

VICTIM IMPACT STATEMENT

I was once a confused little girl. I was sexually abused by my dad and he took many, many pictures of what he did to my sister and me. He had more than one million pictures on his computer of my sister and me and other children when the police caught him. I am a victim of child pornography and I know that these pictures of me and what are the most awful and shameful things imaginable have been around the world on the internet. I know that my dad sent them to Denmark, Belgium, Germany, England, Switzerland, and the Netherlands as well as many, many places here in the United States.

My father and his friends in his "Fun Club" are far more dangerous than the typical scummy criminal. These men, and the many others who I know have looked at the pictures of me are clean-shaven, wear nice clothes and have good jobs, even professional jobs like my father did. They live a secret, double life and can pass as normal and be respected but they are the worst of the worst and have committed horrible crimes. They are worse than the ones who look like criminals, because they are all around us and we don't know who they are.

I am plagued with horrible images of what is now permanently on the internet showing what my father and men have done to me. I am a hypochondriac. I have had severe anxiety attacks and I am very paranoid all the time. I feel that everyone knows what was done to me and that anyone and everyone around me when I am outside of my house may have seen these pictures and will recognize me. I am afraid that men will come on to me because they have seen these pictures and want to torture me too. I have had people I know in my town come up to me and ask me how I am and then start talking about what happened and how awful it was and they just keep talking and talking like they don't know that even bringing it up and especially out in public, hurts me more. If it had not been pictures all over the internet, I don't think this would happen.

All I ask for is a little peace and space to be left alone and do the best with my life that I can. I have learned that no drug, alcohol, or alter call can help me over this. Most days I feel like a zombie, just going through the motions. I got involved with drugs and alcohol. I thought the more I did, the more the thoughts would go away and I would feel nothing. The drugs and alcohol got the best of me and I yelled and screamed and fought with my mom and my family and refused to go to school. I had behavioral problems at school and had to be removed a lot. I am so lucky that my mom and my sisters and brother stuck with me and helped me finish school. I never could have done it without them. I often thought of suicide and once overdosed. I live with such shame and fear every day. Every day I feel unsafe and threatened. I wonder if the men who my father sent my pictures to are getting out of jail or whether there are others who have seen my pictures and will try to come find me. I know that I need therapy. I have low self-esteem, guilt, shame and blame. I have trouble sleeping, I have anxiety, I am dependent on my family for support to just get through the day and

to be able to accomplish the things I am able to. We had a little bit of counseling when this all first happened but I need it more now. I believe I need therapy long term and I would like to start as soon as I can afford it. What I experienced has layers and I am committed to healing my whole life.

I have a job as a server in a restaurant now. I have sometimes had problems getting through a shift. Recently a customer told me I looked familiar to him. He kept saying it over and over and asking me questions about myself and my background. I thought that he must have seen my pictures and I became afraid and ran away. I was upset and crying and could not finish my shift. Even when men don't ask questions like that sometimes I am overcome with fear or anxiety and have to withdraw. I tried to take part in things at school like being a cheer leader. I worked hard at it and could do all the cheers. I was really good at it but being out in front of all those people at the games was too much for me. I got overwhelmed and afraid and I had to quit. I just want to be normal like other girls my age. But I struggle to do the "normal" things. I feel I have to work twice as hard to fit in, to get average grades, to get through a shift at work, to go to college, or to get my license to drive. I want to go to college to become a nurse. I think I would be really good at it. I can do the school work but it is so hard for me to go into a place full of strangers that I don't know if I can do it. I hope that with therapy I will be able to overcome my fears and get on with my life.

I will need real help to cope. I live in fear everyday because I am still being mistreated and abused by having my photos out there forever. I have gotten buckets of letters to prove it. Every time I look up a person named in those letters I think of my father who had over one million pictures and of all those terrible things he did to me and my sister. I think about how my life doesn't matter to the people that look at my pictures, that they just use me for their pleasure. I am so thankful for my dad being caught, for being stopped. I couldn't imagine another day of what I had to go through and that he was encouraging other terrible men like himself to do those things to other children. Please think of me and how it is my dream to be normal when some clean-shaven, khakis and button-up-shirt doctor or other person like my father, some guy who downloads pictures of me or my sister or some other tortured little child, may be convicted and is not your typical scummy looking criminal. They hurt us every time they look at our pictures. They are the reason we are afraid every day, that we cry almost every day, and some days don't want to go on.

7.22.14
Date: _____


Signature: _____