

## JUST THE FACTS

A true story ...

She sat alone, away from the others,  
quiet, detached, aloof.

When it was her turn to speak,  
she rose, walked to the center of the room, placed a chair there ...  
a solitary chair in otherwise empty space ...  
and sat, facing the others.

Her right foot tapped nervously on the floor,  
her jaw squared, tense, hands folded as if in prayer in her lap.  
For what seemed eternity, she sat, eyes downcast, head bowed, back erect ...  
a dancer once - lean, supple and strong.

Then she spoke, with a quaver in her voice, and an upward glance ...  
toward heaven ... ? god ... ? never toward us.

I was abused when a child ... sexually molested ... not raped.  
Stayed apart from others ... was athletic and danced.  
When my body formed, I was approached to ... to make porn ...  
Money was good ... a thou or two a shoot.  
But my self-esteem, already so low ... I didn't take the work.  
  
... a long silence ensued ...

A tear slid down from one of her eyes.  
She wiped it away without breaking her gaze - strong women don't cry.

Another long pause ... then she stood ... turned to go ... stopped ...  
Turned again ... now looking us straight in the eye.

I'm working it through ... *her voice cracked* ...  
I'm making progress ... but ... got a ... got a long way to go.

She turned, again, and was gone.

Just the facts ... Yeah ... Just the facts.