

Jordan's story

I want to tell you my story because I wish someone had told me theirs. Anyway, here it goes.

My name is Jordan. I live with my mom and my step-dad. She married him after my father left to “follow his dream,” which looks more like alcohol and gambling. My step-dad is way better at being a dad than my real dad was. But I have to admit that my dad was really fun to be with...when he was around. Everyone says his brother is just like him—lots of fun. They call my uncle “Casey” because his initials are KC. He was a high school math teacher and his students all loved him. I know that because my older brother knows some of those kids. I’m 11 by the way.

Uncle Casey used to babysit me when I was little. It was always great because he would let me stay up later than my mom would. He even made my big brother do his homework in his room while I got to hang out with my uncle. He used to let me call him Casey but I wasn’t supposed to do it in front of anyone else. It was just between the two of us.

We used to play these games. One of them would start out okay. I would sit on his lap and he would tell me to close my eyes. Then he would draw a shape on my thigh. I had to guess what it was and then draw one on his. Then he would draw one a little higher up my leg. Then it was my turn and I would do the same. It got weird because eventually, my hand would be right up between his legs and there was a bump there. When I was little, I didn’t know what that was.

His games were always secret. I wasn’t supposed to tell anyone because he said they wouldn’t understand that he was just teaching me about love. He never hurt me but it just always felt funny—not fun. Because I didn’t tell him to stop, I figured it was my fault it kept happening.

Two years ago, I was having a lot of trouble with math, so my mom asked him to tutor me. We ended up spending a lot more time together. The tutoring would start off okay, but then it would end in one of his games. By this time, he was touching all over my body, including between my legs and making me touch him there, too.

Last year, we had our first puberty class in school. Everyone acted pretty stupid, laughing and asking silly questions. But in the last class, the teacher talked about touching and suddenly, Casey’s “games” hit me like a tonne of bricks. I realized that Casey had always said the games were our secret and that he would get in trouble if anyone found

out. He said he knew I loved him. That part was true. I was confused and really scared.

So I wrote a question and put it in the box for the teacher to read.

The next day, she answered the rest of the questions. Then she said, “I have a question here that seems kind of private. It’s a really important one and I want to answer it. Could the student who wrote it please let me know after class?”

This was it. I had a big decision to make. I went into the hall to get my stuff and then told my friends I would catch up to them. I said I forgot something in the room and had to go back and get it.

The teacher asked if someone had been bothering me and I said yes. She asked if it was like what we talked about in class and I said yes again. She wanted to know if that person still saw me. When I said yes for the third time, she told me she had to call the police and an agency that protects children so they could make it stop.

“I don’t want to get him into trouble,” I said.

“He got himself into trouble, Jordan. That’s why he made you keep it a secret. He knew it was wrong and he knew it was against the law.”

So we went to the principal’s office and she made a phone call. Before the end of school, some police officers came and talked with me. Luckily, they weren’t wearing uniforms so none of my friends would ask questions.

Things happened very quickly after that. Uncle Casey was arrested. I started going to counselling and so did my mom. It turned out that my grandfather had touched my dad in the same way and we figured probably Casey too. My counsellor says that my dad might have become an alcoholic because of it and that it might be why he couldn’t protect me—it would have hurt too much for him to admit it was happening to me too. When my dad found out, he was angry. My mom says he was really sad too, but he never said that to me. He ended up seeing a therapist and has been sober for almost 2 years now.

Uncle Casey is still in jail. I felt bad about it at first but I know now that it wasn't my fault, by that time I understood that he had broken my trust—and that what he did wasn't right. It turns out that when he was teaching, he had abused some other kids. If one of them had told, maybe this wouldn't have happened to me.

My counsellor suggested that I write down my story. I know it's not fun to listen to this kind of stuff but it does happen and hopefully it will help you or someone you know.