

My greatest dream, Is to as i said in my first letter. Have a home of my own for my family. A home to call home.

I am 48 years old and thats getting along a bit. my oldest daughter is 13 years my youngest is 18 months.

I have 7 children. I told a lie to get into the house that we rent. I said i have 4 children, because i tried at first in Brisbane upon arrival back into Australia, No one would rent to some-one with 7 children. I dread the day i am found out.

Can you or your office advice me or point me in the right direction.

As to if there is goverment help for me. Like help to get my own home.

I would not like to die and leave my family renting or on the street were i was put at 16. yes i was put in a boarding house, But that was no home. I had a mortgage in New Zealand of \$60,000 and lived in the bush. My children are my concern and i do not want them at a disavantage. I need to live in or near town, so they get a good education, company of friends and a stable social life, With the price of houseing and my bad work history i am scared to ask the bank for a loan, No you can't, cut's me bad those words.

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I have returned to Australia for my children, to give them a chance in the lucky country. maybe for them not me.

I have but one dream to own a house to bring them up and to call home.

If i could sue the welfare department i would but i am trying to bury my hate.

I am 48 years old now and i have scars around my bum from ~~whippings~~ whippings that are still there today some are 5mm wide and go right around the legs.

please if you say you take a child into care, make sure you do the checks to make sure of the care.

I am to try for employment soon as i have got a rented house. I only just achieved my trade papers so wish me luck A.

Get those that would hurt children

scubbing floors with a tooth brush.

It may cross your mind why we never told any one. Tell who, And suffer more. O this pen can never really say what we went thru, Not even the words i have written tell it all, there is great pain even reliving this. I can remember when scubbing the concrete floor down stairs, I was just finishing under the tubes, A boy got water from the tub above me, I remember screaming & screaming. He had got boiling hot water from the top & some how the whole bucket of boiling water tipped over my back. I lost heaps of skin & had blisters as big as my hands all over, i could see them on my ~~feet~~ forearms. I laid on my stomach for a very long time, days, weeks, i do not know. I never seen a doctor, The pain, I talked ~~about~~ about my adult life a little & drugs. Can you see why i got lost in drugs. it was for the pain & hurt. I was lost for so many years. I have told but a couple of people my story in my whole life, as i trust so very few, please do not let it happen to our children today I bloke all this out, It has never helped.