

FIRST MAJOR INCIDENT

When I was 5 years old, my mum, sister and sister's friend went to the shops, leaving [REDACTED] [REDACTED] under the supervision of my mother's fiancé at the time. He came into my bedroom, where [REDACTED] I were, with a bottle of alcohol he had been drinking. [REDACTED] [REDACTED] I was on my baby wiggles sofa on the floor. He put a blanket over my bottom half, moved my underwear aside and made out with my vulva. I remember giggling alot because it tickled from his bushy facial hair. He stopped and said "I do this to your mother" then continued until we heard my family had returned home. He stopped and looked at me and said "Don't tell anybody about this".

I smiled and rebelliously ran out into the kitchen where my mum, sister and her friend were. My sister's friend was closest and

quickest access for me to tell this secret to. So he squatted down to my level so I could whisper into his ear "So and so just picked and kissed me down there" and I gleefully, very proud of myself, ran away [REDACTED] [REDACTED] to continue playing as if nothing royally messed up had just happened. So obviously this family friend told my my mum. After some disbelief and a conversation with me that I don't remember, she kicked her, no longer fiancé, out that very same night. She also slept in my single bed with me, which I remember because she has always hated sleeping with us kids as we moved to much. Having my mum sleep in my bed with me that night, was a fond and rare memory for me that I treasured for a long time. My mother then went to the police about this matter. I remember going to the doctor and them rubbing some pill or something between my labia. Very awkward. My mother has very much mentally blocked out that event I have

since learnt.

Now I had to do a police interview, by making a video statement with the police. I remember sitting alone on a chair, with my teddy bear close to me. Across from me was police officer asking me questions. When asked about my assault, I got visibly a lot more uncomfortable and shy, trying to almost hide behind my small teddy bear that my dad had bought for me, and my brother, to share. I remember telling them he licked me and kissed me, down there, pointing towards my vagina, but not saying it as I was not familiar with, nor was I comfortable using the word. Clearly this was already a highly embarrassing and uncomfortable situation for me to be in to begin with. They kept trying to get me to say the word vagina. I don't know if I caved and said it or not, I don't remember that word coming out of my mouth. After the statement, I remember them talking to my

mum and us leaving. About two years later, my mum had moved the two of us along with my brother and my nan (her mum), to [REDACTED]

I remember after a little while, flying back [REDACTED] with my mum to attend a court hearing, for this case I had almost forgotten about. Quite a few family friends showed up for me and, to me most importantly, my dad. I was honestly most excited to see my dad because I hadn't seen him since we moved and before that only saw him once every second Saturday. Supervised as I had learnt later on in my life. So I was only allowed to pick one person to be with me along with the lawyer for my hearing. Of course, I chose my beloved father. Now I was in a very small room with the two of them and a fat old computer box and its big fat screen. I remember seeing the judge and his funny looking hair and I remember seeing the pedophile that had raped me. It was a strange

experience that I had ended up disassociating from.

Flash forward nearly twenty years, I asked my mum what happened. Nothing. A big fat juicy cup of nothing had happened to this man.

Here's a fun fact regarding the abuser, I am very close with one of his many nephews and nieces these days. We have briefly discussed him and the fact he had assaulted [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] Before and after my assault. So I very much blame the "justice" system for turning a blind eye to all of this and not putting sexual abusers, ESPECIALLY pedophilic abusers, in their place, monitoring their every move until the day they die. As well as chemically castrating them. That is how this should be handled. Instead the system, to this day, ignores millions of traumatised and victimised people who were sexually assaulted, raped, in their childhood/youth.

SECOND MAJOR INCIDENT

Which brings me to the system's next failure, my father. Who THANKFULLY died of liver failure when I was ten years old, just one year after he had started sexually abusing and traumatising me. Now when I was a baby,

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] Once my mum found out, she rightfully threw the whole man away and reported his wrong doings, keeping record of any and every interaction with him afterwards. He was arrested and jailed, not for very long though. He was granted access to visitation with my brother and I under supervision, once every second Saturday.

As a young child, I never understood why I barely got to see him and why my mum hated him so much. She denied she hated him but it

was quite apparent that she did. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] Now as mentioned earlier, we had moved to [REDACTED] Well let me tell you about the time we came down for a holiday a few years after moving there. My mum had decided to stay with a friend of hers, whilst [REDACTED] I had begged to stay with my father at his parents house, and [REDACTED] did. I know my mum was fed up with me villainising her for keeping me from my dad for "no good reason". Surely my aunties and grandparents would keep an eye on [REDACTED] and make sure we were safe given his long history of his pedophilic nature.

[REDACTED] stayed with him for a few weeks.

Something that was common during this time, was for my father to lock his door while

[REDACTED] I was in the room. I was 9 years old at the time, [REDACTED]

He would [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] whilst either sitting me down at the end of his bed with him, as he put pornography on his computer. To watch with me. He had a couple of spindle DVD case box's full of white CD's with blue writing on them. One case was all movie titles, top to bottom. The other one had a few of those on top, a bunch of plain blank ones, with almost half of the bottom filled with disks that had things like 'Upskirt' 'Animals' 'Lesbian' 'Masturbation' written on them. Lo and behold this was pornographic content. Including bestiality as my 9yr old brain had learnt. He showed me everything over time, telling me "I'd rather you watch them with me than with some man I don't know when you get older" Made sense to me at that age.

When we were watching masturbation porn, of women masturbating, I told him, that's not how I do it. Of course he wanted to see how I did it. So I showed him. This happened often over these few weeks. I remember once he was sitting on the couch watching TV [REDACTED] [REDACTED] until I started masturbating on his bed and he was watching me. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] Once he came over to me and kissed my fingers while I was masturbating with them. He said "that's as close as I'll ever get". I know now that was bullshit. Which is why I'm relieved he died of liver failure almost a year after this. Now I never went to the police or spoke to anyone about this until I was a teenager and I only told friends. This is because I remembered my experience with the police and how uncomfortable, nervous and scared I was. I

felt more violated then, than when I was actually assaulted by my mum's ex fiancé.

However, the experience with my father I knew was wrong and felt too ashamed and embarrassed to ever talk about it to anyone in my family or anyone authoritative. So I carried the shame and the burden all on my own with no release for years to come. The system should have had a tight lock on my father. He should have been chemically castrated as soon as he was found guilty of assaulting [REDACTED] If he was maybe I, his daughter, would have been free and safe around him.

THIRD MAJOR INCIDENT(S)

Now I had been raped by three boys, that I can vividly remember as a teenager at different times. The one that affected me worse than any other was one who was my

boyfriend. So many mornings he woke up to have sex and I didn't want to, I wanted to sleep, he didn't care. Once he just masturbated and ejaculated on my back as I was trying to go back to sleep. I went to the toilet crying to clean it off. He was also slowly, increasingly physically abusive towards me. After I started pulling him up on everything, he came over to my house, raped me and went home, breaking up with me via Facebook messenger not 30 minutes after leaving. I cried for 30 minutes, asked my mum for a bong and that was when my very occasio recreational use of marijuana became a daily, coping tool.

I was so angry that HE broke up with ME when I was the one enduring so much and trying to work on it. That's what relationships are, aren't they? Working through your problems. Anyway, I was lashing out and calling him a woman abusing rapist, privately,

via SMS. Threatening to go to the police. Now being a young master manipulator who loved having people wrapped around his finger, he showed these messages to everyone at the school we went to [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] He made me seem like I was crazy. I had taken my first ever day off there the day before while he sunk his claws into everyone and got ahead in the situation. so when I came to school the next day the entire school was not only involved in my breakup but some bullies had an opinion. I was now being bullied AGAIN in person a digitally. Ridiculed and made out to be a little to, in my eyes, the whole world.

I was too distraught and defeated to even consider going to the police again. Why go and get raped by the system when I've dealt with enough rape in my life already. When they clearly won't do anything to help me. They don't care about truth or justice. They

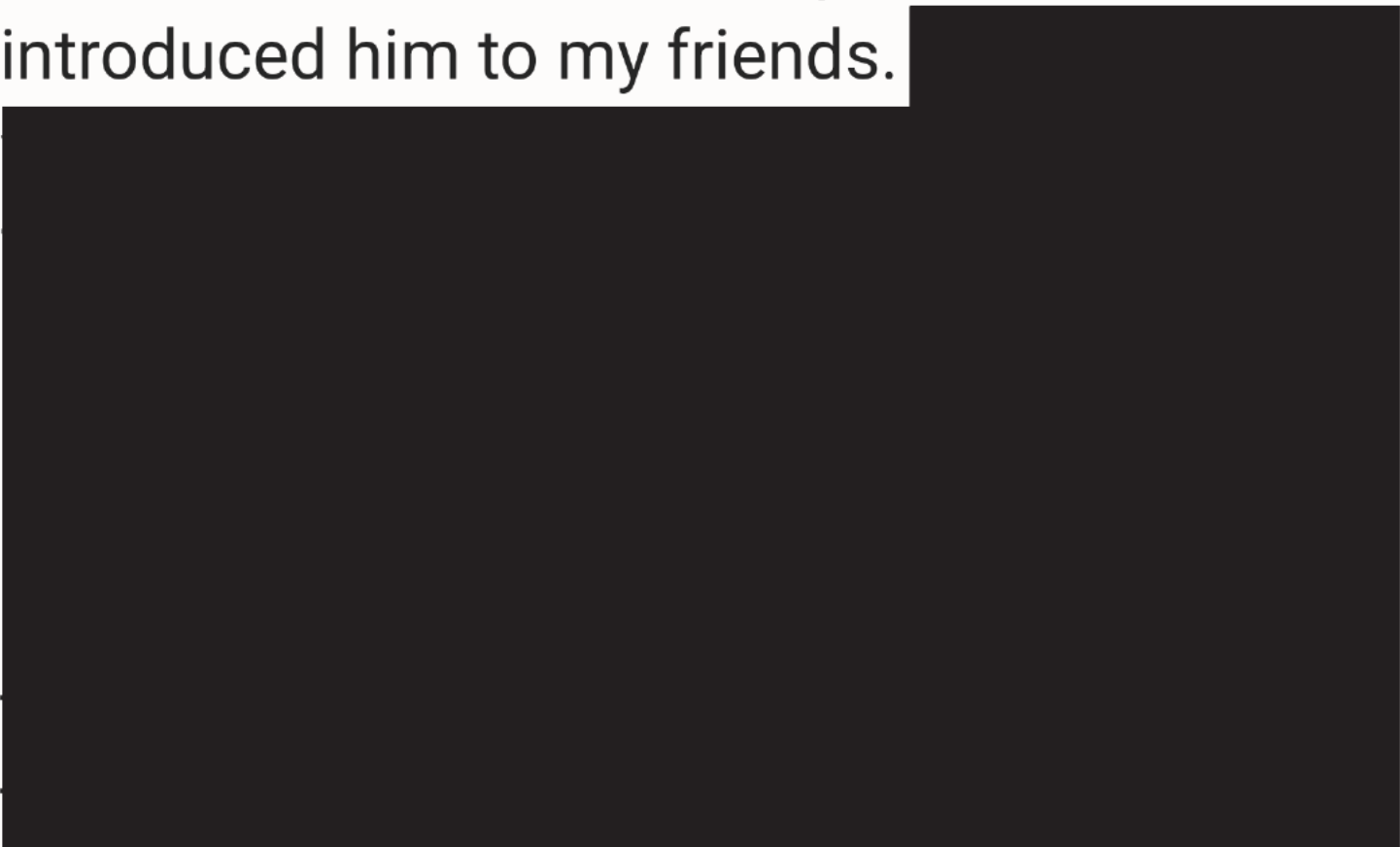
want to get off on evidence and move on with their lives. I still hold that same opinion to this day.

This experience broke me in ways I didn't even want to admit to myself until I was in my mid twenties. This still cuts me deep. I only permanently quit marijuana when I was pregnant with my first and only baby too.

FOURTH MAJOR INCIDENT(S)

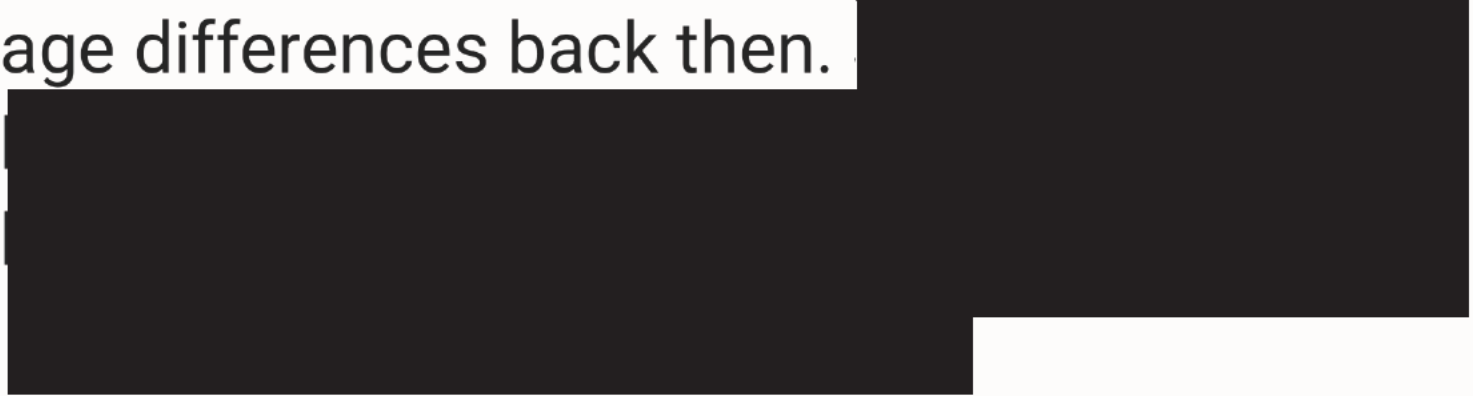
The sperm donor to my baby boy. We met when I was 15 and he was 30. I bummed a cigarette from him at the plaza. We both worked there, myself at [REDACTED] back when it was still [REDACTED]. I kept bumming cigarettes and we became friends. He would buy me food and drive me places. I was homeless and was going to 'rough it' by sleeping at a park one night so he got me a motel room and left me be.

We became friends on snapchat and I introduced him to my friends.



women. Again. He's 30. He's married with a baby on the way, constantly cheating and looki to cheat on his pregnant wife.

Constantly degrading, belittling her and making her out like she's the abusive monster, behind her back. I know he wanted to have sex with me and I was not at all attracted to him, I didn't care so much about I age differences back then.





man, feeling bad for him letting him know what I had learnt. He was thankful and we

kind of made amends. The 30 yrs old man and I. A few years later, at 19 years old, I had moved away from home finally and moved in with some friends. A couple of months into this new living arrangement, I received a phone call from the man who have just come out of detox and rehab to get off marijuana and valium. He had left his wife and spoke of his beautiful, wonderful daughter.

We began hanging out again, he had changed his look, he looked mildly attractive to me. He came over to my house a lot, my housemates and I would drink a lot and smoke marijuana when someone could afford some. The man would bring us alcohol and get us gifts. He was love bombing me. I was slowly falling for him because he seemed like an ideal man to mate with and have a family. A good man, not like any of the men or boys I had experienced in my past. He didn't seem like the type of man to phsi hurt me or sexually assault me

so I kept falling for him and suggested dating. He was all for it. We started dating. The first night I stayed at his place, that night he tried to get me to take 6 sleeping pills, claiming that he did that before and if you push past the sleepiness, that the high is AMAZING. So I took three or four, excited for the ride. Right as they were starting to kick in, he started to make physically sexual moves on me and he started going down on me aaaaand I passed out. I don't remember a thing. I'm convinced I fell asleep, he claimed I seemed fine and totally normal the whole time, I was loving the sexual experience apparently. I kinda brushed it off and that is pretty much the undertone of 5 yrs with him. He never physically hurt me, but was very emotionally and psychologically abusive. Often finding ways to drug me. When our first few arguments and conflicts came up in our relationship, he convinced me I was so overly emotional that I need to see a psychiatrist.

So WE did, he pretty much spoke for me, and made everything out to be 10x worse than it was, and had me medicated with wafers that would zombify me. This was a 'temporary fix' until I could see be referred to a psychiatrist team [REDACTED] Now I had 10 sessions with them, and everytime they asked me why I was there, I gave them the same list of reasons my ex had said, because I didn't really know what to say about why I am there apart from that. I was convinced he knew best and I was crazy. [REDACTED] has me on 1000mg of lithium. They told me I had bipolar and I could Google it, instead of them tell me what it is. I was on this for almost a year before I researched biploar. I thought it was mood swings, which I would get. Then I properly delved into it and learn all about the cyclic nature of mania and depression in bipolar and it did not fit with me. I accepted how dull I had felt on it, becoming depressed,

so I stopped taking the medication. My ex wasn't happy but realised he couldn't logically deny my findings. Then I was obsessed with mental health and finding out what was wrong with me. This eventually annoyed him because he couldn't keep up with all the information I was learning and sharing about what I may or may not have. I concluded after all of that I had PMDD.


My ex was back on the valium, he claimed it was the only thing that helped his neck pain. That or endone (morphine). He had me using the GP's and my misdiagnosis to lie and get valium as much as I could, for him at first. Until he convinced me to try them. Then once I became hooked we would argue over it. Him always coming out on top because of his neck pain.

Flash forward a couple of years, police come to our house, to arrest him, they want his

phone and his electric devices, because "something of pornographic nature he had been searching, had been flagged by our team". I didn't get any more information than that. He convinced me that he would look up teen porn but know all the girls are over 18. I thought that blatant lie.

Months later he admitted to taking photos of



 He emotionally manipulated me into feeling sorry for him and made it all about him. To stuff my feelings in a box and ignore them. They'll go away eventually, surely. His needs and trouble are way more important than mine, I often thought. He wasn't allowed to see his daughter, he is a heartbroken man.

Months after this, police come AGAIN.

Wanting EVERY electronic device in the house

EVERYTHING even my phone and a crappy old laptop of mine that didn't work well.


Except my work from home equipment, they checked that then and there for me so I could continue working afterwards. They also promised to prioritise my phone so I would get it back at the end of the day, which I did. They arrested him. He came back later on. Before my phone did.


We were sharing my phone because we couldn't afford to buy him a new one with all our money wasted on drugs (marijuana or prescription) and cigarettes. I'm quite sure police still have all of his AND my stuff from then, to this very day. Now one day, I had pulled another all nighter, he was asleep and I was getting ready to go to bed when I got an email I wanted to check. I had a look at the

emails saved in my Gmail, and there were 3 or 4 different emails that weren't mine, meaning they were my ex's. I thought I would scan through them so I could delete what wasn't important because that seemed excessive. The first email I clicked on, I noticed emails from Snapchat, but for a user name I had not recognised. So I used that email and signed in with the password he used for everything. He was a downright pig. He was harassing teenage girls for nudes and pretending to be like in his early 20s when he was actually nearly 40. So I posted on the story of that account "Don't talk to me or send anything to me, I'm not who you think I am, I'm a gross 40 yr old pig of a man".

I was FUMING. I contacted my best friend at the time, who was getting ready to go to work. I briefly relayed the situation and she offered to pick me up and I said yes. I need to process this. Obviously I'm bringing my

phone with me, so I wrote a handwritten note just stating I would be gone to my friends for a while and I would be okay. He would get very upset if he didn't know everything about where I was going or what I was doing or who I was with. So I was getting my shit together to go and he woke up and came out. I was beside myself, I couldn't hide that I was FAR from ok. So when he asked what's wrong I said "I found your snapchat account, I know what you've been doing, I need to get out of here and process this because I am not in my right mind". He shut down. He knew he had done irreparable damage here. So I left the second I started to feel sorry for him. Not this time mate! I went to my friends.





Absolutely crazy. So once again, he deep betr
me but found a way to make everything about
him. For MONTHS I walked on eggshells. I
was escaping in anything and everything I
could, mostly music, drawing, weed and I
even stopped eating. I lived mostly on hot

chocolate and water.

I was a shell. I had forgotten that I stopped taking contraception before finding out about his snapchat affairs. I became pregnant around the time I started reconnecting with an old friend. I had lost my only best friend and all of my other friends at this point so this was desperation at it's finest. We hung out twice. First time at a bar for a couple of drink, second time at a park between our houses. I got very drunk this time. Talking about alot. That was it. We just talked. A couple of months later my ex suggested I take a pregnancy test, so I did and I was pregnant. He was happy at first, I was terrified. I was so unwell and unhealthy, I was so fearful of losing my baby already. After my first scan at 13 weeks, I shifted gears. My maternal instincts came forth with full force. My ex thought that I had slept with my friend because of the timing and the fact we had

tried for a year to no avail. I admit the timing looked suspicious. I did as much as I could to convince his projecting ass that I have never and would never cheat on my partner. He wouldn't leave it alone. Drove me crazy with it. I wanted a break so moved into another room in the house. He still wouldn't leave me alone. I told him I'm scared that we'll lose the baby because I'm so unhealthy and now all of this added stress has me even more fearful. He didn't care. He tried kicking me out to live with my mum! Was following me around the house more annoying every second. I got past freeze, I couldn't flight so I wanted to fight and hurt him. So I called the police to intervene. They ended up making him go! He slept in his car because he refused to stay with his mum or brother or dad or friend. His choice.

Every day I still was guilty in to letting him come home for something be it a torch or

clean clothes. One day after gathering some stuff, he asked to take a nap and I politely agreed. I felt bad he slept in his car all week. When he woke up, he refused to leave. Started the drama again, trying to kick me out so I called police again. Even all three of the police officers that came, got fed up with him very quickly. They sent him on his way, again, and recommended I get an IVO. They had to explain to me what it was. I remember thinking, if this is the only way I can get some peace and quiet and try to relax and distress, so be it! My friend took me to the station to file for one. It was approved in court 3 weeks later. He breeched it many times until I finally reported it and had him arrested and remanded for the plethora of breeches. He was released on one year of good behaviour some time after. His good behaviour ended recently and he made himself known to me not 2 days after the expiry. Police wouldn't let me give a statement or anything on that when

I went to the station to report it.

Suffice to say, I think the justice system is a joke and a failure. The abusers and pedophiles it has allowed to roam free of consequence and repercussions, is astounding. This is just going off my own experiences. More than anyone should have in a whole long lifetime yet I am only 26 and experienced all of this trauma and failure of a system that was clearly built to empower abusers and oppress survivors. I have been let down time and time again. The one time they were of help where when I didn't even realise how necessary their help was with my 40yr old ex. All of the abuse regarding him that I mentioned, I did not even recognise as abuse of me until long after the end.

I am apart of domestic abuse support groups and I'm constantly reading the most heartbreaking stories of MOSTLY women who are being completely let down and

mistreated by the system all over Australia, to this day. These women and their poor children who are constantly gaslit and brushed aside by the system that claims to protect and serve. Protect and serve who? Abusers? That's certainly what Australian justice system's track record suggests, implies, makes very clear in fact.