

*Senator Rachel Siewert.*

*I don't have the internet or a email address, writing this letter and will make it as brief as I can.*

*My name is Robyn Gayle Hossack, age 57—Iam a very angry person and I would like to know, who was the idiot who gave the women the green light to adopt me.*

*Her name was \_\_\_\_\_, who loved to party and drink, she was born with one kidney which I found out years later. She had a thing about getting married in white and the church, she married \_\_\_\_\_, army, he got kicked out of the army, \_\_\_\_\_ and his brother \_\_\_\_\_, ended up in jail, so the marriage ended. We were living down from the Victorian market, her mother \_\_\_\_\_ who was in her late 50's, had already raised a bucket load of kids, but she took care of me, \_\_\_\_\_, would go off to a party and return 2-3 days later, smelling of grog and smoke's and most times would have a black eye or mouth. One night having a party, I was a sleep in the front room, I use to sleep in two arm chairs put together, I man came in, who I did not know, I can still see his face, he picked me up and took me out to his car, that was parked under the street light and it was raining, I was sexually assault and put back to bed and no one knew, I was 4 years old.*

*Then she meet \_\_\_\_\_ and we moved to Ascot Vale, \_\_\_\_\_ the butcher, he was a butcher by trade, he all so was mixed up with the underworld and he knew them all, Judy and Lewis Moran, Alphone Gangitano and they all ways rented dumps, not to draw attention to them self's one place had old horse stables at the back, it use to be filled with goodies stolen from the wharf and the violence, I have seen things that no child should see, \_\_\_\_\_ was a very violent person, he use to bash*



the hell out of [redacted] and belt me and then she would get on the drink and belt the hell out of me, one night I was dragged out of bed at 3 o'clock in the morning, some guy had his head smashed in with a hammer and I had to help clean the blood off the walls. It was in this house at the age of 7, I was sexually assaulted for 12 months, by a friend of [redacted] who was living in the house, when I did speak up, I got belted because they did not want the police to turn up and the friend was not asked to leave.

People have asked me why did I stay, well I just thought she was my mother, I knew Mick was not my father. I hated school got picked on all the time because I was a lot darker than the other kids. In the end [redacted] ended on a kidney machine and I look after her for 16 years. At the funeral, someone opened their mouth she was not my mum, which really rocked me, I started to ask questions, but her family went running for cover and I have not seen them in years. Then one day at home the phone rang and a happy voice from this adoption place to tell me the laws had changed and my real mother was [redacted] and she had 14 children. What a way to find out. Next thing a man turned up at my door step, [redacted], my brother—What—well he tried for 3 years to convince me his mother was my mother, look it is black and white--for some reason I don't buy it, Greg drove me insane, and I didn't feel connected to him, I didn't feel he was my brother, so in the end I told him to keep away. I made contact with [redacted], I knew she would not be happy, but she went off her head and took a court out-- Keep away and after that, I had a few death threats, then she died and left me a note, you will never find out who you are, I have taken it to my grave too.

[redacted] married [redacted], she had two daughters and the third I meet, [redacted] was adopted out and she is the carbon copy of [redacted], she went to live with a rich family and me I was No 4 and I got shipped out too, if you believe it. And I have seen photos of all the other kids and I



*don't look like any of them. I have spent years trying to find out and have found nothing. The tragic thing to all this is my son who is now 36 years-- went to Catholic school, had it all, but something went wrong, he is a lost soul, he is a lot darker than me, has tried to kill himself 7 times in the last 16 years, he is an alcoholic and has been in jail and when he has gone to jail--- they put him with the aboriginal guys, they don't ask, they just think he is aboriginal—I find that strange!!!!*

*I know you are really busy, I wrote a short story for a competition, which never got off the ground—but it is Really how my life was and is.*

*Thank you Senator Rachel Siewert.*

*Yours sincerely Robyn Hossack.*