

MARIANNE'S STORY

My brother and I were both Metis children adopted family. They both were religious and were both held in high esteem by the community in which we lived. My mother was a registered nurse and my father a Fire Man.

Mother was a perfectionist and after my Father died, when I was seven, it was like my Mother snapped and systematically beat God's wrath into us. She was very critical and nothing was ever up to her standards. For example, she would pound my head on the dashboard of her car because my hair was not combed properly and she would call me, "a sheep dog". If I were not fast enough, she would drive away and leave me stranded until I ran crying after her car.

I was left with a baby-sitter from the age of about three until about five; sexually assaulted and beaten. I told my mom, "he is a mean man and I'm scared, I don't want to go there anymore." Her reply was, "Too bad, I've got to work". Later on, she said she had no proof of sexual abuse.

When I was 11, 12 & 13, an Uncle would sexually abuse me. No one would believe me, not schoolteachers, police and certainly none would help me. My uncle stalked me everywhere I went, even swimming lessons. No one cared because I was seen as the town troublemaker. He was later charged with incest but later committed suicide.

I have never been the same emotionally since, because I was not believed and I wasn't helped. My innocence was stolen and I never trusted a man again. I have always felt dirty and ashamed of my body and cannot allow myself to experience sexual pleasure as an adult. My body and mind experience the abuse all over again.

I remember being locked in closets and of feeling terrified as a very young child. I remember feeling like I couldn't breathe and thinking that if I didn't move maybe he would think I was asleep and not assault me that night. One time while I was being assaulted, I saw this bright light and angels appeared. They told me I couldn't go to heaven yet and that my time wasn't up and that I had to go back. I was terrified to find myself back in the room which had become a hell of sexual and physical assaults.

I became an enraged adolescent and lashed out to protect myself from a world I grew to hate. I wanted to get back at the boys from school who beat me and teased me for years and graduating to gang rape later. I only ended up getting in trouble with the law and found my way to get out of an abusive environment. I finally escaped by going to jail.

I entered into years of group homes, foster homes and more institutions and the revolving door of ANGER AND SELF-HATRED grew. I felt unloved and unwanted after my adoptive mother fought to keep my brother but gave me up. I slashed my wrists because the pain I felt inside wouldn't stop. I would eat a lot to hide my feelings and being bulimic, would stick my fingers down my throat to make myself vomit. I believe I was reliving all the times my baby-sitter shoved his penis down my throat as a child in search of a blowjob and instant gratification at any cost. Each time I would punch a social worker who worked at the home, I relieved every punch in the nose or face I received as a three-five year old child.

I later found myself in the hands of a pimp, when I ran away from a foster home at age 15. I was afraid of my foster Dad because he would look at me in the window of the bathroom every time I showered or went to the washroom. My friend's boyfriend said he would not hide me out from my foster Dad, unless I would pay the rent by standing on the street corner.

I was introduced to boyfriend's friend who became my pimp. I also had to sleep with my pimp's father on demand, who was a drug dealer and the addiction began. I began using drugs to escape,

I stood outside in the blustery winds and blowing snow and made money that would be taken. My first time I ever smoked pot was with my girlfriend, who got me into T's & R's and the pimp later got me hooked on cocaine, to control me.

That is what the game is all about, power and control; I soon figured that out that I could rob men to get quick cash for the pimp and for his Dad. It was someone to love me and show me the affection, the care, and the concern that I craved. I robbed and stole; I was on cocaine and needed the next fix that awaited me.

My life from then on was all about drugs, money, and I was only doing the prostitution to get the money for the drugs. Anytime I could, I would take your money without the sex act, because I was a desperate junkie who didn't give a damn about you, and in the end not even myself. I was tired of repeatedly violated thrown out of vehicles, beaten, called names and abused. I would get as much money for my \$1000 a day drug habit as I could.

I ended up sharing a needle and contracted Hepatitis C in 1997 and H.I.V in 1998. In a drug induced haze, I jumped out a 4th story hotel window and ended up in Vancouver General Hospital, lucky to be alive.

I am lucky...

I am now clean and sober since July 27 of 2000. Upon my return to Edmonton I after learned I was two months pregnant, and I had decided to straighten out for my unborn child as well as for myself, because I was chronically used and abused. I wanted my child to have a better life than I did.

I am a wife, a mother, a student, a volunteer in the community and a friend to many. I am no longer a prisoner to your money, my addictions, or other people's opinions or assumptions.

Sincerely,

Marianne