

SUBMISSION TO THE INQUIRY I was made ward of state at the age of 14, I was sent to winlaton youth training centre in victoria, I experienced mental and physical abuse by my so call carers. I was a shy girl, and terrified of the situation I was in. When anyone came into the home they had to be

initiated by the older girls. I was sexually assaulted and forcibly tattooed on my arm and face one of the staff noticed it, she took me to my room and scrubbed my arm with jex, salt, and lemon juice until the skin was raw she told she would leave the one on my face so that people would know where I came from.. I became so frightened of where I was, I ran away, I climbed over a ten foot high fence with razor wire barbs,it cut my arms and legs but I didnt care , When the police bought me back I was stripped searched had to jump on the spot with a mirror between my legs, then locked in the cells for a week after that I was taken to fitzroy clinic for for a medical ckeck for V D it was very imbarassing because I was a virgin. I tried to escape again by climbing on the roof of winlaton there wre about six girls when the staff saw us they called the police they put the fire hose on us until we came down we were dragged by our hair back to the cells and locked away. We were verbily abused all the time and made to feel we were worthless we were never called by our fist names, I have a scar on my face they used to call me scar face thats made me feel ugly and withdrawn. My time in this institution consisted of abuse and neglect by the carers most of the time was spent scrubbing floors with toothbrushes,polishing long corridors with heavy machinery, working in the kitchen lifting heavy bags of spuds, lifting big pots os soup with weavels floating on top which we had to eat or go hungry. When I was sixteen I ran away again when returning to winlaton my medical showed that I was pregnant I was placed in the cell block night times when I was busting to use the toilet most of the time I was told to wee on the floorI had no choice. I was called a slut, and told I would be an unfit mother they told me they would take my child and put it up for adoption as I was no good and my child was a bastard, when my baby was born in the womens hospital luckily for me I was released from there with my child and went home to my family. My son has now passed away at the age of 29 from a drug overdose, and I think back and wonder if they were right. If I had the love and understanding that it was a mistake not a crime things may have different