

In September to October 2006, I was employed by company A to begin work as a van driver for company C, in Victoria, Australia. My job role was to pick up bags on a set run, in the van, and to return the back to the depot for sorting, which was based in at the time.

The role was a casual position with a 6 month probationary period, after this, becoming full time and moving across to company C books as an official employee of company C. In other words, company C had signed an agreement with company A to source their staff for them.

Company B is a parent company with its head office based in New South Wales, they are primarily an employment agency. It has small branch companies underneath, company A being one of their child companies. Company B, being a multi national company, have small satellite offices all over the place. Including larger offices in other cities.

In November 2006 during my work, I was carrying two light bags of mail out of

As I was exiting the premises on their purpose built wheelchair ramp my left ankle twisted and I fell. I do not know how it happened, it just simply, happened. I was not running or doing anything silly, I was wearing the correct foot wear and simply, walking in a normal and relaxed manner to the van. I was not rushing or anything else that could be likened to this. The pain was instant and I spent a few minutes trying to recover and analysing the situation. The pain did not go and I feared a broken ankle.

The incident occurred at the end of my shift, the very last pick up point for that day and I was driving an automatic van. After a few minutes of collecting my thoughts and analysing what just happened and how I was feeling, I decided that I could handle the drive back to the depot, approximately 20 minutes away, I considered that driving would only require my right ankle/foot. I hobbled to the van, placed the in the back of the van, closed the side door, limped to the drivers side and hopped in, I made it back to the depot, exited the van, I approached and spoke to some staff about taking over my van and emptying it as I was going in to the managers office to report the injury. They said, absolutely, go. We will sort this out.

After hobbling in to the managers office, I sat down and waited for the manager to finalise organising the finish of my shift with other chip in staff. (This was only approx ten minutes of work and then signing the van off for the shift). The manager came back in to the office and asked how I was, I then asked him if it was OK for me to take my shoe off to let the swelling begin and to look at the damage. Upon looking at the ankle, which was already severely bruised and swollen, I exclaimed to the manager that I believed I would not be back at work tomorrow, and he agreed, stating that the injury looked bad.

I remember commenting to him (the manager, I cannot remember his name) that I was so scared of losing my job as I was only fairly new there and really did not want to go on to work cover. I was absolutely petrified of what would happen, I immediately had so many fearful thoughts racing through my mind. As it turns out, my fears were correct. I also said to the manager, "Maybe if I end up off work, I could do some light duties, I am only new and this has happened, I am so scared of losing my job, plus I really want to keep working". For me personally, this injury happening was terrible, as I was trying exceptionally hard to prove myself as a good worker so I could move on to become an official employee of company C. I could see my entire job prospects disappearing before me. My first thoughts were of my job safety and to keep working.

The manager replied by saying, "I would personally be happy to have you here on light duties, you are great to have around, you have done really well since you have been here, I will make some enquiries as to this". I thanked him for the kind words and support. After some time, I decided to go home, to book in doctors appointments etc. The manager asked if I would like a lift home, and as I had an automatic car, I mentioned to the manager that I could handle the drive home in my own car, and either way, if I left my car at the depot and got a lift home, I would only have to come back and get it another day, which would mean I would have to find someone to drive me on the trip back to pick my car up. So I drove home. The manager at the [REDACTED] [REDACTED] time, the one I dealt with, was very good to me and he could not have done any more to be kind, and understanding. He was, in every term of the word, a real manager and dealt with the issue in a totally professional manner.

Upon arriving home, I told my Grandmother immediately of what happened, I then arranged to see doctors immediately and from here, had x-rays and scans taken, the report came back that no breaks were found, and only ligament/tendon damage could be seen. However, my injury was bad enough to be need crutches for a significant period of time. From the get go, from the first minute of this incident, it was not fun, it was not anything but a thorn, just as I was envisioning a long term career with a solid corporation. I instinctively knew that this was going to be bad. I do not know how, but something inside my soul, inside myself, told me that this was going to turn ugly. I did not know how ugly, but just an inner feeling that I would be put on a scrap heap.

Then I begrudgingly applied for work cover, it was approved, and again an inner feeling told me that this was a huge mistake, to apply for work cover, I thought of every possible way I could just go back to work and override the injury, but the injury was too severe, considering I did a lot of walking on the shift. Non invasive treatments to my ankle began shortly after the injury, heat treatments etc. I did everything I was supposed to do while on work cover, I met all appointments, got all scans, signed paper work as required, did not work anywhere else, and stayed home for three months.

The very day after my injury my mobile phone rang, I answered and said hello, a female voice replied back, hello is this Sarah, I said "Yes". Upon this, the woman said, 'My name is [REDACTED], I am the return to work co-ordinator for [REDACTED] company B, how are you?' I replied "hello and I'm doing OK thank you". Upon this she replied with, "I hear you have been talking to people about your injury and about getting light duties" I said back, "I spoke with the [REDACTED] manager yesterday and he said he would be happy to make enquiries". [REDACTED] replied back, "HE IS NOT YOUR EMPLOYER, WE ARE! You just keep your mouth shut and don't talk to anyone about your injury or about light duties, just keep your mouth shut about this".

I replied back, "excuse me, in all due respect, the [REDACTED] manager is my first port of call, you were not there, I should be comfortable to approach my manager with any issues, and he was my official manager of the [REDACTED] and first port of call". Then she replied, "Well, there will be NO light duties for you, you injured yourself now you can just sit at home for a few months". And this was my first contact with [REDACTED] company B staff.

During this phone conversation, I recall commenting to [REDACTED] that I was scared for my job, that I was scared to go on to work cover, I was absolutely petrified of losing my chances of a long term career. She put my mind at ease by telling me that their clients [REDACTED] company C were very happy with my work ethic, that my work record was perfect and not to worry, and that I was protected under law. She told me, if I had to go on to work cover, not to worry.

So, I began my three month stay at home on work cover. The time went slow and I was, by law, not able to do anything, employment wise during this time, so I sat, like a chicken, slowly going out of my mind with absolute boredom and total frustration at such horrible treatment, I was in fact, a battery hen, forced to sit, no one to help get me out of such a dire situation. I was at this stage, a battery hen who unknowingly had a planned expiry date at the hands of another.

Only now I began to realise what an unjust and cruel thing work cover is. A Government organisation solidly fixated on only dealing with the big boys, the employers. I spent my three months obsessing over the work cover TV commercials about injured workers getting back to work on light duties, you know the commercials? The ones with their mates patting them on the back, the ones where their spouses hug them at the great news of a return to work option, being allowed to interact with workmates and remain productive until their time for full clearance was met.

I obsessed over the fact of these lies that these work cover TV commercials feed to the people. This is how the Government organisations see it, but in fact, nothing could be further from the truth. Once you have been on work cover, you are labelled for the rest of your life, it will certainly minimise your employment options and you will, in extremely subtle ways, be treated like a piece of throw away garbage.

Over these three months, phone calls did come in from [XXXXXXXX], staff member of [company B], return to work co ordinator. Majority of phone calls with this woman were nasty, judgemental, controlling, bullying and on occasions, downright abusive.

During one certain phone call [XXXXXXXX] made to me, during my time on work cover I recall saying to her that I was going out of my mind with boredom, surely there must be some light duties, some work option I could do, after all, it was only my ankle. I could do desk duties, answer phones, data entry etc. Upon me airing my frustrations, her response was for me to stop asking, there will be no light duties for me and she took the liberty of telling me that I must remember that "I have the power to really stuff you up". That was a literal threat which she ultimately carried out, choosing to destroy my entire life, because why? I made her life hard for that short amount of time? She, via [company B] and [company A] absolutely destroyed every element of my life.

Roll on three months, came February 2007. It was near time for me to sign my work cover certificate of full capacity to return to normal duties. I again received a phone call from [XXXXXXXX]. She requested that she attend the doctors interview the day I was due to sign the certificate. I commented to her that I was not impressed with her even asking, but if she really felt like she needed to be there I begrudgingly said OK to this request as I was fearful of more abuse and fearful of losing my job.

The day of the certificate signing at my doctors surgery, [XXXXXXXX] did arrive, we both sat in the doctors surgery with the doctor. Again [XXXXXXXX] began passing subtle but snide comments, and this time in front of the doctor. I stood up and let her have it. I said, in full ear shot of the doctor "All the way through this work cover claim since the second day, you have been absolutely nasty to me, you have forced me to sit at home, you have threatened me, you have bullied me". I excused myself from the room and said to my doctor, I will return later to sign the documents when SHE is not here.

I left the room, without signing the certificate, and went home. Unbeknown to me, she sacked me while she was sitting in the doctors surgery, alone with my doctor. Luckily my doctor noted all of her comments and placed them as part of my medical history. Five years in to the future, this fact will eventually be discovered. That [XXXXXXXX] took the liberty of sacking me while I was still officially on work cover.

I went back to the doctors some time later and signed the certificate. Apologising to my doctor, and some comments were made as to her attitude and nastiness. A vicious woman who should have never been put in charge of 'caring' for another's rehabilitation in to the workplace.

Now, officially off work cover after signing my documents, I then contacted both employer and insurance company to confirm they had both received my certificate of full capacity that I had mailed to both of them a few days earlier, they both confirmed that they had received the document. Then I began asking for my starting date to return to normal duties. No date, time or shift was given. I began asking again and again, when can I go back to work, again, the request was totally ignored.

A week or two had gone by, at this stage I had no wage, no work cover entitlements and I also was not on Centrelink payments. I again asked [XXXXXXXX] when I would be going back to work via a phone conversation, she replied, stop asking, I can chuck you in a factory job... that's where we put all the injured and retards. I was absolutely gob-smacked, I could not believe what I was hearing. This woman had absolutely no intention of giving me any job back. Yet she failed to say so. As she knew she would be breaching my legal rights.

Another week or so went by, moving into late February, early March at this stage. I again asked [XXXXXXXX] for my starting date, "When can I have my shift back?" This time her reply was "If you want a job so badly, then go and make your own phone calls, now piss off, go and find your own job, see how you like it!". So I did, I began ringing [company C], never even making it past the switchboard, I rang other offices of [company A] explaining my detriment. Nothing was ever done. No one cared. Not one bit that this had happened and was happening.

At this stage I had already run out of cash and now had no money to pay for the mortgage, car repayments, credit card bills or even food for that matter. My Grandmother and I were flatly denied the financial ability to even eat. Which I can gather is an open attack on our right to life itself.

The legal letters started coming in from [the bank], mortgage behind, monthly dishonour fees on top of the repayments I could not meet. I explained to the bank my extreme detriment that was out of my control. They absolutely, in no way shape or form cared and flatly refused all avenues to hardship.

Now, I am fighting to get my job back, and fighting for hardship to save my house, mobile phone switched off as I could not afford the bills, repossession letters for car, legal letters for non payment of credit cards. I felt exactly like a pinball in a pinball machine. Frantic, I could see everything disintegrating before my eyes and I was alone in this battle, even the Government agencies would not intervene. I was constantly being told, they have done nothing wrong to you, by work cover investigators.

The legal letters became worse from [the bank], and their acting Lawyers, [redacted]. Threats of eviction and homelessness ensued. It got worse and worse. I was staring at real genuine homelessness and starvation direct in the face at this stage.

I found a job advertised online for an evening shift truck driver. It was advertised through the exact agency, [company A] who originally hired me, I knew the job was with [company C] so I rang about it, I explained my detriment with a failure of return to work after work cover and said, I would be perfect for this job, I have my HR licence. They did not care, Nor was I even given the option to formally apply for the role. Again, left high and dry by the very same company.

Now, running out of options, I went to the Salvation Army for food rations for myself, my grandmother and my dog. I was also given small amounts of petrol vouchers etc.

Another day in approx mid to late March I received another call from [XXXXXXXX], I was sitting in my car in my driveway at the time I got this call, I answered it and said immediately, "Are you ringing to give me a starting date?" She said no, I then told her she had no other rights to be calling me than to give me a starting date. "I need my job back, I need a starting date, I am about to lose my house because of YOU people" I then burst in to tears on the phone. [XXXXXXXX]'s reply was "You know what! You are really nuts, you are a real psycho and retard." I gave her a mouthful, told her she is having a good go at destroying my life and how would she like it if her employer did this to her. Would the shoe being on her foot make it any different?

Then I went to Centrelink, suicidal and distressed beyond what any human should have to endure. I again explained my issue to Centrelink and that I needed emergency funds to save my house. Centrelink declined my request as there was no separation certificate, and they told me to contact employers to request one, so I did. Even this was useless for this pathetic excuse of an employment agency. [Company B] and their child company [company A].

What do I do? What do I do? I have no husband or partner with a second wage, I have no mum or dad to fall on. I have no family to help. I have no one who can bide my time. Absolutely no one. My 80 something year old Grandmother was taking this fall with me. She had her life savings tied in to our primary residence. You see. I have lived with my Grandmother since I was 12 after my Mother was murdered in 1987. And now this.

So, I rang [company A] again, and again explained my detriment, "You mob have not held up to legal obligations after my work cover, now, I am about to lose my house and everything I worked hard for because of you people, I urgently need a separation certificate sent to Centrelink so I can get emergency funds to try and save my house". The man I spoke to said, "No, I can't do that, but ring [company B] in [] they will do it for you. "

Then, I rang [company B] in [] and again explained my detriment and what the company had done to me, and again I heard "No, I will not be sending a separation certificate to Centrelink" I broke down in tears to the girl on the phone, saying "I need my job back, I have been denied all rights to a return to work after my Workcover claim, I have legal entitlements for my shift back, now I am about to lose my house, I have no income at all, I need urgent money to try and save my house, I will be homeless soon, I have no money for food, I am living off Salvation Army rations, handouts and vouchers, I have no money to buy food for my dog. She said "OK, I will write a letter to Centrelink stating how long you have been off work"

Chan



um:

Ext Detail: Urgent Payment Approved

ct:

Customer contacted [redacted] on 5 APR 2007 regarding Immediate/Urgent Payment for Newstart Allowance. Information was obtained via Immediate Payment Claim using Personal - In Office. Document created by [redacted] 5 APR 2007. Paid Urgent Payment by EBT for \$400.00.

It has been verified that the customer is in severe hardship, as defined in 19C of the Social Security Act, as a result of an exceptional and unforeseen circumstance. Alternative assistance to alleviate this hardship was deemed unsuitable and an Urgent Payment has been issued, as per 8.4.2.10 of the Guide to the Social Security Act.

Reason for approval: System or coding error caused delay
Team leader approval given by:

[redacted]
DOC by [redacted] on [redacted]

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All of this, was to little to late. Realistically, I needed thousands, to put all accounts back in to a serviceable manner. The \$400.00 that was given was a relief to buy food. But in all reality, it was a band aid.

I went back and forth from Centrelink to the Salvation Army and to the true community based poverty stricken help places, which I had never even considered needing. Begging, like a pauper for every petrol voucher and shopping voucher I could. Just to feed my dog was a stress. What if I can't feed him? I can't give him up. He was a shelter rescue, he was badly abused before I rescued him. I accepted him for life. How can these people be so cruel to my dog and place even an animal at risk?

My dog 'Tyson' was my rock and my best friend, all of a sudden I was cut from being able to financially even care for my dog, Tyson was in fact my four legged, furry child, whom I would have placed my life before his, he was that important to me, as I was to him. Of course Tyson did not understand what was happening, and I made sure he always had food and comfort, and if I had to resort to stealing and theft for him to eat, then I would have. I never claimed ownership of Tyson, he simply lived with me and was a free thinking being who had a lot of recovery time, both physically and mentally. He was covered in cigarette burn scars over his body and one of his back legs was severely disfigured due to a human kick when he was a puppy.

Tyson was such an important element to this entire incident, as it forced me to reconsider all I ever thought about myself on so many moral levels, and how I was forced to consider other options for the happiness and well being of my best friend. Tyson became a mainstay and strength in my long term battle against injustice. He was always there, he was one being that never judged me, he never rejected me and he never ran out of doggy hugs, he still accepted me and always greeted me with a smile and absolute excitement. He was an innocent being but the residual transfer of harm and risk of this entire incident flowed through to his well being and safety. He was the one element in my life that never changed. His injuries from abuse were his eventual downfall. Tyson passed away on 18 September, 2012.



Every element of my life now seemed desperate, the fight to hold on to the most simple things was inhumane by design. Everything seemed hopeless, and it in fact was. I simply wanted to just die. My morals, ethics and self values were diminished to zero, zilch, nothing. I was now degraded to a gutter bug who regarded the thought of theft to survive as reasonable. Watching helplessly as my entire life imploded before my very eyes at the hands of others, who wilfully allowed, knew and planned for this to happen.

I lived for close to 2 months with no money before Centrelink payments were approved. I was never offered a single five minute shift through [redacted] company B or [redacted] company A. No management departments or higher ranked employees ever called me to resolve this. [redacted] Company C never stood in to try and sort this out, after all, they were supposedly so happy with my work ethic, I was on probation to eventually become a full time employee, there was absolutely no one who would rectify this matter, I truly stood alone in a world of 7 billion people.

All of my complaints and requests were flatly ignored. I was simply wiped off the grid. Even the CEO's of the companies made no attempts to repair extreme human rights breaches. Absolutely nothing. I was less than human, I was less than dispensable. I was a thing to be cast aside, a thing to let float down the drain with all the other unwanted garbage. I was a poison, a cancer, a substance that no one wanted to handle. A foul piece of stench that must be discarded at any measure.

I could consider and assume that only 'things' do not have a voice, only 'things' have no access to justice, a sexless object devoid of life or entitlements. So from early in this entire account of events, the Government presumably regarded me as a thing, an emotionless oxygen waster with no rights to anything whatsoever!

So I took the fall, it did not matter where I went or who I spoke to or contacted, there was absolutely no help or intervention, the house went on the market, it was sold in June of that year. I later had to cancel all of my credit cards, I fought tooth and nail to save my car. [redacted] The bank and their acting legal representatives, [redacted] absolutely discarded all access to any human rights, they absolutely denied all avenues of remedy and to resolve this matter. I openly explained the entire issue to both [redacted] Lawyers and [redacted] the bank but it simply did not matter. I was openly told, "Too bad for you".

[redacted]

[redacted]

House 3 2 1

Sold Date: [redacted]

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Over the years, contact was made to the Financial Ombudsman Service. Who also disregarded any and all issues, again telling me the bank had done nothing wrong. One letter from ^{the bank} offered me \$500.00 to shut me up. This offer was never accepted. They wanted to shut me up from me speaking or taking action against them for helping to destroy my life, for ignoring all remedy to human rights and fairness. I was approximately seven years off paying the house off in full. Today, it would be paid off in full if this had not have happened. Again the Government absolutely refused to defend the little person, the tax file number, the birth bond number thing without a name, or emotions or rights to life or remedy or action.

10 December 2010

Miss Sarah Pearce

Dear Miss Pearce

I refer to your concern, which was referred by the Financial Ombudsman Service (FOS) on 14 October 2010 and my telephone call to you on 18 October 2010. Please accept my sincere apologies for the delay in responding to your complaint.

I understand your concern relates to the action taken by [REDACTED] in relation to your 2 loan accounts and that you were forced to sell your houses. I also understand you have stated [REDACTED] never offered any relief or mentioned that you could have drawn against the equity to recoup any outstanding amount.

I note you have requested to have your houses back and your retirement home and security back.

The matter has been investigated and I would like to clarify our records indicate when your 2 HBC Money Saver Home Loan accounts [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] fell in arrears, [REDACTED] made several attempts to discuss payment options with you. Unfortunately this was not successful. Under the circumstances [REDACTED] had no option than to resort to legal action.

In relation to your query as to why [REDACTED] did not advise you that you could access the equity on your home, if you were unable to service your existing mortgage, [REDACTED] would not have provided further finance. Any increase in lending would have required you to meet [REDACTED] standard credit criteria, which includes a good payment history and an ability to service the debt.

As the properties in question have been sold I regret there is no possibility of giving them back to you and your request in this regard is declined.

Notwithstanding the above, as a resolution to your concern and without admission of liability [REDACTED] offers you a goodwill payment of \$500.00 on this occasion in full and final settlement.

To accept this offer, please sign and return the duplicate copy of this letter via the enclosed self addressed envelope to reach us by 21 December 2010 or via facsimile on [REDACTED]

The primary contact for all ^{the bank} issues were listed for the name [REDACTED]. After receiving the above letter, another insult as to their illegal and disgusting actions against human rights, I did dial the number listed. It was [REDACTED] who answered. I introduced myself, his reply was "Oh yes, I know you, we destroyed you and your grandmothers lives". I replied, "Oh, so you know this?" He said "Yes". Of course there is no way I can prove that this conversation took place, but it did, and they were the words he used at the opening of the phone conversation. Then I told him he and ^{the bank} could shove the \$500.00 clean up his backside.

I do not care what anyone says, any offer is an admission of liability and fault, or guilt, otherwise, why would they try and shut someone up? Obviously there is something that they have to hide. As much as they may claim or state that it is not. My life was destroyed, ^{the bank} flatly refused any form of recourse or remedy, all I would have needed was three months to resolve this. But no. All I would have required was a three month deferral on payments, but no. They were simply, a pack of starving vultures, looking to devour anything in their path, and they did.

I was three months off signing for a student apartment investment property in Melbourne when all of this happened. I recall home visits from real estate specialists who had an array of great investment properties on offer. I recall discussing our level of equity and I recall the agent responding in delight "You are doing well, you have enough equity for 3 or 4 investment properties" I was in a strong financial position with multiple avenues for profit creation. I was happy and envisioned a bright future, with a strong retirement. I would be a good and fair landlord, I would be fair to any of my tenants, as much as I physically could.

I recall and remember hearing so many bad stories of terrible landlords and of course, terrible tenants, but I had devised my way around this matter. Everything was in place down to all insurances which only had to be signed for. The apartment was a five bedroom student apartment near Melbourne University. Instead of personal profit creation, I was forced by others in to external profit destruction.

Here is a picture of the very first investment property I purchased, which is also no longer in my possession.



My lifestyle, the people I mixed with, my associates and acquaintances were of a calibre level, and that was the lifestyle I had. What I was, who I was, what I was accustomed to. It was what I knew. When you have aspects of finance in your life, it will draw in the same calibre of people who you know. When you are financially stricken, you will resonate them people in your life. This of course is not an attack on any one person for living in wealth or in poverty, it is just the way it is. I have heard comments regarding the caste system in India and how cruel it is, but yet, do we not have the same here? We are determined and caste by our financial ability or lack thereof.

The lifestyle simply became too expensive, now living on centrelink, losing everything, my credit rating destroyed beyond comprehension, the memories attached to the primary residence we used to have a mortgage on, which we became tenants of once it was sold all became too much. I and my Grandmother lived as rental tenants in the very same house we used to have a mortgage on.

We rented in the house from June 2007 when it was sold under duress, until March of 2013. Our mortgage repayments used to be \$180.00 per week, then as rental tenants it became \$200.00 per week. Our rent was over and above our minimum weekly mortgage repayment. Every angle of this entire incident resonates injustice and corporate brutality via every premeditated angle.

In March of 2013, my grandmother and I packed up our entire lives, selling our most expensive and precious items to afford a move to Dimboola. Some 380 kilometers from Melbourne. Leaving friends and family behind. The rent was cheaper, living was cheaper, although further from family and friends.

Beyond this, I took every possible chance I could to try and mend myself. A move to the country and new sights may have helped. And it did to a degree. Nevertheless, what an absolutely horrible, brutal, devastating and ongoing experience I have personally suffered.

If it had not have been for what **company B** did to me, and allowed their staff member to do to me, I would not be living in Dimboola now,. The entire issue has affected and altered my life beyond imagination. Again, foreseeable brutality at the hands of others.

Would anyone in the Packer family be best friends with someone on Newstart? No, he would caste himself in to the same calibre of wealth. A rich person will look down on a poor person, yet again another form of caste system. Recently Hon Joe Hockey MP made statements that poor people do not have cars or cannot afford them. Is this statement not a version of casting. I am now one of THEM people he is referring to. And his apology will never be accepted as he never helped, he was one of many thorns in my shoe who spurred this event onwards. Ultimately making me, one of them people he so badly place in to a caste system, to suit his own financial pleasures.

Joe Hockey said, in early August 2014 :

*“The people that actually pay the most are higher income people. Yet, the Labor Party and the Greens are opposing it. They say you’ve got to have wealthier people or middle-income people pay more. Well, change to the fuel excise does exactly that; **the poorest people either don’t have cars or actually don’t drive very far in many cases.**“*

Mr Hockey, I now live on \$450 a week of Government money. I drive long distances. That is a minimum of 1,600 km every month. Do I fit your demographics of judgement? Was any of this lifestyle my choice? Hell no.. But thanks for caring and helping.

Certain elements of society want you when you have financial security, them elements will so easily discard you when you have nothing. And this happened to me. All of a sudden I also found my lifestyle devoid of certain people who used to 'hang around'. Yet another slap of rejection. A hard and nasty reality check of just how superficial some people really are. They did not stick around for who I was, they hung around for what I could offer them and how that made them feel.

Then the same must be true of how Governments treat corporations when they fall on to hard times, or rich people dodging taxes. They are supported and allowed to because why? They have money. Is that not then a deliberate caste system placed on to the lesser financial people, absolute discrimination from the Governments to majority of the people.

If I was a giant media magnate, or if I was a large motor car manufacturer, I would not have lost everything, the Federal Government would have chipped in and said.. “Oh No! We can't let this happen to you. You already have money, here is some more. Now you will be safe”. Whether a loan or not, this does not matter, the Government itself has shown time and time again, extreme prejudice due to a persons or a businesses financial ability or lack thereof.

I am not a Packer, or a Ford or a Holden, so, I do not matter, nor do majority of other people who were born and never asked for forced Governmental slavery.

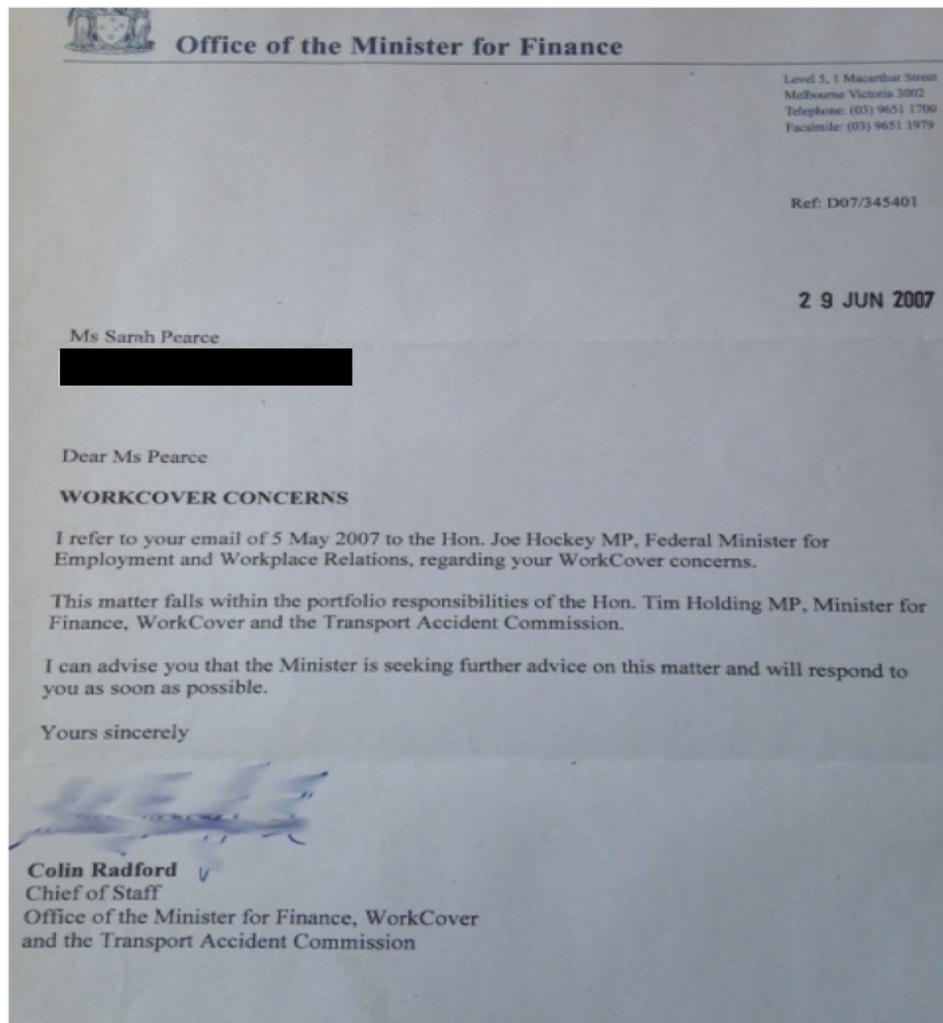
Beyond this, we (my grandmother and I) were at the beginning of process towards some renovations on our main residence. Things were going well, and there was enough equity to purchase 3 or 4 investment properties. My goals and future were all set out and planned. I was not going to be a Centrelink free loader living day to day with no money or security. But ultimately, others had planned my future for me. Them others being **company B**, **company A**, **the bank** and **company C**.

So began my desperate calls for help. My first contact at this stage was to Office of the Minister for Finance in June of 2007. Their reply dated June 29, 2007, stated that the matter fell within the portfolio of Hon, Tim Holding MP, Minister for Finance, WorkCover and the Transport Accident Commission.

And assumptions that Hon. Joe Hockey MP, Minister for Employment and Workplace relations bumped this matter on to another Minister. The Minister for Employment could not handle this? Then who can? He had to bump it over to work cover! I was illegally sacked, bullied, threatened and destroyed by an employer.

If this matter was taken seriously at my first contact then these issues would have been dealt with. But it was cast aside, it was swept under the carpet and ignored. There should have been an official investigation in to these claims from the first time I contacted the Government.

The letter advised that the Minister Tim Holding was seeking further advice on this matter. Nothing ever happened. From day one, what happened to me became instantly nondescript and unimportant to all Government agencies and bodies. From day one, no Government agency attempted to intervene or correct this matter before it got out of hand any more than what it already was.



At this point I must relay the quote “When injustice becomes law, resistance becomes duty”. The Federal and state Governments had openly shown me that they do not care for what happens to others, and they will do anything they possibly can to pass the responsibility on to any other agency.

In June 2007, after fighting to get my job back, trying to get help from anywhere, reliving the words I heard from [REDACTED] **XXXXXXXX** so many times, battling legal letters, no money, salvation army visits for food, no petrol to drive anywhere, going crazy out of my mind as what I was to do, I also kept on looking for other employment.

I found one job advertised, I had an interview with the company, the employer was extremely fascinated by my resume, extensive and fresh with a lot of life experience. The only problem was, it was in the security industry, a sector I had never ever ever wanted to go across to, yet now, I was forced in to a change of life. I required a security licence. Which was approximately \$1,000.00 and four weeks full time training.

If I was to get this job, the employer would have to be lenient with time frame, and I also had no money to do the course. I again asked Centrelink, thinking that the Government may be soft, considering what I had been through, again they said no. I could not think of any friends who would have that kind of cash I could simply ask a loan for, that is a lot of money for a friend to lend. But, I did ask one of my friends, a man who barely could afford to live on his weekly wage, yet he got the money together and lent it to me. \$1,000.00 for a security course. Me! A security guard! Get real, but I had no other options.

So I did the course, and started my new job. I never told my new employer what I had been through, I hid this, I hid my work cover facts. Can anyone imagine how embarrassing that is and how absolutely degrading it is? To tell the story, over and over again, especially if you do not get understanding, to answer the questions, they look at you like you are crazy, they get scared, see you as a risk and don't hire you, it's that simple.

I hid the fact, and tried to move on. I must admit, the employer was great, patient and understanding, he supported me and taught me well. Although I had started my new job, I was placed in to office duties and fleet management while we waited for my official security licence to be sent from the Licensing Service Division. That took almost three months. I was petrified of security work, I was petrified of getting beaten up or raped while on duty.

I started this job at about the same time I was about to lose my house, a full time job on a minimum wage was still not enough to save my house, I tried and tried, but the banks unrealistic and unfair dishonour fees made it impossible to catch up. Soon after starting my new job, I lost the house.

Again, and even more, I was depressed, sad, distrusting, evasive and I simply did not care. I had a mental break down at my new job one day, I simply left and never went back. I never told my boss the real reason, and told him I had injured my shoulder while out shopping. I lied to possibly the most supportive man I had ever met in my employment life. He did not deserve that, but simply, I could not handle the explanation of my mental spiral, the pain of losing my house, the fact that I got out before I could be sacked. I could not tell him that I had lost all of my trust due to another's doing.

I tried my hardest to fit in again, I tried to trust, but for me, my life was destroyed by one employer, now, I will never let any employer ever have that chance to do that to me again. Nevertheless, I am highly unemployable anyway, thanks to **company B**, **company A**, and **company C**. Now, I do not trust any employer.

While I was working at this new job, I continued fighting for justice. It did not stop. I could see that in my life, I will never own another house. I will never get back what I was forced to lose, now all of a sudden I could also see my financial inability to raise a family, and due to this fact, having children will be extremely difficult. I was forced in to becoming a statistic, I'm fearful of creating a family under duress of bringing a child into poverty. Even finding a new job is not a remedy, it is a band aid. People say move on, but simply, maybe I cannot. What happened to me was so wrong and illegal at life destroying level. Years I will never get back. A life I will never get back.

After finishing this job, I became a full time carer for my Grandmother while doing small amounts of casual work for security companies. The wages were nondescript and spasmodic, the staff were treated appallingly. I recall working for one company called [REDACTED], they had appointed me a night time shift at [REDACTED] Shopping Centre in [REDACTED], Victoria.

I had become very ill and required emergency dental surgery. I did all I could, and informed the organisation that this would be occurring, it was not a simple filling, or anything like that, I had a severe infection up above the top jaw line, right behind my nasal cavity. All was OK, and they apparently understood, I got medical certificates and all other legal requirements. When I was due to return to my evening shift at [REDACTED] the shopping centre, and went in to the security staff mess room to check my shift on the roster, I found that my name had been blanked out from the roster. That was the end of that job, Again unfair treatment.

I recall doing a night time shift for another security company, guarding a festival that was setting up, my monthly cycle arrived one week early and I had nothing to use, so on my meal break, I went across the road to purchase something, there were approximately 15 other staff on site, the manager abused me, so I took my uniform off in front of him. Down to my bra and knickers, told him "here's your uniform" and drove home. That was the end of that job.

Then I worked for another security company whose hours were excessive, 17 or 18 hours days, including travel. I commented that I was not coping with the extreme hours, it was too much. After the company failed to give me a New Years Eve shift, I managed to pick up another New Years Eve shift with another company, as I was only casual. At 8pm on New Years Eve, the other company rang me to tell me to do a shift, I said sorry, you had not booked me for a shift, I have picked up another shift with another company, so I was sacked over the phone.

I recall one evening doing a shift at [REDACTED] in Melbourne, it was a long shift, with no sitting allowed, I also recall doing this shift with one of my friends and that we both caught the same train there and back that day. The end of the shift, going home on the train, my ankle was hurting so bad, I was in tears on the train, my friend said, can I see? I lifted my pant leg to find my left ankle the size of a football. That was the last shift I ever did for that company.

During the time of being a full time carer for my Grandmother while also trying to find a solid job, I kept fighting for my rights.

So, the leap frog of Governmental contact continued on, being bumped from one department to another, all citing that I was either out of time, it was not their jurisdiction or other. I never stopped, email after email, to commissions, to politicians, to law firms. Over the years the contacts and pleas for help would equate to thousands.

Emails and letters were sent to multiple Prime Ministers over the years; Kevin Rudd, Julia Gillard and now Tony Abbott. Emails and letters were sent to multiple commissions and Ministers over the years at both state and federal levels. Contact was made to hundreds of law firms including avenues such as Legal Aid, PILCH, VicBar, Law Institute of Victoria, and any other you could possibly think of. Contact was made to international organisations such as United Nations and other human rights defenders. The list is endless.

I utilised four to five years begging for help while slipping in to regular and damaging emotional downward spirals which were so extreme that I was incapacitated from anything. The depression over the years, reliving day after day the absolute worst thing that could happen to a person. On occasion slipping in to my bedroom, with every desire to just 'go to sleep and never wake up' but apparently, although I appear to be just like the walking dead, having my entire life snatched away from me, I am still alive. The scars on my wrists yet again tell a story of the downward and ongoing trauma that I have been forced to live in and with.

After several years of absolute emotional decline and multiple suicide attempts, I again began to plead for help. From the law makers themselves, the Government itself. With the same response every time, which was either ignoring the issue or telling me I had run out of jurisdictional time.

Zippering through to 2011 I again fell in to suicidal tendencies and emotional downfall. I was soon after this time diagnosed with diabetes type 2. Which I quickly related to the stress this issue had burdened on myself. I began researching stress related diabetes and learned to understand that stress related diabetes is a real thing. Ongoing and consistent stress levels over many years, approximately 48 months will break your pancreas, which in turn stops your body from producing correct blood sugar levels. Again, another kick in the arse from [redacted] company B, [redacted] company A, [redacted] company C and [redacted] the bank.

PEARCE, SARAH
Birthdate: [redacted] Age: [redacted] Sex: F
Telephone: [redacted]

Your Reference : [redacted]
Lab Reference : [redacted]
Medicare Number: [redacted]
Phone Enquiries: [redacted]

Referred By... : [redacted]
Addressee : [redacted]
Lab. Reference: [redacted]
Requested: [redacted]
Performed: [redacted]

Test name: GLUCOSE TOLERANCE TEST

ORAL GLUCOSE TOLERANCE TEST - 75g LOAD

VENOUS PLASMA GLUCOSE

0 minutes	10.4 mmol/L
60 minutes	22.4 mmol/L
120 minutes	20.2 mmol/L

Diabetic glucose response.
A diabetic glucose tolerance test response is defined by a fasting glucose > 6.9 mmol/L or a two hour glucose > 11.0 mmol/L.
Interpretive assistance with this report may be obtained by contacting [redacted]

Again, soon after this I had another extreme breakdown, this time in to psychologist for an assessment and then to the Critical Assessment Team (CAT). Findings were that I suffered from borderline personality disorder through the trauma of loss. Now the entire incident is about to come full circle.

You see, it is hard for anyone reading this, who does not know me, to take any form of understanding as to who I am. My trigger points. Some huge triggers are rejection, liars and cheaters. Also those that dismiss fair treatment of both animals and humans. But, can I not assume that most reasonable people will also have the same thoughts and feelings towards the above types of people. The liars, the abusers, the animal and human rights breachers.

It is fact that, had I done anything wrong to deserve this treatment, had I evinced any feeling or thought that I wanted this to happen, had I shown disinterest in the job, had I stated that I wished to be treated in such a manner and that I requested for my life to be destroyed, then yes, I would wear this, I would live with it, and I would be the first person to say, yes, I asked for this to happen. I asked to be treated like a sub species of a nothing. But this is not the case. From the first day of my initial injury I remarked about my fear of job loss, I remarked that I in fact wanted to keep working, I in fact requested alternative duties.

Yet again, in approximately 2010 to 2011 while Julia Gillard was in term, I also contacted her regarding this issue. Although no direct response was received, a few weeks after the fact I did receive a phone call from a private number.

The woman stated that she was contacting me in relation to an email that had been forwarded to her that I sent to Julia Gillard, she claimed that she was some form of investigator of description and that she was based in Perth.

In the conversation with this woman, no name was given and no contact numbers, she asked for all of my contact details and that she would be posting to me, some documents and that she would include her business card in this mail with all of her details.

The letter never arrived, I had no name or contact number to call back, there were never any follow up calls to ask if I had received the mail. Nothing. To this day, I do not know who this woman was, or whether she posted the documents to me, or whether they were lost in transit, but all I know is that there were never any follow up calls.

In late 2011 to early 2012 I approached a Melbourne Law Firm by the name of [REDACTED]. This firm took the time to listen to my story and from this, decided they would take my matter. I felt so much relief, after so many years, some people were understanding the issues. I could not believe that someone said yes, someone said I don't have to stand alone any more. Even this was to good to be true.

After waiting a few days the legal documents arrived in the post from [REDACTED] which contained the official agreement. I read all information, signed the agreement and mailed back all required documents to the law firms address. Then waited... and waited. The weeks went by, no contact, no information, so I began calling the law firm to ask what was happening. They never once in many weeks returned any calls, text messages or emails.

My last call to [REDACTED], I explained I had three months to prepare the case for the common law cut off date and I am demanding to know what is happening, and that if no call was returned I would be coming in to pick up all documentation and then place a formal complaint to the Legal Services commission. The call was again, not returned, so I went in to the city to pick up all of my documentation that the law firm was holding and went straight to the Legal Services Commission with all documentation and evidence of their actions in hand.

It turns out the law firm had dropped my case and failed to inform me of this. Their reason for dropping the case, they said it had run out of time, which was incorrect and just an excuse. Upon showing the documentation to the Legal Services Commission, a formal complaint was lodged. It took over 12 months for the law firm to contact me and apologise. I told them that they had near destroyed any chance I had at any remedy through a court, and reminded them that they had forced me to be a self represented litigant in a court proceeding. Thus, hampering my chances at remedy and being heard. A nominal payment was made to me in lieu of their stuff up and their treatment of the issue, this was of course to cull the complaint and shut me up

Some time after this, in my doctors office in 2012 discussing these issues, I asked the doctor, "By chance, can you please look in to my medical records back to February 2007 and see if you can find the name [REDACTED] listed anywhere". The doctor did this for me, I sat and watched his eyes skimming across the computer screen, reading what he had found, every now and again quietly mumbling "[REDACTED]. Yep, yeah" and subtly nodding his head, and his eyebrows lowering and raising in interest as to what he was reading.

He looked at me and said, "I think you better see this" and he printed a copy for me. I read it. It was an absolute statement by [REDACTED] that she had taken the liberty of sacking me, while I was still on workcover. I read this and was absolutely shocked as to what I was reading. I said to the doctor, "How would you interpret this?" He replied "You were sacked"

[REDACTED]

Friday February 16 2007 11:15:23
[REDACTED]

was here with [REDACTED] from company B
pt looks angry WITH HER EMPLOYER - they phoned her 3 times other day - talkine to her g/mu personal issue.
pt says -
1-not being trusted by anybody.
2-i fed up with these things - not going to do mri.
3-just cleared me.

they she quarrelled with [REDACTED] - worke out from the room.

[REDACTED] said
1-not recieved the last cert dated 02-02-2007 - pt not gave her yet - asked me to give a copy - d
2-she is her agency.
3-she is no more working with [REDACTED]
4-[REDACTED] has many light duty work.
5-i say - i kept on asking her - she said - nil at work - i mentioned it in the cert - [REDACTED] says - r

Management:
when i ask - what we do - [REDACTED] - look / she just work out - she was fine - just d/c her
her back / she [REDACTED] has many lighy duty work for her.
i say - will not sign on the 2nd page.
[REDACTED] says - she will post it to her to sign there as a declaration not working elsewhere d

Actions:

I took this piece of evidence to multiple lawyers for their thoughts on it, including high end firms such as [REDACTED]. Informally, all legal practitioners who viewed this document all said the same thing “You were absolutely sacked while still on work cover”.

The other elements of thought and discussion regarding this piece of documentation was also the fact that she (XXXXXXXX) flatly refused any light duties while I was on work cover, but now with a full capacity certificate to return to NORMAL duties, I am sacked from my normal duty and then a verbal mention of many light duties work for me, she has stated in this officially recorded document that she has many light duties, which were never offered to me. The document also describes how the treating doctor asks her if he should put on the certificate that there is no work, and she says no.

But, me being me, and absolutely nothing more to lose, decided to continue fighting this, alone. After all, I have stood alone since the second day of the original injury.

A full capacity certificate to return to normal duties means just that 'normal duties' not alternative or other. This is open evidence that my position was not kept open for the legally required amount of time which is 52 weeks. I was sacked after 12 weeks and while on work cover and was never informed of this woman's decision to illegally and unfairly sack me.

Throughout the years of this fight, and speaking with multiple law firms, it is also fact that I was bumped from one area of law to the other, no one truly seemed to know how to handle this debilitating case. I would be told, it is employment law, so I would go to an employment lawyer, then I would be told, no it is personal injury claim, so I would go to a personal injury lawyer, then I would be told it is a common law claim.

Excuse me here, but am I not only a commoner with no legal education? there seemed to be absolutely no one who knew exactly what they were doing or how to handle this. Again and again, I was wiped, no law firm able to stand solid on an actual area of law to claim under.

Another phone call in approximately 2012, I made some phone calls and enquiries as to gaining access to my work cover records for purpose of legal evidence through Freedom of Information and openly asked a person, if the other parties information would be included in that?

The reply came back, “No, you would not receive their documents, but I can tell you that they were severely fined by work cover for what they did to you, but that does not help you get YOUR life back very much does it? you need to sue their butts off, what they did to you was absolutely disgusting”. The phone call was brief, I gained the information I required and ended the call.

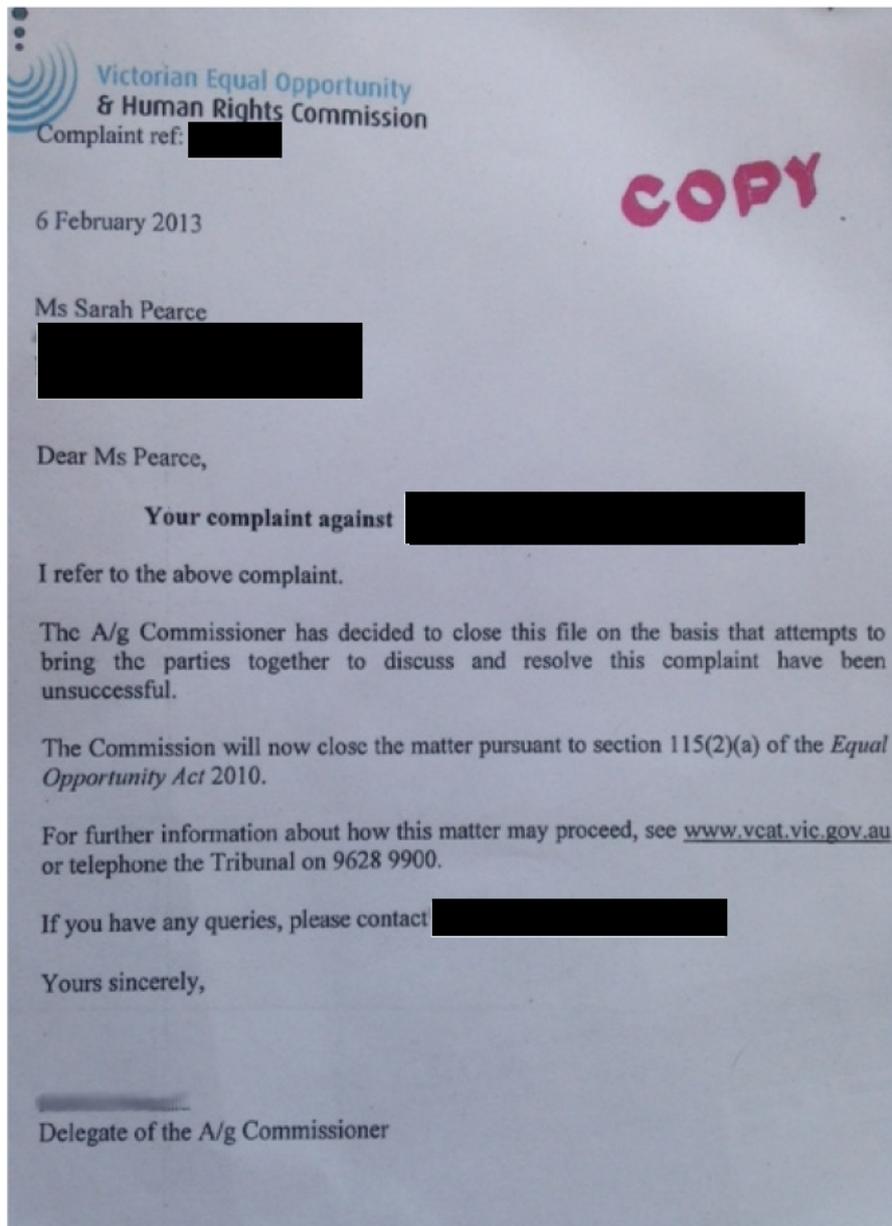
I spent a few weeks thinking about that phone call and analysing what I had heard. To this day I will not divulge the name or where this information came from. Someone helped me and gave me a small amount of compassion.

Then after a few weeks, I again made another phone call to confirm the fee for ordering my work cover documents under FOI and again asked if the other parties documents would be a part of that. The person said no, their documents would definitely not be sent. I replied, well! I know they were fined for what they did to me, the reply came “What!! How do you know that? Oh well! I guess the cat is out of the bag then isn't it?”

In 2012 I applied to the Australian Human Rights Commission for mediation due to extreme discrimination, but they refused as my claim through them was out of time.

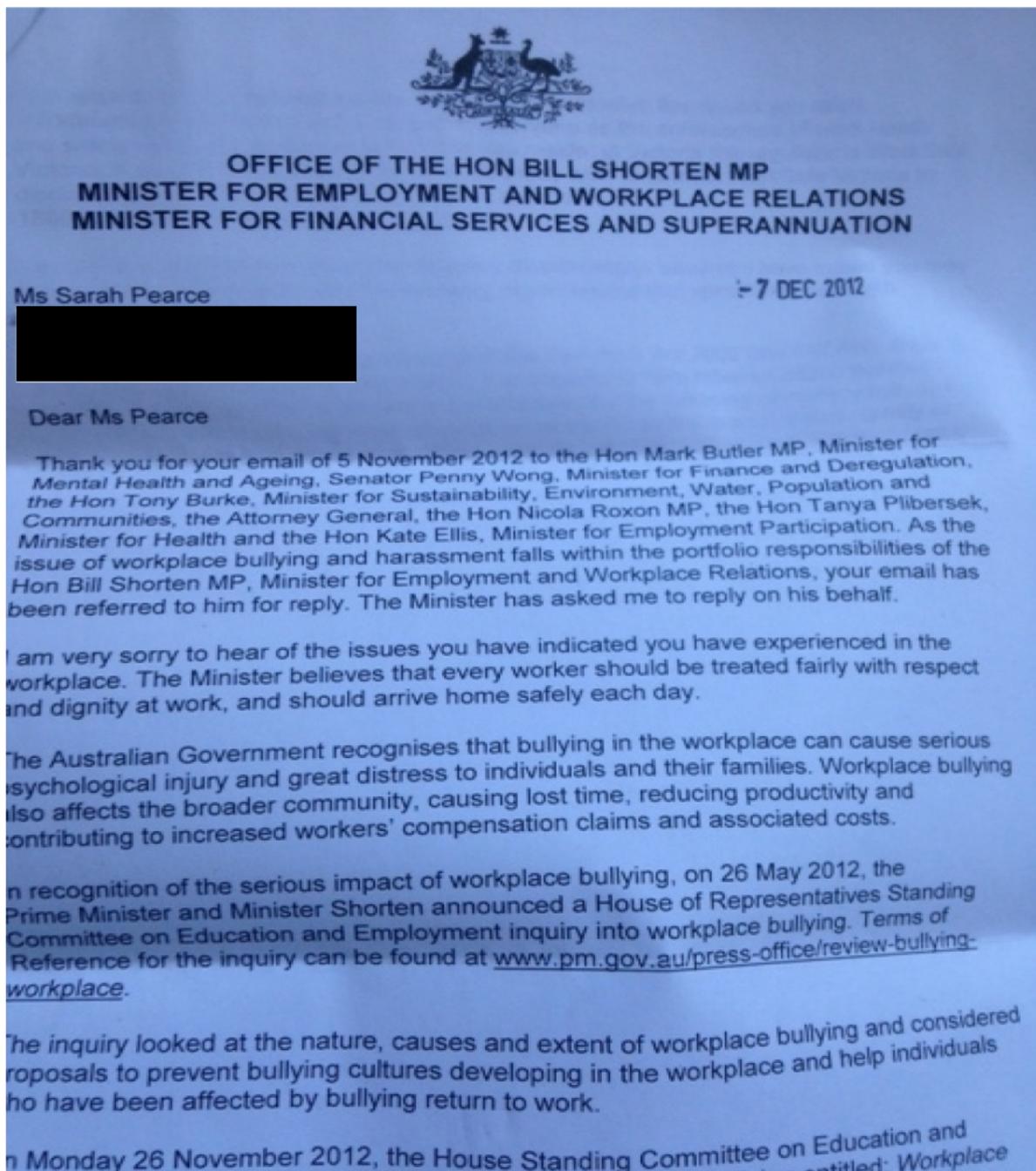
I then contacted Victorian Equal Opportunities and Human Rights Commission. This time, the claim was approved for mediation as it was noted that extreme human rights breaches had been made.

Upon the commission contacting company B and company A for mediation to this issue, they flatly declined to meet at mediation citing prejudice. Excuse me company B and company A, would you like to know about extreme prejudice? Take a good hard look, you are masters at creating it.



Again, my ability to gain any form of recognition or mediation was culled. So I began working on my claim to take this to the County Court. Alone, and with only the internet as a reference, I began researching how to commence proceedings as a self represented litigant.

Again, in late 2012 I sent a bulk letter to multiple ministers. This time it was palmed off to the Minister for Employment, Bill Shorten. Here I am, urgently asking for intervention and investigation towards highly illegal actions by an employer to the very same MOB were create these laws. Now, openly, time and time again refusing to maintain these laws. Bypassing the issue and fact with a "Sorry to hear this". It seems apparent as to why so many innocent people are having their lives destroyed by employers, only to be covered up by the likes of work cover, the insurance companies and the policy makers themselves. This is a monumental cover up, a monster that the Government does not have the balls or compassion to deal with. Inconsistent and incompetent towards upholding the very same laws that they create and supposedly maintain. Were laws not created for the people, to determine how we live and what others can or cannot do, do laws not protect from harmful acts? A "sorry to hear this" is appalling and a statement of a highly dysfunctional Governmental and legal system.



The first document to prepare was the writ and statement of claim. I did what I could, to the best of my ability and what I could learn in a short space of time, without any help whatsoever. Taking in to account I had absolutely no money, which was another major discrimination in me being able to source legal help, I also relied heavily on the court waiving the excessive and huge fees for lodgement of documents. As I also could not afford these. But all I knew was that, as a human, as a commoner, I have every right to trial in a court, a fair and equal trial. This has not been fair or equal at all, in any way shape or form, from day one of my injury.

The Government, the employer, and the legal system itself has preyed on the fact of my financial instability, it has preyed heavily on the fact that I do not have legal representation, and they have all hoped I will just simply, go away. After all, am I not just a tax file number for the Government, a slave to collect their monetary gifts. But now! slaves have no access to rights, they are owned and manipulated and forced by those who own them. The Government has proven I am nothing more than a slave to their draconian system.

The Government itself, believes that it is so huge and powerful, that it can cover it's own problems up if you leave it alone for long enough.

So, I prepared the writ, I prepared the statement of claim. In November 2012, I lodged one at the court with a fee waiver form. This fee waiver was approved.

I waited and waited until the absolute last minute of common law cut off time for the employers to have every minute possible to offer me my return to normal duties, I waited and waited until the very last minute for anyone to resolve this, I waited and waited for some word of apology, for some recourse, for some action, but this never came.

In November of 2013 I lodged the writ and statement of claim to [company B] in NSW, to [company A] in NSW and [company C] in Vic.

[Company C] lodged all return reply documents within their legal time frame for response, [company B] and [company A] were slow, lodging theirs well outside of their legally required 28 days.

I began to prepare summary judgement and perform searches as evidence that they had not lodged their documents in time, but as I was about to do this, they lodged their documents. And so it began.

The other parties immediately hid behind the fact that I do not have a serious injury certificate. Hang on! I never bloody needed one of those, I was fit for normal duties. My return to normal duties certificate states that I should be fit to return to normal duties from February 17, 2007. A serious injury certificate is a certificate that is given to a very rare few people through work cover. The other parties hid behind this callous piece of law and cited the element of the county court rules for this.

Beyond this, in all the years that I have been through this ordeal, I had never heard the term serious injury certificate, no government body, no specialist ever mentioned that I could need one. No one helped. This is wrong. Work cover law cannot and should not help to destroy people even further, the Government itself is accountable and responsible for upholding such cruel elements that cut the average person from recourse or action. The Government itself is responsible for knowingly allowing this to happen to it's many slaves.

I kept going, I do not care because I know that how I have been treated is absolutely wrong and illegal. The other parties are utilising work cover law to not even have to answer as to their actions. And may I comment at this point, that this has happened to hundreds, and if not thousands of people. Employers, wilfully and knowingly destroying an employee and getting away with it in every shape and form. Not even being forced to answer as to their actions.

Admin mentions came and went, I did not know what they were or what they were for. It turns out I had to prepare another document called a 'Consent Order Form' which was sent to all parties that they all had to agree to and sign. Once I received some information as to what it was and the rules that needed to be followed, I prepared one and then requested a directions hearing to request that I receive some help and for the court to set a time table. I am self represented and should be given every equal right to natural justice, correct?

The Directions Hearing was set, I arrived on the day, a slow process where you sit in a room with multiple other cases and wait for yours to be called. Mine was the last called for that session. **Company C** had no representative arrive on the day, **company B** and **company A** had one representative turn up.

It appeared immediate that I was judged before I even had a chance to speak. The Judge said “Seeing as that you are self represented, the other party can speak, he can do the taking” so it automatically was in his favour. My request for help to set the time table was denied. But his request to have the case culled was approved. The judge gave them a fortnight to prepare an affidavit to have the case struck out, I was given a further fortnight after this to respond.

As to the time of this manifesto being written, this is where the case lies at.

The court was absolutely not lenient in the fact I was self represented, and the court absolutely has not given me my rights to be heard. As the other party stated in the court room “She should be given every right to natural justice”. This is not natural justice, this is something else devoid of anything natural at all.

The legal system was set up for commoners, yet provisions for people such as myself do not exist. The legal system apparently caters to the financially secure, the ones who can pay for lawyers and barristers. It was not my choice or wish to live in poverty, if it was not for what these employers did to me, then I would not be living where and how I am living today, and the employers and their legal teams are preying on this fact. That I am financially weak. The courts are aware of my living standards, that I am not working. But it has not mattered. Discrimination through financial inability.



This is one tax file number fighting for her life. This is one tax file number that has been ignored for remedy by the Government. There has been no intervention. Every twist and turn, rejected by all that I have sourced help or remedy from.

Throughout the entire time, some legal professionals have given me tiny snippets of advice or help or information. Some turning to be completely useless pieces of information, and others, useful but nevertheless, not even touching the sides of my fight for injustice.

Over the years I have tried so hard to find gainful employment. I am a good living person, I am drug free and alcohol free. I am well educated and have an immaculate driving and criminal record. I am by any means, of a calibre suitable for government employment or positions. I have multiple certificates and qualifications, yet remain unemployable. Beyond this, I have extremely high morals towards others, including animals, and I do truly care for others. After going through so much, it does make you aware to others plight. There becomes a true element of understanding to other commoners fights against the injustice of the Government itself.

And as the law states, we must treat each other in a fashion of brotherhood.

I recall applying to [REDACTED] for a [REDACTED] position, all was fine and they were pushing me through quickly, until the diabetes issue arose, the loopholes and extra work I was made to carry out for my application was simply insane, visits to endocrinologists, eye tests, blood tests, it became apparent that I was not really welcome or wanted with something like diabetes lurking. Another thank you to [REDACTED] company B, [REDACTED] company A, [REDACTED] the bank and [REDACTED] company C. I wholly blame you all for my stress related diabetes. You have all minimised my career prospects.

I applied for a prison officer role with [REDACTED], I am certain that I was rejected for other reasons that what I was told.

I have applied multiple times for positions such as trainee train driver, [REDACTED] etc. Every time, absolute rejection. I spent approximately 15 years working in the public transport industry before any of these issues occurred. I am educated in public transport and customer service, yet, now, for whatever reason, I am unwanted from the first stage of application.

None of this seems to ring true in my own eyes. I never had trouble finding employment before, and always held solid and full time jobs. Since this issue and injury arose, employment options are minimal to zero.

I have tried and tried to trust, the emotional beatings, the subtle attacks on your persona. How much can the average person take? Of course, this is hard to understand if you have never been forced in to such a position. But for those who have also suffered at the hands of unscrupulous Government, and employers, then you will full well know what I am writing about.

You are made to feel like a criminal, like an outcast, unwanted and a freak of society.

Being in this position halts any chances of further study, as you simply cannot afford it, even getting a car loan is impossible. I used to update my cars every three years when I was secure, now I have had the same car for over ten years, simply because now, I am not worthy due to financial insecurity.

Until this day, I am still paying off credit cards that I was forced to cancel many years ago due to this issue. My ability as a tax payer and solid employee have been disabled beyond comprehension. This matter has destroyed me on so many unfathomable levels.

In closing this manifesto, I am personally holding the Federal government itself, along with state Government Departments, it's Ministers and individual staff accountable and responsible for what has happened in my matter. Laws have gone unmaintained, or ignored, global human rights treaties and declarations have been ignored and overlooked, the Government has allowed for such an inhumane act to occur, remain standing and allowable.

Multiple Government staff, Commissions and Ministers are aware of this issue and all have failed completely to take action or investigate.

I was illegally sacked while on work cover, this has caused my life to be destroyed beyond any comprehension. If the Government had intervened from the first point of contact in May 2007, then none of this would have happened.

This is a constitutional breach of multiple sections.

This a a global breach of the most basic human rights.

No one shall have the right to harm another or force them to lose their property.

Is this NOT foreseeable harm?

Should my work position have been kept upon for 52 weeks by law?

Why has it not been investigated? The reason I did not go back to work?

This is a breach of enjoyment of life and enjoyment of property.

Multiple breaches on multiple levels.

I call for a public inquiry into employer abuse of power and victims rights to full remedy.

I demand a re instatement of all losses I have incurred through the illegal actions of the employer, the damage this has caused my personal self, transferred intent to my Grandmother, the abuse of financiers powers, and failure for the Government to investigate my complaints via monetary reimbursement and so I can begin my life again. I have this right and it must be met.

Under foreseeable and planned circumstances, my entire life was destroyed.

Written by

Sarah Pearce.

