

Ragdoll's Story

Written by Joshua Cole

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

I was born July 20th 1975 to parents who were too young to have kids. They were selfish and had no idea about raising a child. My mother didn't even want to get married but her father told her on her wedding day she better not back out of it, she had no choice now.

My father was an avid sports man playing soccer and cricket for the state, and he also dived for the state of Victoria. He played AFL and was asked to join the State league as it was at the time but he enjoyed his alcohol too much and didn't want to give it all up for something that was of high distinction. he was and still is a train driver. My mum well did nothing except follow him around and be submissive to him and this continued for their marriage.

I was born on the day they were told. Perfect delivery, perfect timing, and the perfect baby. Things i believe were fine, but as i got older things started to happen. My grandfather, maternal grandfather used to come over all the time. He used to have chocolate frogs in the shirt pocket. and he would say if you want it you have to sit on my knee and come and get it. but that is not all I'd get. He used to like to play around while i was on his knee. I WAS ONLY 3, when this started. going to kindergarten at age 4, they knew something was wrong because I wouldn't let any men near me and id always want to sit on my own when it came to milk and fruit time. if anyone came to sit at my table up id get and move so i was on my own. i was and am a loner nothing has changed.

They sent me to a place called Travencore to be assessed for problems at the Royal Children's Hospital in Melbourne but they said there was nothing wrong with me. I WAS NORMAL!! But the abuse continued from him and then my dad started. He started to hit me and hit me hard, with clenched fists, belts and wooden spoons that he used so hard on my body that they broke. i was only by this stage 5.

my brother had been born and when i was 5 he was 3. no one was allowed to hurt him. NO-ONE. They had to answer to me. Even if meant that i had

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the shit beaten out of me I didn't care I didn't want my brother getting hurt.

by the age of 6 my parents had broken up many times by now due to my fathers infidelities and alcohol abuse, not because of the abuse dished out to me and the abuse from my grandfather continued but it wasn't as frequent.

At the age of 8 we moved to a town called Ararat, this was hell, I ended up somehow with a friend of mine becoming victim in a paedophile ring. Being passed around between two guys. One who lived up the road from me and one a friend of my dads who he worked with. The one up the road used to harass the hell out of me peering through my window every nighttap....tap....tap, turning off the water and electricity scaring the hell out of us all, watching every thing i did, following me everywhere. the other guy at our home, entering my home giving me piggy back rides so he could touch me in places that he wasn't supposed to and laughing it off like a big joke in front of everyone and threatening me not to tell anyone. Watching me with his creepy eyes everywhere I went. When we would go to there place then get me into a dark room and close the door and pull up my skirt or take down my pants and do nasty things. It never ended. We would go to their block of land for a bbq and he chased me around with a chain saw that was going. My parents thought it was a huge joke. I WAS 9 YEARS OLD. He used to watch me go to the toilet on the property as it was a porter loo with a sheet around a tree for supposed privacy. i was never left alone by him. EVER.

Then my mum left not my dad. I hated her for this. Not only could they not protect me, she had to leave and right when I got my period at 9. I HATED HER FOR THIS. When she came back there was no way I was living with her so I was sent to Melbourne to live with family. I was very angry at 9 and was tormented and took it out on everyone. I threw things and smashed things, screamed, yelled, cried everything. Was taken to another shrink but sat there with my fingers in my ears as everyone lied to me and told me we were going somewhere else special. I returned home but still refused to stay with HER. So I was put in government care. The anger got worse and i trashed my room. I was moved to Ballarat. on the way the two men tormented me telling me the place was like a jail and it had bars on the windows and I would be locked up at night. They were emotionally abusing me. Terrifying a 10 year old girl who had been through hell already. I turned 11 while I was in this place and was raped by two guys while in there. I couldn't tell anyone because it would have been my fault. no girls in guys rooms and vice versa. I would have been blamed for it. One night my anger got so bad it took 8 men to hold me down to calm down. That's how bad my anger used to get at that age: 11. By this stage I was now a ward of the state. My parents had no control over me. I was in government hands. But the abuse continued.

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Eventually I moved back home at 12, I had no friends i never did, because of my father, because of my mother, because I was always being moved around. There was no stability. I was picked on because I was tall for my age and didn't fit in. I was the clown of the class and tried to make ppl laugh by making me look silly. I wanted ppls approval so used myself to look silly.

After I moved home, the abuse from my father started again, and this time it was worse, he beat the living shit out of me. I was always unconscious after a beating. The good thing was now though at 14 I had my rowing as my anger outlet and I used it wisely, I rowed twice per day 20km I rowed to get it out and it worked as it got me to national level and out of the house away from him and her every night and every weekend. But I did still cop a beating the last one was when it was 16, he nearly killed me. But he didn't.

My own self harm started when I was 11, I tried to slit my wrists when I was living with some friends, my parents separated yet again. But i didn't do it.

I had hurt my back in a serious car smash in 1991 and became addicted to velum and started doing on the pain meds for fun. I had forgotten about all the childhood abuse until I got a phone call from a police man asking me about the paedophile ring in 1993 while I was studying my final year of high school. he ruined that year, as my depression kicked in with a vengeance. Pressuring me to make a statement do this and do that. Do the police ever relies what they are doing to the victims?? I don't think so.

I finished year 12, and got the courage to make a statement. I did all this in secret not telling any of my family. i then moved to Melbourne again for university studies and my problems with bpd really hit home hard. Every dsm trait began to show up in my character but it was not until 1996 that i was diagnosed. in 2000 i was raped again because i trusted someone I shouldn't have. i trust to many ppl and that now has to stop because I always get hurt and now if you have read my life story I'm sure you can understand why. Yes you may have had worse but it is all relative and we all deal with our experiences differently. To me I hate my life from what i allowed all those ppl to do to me, whether I was a child or not and had no power to say stop or walk away, I don't care something could have and should have been done to stop it. It has destroyed any chance of me having any relationships in my life now. I don't trust anyone i think everyone has a motive to hurt me in some way and that is why I question everything and everyone that asks me

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something it is nothing about you it is me and I only hope that one day ppl will understand that about me. i hope that all of you who read this will now understand that about me. IT IS NOT ABOUT YOU IT IS ME.

I do so much appreciate this site and I do so hope to high whatever that I haven't upset, hurt, scared, triggered or turned anyone against me. it always does, but I don't want to be judged by things that were done to me, I haven't done any of this to myself. it was those crazy mother f---r's that did it to me. And now I have to live with their burdens and the ppl around me have to live with my burden as long as they have anything to do with me. if you want my burden than talk to me if you don't want anything to do with me anymore I fully understand just post it below so I know. I appreciate honesty.