

## **One girl's life**

EILERT DIJKSTRA told the counsellor at school it was the worst day of his life. In his first few sessions he could hardly say a word about it. When he did eventually open up, his counsellor got a fuller picture.

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Eilert lived with his mother Heike in G., in a town in the north. When they were not well off, Heike provided what she could, but she was now doing better, far better. When he was 14, she had the money to buy him a nice laptop and had the flat connected to the net.

Eilert and Heike got on well, better than do many young mothers with a sixteen-year-old bursting with testosterone. Eilert had always been close to his mother and he confided in her, sought her help and advice. Even the acne and angst of puberty did not change their good relationship. And Heike was still young, just 31, though Eilert was her only child.

When he was six, she did fall pregnant again, but the man she was then living with insisted on an abortion. Something went wrong and the doctors had to remove her womb. Soon she was no longer living with the man after she kicked him out for stealing her wages yet again, and times became harder.

Eilert had inherited his mother's sunny disposition and although she often had little to be sunny about, she did not complain, not once, not to her friends or to anyone else. She did what she could with her life and always looked on the bright side.

Eilert never knew his father and Heike never spoke of him. Indeed she had not known him, either, but the one time they met, the 16-year-old good natured Frisian farmer's daughter was taken by his blue eyes, a strong physique and blond hair. Eilert was just as tall as the father he had never known, and also had blue eyes and blond hair. His physique was, though, slighter.

Heike grew up with her parents and brothers and sisters in what was then still a remote country of eternal flat fields full of cows, cereal, wind and strict Calvinism. The land her father and brothers farmed had been reclaimed from the sea two centuries before and was fertile. Heike liked it when she was a young girl, but when grew older, started bleeding and become a woman, she began to dislike, then hate, the farm and her family's boring routine. The week's and the year's round never varied. On Sunday they attended a church service and were reminded that sin was everywhere. They returned home for high breakfast and spent the rest of the day in silence as their parents insisted. Once a year a fair was held in D., the nearest village, but her parents forbade her and her brothers and sisters to go. Never, though, forbid anything if a young girl is spirited, and Heike and her friend Antje concocted a ruse to visit the fair. It did not occur to them that

they would be recognised by neighbours not quite as strict on enjoyment as their dour parents. As dusk was falling and the local lads began drinking more, the tall, blue-eyed and blond cousin of the brother of a friend persuaded her to try his beer. Heike did and liked it. She liked how it made her feel. The young man bought her a glass and insisted she drink it down in one go. Then he bought her another. When that was finished, Heike felt dizzy and went to sit down. She tripped and fell, and the young man insisted he take her behind the big beer tent to recover. There he kissed her hard, pushed her to the ground, lifted her skirt, pulled down her underwear and raped her. Then he left and she never saw him again.

At first she did not know what had happened. She was still dizzy and felt sick and again fell over when she tried to get up. She stayed behind the beer tent for almost an hour, puked twice, and once she had thrown up the beer still in her tummy, she began to feel better. But her groin hurt and her thighs ached.

Her mother had told her about a woman's body when she had started bleeding, but she did not know why she did not bleed when she was due. She began to feel sick in the mornings. When her tummy began to get a little bigger, she told Antje. Antje cried and advised her to tell her mother. So she told her mother. Her mother said nothing except to insist Heike eat more. She wanted Heike to get fat to conceal her tummy bump. In her seventh month, her mother and father, one Saturday, packed a case for Heike and drove her to sixty kilometres to G. There they dropped her off at her aunt's home, gave her the case and left without a word. It had all been arranged with her aunt. Heike has not spoken to either parent since. Her aunt was a jolly sort, Heike's sort, who did not get on with her dour brother and sister-in-law. Since she was young her aunt had shared her home and her bed with her best friend from school, and her brothers and sisters and brothers and sisters-in-law did not approve. She gently scolded Heike, but it was a gentle scold and did not upset Heike. She told Heike to be more cautious of around men.

'There are many good ones, Heike, but many bad ones, and it's not easy knowing which one is which, and they all think with their dicks, even the good ones. Don't always follow your heart, Heike, but remember there are some good ones, too.'

Her aunt prepared a room and nursery for Heike and the coming child. When Heike gave birth to Eilert, they lived with her aunt for several years until Heike met a man she thought she loved, and she and Eilert went to live with him. Her aunt cried when she left, but said little, just

'Take care of Eilert, Heike, he's a lovely, happy boy, and take care of yourself. Please.'

Heike and her partner rented a flat, but it was not a happy life. He drank, stayed out, often overnight and stole her wages. After her abortion she realised it was no way to live and found a cheaper flat, and moved there with Eilert. Her aunt gave her money for some sticks of furniture.

Life was then better because it was not so dreadful. Eilert did well at school and Heike chose her men friends carefully, as her aunt advised. Then she met the man who

changed it all. He was a charmer from Rotterdam, and she knew he was a rogue. He had a nice new car and always had money. One day he came into the bakery where she worked, bought a filled roll, smiled at her and asked to meet up. She did, but knew not why. Perhaps it was because he was so obviously a rogue. That made him more interesting than other men.

He took her for a pizza meal and the charm grew. Soon, very soon, she was smitten. He took her and Eilert out one Sunday and it was like being a real family and almost made her cry. He flattered her. He told her she was too good to work behind a bakery counter, that there was better work for an attractive woman. She knew that surely?

He won her over. One Saturday she left Eilert with her aunt and they drove to Amsterdam. There he introduced her to a friend and, he said, his business partner. The friend ran a strip club. Would she like to work for him, he asked.

‘Stripping? No, never.’

No, not stripping, the friend said, that was too tacky for an attractive woman like her. He had something more refined in mind. He took her upstairs and showed her a photographic studio.

‘All you’d have to do is pose from some photographs and maybe later a bit of filming.’

‘Naked?’

‘Well, of course,’ he said, ‘but why not? Think about it, no one will know it’s you.’

‘No,’ she said, ‘no, I don’t want to.’

‘You haven’t heard how much we’ll pay.’

And then he told her. One day’s work would give her more than she made at the bakery in a month. She agreed, but knew she shouldn’t. But she agreed.

The extra money was useful. There were no more worries over using too much heating, she bought Eilert the electric guitar he wanted, a laptop and began saving for the days when her breasts and thighs were no longer pert, tight and attractive.

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Eilert and his friends were all still virgins and spent much of their time on the web surfing porn sites. One day Eilert came across a video he wished he’d never seen.