

Hi my name is Teresa. I was Born in 1957 @ Jeanbegan NSW  
 my Family is Diane B. 1952. GARY B 1954. GRAHAM B 1956  
 MARGANNE 1966, my mother was B 1935. And my loving Dad  
 B 1925. he died in 1971.

My life started out rather happy. You know a normal  
 happy life, with a family, that I Love very much except  
 for Diane. I simple dislike her.

I went to a catholic school until I was 10<sup>40</sup>, when we were  
 told that dad was very sick and given 3 years to live. Is  
 3 years a long time? Not when your told that your Sather  
 was going to die. The 3 years went terrible, I remember  
 my mother taking up drinking, and her sister's that I  
 can't understand, and don't wish to. started taking mom  
 to the hotels, and going to parties. were adding trouble  
 to the family life. It was something that we didn't need.

both my brother's ended up in trouble with waging  
 school. then, they thought they could drive a car, and got  
 busted for not having a licence to drive, that was there  
 start with the other side of the Law.

~~From the 2 years~~

From the time we were told that Dad <sup>was</sup> sick, we were  
 never allowed to tell Marganne because she was an  
 EPILEPSY, and the DR's were worried she would take a  
 fit and never came out of it. so Dad died, and we had  
 to carry on as if he went away to work. ONE of the hardest  
 things I had to do in my 13 yrs, 12 years, later Diane and  
 my mum, had a argument and Diane told ~~me~~ marganne  
 that dad wasnt working, and he was'nt coming home.  
 and he was in Heaven.

So now our Home, was not the same Diane became a  
 bigger bitch to me. Graham & Marganne, I was 14½ and so  
 in love with a guy, called mick. Some r. Graham planed,

to run away, I rang Mick up and told him he said that he would come up on the weekend, and he did. So me and my brother Graham left this hell place called Queanbeyan. we went off with Mick & a friend of his, for once in 4 ½ yrs. I was happy. that only lasted for a few days. until we were caught near Newcastle, for Mick & his mate had taken 2 motor bikes, without the owners consent so off to the police station we all went, this guy that I loved so much, had a bit of a record (unknown to me). So he went to jail, me & Graham went back to Queanbeyan to face Court, and were put on Bonds. things went alright at home for 2 months, Diane had moved out, so my friends liked me again, so I was <sup>sort</sup> of happy, I was not allowed to see Mick. I wrote to him week after week, and never heard a word from him. so I was that angry, and silly, I started hang out with my friends, I took up smoking. and yes I even tried a drink <sup>of Beer</sup> But my mother always knew where I was and what time to expect me home, Because the Court's made conditions of my <sup>12 months</sup> Bond. NOT allowed out after 9 pm. WITHOUT mum's consent, so I'd only had something like 2 weeks left on my bond, I spoke to mum at 8:45<sup>pm</sup>, I was with my cousin, and about 5 other females. I told mum I would be home between 9.15 - to 9.30. she said yes. at around 8:58pm the police stopped the car got out so everyone ran. except for me. the police looked at his watch for a couple of minutes and said: 'Teresa it is past 9 o'clock do you know what that means?' I said Yes it's just after 9 o'clock, he didn't think that the answer I gave him was funny, so to the Queanbeyan Police station I went. they put me in the stinking cell. I'd been told that I'd broken my Bond, I told the officer that mum knew where I was, and I was going home between 9.15 - 9.30. No

That's not right. so he said, then I was told that I would go to court in the morning. and I was to stay in the cells over night, I told him, that because I was under the Age of 18. they couldn't keep me in the cells so they took me to the shelters called ~~Quamby~~ <sup>Quamby</sup> or know as the RED Hill shelter, the next day I was escorted to Queanbeyan Court house, where I spoke to mum. as she handed me some clothes

In Court, I was spoken to <sup>by</sup> a Magistrate called Leo, who said I'd been taken home by the Canberra police. on the dot of 9 pm <sup>he</sup> asked was that true. I said yes sir. And my mother knew where I was at that time also, he said to me that wasn't the problem, well what is I asked him. he told me that my Attitude was a problem. the way I answered the police, by not giving the information when asked? what? I asked, he only asked my name. which he already knew, and that mum knew where I was. so he told me that they were sending me away to a lovely place, where I would go to school. I could cook, sew, play sport & clean. and that I should be happy and grateful, for I have a chance to reform. then it hid me. I was going away. which meant away from this town. away from Diane. God was I happy, for a short while. then I heard Diane laugh. I turned around. and seen that smirk on her face. my only regret up until now was I should of layed her flat. because then I realised I wouldn't be looking after Marganne, which <sup>as</sup> my father's last words he spoke to me, 5 mins before he died. was to help mum, and look after Marganne, which I've done now for 34 ys. I couldn't control myself, when that Maaraste asked me what I thought about going

line. Then the girl in front of me, her name was Joy. The girl I meet in my dormatekey, she played up because he told her that her hair was to come off, she yelled and argued with him. Till he said Fine you all have a hair cut, my hair was long, and it stayed in a band. I told him that my hair, stays in and why should I have to have it cut off, he told me because it was what he says goes and I said no. With that he brought his hand up and caught me straight across the side of my face, I was so stunded, my face hurt so much, I couldn't scream or do anything. ~~But~~ I have never forgot the first slap across the face from a man, my God. I was only 15, and ~~didn't~~ <sup>only</sup> reach 5'2, so I was just a small girl compared to that man, I had my hair cut off that short, I felt so embrassed. From that day on, I didn't care about how I looked, vanity left me that cold day.

I REPLACED my digiding self esteeme, respect for the top people with pure Hateness, I truly mean; I learnt to HATE in PARRAMATTA Girls Home, and with such a bitterness. what could the system expect ~~us~~ <sup>I was</sup> sent to this bloody cold Hell Hole, where they were going to look after me, Teach me things. And that's what they taught me. The differents between dislike & HATE!

Many of time the girls including myself, and some of the workers, would hear a girl screaming her head off, we knew she was been bashed or something to do with that. None of the workers never did anything about it, I've often wondered was it because they might loose their jobs, Could they REALLY of got into trouble for it. SURLY NOT. even the girls that went to HAY, a lot of

away? I asked him, was he joking? where was I going to? He answered me, "No I'm not joking, your ~~every~~ uncontrolable ~~AND~~, your been in moral danger, (2) your going to be placed in A Home, away from home, so I said you <sup>AND</sup> the police and my bitch of a sister Diane could all go to f. .... Hell! Little did I know I was going there also,

Now AT 15. I had places to go, people to see, things to do. I didn't have the time for this rubbish. So I'm on my way. It's off to Minda Remand Centre. not bad, I saw a Dr there who examined me, he never said nothing to me. The Ladies that worked there were sort of nice. The girls there were O.K. when they asked me where I was going. I said, I'm told to Parramatta Girls Training School, they told some stories that they heard about that place. (P.G.H). No-no. I said I was going somewhere. that was a nice place. the Magistrate told me I should be happy there. I think I stayed a mind a for a few days. then put into a police paddy wagon. with some other girls, Once the car stopped I/we were taken to a small room separate from the other girls, It was so small I could hardly breath. I remember one of the Ladies that spoke to me at minder. told me, to try and keep by myself don't get into trouble at parramatta, and she said she doesn't believe I should be sent there. when I asked her why, she said I'm sorry for telling you. Just don't get into trouble there. All these things were going thro my head, as well as thinking about Mum & Maryanne and Garry. he was O.K. as he was living with a friend of the family and Graham was in a boys home, near Windsor (I think).

Then I went to a office, where I handed over PTC

a change of clothes, then told that I was in Parramatta training school for girls. I was then told my number that would replace my name, from there I remember <sup>going</sup> go out thro a door, then there was a long walkway that was covered with a roof, there were girls lined up going into a big room, then we went to the clothin Room. were given our uniforms. Well this was int to ba<sup>1</sup> I remembered thinking, then I was taken to another door that went up stairs. where there the worker said here this is your dormitory, down there is your bed. you'll work here cleaning <sup>THRO THE DAY</sup> and sleep here <sup>at night</sup>. alright I said. she never spoke another word to us. Then we were taking back down the stairs, down that long walkway and into the dining room, all the girls by then were standing behind their chair. then a lady said Girls sit. It was so quite, and no one spoke a word. I thought that's o.k. I can handle that. I will always, for as long as I live, remember my first meal there. and why you ask? I don't like Jam, and it was Jam sandwiches, I picked up a Sandwich and looked at it. And said out loud, I NEVER YELLED, Just normal, I dislike Jams, So with this I felt everyone looking at me, THEN. I know a woman worker rushed over and dragged me out by the top of my uniform. when out side I asked her what I had done, she was like a mad dog with rabbies, she was frothing at the mouth. and screamed, in here. you speak only when spoken to do you understand that. I said yes. she asked me what did you say. I again said yes. she said you listen to me you smart ass bitch. in here it's Yes, miss or sir or no miss. or no sir, she then took me up the stairs where 2 other girls were scrubbing floors, that Ladies name was MRS SAINSBERRY. Well once she left me. there

two girls came over and told me their names, one was Joy. the other girl's name was Debbie. they had to miss out on lunch also for talking, I thought I was going to die of starvation. I couldn't eat breakfast that morning because of the warriens I'd done the night before, maybe I should of taken a bit out of that Jam Sandwich. ~~from there~~ <sup>For the first</sup> for a week I don't remember much. Then I thought I've got to survive this. and try to get out. so once I got my bearings. I started to make plans, with myself on how to escape, in a few days I realised there ~~were~~ <sup>was</sup> no way out. I knew I was stuck there, ~~what had happened in my first week there, I truly can't remember~~ but one thing I know, was there were 3 men. Acted as Superintendents. This is how I remember. 1 of them was named MR Guildford, and what a mongrel of a human, ~~he~~ <sup>or</sup> was Human. Then another one was MR McMAHON, he was good as Guildford. These 2 men could wake the dead just by talking, The 3RD MAN WAS MR VALENTINE. I never had a run in with him. he'd told me once to pull up my socks, because of the elastic was as old as the building. and I said they won't stay up sir. the elastic in them is no good. so he told me to go and get on some other ones as if Guildford or one of the others were to see them, I'd be in big trouble, slowly things are starting to be like the girls at mindas said it would be. One day we were in line up for muster, MR Guildford spoke to a girl about her hair. he said you'll have to have your hair cut. because the band wasn't holding it all in. so later that day, ~~we~~ <sup>we</sup> were to line up for our hair to be checked. sure enough here he is. as he got to the girls with long hair. yelling to them to bend their head down. he shoved about 5 of them out of

were bashed, before they left, what could we do, who would believe us, then we would cop the next bashing. We were told this over and over, The next day after I had my hair cut off, I was working in the Laundry, Ironing was one of my jobs there, I thought I was ironing Guildford's head, I didn't know, that the worker was watching me, she dragged me outside, once again I was warned by this bitter woman, If I have to take you to the Superintendent, you'll be sorry. so from then on, I watch the workers as much as I could, Some of the punishment was to scrub the long walkway, where we lined up for muster, with a tooth brush. This could go on for hours. Another one was when 2 girls were in trouble they would go to the same muster area, with a long piece of wood, with a scrubbing brush on either end they would both have to scrub, this was hard to do because you had to both work the same time one on the left facing north, the one on the right facing south, I'de had a couple of goes at that one, for back chatting. Another one was to scrub the lofts in the Laundry, it was like roof rafters. scrub the Pignis mess off there, with a scrubbing brush, Didn't make any difference the time of day or night. hot or cold, why would any of them care, they were in their cosy offices, to be spat at called, worthless, whores, Trash, Rubbish, Bashed Punched kick, where does that leave a person's trust, when we should of been treated better than this, We seen where the girls were dragged to the office, then the girl would be locked in her a cell,

It was seen and known for girls to be brutalized and dragged by the hair, or their clothes —



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For back answering.  
Back to scrubbing. Then the rest of my time  
I was working in the Laundry. At least it was warm  
here.

From one spot to another, I've seen it happened, I spent  
2 months scrubbing the dorm, then I went to the Laundry for  
1 month, then I was in the kitchen for ONE whole 15 minutes to  
work, image writing on my Resume worked in the kitchen at  
P.G.H. in May 1973. Total time 15 minutes, no not me, not on my  
resume, anyway I couldn't prepare the porridge because it had  
weevils in the porridge sacks, my night meal porridge & Jam  
sandwich, mum always says, she couldn't force me to eat  
this stuff when I was baby, so eating at P.G.H. mostly was  
my dinner at night, after a while some girl would like some-  
thing that you didn't like, then it became trade off, Good  
idea. As the months went on Nothing changed here, the yelling  
and ill treatment stayed on, from those Big heros, so, our life was  
wake<sup>vP</sup>, clean, eat clean eat sleep, day in day out, on Saturday  
we went to the outside grounds to play sport, Freedom, Was it  
good to see those people, and cars, over there at that club  
little things like that, and to be able to watch visitors come  
in, Real live people. I went to P.G.H. in Dec 1972, I had a  
visit from my mum, in the May 1973, 5 whole months, I never  
saw mom or marganne or anyone else, Was I happy, my mum  
cried when she walked up to me, she said that this place had  
not changed a bit in the last 21 years, You see my mum was  
also at P.G.H. when she was 15yo in 1951-1952<sup>late EARLY</sup>, she said that  
she had no idea where I was going to, until I wrote to her,  
it <sup>wasn't</sup> her that sent me to this place, so all that was happenin'  
there, mum knew all about what I was going thro. I told her  
that I would make it out of there normal, as no one would  
break me to the point of totally cracking, not a soul will  
ever get me to ever trust them, The so called system, led  
me down, Community Welfare officers, broke the rule <sup>by</sup> to send<sup>ing</sup> kids  
to these places, maybe the saying is true, OUT OF SIGHT OUT  
OF MIND, I don't even recall anyone visiting me and asking

me if things were alright, never did anyone asked me if I had  
 any complaints. Come on, I'm sure Prisoners. Even in today's life,  
 prisoners have the rights to speak to people to help them, even  
 prisoners have the rights to talk to councilors, and even social  
 workers. why weren't we, were ~~at~~ ~~we~~ ~~are~~ under 18? so the welfare  
 were able to take us to these places, they got their say on us.  
 they were even allowed to say that we were uncontrollable, in expos  
 of moral danger. ~~but~~ they were responsible for our life after  
 taking us from our homes, from families, dumping us in a place  
 that were run by lunatics, mad men & women. there was a  
<sup>Female</sup>~~women~~ worker, she would have made a beaut Mrs Hitler, what  
 a cold, bitter old woman, I used to think to myself. when I looked  
 at her, she <sup>didn't</sup> have no children, no she wouldn't even be married  
 no one would of been able to put up with her bitter looks, and  
 no amount of money as in a pay packet could of conversate  
 for such bitterness, even on my days when I was down and out,  
 she was such a hateful person, who enjoyed her job, they  
 must of never went to sleep at night, because their concise, surly  
~~the~~ in the end would of play tricks on them. I wondered if they  
 live a normal life, How could they, let the girls suffer in such  
 a cruel time, sentencing should of been enough, without the  
 mental abuse, let alone the physical abuse, I've never declared  
 myself to be an angel, I just couldn't cope with losing my  
 dad, not knowing how we (family) would end up living in the  
 same town as Diane, then my boyfriend not contacting <sup>and</sup> <sup>me</sup> <sup>at</sup>  
 what was happening, how silly I was to get myself int

sisation, all because I wanted to be with Mick, he promised to come and get me when I got out of the P.U.H, he even visit me there with mum on that's mother's day. the day I found out that mum was an x-parra girl, time went on, one day a girl got a beaut bashing from one of the superintended, thrown in the cells, somehow word got out to her family, that she was been taking to Hey, the talk that was going around P.U.H was the girls family and welfare or some official's meet the girl and <sup>her</sup> escort at the railway station, so the next day another male was there he told us that there were an investergastion into the place. Boy it was after <sup>out normal time</sup> a ~~no~~ when we were let out of our dormatory. a sleep in, so ~~now Mrs~~ <sup>Now Mrs</sup> hell hole <sup>was</sup> were fairly quite. ~~the~~ ~~the~~ I had lost so much Hope, Love, respect, Dreams, all for been there like so many girls test it along time before me, the most sickina of it all was the strip & body search. If we had stashed something (contrabands), they would of found them, believe you me, and the silly part was they used to sling abuse at the girls, for example Mrs Sainsberry and miss/mrs (I doubt) Hitter, used to say: you'll be working in a brothel, or at some sleazy strip joint, well after these filthy pigs handlin and touching us, nothing would of surprized me to hear some of the girls working in places like that! No use for any girl been shy, you had to strip for showers. after visitors we were searched, body searched, <sup>AND</sup> they check everywhere. it was on a saturday following our sleep in I was called to the office, Mr Mayhew or Mrs PK, spoke to me, he introduced himself to me, And ~~they~~ added Teresa you not in any trouble, so don't feel scared, all I wanted to know was why I was been called up? he asked me if I wanted to go for a walk while he spoke to me. How could I trust this person, he worked here. no thank you sir, can I please go back to work sir. Then he asked me was there anyone of the

workers there that I trusted, I knew straight away, that I could not say I got on alright with... 2 workers mrs/miss Bird, and miss/mrs owl, they were really o.k. I'd never had a hard time from either of these 2 workers, ~~3 things~~ ~~or~~ I still wonder about them, he promised me that I wasn't been questioned about anything, if I choose a worker for my own peace of mind, if that worker was on duty, he would call them up. I said no, I just want to go back to work. so I walked with him while he told me, that I should of been released a couple of months ago. Due to a letter that they recieved, stated that my mother didn't want me to return home to Queanbeyan, I asked him was he sure, he said yes, I asked him, what was going to happen to me, he told me, that he would get in contact with my mother, and if she said I wasn't to go back to my home, then he would try to find a boarding house, a hostel type & I'd get a job more than likly in a factory, well 2 days later it was very early in the morning little old hitler came and got me out of bed a fretten me not to wake any of the girls up, other wise I'd know all about it, I thought about Hay. A sweall were promised, to have a number and a free ride to Hay for causing any trouble, and I didn't want to push this crazy woman to the point of calling her bluff, so I was taking to that match box size room, the holding room, given a change of clothes, then taken ~~back~~ to a place called Alebe, there I spent 1 night, then escorted, and handcuff. still no one told me, where I was going, I found out, when we pulled up at the Railway station in Queanbeyan, I think it was welfare that picked up from there and drove us to mum's place. Knocked at the door, mum answered it, and didn't even reconized me. 6 months after she saw me, she never wrote that letter to the Top King of P.C.H. After a ~~small~~ <sup>3 DE</sup> while, ~~she~~ worked.

it all out, who wrote that letter, that kept me in P.A.H. for a few months longer. Maryanne was playing with a friend down the road. So Mum went down and brought her home. She couldn't believe it when she seen me at home, and asked me, if I was ever going back, to take her with me. Never Maryanne, and you'll never end up in a place like that. ~~It kept me 2 months to go and visit my Aunties~~

Then I started to clean up my bedroom, once Diane use to share it, with a cousin, so I'd packed up all the things she'd left, a small box that was under the bed, Gave me the answer to so many questions that hurt me so much, there was <sup>my</sup> letters from Mick, around 15 of them, then there was also letters to Diane ~~also~~ from Mick, I'd felt that sick, that I throw all of them in the fire. No I'd not read any of her's, how she got to write to him, or why is beyond me, on the back of an envelope was the words of love, to Diane, I didn't need to be hurt anymore, when I'd ask her a couple of weeks later, why did you keep my letters, she first denied it. so the next time, her Husband came around with her. I'd ask her the same thing. Diane you know I'd went thro a rotten stage, I used to get upset when you said there was no mail from Mick and all along, you were getting my mail and ~~having~~ <sup>PLAYING</sup> games with <sup>me</sup> you no better than those bastards that ran P.A.H. Carl confirm it, in front of Diane <sup>AND</sup> Mum, <sup>that</sup> he drove Diane to Coulbourn Prison. to talk to Mick, God Carl, was almost as slow & silly as I was. I got that way, where I wasn't sure on what to do, and who to trust, so I'd went to Dad's grave, and spoke to him, after a lot of tears and the general talk with Dad, I left the cemetery, knowing

that I'd never end up in trouble again. I'd rather be with my dad, than to be locked back up. The sounds of those keys.

I got married to Barry. when I was 21. Divorce at 27- married John when I was 28. Divorce at 31. it's funny how things are going well, until that bad penny turns up. Just to help me with a divorce, or had a hand ~~at~~ it.

So Diane had 2 Daughters. Donna and Lisa. Donna had a baby girl 6 years ago. Lisa had a daughter called Tyler, when Lisa was growing up. she'd spend so much of her life with me. Not that ~~her~~ <sup>Diane's</sup> mother liked it. so now her lovely <sup>grand</sup> daughter Tyler lives with me. she told her all about P.A.H. she knows all the family history. and at 14. she says she'll never go to a place like that. and means it. I'd never allow it to happen.

Garry lives with mum in Canberra. he never married. Graham married Wendy. they have 5 Boys (1 girl. now lives in S.A. <sup>kids is</sup> Noel, John. <sup>16</sup> Wendy, <sup>15</sup> Lawrence, <sup>9</sup> Garry. <sup>8</sup> Robert.

Maryanne. my youngest sister. married. had 9 children. lost a her first daughter, <sup>cellu</sup> at the age of 18 months from a brain tumor. her children are Michael. 19. Hazel 16. Darren 15. Emily 12. David 10. Benjamin. 8. John 6. Isabella 2½. Maryanne. was called into the doctor's over a blood test she had in 2001. the doctor told her that the blood test was not good. she was Diagnosis with Leukaemia. Plus she was pregnant, (with Bella), after <sup>DR's</sup> <sup>didn't</sup> wanted her to ~~not~~ to have the baby, but she told them that she wanted the baby. she gave birth <sup>2-2-2002</sup> to a lovely baby named Isabella. after our mum, things were hard gain. with her treatment, then none of us <sup>siblings</sup> matched her marrow transplant, so her name went on The Bone Marrow Register, so the next 2 years.

was so much chemo. and heaps of treatment. that made Maryanne so sick. in Nov. 2003. Maryanne & her children move to Canberra. to be closer for the Dr's. while talking with her one night in hospital. she asked me if I seen the show on ABC called STATELINE. I said no. she told me there was a reunion at Parramatta. How could I've missed it. I want so much to go and face the horror that ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> me there. So with some help from Maryanne. I click on the computer into the internet. I'de found it. Beaut state Line nsw. now in <sup>late</sup> July 2004. Maryanne had to <sup>come</sup> go to WESTMEAD HOSPITAL. She got a Bone MARROW TRASplant. happening. It's coming from France. me and Tyler are going with her. 1 week at the hospital. I'de reread the notes from state line. so the lady at the Libary in Parramatta. gave me a phampe. on a group called CLAN. so I rang CLAN's Number my heart is racing. wo it's only a answering machine. Then the next day I was in my room and the phone rang. this is on Friday 6<sup>th</sup> Aug: First up. I looked at the phone. and thought it might be Maryanne. so I answered it. And no it wasn't the hospital. It's a lady called Leonie from Clan. I spoke to her for so long. and I was able to go and see her at CLAN'S office on Tues 10. Aug. so I felt on top of the world. Maryanne's Bone Marrow Transplant happened on Sun the 8. Aug. that went well. we both Tyler & myself watched it all happened. Maryanne talked to me about going to CLAN. and ~~doing~~ writing my story. on the Tuesday morning I was out of bed a 6. Am. I couldn't sleep. I went and talked with Maryanne for 2 HR's. so off me and Tyler (myco pilot) went to Clan. After been there for a couple of hours. I felt so good. I talked to Leonie about P.G.H. I wasn't question as to Are you telling the truth. I'de gather she' had heard stories like my so many times. she also told

me, that it might be possible to get my file, but not to be disappointed if it's been destroyed. So I joined CLAN, and now wear my CLAN Badge with Pure PRIDE we talk of other places to check out like the STATE ARCHIVES RECORDS at Kingswood. I went away from CLAN's and Leonie so happy. back to the hospital to tell Maryanne my happy news. When I got to her ward, she was sick on Friday the 13th (BLACK FRIDAY). I needed to get away. Maryanne's breathing was so bad, she's going down hill fast. the nurses said to go out for the day. as <sup>the day before</sup> Thursday, I'd rang the archive's Record office. spoke to a man called Lindsay, he told me that there were records on Parra Girls Home, so he told me I could go thro them. I asked him was he sure, he said Yes, so with a train ride, off me & Tyler goes to Kingswood. Look Tyler, only about 12 Feet left to go and we will be able to touch those records my name will be there in bold writing. we both laugh. right to the door we stand, to be met by a worker, Lovely. she must of been expecting us I laugh. No. There's a alarm's going off yeah that's right Fire alarm's. I could <sup>NT</sup> believe this. 25 minutes later, we get's to go thro the door, Sure enough it's "BLACK Friday". I told the lady about my phone call with Lindsay, she said no. the records are closed for 80 years. I said, <sup>please</sup> Listen to me I'm 47 now. I don't honestly think in 80 year's time my eye sight would be able to read the information. and that I doubt I'd be even be alive. No sorry you can't read them. <sup>please</sup> Yesterday I told Lindsay that I was <sup>visiting here</sup> at the hospital, my sister was ill. I could of done anything else in the world/town, besides wasting my time. I was given the phone number to Community Service. I spoke to a MAN by the name of John Sterman.



he was the one, who told me that my file was destroyed. if you ever read this my story, I'm sorry I was angry, and had mixed feelings. I did explain that Maryann was ill, and wasting my time, was not a fun way to spend my time, so back to Westmead to see my youngest sister Marganne. I was so upset by my waste of a day, with the social worker at my side. I'm taken into a room, where there's 2 doctors. They explain to me, your sister, has a breathing problem. She is not well, and not doing as well as is expected, what are you saying? I asked them, is Maryann going to be alright they said they couldn't say at this stage. That there's doctors and nurses in with her, be prepared, she doesn't look like she did early today, no, no, you're wrong. She's got to pull thro this, she has to she is my sister. When they took me to take her room, I got to the door to be met by a big nurse who was in charge of intensive care, where Marganne was going to be put on a life support machine. She told me, your sister is real sick, we don't think she will recover from this and I want you to be prepared for it, what? why am I hearing this from you? I've already heard it from the Drs it was around 3 am on Saturday morning before I fell to sleep - so I'd spent from Sat. at 10 AM, wondering what to do. Should I call the family to come up, slowly she moved on Monday. I talked to her from Friday night everytime I went to her room, while on the life support machine, about her kids. She has such a love for her children, and I know she heard, coz she would move her foot or her eye brow. I seen good signs they took her off the machine on Tues. 17 Aug, back up to oncology on the Wednesday, but Thurs. Fri. and <sup>to day</sup> yesterday she is

going back down with her breathing last night they told me if her breathing doesn't pick up, then things are not good. Today is Sunday, 22nd Aug, it's 2 weeks from having her Bone Marrow Transplant, side had 3 calls on yesterday. Maryanne thought her son Ben, was gone missing at 7 AM in the morning, so to the hospital I went and side rang Maryanne's partner Bryan, Can you please get Ben on the phone for me, I had to speak to Ben, to reassure Maryanne that he was at home. So it upset Ben to be woken and to speak to me on the phone, I told him that mum loves and misses him very much, and she is trying to get better so she can come home to them. So now every day I'll ring each one of her children, then at 3 pm the phone in the unit here rings again, Another nurse this time, the kids are on top of the roof playing and Maryanne wants me to go and get them, o.k. out the door, and out side I went the tears I can't hold em back what's happening to my sister, 20 minutes later I went back and told Maryanne, the kids are not here Maryanne, it's all this Medicin you got to take, your not to worry over the kids, for Maryanne that's impossible, nearly bed time, at 8:40 pm The phone rings, it's the nurse Maryanne wants me over there, It's HAZEL her oldest daughter (16), where is Hazel, Maryanne your upsetting yourself, please stop, I know you can't control how you are thinking, and I understand it, she asked are you angry that I got the nurse to ring you, because I didn't tell you, that I love you Teresa, and she remembered it after I left her, at 9 pm: Everyone tells me to be strong God, how can I be with everything that's happened ~~to me~~, but somehow, I still go on, even tho I feel like throwing the towel in, and I still MANAGE to smile for my little

sister, as she lays in her hospital fighting for her life.

I'd like to know, how does sorry mend your scars your memory, witnessing the brutale bashing, the constant abuse, come on sorry is when you do wrong, these people that ran PCH, ARE NOT SORRY. THE welfare system - ARE NOT SORRY. THE COURTS ARE NOT SORRY. FOR IF THEY WERE SORRY, they would of done their job probly. All the girls & boys, would not been treat like crazy, mindless helpless animals, if someone was sorry, where were they when all the ill treatment and mental abuse was going on, Sure they were there doing a job. Doesn't mean doing their work probly.

Looking back now, I can see why Riots happen, PCH worker's s would have deserve it, when you cage an animal and ill treat it, you deserve it, when it turns on you. we were only children, who suffered the wrong end of the so called system. The system that put us behind bars. the system that won't take the responsibility for their neglect, it's there fault. They made me this way. Now I can honestly say I hate the system, YOU'S TAUGHT ME THE DIFFERENTS BETWEEN DISLIKE AND HATE.

PS my closing word ARE:

TO MR MCMAHON, MR GUILDFORD, MISS HILZER, The bitter old worker's.

I honestly am happy to know, that when I die, I won't ever see you cruel old buggers after this life, because when I die, I'm going to Heaven, you old Bitter Cow's Are going to Hell, one where you's all be the same, and won't be able to Run it or the people there, no more controlling other people's Lives ENJOY what you have left.

TERESA FINLEY.