



fighting for my babies, when no one fought for them or me!

Its been a few years now since i did one of the hardest things Ive ever had to do, and it still pains me to my core whenever i think about it.

i reported my son to the police and social services when my daughter disclosed to me that he had raped and sexually assaulted her, not her words but at 8 she explained the way she could, after speaking to my other daughter i sadly found out she had too been his victim, i cant imagine there is anything worse than any mother being told that one of her children had done such heinous things to two of her other children but this sadly had just become my reality.

Im not really to sure why i decided to share this very difficult and dark part of my life, but a few weeks ago i realized that although i will never completely forgive myself for not realizing straight away that my girls were in pain, or because i know that i can never make this terrible thing disappear, but i can help them survive, and go on to live full and beautiful lives free from fear, shame, guilt and pain, i know this because as long as breath flows inside me i will never stop fighting for them.

My girls unfortunately were denied the justice they deserved, they were let down by there father, (who is himself a scumbag) who accused them of lying, by the police, who did a dismal job of investigating the case, social services, because lets face it, they are a pathetic bunch, who have no basic common sense and decided that because i said i would not have my son back in my home under any circumstances, and that i didn't want to see him, that this had suddenly become me being an overwhelmed parent, i mean really, my 5 and 8 year old daughters had disclosed to me that they had been raped by there brother, and i was irrational, erm, hello, what should i have been, surely not a calm happy go lucky chick, without a care in the world.

but the disgusting thing is that my son was found not guilty in court, did this have alot to do with the fact that his dad lied in court to protect him.....

could it be that the police did a piss poor job of investigating, so bad in fact that the officer that had been in charge of the investigation for several months was actually removed from the case and replaced with another officer.....

could it be that because i had asked social services for help on many other occasions due to my sons escalating behaviors and had been denied, so they did nothing but try and cover up there mistakes.....

could it be that the legal system is so poorly designed that it protects criminals more than it does victims.....

personally i think all these things contributed to my girls being let down so badly. I MEAN IT REALLY SAYS SOMETHING CRAZY WHEN WHILST MY GIRLS WERE STILL IN COUNSELING , BEFORE THEY HAD EVEN TESTIFIED IN COURT SOME MORON SOCIAL WORKER SUGGESTS THAT MEDIATION BETWEEN MY GIRLS AND THERE BROTHER



MAY BE GOOD FOR THEM..... ERM HELLO, THEY WERE RAPED, SODOMIZED, TERRORIZED, AND TRAUMATIZED BY THERE BROTHER BUT MEDIATION IS GOOD FOR THEM..... OK!

but the really messed up thing is he was 13 at the time i reported him to the police, but from then till now he has had no counseling, no risk assessments, even though he has been in the care of the local authority, but this only happened because when he was bailed to stay away from myself, my girls and our home whilst he was in his fathers care he broke bail by himself, and with the help of hid dad on many many occasions, to where i had contacted the police and social services on more that 60 recorded times to inform them, to which they told my children's father i had reported them for coming to my home and just gave warnings, which meant nothing, and they knew this, this sadly also resulted in me suffering a few quite nasty beatings from my children's father, but i felt like if i told the police or social services they would find some way to turn this back to me, i mean this had happened in the past over and over, so what would have been the point, and if im completely honest i felt like i deserved this hurt and pain, in my twisted thinking if i was suffering, and bad things were happening to me, then it would some how take away some of the hurt and pain my babies had experienced.

my son only got sent away to another city after help from someone at a rape crisis center got involved because i had a massive melt down after one of many incidents tipped me over the edge. life for my girls was still hard at that time, but at least they could go out without fearing he could appear at any time, after he was found not guilty, (please remember that not guilty, does not mean innocent) he was put under an order that meant he could not be around anyone under the age of 16 whilst alone, and he had to be under 2 to 1 supervision at all times, but the joke thing is, social services stated in a report that they did not feel that he posed any threat to others, but as soon as his father said he could no longer cope, all these things were put into place, but whatever, it was kinda like too little to late, these people tried to break me down, make me feel like i was going crazy because i would never have a male social worker or police officer near me or my girls, they called me paranoid, over sensitive, over protective, dramatic, and a liar, among other things, (i call it raped on a weekly basis, and beatings sometimes so severe i had to receive hospital care) but because i wouldn't let my son around my girls, apparently this meant i was a bad mother, so please tell me, would i have made mother of the year if i traumatized my babies even more than they had been because some idiot said i should consider his feelings, im sorry but no, nothing and no one could ever make me do this, at times i felt like i hated my son, i wished him dead, pain, hurt all kinds of bad things, but at the same time i fought so hard to try and get him help, begged counseling for him, begged for him to be seen by mental health professional, begged for him to have his education continued but apparently if he refuses they wont encourage or force this, because he has the right to say no..... WELL SO DID MY GIRLS!!!!

but after 2 years, my beautiful girls were starting to do better, caught back up with school work they fell behind with, seemed happier, less clingy, adjusting to a normal life without stupid unprofessional s making them feel like freaks, dredging up things that triggered them, they were doing good, and then there dad starts fighting to have there brother brought back to the city where we live, i tried hard to fight this but i failed at every turn i even got a solicitor and went to try and get an order, but as usual the system failed us and protected him.



but let me tell you what happens when you are diagnosed with depression, anxiety, ocd, ptsd, self harming, people look at you like you crazy, they don't take you seriously, well most people don't, its just something people bring up so they can save on the paperwork, so they can dismiss you, treat victims/survivors like they are the criminals but i decided i was not going to dismiss my girls like i had been dismissed my whole life, blame them for what happened to them, no chance, i tried everything to get help for my son, but i had to make sure my girls felt safe and secure also, its the most awful situation to be in, but my son didn't want the help, he got involved with a terrible gang, was arrested on more than 50 offenses all in less than a year, all whilst in the care of the local authority, still terrorized my girls on 5 occasions when he had absconded from his supervision, two of those times were more than 2 days before he turned up where myself and my girls were, and when i called his social worker about this i was again dismissed, but not only that she went on to tell my children's father that i was complaining about my son, (now i would like you to know that in between all this a meeting of all professionals had gone on in regards to protective measures being put in place to protect me from my abusive ex,) well a few weeks later because of that conversation between the social worker and my ex, who was privy to that meeting i was sexually assaulted, and also suffered a fractured arm, after a not so nice beating.

i suppose this was my ex letting me know that again my making waves about my son was not acceptable, but it seemed like he had all the support, all the help, all the freedom, who was gonna help my girls, i was let down from age 14, when i was groomed into the life i live now, i used to pretend people didn't know what was happening to me, that's why know one ever helped me, then shame and guilt made me believe i deserved rape abuse and violence, but my girls didn't, and i wasn't gonna stand by and let anyone dismiss them, or make them believe that they ever deserved anything bad happening to them, my son continued on the downward spiral and was involved in some horrific crimes, which i found out about and reported to the police, the fact is now my son is facing 5-6 years in prison for some terrible crimes, i know that i have alot to do with then finding out all the things hes done, and do i feel guilty, yes, yes i do, but do i regret reporting him, no i don't, if all the people i begged for help had helped me when i asked, maybe today would be a different day, maybe if someone had helped me all those years ago, i would be different today, but what i do know is, i am a survivor of rape, abuse and violence, and i have mental health issues, and i was let down by most people my whole life, but when push came to shove i didn't give up, im still here, and im still making sure my girls smile every day, and that they feel safe secure and loved, and i did that without the help of those who are supposed to help and protect us, in fact i did it fighting them too, trauma does strange things to people, i know that alot of my issues are down to trauma, but i also now realize that im strong, stronger than i ever thought i could be. people may judge me, and hurt me, and or try to break me down, but none of that matters cause Ive already won, cause for at least the next few years my girls will feel safe and happy, and be without fear, so all that's left to do for now is, learn to love myself like i love my girls, and that's a great start to our healing and really living.

Alot of my strength has come from help and counseling received from our local rape crisis center, please donate to your local rape crisis center, the work the do is invaluable, and helps rebuild lives. thanks. x



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