

My name is Angela King.

I am writing to you about my Father Aaron King who was given Tafenoquine.

As a young girl growing up I had a great life.

I loved going to the park and kicking the soccer ball with my dad. My dad was always there to read me stories before bed, help me with my homework and on certain nights we would have a game of Yahtzee.

I remember my dad joining the army, it had always been his dream and he used to talk it about with so much pride. I remember him loving his job, he wasn't home much but when he was he always time for me.

Things changed when he came back from East Timor in 2001. My dad left to go overseas to fight for our country and never came back.

What did come back was the shell of him, but he wasn't inside, he wasn't my dad.

It wasn't until 2017 that I learnt he was given a drug called Tafenoquine and after reading about it, everything that was happening with my dad made sense. This wasn't PTSD, this was poison.

I might have only been 6, but I remember like it was yesterday. My father turned to alcohol to cope, he was rarely home and this affected me deeply. He was constantly in and out of hospital and rehabilitation centres, and still is to this day. I was lucky to have such a strong mother, but I grew up a lot faster than what I should have, having to help my mum with my younger siblings while dad wasn't around.

I was put into counseling at the young age of 10. I was depressed, and had bad anxiety as I was constantly walking on eggshells waiting for the bomb to blow.

I left home at the age of 15. I struggled concentrating in school as I was always worrying about what was going on at home and always had the fear of getting a call to say my dad had taken his life.

I could never understand why my dad was the way he was. I researched a lot about PTSD over the years. I knew everything about it, but with my dad deteriorating I knew there was more to it.

After dad having more hospital admissions I was still struggling to cope and turned to drugs. Still to this day I struggle with my own mental issues as a result of the way he is.

17 years later there has been minimal improvement with his mental state. I have read up a lot about the drug he was given, and read many stories that others have shared, and I know deep in my heart the drug Tafenoquine is to blame for making him like this.

I will never get my father back that I knew as a young girl, and every girl needs their father.

He was mistreated and used as a guinea pig along with many other people who served out country. Is this your way of saying thank you for keeping our country safe?

By leaving them like this without any help or explanation?

Yours sincerely,

Angela King