

---

**From:** [REDACTED]  
**Sent:** Friday, 30 January 2015 11:35 AM  
**To:** redress  
**Subject:** re: evidence

I will be dead before I get the justice I want, my health has deteriorated, knowing our leaders know hurts the most. takes a toll on a person's life. Trauma! where is the prevention? Where is the post care.

Diagnosis Complex Post Traumatic Stress Disorder, cumulative trauma understanding the science behind trauma and the signs that are clearly visible, in my case early years of school a comment from teacher was I was retarded, I now understand the meaning 'shrinkage of the brain' withdrawn very quiet. When I was taken from my home town in New Zealand a social worker had been to the house in her report she comments something does not feel right... The next thing I was taken to Australia by a man claiming to be my father, as a State Ward it was illegal to remove me from the country. Welfare gave up after one year and closed my account. Recently found out my elder brother had been taken and my brother was the first child removal in NZ. Abused by this man and our Mother this man a stepfather to my brother, was sexually abusing him, the man got 18months jail she was on probation.

The only difference with me was they gave up looking, meanwhile he had me in this country where he could do as he pleased, his new girlfriend was wearing thin, his focus back on me. The hidings being yelled at and put down 'the black sheep' 'witch' self-hate was strong. I liked my counsellor at primary school [REDACTED] in Sydney. But no listened I ran away at age 10 telling a taxi my parents had gone to the airport and forgot me, I needed a lift, I can see now why the driver did not buy this story, she followed me in her taxi. When they found me I was eight blocks away from home hiding under a house, an ambulance came I was taken to hospital. Terrified an afraid they could not find what was wrong with me, I was transferred to another hospital with children and they could see a dramatic change in me. There way of handling it was to put me in a room and mediate with my Dad step mother little sister, and I was to tell of what was happening at home.... OK dad was touching me inappropriately but it was better than the beatings, with the kettle cord or the old laundry hose, not to forget the belt.

This man and my Mother had a record in this country, where were rights to safety I showed all signs of abuse. They returned me the abuse continued. At this time I am now in High School [REDACTED] I was ashamed to go to school started wagging, my counsellor was the same one as in primary, she told me she was worried about me, I finally got the courage to speak up and say what was happening, she told me to go home and tell my step mum, which I did, all night I was terrified of when she would say something to him, the next morning in the bathroom where I would have to help him with his hair yuuuuuuuukkkk.... Anyway she came in and said you had better sort your kid out because she is saying at school you are touching her... she left for work I got sent flying, hit in the head and landed in the bath tub.

Being nice did not work my hate and anger grew him myself everything around me. He started to become more aggressive if I did not want to do as he asked. I was again terrified of what this man could do. Suicide I tried but worried about leaving my sister. Final straw was when she saw one morning and called me a slut! This destroyed me, I chose to run away, seven days later found after a media blitz and police search. When I told Police Woman [REDACTED] why I run away the media were shut out. A report was made. They had nowhere to put me so placed me in [REDACTED] a remand centre in Sydney. Here a doctor molested me I recall blood and going out with the other girls asking if I enjoyed his little play. Arrghhhh the first question asked of me was I bi or straight I was so glad I said straight, that night girls in and out of the beds, workers did nothing.

What hurts most is to find out I had family here and they didn't even look. I was returned to my Mother a woman I had been removed from due to abuse. During the short time with her I was raped beaten and constantly worn down.

NZ has accepted liability of their part in my being taken. I lost my family we have never been united it ws only when I buried my mother I found out I have a history a past that I can be proud of. This was kept from me. All my life I have been trying to find out what I wrong with me. After years of living in an abusive relationship, still to this day I ask when is my time to breathe. Where is my right to feel safe?

Most important is to finish my last battle and hold the systems accountable.

We need to advocate for Trauma Informed Service Delivery using the Adults Surviving Child Abuse - ASCA model. Educate know the signs understand it to prevent it is my motto.

Post giving evidence with Ken Atkinson my health has got worse, working with systems that just do not understand I fight to be heard. Over 12months and I am still in the process of giving my statement to police, the man that took me is to blame I feel the systems need to be accountable also how do I deal with that?