

To The Senate Committee on the Inquiry on Government Compensation

My childhood was something out of a (pornographic) horror movie, unfortunately
It was and is very real.

Sexually abused by my cousin many times at a very young age of around 5.

Sexually abused by so called friends and strangers.

My whole family was subject to mental and physical abuse from my alcoholic father.

One of my vivid memories is being pulled naked and wet from the bathtub, dad with
His leather strap in hand and the whipping that followed. Being told that the more I
scream, the more I will get it. Then, after settling down from the whipping, he'd send
me outside into the cold and dark night and make me kneel on stones for an hour or so
or until I learnt my lesson ??? Whatever that was, at such a young age.

This abuse continued regularly throughout my childhood, as did the other abuses.

Just seemed to get worse as I got older.

My memory of my Mum is one of crouching in between the fridge and the stove and
my dad kicking and belting into her with all his might, this also happened on a regular
basis. This was the "normal thing" in my life as I was growing up.

Many times I actually thought my Dad was going to kill me. Every time he hit me in
the head, it felt like an explosion going off in my brain, the stars I saw were not pretty
ones and the pain was, well, words can never describe that pain, I honestly thought he
was going to kill me one day with his hit.

So, when I was about 13 yrs old, I ran away from home and the abuse, I couldn't let
him kill me was my only thought.

As things go, I was picked up by the police shortly after, went to court, made a Ward
of the State of Victoria and was placed in CARE????

The so called care I was placed into was Winlaton and Abbotsford Convent in
Victoria.

Whilst in so-called care, I was sexually and physically abused by the girls in those
homes. In Winlaton the girls used a hairbrush to physically and sexually abuse me.
They called that practise SCRUFFING. It went on so much they actually had a name
for it????? How many other girls have gone through that???? MY GOD, can you only
spend a moment to imagine the horror, just a moment....Senate Committee ???

I was also bashed and tormented by the girls and some of the staff were just as bad as
the girls, turning a blind eye to all this makes you just as bad. Some staff even made
me feel worse than rubbish, that I wasn't worth the trouble??? I was there because I
was a problem to my family and to society?????

WHAT A SCREWED UP SYSTEM it was.

In both governmental and religious homes I was placed into, I was abused in so many different ways, I still sit here shaking my head as to how this could of possibly taken place. I was there to be cared for, that certainly was not the case for me, and so many others, I remember many girls being bashed or sexually abuse. How can that happen while we're supposed to be in care???????

I am now in Phsyiological therapy, looks like that may continue for some time. I'm 54 yrs old, have been married and divorced twice, both extremely abusive men. I have never been able to deal with any part of my life "normally". Unfortunately I'm not sure what normal is.

I'm on my own now, on a Disability pension, paying high rental and still living life with much struggle.

I moved to Tasmania 5 years ago for quiet life. Sadly for me, Tasmania has already had redress happening for many years but I don't qualify. WHY ?

Because I was a Ward of state in Victoria. Another blow to my life.

All I ask is for the Victorian Government to come to the same conclusions many other states have and treat us all the same. How is abuse different in another state or are we saying it's okay to be abused in Victoria, but you are more worthwhile citizen if you were abused in Tasmania??? Please explain this to me and the others like myself.

I hope and trust some of you can read between the lines in this committee, maybe somehow realize how ugly this whole life experience has been for some of us Wards of State. Please help us close those doors, please stop separating us more. We are all in pain and we are all the same.

Regards from an ex- Victorian ward of state now living in Tasmania
(how confusing and again, upsetting for me)