

I am a victim of child pornography. I was abused sexually by my father. I have very few memories of my early childhood. I try to block out most of my past but some memories have slipped through the cracks and are still present. These are triggered when I hear about pictures of my abuse being downloaded from the internet. Closing my eyes I can see my father and I begin to feel sick. The idea of other sick men looking at my father abusing me makes me sick. I had put much of this out of my mind, but when I learned that my pictures are out on the internet it all came rushing back to me.

I wonder when I see men on the street or in the grocery store or anywhere around our town if they have looked at my pictures. Sometimes when I start to think about that I can't stop it and find myself stuck in a circle of thought. It all comes rushing back to me and when I had to testify and when my dad or his friends were standing over me naked and telling me everything was okay. I can't express how horrifying that experience was for me.

I know I need therapy but even this seems really hard. I want to put all of this behind me and live a normal life. I want to forget it all and be able to be free of my fears and memories.

Because of these men and my father I can never feel love the way I want to. I can't even feel confident with the way I look. Every day I have to convince myself that I am safe.. I am older and understand that I am a victim. Not a criminal. All these other men are the ones that are in the wrong. Writing about my life is difficult, remembering and sharing those memories is difficult but I need to tell my story. People move on in life but when you are a victim of such gut-wrenching crimes you always stand still. No matter how hard I try to move on and get over what is happening, it always creeps up on me. There's always that fear in my mind of what is happening. I don't want children of my own. The fear eats at my thoughts and I can't imagine something this horrible happening to them too. I don't want a house with that white picket fence out front. I had that house once and it held too many dark secrets. I just want to move forward. I want to keep criminals like my father in prison and all those who are looking at and trading in my pictures.

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