

Alice #25

Two years of extreme fear.

I was a single mother of a teenage child. I met a man on a bus. We got to know each other and he moved in. I found out he got released from prison the day I met him. His offence - beating a man who bashed a girl !!

How unjust I thought. I loved him more.

He was a chameleon with many different looks. He knew the law and had lived in three states over a few years. After six months with him, I'd been thrown around hit and strangled unconscious then raped many times. He bought me presents, built me gardens and was very sorry. He said that he was molested as a child and taken in by prostitutes.

He eventually left.

I awoke one night shortly after, with him at the end of my bed with rope and masking tape. He kidnapped me and drove to a creek with rock pools. Thank god there were people there. I was silent and frozen. He drove the car like a maniac. Again I thought he is going to kill us. I said the Lord's Prayer over and over in my head to cope.

Eventually the police surrounded the car and he was arrested for having a stolen car. They said that I was an accessory - which was later dismissed. I haven't seen him since. I didn't want to leave my home in paradise because of him.

God will protect me I thought.

A month later I hurt my knee at work and I was on crutches. The new neighbour saw me hobbling to the shop on the corner. He introduced himself and offered to help as he wasn't working. After a couple of shopping trips and dinners (he cooked and brought over) and after telling him what had happened a few months earlier he said he would watch out for me from his place.

I again was deceived but I didn't know it then. I slept with him.

Then his mental health issues surfaced. He was taking prescription medications and drinking and injecting amphetamines. He couldn't remember anything he'd done and suffered mental blackouts. On one occasion, he ripped my window out of the frame and came in and terrorised me. He threw knives at me; and tried to stab an electrician working in my place. He killed one of my kittens and would terrorise me with 50 phone calls while I was out. The police came many times and witnessed the calls. They did nothing but tell him to behave.

He was evicted. One night he hid under the stairs across the road and waited for me to come home. I sat on the beach all night with friends as it was New Year's Eve. I got home to a ransacked house with everything slashed and sprayed with tomato sauce. I called the police and they told me they had him as he had been caught by a neighbour who had a broken finger from him.

He served 3 months. He sent me letters from prison even though there was an AVO. He also called the day he got out. I was living in fear again. Nothing happened.

I read in the paper a few months later he was dead.

He was in a shop with a mate and he "must've lost it" and his mate punched him and he hit the ground and died. His mate is in jail.

I only told someone what was happening if I had to, and then I hid a lot. I have coped extremely well.

This wasn't the beginning or the end of my story of survival.

Thank you for giving me a voice.