



next of kin

he screamed down into my face to eat it all, I had been given the most peas on my plate. they were vile and I threw them all back up again. when he went to buy a house a week later his friend ivor bullied me into lying on his bed face down with my cloths removed.i was then beaten with an object and called a slut.

I was given the previous childs tot room as my bedroom in his new house. my older brother got the amazing bedroom. when he fell sick I asked if I could have his room when he died. so she dumpedme at her biological perants statehousingflat.

in the middle of the night I was woken and bullied into going into his room so she could have the single bed.

he stuck his hands inbetween my legs.told me I would never be better looking than I was then, I was 8 y.o

in the morning when a group of women were in the kitchen I ran from the lounge room and I was stopped from leaving the flat, was told to go back in there as he was the only one who would put up with me.

we moved to Australia soon after, after 7 yrs of being yelleddown at on a daily basis I hitched to Belmont with my lassie dog and slept in the bin area of an industrial site, under bushes and in vacant housing. after a few mnths I moved in wih a caretaker at a block of flats.it was ok except when he forced himself on me for sex. wich was often.

yet I stayed because I couldnt put up with being yelled at by my father. so he move to Townsville without me. befor he died he told me that I had a place with him but because I didn't go I don't think he cared where I ended up.

the farm he left me half of was transferred into my brothers name, I continue to live precariously all my life. I was drugged and raped by my brothers drug assoc but police wouldn't pursue it or the pediphile complaint.

to this day I am stalked by an exboyfriends drug assoc who is connected to my brothers criminal assoc I think.

I find peace through the academic system, I startwd doing work for the dole courses and tafe and then university. social security staff make degrading comments about the type of people who just do course after course.

I dropped out of a masters degree due to lack of funding for private tuition as my grammer is vary poor.i have been diagnosed with p.t.s.d and am in bed a lot with back pain,

I can honestly say that men ruin my life, they abuse their power over others.my doctor and



professors at uni are the few I trust.

my uncle was the don at oxford uni in 1956, idris day. I wish I had been born into his family instead.

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