

# THE WORST SUMMER EVER



Written and illustrated  
by Matilda Ruta

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National Centre for Knowledge on  
Men's Violence Against Women  
Uppsala university hospital  
SE-751 85 Uppsala, Sweden  
[www.nck.uu.se](http://www.nck.uu.se)

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It was the first day of the summer holidays...

I sat in the gynaecologist's waiting room and had my regrets.



I regretted that I went to the party and that I had been drunk.



I regretted that I had stayed and slept over at Jimmy's.



And that he had forced me to have sex with him.



Above all, I regretted what HE had done!

But also that I hadn't defended myself.

I should have bitten him, fought him or just left.



It wasn't a fun party anyway.



If I had known beforehand what would happen, I would never have gone there.



It can't be me already!

Anna



What am I supposed to tell them?

You can come with me.



“Hello. I’ve been raped.”

I can’t say that, can I?

I don’t even know if that’s what happened.

“Hello. Someone had sex with me but I was asleep and didn’t want to but he did it anyway...”

That’s no better either.



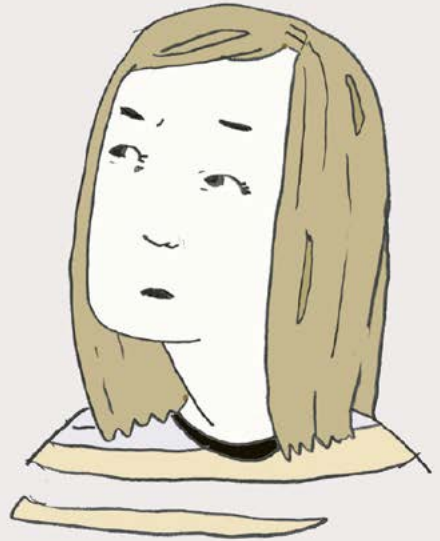
I can’t do it. I won’t be able to talk about it.

Why do I have to sit here, just because he’s an idiot?





I'm going to screw it up.  
They'll think I'm a stupid  
bimbo who drinks and  
sleeps around.



Damn. Why did I chose to wear a dress today!?

It's no use me talking to  
them.

It'll come out  
all wrong.



I knew this would just get awkward.



So I went home instead.

Hope no one saw me.



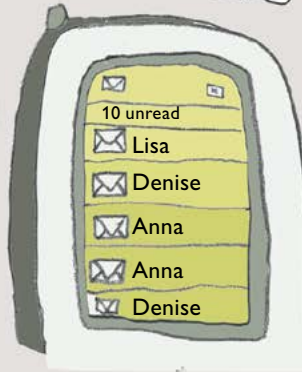
It would be really bad if word got out about what happened.

Now, my friends knew,  
but that was bad enough.

Yet, in some strange way, they  
seemed to think it was all quite  
intriguing.

BIBIDIBIPP!  
BIBIDIBIPP!  
BIBIDIBIPP!

BIBIDIBIPP!



It was like when a couple just broke up or got together.

And nothing like what actually happened.



I couldn't handle any more arguments.



I just wanted everything to be normal again.

But no...



RING-RING!

Hello!?



Hi. What are you doing?



How are you feeling?

It's okay. I'm on my way home.



You want to do something tonight?

But what... aren't you... like...



What?

A victim who **ONLY** gets to sit at home and be **DEPRESSED?**

or what?



...







I'm so stupid.  
Why did I say that?

After all, Denise was the  
last person I wanted to  
argue with right now.

But I didn't want to  
be a victim.

I just wanted  
to pretend that  
nothing happened.



But maybe Denise  
was right.

Maybe I was feeling  
too normal.



If you have been raped,  
your life is supposed  
to be in ruins...

But I felt almost  
normal.

In the evening I called Denise.

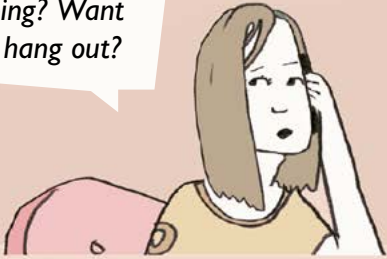
Sorry I got  
angry with you.



It's okay. I understand  
you're having a hard  
time right now.



What are you  
doing? Want  
to hang out?



I'm at a café...



Okay,  
can I come?



That would be great!  
But Kevin and Simon are  
here just so you know.



What the hell does she think?

That I would have coffee with Jimmy's friends?

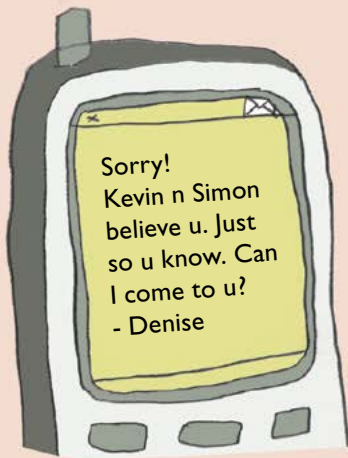
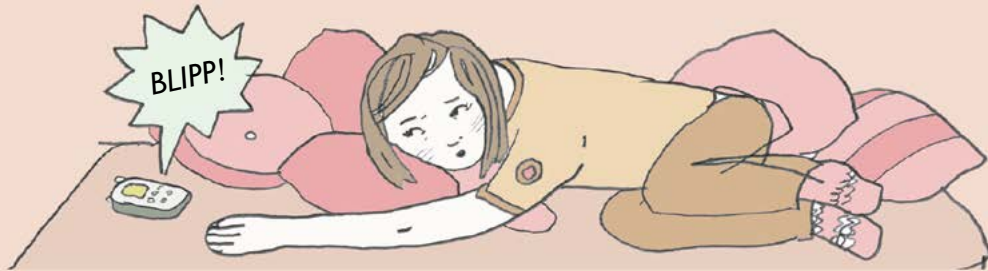


Even if I wanted everything to be normal, it really wasn't.



And now I was that raped girl again.  
Laying in bed at home, crying.

Maybe I was supposed to get self-destructive now?  
I tried shouting a bit, but that only felt wierd.



She had told them!



What a bloody mess, Sara!

Yeah...

It was good to talk to Denise after all.

You have  
to report him.

Have you been  
to the police?  
And the doctor?

No, it's just  
too much.

But you have to go to  
the gynaecologist!

What if you're  
pregnant?

I know...

*I can come with you. I'll call them and make an appointment.*



*Okay.*



*But Denise, I don't want you to tell anyone else about this.*

*No I understand. Sorry.*



*I just want people to know what a bastard he is.*



*And those I have told are all on your side!*



*"On my side"? Like it was a game?*

And all I could do was to play my part...



Kevin is really mad at Jimmy now.



Okay.

And recruit new team members.



I don't know. He got quiet. I think he was shocked.

What did Simon say?

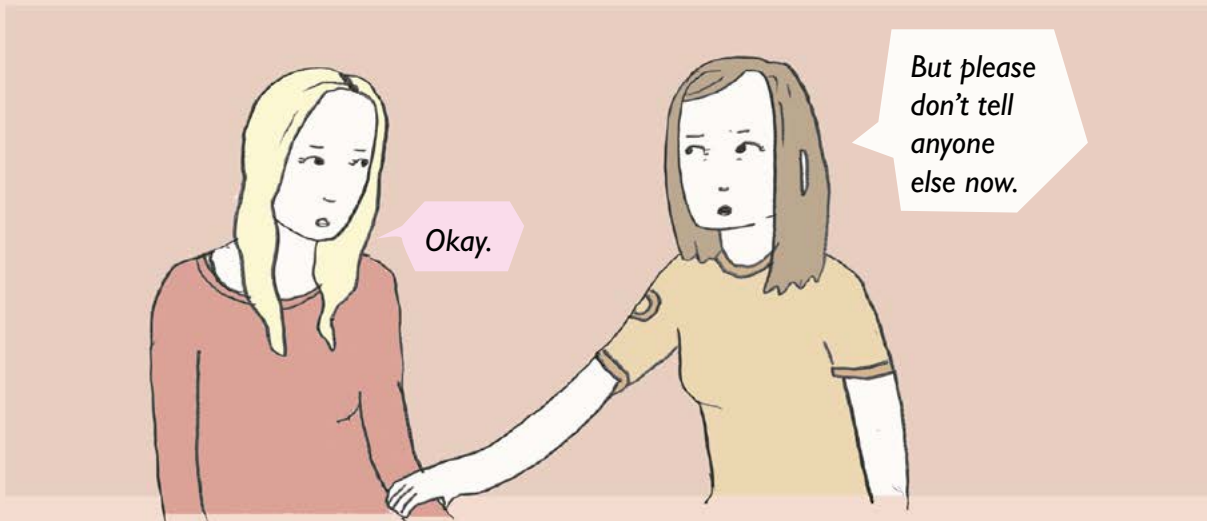


Just Anna and Lisa.

Have you told anyone else?



Yes I know, they texted me.



Okay.

But please  
don't tell  
anyone  
else now.



But you really  
have to report  
him to the police!

I'll see.

Report Jimmy to the police? As if he was a criminal? To accuse him of rape?

When the only thing he did  
was to have sex with me against  
my will...

After Denise had left I thought about if I should tell my parents or not.



SPLAT-  
AARGH! SPLAT  
SPLAT-  
SPLAT

But I would just start crying.



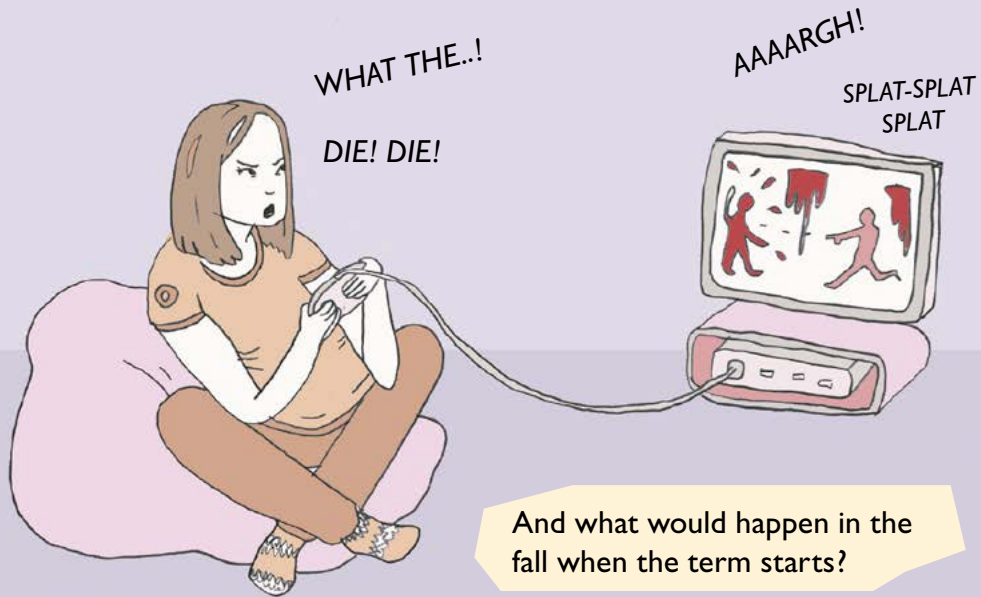
And i didn't have time  
to feel bad right now.

OUCH! OUCH!  
AARGH!

There were so many other things to think of.



Venereal disease. Gossip. What if I was pregnant?



What were people saying about me?



Did he regret it?



Was it really all that bad, what he did?



I'd think about anything as long as it kept me from thinking about what actually happened.



But it was there, so I didn't dare fall asleep.




Because it came back to me in my dreams.



The next day I went back to the gynaecologist with Denise. Now I sat in the waiting room again.



I didn't know if I really wanted to. I had brooded over it all so much that I no longer knew what was right or what was wrong.



Hey, say something!




Sara?




Yes.


Allright. What brings you here?



I want to do a pregnancy test.



Have you had unprotected sex?



Yes... I guess you could say that.

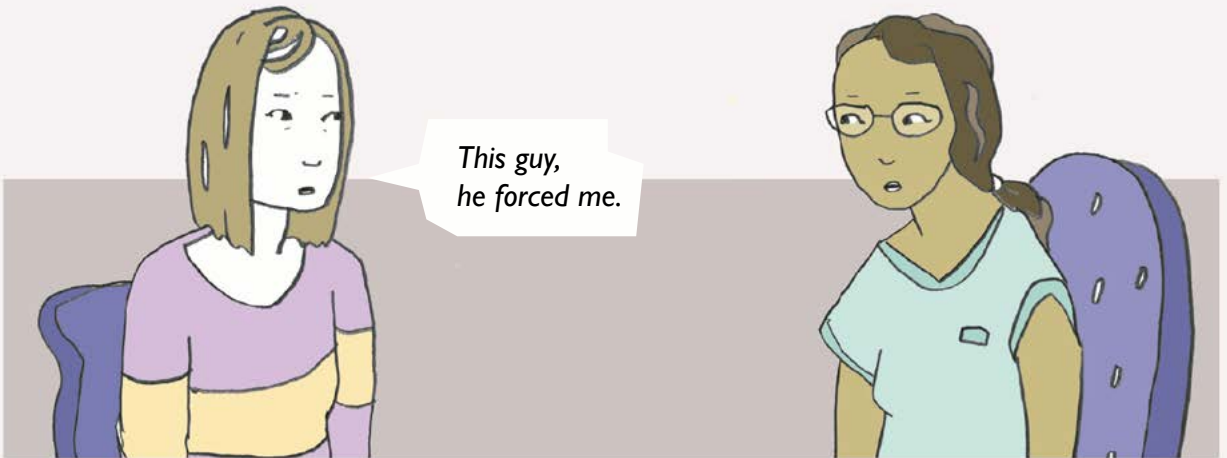


It felt like I was acting when I said it.




*That is...  
I didn't want to.*

It was like I sat there and lied.



*This guy,  
he forced me.*

Because it was too wierd to be true.




When did this happen?



Last weekend.


We talked for a while about the party, and about what had happened.



So you were asleep  
when he did this?

I woke up.

Some of the questions were embarrassing.

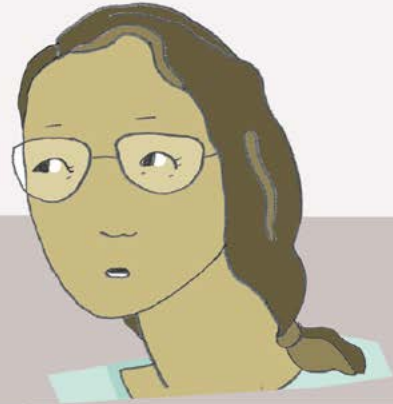


Do you know  
if he came?

What?

But then I realised that the reason she asked was that she took it seriously.

*I need to know as much as possible in order to make a good examination and take the right tests.*



*So that they can later be used as evidence if you choose to report him to the police.*



*I don't really know if he came or not...*



Talking to the doctor was a relief,  
but kind of scary as well.



*Did he use any kind of violence against you?*

*Not really...  
he held me...*

Because now that I had told her,  
there was no going back.



*Have you thought about reporting it to the police?*

*Not really.*

*We usually advise people to make a report. Even if it's not certain that it can be proven in court that you have been raped.*



*But you have been subjected to an assault, and you might feel better if you report it.*



*She said that it wasn't my fault. I knew it already, but it was good to hear it from someone else.*



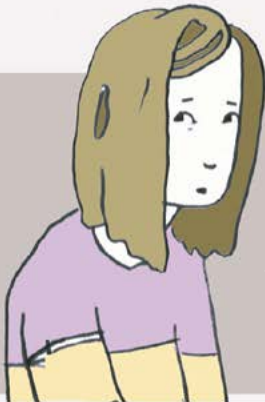
But the risk that he might not be convicted troubled me.



Although a moment ago I didn't even want to report him.

That I didn't feel like what he had done was terrible was one thing. But that others might think it was okay was very different.

Is it okay if we do an examination right away?



Yes.



The examination was not as bad as I had thought it would be.

She went over different parts of my body looking for injuries and performed a gynaecological examination.



I only had a couple bruises on my arms, which she took pictures of.

After that, a nurse took a blood sample and a urine sample.



All this gathering of evidence felt strange. But it was good to know that everything was documented.

So that I could report it later if I wanted to.

Okay, we are done for now.  
We will be testing for venereal  
diseases and pregnancy.

But what do you do  
with all the samples  
you take?



As long as you have not made a report to  
the police, nothing will be done with them.



I got an appointment for a return visit a week later. And now I no longer felt unsure about if what Jimmy did was wrong or not.

Is there anything else you want to talk about before you go?

No, I can do it later if I think of anything.

What a piss awful summer!



She had asked what it would feel like if I were to meet Jimmy on the street.



I hadn't thought about that before, but now I kept seeing him out of the corner of my eye all the time.

What would I do if I met him?

Pretend like nothing happened?



Say hello?



If I reported him to the police, everyone would know what had happened.

But they probably would have found out anyway.



And if it was to go public, they might as well hear my version of it.



If he got away with it, he might do it again to someone else.

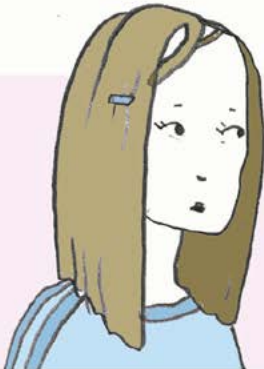
After my second visit, I got an appointment to see a welfare officer.



*I feel that...*



But I had nothing to say.

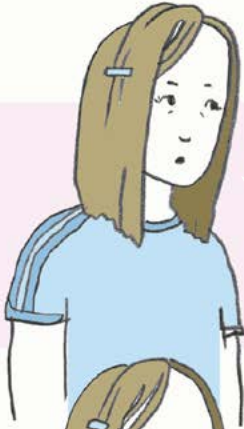


*I don't know.*

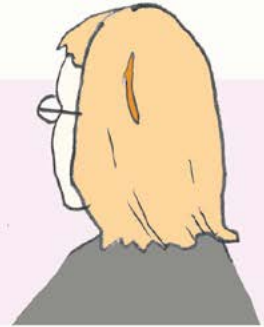


It was as if my brain stopped working everytime I tried to think about it.

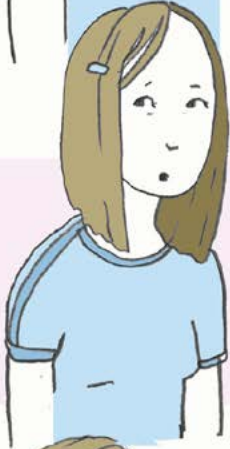
Now I knew all the reasoning by heart.



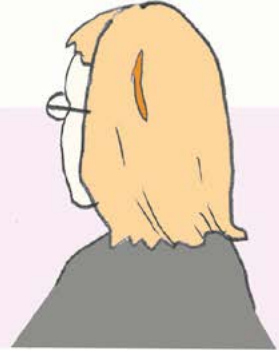
*I know what he  
did was wrong.*



But it didn't matter.



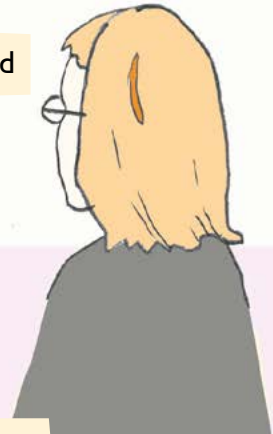
*What happened doesn't  
define who I am.*



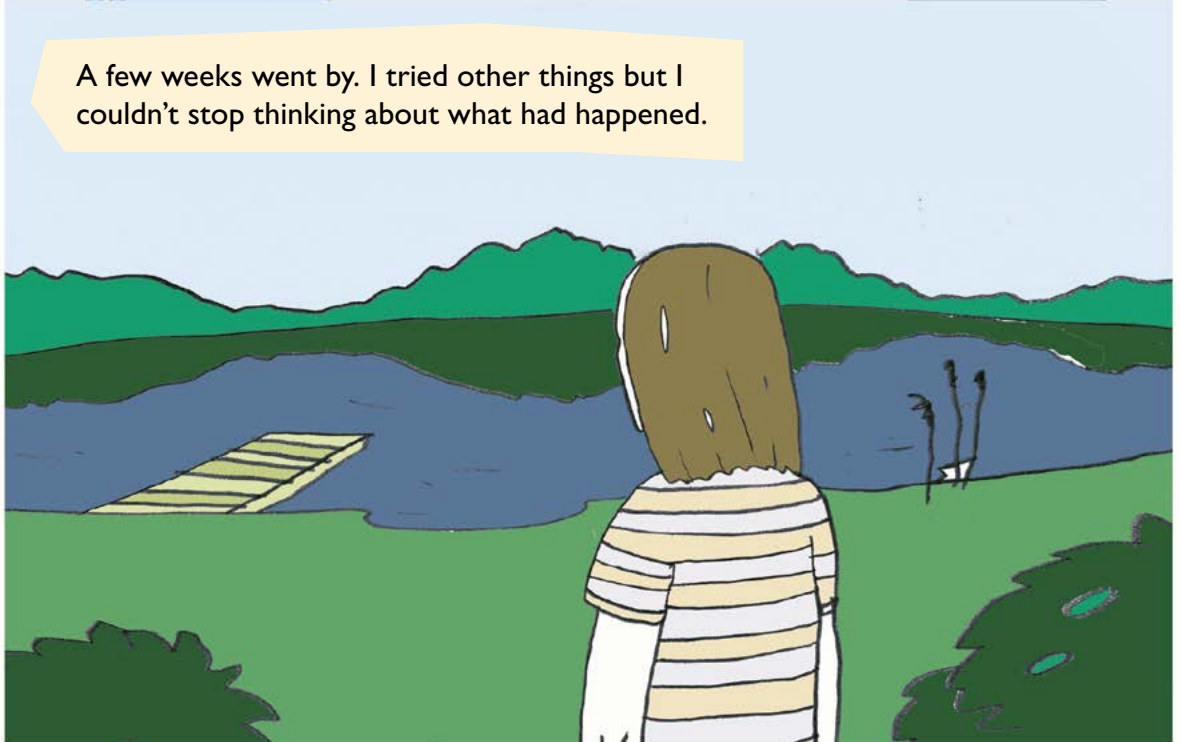
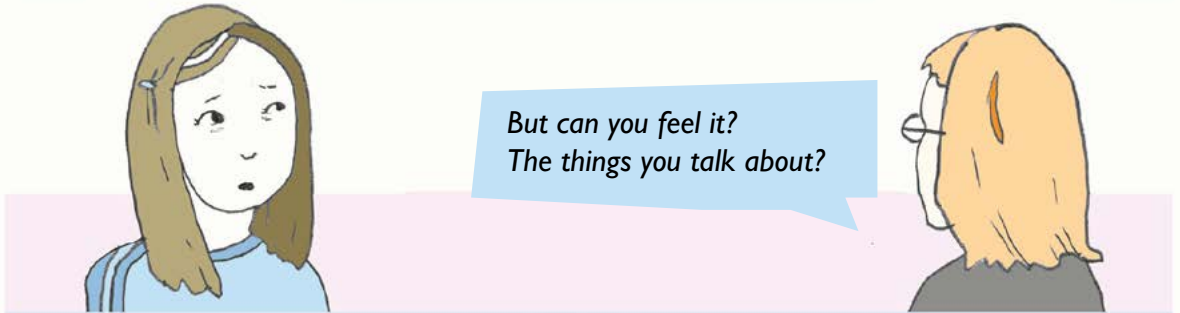
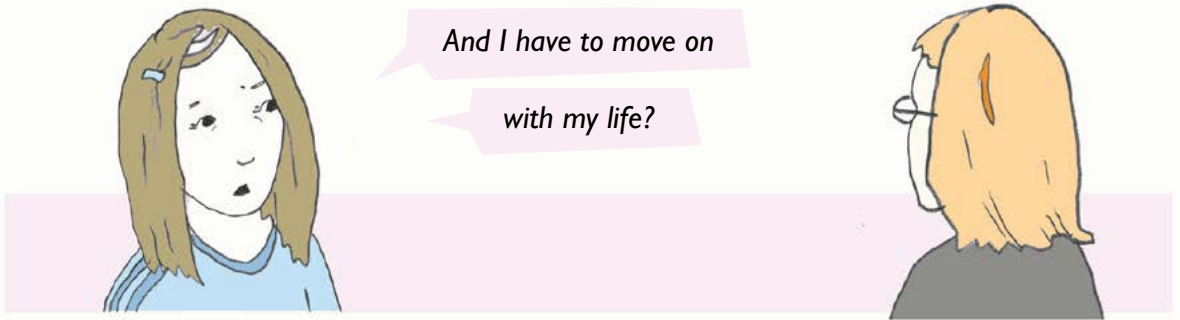
Because no matter how much I talked



*I deserve a good life.*



I still felt that a part of me was soiled.



Because it made me angry.



While I was going around feeling miserable,

his life probably went on as usual.

It really was the worst summer ever.

But I knew a time would come when I didn't feel this way any longer.





And some days  
were actually good.



Because now I knew that I had done  
what I could to feel better later on.



If you have been forced to have sex,  
it's good to have someone to talk to about it.

The reactions that follows forced sex can be very  
different for different persons, but it's important to  
know that help is available.

As soon as you can, get in touch with the healthcare  
service to get treatment and run tests.

You always have the right to decide if you want  
to go through an examination or not, and what  
tests should be run.

To be able to give you the best possible help it is important that the examination is as thorough as possible but let the personnel know if it feels difficult or if you feel afraid.

You first get to describe what has happened. Then the doctor examines you to see if you have any injuries and take samples for different tests. The samples are used to check if you have any venereal disease, and to secure evidence in form of sperm, saliva or blood.

You also get to leave a urine sample, and a nurse takes a blood sample to check if you have an infection, if you are pregnant, or if there are traces of alcohol or drugs. Some of the samples are analysed by the healthcare service and you get the results of these tests at your return visit.

If you choose to report the assault, the police will retrieve the samples in order to secure evidence. If you cannot decide whether to report it or not, the samples are kept safe for two years. All healthcare personnel are subject to professional secrecy.

You are always welcome to call Kvinnofridslinjen, Sweden's national telephone helpline for women who have been subjected to physical, psychological or sexual violence. Relatives and friends are also welcome to call us. We are social workers and nurses used to dealing with people in crisis. We can also give you advice on where you can get help locally.

We are always open, 24 hours a day, all year round. The call is free of charge and will not appear on your phone bill.

You can only call Kvinnofridslinjen from Sweden.

Kvinnofridslinjen:  
020-50 50 50

[www.kvinnofridslinjen.se](http://www.kvinnofridslinjen.se)









The worst summer ever is a stand-alone sequel to the booklet The first weekend in June. The books are written and illustrated by Matilda Ruta in cooperation with the National Centre for Knowledge on Men's Violence Against Women at Uppsala university.