

# SAFE AND UNSAFE TOUCH



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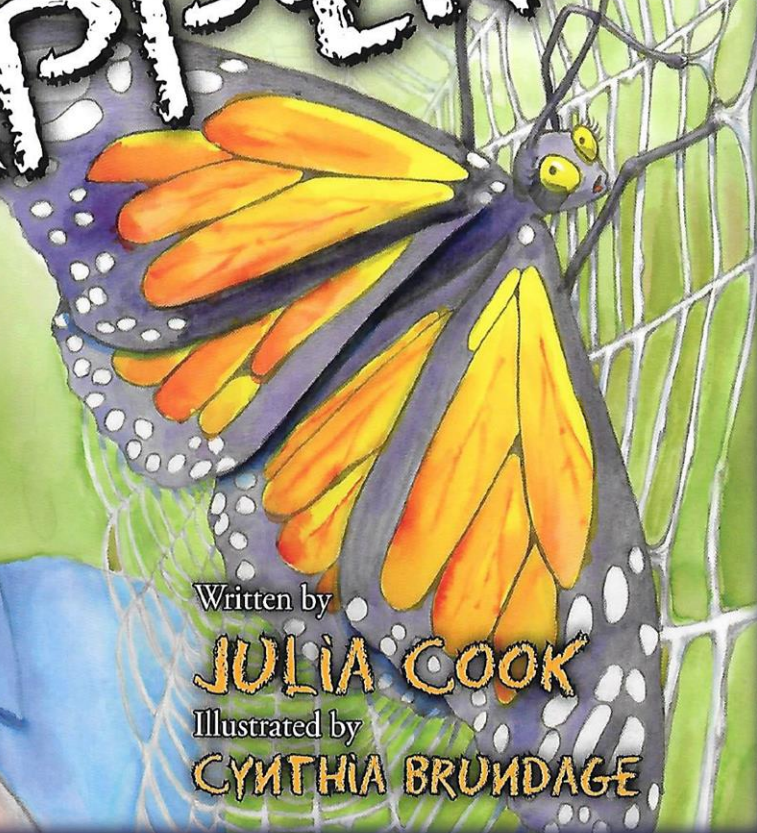
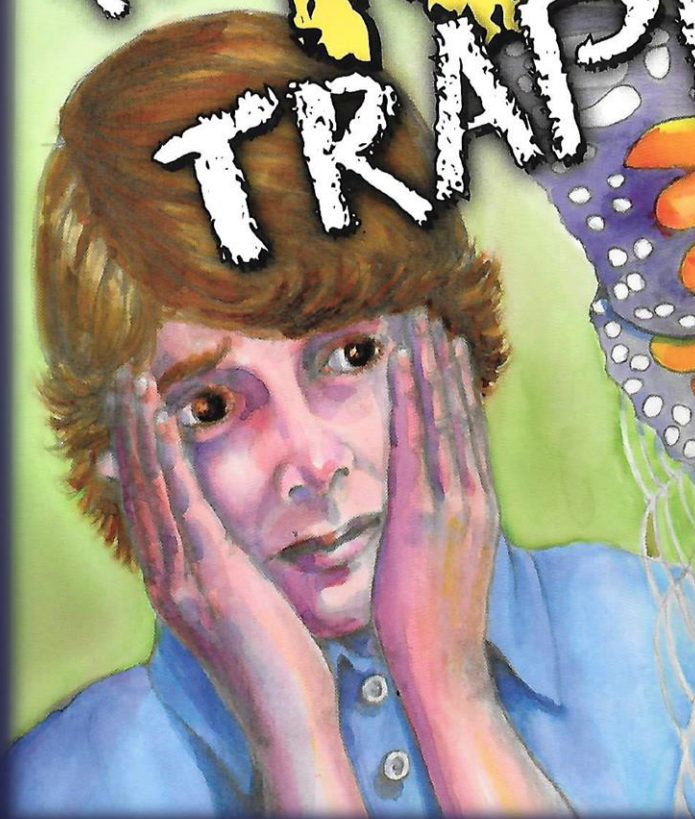
Guardian  
Angel wants  
to help kids  
stay safe!



Let's start our story!



# THE KID TRAPPER!



Written by

**JULIA COOK**

Illustrated by

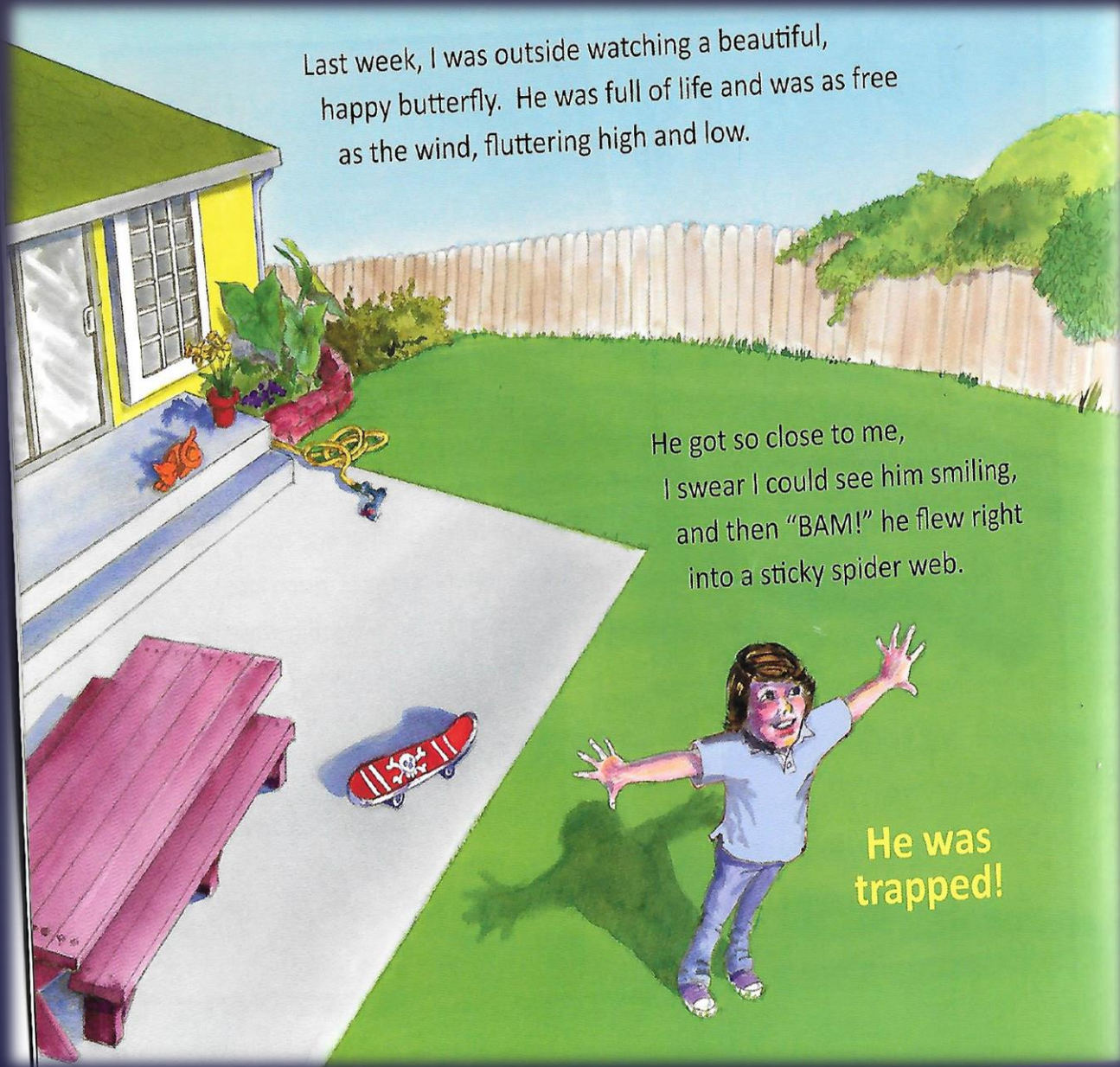
**CYNTHIA BRUNDAGE**



Last week, I was outside watching a beautiful,  
happy butterfly. He was full of life and was as free  
as the wind, fluttering high and low.

He got so close to me,  
I swear I could see him smiling,  
and then "BAM!" he flew right  
into a sticky spider web.

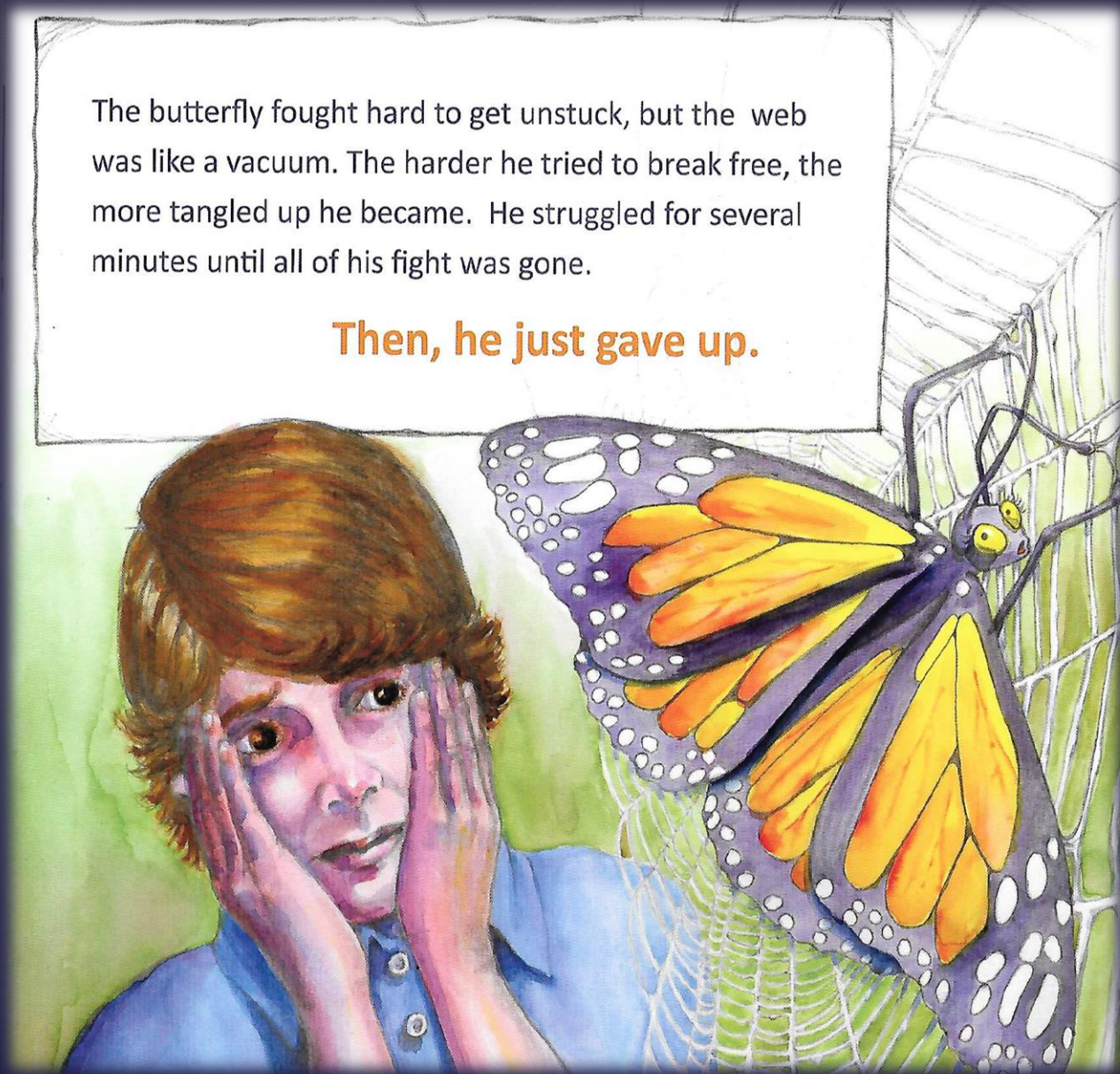
**He was  
trapped!**





The butterfly fought hard to get unstuck, but the web was like a vacuum. The harder he tried to break free, the more tangled up he became. He struggled for several minutes until all of his fight was gone.

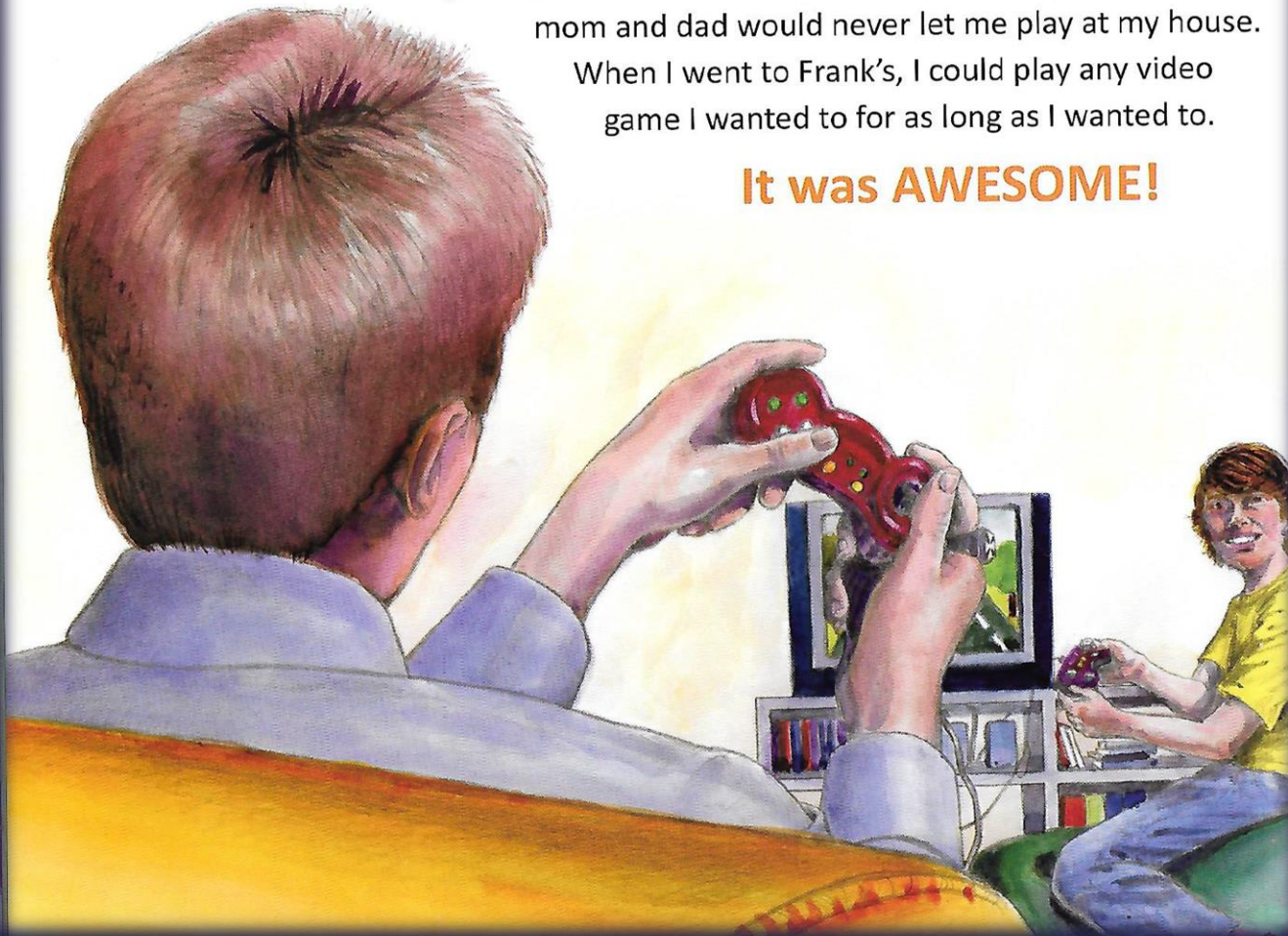
**Then, he just gave up.**



I was just like the butterfly...***I was trapped.***

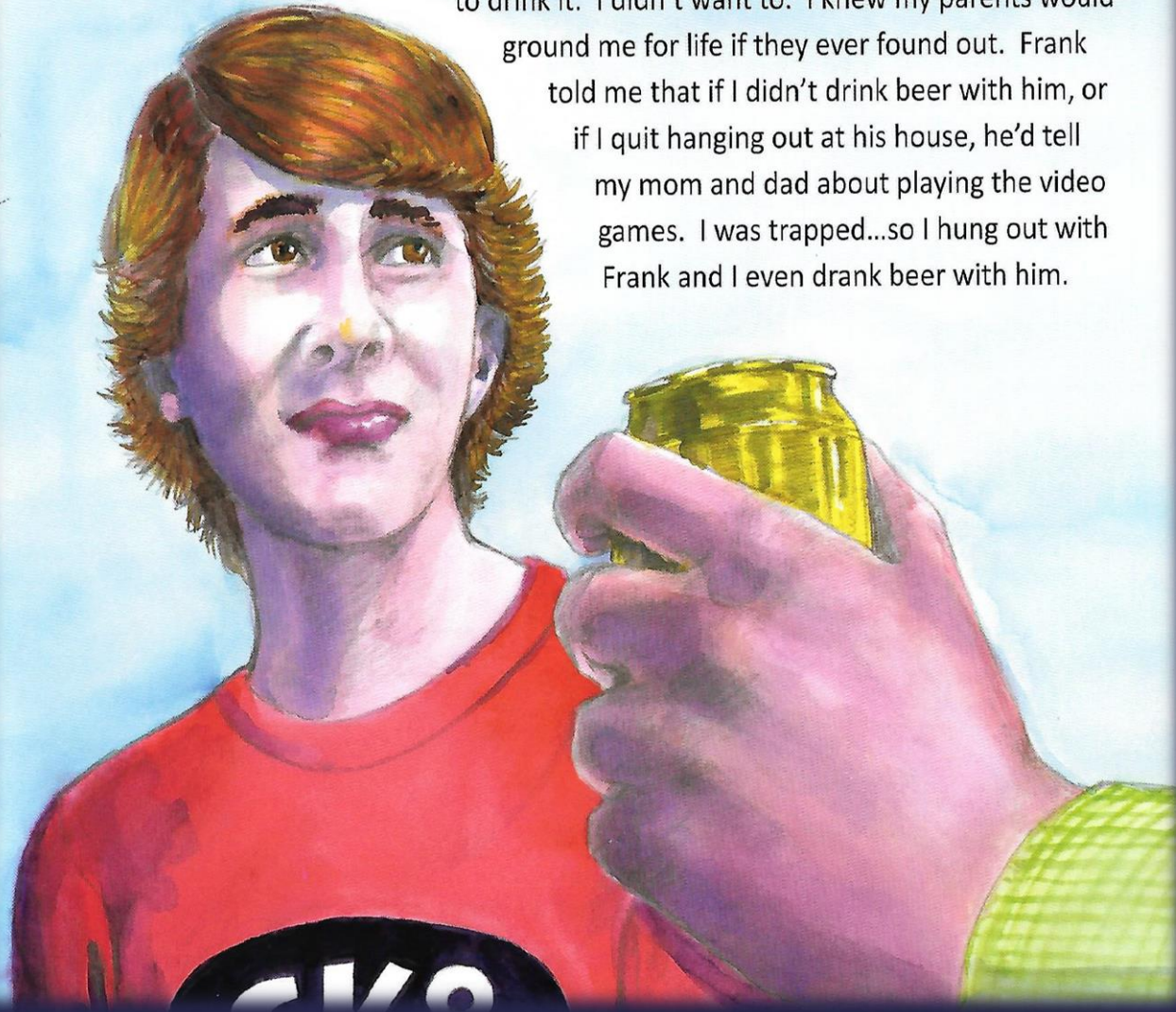
I met Frank about a year ago. He moved into the house across the street and four houses down. He was the coolest grown-up I had ever met! He had every video game known to man. He even owned the games that my mom and dad would never let me play at my house. When I went to Frank's, I could play any video game I wanted to for as long as I wanted to.

**It was AWESOME!**

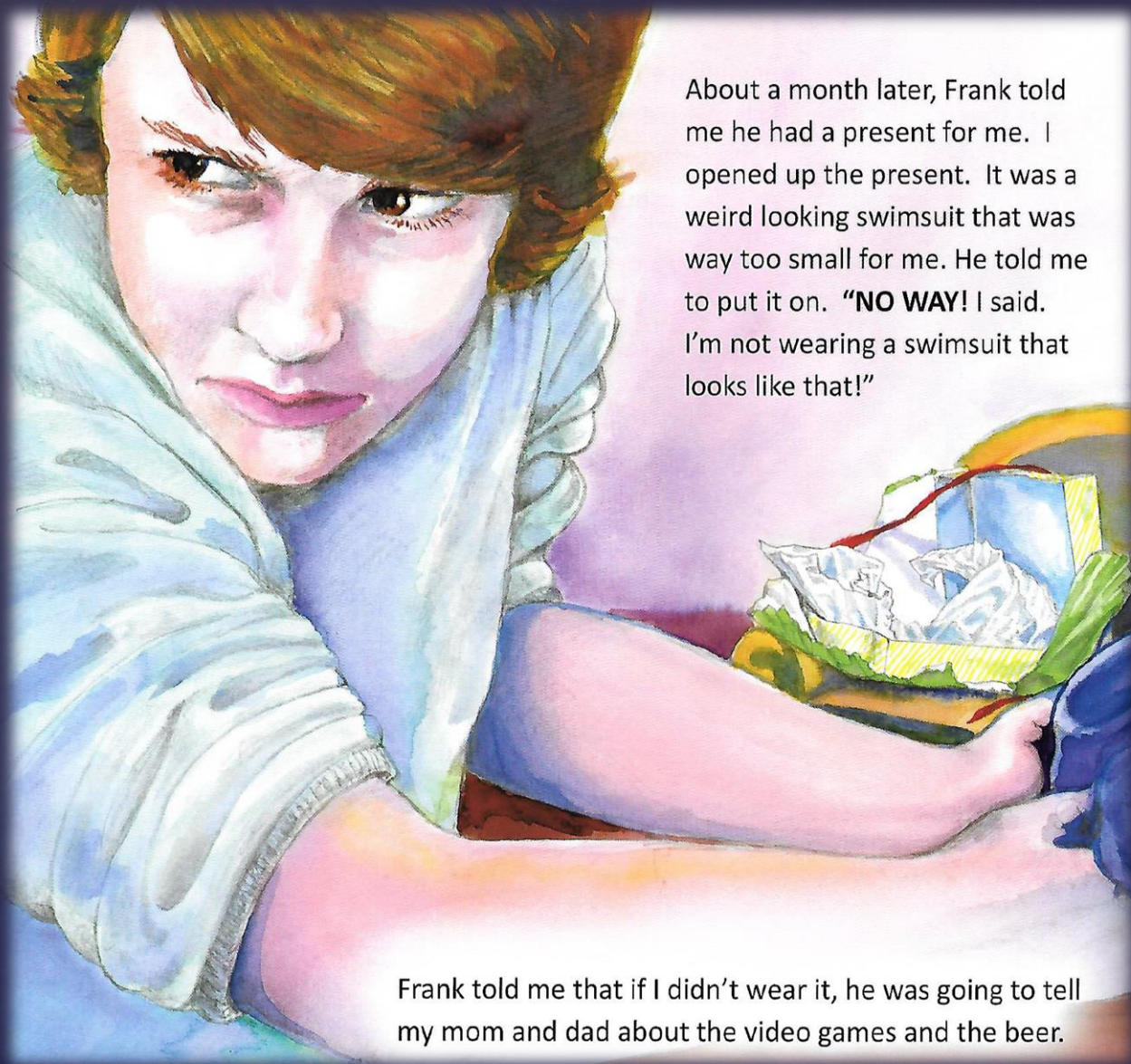




At first, I thought that hanging around Frank's house was a blast! He told me that I was special. But that all changed one day, when he handed me a beer and told me to drink it. I didn't want to. I knew my parents would ground me for life if they ever found out. Frank told me that if I didn't drink beer with him, or if I quit hanging out at his house, he'd tell my mom and dad about playing the video games. I was trapped...so I hung out with Frank and I even drank beer with him.



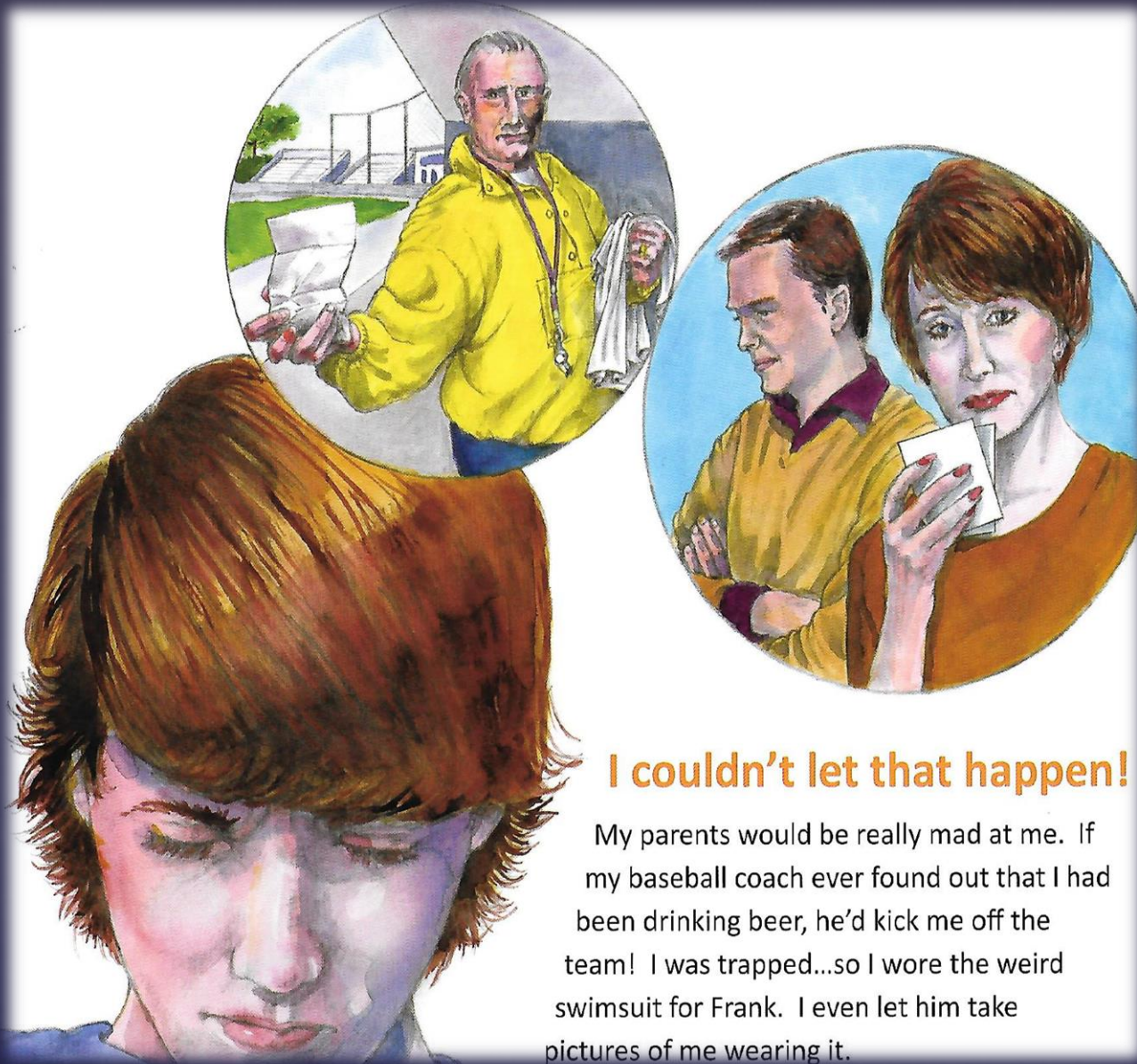




About a month later, Frank told me he had a present for me. I opened up the present. It was a weird looking swimsuit that was way too small for me. He told me to put it on. **"NO WAY!"** I said. I'm not wearing a swimsuit that looks like that!"

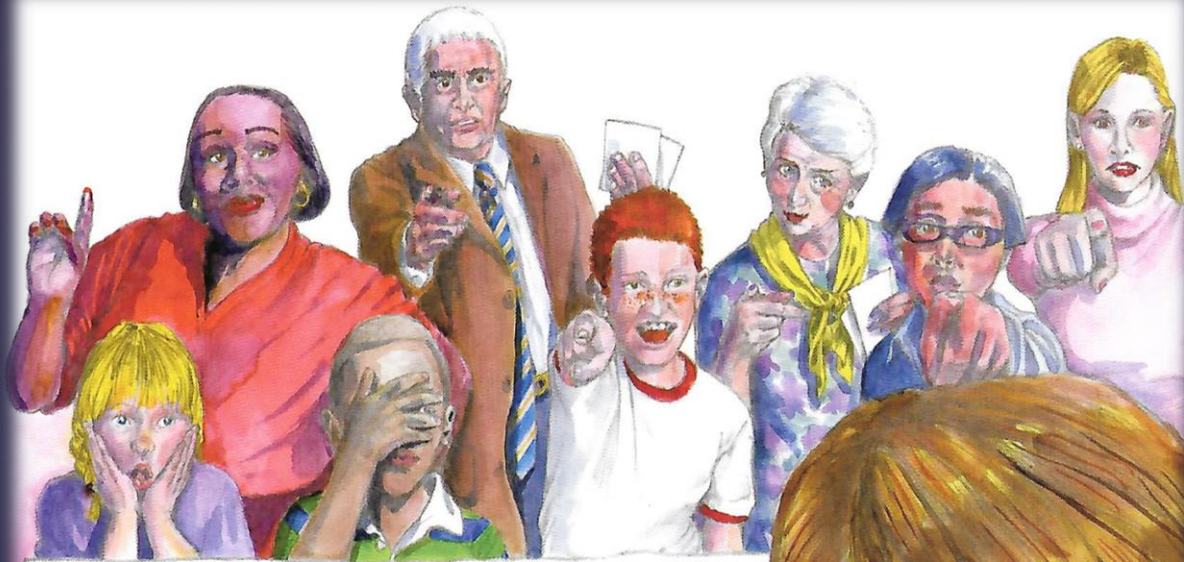
Frank told me that if I didn't wear it, he was going to tell my mom and dad about the video games and the beer.





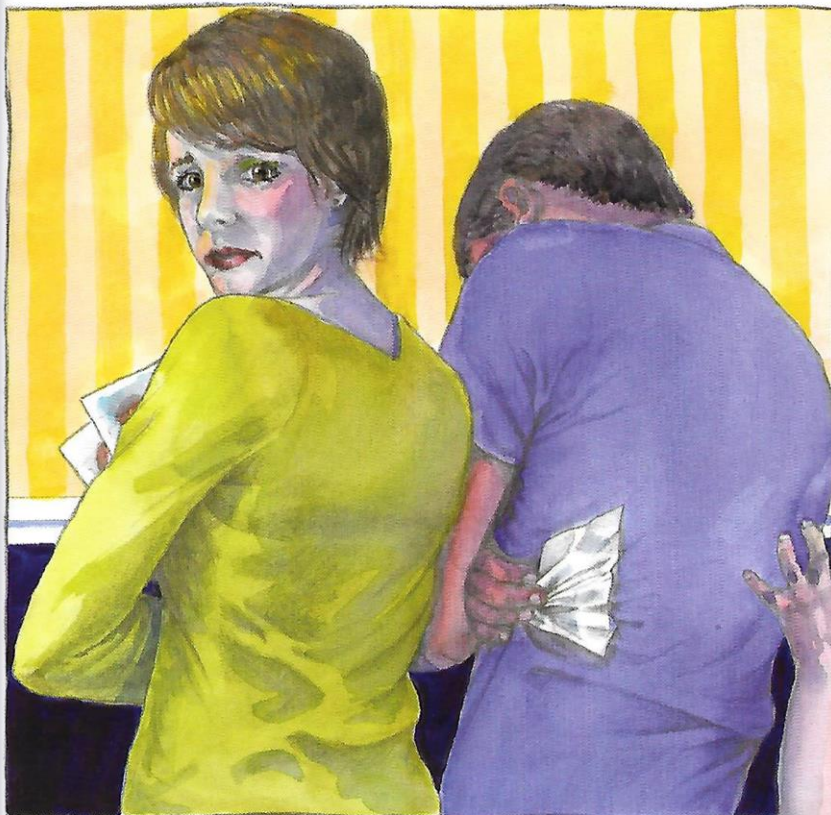
## **I couldn't let that happen!**

My parents would be really mad at me. If my baseball coach ever found out that I had been drinking beer, he'd kick me off the team! I was trapped...so I wore the weird swimsuit for Frank. I even let him take pictures of me wearing it.



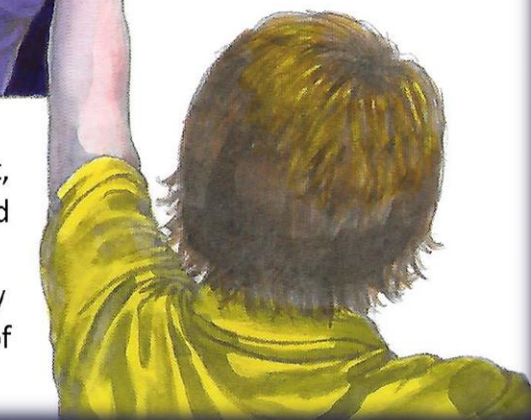
A few weeks later, Frank told me he was very sad. He said he needed a hug from me. I didn't want to hug Frank, but he told me that if I didn't hug him, he'd show the pictures he'd taken of me wearing the weird swimsuit to my parents and all of my friends. There was **NO WAY** I was going to let that happen! Everyone would think I was a freak! I was trapped...so I hugged Frank and I even let him take pictures of me hugging him.



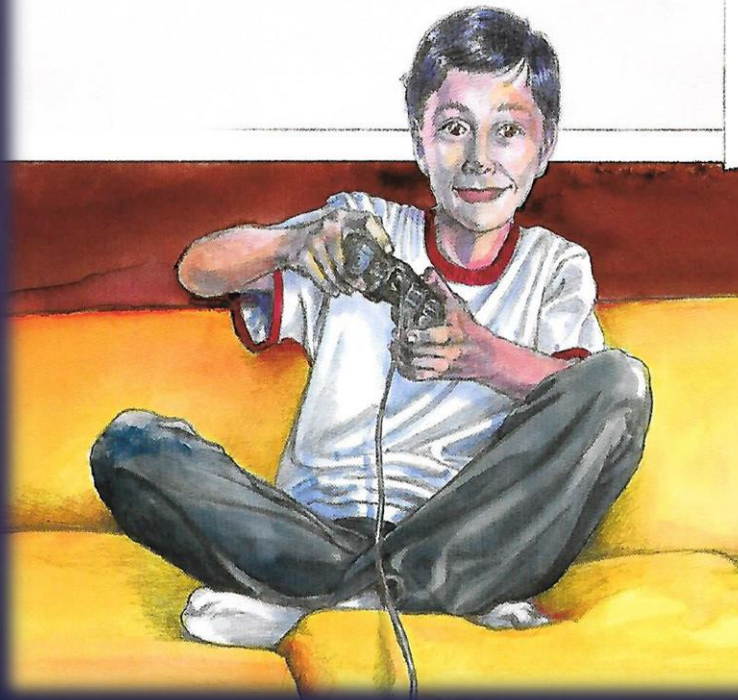


They would  
probably  
even stop  
loving me.

I had to do everything Frank told me to do. If I didn't, he said he would tell people all about the things I had done wrong. He said he would even show them the pictures he'd taken as proof. Frank told me that if my parents ever found out, they would be so ashamed of me that they would never be able to forgive me.

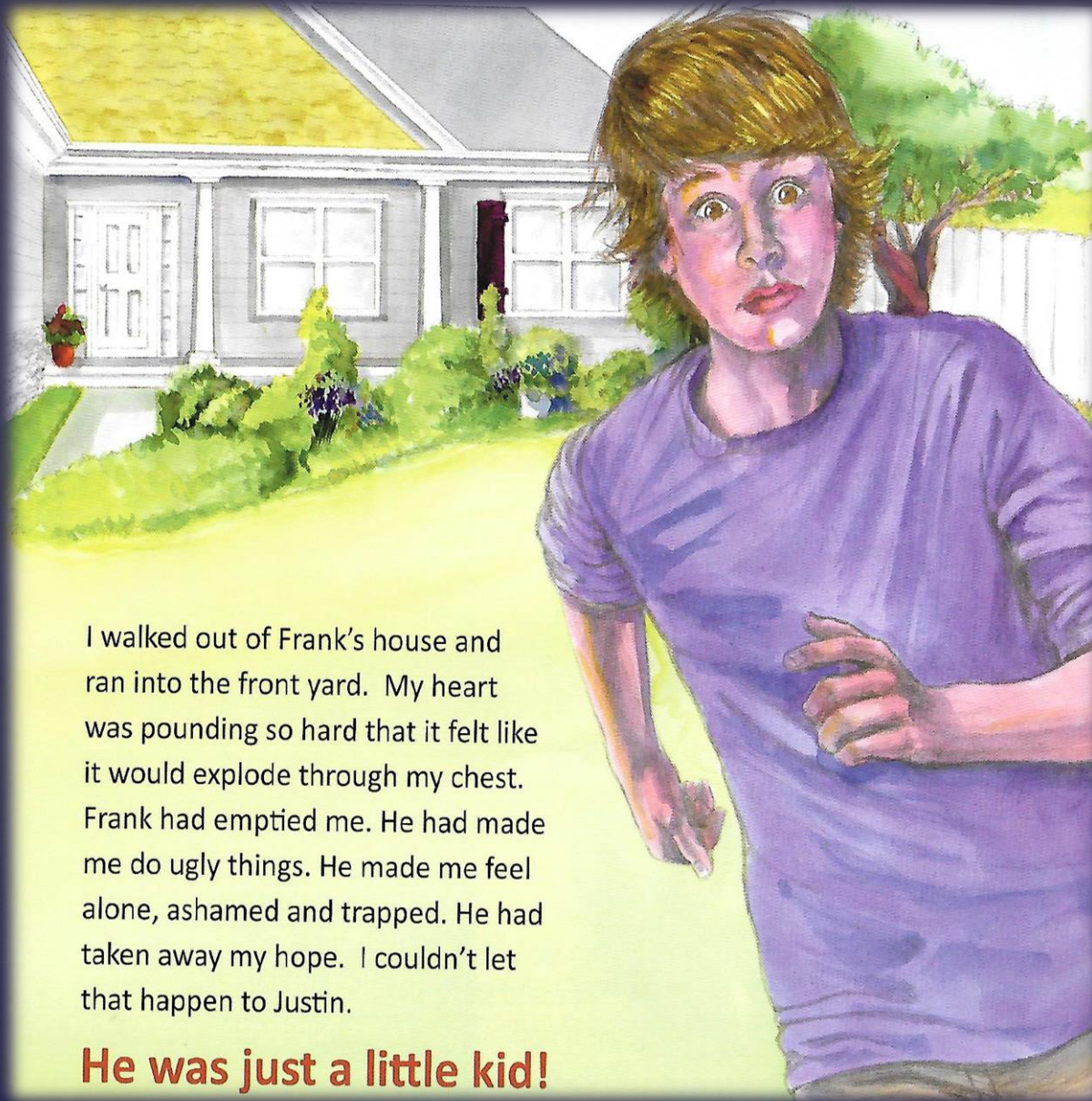


Yesterday, I walked into Frank's house and saw Justin Reyes sitting on the couch playing video games. "Frank is so cool!" said Justin. "He has every video game known to man! My mom would never let me play this game at my house. **This is AWESOME!**"



"It's a trap!" I screamed, but nothing came out of my mouth. "It's a trap!" Tears welled up in my eyes. The tears had strong words, but I said nothing.





I walked out of Frank's house and ran into the front yard. My heart was pounding so hard that it felt like it would explode through my chest. Frank had emptied me. He had made me do ugly things. He made me feel alone, ashamed and trapped. He had taken away my hope. I couldn't let that happen to Justin.

**He was just a little kid!**





I ran to Justin's house and knocked on his door. His mom answered.

"Mrs. Reyes," I said. "Please call Justin and tell him to come home."

"Why?" she asked.

"He's over at Frank's playing video games," I said.

"Yes, I know where he is," she said. "Frank is such a great guy and he is so good to all of you boys."





**“Please!” I said.  
“It’s a trap!  
Frank traps kids.**

Please call Justin and tell him  
to come home and don’t  
ever let him go to Frank’s  
house again!”

“What are you saying?”  
Mrs. Reyes asked.

“Frank trapped me. He  
tricked me into doing things  
I didn’t want to do, things I  
can’t tell you about. Please,  
I just don’t want anything to  
happen to Justin.”





My scared eyes told her everything.  
She picked up the phone, called Justin  
and told him to come home.



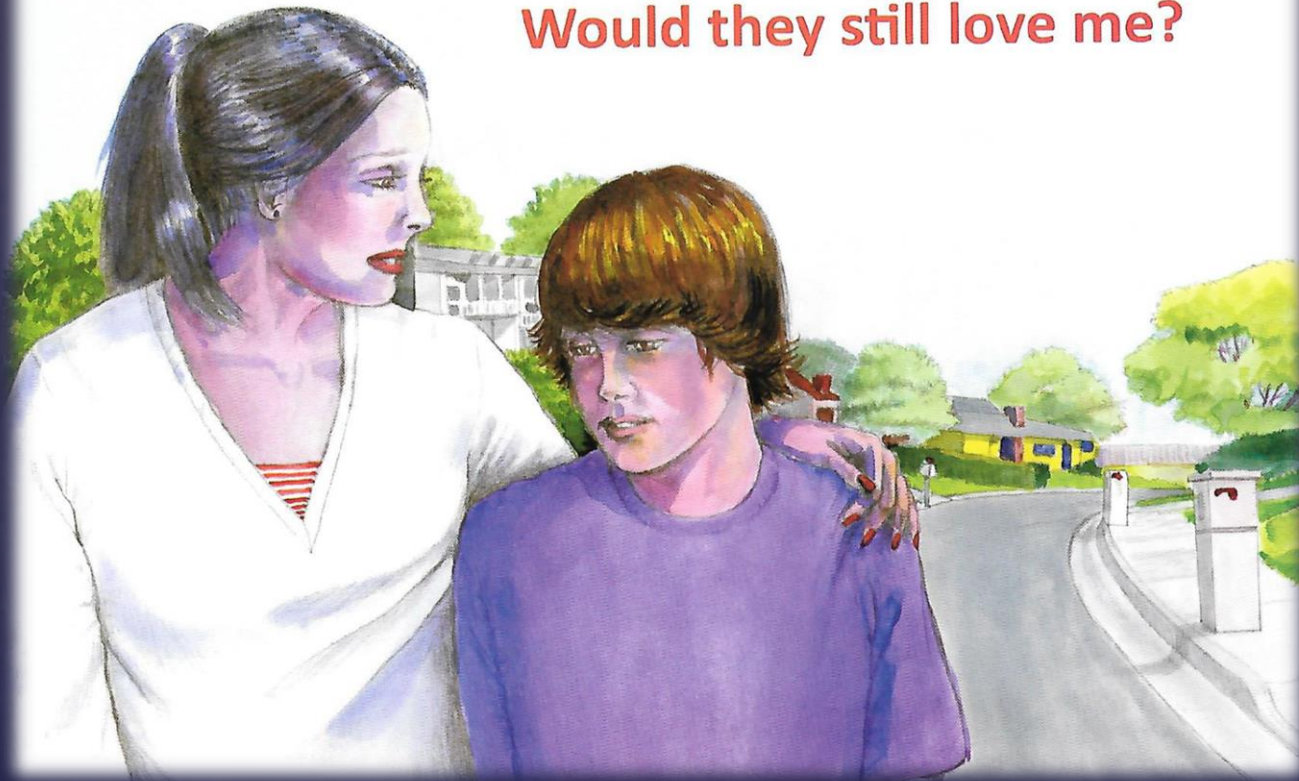


I tried to hold it all in, but I ended up telling Justin's mom all about Frank and his traps. The words just poured out of my mouth like a flood. Mrs. Reyes hugged me tight. She told me that it wasn't my fault. She promised me that if I told my parents everything that had happened they wouldn't be mad at me. She even said that she would go with me to talk to them.



Together we walked toward my house. I felt numb. I couldn't feel my feet against the sidewalk. What would I say to them? How could I tell them? What would they think of me?

**Would they still love me?**

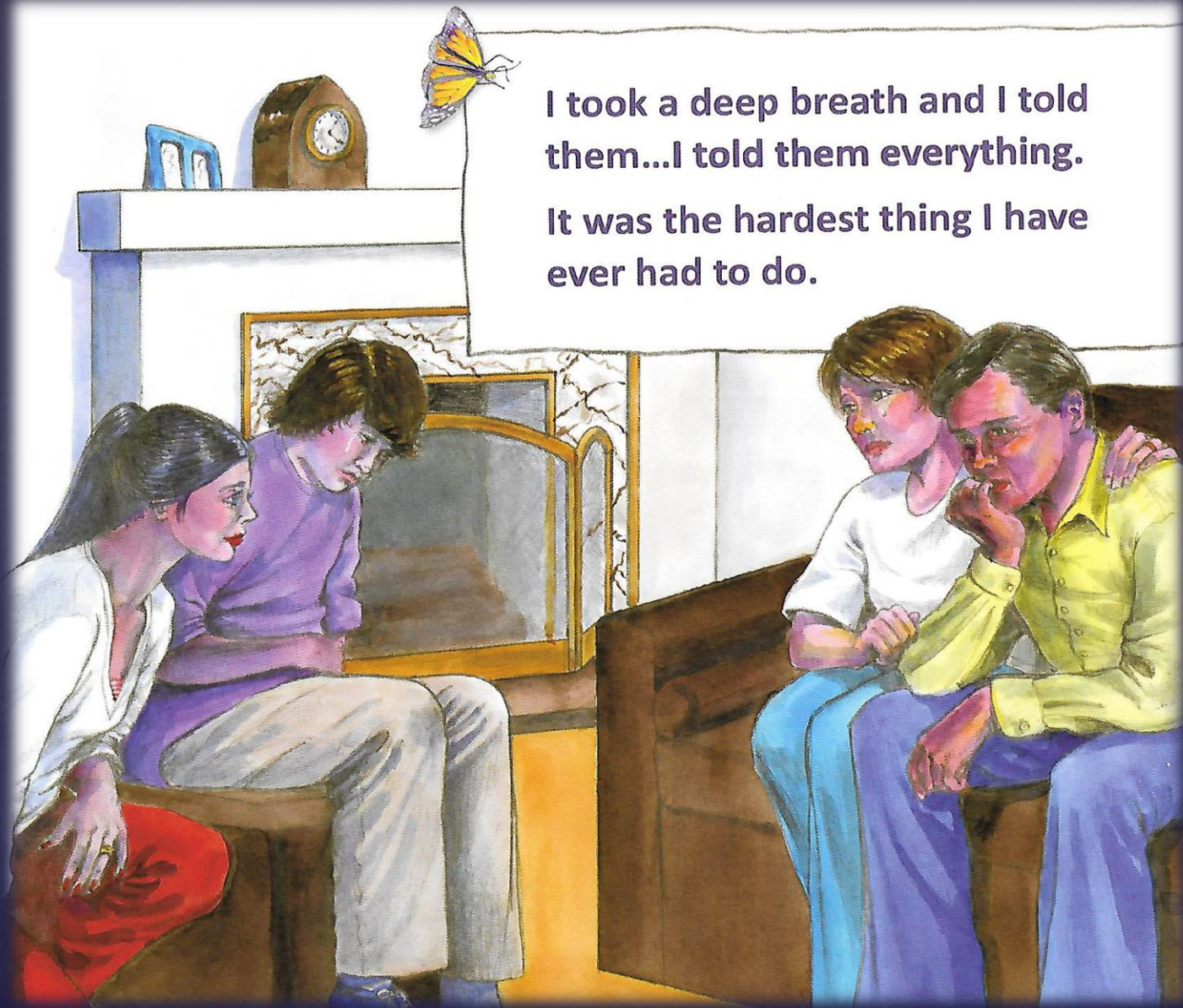




When we got to my front door, Mrs. Reyes took hold of my hand. Her eyes were full of tears. "Thank you, she said, for saving Justin."

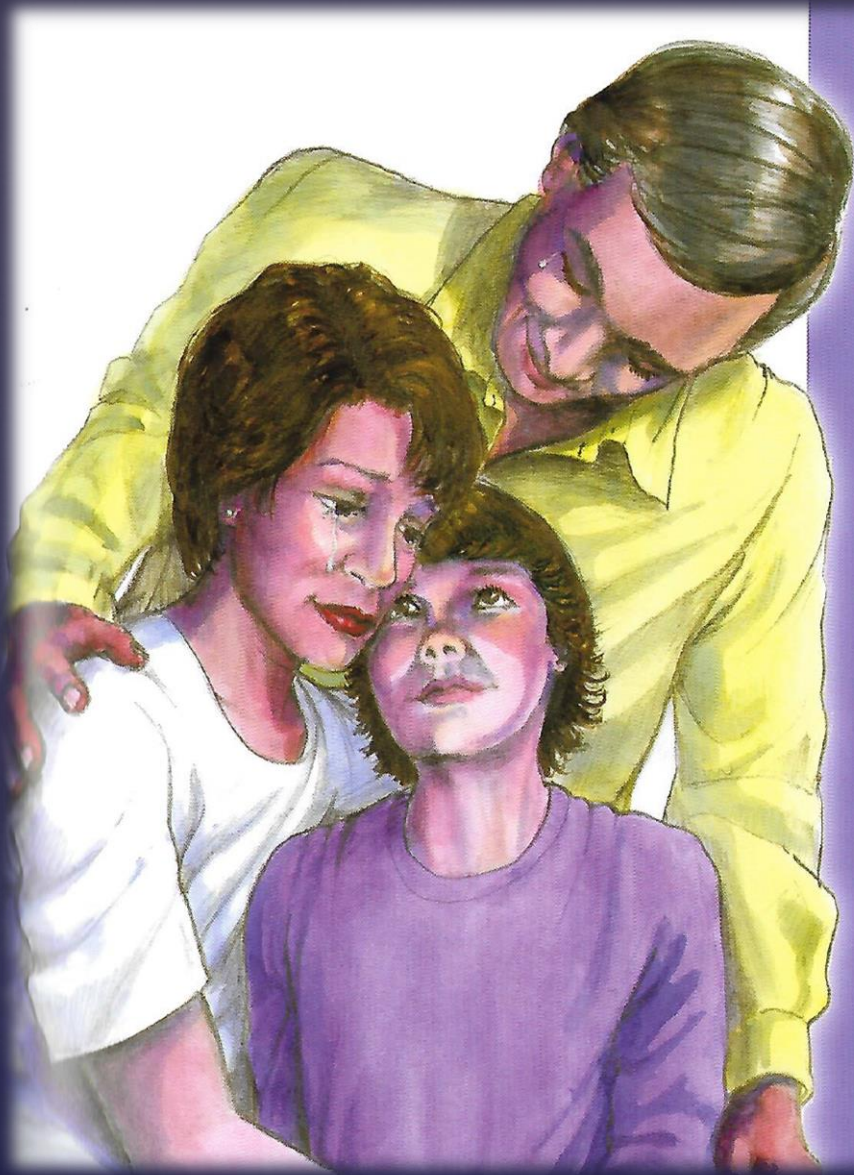
I walked into my house. My parents were sitting on the couch watching TV. They took one look at my face and knew something was wrong. "What happened? Are you OK?" my mom asked. Mrs. Reyes held my hand tight. Having her there made me feel strong.





I took a deep breath and I told them...I told them everything. It was the hardest thing I have ever had to do.





## **Mrs. Reyes was right.**

My parents weren't mad at me at all. They weren't ashamed of me either. They hugged me tightly and they cried with me. My parents told me that they would always love me and believe in me, no matter what happens. They told me that I had done nothing wrong. I had been trapped! They even told me that they were proud of me for helping Justin. For the first time in a very long time, I felt safe.

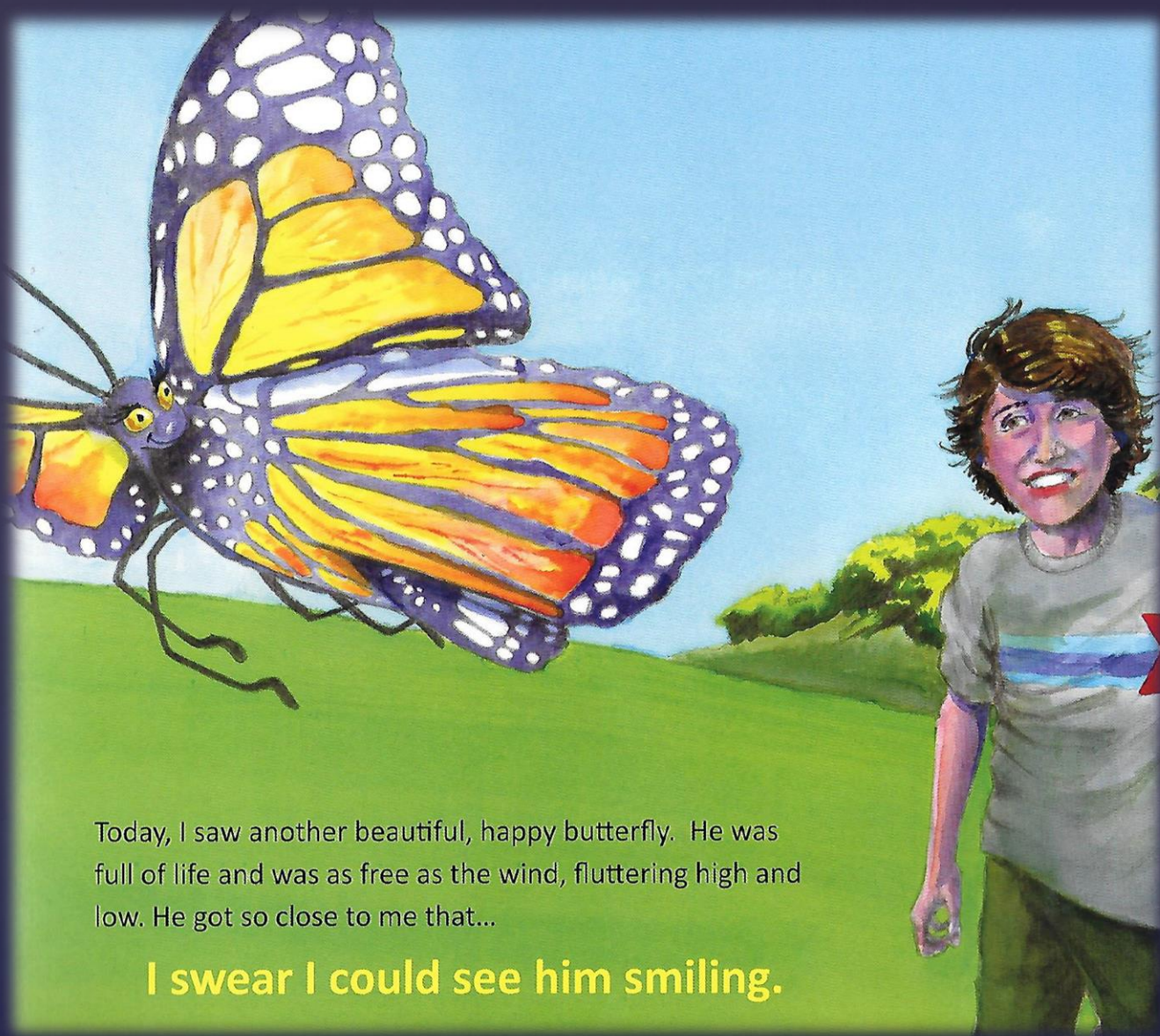


My parents were very, very angry with Frank. They told me that what he had done was very wrong.

**The police came and took Frank away.**







Today, I saw another beautiful, happy butterfly. He was full of life and was as free as the wind, fluttering high and low. He got so close to me that...

**I swear I could see him smiling.**





I smiled back at the butterfly  
as he flew away...



Now,  
we're *both*  
**FREE!**

# SAFE SECRETS:

- ✓ *ARE FUN TO KEEP*
- ✓ *DO NOT HURT US OR OTHERS*
- ✓ *DO NOT MAKE US UNCOMFORTABLE*





# UNSAFE SECRETS:

- ✓ *SHOULD NOT BE KEPT*
- ✓ *HURT US OR OTHERS*
- ✓ *MAKE US FEEL  
UNCOMFORTABLE/CONFUSED*
- ✓ *CAN MAKE US FEEL AFRAID*



**THE PARTS OF  
OUR BODIES  
COVERED BY OUR  
BATHING SUITS  
ARE CALLED OUR  
PRIVATE PARTS.**





# WHAT ARE SOME SAFE TOUCHES?

*...A HAND SHAKE*

*...A HUG FROM SOMEONE YOU LOVE*

*...A HIGH FIVE OR FIST BUMP*

*...A PAT ON THE BACK*

*...A KISS ON THE CHEEK*

# SAFE TOUCHES MAKE US FEEL...

*...LOVED*

*...SECURE*

*...HAPPY*

*...COMFORTABLE*

*...PROUD*





# WHAT ARE SOME UNSAFE TOUCHES?

*...A SLAP OR PUNCH*

*...A KICK OR PUSH*

*...TOUCHES TO OUR PRIVATE AREAS*

*...TOUCHES THAT MAKE US  
UNCOMFORTABLE*

# UNSAFE TOUCHES MAKE US FEEL...

...*SAD*

...*AFRAID*

...*ANGRY*

...*CONFUSED, LIKE SOMETHING IS  
WRONG*

...*EMBARRASSED*





THERE IS  
SOMETHING CALLED  
A “PRIVATE TOUCH.”

*THESE TOUCHES ARE NOT MEANT  
TO HURT OR EMBARRASS US, BUT  
TO HELP US!*

FOR EXAMPLE:

# UNSAFE VS. PRIVATE TOUCHES





# WHAT IF AN UNSAFE TOUCH OR LOOK HAPPENS TO YOU?

- *GET AWAY AS FAST AS YOU CAN!*
- *SAY “NO! I DO NOT LIKE THAT!”*
- *TELL A TRUSTED ADULT!*
- *REMEMBER, THIS IS NOT YOUR  
FAULT!*
- *KNOW THAT YOU HAVE DONE  
NOTHING WRONG!*

# WHO CAN I TELL?



PARENT,  
TEACHER,  
DOCTOR,  
POLICE,  
NEIGHBOR...



# WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

*A GROWN UP SHOWS YOU HIS  
OR HER PRIVATE PARTS. HE/SHE  
SAYS "I AM SORRY. IT WILL NOT  
HAPPEN AGAIN."*

# WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

*YOUR FRIEND TELLS YOU  
SOMEONE HAS TOUCHED HER IN  
HER PRIVATE AREA. SHE ASKS  
YOU TO KEEP IT A SECRET  
BECAUSE SHE IS SCARED AND  
EMBARRASSED.*



# WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

*SOMEONE YOU TRUSTED HAS  
THREATENED TO POST A PICTURE  
OF YOU THAT YOU REGRET. THEY  
TELL YOU THAT YOU WILL BE THE  
ONE IN TROUBLE FOR HAVING THE  
PICTURE TAKEN.*

# WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

*SOMEONE IS TRYING TO GET YOU  
TO GO ALONG WITH THEIR IDEA  
TO TOUCH YOU IN AN UNSAFE  
WAY. THEY TELL YOU NOT TO  
WORRY ABOUT IT BECAUSE  
“EVERYONE DOES THIS.”*



# Where Can I Get Help?

*Sexual Assault  
Service Center  
(815)730-8984*

*Groundwork Domestic  
Violence Program  
(815)729-1228*

815-729-0930, ext. 1524  
[jmasokas@gacsprograms.org](mailto:jmasokas@gacsprograms.org)