

Submission 12
Attachment A

Sample ICV Australia Victim Stories

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David Gabriel



On December 23, 2000, I boarded Royal Caribbean's "Legend of the Seas" for a 14-night Christmas and New Year's cruise to New Zealand. Our party consisted of 10 family members.

On January 2, 2001, I was walking from the top sun deck to my cabin on Level 4 with my, then, 3-year-old son. While waiting for an elevator, I noticed a male in his mid-thirties, large build, who appeared to be following us.

I had never seen this man before. I got into the elevator with my son and as the doors closed, the man appeared to run towards the stairwell. Instead of going to Level 4, I pushed the elevator button and got out on a higher deck. As I did, the man was coming down the steps. As he saw us, he turned away in a poor attempt to disguise the fact that he was following us. I got back in the elevator and went down to the 4th Level. When I came out of the elevator, I again saw that this man was starting to come down the stairs to this same level.

In my previous occupation, I had worked for more than 10 years as a Police Officer in Sydney and I was aware that this male was following us for some reason. I remained calm and gave no indication to the male that I was aware of his advances. In doing so, I walked from the elevator to the corridor with my son immediately behind me. As I turned the corner, I stopped because my son had failed to follow me. I turned, only to see that this male had hold of my son's arm.

I immediately lunged forward, breaking the man's grip on my son. With one hand, I ushered my son behind me, and with the other I pushed the male backwards and shouted, "What the hell are you doing?" Twice this male came at me, and twice I punched him, making contact with his face. The male went down to the ground, where I held him. I saw a cabin steward and shouted for her to call Security.

Security failed to arrive after quite some time, and my 3-year old son had become very upset. I, then, released the man, and returned to my cabin to comfort my son. Thirty minutes or so later, I heard an announcement come over the ship's speaker... "Would David Gabriel from Cabin Number R1234 please report to the Purser's Desk?"

I waited for my family to return to the cabin to care for my son, before I went to the Purser's Desk. I was upset about what had taken place, and was looking forward to and expecting some support and assistance from the ship's Security and crew. How wrong I was!

From the moment I arrived at the Purser's Desk, I was met with rude, arrogant, and some of the most uncaring people I have ever met in my life. I was told to come back in the morning, as the Captain wanted to see me. I attempted to tell the story of the man who was stalking my son, but was told they did not want to hear it, as the Captain would be handling the matter. I couldn't believe that these people were not prepared to act immediately upon receiving advice that there was a potential child molester on their ship. They wouldn't even tell me if they knew who he was. They offered no assistance whatsoever.

The following morning, I arrived as planned to meet with the Captain, a Canadian by the name of Rick Sullivan. I entered his office, expecting that he would have already made some inquiries regarding the situation, and would be offering his support, maybe even apologizing for the lack of assistance from his Purser's Desk and Security. How wrong I was again!

From the moment I walked into his office, the Captain did not even look me in the eye. He stayed seated in his chair, while I stood there, and he read something along the lines of... "I am the Commanding Officer of this vessel and an incident has been reported to me. As this ship is in an enclosed environment, we cannot have these types of incidents taking place. To ensure this, I am directing that you be removed from the ship immediately."

I couldn't believe it, and thought it must be some kind of joke! I said, "Captain, do you even know what happened?" The Captain replied, "What happened is not relevant. What IS relevant is that there be no repeat of it, and to ensure that, I have directed that you be removed from the ship. There will be no further



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discussion. Goodbye."

With that, two of the ship's security personnel escorted my baggage, no goodbyes to the other 9 family members on board. My wallet, mobile phone, and the clothes on my back were all I had. Once on the pier, I was able to call my family, using my mobile phone, and advised them that I had been removed from the ship. My family, including my 3-year-old son, was still on the ship, as was the "molester", as far as I knew.

My family was very upset and became involved in heated arguments at the Purser's Desk. When asked what action had been taken against the unknown male, and if he was still on the ship, my wife was told that he no longer wanted to stay on the ship and had left voluntarily. This, at least, put my mind to rest, regarding my son's immediate safety.

We had all looked forward to this holiday for a long time. I asked that the other 9 family members stay on the ship, and told them that I would be OK. I would make my own way to Auckland and meet them at the completion of the cruise, which was only a few days away anyway.

I met my family in Auckland a few days later. In the meantime, I had spoken to my travel agent and advised her of the circumstances. My family spent the last few days on the ship, trying to get some answers from the senior management, but without success.

To this day, RCCL has never informed me who the male person identity... Was he a crewmember? A passenger? And what was his history? Was he a pedophile or just a strange man?

This incident happened 5 years ago and I am still very angry about it. Most of my anger stems from the fact that Royal Caribbean cared more about protecting their image and keeping a lid on any negative publicity, rather than the welfare of my son.

I still can't fathom that Captain's total disregard for not only the welfare of my child, but also the potential danger to every kid on that Holiday cruise. Despite my repeated requests, they wouldn't even call the Police.

I am not seeking any monetary compensation or the like. All I have ever wanted was an apology and an explanation as to who this guy was and what was his agenda.

Since RCCL refuses to discuss this issue, then all I can do is to tell this story as it is, and in the day of the internet, the negative word-of-mouth regarding Royal Caribbean cruises may one day come back to bite them.

So there it is, another example of the imbedded culture that exists in avoiding negative publicity through any means, even at the expense of people's safety and lives.

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Andrew Gready



January 7, 2005, was our last day at sea after a 10-night New Year's Eve cruise on the Pacific Sky out of Brisbane, Australia.

At approximately 8:30 that evening, we (Jeanett & I, Andrew, Christopher, Rebecca, Kane Kipniak, Mathew Flynn, & Michael McConnel), all enjoyed a dinner together.

At 10:30 PM, following the dinner, we all went to see a final show in the lounge. Around 11:45, when the show had ended, we all said "Good Night" and went our separate ways. Jeanett & I asked Christopher & Andrew to come to our cabin early the next morning, because Jeanett, Rebecca, Kane & myself were getting off the ship fairly early to fly back home to Victoria, Australia, while the others were just going to the gold coast (QLD). They left to spend the remaining money on their cruise cards, while we chose to walk around the ship, before heading to bed. That was the last time we saw Andrew!

At about 3:30AM, we received a call in our cabin, informing us that Andrew had gone overboard.

Some of the crewmembers came to our room (Cruise Director, 1st Officer, etc.) to tell us that they had turned the ship around and had found Andrew swimming about 30 meters from the ship. They claimed to have him back onboard within 20 minutes.

Immediately, I went to Rebecca's cabin to tell them what had happened, but when I returned, Christopher and Mat were at my cabin and explained what they had seen and what they had done...

After the show, they had gone to one of the bars (1:00 AM). By that time, their cruise cards were shut down, so they went back to their room, where the "duty free" alcohol had been delivered. The boys got a bit noisy, so a security staff member sent them back to the deck, where they ordered pizza.

Christopher said that Andrew was out on the open deck, but was unhappy about something; however, he seemed to be doing fine. When Christopher left to get the pizza, a girl ran in screaming, saying that Andrew had gone overboard.

Christopher ran to the back of the ship and was about to go overboard to save Andrew, but, by this time, Andrew was too far away from the ship. Had it not been for Mathew stopping Christopher, we would have lost him too. Both threw tables & chairs over the deck, hoping that Andrew would grab onto one, hold on, and keep himself afloat.

The alarm was sounded and the crewmembers tossed a beacon into the water, while a couple of search lights scanned the water. A hand-held torch would have thrown more light!

It took 20 minutes for the ship to turn around and go back to where Andrew had originally gone overboard.

From what we have been told (and from what Christopher had seen), the first rescue boat launched had jammed and they were unable to release it; however, P&O denies this fact! When the second boat was launched, the engine wouldn't start! When they finally got it started, it headed in the wrong direction. All this time Andrew is still swimming to save his life.

The 1st officer informed me that he had thrown a life-ring, which landed 10-meters from Andrew, but Andrew obviously was unable to see it in the 2-meter swells.

Passengers told the boys that they could hear Andrew yelling for help. At approximately 2:35 AM, one of the crewmembers had seen Andrew go under and not resurface. Had the ship been equipped with inflatable rescue boats (zodiacs) or wave runners, the response efforts to save Andrew could possibly have been expedited.

The next day, I read a report in the Brisbane Water Police Station that they could



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still hear Andrew from the bridge, calling for help at 2:50AM; yet, they still could not locate him.

The search continued until 7 AM. Search helicopters had arrived about 4 AM but it was too late. They searched most of the day, but there was no sign of Andrew.

The next day, when they stopped the search, we hired our own helicopter and kept searching for an entire week, but we never found him.

We have made several attempts to obtain copies of the video tapes from the night of the bodged rescue attempt, but the cruise line has refused to release them. As a result, we are forced to rely on the testimony of eyewitnesses.

Trevor and Jeannett Gready

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Dianne Brimble



For two years, Dianne had saved to take a cruise around the South Pacific. Although she was the mother of three, she was only able to save enough to take her youngest daughter, Tahlia, with her on the trip of a lifetime....

On September 23rd, 2002, the P&O Pacific Sky departed Sydney, Australia. Dianne and Tahlia boarded the ship, along with Dianne's sister, Alma

Wood, and Alma's daughter, Kari Ann. All four had planned to share a cabin for the 10-day/9-night cruise.

As they embarked on their cruise, Dianne and her accompanying family members enjoyed a "sail-away" party, which gave them a chance to relax, have a couple of cocktails, and watch the sun go down. Following the party, they decided to have dinner and talk about their plans for the following day. After dinner, Alma, Kari Ann, and Tahlia decided to head back to the cabin and call it an early night. Dianne accompanied them back to the cabin to kiss Tahlia "goodnight", and later left for the nightclub.

The following morning, Alma realized that Dianne had not returned to their cabin. At breakfast-time, Alma had her paged, but was later called to the ship's Medical Centre, where she was told that Dianne had passed away. Her naked body had been found on the floor of a cabin, occupied by four unknown men.

As the cruise continued on to Noumea, Dianne's daughter, sister, and niece, were forced to endure an additional two days on the ship, before they could disembark and fly back home to Australia. At the same time, remaining family members in Australia had been provided with no other details, other than the fact that Dianne had died.

It wasn't until detectives boarded the ship in Noumea and continued on the cruise that her family members become suspicious about the circumstances surrounding Dianne's demise.

After a number of weeks, the family finally learned that Dianne had consumed a large amount of GHB or GBH (Great Bodily Harm - A date-rape drug also known as Liquid Fantasy), which contributed to her death. This "so-called" fact, combined with a litany of delays and excuses, made it extremely difficult for the family to comprehend exactly what had taken place.

A Coroner's inquest began in Sydney, Australia, in March 2006. The investigation into Dianne's cause of death is still underway, which has currently uncovered a number of dreadful circumstances surrounding her death. There is no doubt that something happened to Dianne over which she had no control. The cruise operator has a number of questions that still need to be answered. Hopefully, those answers will be presented when the inquest resumes on June 13th, 2006.

The family's reasons for posting this story are to...

Highlight the circumstances, surrounding Dianne's assault and death.

Stop this same tragedy from happening to other cruise passengers.

Contribute to changing current cruise line security procedures.

Ensure that any individuals responsible, who may have had an involvement or the ability to have prevented Dianne's death, be held.

More information, facts and photographs related to the case are - [here](#)

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Teresa Doessel

(My Experience as a Crew Member who was Raped)

On May 11, 2002, I arrived at Miami International Airport from Australia to start work on a cruise line. At that time, I was a very outgoing 41-year-old woman with 20 years of experience in the photography industry.

At the airport, two girls greeted me, took me to the bus terminal and told me what bus to get. Unfortunately, it was going around the corner. After waiting an hour, I went inside to the information desk and asked what was going on. They told me I had to call for that bus and it would pick me up, so they helped me. The bus driver made sure I was dropped off at my hotel, where I was told that another bus to Fort Lauderdale would leave at 7 a.m. the next day. I got to the lobby on time, waited for two hours, and I was told by the girl at the front desk that the bus had left. All this time, I was the only person in the lobby.

I had to get a taxi to the ship. I was never reimbursed for the \$80 fare as I didn't get a receipt. I then filled out paperwork which I never saw again, handed over my passport, and was taken to my cabin by a crew member named John Luke. He then escorted me to the uniform room, and said on the way that I "would do" and that I was pretty. I then was given uniforms that were too small for me and had to wear them for three days before I could get them changed. I had to use safety pins to keep them together, but was told that there wasn't time to get them changed. I also had to change my (??assigned?) shoes twice before they would allow me to wear them.

I was shown around the ship by one of my team members who left that week. I then began induction and emergency procedures. Within two weeks, John Luke had taken a dislike to me and began to do everything possible to make my life miserable. This was my first time on board such a ship and I was suffering from jet lag and disorientation. He would call me in the cabin and tell me to go and look after the gallery on deck. He would leave me there until it was time to be on deck for the gallery, and I would get into trouble with the manager for not being in uniform. Again would constantly call me at all times and get me into trouble because I wasn't dressed properly or my hair wasn't tied back or washed, which was an every-day rule with him. He would bully me in front of passengers, yell at me, call me stupid, and make me do things that was his job. He called me names and said on occasions that he hated Australians.

In the gallery were four boards that had to be put on nails and hung from the window. They were very heavy, and I had to put them on the window by myself. The team crew would not help me. Because of John Luke's harassment, I couldn't sleep and felt disoriented. My too-small uniform cut into my skin and my shoes gave me blisters. Even though I was seasick, I was too busy to do anything about it.

Once I complained to the manager -- I can't even remember his name -- about John Luke and my illness. He told me to see the doctor if I was sick; that was the first time I knew there was a doctor on board. I told the doctor how I was being treated and said I wanted to change ships if possible. He did nothing about it.

Jen, another new crew member, shared the cabin with me. She at first took me under her wing, showed me around, and told me about ship life and protocols. Then, after two weeks, her boyfriend came on board and she changed. She basically took over the cabin, and put flowers in the cabin even though I told her I was allergic to them.

I began spending time in the crew bar area to meet people, even though I don't drink much. But John Luke would find me there, buy everyone drinks and make me drink even when I said no. Crew members who were in the bar, would gang up on me if I didn't. Then my manager would chastise me for drinking and not being at work on time. I tried to tell him what was going on but he didn't want to know. One month into the cruise, I was showing signs of jumping ship. (? Does this mean changing to another ship or just leaving at port?) I hated going to the crew luncheon, as the men leered at me and pestered me if I sat alone, so I would try and eat with the passengers.

I never felt safe and would complain to the doctor, but he told my manager so I could not


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Manila: New U.S. Cruise Security Law Imposes Substantial Requirements

slightly as Mario, a Mexican who worked in the kitchen and who was around Tom a lot. He sat with us for some time and we were all laughing and having a good time. Tom was drinking heavily, but I kept sober. Unlike his usual habit, John Luke kept away from the bar tonight.

They talked me into going to Mario's cabin when the bar closed. I said it would be OK, as Tom was with me. Mario, Tom, and I got there and sat down. Mario asked if we wanted a drink, Tom said yes, and Mario asked me if I wanted wine or ouzo. Both of these make me sick, so I said one wine and then I'm going to my cabin as I was tired.

I had two sips of the wine and felt a bit dizzy. I told Tom that I felt sick all of a sudden. I remember he was all over me and Mario was sitting silently. The walls were getting funny and the dizzy feeling was getting worse. I could hear Tom talking to me, he tried to take my shirt off as I wanted to be sick. I was in another world and could only make out their faces. I remember standing up and must have collapsed and hit my head on the bunk.

Tom was trying to take my clothes off and Mario was trying to get me on the bed. I was coming in and out of consciousness and remember Mario putting something on my face. It smelled and made me even more sick, so that I wanted to vomit. By this time I couldn't stand up and Tom had taken all my clothes off. I remember there were other men in the room also and I could hear them laughing. I was paralyzed and couldn't move, my head was spinning and I felt sick. Tom lay on top of me and had sex with me as I lay there paralyzed. I remember I was a bit spaced out because I couldn't move and didn't know what was going on or where I was.

When Tom finished having sex with me, Mario had his turn. He didn't like how I was lying and got the other guys to turn me over. The men in the room thought it was funny and were excited that there was a naked woman in the cabin. One of them was masturbating on the chair; my head was at that end of the bottom bunk and I could just make him out. The other guys in the cabin were just watching. I was in and out of consciousness. Again, Mario put the smelly substance over my face. I don't remember after that but woke some hours later and Tom was sitting in the chairs and Mario was on his knees with only his jeans on, stroking my head saying to me it will be all right. I was dazed and confused why Mario was doing what he was doing. At this point I didn't know that I was naked and that they had drugged my drink and raped me. I did not and never had consented to this.

I sat up. My head was sore and swollen. I had bruises over my body and was still dizzy. I jumped to my feet screaming "Where are my clothes?" Tom and Mario were in the corner freakin' out. I grabbed Tom and started punching him in the head. I still didn't have any clothes on and felt sick. Mario was trying to calm me down and I turned on him and started to hit him in the head. I was a crazy woman and saw red as I had realized what they had done. Tom ran out of the room to his cabin, while Mario was dealing with me. No one came to my aid. Mario gave me my clothes and I put them on and ran after Tom. I got to his deck screaming and kicking the door in. His cabin mate came to the door and said to me Tom didn't want to see me and what was wrong as Tom had been there all night with him. I was screaming and woke the whole deck up. Nobody wanted to call the night manager as they would all get into trouble for drinking in the crew bar.

I was dazed, in shock and overwhelmed at how I had been treated. One man calmed me down and took me back to my cabin, where I lay feeling sick, unable to stand properly, while Jen was angry because I woke her up. I had to go to the top deck and open the gallery that morning, still in shock, dazed, and feeling like I was going to pass out. I had only gotten to the gallery when John Luke came and said that I should report the sexual assault, and the manager is waiting to hear from me. So I went and told him. I hadn't told any one about this, nor did any one on Tom's deck know what had happened, but somehow John Luke and my manager already knew.

I was then taken down to the doctor, who asked me a few questions. I didn't want to talk with him and just said that I had been raped. I was given some pills which I threw out. I then was taken to the purser's office and asked if I wanted to make a statement. I said yes. They brought in a security officer who said it will never go anywhere and I will never be able to prove what happened. The purser decided he was right and that police need not come on board; after all, I was drinking and the crew didn't like me. The statement I wrote was ripped up in front of me. My manager was brought in; he told them that I was a very outgoing, funny personality and he was shocked that such a thing would have happened to me. The captain never saw me and never said anything to me about this.

I was then asked what I wanted to do. I said I wanted to leave the ship. The manager was so excited he couldn't wait to get someone new and the pursuer told him to wait before he did this. I knew at this point I had to get my passport and get the hell of this ship and away from what I now see as pirates and a corrupt system. I never had a chance and was singled out from the first day, as shown in the remark by John Luke.

I was then taken back to my cabin and later saw the doctor again, who tried to pressure me into telling what happened. I refused to say anything to him. I was dismissed of my duties on board the ship and was free to move around the ship. My head hurt and the bruising was going yellow. I stayed on deck most of the time where I was around the passengers. Some passengers knew, or guessed, what had happened. One doctor on board was selling art; I sat with him and his wife and they knew what had happened and advised me what to do when I got off the ship, how to stay safe and report this, as the ship wasn't going to and I probably wasn't safe.

Submission 12

Attachment A

[December 9, 2012 - IOL News](#)

Heart Attack-at-Sea Survivor Sues MSC Cruise Line

[December 9, 2012 - Salon.Com](#)

"I Went on a Freaking Cruise"

[December 5, 2012 - Maritime Executive Magazine](#)

Coast Guard Recovers 2.5 Tons of Cocaine at Sea

[December 5, 2012 - South Florida Sun-Sentinel](#)

Cruise Lines Still Lag on Environmental Issues

[December 3, 2012 - Friends of the Earth](#)

The 2012 Cruise Ship Report Card

[December 2, 2012 - www.NWCN.com](#)

What Went on Before Man Disappeared from Holland America Cruise Ship?

[December 2, 2012 - Sun Sentinel](#)

Coast Guard Ends Search for Missing Cruise Ship Passenger

[December 1, 2012 - Boston.Com News](#)

Search Continues for U.S. Man Missing in the Caribbean

International News

[June 4, 2012 - Santos e Regiao](#)

Brazilian Crew Member Disappears During Cruise in Italy

[April 17, 2012 - www.dr.dk](#)

In the Lawless Sea

[October 10, 2011 - Corriere della Sera](#)

The Mysterious Disappearance of the Cruise Ship Chef

[September 30, 2011 - Hamburger Abendblatt](#)

The Missing Passengers

[July 8, 2011 - Ang Bansaang Pilipinas](#)

Bill Filed That Will Protect Sea Cruise Passengers and Crew from Sea Crimes

[May 11, 2011 - A.Tribuna](#)

trust him. I managed to make friends with some crew who let me come to their cabins and use their toilets as Jen would tell me off for going to our cabin. I was shocked to find the men's toilets for the ladies near the crew bar, so when I was seeking to use the men's toilets. Once I was given a warning about this by the purser. When off duty, I began wandering around on passenger decks and hiding out. I found the passengers fun to be around.

Later I got a second warning from the purser. To this day I don't know what it was about. I was told to shut up and listen, even though I was trying to tell them what was going on. Once I was told by John Luke to wait for him at the gate as we would be photographing the passengers when they came on board. I waited there for a few hours, and one of the crew came from the bridge and asked me why I was there for so long. I told him John Luke sent me there to wait. Nothing was done about it.

At port, on my days off, I would go ashore. I was often told that I was needed back at the ship, so I would hurry back only to find that it wasn't the case. Jen and John Luke would tell the crew to do this just to ruin my day. Sometimes I would go to beautiful parks and sleep. Once, I met a really nice guy named Jasper to whom I told my horrible experiences. He said he had a plan to help me escape from the ship and when I was back at that port he would help me, but I never got to disembark at that port again. I still have his address.

One and a half months into the cruise, I had learned how to hide out from John Luke and Jen. Some crew members would tell me what was going on and urged me to watch my back. They would stand in for me if I needed to go to the toilet. My team members wouldn't do this. Instead, they would mock me to other crew members, who found it to be really funny. If I closed up even two minutes before time, they said they would report me to the pursers office -- a third strike and I would be out. I even wet myself on two occasions because nobody would relieve me. I would be told by John Luke, "Don't ring us, too bad for you, get with the program.

"Don't ring the manager either, as he doesn't want to be disturbed." Meanwhile, Jen was with her boyfriend and never there for me, or would be yelling at me for coming into the cabin. She would mock me in the corridor to other crew members. Some guys gave me the nickname of the crew bar Queen. I would be pulled aside and chastised for being in the bar all the time. Once my team leader threatened me and accused me of being an alcoholic. At this point, I cried a lot, was very nervous, didn't trust any one and was worried about my welfare on board. No one listened and no one cared. I was at the doctor's every week complaining about the conditions I was in. He gave me some pills, but I never took them as I didn't trust him. I truly was afraid for my life.

Two months into the cruise, I was upset all the time, bullied, isolated, mocked, made to do things I didn't want to and left out of my team's activities. I was too worried to go to my cabin, so I slept in the crew bar at times or hid in places no one could find me. I even thought about jumping off the ship and swimming for land, but the engineer talked me out of it and said I wouldn't survive. I had become withdrawn, didn't eat in the crew areas and hid whenever I could. No one was any help and I was isolated.

Then we had a change of crew and I became friends with a nice guy named Tom, a trumpeter, who came on board. Things were fine for a little while until John Luke bullied me in front of him. Tom asked him why he was doing this and to leave me alone. John Luke replied that I was bad and dirty, and needed to be pulled into line.

Although my clothes were too small for me, I was too scared to complain, as I would be taken to the purser's office for complaining and would be told to shut up and listen before I could speak. This was also the doctors attitude also.

One night, when I was in a food bar for passengers, a young girl sat with me. She told me to go home and that I didn't need to be put through this sort of grief. I said I couldn't afford to fly home and they wouldn't send me home either. She was sad for me and worried about the state I was in.

Tom started to cut me off and I didn't know why. I heard that John Luke had said something to him but didn't pay too much attention to it as it was another story. I would be accused of being in the crew bar when I wasn't and of doing things when I wasn't. Worst of all, I was accused of taking money from the gallery. I reported this to the purser, who dismissed it. The money was put back a few days later.

I also met a passenger who witnessed John Luke's behavior to me and came one day to the gallery and asked what was going on, I told her as she was very nice to me and could see I needed help. She was shocked and reported what had happened to me and tried to help me stay away from him, so we were together a lot on deck. I have her e-mail and address.

One night, a crew member came to me in the crew bar and told me to watch my back as some of the crew were planning to do "horrible things" to me. He said he was afraid to say any thing. I did ask him what was planned, but had become used to tricks and harassment. Even so, I wondered if they were going to throw me off the ship. About a week later, on July 22, Tom urged me to join him in the crew bar for some drinks. I said it would be fine, although two nights before this I had promised my manager that I wouldn't drink, so I stayed away from the bar as much as possible.

I went down to the bar and met Tom. My manager came by later and asked if I wanted a drink. I said no. He was taken back but accepted that I said no. I have kept my bar tab to prove that this was the case. After awhile another crew member joined us. I knew him only

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Outbreak Summaries
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BOOKS



Submission 12

Attachment A

Some of the crew threatened that if I reported this they will say I lied and that they would kill me. Others said I made it all up and that it never happened. I was isolated completely. Tom and said I let all the guys have their way with me. I was isolated completely. Tom approached me on many occasions asking me to forget it, he didn't do anything wrong and that the ship was sending him home. Mario would corner me in the food bar for the passengers and give me a hard time and tell me he was sorry and that the ship was sending him home.

The day they were to leave the ship, they found me in the crew bar. They sat down and I faced them and asked them why they did this to me. Mario said he was sorry for what he did and was going home for good and hated the shipboard life. Tom was still drunk and couldn't say anything except I had ruined his life. Mario gave me back my underwear that I had left in his cabin. I never got back jewelry I was wearing that night - a gold cross and a smiley face given to me by a friend who later died.

I was never given a rape kit or was the rape reported to the police. I was made to clean the door that I kicked in. For three days I was unable to sleep, fearing for my life. When I got off the ship, I got home as fast as I could. The bruising was now really yellow and I had to wear a jumper to hide it. I didn't speak with anyone on my flight home. I saw my doctor as soon as I got home. I informed the maritime union and Australian police about the assault.

I was shaken up, withdrawn, uncommunicative, untrusting, and on guard with everyone, including my family, who didn't know what had happened. I was angry and suffering post-traumatic stress, anxiety, and tremors. I had left Australia a normal 41-year-old woman who was healthy and very much together. Upon my return, my friends were asking what happened to me. It was that obvious.

I was sent to the rape center for counseling and a checkup. I didn't have my period for three months. I went to a hospital for a pregnancy test. I had to avoid alcohol as it made me violently sick and I would suffer from blackouts and collapse, would fall over all the time and had to have several head scans. I saw a psychiatrist, but he didn't deal with post-traumatic stress and insulted me. I went to legal aid, and they wrote to the ship requesting my medical results. They never got a response from the ship or the police. They requested my files and other things, and never got them. They were powerless in this case. I then got in touch with maritime again, who managed to get me an insult of a response from the ship's incident coordinator. That person tried to contact me and offered counseling via e-mail. I refused to speak with her or anyone on or associated with that ship. It is noted that I was adopted and have no next of kin. I don't have any evidence to support that, and my mother might have something to say about it. I do have a birth certificate, and a daughter.

Since my assault, it has taken me three years just to get on a boat, five years to pick my cameras up and start photographing. I'm now in a totally different field of work. My career has been ruined.

I no longer have friends, as they couldn't cope with my personality change and couldn't understand what has happened. I no longer go out to meet new people, which in the past I loved to do. I can't hold down a job due to my tremors and can't put up with anyone trying to get me to do things their way. I now have a violent temper and react to any one who is vicious, manipulative, or challenges me.

I have thought about ending my life. I have managed to stay away from drugs and alcohol, as I black out. I have a violent temper towards men. I suffer from depression, which I never had before, and can't keep a relationship.

These events stay with me all the time and I remember them just like yesterday. I don't sleep properly and still get nervous. I still have nightmares and flashbacks. My zest for life is lost, and I have distanced myself from my family and daughter, who to this day don't know what happened. I'm ashamed to tell them in fear they will retaliate. They think I had a good time and I don't care. I am numb most of the time and don't react.

At some stages now I just want to die. I have never recovered from what they did on the ship and I'm disappointed in life now. I do not smile in fear I will be cut down or taken advantage of again. I have trust issues with everyone and hide at home. The first few years were the hardest trying to get some sense out of it all and to get my memory back as I had blocked out for some time.

Not being able to find the right people to report this has been hard. Five top lawyers in Sydney couldn't help me, the maritime union couldn't help me, the Australian embassy couldn't help me and most of all a U.S. maritime lawyer couldn't help me ... time lock, well you know I'm in there, the time lock, and I want out so could someone give me the keys please!!! Post-traumatic stress and my personality changes, they belong on the ship. I would like this to be recognized and have watched over the years how they get rid of people on these ships and kill them ... and no justice as such. While this is left open I will not give up.

No one should ever have to deal with such an event in their life and be expected to fear for their life, I feel for those who were placed in the kill zone and know what they would have gone through. I think what saved me was my street sense and found ways to hide in places on the ship and I can tell you they are there. This has changed me and my life. I do not function as a normal person and it has saddened me as I want me back and so do my friends.

I will leave this in your hands now and maybe something will get done, and the guilty will be

Teresa Doessel - My Experience as a Crew Member

Submission 12 Attachment A

punished for their behavior and how it has changed my life. I will take this to another level if I have to, just for those who left their life there on the sea. If I had a choice, I would be in that place, all those years of shame on ships wouldn't be there... and they would still be out there, having fun on what would have been a job and cruise of a lifetime.

Thank you

Teresa Doessel