

Victim Impact Statement [REDACTED] – The Victim in [REDACTED] Series

My father sexually abused me when I was a little girl. Some of those horrific moments were captured on camera, and shared online. As long as I live I can never escape what happened to me, I can never make it go away. My childhood was stolen from me; my innocence. My father told me he loved me and he manipulated me into lying for him. I remember one time seeing white pills on the bathroom sink, he told me that he'd almost killed himself the night before. He made me feel as though it was my job to make him happy. Another time, he said he was going to kill me and then himself, I was so scared. He would choke me, and he also drugged me with alcohol; to make me more cooperative.

I have to live with the aftermath of being raped as a child. When my father was arrested in 2012, I thought my life would finally be normal, that I would heal. The reality turned out to be devastating. I was not trusted to play with my friends; by their parents. I was treated like a slut by the townsfolk (I was eleven years old). One of my friend's parents told my mother "she's old for her age". My family and I were ostracized by our own neighbors and the whole village. Everything we did was criticized and my mother was portrayed as a villain. In a very real way, I was blamed for what my father had done to me. When my sister and I were interrogated by detectives, we were shown our images, this was a terrible thing to be put through. I live with knowing that my body is online; existing forever in the form of pixels. So many people have seen my images, it's astounding to imagine. How could a girl feel more violated than to have her body on display for any pedophile anywhere in the world to see?

I have had suicidal thoughts since I was seven or eight years old. I have been depressed for even longer than that. I became happier after the arrest, but I had to leave my town behind, to flee the enemies who were doing everything in their power to demolish my family. We moved to [REDACTED], where we spent the next six years. This passage of time was truly awful. I was sad and alone, I virtually never saw my friends from my old town. I have lost myself in the misery of time passing and not being able to change anything.

Whenever I think about all these people who are found with my images, it makes me furious. I'm constantly reminded of what happened to me. I have so much rage and hurt in me, and I want to feel that I am achieving justice. I want the monsters to pay for the pain they're causing me.