



I am that drunken rape victim

My anger at Nick Robinson was visceral. Having reflected on it I recalled the incident that occurred in the back of a police van in 1979, a serious sexual assault, committed by two police officers whom I knew. Having caught me and my boyfriend having a fumble in a shop doorway, they moved us on, then realising they knew us offered me a lift home. I was very drunk. My boyfriend lived not far away so could walk home. I accepted but had to sit in the back of the van. I told them my address, or maybe my boyfriend did, and then at some point during the journey I fell asleep. I woke as the van stopped, and immediately realised I wasn't at my road. Confused I asked why and they said I now had to "pay" for the lift. I obviously "loved it". I said no and tried to get out of the van but of course it was locked. One of them climbed over the seats and sexually assaulted me. When I fought him he covered my mouth with his hand. I was kicking him and so his mate came and held me down. There were hands all over me, I had a skirt on and they took my pants off. I am really not sure exactly what happened next but I think they took a call on the radio and shoved me out of the van. Anyway I soon sobered up sitting in the road bruised battered and without my pants and shoes. It was quiet as it was 3am and not far from home so I hobbled home.

Next morning I was utterly confused about what had happened. I pieced it all together over time as things came back to me.

I have never told anyone this before. Why?

Guilt: I was drunk, I was engaging in sexual activity with my boyfriend, I accepted a lift. Knowledge that I would not be believed, I was unclear exactly what had happened, and would be blamed. Shame . Yes I was ashamed of being drunk and letting this happen.

Now I see I could not have done anything to prevent it, and am only glad that call came in for them, which I believe saved me from a double rape.

But my shame and blaming myself continued for many years.

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