

## Katy's Story

Written by Joshua Cole

Wednesday, 19 August 2009 18:10 - Last Updated Wednesday, 19 August 2009 18:15

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I dont have many vivid memories of my childhood but what i do have is not positive, and what i keep digging up scares me even more sometimes. At age 6 my grandfather sexually abused me, i can only recall one occosion this happened but I recal every incy detail about it and i relive this too many times a day. my parents were always arguing as a child, we lived in a good house, all 3 kids rooms were at the back, mum&dads at the front it was big, fun...at times. I did gymnastics and was by all fronts a happy child. but even i knew back then that i was sad and didnt know WHO i was or WHAT i was. I remember looking into the mirror even when i was young just staring into my eyes, trying to ask ymself or find out somehow, someway WHAT I WAS? WHO I WAS? if I WAS really ME....I still struggle with that one.

I have a younger sister shes about 3yrs younger, and a brother 11months older. From ago 6-7 till about 9-10yrs old the memories are vague of times but i rmemeber incidents my brother started visiting my bedroom at night. At first he just wanted to sleep with me, said he wanted to be close to me. I know we were only 11months apart we were both kids. After a few months he started to touch me, at first i let him, id didnt phase me too much as wrong as that seems i was 6 or 7 it was new to me too, but i got to the point werei started to feel very ashamed and i told him to stop. HE started comming in more and more every night and started to make me take my pants off and then my undewear, I didnt want to do it but even though he was only a year (11mnths) older then me he was stronger and yes he did have power over me. Most people TOTALLY discount what happened with my brother because of the age, they tell me that it couldnt have been abuse, that its not possible cause he was young too. My father was very secually active and i remember him having magazines and things that my brother would find and hide in his room, i know my brother was reading these (or looking at the pictures) even at age 8-10 etc....my psyc now says thats probably were he got his ideas from. I dont disagree with him. My brother came to my room almost every night for the 3 years we lived in that house. Unless i was making an excuse to be out of the house. Like i said at the start it wasnt much, then it got worse, it DID become forcefull, i DID say NO and i did have my underwear ripped of me on occasions, hed push himself against me. I dont remember having full intercourse with him, maybe it happend i dont know but i remebmer lots of things i dotn want to remember adn i DO remmeber saying NO. Isnt this waht makes it wrong?

My parents split when i was 11yrs old and we moved house after a while, dad had had an affair and things wernt the greatest so i think it was the best thing that they all moved, dad was physcally a violent person. I dont ever see waht he did to me as abuse but as i recall it now apprently hitting us kids the way he did and yelling the way he did was wrong? but its all i knew so i didnt think so. Id been bad i deserved to be hit.

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\*\*On a side note...when i was about 15-16, one day he flatly came out and told us all he was never going to hit us children (my brother, sister and I) ever again, to this day he hasnt...i dont know what happend but im thankfull for that.

Anyway..we moved house, a totally new area. I never had many friends but it took a lot to adjust to a new school. I had to leave my Gymnastics Club id been at for over 5 years it was the love of my life, i tried to re-join but couldnt get settled, so instability began, i started music, but stopped that too. I got teased a lot at school. I made up an imaginary friend at one point to try keep myself company. i can not recall the name but i know it kept me company during lunch hrs. What friends i did have i never felt i could trust..cause they always ended up teasing me or dumping me for something or someone else.

I went to highschool and wasnt happy I focused on work work work..my brother had turned 13 (a year ahead of me) and for the years to follow he started taking drugs (we think just marijuana but there were needles found its never been proven) but his behaviour started to dictate our household, he became verbally abusive and VERY psychically violent, especially on nights mum would go out and leave us home alone (she had to work to pay the bills or see her friends at times) He would hit us, scream at us, i think my sister got most the physical violence, i mean we always had the bruises, as we got used to it my sister and i used to scream and cry to scare him away, i used to pull his hair cause i knew hed hit me but leave my sister alone, we started to lock him out of the house, there were many times it was terrifying. from years 7-9 at highschool i was an A grade student with a few friends and a few problems but my brother's behaviour dominated a constant sadness, my mother wasnt happy either and she knew little of how to raise us especially with my brother the way he was.

Half way through Yr9 i got sick and stopped doing anything....I suddenly didnt go to school, got teased and made mum let me change schools, i went to a Private Catholic School. It was a good thing in the long run but i wasnt prepared for the sudden influx of teasing again. I was never a popular kid. I kept to myself. I went to a new school strict uniform, church requirements, strict teachers it was better for me but i wasnt used to the discipline. it took the whole first 12 months of kids taunting me, running from me, the NEW girl getting teased till I got some new friends who i thought liked me for me. I still have ONE great friend from school but thats all. I spent many lunch times in toilets just sitting alone or crying..it was hard but it felt safer than my old school and i was further away from my brother and my old friends and old problems.

It was at about this time i started to feel even worse, or maybe it was now that i started to NOTICE i was feeling crappy. I started to scratch myself but it never meant much> I remember

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a time in primary school (aged 9 or so) were a friend and i went along the school fence banging our wrists and seeing who could bruise the most and it felt good to me but she was crying at the end....scratching was the same it felt good but i did it alone.

When i found friends it kinda stopped..but i never talked much> I got to yr 11 (i was 16) 2 years of school to go, my brother has moved out, stolen cars, abused my mother and me and sister more. my sister had got into a good school for smart kids, my brother had moved out and was living in god knows where houses to house, we at once staged had to go to court to get him to stay away from hurting us. I started to withdrawl. i was working part time and was doing great at work full time school and 30hrs a week at my job, anything to stay away from the house but stay busy. I changed jobs half way through yr 11 and went to antoehr one with the same boss ( i had been promoted as far as i could go and i needed a change) Yr 11 went and i felt down and self harmed a little, i started to eat lots and lots too, my comfort..mum was not really helping much, i dont think she knew how. but i was alive, working and staying busy. my new part time job was 1hr from home so i was able to escape for hrs and hrs travling too and from work alone it was a good realse.

yr12 came nad i was a mess...it was the final year of school and i had no idea what i was doing. I Studied business subjects (waht my family wanted me to do) I started having panic attacks (at that time i had NO IDEA) what they were..i was haking lots, my best friend stopped talking to me for a time abnd then realised how far down i was going and wrote me letter and we got talking again, i started talking to a teacher about things, i got consideration for disadvantage at school if i needed more time cause i couldnt conentrate or think much. Yr12 passed a bit of a blur really..my sister had moved out to live with dad, my brother had a girlfriend that was pregnant and was moving around, mum had a job but wasnt entirly thier but she did wnat she knew. I just floated by..got my resutls at the end of the year was glad it was over but fell in a whole. I still had my job in the city and began using it as an escape, i also used the 1hr trip too and from work to self harm every day. It became routine. I started to scare myself i started to write things and i ended up writing a 12page note/letter and gave it to my uncle in January 2002. (I finished school in 2001 - I was 17yrs old).

A few weeks later my uncle was supporting me and he called a dr and i was put on lovan, it did nothing i was getting worse he called Dr again and then told my mum and then i saw a psyiatrst, i was a week later put in hopsital. I had around 5-6 addmisions to hospital over the next 12months, i left my job, i attempted sucidea many times...i landed in emergency rooms a few times. i was SECTIONED INVOLUNTRY twice one of these was just before chirstmas and i spent christmas of 02 in hospital too yet was not in-voluntry at this time. i was thier cause if i couldnt stay thier i would be locked in again, so the hospital addmisions rose, my first psyc questioned BPD disganoses gave me many meds, anti-d's labeled me depressed and possible psychotic symptoms that im sure i must have had...i dont remmeber much of 2002 but it was

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fuilled with chaos. I even had my 18th birthday in hospital. Also went for my drivers licene test with my instructor picking me up from hospital.....I got another job at one stage near christmas inbetween bouts of hospital admissions and overdoses but left that too. In July of 2002 (i was 18) I started talking on the internet alot (\*this will explain my fear of net forums and chats and stuff i guess\*) but i met a guy, we didnt talk to long, i was young..implulsive and i decided that since we lived close we could meet, hwen he asked me i said yes. it was mid July, we met near a shopping centre \*lots of people\* then things went bad and i wont go into detail but we ended up back at a motel and i was raped. I remember every detail as if it was yesterday and the memories haunt me every single day, i can see his face and if i drive past it (only done that twice in over 2yrs) I cry and am a mess and cant do it, last time led to more self harm..i am not over it, and never will be. I tried to tell the Dr and he sent me to a rape person and i didnt get any kits done cause i was too scared and didnt go, i did talk to someone at one stage but was toos cared cause i had been threatened to not talk so i havnt really talked to much about it, too scared still.

Jan 03 came around, my brother and his gf had a baby , then in feb i got a new job as a manager at hungry jacks..id been out of hospital for over a month, i had a second psyc and it felt ok...but not right still. In march i ended up back in hospital for a few weeks, then came out went striaght back to work. In may i decided i needed a change and quit my job and took a job as a NANNY (Au-Pair) in Netherlands. I left in June 03 and spent 2 of the best weeks of my life in Paris with my father then went to start a 12mnt job with a family and thier 3 young boys in Netherlands. I was their for a little over 4 months, we started to argue lots, they saw i was depressed, my self harm esculated, i had stopped eating much and it had become a problem to them that i was throwing up meals. Yes i developed an eating disorder, while i dont know the whole story behind it as yet I know in paris my father said i was disgusting \*ill never forget this\* but i know i was over weight adn it suddenly felt like the ONLY THING in my life i could CONTROL and i started to control it with starving myself, and throwing up family meals at dinner time. They contronted me, thingsgot chotic and i booked a plane trip to USA and ended up staying not far from WASHington for 3 months with a close friend. my self harm was bad, i was depressed, i was unstable and i had many more experiences in USA good and bad, the friend i stayed with was like a second mum but a day before i was meant to leave (VISA ran OUT ) she tried to suide and i had to call 911 and it was a mess and i have bad memories of leaving USA, but i do have good memories of SNOW, Thanksgiving< Chirstmas and many other things, just like the good times in paris. Netheralnds taught me lots but i was depressed and came to usa a mess, i left USA on January 10th 2004.

I came home over 30kg lighter then when i left 7 months or so earlier, this raised alramrs for my family and i still battle the alrams cause i am stuck with my ED now and i want to loose more, but thats only part of it!

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I came home in FEB I took my job back as an assistant manager at hungry jacks, i was so pleased to have it back. things looked good, my niece (brother daughter) was 1yr old now and i missed so much of her and spent lots of time learning more about her, i was kind of happy. It was so odd being home again but it was like a fresh start, i even stopped me medication  
\*BOMB\*

APril 04 came around, i was working 50hrs a week, living with mum again, and it all got too much i took an overdose and after over 12months out of hospital i was re-admitted. I took the overdose at work, i dont enve remember why to this day, but i was not too well, but somehow i knew it wouldnt kill me, maybe its cause i needed to cry for help, but deep down somedays i wish it did work. I was stuck in Emergency room for 3 days cause my psyc id had befor i left overseas said i was fine but the hosptial refused to let me be realeased so 3 days later i got a new psyc and was sent to a new hosptial. this psyc is great. he has helped me so much since April alone this year i think ive come further then when i first started seeing drs a few years ago. I stayed in hosptial for 2 weeks, came out adn went back to work. I have defered my uni degree and focus on work entirly. ive had a pay rise already, my boss and i get along well. I really like my job most days even though it is stressfull and i am alwas sorry for the fact i tried to end it at work, but i have my job and it takes up 50-60hrs of my week but im glad im kept busy. Its my life now and i strive for perfection at work. I see my psyc every friday. After a few meetings in hospital he confrimed the BPD Diagnosis without much of a flinch. He also keeps track on My eating, but im FAT so it doenst matter to him. He is very strict on trying to stop self harm, it has become an issues but also an issue that is getting better, he wants to stop but im getting thier. I also go to a DBT (Dialectic Behavioral Therapy Program) treatment for BPD every friday, it is great and it is helping me lots. So I see the Dr every friday, i havnt attempted to take my life since April this is a big stint for me, spec considering last few years, im rather impulsive, i have issues to deal with but im trying to come to terms with things. After much work i moved out...and i currently live with my brother \*Scary as that is...it works some days\* but he is 21 and split from his girlfriend still sees his daughter but we both cant live with our parents. Things might change soon but dont know. My life is in turmoil but im working to get it out, i think flashbacks of abuse, self harm issues things like that take time. but ill get thier.

Im working on No self harm...Im working on myself and i hope things get better. I hope...chaos is horrid...

\*\*OMG this has been long..if uve got to here, thanks\*\*

MY LIFE.....Or a Skit of it.....

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