

2013 - 2016 COMMENCEMENT OF AWARENESS OF TARGETED AND ILLEGAL ACTIVITY - PORT PIRIE

She awoke that morning, still feeling sad, still feeling confused. She had been lied to, betrayed, she felt the sting of all that had happened. She had come to realise her life had not been her own, rather it had been for the past year and a half a picture of someone else's invention of life, a gathering of short stories in order to make someone else happy. She felt very confused and wasn't thinking the same anymore, she couldn't find the music in her soul, the colours from the world she once adored. Everything was muddled and blurred, she had lost her direction and didn't know which way to turn, which words would be stolen, which emotion would be copied, which action would be criticized and spread across for all to see and have their say ..or laugh. She no longer felt like doing anything, writing, smiling, talking...everything she was doing or was had been turned upside down..for someone else's pleasure..amusement....she no longer knew the truth of anything..she was lost and didn't know who or what to trust anymore..what to believe or believe in.

She knew it was time to make a new start on everything..but how..and what..where? She had so many questions..why had this happened..why had this been done to her..who's idea was this..she said the words out loud..but she never found the answers..she felt all alone..tormented, wondering how long she had to suffer this..when her whole life she had felt so much suffering and pain caused by other people...why more..what was the outcome...WHY? She prayed in her head..she asked for answers..but none ever come..not a single word of hope..reassurance ..nothing..all she needed was one little answer..but she couldn't find the truth..just questions and feelings that rolled around her soul ..her mind like a destructive tornado..an earthquake..she felt so sad and lost...for once in her life...lonely.

Her whole way of being had been pulled apart, everything she knew..did..said had been altered..she no longer felt the need to share as she felt her inner soul had been used for someone else's advantage...again..she just wanted to hide. She no longer felt special to anyone..like she had nothing to offer..as she had nothing. She sat in the house everyday..not liking anything anymore..nothing captured her..inspired her..she was lost in no direction with no solution, with nowhere or no one to turn to. Was this her outcome..she wondered ..was this the way she was going to end things..she couldn't find anything with in herself..no warmth..she was afraid to think..talk..feel..write..she felt she would be betrayed again..all she was stolen and used..for someone else's purpose in life..she had no say over anything anymore..she had lost all control over all the functions in her home, her mind, her life. She felt like a toy..someone's puppet..she didn't like the feeling ..didn't know how to fix it..combat it..for she felt all of this but also was unable to break free from it..as she needed it too..despite all the feelings of lost hope..she hadn't lost the faith that maybe..just maybe..all this confusion was leading to something..someone..she liked it and hated it at the same time..but it made her feel very alone, lonely..a feeling she never had time for before..she had always thrown herself into her own directions..wants and needs..this time it was all different and realised she had been used..and left on the bottom in a nowhere town with nowhere people..where she didn't fit or belong..just survived everyday..while this other person thrived and lived and prospered from her thoughts..words..actions..her soul. She was very unsure weather to trust any of it anymore..when so much had been done to pull her life apart..and for what ..or whose purpose..she needed answers..answers that rolled around in her head..pulling at her soul..answers she thought were never coming and she would be left to wander through her empty life..for some else to steal..for there purpose..their pleasure..she had no answers to the why..she just knew how this had happened..what had been stolen..sabotaged..mixed up and been done to here and her family..her children..but the why never comes. She knew she wasn't the only one this had happened to..which made her feel just like a number..nothing special..just one of the heard..something she had never been before or liked to feel at all..she had always been different..caught the eye of passer bys because she was different..she liked to feel that way..unique..apart from the crowd..its what made her..she didn't like that the mystery of her was gone..that other people where using her words, her ways, the way she thought, wrote, her ideas, she didn't feel like she was anyone anymore. She felt stolen and empty..not knowing what to do next...but cry.

