

Responding Submission To The Royal Commission Into Institutional Child Sexual

Abuse For Redress

Dear Royal Commissioners',

This is my submission paper for you all to consider for the important topic of redress, to victims 'who have appeared before the Commission and who have told their stories of abuse when in the care of government institutions'

I have never written about the abuse that happened to me from when I was a child, I am not too sure how I go about putting the shocking events committed by low life to me and that of my feelings down on paper for you all to read, as it's taken me some weeks to sit down here on my computer to write and dig deep about my past and what their effects they have had on my entire life.

I attended a private hearing with Commissioner Murray in Melbourne on the 3rd June 2014, I would like to thank Mr Murray and the commission as a whole for giving me and many other survivors of sexual abuse when we were in institutions a chance to have our say, but also like myself a first time to tell someone what really happened to me many years ago.

Commissioner Murray gave me extended time well over the limit to hear my story`s of abuse, I had made statements about two paedophiles on the 2/1/2014 to the police that the commission became aware of after I called the commissions hot line number, but also I told Mr Murray of the horrific events (Rape`s) that happened to me when I was a 17 year old child on remand at ██████████ Prison back in 1984.

As the commissions consultation paper suggest that effective redress must have 3 elements.

- 1) Personal response by institutions to the survivor.**
- 2) Guaranteed funding when needed for counselling & psychological care.**
- 3) Money sum which is paid in recognition of the wrong done to the individual.**

I will write 3 short briefs in my own words regarding the sexual offences and what there impacts have had on my life, in my submission for commission to consider with the important matter off Redress.

Case 1

The first time that I was targeted by a paedophile was when I attended the [REDACTED] Primary School in [REDACTED]; I was around 9 years old in grade 4 in [REDACTED] and I met a teacher named [REDACTED], he had become my music teacher and started to teach me how to play the violin which I was very happy to learn how to play the violin and I could take the violin home to practise, but also Mr [REDACTED] would show interest in me and said that I had talent, it was in that year that [REDACTED] was setting me up to be a victim for his sexual acts and it started when I had music lessons with him, he would always keep me back in class for an extra 5 or 10 minutes after the class had finished, it was then that he would rub his groin and penis on my back and shoulders when I sat down on the chair with the violin in my arms trying to master the technique when using the bow, also Mr [REDACTED] hands would wonder over my legs and body as he pretended to show me how to play, I felt bad and not right when he rubbed his groin on me, but I said nothing as I was a child and I wanted to learn how to play musical instruments, no one had ever talked or warned me about paedophiles when I was a kid but also I was too scared to talk to my mother or anyone else in fear that I would get in trouble and the other kids at [REDACTED] would find out and call me names and make fun of me.

Mr [REDACTED] kept showing interest in me and 2 other boys from my class that I know of as he took us camping up in the bush at an old school called [REDACTED] which is outside the town of Beaufort and was closed down but also isolated, he would also bring one of his friends camping to who's name was John, they were close and good mates, They would play games and make pretend tents in the main room of the old school also put lots of blankets up so they could hide under them, Mr [REDACTED] would take his pants off and make us touch his penis and his friend John would watch on and pull himself, this happened in the years from 1975 to 1977 and around Christmas eve in 1977 Mr [REDACTED] and his friend John took me and 2 other boys to Carols By Candle Lights at the Myer Music Bowl to see the concert but the rains came and they took us back to Mr [REDACTED] flat where he gave us presents and wanted us to stay at his flat, Mr [REDACTED] called one of the boy's mothers up to say that the roads were flooded from the big rains and he could not drive us home, Mark one of the boys started to panic and demanded to call his mother and we became very scared, Marks mother called a taxi for us and saved us that night from Mr [REDACTED] and John.

The school had booked in many other camps for the children at the time when I was there and Mr [REDACTED] was always keen to get the boys in his cabin or room and would work hard and fight other teachers to get his way, so he could do his thing to boys he favoured and pick out the weak children to play his games on, The other teachers knew Mr [REDACTED] was no good and they had public fights when we were on camps, but somehow Mr [REDACTED] always got his own way so he could dress down boys to satisfy his sick lust for kids, This is where the other teachers and the school could have stopped Mr [REDACTED] from harming children and taking away their innocence, they all failed to protect us from [REDACTED]

Looking back to that time, I can see now where my behaviour started to change when I was a child, it was then that I started to become a loner, very angry and I was depressed, I also had learning

problems and could not complete my school work, but I was too scared to talk to grownups about what Mr [REDACTED] and John had done to me and the other boys, and in my last year there at the primary school in 1978 after Mr [REDACTED] and John tried to kidnap us on that rainy night, I rebelled in 78 and became very angry and attacked Mr [REDACTED] when he had a class, I went into his class and threw around 5 penny bangers (Big Crackers) at his head and seen them go of as he ran for cover, yet I did not get in to any trouble from him nor was I called in the Principle office and asked why I did that or was asked what was wrong with me, I also got in to trouble with the housing commission authorities when I threw bottles, tv`s and just about anything I could get my hands on off the 20 story flats I lived in, we also played a game of chicken on the 20th floor by climbing over the balcony edge and hanging on the open side of the ledge only by our arms holding us and stopping us from falling to our deaths, I could not talk to my mother about anything in fear that I would receive a belting second to none from her as she did belt me black and blue for no reason at times.

I was a small kid and I was all alone and I could not understand what was right and what was wrong as the damage was done and the whole system, the school the other teachers had failed me and the other boys, they failed to protect the young children that was in there care.

[REDACTED] has been charged by the police for what he did to me and the other kids back then and he had his first mention in court on the 19/12/2014; I have not spoken to the other boys, Mark and Dale since 1978 and the police believe they have a strong chance to get [REDACTED] convicted for what he had done to us when we young children.

CASE 2

In the summer holidays in the new year of 1981, having just turning 14 years old I had enough of my home life and living with my mother, her anger grew at me and I spent most of my time away from her and our home in the flats, I ran had run away 2 times from her in 1980 and her anger to me just got worse so again I ran away before school had started and got a job working for [REDACTED] appointed the Camel Boy, my job there was to look after the Camels, dress up like a Sheik and lead the Camels out in to the circus ring when the shows started, I only lasted 3 weeks there as the job setting up the tents ect for me was too hard on my body, as my weight would of been around 50kg and the pay and condition where shocking, I did find another place to stay at in Broadmeadows at a mate I meet at the last holidays and his mother took me in, his uncle was a trotting trainer and driver , so I got work working in his stables looking after horse`s and learning the ropes for 3 months, this was temporary and I found another stable to work at around Cranbourne, this was very hard on me as I had 30 horse`s to feed, groom and to work them on the track 7 days a week , I got every second Sunday off and life was hard there, one night the older boys at the stable where play and blowing up condoms , they put them in to the bin but one fell out, the trainer came home with his wife and kids and they seen a condom on the ground, the trainer called us over and asked who owned that, the leading stable hand who was 19 years old said it was Franks and before I could defend myself, the trainer bashed me for m one side of the stables to the other for around 5 minutes in front of everyone, the next morning I packed my bag and got away from them all, they came looking for me and found me in town and tried to get me back at the stable, I

said I am never going back and I was innocent and got bashed for nothing, the trainer gave me \$10 and I caught the train back to Melbourne.

By this time I think I had left home for around 5 months, but then I had know where else I could go and live, I had been sleeping on park benches and in old abandon homes, I rung my mother to see if I could come back home, she told me to come home and when I did she put me in her car and drove me to [REDACTED] DHS office and singed me over to be a ward of the state.

They placed me in a children's home run by [REDACTED] and I think I lasted there for 6 weeks, I ran from that place as I was not tamed like the other children there and I did not like going to their church services and to sing songs ect, I just could not settle there.

When the police found me they took me to the [REDACTED] home on the corner of [REDACTED] [REDACTED] it was there that I first met [REDACTED].

At [REDACTED] home there were about 8 support workers on hand and each of the workers had 3 boys allocated to them, I had a choice between [REDACTED] and another male worker, [REDACTED] was on leave when I first went there and the other worker who I think his name was [REDACTED] asked me to choose him to be my one on one worker, he took me out the first weekend to the pubs around the city and got me drunk, we went back to his home and he said I could sleep in his bed as he was going to crash on his 3 seater lounge suit, I did that and when I woke up the next morning I found that [REDACTED] had came and slept on the bed with me, I was still clothed and was very embarrassed but also shocked, and I became upset with him and demanded that he take me back to the boys home.

[REDACTED] came on duty the next Monday and introduced himself to me, he was full of life and said all the right things to make me feel comfortable around him, [REDACTED] was keeping a close watch and was asking me to choose him to be my one on one worker, I chose [REDACTED] as I felt safer around him and thought that he was there to help the boys at the home and not like [REDACTED] who was there to get boys to sleep with him at his home, I was told by [REDACTED] who ran the home that they were the only 2 options I could take as the other worker had been over booked.

Within 2 weeks I spent a weekend at [REDACTED] home on a farm outside [REDACTED] was the care taker of the farm and lived at the back in the shearer's hut but also had the run of the farm home there, the owners were never around when [REDACTED] took up to that farm and [REDACTED] started to groom me for his own desires, He would let me drive his Toyota Celica up and down the farms driveway which was long and [REDACTED] would give me all the grog I wanted to drink as he had it all around including top shelf scotch, after he got me drunk he would offer to give me a massage and he knew how to make me get an erection when he did this to me, when he did that to me he beg me to let him suck me off.

The next day we spoke about what took place and he tried to calm me down and say that this is a natural thing to happen, I told him that I am not a poofter and I like woman only and he had made me feel like a dirty dog - Not Right!

█████ was a master of turning bad things around when things were bad, he had the gift of the gab and would work on me to forgive and to forget about what happened, he begged me not to say anything about this to anyone and that he was sorry that he took advantage of me when I was drunk.

Back at the boys home everyone was angry and all the boys had issues, there were fights every day and the boys were hard core kids, I just wanted out of that home and get away from all the fights and drama, █████ kept working on me and took 3 of us kids camping around a lake, he had brought a Winchester 22 lever action rifle for me so we could shoot and █████ had brought a slab of beer and got us all drunk, when I was asleep in the tent █████ had snuck in and was sucking me off again, this is all he wanted to do to me and every time he did that to me I felt like shit and worthless, I felt I had no option but to let him do that to me, I tried to stay away and be around him when others were around but he was cunning and smart, good with words and played his game right as he had friends at university he had friends in the rowing circles and he was respected by others I had met with him also he took me to meet his Father and Mother.

After 2 months or so █████ asked what sort of job I would like to do in life, I said I would love to work on farms and learn farming as a career, he said leave it with him and sure enough he found work for me on a farm up on the Western Plains at a place called █████

I worked there for about 3 months as it was a lonely life there and I did not have a drivers licence so I could drive away for weekends, █████ used to come and pick me up and let me drive on the hwy's in his car, but he always wanted to suck my dick, I told him over and over that I'm not gay and I don't like what he wants from me, I told him many times that I wanted to kill myself as all the people who say they want to help me but all they wanted from me was sex and I'm not a poofier.

After I left the farm the boys home found me a job at █████ I worked there cleaning trucks and driving forklifts for some time, they also found me a place to board at in Footscray and my grandmother (OMA) was living just down the road, so I did my best to work hard and get my act together, but somehow I lost my job and broke down and then I packed my bag I did some hitchhiking and travelled to Adelaide, Sydney, Queensland and Mildura where I worked picking grapes for a short time.

I was still kept in touch with the boys home and when I came back to Melbourne, █████ he said that I could move in with him and █████ his house mate, they had brought a home in █████, there was a bunker at the back I could live in, it did not take too long before █████ was trying his old tricks on me again, I was very angry with him by now and had a gut full of him trying to hit me up all the time, I kept telling him no and I just feel like killing myself and told him that I had loaded the 22 a few times at the house to shoot myself then, but finally luck had found me around Easter 1982 as I remembered when she fell for me at the Ascot Vale flats and I was still 15 years old when I met my first wife at the housing commission flats named █████.

I did everything I could to make sure █████ would fall in love with me and her mother was mostly away from their flat working and partying and Lee was looking after her little sister █████ most of the time.

the time, I would spend more time there and her mother would let me stay and sleep there, but [REDACTED] mother was not happy with me and tried everything in her power to make us split up, at the same time [REDACTED] became upset with me as I would not chop out and let him get his way with me, so he said that I must move out.

By this time I was with [REDACTED] for a few months and had work at the Melbourne show grounds working trotters, Then I got [REDACTED] pregnant with our first child name [REDACTED], Her mother was outraged and wanted [REDACTED] to have an abortion, [REDACTED] new some heavy people who worked on the wharfs and she mixed around with the heavy's in North Melbourne, [REDACTED] try everything to make [REDACTED] to get rid of me, but [REDACTED] stood up to her mother and said she wanted to have the child and she wanted to stay with me, [REDACTED] kicked us out of her flat and we moved in to emergency accommodation in [REDACTED] it was a hard place to live in as it was a shared arrangement, run down and only temporary.

My behaviour became very erratic for I was not ready to be a farther, by now I was 16 years old [REDACTED] mother was ridding our back and demanding that I do the right thing, she had heavies come to bash me so I could leave [REDACTED] for good, so I did split with [REDACTED] and ran from my reasonability's, after a short time we got back together but by this stage I was out of control and taking big risks and stealing and robbing to get cash in our pockets, [REDACTED] did find a place for us to share accommodation with some of her friends but she was still working her magic to try and get rid of me and to stay away from [REDACTED], this went on and on and I had a new job making concrete stumps for home`s to be built on, I got to know one of the workers and we became good mates, by this time [REDACTED] was very pregnant, I still had her mother and her heavies on my back and I tried to stay away from [REDACTED] but then on my 17th birthday I was in [REDACTED] next door to [REDACTED] home who I was working with, and the old fella there got me drunk for my birthday, I don't remember what happened that day after I got drunk, but I ended up bashing the old bloke with a billiard queue after he showed me over \$500 dollars, Did I have flash backs and thought he was flashing the money around trying to sleep with me ?, I still don't know what happened or why it happened, all I know is that I just about killed him in a fit of rage on my 17th birthday and took his money and ran.

I walked to the train station crying and freaking out at just what happened and took the train to Tottenham train station covered in blood, and went across the road from the station to see one of [REDACTED]'s friends there named [REDACTED], who had owned a hair salon there and to tell her what I had just done, She freaked out and called [REDACTED] to come and get me, but I did not stay around and went to see [REDACTED] and packed my bags and run off from her and everyone, I just ran and ran away.

I ended up in Perth for a short time, found work on a stable but I missed [REDACTED] and new that I had to come back and face the music and try and be a father to our baby that was close to being born.

When I came back to Melbourne in January 1984 to live back with [REDACTED], after a week I called [REDACTED] and told him to call the police and tell them that I was coming in with him for an interview, but someone tipped the police off and they raided our home and took me away the very day that [REDACTED] and I was going to see them.

Case 3

They took me back to the Flemington police station and loaded many other charges on me there to go with the bashing I did on my birthday; I was refused bail and was remanded in custody and spent well over a week at the Flemington lock up, after that they sent me to the old Melbourne Magistrate Court, bail was refused again and then I was sent to ██████ Prison.

When I went to ██████ they sent me to D division and I had a single cell, I can still remember what the old jail cell was like, it had an old 1800s bed in it and the mattress was filled with horse hair, there was no kettle or any other appliances in my cell, just a toilet with 2 rolls of dunny paper and 2 thin blankets to keep me warm in the bluestone jail cell.

I was sent in to the main stream prisoners yards and they were the old school crooks, hard men bank robbers, stand over men, convicted killers you name it they were all there even long time prisoners who had done hard time in H division were living on the ground floor of D block, I met some people I knew from Flemington that were serving time at D division and they asked me to play football for D division as I had played football with them at the Flemington football club, we played a game against prisoners from E division and A division and the game was played at the back of D divisions games yard, I remember the game well as I got a black eye within the first minute and by the time the first quarter had finished I was off the ground with 3 broken ribs and could not play anymore of the game, I got a cold chill when I was trying to get my breath back after having been crunched big time by a nutter who broke my ribs, when I looked around and seen what was left of Jikea Jikea across from our football ground, that's where the year before I think 4 prisoners died in the riots and fire there, the place was all twisted and bent from the fire and it looked like the structure was built for the moon, Jikea Jikea just look like it was out of place there and that's how I felt when I was in ██████, as I had never been locked up before and I was in with all the heavy crims from Melbourne.

As the weeks went on I was waiting to go before the courts to apply for bail and get out to be with ██████ for when she was to have our baby ██████ one of the long time crooks there named ██████ asked if I smoked hemp and if would I like some, I said yes I do but I don't have any money or anything to trade, he said know problems, but that stage I had a part time job as a D division billet, my job was to clean cell in D division and change sheets ect, this gave me some spending cash to buy smokes and coffee with, but also to get out of the yards as there was bashings and stabbings going down all the time, so one day when I was cleaning the cells doing my job ██████ asked me to go to his cell and we could smoke a joint, he had a cell on the bottom right at the back of the block, I went in and we smoked 2 joints and he blocked the doorway, I said thanks for the joint but I must get back to work, he jumped of his chair he used to block the doorway with and pulled out a shive – home made knife and stuck it to my neck, all but cutting me, I said what are you doing and what do you want as I was freaking out and shit scared for my life, he said it's payback time and pulled my pants down and bent me over and fucked my ass until he came, I was in huge pain and no one ever had

stuck there dick up my ass, I was bleeding my ass was killing me and he put his hand over my mouth with a rag in it to shut my screaming, he told me not to tell anyone on him, don't dog on him to the screws or he and his mates would get me in there and kill me, he told me you have know where to run and know where to hide in

██████████ I have been in here for years and I have friends everywhere here, we will get you sooner or later if you dog on me to the screws.

After this I ran to my cell on the fist tear and went to the dunny trying to get all his mess out, my ass was still burning and bleeding and I cried and cried, I did not know what to do, I had a brake down then and there, I wanted to go to the top tear and jump head first down to the bluestone floor and kill myself, I was scared I was lost and I could not get help for my ass or any pain relief as ██████████ and his big mate ██████████ who was in there for murder were watching out for me to see what I would do.

I remember after about an hour I was still shacking and thinking of hanging myself and still thinking of diving of the top tear down to the circle bluestone floor as they had nets up around the cell doors to stop people from getting shoved over or to stop them jumping, the centre circle was open, as I was still braking down and crying, the screws called for me over the loud speaker, I did not respond at first as I was still hurting and did not know what they wanted, I was shit scared to see anyone in case I get knifed by ██████████ and his stand over crew, I went to the circle office and asked them what they wanted, they told me that I had a phone call to take at the phone box at the circle, I took the call still in shock and still in fear that they were going to stab me and think I dogged on them, the person who called me on the phone was ██████████ mother, she had called to let me know that I was a father and that ██████████ had given birth to ██████████, they where both healthy and doing well, she said happy St Patricks day, that was March the 17th 1984, the day I became a father.

After that I tried my best to avoid ██████████ ██████████ and his mates in D division, I tried to have people around me at all times, but around 2 weeks later, ██████████ and ██████████ cornered me on the top tear when I was doing my job, I tried to run but ██████████ bashed me and said just shut up and let me fuck you, lay down on the bed and let me fuck you and if you don't do that I will fuck you and then I will let ██████████ fuck you too, this happened 4 times in total, I was raped 4 times by ██████████ ██████████ the great escape arties, ██████████ ██████████ the mad armed robber, ██████████ ██████████ the poet who's poets where published in to books, I say the ██████████ ██████████ low life raping gutless dog who should of been shot !

I think I got bail from the courts around late May 1984; they set bail at \$350, ██████████ ██████████ put the money up and ██████████ had a housing commission flat in Collingwood where she and ██████████ lived, the boys home found me a job at the ██████████ on ██████████ when I got out, I worked hard and tried my best to be a good partner for ██████████ and to be a good father for ██████████ and I tried my best to stay positive and show the courts for when I had to front and be sentenced for bashing that man on my 17th birthday, that they should give me a light sentence and pray that they did not send me back to ██████████ Prison where ██████████ ██████████ was still serving time at.

When ██████████ was around 4 and half months old, ██████████ and I slept in the lounge room floor one night and watched TV and laid in that Saturday morning, ██████████ said to me around 7am that ██████████ should be

awake and she thought it odd that [REDACTED] was not up for her morning feed, I said to [REDACTED] don't worry maybe Jade is having a sleep in, but [REDACTED] said I will cheque on her, when she went in to see [REDACTED] all I can remember was a loud scream coming from [REDACTED] room, [REDACTED] was screaming and screaming at the top of her lungs, I flew in to the room and seen [REDACTED] trying to give [REDACTED] CPR mouth to mouth and [REDACTED] was hysterical begging me to bring back [REDACTED] to life, I was in shock and I grabbed [REDACTED] from [REDACTED] and felt that she was cold and knew she had passed away for some time, I called for the Ambulance to come and help, [REDACTED] kept giving Jade mouth to mouth, but it was too late, [REDACTED] had passed away in the night.

At this stage I really did not know what to do, I did not know who I was, I did not know why I was still alive and I did know how I could help [REDACTED] through that terrible time, [REDACTED] was everything to her and [REDACTED] was our first born girl and I had to front court in a little over 3 weeks time when [REDACTED] passed away, we did the best with what we could do with family and friends helping us to bury [REDACTED] and give her a send off, I can't say more than that as it was a hugely sad and confronting time for everyone.

I went to the County Court and I pleaded guilty to all charges, [REDACTED] [REDACTED] came and gave words to the judge on my behalf and to drive [REDACTED] home, I received 18 month with a 12 months minimum sentence that day from the County court judge to be served in a youth detention centre, I went to the [REDACTED] youth detention centre for a month and from there they sent me to [REDACTED] youth detention centre for the rest of my sentence.

By this time the after effects from when I was raped in [REDACTED] had set in and I had Venereal Warts growing on my ass hole given to me from [REDACTED] [REDACTED] the centre sent me to the doctors and he gave me some cream to treat them, but the cream had burnt my ass hole and I had problems there, by this time the other kids at the centre was starting to pick on me and say that I was a poofter ect, which made me do my time very hard, I had a worker appointed to me so he could help me through that shit, they sent me to the Keyton Hospital for 2 week so my ass hole could heal from the burns I got from using the cream that the doctor gave me, but it was also good that I could stay away from the other inmates who wanted to start a fight with me because of my injury's from when I was raped in [REDACTED] Prison.

The worker who was trying to help me and he had worked hard so I would open up about my injuries and he tried to find out how I got the warts, this took over a month before I could trust him and tell him what took place in [REDACTED] I told him of the bashings, rapes, stabbings and the many hangings I has seen or heard about when I was in the cage at [REDACTED] He was shocked at my story and of the other sad stories I told him about that happened there, I did not tell him of what happen to me in primary school and I did not tell him about [REDACTED] [REDACTED] and his tricks he used on me when I was under his care and the under the care of the states DHS.

After a few months there the worker asked if I would help him and make a video tape about my story of the horrific rapes that happened to me and my tape would be shown to the state minister of the day who's name I think was Pauline Toner, who was the minister in the Victorian John Cain government for Community Welfare Serves in 1984, The purpose of making this tape for the

minister was to convince the government to change the law allowing 17 year old kids to be sent and locked up with them animals in ██████ Prison.

Also the minister was to come and visit ██████ youth detention centre as part of a PR stunt and she would be shown my tape if I agreed to make one, I did make a tape for her and I was told she had seen the tape and I remember being taken to the office when she came and that she had thanked me for talking about what happened to me about the rapes when I was in the big house.

About a week later I was called in to the office one night and the big boss who ran ██████ who sitting in his chair, I asked where was my social worker, he said don't worry about him, he said that he had called the authority's at D division at ██████ who question ██████ ██████ about the rapes, he said that ██████ had confessed to them and admitted what he had done to me, the boss of ██████ was using a angry tone and body language and asked me what do I want to do about it ?,

I said what do you mean?

He said to me do you want to make a clam for FUCKING compensation?

I said I did not understand what you mean as I don't understand what compensation is?

He said good, just sign this and sign that and when I signed a few forms for him, he told me to fuck of back to the cell as I have caused a lot of shit for him and for his mates back at ██████

I remember my 18th birthday there, I remembered saying to myself what in the hell happened Frank? How in the world did you end up here, how did it all end up like this?

Happy 18th Birthday Frank!

A few boy tried their luck and tried to stand over me about my injuries and they gave me a nick name (Sunshine) One day 2 of the older boys cornered me and I fought them both of, let say they knew if they came back for more that there was a real chance that I would get on top of them, they came again about a week later when I working in the mechanics shop, this time there was 5 older boys, they came to give me a good bashing, I had just filled up the kettle and boiled it, when they came in the smoke`o room, they locked the door behind them so I could not get out, I picked up the cupper I had made and throe it at the big mouth hitting his head, the others went to rush over to me and I picked up the boiling kettle and asked who would like to be brunt with boiling water first?

They all left me alone after that day and I did my best to get out as soon as I could, ██████ stayed with me and came every weekend to visit me, I was a lucky man to have found ██████ as she was so loyal and true to me right up to the day she passed away on the 15th of June 1995.

I also had to carry the warts on my ass hole for over 12 months, the hospital treatment was a stuff up and did more damage at the time to my ass, and when I got out of ██████ a doctor sent me to the VD clinic in Melbourne CBD centre for them to be burnt off with them using dry ice to rid of the warts for good!

My Submission Conclusion for the Commissioners to Consider
For Effective & Just Redress

The commission's consultation paper suggests that effective redress must have 3 elements?

1) Personal response by institutions to the survivor.

I feel that no sort of apology's from the 3 institutions that failed me when I was a child and the many other children that were also affected and violated could come close to some sort of closure for me or for them, even if the institutions seek to send out a letter of sympathy to the victims and admit that there institutions all fail them?

What I would like to see and hope be recommended by the commission's findings that should be put in place and practise, is that in every school, sports ground and many other public places like swimming pools, that there be **Big Signs** up warning kids of the dangers from the predators ect . And that all schools have classes about the dangers of paedophiles, also that the kids at university who are studying to become teachers and social workers, that they should also learn how and what to look out for if their kids under there watch have issues and could have been abused, I would like to see this put in place Australia wide, also a public campaign about the dangers of paedophiles, run on kids TV time slots on all TV channels Australia wide.

The door is open for ***The Royal Commission Into Institutional Child Sexual Abuse***, Will use there powers and make a significant difference for tomorrows children's safety and also make an invaluable impact with their investigations in to sexual abuse in Australia, that the commission jobs in their findings are to protect the children of Australia, with a nationwide public campaign and to make the public campaign for all Australians to see, including having adds one social media like **facebook** and other electronic services that we all are using today - **NEW LAW S !**

2) Guaranteed funding when needed for counselling & psychological care.

I have seen few psychologist over the last 30 plus years, some have been helpful and some have left me wanting and I could not talk to them as I had no trust with them?

Over the last 6 or so years I have been treated by [REDACTED] in Ballarat, My family doctor for the last 25 years has been [REDACTED] in Ballarat as well, [REDACTED] delivered my eldest son [REDACTED] at the Ballarat base hospital and treated my former wife [REDACTED] who passed in 1995, Dr knows some of my story and I have always felt comfortable with him and his judgment, it was Doctor who sent me to see [REDACTED] so I could talk about matters of important and to find someone I could trust in, She has been amazing in helping me to keep calm about my demons from the past, she has a gift when she helps me bounce back of the floor that I get stuck on at times, when the black dog is biting my heals, her smile and her soft voice helps me to believe that I will make it out from the darkness, no matter what , I am very lucky to have them treat me and somehow understand me in this crazy world!

It's imperative that the commission recommends that all state and federal governments keep and make more funding available to help the victims who suffered from all forms of sexual attacks.

3) Money sum which is paid in recognition of the wrong done to the individual.

1 School – I have seen reports of children who received huge compensation payouts from braking their arms and legs when on their school premises or when they went on school camps as they were under the supervision of the teachers, I have read that the schools where found to be negligible by the courts and have awarded hundreds of thousands of dollars in damages to the children who suffered pain from there injury's, so what amount of money should I be entitled to from the neglect by the school and by the other teachers who knew that Paul was up to know good with me and other children under their care ?

2 – What sort of Redress could come close for me to believe that a just and true amount could come close for the wrongs committed on me all the way through my youth, what about the pain and suffering that I had suffered in [REDACTED] Jail that I still suffer from today ? I was in the hands of the public servant's working in our government institutions and departments, who all let me down from when I was just around 9 years old right up until I had turned 18 years old?

3 – I will ask that the commissioners look at the huge amounts of compensation that prisoners get when they have been bashed and also burnt with boiling hot water, I have read news reports that some of them have received hundreds of thousands of dollars awarded to them for their pain that they suffered when they had been attacked and bashed by other inmates in jail, I was only a 17 year old kid and I was raped 4 times, I was bashed also had a shive held in to my throat and was imprisoned without my consent by my attacker [REDACTED] [REDACTED] who also gave me them dirty warts to carry around for well over a year.

What sort of redress could come anywhere near a fair and just settlement for that?

My answer to all the elements and the monetary payments flagged in this discussion paper regarding redress for the commission are, what do you think I should receive as a fair and just payment for all the pain and suffering that I hold in my heart and mind from events of the past inflicted on to me as I have suffer from all of them attacks all my life?

Am I to be given a token payout for the pain and suffering I still endure from all the wrongs done to me before I turned 18 years old?

Can my case I put before the commission in which [REDACTED] has been charged and is not far from trial, can you put a sum of money that can fix his wrong that he did on me and say it's OK ?

[REDACTED] [REDACTED] was interviewed by [REDACTED] from the [REDACTED] on the 6th of the 1st of this year at their HQ, in which [REDACTED] made full admissions to the police about what he did to me, [REDACTED] [REDACTED] is about to be charged with 6 counts at this stage for what he done to me, what

sort of money can fix the damage he done to me when I was in need of help ? Can the commission sit there and say that I could get there proposed maximum payment of \$200,000 for all that?

What about them brutal rape events on me in ██████ Prison by ██████ ██████ what about all the suffering I suffered locked up in the cage with them when I was just 17 years old, Is that only worth around \$100,00 - \$150,00 - \$200,000, what about the proposed \$65,00 flagged as well ?

Last but not least, can I point out and ask what about the treatment I received at the hands of the top office bearers (THE BOSS) at the ██████ Detention Centre, Why was I Jumped on by him and screamed at after the minister had seen the tape I had made with my social worker there to help the Cain government to change the Victorian governments long standing policy's of locking away 17 years old children in ██████ Prison, why was I called in to the office late one night, all by myself with no one to witness and only for me to be stood over and denied any legal representation if I had any rights for the so called compensation that he hollowed at me ?

What sort of Redress could make up for any of that as I was a kid who still had time to do there and I was still suffering in pain as the dirty warts were growing around my ass hole after the rapes and all the so called big boys thought I would be an easy target to bash?

I really have no idea?

Make no mistake I have no idea what sort of lump sum payment could ever come close for me to fine closure, and help me to move forward from the nightmares I continue to have.

Since I first rang your commissions hot line, my life had taken a real backward step from where I came to rest, my life has had seen more brick walls and more mountains that I had to climb in the past and just when I thought it was safe to have a rest, I have been with the police for many hour`s making my first statement to the police for the commission and that was one huge step for me after all them years.

I was asked to go to the ██████ who is handling my complaints, and he set me up to have where a wire tap and call ██████ ██████, so I could set up a meeting that day, that day was October the 10th 2014, one day before my 48th birthday, Criag asked and wanted me to called ██████ ██████ and set up a meeting for us to meet as I had not seen him for around 30 years ,the police where to watch and have support around, I was to also to wear a wire (BUG) to entrap ██████ of what he did on the tape at a coffee shop at Essendon near where he lived, ██████ jumped out of his chair when I called from the police station, he was keen to see me and talk, just like I thought ██████ would do.

When we set the time up around 2.30pm to meet for coffee with ██████ ██████ was then having problems to get a crew together to come with us to meet ██████ and watch.

██████ was forced to give me the mobile phone to take home and for me to only text ██████ if he tried to talk to me, I told ██████ that I don`t text that I`m old school when it comes to phones, the phone they gave me was a small key nokia , I needed to have my glasses on to read and work that phone, I was pissed off big time as everything did not work out and I had spent time getting ready for that

 to ring [REDACTED] and meet him, I have never tried to entrap anyone in my life, but I came forward for the royal commission as I felt the time was right and we would be treated with some care if we had a story to tell.

I was sent home and I could see that [REDACTED] was really disappointed with what happened at the police station, as the crew took off in other directions and I was really freaking out big time.

I thought what in ten fucks happened there, why did this had to turn to shit with the so called meeting with [REDACTED] ?

I had a huge brake down after that, I called [REDACTED] up one night after that and she was having trouble with what I was trying to saying to her, she said she would ring doctor for me to get a referral as I had run out of funding for her, I stayed in bed for days after that and was hiding from all the world again in the home, the phone the police gave me had rung and it was [REDACTED] trying to see if I was alright as I had my own phone turned off for days, I did and could not speak or see anyone.

I had a big melt down and I wanted my home mate [REDACTED] to call the shrinks and take me away, she would not do that as I stayed in home locked up spinning out!

[REDACTED] sent the police from [REDACTED] to see if I was ok and they where good and kind, they did the best they could for me and understood what a fuck up had happened and had seen that I lost the plot there at that a time then.

Happy 48th Birthday Frank!

If the commissioners did take a real hard look at my story and submission about the abuse I suffered from when I was a child in school to when I became a ward of the state and right up to the end when I was held in [REDACTED] Jail at the age of 17 years old, but also the way I was treated at the [REDACTED] Youth Detention Centre by the head Boss, after I had made a video tape for the minister of the day for her to see and to help stop the practise back then of placing youth in Pentridge Prison.

I will ask, what sort of fair a just amount would the commissioners think would be fair for me to receive for redress and that would help me move on in life if I could?

I really have no idea myself what could be a fair amount for redress.

Thank you all for your time and help, as this document has taken everything I have to write to the commission for the important matter of redress for the victims submission.

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]