

STACY'S STORY - HOW IT STARTS

Child abuse walks on a child's development with golf shoe spikes in the areas of Physical - Sexual - Social - Emotional - Spiritual and Intellectual development. Child abuse generates: Fear, Confusion, Lack Of Trust, Rage, Denial, Isolation, Rigidity, Secretiveness, Sadness, Guilt, Withdrawal, Seductiveness & Self-Abuse.

Stacey was a little girl, bright and seemingly happy to most who met her always smiling face. She was an active child and possibly a handful for most adults. Her fountain of energy seemed forever flowing sometimes even at an over abundance. This orbit of energy which surrounded her made her curious, adventurous, and made her want to explore the world around her. Unfortunately for her she had a slight disadvantage which held her back considerably more than other world travelers, she wasn't old enough to cross the street.

This was easy to overcome because she had an eager traveling companion, her buddy, her hero, her father. Dad was a lot of fun and they went everywhere together. To the golf course, to card games, shopping, Marriots everywhere! They also used to walk to the blackberry gulch.

The gulch was only a block or so from her house. Their neighborhood was a fairly quiet one with a number of families with children. Unfortunately all the children picked on Stacey. They called her mean names and chased after her yelling, "Were gonna put ya in a fryin' pan and cook ya an eat ya." It was for this reason that Stacey feared going out into that playground jungle. Her only real friend was her dad. As I mentioned before they were the best of friends and Dad gladly took little Stacey for walks. The gulch was their favorite place and they frequented there often.

Although this wasn't a new land to Stacey she always felt unsure of these surroundings. For even for learned worldly adventurers such as herself one must be cautious of what may be lurking behind the dark, scary brush. Whenever her courage escaped her, her traveling companion would sit her down between his legs to hold and comfort her.

Her back to his chest made it easy for him to wrap his large arms around her tiny body. His hands caressed her stomach and rubbed her tiny chest. He would play with her long golden hair with one hand while gently feeling her inner thighs. She would look back at him slightly confused each time and each time he would reassure her that he loved her and just wanted her to feel good.

He told her that he felt good and if she wanted to know for sure just to feel the bulge between his legs. When she would not move he took her hand and put it inside his pants. She felt what she thought was part of his leg. He told her to rub it slowly up and down. So she did. While she did this he pulled down her panties and told her that he was going to rub her too so it would be fair and so that she could feel as good as he did.

So there they sat hidden in the blackberry gulch rubbing each other. They would sometimes only stay for a short while other times longer but always until he got a funny face and her hands got wet.

They would then get up and he'd say, "See there's nothing here to hurt you. This is a place of good feelings." Before they'd leave they took an oath to keep their special place a secret so no one else would ever know of the good things that they did there. For if they knew, it would be ruined by strangers who couldn't understand its sacredness.

Her hands were always dirty with the wet goopy stuff. So they picked the juicy blackberries that dripped on her hands and sucked it all off just like a blackberry shake.

Written by "Stacey" of her childhood exploitation, of love and trust betrayed.



**OPINIONS AND FEELINGS ARE FREQUENTLY A PERSONAL TRIUMPH OVER GOOD THINKING
YOU DEFINE REALITY BY WHAT YOU KNOW, WHAT YOU BELIEVE, AND WHAT YOU DO ABOUT IT.**