

**If you feel comfortable, feel free to share what happened in that first instance of street harassment and how it made you feel.**

I was doing cartwheels and a man drove by in a truck and yelled some things. I didn't understand the words, but I knew he saw me in a way that I did not see myself.

Gross. Like something I had worn that I liked (Disney V-neck T-shirt) could be viewed that way. And I was at Disney with my family waiting for them to get out of the bathroom. I was and still am very flat chested too, so it just seemed so off to me and creepy

I was 15 walking down the street alone to meet my parents at a farmer's market. A college age kid stopped me on the street and told me I looked beautiful and asked for my number. I started laughing. I said I was 15. He asked if he could have my number again. I got more uncomfortable and hurried away.

I was walking down the street with my mom, and I was wearing a pretty dress because I was going to the theater. A man drove by in a car and hollered, "Please pull that dress down!" I was 15 at the time.

I was in a store, looking at a shelf when a man in his 40's pressed himself up against my back and whispered in my ear that I was beautiful, he then rubbed past me as he went back to his wife who was his age. The same thing happened in the same place months after, despite me taking all those months in between to gain the confidence just to go back there at age 12 and the harassment by men hasn't stopped since.

I was waiting to cross the road. Builders who were on a scaffold repeatedly whistled at me (like did not take a break, just continuous wolf whistling). I was stuck there and couldn't walk away because I couldn't cross the road. I felt so scared and ashamed. It made me feel like I was dressed inappropriately, and that other people must think I'm a slut.

Old man in a village stared at me sickly. He almost ate me alive with eyes, he was also very disrespectful in conversation, very sexist.

Went river rafting with a youth group. Having fun, feeling good. Waved and smiled at ppl on shore as I passed them. I waved at a couple guys along w/everyone else I waved at & only then realized they were drinking. They responded with hooting & hollering and an immediate invitation to me to come ashore and join them drinking. I was sure I would be raped if I got near them, so it was terrifying to hear one of them call out that he'd come and get me. I know now he was just a drunk asshole harassing a young girl, but I had already been sexually assaulted by that age & I took it seriously. I instantly stopped waving and became silent the rest of the trip, paddling to keep myself in the middle of the river so no one could possibly reach me. I never waved and was friendly like that to strangers again.

Men calling out to me from cars both during the day and at night

I was walking and someone in a car asked me for directions, but he was jerking off. This was very near my elementary school.

This wasn't the first time but when I was 16 and had just learned to drive a man masturbated at me at a traffic light. I was totally grossed out. I went home and told my mother who told me it was illegal and that we could call the police. That had not occurred to me.

I was petting a horse and two boys very much older than me came along and were making aggressive sexual jokes and running hardcore sexual energy at me. They had me blocked in. - same summer, a very drunk man at one of my father's parties came out of the backyard and talked sexual to me as I was walking around on the street in front of my dad's house. It scared me.

I was 13 and my mom put me in modeling school because of my height. I was wearing a skirt and practicing walking in heels at the mall when a man approached me and said, "your long legs would look so good on the back of my bike" and my mom flipped out. I didn't realize until later that what he said was totally inappropriate and because I was wearing something I didn't usually wear (prepping for modeling school) it made me feel like it was my fault. If I hadn't been wearing a skirt, or if I hadn't been wearing the heels my mom wouldn't have been so angry.

My friend and I were walking home from the pool in our neighborhood. A man drove by and stared at us. Then he drove by again. We kept seeing him slowly drive by us on every block until we ran like hell.

I was in middle school, walking home from school, and a bunch of men in a work truck drove by and stuck their heads out of the windows and cat called me. I was 12.

I was in high school and a girl smacked my ass when I was walking down the hallway. she was with a group of other girls. I don't know if this qualifies as "street" harassment, but it was in a semi-public space. I never really told anyone.

I can't remember which came first my friends' fathers or some neighborhood guys following me and a friend home from the school fair. In either case they were way older than myself. With my friends' fathers they would say creepy things, which there's not enough space for here. With the guys from the fair, they followed us, tried to give us beer, and kissed us. That was my first kiss. They followed us all the way home. We were confused and a bit scared and gave in. There were two of us, 4 of them. They all took turns kissing us.

I was with my mom at a drugstore getting my thyroid prescription and someone my mom knew from somewhere approached us and made uncomfortable comments as he engaged us in conversation. At about the same time, a construction worker wolf-whistled at me as I walked to the bus stop to go to school.

I was on vacation and in a mall in Salt Lake City with my family. I don't remember exactly how old I was, probably around 12. A guy who was much older than me (teens or early 20s? It's hard to say now looking back; all I knew at the time was that he was much older than me) saw me in a store and began staring at me in a creepy way. I believe he was with a friend or two. Then he proceeded to follow me -- remember, I was with my family, including my father who is an extremely tall and intimidating man -- around the mall for an uncomfortably long time, all the while giving me the same creepy stare, like a wolf who wanted to devour a smaller, weaker animal. I still remember his face and my growing panic. It was terrifying because even the fact that I was with my mother, father and sister didn't deter him from stalking me. He eventually lost interest, but I'll never forget my terror. I had no idea what was going on. I was pre-pubescent and still looked very much like a child; at that time, I did not, in any way, think of myself as being attractive to anyone of the opposite sex, so I did not understand what was happening.

I was walking down the street alone, the summer before 9th grade. A man was pulling into a parking lot, and he stared at me so hard he almost crashed his car. It was the first time I felt that

aggressive, sexual stare. I felt weird - self-conscious, and kind of violated, but also this sense that I had entered a new stage of my life and I wasn't a kid anymore. That felt scary, because I felt in that moment that being an adult meant being on the receiving end of sexualization and harassment, but also kind of exciting, like I was fulfilling the ideal of an attractive woman, like I was "supposed" to do.

Pulled his penis out of his running shorts and masturbated while standing about twenty feet away looking at us.

The ice cream man told me I had nice legs when I was five.

I was too young to remember well. I remember feeling confused and not sure what I should do.

I would rather not.

Men get felt up a lot in gay bars. Many men of all ages think this is ok and just part of the culture. I've met other gay/bi men who think its abhorrent, but I would guess we are in the minority.

I was walking down a busy street (near a highway exit) in a short dress. I felt cute. Some young men in a car (older than me) drove by and either called out something or whistled, I'm not sure. I felt both proud of being deemed attractive and grossed out, even guilty. I don't remember much else, it has been over a decade!

I don't remember the first instance. There were many instances starting at around age 8, whistling, jeering, asking to talk to me, kissing my cheek, touching my hand, asking me to prostitute myself, etc. I felt unsafe, I wanted to get away, I wanted to be unnoticed in public spaces.

Walked faster and got rid of all my short skirts and stupid shoes.

I was at a public concert with a friend from school. We were 17 and a man who was at least 3 years older than us started asking us our names and if we'd wanna go somewhere with him now that the concert was done. I said no and we walked until there were enough people between us and him and started walking to catch the train home immediately.

A neighbor man tried to offer me a "ride" home on his van. Very insistent. I was nine, riding my bike, lived on the next block. I ran to another house to tell the lady there what he had done, and we called my mom.

I was 13 and followed by two guys who were whistling and calling after me with "nice ass" and the sorts.

I was about 11 or 12 in an affluent neighborhood in the suburbs. I was walking to my friends' house about 3/4 of a mile away and construction was going on in the neighborhood. It was summer, so I was dressed for summer (100+ weather) and a total tomboy, no idea of sexualizing things. A whole entire construction crew in my neighborhood stopped what they were doing and cat called me relentlessly as I walked by. I freaked out, looked up and saw who was yelling at me, it made sense and I started sprinting away. At this age, I was still in stranger danger mode from a child's perspective and it made me very leery of older men around me that I didn't know. Whether it was neighbors or not.

I was on a run one day when a man stopped as I went by him, looked me up and down and said, "Well, hellllloo." I kept going and didn't think much of it, and I've had much more directly

threatening experiences of street harassment since, but looking back that's the first time I felt like my body was being consumed in a public space. It made me feel like what was a simple activity for me (going for a run) led to the arousal/enjoyment of a random man, which made me feel disgusting and like an object. Now, I also feel "lucky" that it wasn't until high school that I had my first experience of harassment that left any impact, which says a lot about the victimization of young girls. It sickens me to think that girls as young as 10 or 11 experience this for the first time.

Driver in car slowed yelled sexual things

I was 11 and was in camp at the Flatbush YMCA. I think our camp counselors were teenagers or in their early 20's. My counselor saw some of his friends and they started talking about the things they will do to me sexually since I was wearing such tight shorts.

I was running in a local park and on my second lap a group of men gathered so that I would have to run through them. Then they whistled & made comments about my body. I cried when I got home and stopped running for the next 10 years. I often felt like my body was not my own and was disgusted when I caught my reflection in a mirror

I was in a store with a group of girlfriends. We suddenly noticed a guy was touching himself and exposing himself while focusing on one of my friends. We kinda all freaked out and ran out of the store, we kind of all took it as a joke. It's only after the incident that I was angry at myself for not reporting him to someone. I felt ashamed almost for not having been the kind of person who took action against him. Since then other things have happened and I've noticed that the older I get, the feeling remains the same. During the incident I freeze up, afterwards I get angry or frustrated at myself for not having been stronger in the moment. It is a catch-22. Either you just keep quiet and hope the situation kind of resolves itself, but you feel ashamed afterwards because it almost feels like you let yourself be used. Or you confront them and risk violence. There is no safe way to be a woman in a public space.

I was walking to the supermarket and he followed me all the way inside and kept trying to talk to me

Was out surfing, about 12 years old, when I get asked 4 times by 4 different guys, all in their 40s, what I was doing that night if I wanted to have dinner etc.

Back then this had almost never happened to me and I felt sooo vulnerable and ashamed and gave up surfing for a while because I was terrified. Nobody else in the lineup spoke up for me. Also get catcalled nowadays, at 15 years old, if I'm out with any other female friend, which is now purely annoying and makes us really uncomfortable. It's never happened to me whilst walking w my dad but I'm unsure if he would do anything if it did."

My first experience was catcalling, and it made me quite angry

I was walking with my family into the town centre on a weekend in the middle of the day. Me and my older sister (only 16 months older - we were both under 11) were both walking together behind everyone else and were shouted at from a car by a group of young men in their 20's.

I was 12 years old when I took the bus to my school. A guy around 16-18 kept looking at me as we were standing next to each other. He looked like he was on drugs. He was very sweaty. He took my hand all of a sudden. And didn't let go. I felt really scared. I pulled my hand sharply and

got off the bus at ne next stop. I didn't took the bus for a month after this incident. I was creeped out.

As I was walking with a friend down the street we lived on in a very safe and somewhat upscale neighborhood, a car pulled over next to us and asked for directions. I was a child of around 9-10 yrs old. He was a well-known and influential local figure in our city. As I peered into his car window to respond as a polite little girl would do, I noticed that he had something in his hand and was moving it in his lap. It was his erect penis and he was masturbating or handling himself, although I did not know what was going on at the time. I felt violated and bad just for seeing it as if I knew I was wrong just for seeing something I was not supposed to see. He was sneering and smiling. It made me feel sick. Decades later as an older woman, it still does. I had bad dreams about it waking up in a panic and sweating, feeling like I wanted to run, but was glued down. I was a child and he stole my innocence. I hated him.

I was in 3rd grade, on my way home from school. I'd been hanging out with a couple of friends outside the school, saying our long goodbye before we went our different directions to go home. There was a man in a car parked not far from us, and we could see that he was watching us. I had to pass him on my way home. He called out to me and I ignored him. I heard his car door open and turned to look at him and saw him half out of the car with his erect penis in his hand. I ran home.

#### I FELT VERY SCARED, UNCOMFORTABLE, SAD AND ANGRY

I was 13 walking down the street on my way to a babysitting job. A car pulled up beside me and the older man started to yell at me about how good my jeans looked on me. Then he wanted to know where I lived. It stopped once I arrived at my destination.

I was walking to my house and a man yelled from his house, "damn ma where you going." I was so scared and since then been scared to walk in that block.

The first instance I was walking to the park and these older men whistles and started touching themselves I didn't understand at first and was really scared so I just ran

I at the time didn't know what was happening, three 17 year old boys said they wanted to share me. I was confused but I felt weird. They wanted me to be their girlfriend. I barely knew them

I was going home from school, since it was exam period, I slept for maximum 2 hours for the whole week. So while I was walking an older man in his 50s reached with his arm towards me and grabbed my chests. I pushed him and started running while calling my dad. I was so tried that I was barely aware of my surroundings and man was wearing a hat so I didn't saw his face. My dad came immediately, after calling my dad I turned around and that man wasn't there anymore (he hid somewhere or escaped). My dad was searching for him around the city (my city is really small) but he didn't find him. After that I was feeling so many emotions from anger to sadness it was so confusing. I remember that I went home after that locked all doors and closed all windows so that there was no sunlight I was afraid to sleep but at the same time I just couldn't be awake anymore. That evening I went to the cinema with my cousin and I started crying at the middle of the movie. Also that night I slept in a sports bra. That happened almost one year ago and I'm still afraid to walk alone. I haven't worn clothes that I was wearing on that day since then.

Ps. I wasn't wearing anything that could be called provocative, I don't wear makeup, my hair was messy, I had bags under my eyes and my chests aren't even big "

Vulnerable, exposed, embarrassed, unsafe.

I was walking on the sidewalk, when two men in their 50's pulled over towards me and told me how sexy I was. I was 16.

People in a car called out a wildly inappropriate comment when I was with my dad! I was around 12

So this happened about a week ago, Me and my year group of about 90 were at the train station going to Sydney (long story), we were walking in little clumps, I was walking with 2 friends. This boy came walking in the opposite direction and I recognised him instantly, I'm in the same year group as him and we went to primary school together. He walked passed me and said "damn girl" and wolf whistled. I looked at him and said "fuck off \_\_\_\_\_(his name), he stopped walking shocked and said "I don't know you" I said "you know me but you don't remember me". My friends were watching but I didn't care, he then said "your creepy af" and that set me off, I didn't attract too much attention but I said "you're the one who's a creep, stop catcalling people you fucking loser", and I turned around and never looked back. My friends were shocked but I felt like a boss. (I'm 14)

A man following me in his car calling out questions.

i was holding hands with my girlfriend, and a group of guys started yelling at us and following us, saying they would turn us straight and what they would do to us.

I don't remember the exact details as it was traumatizing but remember that they were older man/men and took advantage of talking to me to harass and molest me. One man I think if I am not mistaken exposed his penis to me and then started masturbating. It took me a few seconds to realize what he was doing in the corner of our apartment building property. It felt disgusting and I was angry at myself for not being alert and cautious when in fact I shouldn't have felt guilty or ashamed. I shouldn't have got harassed nor groped or assaulted.

I was 8 or 9 in a 7-11 with my mother. A man, maybe 50 or 60 came up to me and said something around the lines of "you're looking real pretty in that little skirt, maybe you wanna let me see under it?" i didn't understand what it meant at the time, but when my mother came over to yell at the man she explained it to me and I was horrified.

I was 11 years old and was at a Pizza Hut with a friend. Three men approached us and asked if we wanted to go back to theirs after. They insinuated that they would give us pocket money for our time. I felt very unsafe and gross. I was too afraid to leave the restaurant and had to call my mom to pick me up.

I was in fifth grade, walking down the sidewalk with my friend to get ice cream. A group of teenage boys slowed down and started yelling from a passing car. I was so young, it actually didn't even occur to me that they were trying to talk to us until my friend apologized to me. I immediately felt confused and threatened. It was a perfectly safe neighborhood, but I never walked for ice cream again. We were ten.

A car full of men yelled out their windows about loving Asian women

He walked along a public street with us 3 little girls as we walked to school. He took his erect penis out of his pants, said it was a banana and asked us to touch it.

I was walking somewhere with my mom and this man went by and said 'buenas suegra' (hello mother-in law) and wouldn't stop looking at me in the most disgusting way. My mom just told me to keep walking and I felt so powerless and terrified. I was 12 and wearing a dress. I'm 18 now and have never worn a dress/skirt again when walking outside. It's ridiculous, I know clothing shouldn't matter but sadly abusers feel some kind of entitlement when they see a woman showing a little bit more skin. I avoid walking to places altogether, I'm too scared.

Around 9pm a man in his thirty's pulled his car up and rolled down the window and asked if he would give me 100 dollars if I would come in his car and have sex with him (I was 13 and he was around 30)

A 50 year old man referred to my boobs as milkshakes while i was standing on a vibrating exercise machine in the shopping centre. I was 12 and i was with my mum and sisters.

I was 14 when I decided to go jogging that's when I started hearing the honks and one man in a blue truck pulled over to the side of the road to honk at me while staring at me. I didn't feel disgusted with myself but I was angry that men harass women thinking it's okay when it's not and makes us feel uncomfortable!

Before I could drive, my friends and I would walk to nearby fast food joints. One day we were walking to Sonic and dark green van drove by us and there were 5+ drunk, old men hanging out the windows yelling disgusting comments at us. We were both 14 and they were well over 40.

I was walking in town, and a car of guys pulled up next to me shouting comment at me like "fat ass" and "come get in the car we'll have fun" and blowing kisses at me.

man pulled up in car and asked me, little sister and another girlfriend for directions. approached car, he moved the map aside that he had been pointing to and saw he was masturbating. screamed, ran, etc. Never give people in cars directions since then (40 years later).

I was running to practise when these construction workers started saying something to me in french and whistling at me. The worst part was when i had to go home past them because they worked so close to my house.

I (12) was walking home with sister (10) from school. A man drove my shouting nice ass and other sexual comments to us. He even swerved to park his car but a college girl helped us. Once we couldn't see us we ran straight home. I was so scared for the rest of the day and I told my mom and she called the local security. My mom also told me to stop wearing shorts and skirts while walking home. I think in her mind she was just doing whatever it was to keep me safe, but telling me to wear different things makes it seem like it's my fault someone yelled at me.

I was taking photos with my friend, and a guy honked, rolled down his window, and told us we looked hot.

Touching my hips, I feel fearful and panic

I was sent to the next aisle over from my mother to get an item at a store. As I rounded the corner to go to my mother I spotted her and she immediately made it clear I was her child. I asked her why she was being so weird and she told me to wait. About a minute went by and then she spoke. She said that a man was right behind me and had duct tape in his hand. Apparently when I rounded the corner he was moving at me but then saw my mother and calmly put the tape down and walked away.

I used to be in a club that was for getting girls into science. We had gone into the city after school to go have tea and have an etiquette class, so we were all wearing dresses and nice clothes for the event. When we got there, we had to kill some time while they got everything set up. In the front of the building there are window seats and there are big windows you can look into. We were all around that area waiting and a few older guys in their 60's or above tapped on the glass and make kissing noises and whistled at us. It made me feel disgusting, and some of the girls were around 13-14 years old at the time.

I was walking in Washington DC when some guy thought it was okay to reach out and smack me on the ass. I was mortified and angry and even though I wanted to go back and kick him in the face I just walked faster and grabbed my friends and made them walk faster with me.

A classmate was shouting sexual comments at me. I was taken aback and did not know how to respond, I don't remember what I did, but from then on when he would shout at me like that in that same place where adults wouldn't see him I mostly just walked quickly and kept an expression of anger on my face. I now use a similar facial expression frequently in public places which has somewhat of an "I'll kill you if you try anything" effect, or so I've been told. It was my mother who taught me to use this strategy in public places, and although I don't walk alone in public very often, when I do I pick very specific routes for safety reasons and I haven't experienced any verbal harassment while I was literally out on the street.

I was sat outside a shop with my dog waiting for my mum (who was inside the shop) in a small village and a van went past and honked and a man yelled something out his window at me. It made me feel really uncomfortable

two men, around mid-20s came up to me and my best friend. we were 12 and 13. they were hitting on us, saying how pretty we were and that we should go with them in their car. it was extremely scary. they were "nice" initially but as we left, they got angrier. i was concerned, because this situation was something i've always been told to avoid. we ended up leaving, but i didn't feel safe walking home. this is only one of the instances i've had, but it was one of the most upsetting

I was walking to the store to get snacks. A man around his late 20's asked me how old I was. I said 15. He said I was lying because I looked to pretty and developed. I kept walking and ignored him. 3 days later I turned 16 and I was walking to the store, the same man kept telling me that I shouldn't wear crop tops. It teases Men. At another instance, i took my brother with me because i felt unsafe, the man was there and he yelled out to me and my brother and said, "When your sister isn't a minor anymore, hit me up". I felt so disgusted, i told my brother to keep walking and to ignore.

I had just crossed the street from my high school after school. I felt a boy grab my sweater from behind me and he was trying to pull it off from tugging at the sleeve. I don't remember if he said anything but I felt scared and started to cry. A family I was good friends with lived just across the street from where it occurred. I ran to their door and the mother drove me home. Her son was my age and he went looking for the boy but didn't find him. I assume the boy was just leaving the high school as well and attended my school. He seemed maybe a year or two older than me. I was 15 and a freshman.

He invited me to his house while I was shopping by myself

I don't specifically remember the first time it happened, but it started right after I moved to a new city when I was 11. It quickly became so common, and I did not know how to handle it. For the three years we lived there, I rarely went for a walk in my neighborhood. I really didn't start to feel comfortable walking alone, even in broad daylight, until I was out of college. Which is a shame, because now I relish the independence and freedom, I feel simply walking from one place to another, as opposed to driving.

As I wrote earlier, I was so young, and I didn't even realize the harm to the extent that I see it now.

It was a group of men who were doing odd carpentry work who would make kissy noises at me. Quite disgusting. I was thirteen.

The first time I was street harassed I was 18, but I looked about 14. I was looking after a friend's baby for the day and I was harassed by a group of men, who must have assumed that I was a young mother. I remember thinking at the time that they were making assumptions about me being 'easy' because I looked like a teenage mum and that made me feel uncomfortable and annoyed. At the time, I did not self-identify as a feminist or even know what street harassment was because this happened 30 years ago, but I realised that the men were catcalling and whistling at me on the basis of my assumed promiscuity.

I was on my way to my middle school, in Queens. It was a group of about 3 or 4 guys around their late 30s and early 40s. They catcalled, then shouted sexual things out to me.

A grown man yelled at me that he would "rather like" to have sex with me. I was 12.

This man was in his car. He followed me in a little street. When I stopped to listen to him, he asked me my age, my name, and then he showed his dick. I ran.

"I was in a bus, and a Man began to talk to me. I pretended not hearing him. And suddenly I saw a flash. I thought he took a picture. I felt frightened, but I said to myself it's over. But he came and he said ""hello, I filmed you because you are so pretty. And you wear a skirt, so you are okay for that.""

Nobody helps me, two men said to him ""stop flirting with"". They were laughing.

A woman helped me, longs minutes after, but she judged me with her looking. The woman bus driver called the security service of buses, and the man go out of the bus. Nobody asked me if I was ok."

I Feel very uncomfortable, disappointed about the full force of this attack and the impacted devaluation. Before my self esteem was that i am a friendly an good girl. Afterwards i felt misunderstood and so dirty.

"An elderly neighbour of mine stopped me in the street to tell me how attractive and beautiful I had grown to become at around 10 years old. He was staring at my chest area and being suggestive with his eyes and generally quite leering.

At the time, I passed it off as a creepy neighbour but didn't think too much of it. Later on in life (about 12 years after) I identified this as actually very dangerous behaviour from a man around 50 years my senior. In fact, I was so young that I didn't necessarily equate it with anything sexual as I lacked the concept.

This pattern of behaviour became very normal from this age onwards. Men beeping at me and being wolf whistled whilst in my school uniform from around 13 onwards was VERY VERY normal and frequent. Considering I'm very, very young looking anyway, I find this quite disturbing! "

I grew up in New York City so harassment happened a lot. Walking in midtown with my father, we were separated by scaffolding. Some creepy dude tossed out obscenities at me. My father glared at the guy and moved me away. The guy looked at my dad (big man back in the day) and took off.

I felt like I stood out too much being tall for a girl. I wanted to shrink.

I remember being at a community fair when it was dark and noticing that an older man (no idea how much older, he just felt like an adult), was following me around. I was terrified. I did end up reporting it.

7th grade I broke my collarbone and was excused from PE and allowed to leave early. As I walked home a car full of douchebros slowed down and one asked if I would give them a blowjob.

Maybe my definite first experience was a catcalling or something like that but the first experience that I remember clearly and will never forget was in a taxi. Young man near me try to touch my leg with his hand and I really afraid. I know this experience will remain in my memory to death. I wish a day that no one experience something like this.

I was six years old and on the way to school with a classmate. A middle-aged man on a bike flashed us and made crude gestures.

It made me discuss with myself and I became less open with friends and family

Walking up the staircase in my junior high school, I was pulled off-balance by a boy following behind me who yanked the shoulder strap of my purse towards himself. I was pulled backward, and I was terrified of falling. Luckily, I grabbed the handrail. I felt incensed that a person felt free to endanger me that way. He grinned maliciously at me when I turned around and looked at who had done this hateful thing. He was proud that he got away with such an act.

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Visiting NYC at 16 in the '70s. It was hellish, unrelenting. I ran into a shop to escape it and got harassed there as well. It took me decades to feel comfortable walking down the street in NYC after that and I turned down good paying jobs there.

I was walking down the street at night with a friend and her mother. We passed next to a bar where 3-4 guys started to importunate us. They said we were too young to be there, too ugly, we would never be attractive to someone. My friend and I were both 13.

I was in my school uniform and taking the public bus home. My school uniform was a short kilt and he made comments about how much older I looked and attractive I was. My bus journey took around 45mins. He followed me on two buses talking to me the whole time. I was so

nervous when I had to get off at my stop, which was literally feet from my house. He didn't get off, and I waited for the bus to leave before running to my front door.

Was walking to school and a man in a truck with another man yelled at me through the window.

At first just much older men staring at me, staring at my boobs, making comments about my body. I always looked much younger than I was. I was too young but I felt this wasn't ok that this was dangerous, but I couldn't say why. I felt unsafe. The groping and touching happened later so around 15/16. When I was 18 a man in his 50s tried to push his tongue down my throat in daylight at a traffic light with many people around. The people just stared, and nobody helped me when he put his arm around my neck and pulled my face to his face. It was obvious that I didn't want it because he came from another direction, so we were not standing together waiting to get green and I tried to fight him off so hard we both almost fell on the floor. Not on the street but at 14 a group of boys younger than me grabbed my ass at school and didn't stop when I screamed at them and everybody saw it and nobody helped me. I had to kick them in the balls. Then they stopped.

I was walking to school with a friend and wearing a spaghetti strap tank top for the first time. She was wearing a similar top. I distinctly remember what we were wearing because I remember thinking that maybe it was the reason he had been honked at. A guy driving down the street honked his horn and might have shouted something, too, or made some kind of gesture, but I don't remember. I don't remember feeling extremely self-conscious and wondering if I should cover my shoulders when I went out in the future.

I was cornered while riding my bike by two boys in my grade. They held the handle bars or maybe the wheels of my bike and wouldn't let me go while asking me very inappropriate things.

I was wearing a miniskirt and the same person sneaked up behind me (on 2 different days!!) and quickly touched my inner thigh about halfway between my knee and pelvis.

I was about 10 or 11 and a young man (in his 20s) started staring at me in what I now know was a frankly sexual way in the grocery store. He was a checker. Once a group of us went to buy Lifesavers candy and I chose another brand that was a nickel more. I only had a quarter, and instead of just telling me I didn't have enough money he started berating me and would not let me leave nor put the candy back (nor did he suggest I choose the cheaper brand); holding me there while he kept running his eyes over my body. I was absolutely terrified. My friend came back to see where I was and he still held me there until my friend screamed at him to leave me alone and to let me go.

I was molested by 2 boys in my neighborhood. They wouldn't let me leave & held me down.

An older man (someone my dad knew, but I didn't know personally) would wait in his car in front of his parents' house (which was next to my bus stop) and then slowly follow me all the way home. He did this repeatedly, even circling in front of our yard if I happened to be out alone. I was 9 years old. He terrified me. I learned that I wasn't safe, even in my own front yard. I dreaded the walk home from my bus stop every day after school.

I was 15, on the corner of two busy streets in a suburban town wearing a jeans and a denim jacket. Three or four young men in a yellow-gold car stopped. The driver (he had blond hair) shouted at me from a distance around 20 ft (in French) "Hey, do you suck?" I stared completely hopeless and said nothing, I was in shock. I felt disgusted, considered like a piece of garbage. I didn't know these young men.

I am walking behind my father in a crowded street. Two guys walk in front of me. One stops and asks me if i want to sleep with him. His friend laughs. I am all shocked and say no and keep walking. My father turns back and ask what they wanted. i tell him what just happened. He is surprised but then he is also laughing of the situation.

I was in the beach with my family, and a bunch of people where bathing in the shallow waters of the shore. A wave suddenly knocked me down and pushed me against an older male's legs. He bent down to pull me up, but as he did he stroke my ass repeatedly and pretended like everything was normal. I froze. And the image froze in my mind for 30 years and counting. I had not so long ago learn how to read, but I could read disgust in my body all right. He was supposed to be helping me up, so why did I feel ripped apart?

I was 8 or 9, playing in my front yard and a few Hispanic men whistles at me from their work van and made those wretched kissy noises

I was walking out of the high school cafeteria by myself to meet a friend in the library and as I reached the exit, I heard a group of boys behind me. They were either freshmen or sophomores and as I crossed the street to walk to the library, one of them yelled out, "Can I tap that ass, Mami?". They all laughed and another one asked if he could bite my neck. Another one called me sexy.

I was 12 years old and my body was starting to develop more than other girls my age at the time. I was on the bus with my mother from an appointment and my mother grumbled under her breathe "she's just a 12 year old girl perv" that is when I realized that an older man maybe in his late 40's was staring at my chest. I felt so uncomfortable like i had to cover up if i did not want something like that to happen again.

I was walking to get some coffee with my friends (girls) after school. We were in 7th grade and were wearing our school uniforms (skirts and shirt). A group of older teenage guys drove by, rolled down the window, and honked/yelled at us. I didn't completely understand what was happening, but my friend muttered "assholes" and then it made sense because I'm pretty sure this wasn't the first time, but it's an early example I still remember.

Myself and my friend were bullied into going to two lads house where my friend was raped.

Builders on a site commenting on my long skirt telling me to shorten it so they could see more.

I felt free before and then I felt like I needed to constantly be on guard. My mom tried to get me to wear different clothes that wouldn't show off my behind, but it didn't matter. Men still catcalled me even if I was wearing my school PE sweatshirt and pants. For a long time, I based how "good" I looked on how many catcalls I'd get that day. I'd validate my own self worth in this way, except that I also felt completely objectified and damaged, which was depressing.

i can't. while typing this, i was re-triggered. i was 9. he was a stranger who stalked me. it happened in my building at the time.

It gave me flashbacks to the molestation I survived between ages 7-8.

Comments were made about my chest by grown men

I can't actually remember the 1st, there were so many shouts from cars but the worst was approx age 15, when an entire huge building site who were all sat having lunch started yelling, beeping

horns of works vehicles and gesticulating together at me across a main road. I was humiliated and felt very unsafe

"I was walking to my first day of work experience in central London, about 13 years old, but I was very small so I looked like I was 10-11. A builder whistled me from above as I walked down a quieter road. I realised he was catcalling me, and realising I was wearing a little pencil skirt suit, thought I must have looked sexy - and suddenly felt like a grown woman. It was only after it happened a few more times that I realised it was nothing to do with what I looked like, and that they were simply harassing me, a child. I got catcalled in the same place (London Bridge) a few weeks ago, 12 years later, aged 25, by a man on a bike a similar age to me. It made me feel like nothing has changed, same old stuff. Since the age of about 16 I have confronted hundreds of my cat callers, until a few weeks ago as I ran home from dance class a man catcalled me, I gave him the fingers I continued running away, and he flipped, and started shouting incredibly aggressively at me, I thought he was chasing me so I just had to sprint to where I knew my boyfriend was waiting. My boyfriend walked me to and home from dance class the next evening because he was so worried, but now I feel worried about walking there on my own again, and haven't be back since.

I was about 14 when I was being followed by a drunk man saying how he wants me. Other times men try to get close as they walk by me And say hello in Spanish.

I'm sure there were other instances, but the one that really sticks out was outside Penn Station in Manhattan. I was smoking a cigarette, waiting for my train, and a bunch of guys who'd come out of a sporting event started harassing me, making sexualized comments, being really creepy. I was lucky; I'd made some friends among the local homeless population and they came and stood with me; the creepy guys went away.

Other times it was definitely older men making comments as I walked down the street, but they were just yucky, not scary."

I hardly remember the first, it happened so often and the last time I was harassed I was in my 50s driving on the New York Thruway! A truck driver began to ride alongside, leering and followed me as I tried to escape at a rest stop! I was so frightened. Always frightened from the first to the last time.

Friends and I were flashed by some older guy walking back home from school. It changed the way we walked home

The first time I remember being harassed, I was about 8 or 9 years old. I was picking honeysuckles at my Nana's house. My uncle approached me and said something to me. I didn't understand what he was saying. I kept asking him to repeat himself. He finally said "I want to see your butt". I was horrified and didn't know what to do. He told me not to tell anyone because he would get in trouble but I told my family when I got home. I was never able to see him in the same way again. He passed a few years ago, so thankfully I no longer have to deal with him.