door bell rang.

I opened the door and was very shocked to find the younger Arab standing there. I told him to go away I hadn't said anything to my parents and if he didn't go I would get the police. He told me I wouldn't go to the police. If I did the police and my parents would get to see these nice photos. He showed me some of the photos he had taken.

I didn't want anybody to see them they were dirty and disgusting. I begged him not to show any one the photos. I told him I wouldn't go to the police.

He said he knew that, but he would be back for me in 15 minutes, he said I had to wear that pretty white dress again.

I closed the door I didn't know what to do. I didn't want anybody to see those photos. After about ten minutes I changed into my white dress. I had to, there wasn't any other option.

Exactly 15 minutes later the door bell rang. When I opened the door he looked at me and said I was a good girl. I had to go with him

We went to the lift. I asked him where we were going, he said, it will only take a few minutes. We got in the lift; he pressed the No. 4 button.

I pleaded with him that I didn't want to go there again and told him my parents would be back soon. But he just ignored me. When we arrived at floor 4 the doors opened and he led me down the corridor and into one of the apartments a different one this time.

The room was empty apart from the mattress on the floor. There were three other Arabs waiting in the room, including the old Arab who had raped me before. The younger one that had brought me to the room, said, if they were all pleased with me, then my parents and their friends would never get to see the nice photos he had of me. He asked me if I understood. I looked at the floor and nodded He said I was a good girl and led me over to the mattress. I saw the blood stains on the mattress and started crying.

He told me, I was a big girl now and it wouldn't hurt so much this time. He pushed me towards the mattress, telling me to show his friends what a nice pretty girl I was.

I stood by the mattress crying, the tears were running down my cheeks.

All four Arabs were looking at me waiting. I knew what they wanted and what would happen if I didn’t do what they wanted.

I started to unbutton my dress…..

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Hope you enjoyed the story; please send your comments, or if you would like more.

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