

### **3 - A Naughty, Naughty girl – Or so the law believed**

Sexually abused by those close to me from the age of 7 leading in double pregnancies before the age of 14, The law stepped in.

After my 3-month-old son had been removed from me, under what is still very suspicious circumstance, and around the time my daughter was two years old.

People arrived at the house and took me and my daughter to court. Once again, my parents were not at home. Today I realize with this occasion as well as that of my son. My parents were conveniently not at home at these times.

These people took me to the Alberton Court. They said they were going to have me sent away.

At the court, and with my parents still absent. These people took my daughter away from me. She was crying and screaming as they walked down the passage with her.

Not knowing what was going on, I was eventually bundled into a car, and after many hours of driving into the night, we arrived at a place that pretty much looked like a jail.

When I stepped in, they (The woman who drove me there as well as a woman who obviously worked there) took me to a room with no windows and which only had a mattress and one of those very scratchy army type blankets.

I was instructed to remove all my clothes which they took with them.

When they stepped out, they locked the door and switched the light off.

I was terrified. I lay there crying the whole night. Other children came and banged on the door and mocked and teased me.

The next morning, I was collected from this room, given some clothes and taken to a communal room with other girls.

These girls were there for crimes like breaking and entry, drug usage etc..... I had now become part of this criminal element.

Our days were made up of cleaning the rooms and passages with short periods outside and always under the watchful eyes of the keepers.

Food was served in a hall, and we were allowed to watch some TV programs in a lounge from time to time.

After a couple of weeks, I phoned somebody I knew, and planned my great escape. I gave him a day and date and he promised he would be there.

Many of the girls were always trying to escape. Through the ceilings etc.... They were always caught. And then placed in solitary rooms. When they came out of there, they were scarred from the beatings they had endured by the staff. Yes, this really did happen in our country.

The day and time finally arrived. I could not see if he was outside. I just hoped he was there.

There was no ceiling break-out or fence climbing for me. I was going straight out the front door.

I believe I totally caught them off guard. I walked straight to the front door and tried the handle. It was unlocked. I opened the door and stepped out. Down the path and to the gate. I never looked back once. I opened the gate and stepped into the road. Phew.....! He was there. I climbed in his car, and we sped off from there.

When back in Alberton, I learned the Welfare and Police were looking for me. I had to move around from place to place to stay one step ahead, and I was constantly looking over my shoulder. The mere sight of any Police car caused shivers of panic and fear.

In those days they really and actively looked for you. They would frequently visit family and friends. This carried on until I was sixteen years old.

Whilst other teenage girls were sitting in their bedrooms at home, studying schoolwork,



thinking about nice pink décor for their rooms and that special guy and school who smiled un-expectedly at them. I was on the run from the law.

Although these events are very painful, and I would never wish this on anybody.

**( This picture is of me at 15 years of age )**

**All information supplied herein is truthful and fact. You may contact me at [salome@tadford.co.za](mailto:salome@tadford.co.za) or 083 691 8819**