

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Australian brand founded in 2005 by Human Rights Activist Marcia BNoose.

Author, born as [Marcia Anita Hobbs](#) in Rose Park Adelaide South Australia 25th April 1984.

Joining 2015, Le Droit Humain Co-Freemasonry, Lodge 406.

DEDICATION

To all those disabled, disadvantaged, and voiceless – I hear
you.

For everyone that believes in the Universal Declaration of
Human Rights – shall Good always prevail over evil.

MARCIA BNOOSE

THE STORY BEHIND
THE BRAND
BARBWIRE NOOSE



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This work depicts actual events in the life of the author as truthfully as recollection permits.

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The Story Behind the Brand BARBWIRE NOOSE

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Travis Enmon - together or apart, you are my lover for life,
but we are never to be.

Lodge 406 – I Love You, my friends.

Family - [blank]

INTRODUCTION

Government is defined as a system or group of people governing an organised community, and or a state.

Broader associative definitions state that the government consists typically of the legislature, executive, and judiciary. Government is a means by which organisational policies are enforced, as well as a mechanism for determining policy. Each government has a kind of constitution, a statement of its governing principles and philosophy. Typically, the philosophy chosen is some balance between the principle of individual freedom and the idea of absolute state authority (tyranny).

Historical forms of government include monarchy, aristocracy, timocracy, oligarchy, democracy, theocracy and tyranny. The central aspect of any philosophy of government is how political power is obtained, with the two primary forms being electoral contest and hereditary succession.

Quoting the Encyclopaedia of [Britannica](#) - ['Freemason/Co-Freemason](#) Thomas Hobbes, (born 5th April 1588, Westport, Wiltshire, England – died 4th December 1679, Hardwick Hall, Derbyshire), English philosopher, scientist, and historian, best known for his political philosophy, especially as articulated in his masterpiece

Leviathan (1651). Hobbes viewed government primarily as a device for ensuring collective security. Political authority is justified by a hypothetical social contract among the many that vests in a sovereign person or entity the responsibility for the safety and well-being of all.'

“Civil society is a concept of peace between the peoples, authorities, and nations. Governments will elude Any responsibility over a society they are ultimately allowed to flounder.” – Marcia BNoose (Princess Marcia Anita HOBBS India/Australia), Le Droit Humain.

Brand Barbwire Noose® began following a [Human Rights](#) outcry made by myself against the neglect and sexual abuse I witnessed of clients in government disabled care in South Australia.

Among other listed Human Rights, Articles 1–6 of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights outline the basis of Human Rights, disregard as I witnessed it as a disabilities officer employee of a government organisation.

Article 1

“All human beings are born free and equal in dignity and rights. They are endowed with reason and conscience and should act towards one another in a spirit of brotherhood.”

Article 2

“Everyone is entitled to all the rights and freedoms outlined in this Declaration, without distinction of any kind, such as race, colour, sex, language, religion, political or other opinion, national or social origin, property, birth or other status.

Furthermore, no distinction shall be made based on the political, jurisdictional or international status of the country or territory to which a person belongs, whether it be independent, trust, non-self-governing or under any other limitation of sovereignty.”

Article 3

“Everyone has the right to life, liberty and security of person.”

Article 4

“No one shall be held in slavery or servitude; slavery and the slave trade shall be prohibited in all their forms.”

Article 5

“No one shall be subjected to torture or to cruel, inhuman or degrading treatment or punishment.”

Article 6

“Everyone has the right to recognition everywhere as a person before the law.”

Initially, my reporting was a fight for the disabled persons I cared for not to be subject to degrading treatment - equality in dignity and rights. By 2022, Barbwire Noose® represented not only these Human Rights but overwhelmingly all Human Rights, with emphasis on Article 6 - *Everyone has the right to recognition everywhere as a person before the law*. As brand founder, I found myself forced into an open forum, whistleblowing against a cover-up, to gain justice regarding sexual criminal offending against myself and non-cognitive, mute disabled persons. Barbwire Noose® and my activism are not just a fight for a

better quality of life for these disabled clients but a fight for justice for all.

From the, at the time running, Disability Royal Commission, I wanted to obtain a public apology at least from the Labour Government, governments in general. An apology too, and for the suffering that these disabled people endured under government organisations in South Australia. This fight for justice, fighting for Human Rights, is what the trademark registered words 'Barbwire Moose®' and 'Fear Is the Root of All Weakness®' represent. Fear Is the Root of All Weakness® – the *slogan* is a phrase which had held a long-term place written on a yellow curtain blind I purchased in 2002. This curtain blind was stolen from me in 2022 during VICPOL torts against me aimed to cover up sexual misconduct within police forces. Causing overwhelming emotional distress and damage as this book was released without significant icons of its foundation.

It's not a straightforward story, it's easy to get embroiled in the drama of it all, the bottom line of Barbwire Moose® is the Empowerment of Survival, overcoming Fear, Adversity, Greed and a determination to Not allow society to flounder Human Rights to the point where the government takes the taxpayers' money with no responsibility like the bad royalty it replaced.

Seen as an independent, driven, and self-reliant personality as a teenager. I left home at sixteen and a half years old after obtaining my P-plate licence in 2000. I completed year twelve studies in the same year while growing up on a farming property over thirty kilometres from Mount Gambier city in South Australia. Just a teenager, not yet the legal adult age of eighteen (in Australia), fresh to life outside of school and home. I moved out of my home (parental care) with my boyfriend, who was one year older than I. I worked for the education department (government of South Australia) as an aquatic teacher and also taught after-school classes. I was

employed as an after-school aquatics teacher while studying year twelve.

2001 was my gap year; I deferred from studying law at Flinders University until 2002, upon completing year 12. I was very much enjoying teaching aquatics to all ages and abilities, chilling with my boyfriend, having fun with my friends and working for a year before I jumped back into studies. Deferring University after years of studying seemed like a flawless plan.

A plan that did not eventuate. Instead of university studies in Adelaide in 2002, I volunteered at an aged care home and ended up working as a Disability Officer.

I was sexually assaulted in 2001 by a man twice my age and who was supposed to be a trusted member of the community, a police officer. This traumatic offence threw my life into shambles, which is why I did not attend University in 2002. The traumatic and oppressive experience spiralled my life into remaining in Mount Gambier. A devastating sexual crime, which was a life-changing experience, seeing a path of much turmoil and accomplishment as I battled the cover-up, I was not aware of until later in life. This path led to the creation of the brand [Barbwire Noose](#). Remaining in Mount Gambier to become a Disability Care Officer for the government. Events that led me to trademark what is now the brand's slogan, "Fear Is the Root of All Weakness®". Text scripted by me after I was sexually abused by Kurt Slaven, the SAPOL detective that I should have been able to trust, while investigating my stolen car. Like the neglected and abused disabled clients of Sharley House, and others assaulted by a person they should have been able to trust, the brand's slogan represents all that holds people back and the empowerment needed to report. Face your fears and don't let fear become a weakness or control you. The slogan I've chosen is empowering, and with its trademark registration, I hope to empower everyone to overcome feelings of fear.

Personally, at the youthful age of sixteen years old, I was too scared to speak out against the SAPOL officer who raped me. An offence committed when the police officer was on duty, he threatened me after his sexual crime saying “don’t tell anyone” as he buried the condom at the door of the car as he exited from being on top of myself. A few years later, I was not too scared to speak out for the mute, highly disabled clients. I witnessed a horrific lack of Human Rights, duty of care, decency, maladministration, and a culture of malpractice as a government disability sector employee. Paid employees assigned to assist their disabled peers in life (government-employed carers) are abusing and neglecting their fellow humans. Within a few years, I had experienced and witnessed people in positions of power and responsibility detrimentally and intentionally flounder in their roles regarding Criminal neglect and criminal offending.

Sitting in my lounge room, I grabbed a black texta that my then-boyfriend had brought home from his night shift job at Coles. I wrote the words ‘Fear Is the Root of All Weakness’ large down the middle of my yellow curtain, covering the glass window in the front door, entering the living room. Almost exactly one year after the crime committed against me, the slogan to brand Barbwire Noose was born. The adversities I faced then and now were literally unnecessary suffering from nasty people. Suffering those life trials that were not really life’s trials, especially as a child at the hands of an adult, is truly a devastating life experience.

The Barbwire Noose® slogan, ‘Fear Is The Root Of All Weakness’, was initially drawn on my yellow curtain blind. The words literally represent my internal fight for justice. My fear of fighting for justice as a child was = fear being the weakness, the weakness that allowed the sex offender to live without consequence for a long time. At the time I initially wrote the line ‘Fear Is the Root of All Weakness®’, it was personal, inspirational and a relevant thought in relation to facing trauma. Applicable to what I witnessed, neglect of duty of care and sexual abuse within the disabilities sector, except

these clients could Never tell anyone, they could not communicate on any level for themselves. Perfect victims for society's most vile predators. Even more vulnerable than the indigenous children in remote communities in Australia. Where I witnessed white men swoon over young indigenous wards, gay men flourish in an abundance of disadvantaged choices and old men at bank tellers requesting large sums of money while asking the young indigenous woman with clear STD infections surrounding the entire mouth if there was anything else she wanted. The standard you walk past is the standard you accept. I hope my empowering words, 'Fear Is the Root of All Weakness,' are a push to move forward, to not be weak, to break that barrier, and overcome feelings of fear. Words that give you the power to say no to disrespect, oppression, sexual violence and culturally accepted misdeeds. Over the years, the brand Barbwire Noose has at least empowered me to overcome my fear. Remaining focused on things external to financial gain, entrepreneurship has allowed me to engage in both formal and informal activism, empower others, and influence and study. Authoring this book was an act of activism in itself. Public accountability was the only avenue to obtain justice for persons disregarded by the highest authorities of government (intentionally and maliciously disregarded) for so long. When the government, its departments and police are determined to cover up sex offences, the stakes are high and the lows are low. Many times, I drew inspiration from the empowerment of the slogan and what the brand represents.

The staff who worked in Sharley House, who were not involved in sexual misconduct or severe neglect, let their fear of job loss oppress them. Not speaking out, fearing the consequences this would have on their lives and livelihoods, was the main reason why, for years, decades, there was silence about the atrocities that occurred in the disabilities sector. Money. Fear of harassment, loss of income and unemployment override ethical thoughts and any actions of morality towards these absolutely defenceless clients, our

peers. Shocking moral standards, really, are more prevalent in government employment than in any other employment I've engaged in – and I've worked at a casino and in real estate. I did not share the fear of monetary loss; I could return to aquatics teaching whenever I wanted, having been a highly recommended and commended young swim teacher on the limestone coast. I did my best to advocate for these clients, and my persistence ultimately led to management demoting my employment from full-time to part-time, before my hours were aligned with my after-school teaching schedule. As a result, I was forced to choose between job harassment and teaching in the aquatic field. Teaching with the ability to pick up in hours, I chose the job that best protected my home loan repayments (I bought a house at twenty-one years old) and continued to speak out against the injustices I witnessed. I had written letters to Managers, planned a petition, and took my concerns right to the top – to the disability minister responsible for the sector, Jay Weatherill, while I was employed. Before Jay Weatherill was elected Premier, I, no longer working in the Disabilities Sector, wrote to many political representatives about the malfeasance. Nick Xenophon showed interest in my email, yet the self-proclaimed independent voice of the people did not address the malfeasance; instead, he seeded his way into Federal politics for a brief period, from what I can see. No justice was achieved for the clients of Sharley House through whistleblowing in 2010/2011.

In my thirties, I wrote this book (2019-2023), which was subsequently published under a publishing contract. It was less emotionally distressing for me to submit the manuscript to the Disability Royal Commission in the hope of finally achieving justice for the clients of Sharley House than to rewrite a submission. I understood the government hierarchy and the extent to which a government would go to avoid responsibility after years of ignorance, plus the taxpayers' dollars spent on rebranding the organisation in efforts to bury the report.

Kurt Slaven, the police sex offender who offended against me (as a minor), spoke of government corruption to me the day he raped me. Conversation he engaged as he groomed me into a false sense of security – to take advantage of myself. A young girl whose vehicle had been stolen, a car that he was assigned to investigate the circumstances of its theft. The topic of government corruption arose in conversation as the police officer drove away from the police station and around the famous lakes of Mount Gambier, South Australia. In approximately March 2001, this SAPOL police officer informed me that the Mount Gambier drinking water was linked to an increase in disabled births in the district, as proven by testing, and these facts were documented in government records. Shocked, I shared this information with my family and everyone around me.

Estranged from my family after leaving home, we didn't speak much, and they did not care to ask about the outcome of the car theft investigation. The brief conversation about the vehicle theft would quickly lead to me saying that the police officer said he would contact me if the persons involved could be ascertained. Spending more time generally on the subject of water, as opposed to the crimes. I feared talking about, let alone reporting, the sex offence after being threatened and with the knowledge that Kurt Slaven was a criminally aligned SAPOL detective. Knowledge, I gained about the creep in 2002. They say knowledge is power. Clearly, this police officer, with this knowledge of government health risks, coupled with his corruption as a detective, benefited from not publicly disclosing the concern. Power. Also, an abuse of power like he abused me and many young girls in Mount Gambier. Fifteen years later, reporting on the old paedophile, how the tables had turned. Not before insurmountable damage to my life and livelihood was caused by police and criminal counterparts in an endless affray to cover up sex offences. Quoting Michelle Alexander SAPOL 'your statement against Kurt Slaven is power', odd thing to say to a victim. After years of oppressive tactics, numerous no convictions on charges

stemming from institutional abuse against me, a victim, I finally understood the loser cops' inappropriate comment.

This book sheds light on the truth in its narrative. Not only was there a cover-up in the disabilities sector for Mount Gambier before I worked in the sector, but also, this police officer who disclosed this information to me was also known to be criminally involved with paedophile affiliated biker gangs. Gangs are known for their involvement in extortion, blackmail, and sexual exploitation. Surreal as bikers are not supposed to be known to protect paedophiles, yet they were. Everyone apparently has a price, including the bikers with paedophile offending irrefutably. Outrageous, and considering I first-hand witnessed and lived the malfeasance and malicious intentional criminal cover-ups over both the disabilities and policing sectors, it is plainly put fucked up.

I literally first learnt of the corruption in government involving the disabled demographic at the time when the police officer, on duty investigating the theft of my VH Commodore vehicle, committed a sexual offence against me. The exact claim about the water was made in 2001. Police officer Kurt Slaven said that the water from the global tourist attraction, the Blue Lake, Lakes Area in Mount Gambier, South Australia, had been proven to have increased the rate of disabled persons born in the area.

It was around the time I turned nineteen years old (2003) that I began working with the government organisation, Intellectual Disability Services Council (IDSC). I started to report to management about the neglect and sexual abuse I witnessed in 2003. A teenager doing the right thing, speaking up. Little did I know I was becoming a whistle-blower, shining a light on the importance of Human Rights.

In the years preceding my work with the Disabled and the registration of Barbwire Noose®, I had volunteered at The Oaks Aged Care Facility, located on the outskirts of Mount

Gambier. This volunteer experience further helped me secure my position within the Disability Services Sector. The fact that I had previously been a government employee as an aquatics teacher meant that the Education Department sector was my foot in the door for government positions.

I loved volunteering at The Oaks. The facility provided an excellent environment for older people, and the staff were incredible mentors to me. Providing excellent guidance as I assisted with general tasks and provided company for residents. I assisted at mealtimes and with special activities organised for clients at the facility, recalling Management and staff fondly.

Teaching Aquatics, I gained experience with persons with disabilities. Teaching many disabled children over these years, I gained extensive experience regarding interaction with disabled special needs persons. Before witnessing neglect in the government disability sector, I had years of experience working within the aquatics teaching field with individuals with special needs. Personally taught to swim by one of the best female swim coaches in Australia in the 1990s and 2000s. I was privileged to have met some of Mount Gambier's disabled networks as a teacher before becoming further involved in the disabilities sector. Teachers, parents, community services, and carers – many people devoted to helping disabled persons experience the best quality of life in the local area. My teaching interactions with disabled networks locally were nothing like my experience with the government.

Trademarking the infamously 'Famous' brand name and slogan before its time. The brand was literally brought to life with the online registration of my Intellectual Property (IP) in Australia. The registration of both my trademarks was made in secret. I sat in a small computer room of a lovely two-story home. I had to create two applications: one for the brand name and slogan, and another for the slogan alone. Both trademarks were lodged with complete confidentiality at the two-story

premises. I remember vividly the massive Japanese Elm tree out front, its leaves like those of a marijuana plant. My trademarks were lodged during the six months where I was assigned counselling to deal with the neglect, sexual crimes and harassment I had reported seeing before I was pushed out of my position and left to deal with the emotional distress of my concerns about Sharley House after little changed to help these disabled persons, our peers.

In 2019, when I began to author this autobiography, the climate of whistleblowing had not changed in over fifteen years. The government was still very much focused on a cover-up campaign instead of improving the sector's performance, accountability, and integrity. My personal experiences with whistleblowing in government departments under both Australian governments (Labour and Liberal), at both the state and federal levels of governance, reveal significant resistance to transparency, accountability, and integrity. Sexual Offences, rorts, pork barrelling, malpractice, maladministration - a general standard of malfeasance that continued well into the formation of integrity legislation. The same injustices and disregard towards human rights. Royal Commissions and cover-ups side by side with orders of malicious intent (e.g. Mullighan Inquiry) and governing with heinous crimes committed by the few who governed within Australia. Our young country, Australia, is guilty of the same atrocities as the old. Spanning over decades, it is essential to always speak out publicly regarding matters witnessed when a cover-up is evident – a 'cover-up' is ultimately illegal as fuck. Transparency is the enemy of tyranny.

To start with, my actions were not whistleblowing; they were simply a campaign of 'lead by example,' hoping to influence change through transformational leadership. I began to address the shortcomings within the care field for people with disabilities by being the example of, for lack of better wording, the 'perfect carer'. No one is perfect, but I damn well

did my very best every day, trying to set a good example and never missing any duties, feed times, medication, personal hygiene, and comfort needs – heating/cooling and entertainment such as television or stereo system sounds. I conducted all of my work to the highest of standards. Going the extra mile with televised/musical entertainment, making sure the heating and cooling were on. Practising ‘*thoughtfulness*’, which only some carers engage in. A genuine concern for caring for others, including considerations for presentation through clothing choices, is a job requirement, not merely thoughtfulness. I would pick up on any jobs the other carers were ignoring, a bitter-sweet choice and almost a mistake as the vigilance was obvious and left myself with a much heavier workload. The worst of my co-workers deliberately floundered at their duties, knowing I would not leave a client without their necessary care. I then started to report the misconduct I witnessed, and nothing changed. Meetings were held to discuss the ongoing issues, but they seemed to focus more on me rather than the actual problems at hand. Managers writing letters in reply to my letters, full of empty promises, to address the raised concerns. Empty promises as nothing ever changed. To me, it seemed like the approach was to ignore me, a young woman in her early twenties and cast aside the concern with petty commentary, hoping I would go away. I finally addressed the disabled minister of South Australia, Jay Weatherill, when the ignorance and passing the buck had spanned over a year. Writing to the highest of authority in the sector about severe neglect and sexual abuse, yet still No resignations or dismissals and no investigation by SAPOL into rape. At this time, there was no significant action that led to an improvement in the standard of care. The lack of an investigation by police or sexual assault charges, and no dismissals, really bothered me. Especially with the residual of the sex acts occurring being prominent on observation of the client. For example, excessively red private areas, prominent, significant emotional distress signs - an increase in rocking

and teeth grinding at this time, a tighter foetal position, raw and red breast regions.

To investigate my reports, the Mount Gambier hospital was only a stone's throw away from the high dependency home, Sharley House. The reality that victim clients were never taken for a rape test is the most appalling reality behind gaining justice for such hideous criminal offending against voiceless, non-cognitive persons. The state Labor government's complete disregard for these lives became more evident with the sector's finances wasted on renaming IDSC to Disability SA, as opposed to real investigatory actions and remedies. It was overwhelming and emotionally distressing to witness such efforts towards a cover-up and the lack of effort put towards better conditions for the criminally abused and neglected clients. Being a voice for these disabled persons only led to myself being harassed at the disabled care facility house on Sharley Avenue and eventually, after years, pushed out of my position altogether. I was very disheartened by these experiences as a young lady working in this environment and witnessing such atrocities.

More concisely, how it went down was, an extensive period of time passed without adequate address of the reports I made about the neglect, abuse, and malpractice by these government carers. I was then made part-time and pushed out of what had been a full-time position. Almost immediately after making reports on behalf of our non-cognitive peers, the members of staff I reported against were alerted to the reports made, and I was targeted with petty harassment by almost the Entire department, staff, through to the disability minister. The department and staff seemingly leave neglect and sexual abuse unaddressed to focus on a character assassination agenda aimed at me. A person they did not socialise with, who was not in their social circles or even their age demographics. I had never met any of my coworkers before employment at Sharley House. God knows how I was being crucified for having a conscience, for speaking out and telling

the truth, for doing the right thing, for being the whistleblower, but I was. I felt cast aside and like I was being prepared to be dismissed at this stage, and I discussed this at counselling. I was right. Feeling like management was trying to strangle me into silence via oppression tactics, paid leave, isolation and being demoted from full-time to part-time. The cost of counselling was at the taxpayers' expense, instead of an investigation into the sex crimes committed against Shaz, Georgina and others. In counselling, we discussed public exposure for accountability and the importance of approaching media outlets like Channel Seven News and shows like A Current Affair. Many sessions regarding coping with stress and tips to ensure my body was not suffering from the negative impacts of reporting were discussed. I made it clear that I am all natural and would not take depression tablets, so as much as the government would have loved me on pills, it was not an option. Exercise, ensuring I went outside, and food consumption, along with a few other tips discussed in these counselling sessions, were precisely what I needed. A recreational marijuana smoker, this was something I did not disclose to the counsellor, but my use very much assisted with stress and depression relief. These days, I have a script for medicinal cannabis and could, without detriment, declare my use and what helps me overcome trauma (PTSD). The counsellor, I was lucky, was the perfect counsellor and perfect person for me at this time. She understood that there was nothing wrong with me; I was just an empath, doing the right thing.

Here is where the pursuit of human rights really started, when it became whistleblowing for incapacitated persons, the most severely disabled in our society, who are voiceless. After giving thought to how to gain accountability, the trademark registration of Brand Barbwire Noose became an outlet for me to take a righteous stance further.

Other than learning how normal it was to stand up for others – a fact to which I clearly already knew- the counsellor

saw through the paid leave, creating mental instabilities and counselling as a scapegoat for the government sector at this time. As a young person learning about the world, I never forgot the small things the counsellor said to me and how insightful she was regarding the impact of media and accountability - the importance of getting yourself heard. I can't imagine how hard life would have been without the counsellor being such a breath of fresh air during an almost impossible-to-bear moment. The same cannot be said of her services, which I privately started paying for in 2021, where she jumped to defamatory conclusions that I would modify a document, implying criminality in my nature, which had never been evident to her, and more importantly, accusing me of something I did not do. She also seemed to be searching to diagnose my mental status, which I certainly was not paying her to do. A woman who had never experienced military technology, police warfare or serious criminal negligence, affray trauma or elite cover-ups – bitch please, I was insulted by her insinuation. Instead of supporting my need to alleviate emotional distress due to warfare technology, privacy invasion and disruption activities internationally and maliciously caused by police, instead of supporting my general well-being, which is why I was paying her, she added to the damages and defamation. The only rational thing I could do was sack her as my counsellor and refuse to engage in her services. Additionally, I removed her name from this book, as I no longer commend nor recommend her.

I had been seriously assaulted by my brother's poor choice of girlfriends and friends just before the counselling sessions in 2004, funded by IDSC. The three-on-one low-life gang attack associated with the Gypsy Jokers on me occurred during my reporting of neglect and sexual assaults, before being put on leave. Reality was I felt traumatised enough without witnessing the dismissal and disregard of human life altogether by the Labor government, Jay Weatherill and much of the Management in the Disability Sector, South Australia. Followed by the new manager pushing me out of employment

altogether, while I was going through court proceedings to get the offenders who assaulted me convicted. I was lucky; I was still teaching aquatics part-time at this time. Life was very disheartening. Smiling kids and the silly things they would say lightened up any day. Despite a distinct sequence of events which seemed designed to spiral anyone into deep depression from emotional distress, worst case scenario, there were clear hopes I would seek the refuge of suicide.

The assault by my brother's poor choice of girlfriends was an incident reported via triple zero. Our family of four had not long finished dinner to celebrate my mother's birthday at a Thai restaurant on the main street of Mount Gambier, Commercial Street. Approximately six police officers of the Mount Gambier Police Station attended this assault, to which I was the victim in September 2004. My brother was dating a prostitute's daughter who was apparently following her mother's career path. You can choose your friends, but you cannot choose your family. I received counselling from Victims of Crimes for this assault around the same time IDSC funded counselling for the emotional distress I witnessed in the Disability sector. Victims of Crime is an excellent service, paid for by a levy Australians pay under specific legislation requirements. I am forever grateful to these services regarding this physical assault.

The sessions I had in counselling quietly served me personally to dissect the pain I endured during the vicious assault of 2004 (detailed in Autobiography *UGLY HEROS – The Price of Unlawful Enforcement*). I had no understanding as to why my own mother sat emotionless, without saying a word, in the car after I was seriously assaulted on her birthday by my brother's ex-girlfriend, who was still involved with him, and her friends. Three girls attacked me in front of my brother, associated with my brother and the Gypsy Joker biker gang predominant in Mount Gambier. I sustained a broken nose and a dental injury, compensated via Victims of Crime. Both my dad and triple 'zero' were contacted after the attack. The

offenders were immediately reported, and two of the three aggressors were convicted and issued with lifetime intervention orders as a result of the crime. My father drove me to the Hospital and walked me into the emergency area, where I was seen after a short wait by a crappy male doctor who noted my broken nose without getting me an ice pack. My mother showed no care for my state or the pain I was in and remained in the car as I was treated. An estranged and broken family, really; the relationship between my parents and me is evidently reflected in this moment. A traumatic experience causing further emotional distress in my life, I always sought the refuge of Music to alleviate my pain. Something Heavier than Soundgarden this time. The band KORN, album Take a Look in the Mirror, and the song 'Let's Do This Now' stood out as a song and album overall that got me through.

By 2020, my firsthand experiences of witnessing cover-ups involving maladministration, malpractice, rebranding, psychological warfare, character assassination tactics, and computer system and program upgrades to conceal malfeasance were extensive. I had whistle-blowed on government departments under both state and federal governments. Even whistleblowing over government party changes on both a state and national level, which resulted in a mix of irrefutable cover-up agendas serving both the liberal and Labor governments alike. Australia's governance climate at this time riddled with sexual offences, misappropriation of funds - rorts, pork barrelling, maladministration, and malpractice. A general consensus of malfeasance that overwhelmingly dominated the country's leadership roles and law enforcement sectors. Malfeasance that continued well into the formation of national integrity legislation. Police and governments confident they could push most victims and witnesses into silence, destitution, or the refuge of suicide. With extensive lived experience watching cover-ups unfold, I found myself using the brand Barbwire Noose to make statements about integrity and human rights. Knowing I was

the only one telling the truth, I was quietly the most confident in the room. A legally minded academic with no real skeletons, nothing to lose, and a drive to survive to get justice, I took on the cover-ups. These same injustices committed with malicious, intentional disregard for human rights and governing with a history of heinous crimes had been committed by all that had governed Australia; it was time to change the climate of Australia to one of peace and humanity. In my eyes, enough was enough. Our young country, Australia, after a quarter of a century of white colonisation, was guilty of the same Human Rights atrocities as Captain Arthur Phillip. Never forget, transparency is the enemy of tyranny.

‘Barbwire Moose’ and how these words came about have a much simpler and straightforward explanation than the relevance and complexities delved into immediately in this publication. The intricacies that influenced my trademarking of the slogan words **‘Fear Is the Root of All Weakness’** were much more complicated than the development of the brand name. A passion for music as much as fashion, I plucked the brand name Barbwire Moose® from the American Grunge band [Soundgarden](#) song ‘Pretty Moose’. I used the song as therapy while on paid leave issued by the South Australian Government Disabilities Sector. The words inspiring the Barbwire Moose® name are within the title (‘Pretty’ Moose = Barbwire Moose), and the line from the song that was expressive of how I felt at this time was ‘And I Don’t Like What You Got Me Hanging From’. The line relates to the oppression I felt. That sense of being strangled into silence by the government was my interpretation of the lyrics in this moment—oppression, of the vilest kind. I felt I was being held in a corner with what I knew of crimes under government departments, and being character assassinated as I was outspoken. The counselling was being used as an excuse to treat myself like a victim needing mental assistance after I reported the neglect and criminal conduct I witnessed. Condemned for expressing my concerns and feelings

regarding the severe neglect and traumas these clients endured. I saw not just red raw sexual regions, but also hair trimmed on this client's vagina. For months, I was concerned about the distress of one particular client after a male worker had his night shift. A distinct smell of sex, condom lubricant and vagina fluids, correlating with the red private region of the client and the male's shift. Another female client, incapacitated and mute, would always hold herself extra tight in the foetal position after this male's shift with red breasts and also a red private region. The night shift was traded with a homosexual woman on a weekly rotation basis; the smell of condom lubricant and vagina fluid was never present when the female worker conducted the night shift.

A metaphorical coping mechanism, music is an open-ended art form. These circumstances led me to interpret these lyrics as expressing my feelings of oppression. The intentional reduction of my voice through paid leave was brutal for me. The worst strangulation one could endure is a barbed wire noose. This is the birth of the brand name 'Barbwire Noose', just a song and my upset, raging imagination. Energy that crafted the birth of a brand for positive change and a motivation to do something more with my voice. Contribute to 'A Better World'. Fear Is the Root of All Weakness® – the slogan was too long to be a brand name. When the thought of Barbwire Noose® came about, it instantly resonated as something I liked, was meaningful and was not too long. Secretly trademarked after I personally designed a font for both the slogan 'Fear Is the Root of All Weakness' and the brand name 'Barbwire Noose', I was young when designing the logo, and I look back on the black metal kind of look and love that I indulged the little goth in me. At the end of 2006, I was still awaiting approval of my Intellectual Property from IP Australia regarding the words "Barbwire Noose". The over a year without approval was concerning; I had kept the application out of prying eyes, but I wondered why there was a delay. I had checked the trademark at the time of application; there was nothing that the logo was an

infringement of, and it had no competitor that would be affected by this unique registration. It was not until approximately late 2007, years after my application, that I was able to start sharing the brand Barbwire Noose with the world. In 2008, when I printed my first threads, it was a kind of corny pair of underwear pyjamas and some T-shirts. Barbwire Noose® forging its foundations of empowerment to make ‘A Better World’ with outspokenness against injustices and by fumbling into the groove of things (the technicalities of fashion) while I sold real estate and remained teaching.

The brand is a part of me, and I feel genuinely blessed that, spanning two decades of Barbwire Noose®, the brand has evolved into all the beauty I wanted to see in the world and has helped combat the ugliness that is there.

The first book I thought I would write is the tale leading up to the establishment of my brand. Starting an autobiography on my first laptop, a silver Compaq purchased from Harvey Norman in the early 2000s with a Go Mastercard. The laptop is where I designed the font and logo for Barbwire Noose. The trademark logo, a simple text font I personally barbed up in an upgrade in the good old basic ‘Paint’ program. Drawing the three-coil, four-prong barb with a mouse and the paint program tools. To achieve the slogan’s look – ‘Fear Is the Root of All Weakness®’ I used a different feature to the barb feature to personalise the script. A warp/swirl selective tool in the program, used to intensify the distortion of the text yet keep it readable, crafted the look. The design, basic yet creative, effectively utilised the words to the point where the scripture was unique and clear. Fifteen plus years later, here is a book.

To tell The Story Behind the Brand BARBWIRE NOOSE® is to paint a picture of what led me to such frustrated emotions that I developed a brand of empowerment and a brand name like Barbwire Noose®. The literature you read, hopefully immersing, aims to paint the picture of my life’s experiences

that tells The Story Behind the Brand. The label is an extension of myself, my life, my [*One Love*](#). It represents so many things, the trials and the enduring atrocities of government sector corruption, a movement towards ‘A Better World’. A movement driven by my passion for justice for the clients in the disabilities sector, a subconscious fight for myself and Justice for All. I am so passionately infuriated by the lack of human rights our voiceless and most vulnerable persons had in our society. This outspoken, unconventional, Do NOT Conform Human Rights Activism is brand Barbwire Noose®. Empowerment of ‘A Better World’ – Activism Defending Human Rights. The Brand to me is more than clothes, wearing the label is a statement. An empowering movement, built from a struggle for change against government authority in the disabilities sector and beyond, to create positive change at a governance level. Empowering lessons of civil disobedience – ‘Do NOT Conform’ moments.

My life laid bare is often referred to as a foundation of great courage. Altruism, an active fight for everyone and myself into my 30s – where I completely spat it, literally swearing and screamed at police and politicians alike at times for years. On record, numerous records, voice messages – I left reminders of the crimes they were so desperate to cover up. Staring in the face of the most corrupt climate of Australian governance I had known. Whistleblowing is an unpopular venture. Yet it is popular with everyone, affecting them quietly, as many egged me on to continue fighting, even as they toppled at the weigh-side in their own convictions. I was a one point “Australia’s Most Infamous Whistle-blower” regarding inhumane gross negligence, criminal conduct, government corruption, maladministration and malpractice. Hated by many police (loved by a few too) and politicians, beginning reports of malpractice within governance from such a young age (19). Witnessing extensive government sector misconduct in various departments is overwhelming and isolating. Great endeavour for the anti-social if you can survive psychological warfare impacts. The illegal torture

engaged upon whistle-blowers globally and allowed to occur to Australians is not just highlighted in the excessively unnecessary incarceration of Julian Assange. A man who after many years, is now free, god knows the bloke well and truly done his time, no matter what the United States thinks of our Australian.

As a government employee, it is a legal obligation to report integrity and criminal concerns. For years, the government has avoided addressing its legal commitments and avenues for reporting integrity concerns. Reporting illegal care under IDSC in 2005 was like smashing your head against a brick wall. I had been telling the same stories to management and the minister repeatedly, year after year, with no result – nothing changed. The government taking every avenue lacking accountability, hoping it would be enough while bidding for silence and bidding for me to be silent. The risk of waiting until this manuscript was complete to physical publication during life-threatening circumstances, recklessly endangered by cover-ups, had the stakes too high. Profits were never my first thought during my plight for justice for these voiceless disabled persons. Sharing my manuscript made the submission process fast, and it was already public. Fortifying the risk that these clients' voices would go unheard during the years of a Disability Royal Commission was not an option to me. In the end, public accountability was the only way to gain resolution in the astronomical cover-up of governmental malpractice, maladministration, corruption, and criminal conduct that I could prove and witnessed ongoing.

In 2020, a state and federal Liberal government hid the truth regarding Mount Gambier's drinking water safety, as this autobiography was submitted to the Disability Royal Commission. The Labor government members involved in the cover-ups desperately trying to hide the gross neglect and severe sexual abuse of disabled persons under government care right in front of my eyes. Irrefutably, the government

evidently bred disabilities in regional South Australia knowingly for years. Writing this autobiography, I have witnessed over fifteen years of government departments covering up dismissible conduct, criminal acts, and rebranding themselves, rather than taking accountability. At nineteen years of age, it seemed we lived in a somewhat standardless society, with me, a teenager, growing into what appeared to be a chaotic world. At thirty-six years of age, with my own fashion label and as the lead designer, a modelling career, extensive volunteering and activism under my belt, and having been an ex-government employee, establishing myself as an author, this ongoing chaos in modern society was mind-blowing. It made me numb, unwilling to trust and overall unenthusiastic about what I witnessed in an evidently slightly fucked up world. So barbaric, such dehumanisation in times of such heights in education and technology over time made the choices of the leaders around me seem so absurd.

The government and the Australian police force had proven they were not going to do the right thing unless I was unwilling to be silenced. The disturbing truth was that there was a lot of unwillingness to charge numerous sex offenders. Those who raped me were, in some shape or form, known to the police, as I was apparently under surveillance. Not fit for purpose legislation, which allowed numerous intentionally neglectful investigations, privacy act and surveillance act breaches, illegal utilisation (reckless endangerment), criminal negligence, irrefutable criminal conduct and offending. Additionally, an acknowledgement of a cover-up has been evident ever since I reported Kurt Slaven. I knew how hard it would be to get justice for people who could never tell their own story. As a walking, talking, vital woman, I was being completely dismissed by the authorities responsible for not only charging the offenders but also for some who were even responsible for the offending. In my thirties, I knew there was no way police and government were going to do the right thing by the vulnerable disabled clients in question, especially if they succeeded in silencing me.

Speaking out for years on both the disabilities and policing front led to lower lows and deeper depths in a vile police fuelled sex offender cover-up campaign—determination and anger at the frivolous outcomes. In 2004, I discussed my plans to become a politician and address these types of injustices. In 2021, I actually founded the Australian Freedom Party, a political party, with the Electoral Commission. By this stage, the years of malicious accusations with no basis or facts that had spread for over a decade had also disrupted my application to politics, not just my avenues of business and Barbwire Noose. Not fit for purpose laws and a seedy, corrupt government during a warring world were a dismal look for the direction of Australia. The government had left Australia in a vulnerable position of totalitarianism, with China on the cusp of war over Taiwan, as Russia fought to take Ukraine.

When you have been punished for doing the right thing, you hate your oppressors. I am not at all a fan of Australia's reigning governments. Because of being forced to face my fears often, my amygdala is described as numbed (brain neurons' fear receptor), and I no longer react emotionally with fight or flight. In high-stress situations, I can become completely logical, rational, and numb at times – cold, callous, and calculating. You are almost dangerous after intensely living in survival mode, being punished, pillaged and raped for doing the right thing. The whistle-blower protection policy in South Australia, in my case, was often just a piece of paper.

Barbwire Noose, despite all the adversities you read about, made successful progress despite any setbacks. Especially when I was aware of the agendas I was up against. Human Rights, unlegislated, do not hold any judicial proceedings convenient for the Australian government. Exposed to the public, though, these atrocities could change. It was irrefutable that the police force had operated recklessly and out of control with my life; it was irrefutable that the

government was covering up severe duty of care and crimes. Such illegal and criminal conduct surrounded my Human Rights plight that (at this time) presents as one of the most significant cases in history regarding unconstitutional, malicious and intentional corruption, malpractice and maladministration with extensive criminal offences committed against my person at the taxpayers' expense.

One of the many publications I have authored, the ***UGLY HEROS*** autobiography, as referred to at the back of this book and throughout, defines and exposes the out-of-control police force I witnessed, providing many gory details of The Price of Unlawful Enforcement. I do not know how I survived, Barbwire Noose® survived out of sheer grit, my NEVER giving up on a dream. Nearly everyone I knew abandoned me during this fight for justice. Unfortunately, many people have things to hide, and the government's exposing those in its dirty, defamatory character assassination campaign left many too weak and scared to stand for justice by my side. A prime example that – Fear Is the Root of All Weakness®. Fearful of a Big Brother government. The invasive surveillance of the Federal Police and the association laws caused most people to cower, lie, cheat, and deny their crimes in self-preservation. I watched felons exploit the association laws for years, laws that are not fit for purpose. Laws that allowed the malfeasance of the Labor government and sex offending police to manipulate my life and cover up crimes – vile sex crimes. Cover-ups at the expense of mute, defenceless, non-cognitive disabled and myself, which were aided by police, criminal counterparts and even freemasons alike. As a whistle-blower, a Human Rights Activist, a protester, I left the Freemason lodge I had joined. Lacking faith in what they were and what they wanted me to become. Human Rights legislation should not be a fight still being waged in the twenty-first century. We've spent millions of dollars to put a man on the moon, yet we live in a world incapable of just loving each other in peace and harmony. Children are raped and starving, while billionaires count coins in competition to die rich, and good

men are sent to war to fight over commodities. Man-made money vs. the environment and Humanity; it really is Crazy.

Again, highlighting the volatility of the reckless endangerment I was subject to in efforts to stop the story of [Barbwire Noose](#) being told, risking the wait until this manuscript was complete to physical publication during noticeable delays and life-threatening circumstances was too high. Profits were never a consideration during my pursuit of justice. Running the risk that these disabled persons' voices would go unheard during the years of whistleblowing was not an option to me. Personal gain was never my agenda, so as time passed and the need to remain heard amidst the malicious cover-up continued, I made my manuscripts public during drafting and at times during proofreading. When the contracted publisher failed to produce adequate editing and finalisation dates for the publication registered in the British Library, I released the ePub e-book to the National Library of Australia. The publicised facts ensured there could be no cover-up, literally at times, as facts were recorded in Autobiographical form. It was the only way to gain resolution in the astronomical government malfeasance – corruption, a cover-up of criminal conduct I could prove and witnessed ongoing.

It is a Hell of a story. What makes the brand Barbwire Noose is a piece of every one of us, and kind of the story of my life, thus far. Trials, tribulations, injustices, highs, and lows. This story is that rollercoaster that many of us ride before we die. Cruising along with the world, some screaming, some smiling, some are too scared to try. If nothing else, I hope this book inspires you, provides knowledge, and gives you the will to fight for Human Rights, Justice, and your own Freedoms. For me, it saved my life.

INCLUSIONS

MARCIA HOBBS

PO Box 3510

Mt Gambier, SA 5290

PH: 0404 174 159

August 12, 2005

To The Hon. Jay Weatherill,

I am writing to you with concerns about the Disabled Care system.
LHMU, Union representative, previously bring my concerns and myself to your attention.

My name is Marcia Hobbs and I am currently working for the Intellectual Disabled Services Council (IDSC), Mt Gambier.

I am twenty-one and aspire to make a career out of caring. I have currently been working in the field for a few months short of two years. This time being engaging and distressing.

A few months into holding the position I started to witness unnecessary neglect and abuse. My experiences span from clients everyday needs neglected to their general wellbeing not maintained.

Anywhere from medication administration by persons without credentialing or administration outside doctor's order to client's hygiene not being up kept (bedding, clothing, personal hygiene).

As a service, we are supposed to be providing a quality of life for the disabled client. Giving value to their life and encouraging them to grow and operate with dignity within the community. This service has a Code of Ethics, Staff code of Conduct and Staff code of Practices. All of which clearly outline a more than feasible view on the expectations for this field. Yet no one is willing to uphold or enforce the upholding of these ideals.

Before bringing this issue to your attention I have, for at least a twelve-month period, expressed my concerns about the ill treatment clients endure.
Revolt towards the mentality of the industry leading to myself enduring victimisation, harassment and bullying. The neglect and abuse continuing.

I realise that I have not yet put detail to my concerns. I am able to do so. Recently advised by the Operational Services Director, Dale Hassam, not to detail my concerns.
Questionable advice.

My concerns are genuine, serious and for priceless human life.

The abuse and neglect of disabled persons, with no one accountable is unjust.

Part letter reporting malpractice, neglect, and criminal negligence.



Australian Government

IP Australia

No. 1102391

CERTIFICATE OF REGISTRATION OF TRADE MARK

I, RUTH NAOMI MACKAY, Registrar of Trade Marks hereby certify -

that the trade mark represented on this certificate has been registered as a Trade Mark, No. 1102391 in the Register of Trade Marks for a period of ten years commencing 8 March 2006 and that Marcia Anita Hobbs of PO Box 3510 MOUNT GAMBER SA 5290 AUSTRALIA has been entered in the Register of Trade Marks as the owner of the trade mark.

The trade mark is registered for the following goods and/or services:

Clothing, footwear, headgear being goods in class 25

THE SCHEDULE



Given under my hand and the seal of the
Trade Marks Office on 21 December 2006

Ruth Naomi Mackay

TRADE MARKS ACT 1995

RUTH NAOMI MACKAY
REGISTRAR OF TRADE MARKS

Application two – Slogan Only.



Australian Government

IP Australia

No. 1087987

CERTIFICATE OF REGISTRATION OF TRADE MARK

I, **Fatima Beattie**, Registrar of Trade Marks hereby certify -

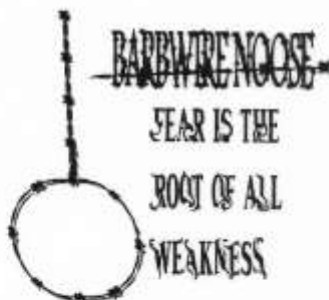
that the trade mark represented on this certificate has been registered as a Trade Mark, No. 1087987 in the Register of Trade Marks for a period of ten years commencing **28 November 2005** and that **Marcia Anita Hobbs** of **PO Box 3510 MOUNT GAMBER SA 5290 AUSTRALIA** has been entered in the Register of Trade Marks as the owner of the trade mark.

The trade mark is registered for the following goods and/or services:

Stickers, stationery, books being goods in class 16

Clothing, headgear, hats, footwear being goods in class 25

THE SCHEDULE



Given under my hand and the seal of the
Trade Marks Office on **24 September 2007**

TRADE MARKS ACT 1995

FATIMA BEATTIE
REGISTRAR OF TRADE MARKS

Application one – Brand name and Slogan.



Australian Government
Australian Taxation Office

Australian Business Register

Australian business number(ABN)	1 54 166 660 291
Entity name	1 MISS MARCIA ANITA HOBBS
Trading Name (See reverse for additional trading names.)	1 MARCIA HOBBS
ABN Status	1 Registered
ABN Registration Date	1 20 November 2008
Postal Address	1 PO BOX 3518 MOUNT GAMBIER SA 5290
Business Address	1 84 COMMERCIAL STREET WEST MOUNT GAMBIER SA 5290
Email Address	1 hobbsmar1@gmail.com
Type of Entity	1 Sole Trader
Industry Code (ANZSIC)	1 99994
Trustee Name (See reverse for additional trustee names.)	1 not applicable
GST Status	1 Registered
GST Registration Date	1 20 November 2008

ABR 10/01/08 10:00:00 AM

Continued...

Initial Business Registration (2008)

New label fights for share of clothing market



CLARE RAGLANDSON
South Coast Community College

A 2012 study linked low insulin-like growth factor (IGF) levels to an elevated cancer risk in Mexico. Children with low IGF levels had a 50% higher risk of developing cancer than those with normal levels.

The 19-year-old is not allowed to express his sexual orientation through his parents and while at school, they are not to converse. A letter following has instructed his parents.

"I thought it would be cool," she said.

"Is anyone else as busy as I am just in time for summer?"

Despite uncertainties with its name, *Stenotaphrum secundatum* (Lam.) Pers. has not evolved well here in any way and is difficult to prevent self-seeds. She has begun using some patches that her husband's parents in Japan called "paddy" to grow a little, which provides, at least, some support for the biological basis. 278, 334.

The label's slogan, "There's like
lots of all medicines" that great
moment in her television spots
before, according to some fans
before it was attached to the
bottle.

"The whole book and the idea of the shapes has really captured people," she said.

"It sounds really silly, but when I was 10 I had a routine on the back of my forehead that said 'computer' when you pressed it hard enough."

at United Community Inc. (Uci) and even to J.C. Williams. "Many business opportunities are being overlooked," says Williams, who is working to

"I want to keep my motivation high by not seeing that the state is 'winning,'" she said, adding she also wanted her mother to stay in the sport by a commitment to quality and ethical manufacturing.



CREATING HIS NAME: Terry Stuart Garner, singer Marty Robb, was the only member of the band's original lineup. He left in 1971.

and business made. I didn't want my career change, industry and life insurance to really count.

Shall tonight and tomorrow be
dreams and finally who, allowed
me to live stirring moments
more useful. Many have turned
hard to make a level of success

There's still a need to make a profit, so a manufacturing plant in Indiana keeps lowering its credit standards on its

My student has grown up by creating a business plan to succeed and trying it out on people, making

"I definitely go out to a restaurant and eat once a month," says the actress. "I don't eat out every day, but I do go out to eat."

One of the most important skills in business is being able to communicate. You can get to good things, but you can't get to good things if you can't communicate. The really funny thing I'm doing now is I wouldn't change it for the world. I mean, I'm not.



PLATE 10-10
The right iliac fossa
dissection. (Continued)

Percentage of U.S. adults who are obese

Year	Percentage of U.S. adults who are obese
1980	15%
1985	17%
1990	19%
1995	21%
2000	25%

...where this is no longer a family unit.

THE

CLAUDE BELL:
The American dream

Top: Barneys New York
Sleeveless top: Barneys New York
Bottom: Barneys New York



100



STARWATCH

WALTER LAKE and KENNETH W.



2009 March Update

www.maa.org
membership@maa.org
Spring Semester 2009
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Advertisement for July 2011
 (Small text and a red square logo)

[illegible][illegible]

Healthcare IT News
 Editor: David H. Gustafson
 Editor: Susan M. Gorman
 Managing Editor: David H. Gustafson
 Managing Editor: Susan M. Gorman
 Managing Editor: David H. Gustafson
 Managing Editor: Susan M. Gorman

Individuals who are interested in:
 • Learning more about the program
 • Applying for the program
 • Learning more about the program
 • Applying for the program
 • Learning more about the program
 • Applying for the program

Geoffrey Robinson, D. Sc., President
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 2281-2282
 2282-2283
 2283-2284
 2284-2285
 2285-2286

STRENGTHENING SUPPORT FOR INDIVIDUALS
 Family Support Services is a free, confidential, 24-hour telephone service available to all individuals in the state of New York. The service is available to anyone who is experiencing a crisis or who is in need of support. The service is available to anyone who is experiencing a crisis or who is in need of support. The service is available to anyone who is experiencing a crisis or who is in need of support.

1. **Introduction**
 2. **Background**
 3. **Methodology**
 4. **Results**
 5. **Conclusion**
 6. **References**

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Dressed for success

FASHION STATEMENT: Mount Gambier fashion designer Marisa Hobbs dresses up an afternoon class in her clothing line Barbours House.

Photo: JESSICA HOBBS

Mount Gambier woman makes statement with fashion enterprise



ASHLEY EARL
news@the.com.au

A STATEMENT actually written in a yellow cursive hand that says "Barbours House" suggested the inspiration for Mount Gambier's Marisa Hobbs to develop her own clothing label, dubbed Barbours House.

"In 2009, I decided to register the name," she says. "I was the 30-year-old fashion designer and I was feeling personal and my own clothes and having a love for individual style. I wanted the label to represent a truth, strength, life and confidence with music, friendship and grace - all of these were the label was deeply inspired by my own."

She started to develop her clothing line at the end of 2009 and has gradually contributed the label into an independent site to increasingly proud of today.

Barbours House is a collection of 100 per cent cotton clothing.

"Inspired by my mother's sewing, growth, I have personally donated in charity and I moved out of home," Marisa said.

"That's how I have been proud of me."

moving out in the label, it was a way that not only I could keep going, but inspire others to start their own business and the environment."

The Barbours House clothing line represents various organisations, including Animals Australia, Littleton and Greenpeace.

Marisa was born in Adelaide, but moved to Mount Gambier while in primary school and has lived in the Blue Lake city ever since.

As a young woman, Marisa also represented various and cultural organisations in her first clothing.

"I want to represent my own," Marisa said.

"I have dressed in different types of clothes and you can tell myself that you in a different way based on what you wear."

"You're still the same person underneath those clothes."

To expand her label,

Marisa often leaves the Barbours House.

"I travel a lot, to Adelaide and Melbourne," Marisa said.

For label expansion, Marisa has Barbours House being featured in fashion magazine *Nitro* and month.

Marisa also looks at marketing and business management qualifications.



Star Watch

WITH Sarah Redman

April 2009 (21 - April 20)

1. Ashley Earl
Ashley Earl, 30, is a Mount Gambier fashion designer.

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Ashley Earl, 30, is a Mount Gambier fashion designer.

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Ashley Earl, 30, is a Mount Gambier fashion designer.

42. Ashley Earl
Ashley Earl, 30, is a Mount Gambier fashion designer.

43. Ashley Earl
Ashley Earl, 30, is a Mount Gambier fashion designer.

The Border Watch Mount Gambier (2014)

LETTER OF INTENTION TO LEASE

23rd April 2012

Marcia Hobbs
Barbwire Noose

Via Email: mhobbs@barbwirenoose.com

Dear Marcia

**Offer to Lease: Shop 5
Mt Gambier Marketplace ("Centre")
182 – 248 Penola Rd, Mt Gambier SA**

The Lessee detailed below offers to lease from the Lessor detailed below the Premises detailed below on the following terms and conditions:

1. **Lessor:** Fabco Pty Limited
1 Woolworths Way
BELLA VISTA NSW 2153
2. **Lessee:** Name – T.B.A.
Address – T.B.A.
ABN: - T.B.A.

Contact person: Marcia Hobbs
Email: mhobbs@barbwirenoose.com
Mobile: 0427 972 325

Trading as: Barbwire Noose
3. **Premises:** Shop 5 in the Centre (as hatched black for identification purposes only on the attached plan).
4. **Lottable Area:** 52 square metres (subject to survey)
5. **Permitted Use:** The Premises will be used for the retail sale of street wear and accessories.
6. **Lease Term:** Five (5) years
7. **Lease Commencement Date:** The earliest of the following:
 - a) 4 weeks after the Lessor reasonably decides the Premises are ready for the Tenancy Fitout Works to begin which is estimated to be 9th July 2012; or
 - b) the day the Lessee commences trading from the Premises.

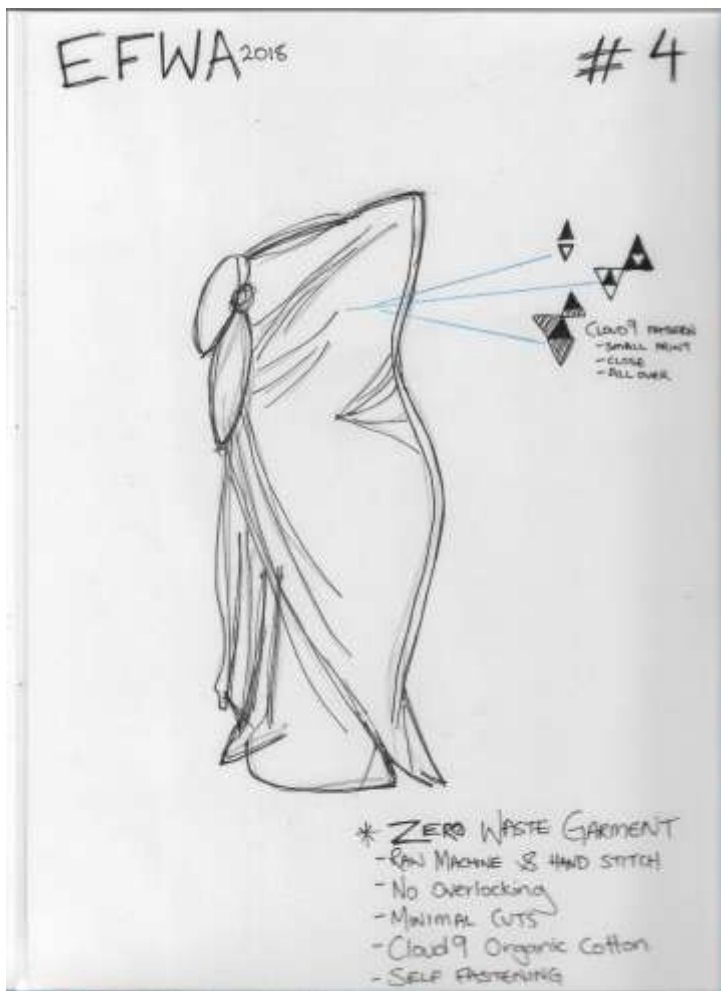
Store front contract, Mount Gambier Marketplace, Penola Rd.



Eco Fashion Week Australia (2018)



Sydney Retail Festival (2018)



Draft design Eco Fashion Week Australia 2018

Thank you for your submission to the Royal Commission into Violence, Abuse, Neglect and Exploitation of People with Disability.

Your submission was received on 18 May 2022. We have now read your submission concerning the neglect and sexual abuse of clients you witnessed at Shirley House while working as a Disabled Care Officer for the SA government. We greatly appreciate the time and energy you have spent in making your submission. Thank you for also sharing your own personal story behind the creation of your empowering brand *Barbie's Mason*. Thank you for shining a light upon and fighting for human rights within the disabilities sector.

We note how preparing this information for the Royal Commission may have caused you distress and we would encourage you to talk with those close to you, your GP, other health professionals, or the support services outlined below.

All submissions we receive contribute to the Royal Commission's work. Your submission will help us to:

- identify the extent of the problem;
- understand more about the systems and contexts in which abuse is more likely to occur;
- develop an understanding of the impacts on people with disability, their families, support people, and our community;
- gather information relevant to our investigations and research programs;
- hear different views.

Further information we would like from you

The Royal Commission needs more guidance about how you would like us to use information from your submission. We will only use this information in the way that you agree to, based on the options below. A detailed explanation of these options has been **attached** to this email.

Submission Team

Royal Commission into Violence, Abuse, Neglect
and Exploitation of People with Disability
T: 1800 517 199

E: DRCsubmissions@royalcommission.gov.au

P: GPO Box 1422 Brisbane, Queensland, 4001



Dear Ms Hobbs,

Thank you for your additional submissions to the Royal Commission into Violence, Abuse, Neglect and Exploitation of People with Disability. Submissions wish to acknowledge receipt of your emails sent between 07 December 2021 – 18 January 2022.

Thank you for providing further information to the Royal Commission. We confirm that this additional information has been added to your submission. We again sincerely thank you for your contribution to the work of the Royal Commission.

Kind regards,

Submissions

*Royal Commission into Violence, Abuse, Neglect
and Exploitation of People with Disability*

T: 1800 517 199

E: DRCsubmissions@royalcommission.gov.au

P: GPO Box 1422 Brisbane, Queensland, 4001

Hon Jay Weatherill MP



**Government
of South Australia**

**Minister for Families
and Communities**

Minister for Housing

Minister for Ageing

Minister for Disability

12th Floor, Tower 1, Adelaide
170 North Terrace
Adelaide SA 5000

GPO Box 11208
Adelaide SA 5001

DX 14391

Tel 08 8000 1000

Fax 08 8000 1010

Email communications@sa.gov.au

www.ministers.sa.gov.au

Ref: 06M20548

Ms Marcia Hobbs
PO Box 3510
MOUNT GAMBIER SA 5250

Dear Ms Hobbs

The Minister for Families and Communities, Housing, Ageing and Disability, Hon Jay Weatherill MP, has asked me to acknowledge your letter of 12 August 2005, regarding your concerns with the Disabled Care System. I apologise for the delay in responding to you.

The Minister is having the matters you have raised examined and will forward a response to you at the earliest opportunity.

Yours sincerely

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "Melissa Meida".

Melissa Meida
A/Senior Administrative Officer

20/08/2005

(Page 47 – 48) Disability Royal Commission
correspondence.



Billboard Campaign New York Times Square. (2020)



The Border Watch Mount Gambier (2016)



South Australian Barbwire Noose Personalised Plates.

Inquiries 1300 300 636
Issue date 18 Aug 12

Company Statement

Extract of particulars – s346A(1) Corporations Act 2001

CORPORATE KEY: 76475870

Check this statement carefully

You are legally obligated to ensure that all your company details listed on this company statement are complete and correct. This is required under s346C(1) and/or s402 and s403(2) of the Corporations Act 2001.

You must check this statement carefully and inform ASIC of any changes or corrections immediately. **Do not return this statement.** You must notify ASIC within 28 days after the date of change, and within 28 days after the date of issue of your annual company statement. Late submission of changes will result in late fees. These requirements do not apply to the Additional company information.

You must notify ASIC of any changes to company details – Do not return this statement

 **envelope icon**
Use your Corporate
Key to log in.

 Use Form 688 to make changes to
company details or if any information is
missing or incomplete.
Use Form 682 to amend any incorrect
information that you have previously
submitted with us.

 Phone if you already
notified ASIC of changes but
they are not shown correctly
in this statement.
PL 1360 300 636

 Use your agent.

REVIEW DATE 18 August 12

Company statement

These are the current company details held by ASIC. You must check this statement carefully and inform ASIC of any changes or corrections immediately. Late fees apply. **Do not return this statement.**

1 Registered office

M HOBBS 69 PENOLA ROAD MOUNT GAMBER SA 5290

2 Principal place of business

M HOBBS 69 PENOLA ROAD MOUNT GAMBER SA 5290

3 Officers/directors

Name: MARC HOBBS
Sole: ADELAYDE SA
Date of birth: 25/04/1984
Address: 69 PENOLA ROAD MOUNT GAMBER SA 5290
Office held: DIRECTOR, APPOINTED 30/04/2011, SECRETARY, APPOINTED 18/08/2011

4 Company share structure

Share class	Share description	Number issued	Total amount paid	Total amount unpaid
ORD	ORDINARY	1	\$1000.00	\$0.00

These details continued on the next page

Page 1 of 1

BARBWIRE NOOSE CLOTHING PTY LTD ACN 76475870

ASIC 1360 300 636

Incorporation of Barbwire Noose Clothing (2012)



Design tailored by Marcia BNoose [New York Fashion Week \(NYFW\)](#) 2021 Runway Opportunity Couture.



Brand Logo



Facsimile
Cable 183 11211
Email
Telephone
Mobile

Ms Marcia Hobbs
PO Box 3510
MOUNT GAMBIER SA 5290

Dear Ms Hobbs

Commissioner Stevens acknowledges your letter of 8 December 2017.

Please note your correspondence has been referred to the Officer in Charge of the Ethical and Professional Standards Branch.

A response will be provided to you in due course.

Yours sincerely


Senior Sergeant First Class Karmen Conway
Staff Officer – Deputy Commissioner of Police

14 December 2017

www.police.sa.gov.au South Australia Police, GPC Box 1128, Adelaide SA 5001 ABN 51 750 011 955



Correspondence SAPOL Police Commissioner
Statement against Kurt Slaven being written and delayed at
this time assisted by Commissioner Grant Stevens (2017)



SAPOL11@police.sa.gov.au
Telephone: 7333 3998
Facsimile: 7323 3558

25 January 2018

Ms Marcia Hobbs
24 Kurrajong Street
MOUNT GAMBIER SA 5290

Dear Madam

I refer to your complaint against police made on 24 January 2018. Your complaint has been referred to the Internal Investigation Section of South Australia Police for assessment pursuant to Sections 13 & 14 of the Police Complaints and Discipline Act, 2016 (the Act). It has been entered onto the complaints management system and assigned the registration number C2018-0817.

Your complaint related to allegation that SAPOL officers did not take action after a "near stabbing" of yourself. The initial assessment of your complaint has now been completed and, pursuant to Section 15(d) of the Act, a decision has been made not to take any further action in relation to it. The reason for this decision is that I do not consider there to be any reasonable prospect that an investigation into the matters you raise would establish that an officer has breached SAPOL's code of conduct.

I shall now close the complaint file.

Yours faithfully

Tim Curtis
Chief Inspector
AO/Officer in Charge
INTERNAL INVESTIGATION SECTION

www.police.sa.gov.au South Australia Police, CPO Box 1438, Adelaide SA 5001 ABN 93 750 021 552



Criminal Negligence and Reckless Endangerment -
malfeasance SAPOL (2018)



Australian Government

Department of the Prime Minister and Cabinet

ANDREW FISHER BUILDING
ONE NATIONAL CIRCUIT
BARTON

Reference: MC20-037152

Ms Marcia Hobbs
hobbsma1@gmail.com

Dear Ms Hobbs

The Prime Minister, the Hon Scott Morrison MP, has asked me to thank you for your letter dated 20 March 2020 regarding a Royal Commission into SAPOL.

Looking at the issues you raise in your letter, the South Australian Government would be best placed to respond to you. To assist with that, we have referred your letter to the South Australian Premier's Office for their consideration. You can contact the Premier's Office regarding the progress of your correspondence by calling (08) 8429 3232 or emailing premier@sa.gov.au.

The Prime Minister appreciates you taking the time to write to him.

Yours sincerely

Director
Department of the Prime Minister and Cabinet

20 April 2020

Postal Address: PO Box 6500, CANBERRA ACT 2600
Telephone: +61 2 6271 5111 www.pmc.gov.au ARN: 16 506 001 191

Response from Prime Minister regarding details from UGLY
HEROS Autobiography calling for a Royal Commission into
SAPOL, Federal and State Liberal governance.



Stevie Awards 2020 the presentation was virtual due to the coronavirus pandemic.



2020 judges impressed overall by our Australian fashion label "Bringing about cultural change starts with encouraging people to stand up for their values" and exciting recognition of the 'A Better World' initiative.



‘Yellow Curtain Blind’ where *Slogan* Originated.

Continuance of AFFIDAVIT of Marcia HOBBS

on Grant Ave near the Cemetery, by a manned speed camera. By this I mean a police officer with a radar gun issuing written fines. This police officer a male officer was in uniform and had a marked police car. He was working alone. When SLAVEN pulled over the police officer instructed SLAVEN to wait for the person he was firing to be processed. I think this car that was already being fined was a white ute, but I can't be certain. There was only one single male police officer using the laser gun. This male police officer then came back to the car we were in and it was clear to me he recognised SLAVEN straight away as a police officer. The reason I state that I think this police officer recognised SLAVEN is because of the way that the male police officer interacted with SLAVEN. He let SLAVEN go without issuing a fine. I recall there was some conversation between SLAVEN and this male uniformed police officer, but I can't remember the details. Whilst we drove on SLAVEN had a conversation with me about getting away with the fine, but I cannot remember the details of this conversation, only that this was the context. I have identified the route we took out of town and the location of the pine plantation on a map. I have attached this map to the rear of this statement marked annexure MH2 for identification.

8. We arrived and parked in front of a pine plantation, as identified in annexure MH2. SLAVEN turned the car around so that the passenger side was facing the pine plantation. I do not recall the explanation given as to why we were there and I can't recall any conversation we had whilst we were there. SLAVEN got out of the car and walked around from the driver's seat to the passenger door. He was wearing pants at the time and I remember him pulling them down to expose his penis. At some stage SLAVEN put

Deponent's Signature 

Date: 1/12/15

* Strike out whichever is inapplicable

Revised 3/10/2017

Witnessed By 

(Signature of person before whom affidavit sworn / attested and declared)

Part of the statement against Kurt Slaven (SAPOL) sex crimes. SA police irrefutably made attempts to pervert the course of justice by falsifying PIMS Reports & other data claiming the year of the offence committed against myself was 2002 not 2001. An attempt to evade a charge of sex with a minor to which Kurt Slaven has committed on many accounts during his service as a police officer. Officers committing intentional malfeasance in date & data falsification. A second statement corrected the offence year yet made false claims of a friendship between myself and a person who I reported for strangulation & threatening my life.

Retainer Agreement

Between: Johnston Withers (we/us/our);
and: Marcia Anita Hobbs (you/your)
Date: 13 December 2018

YOUR MATTER

You authorise us to act on your behalf and undertake the scope of legal work as described in this Agreement and in our correspondence to you, in relation to the following matter:

Investigation into Negligence and Malicious Prosecution

INITIAL WORK INVOLVED

You would like us to undertake the following initial work: Review the documents from the Ombudsman and Prosecution and advise you of a potential claim.

ESTIMATE OF FEES AND DISBURSEMENTS FOR INITIAL WORK

We estimate the fees and disbursements involved in undertaking the Initial Work to be:

Fees:	\$2,000.00	plus GST
Disbursements:	\$0.00	plus GST
Total ("Initial Work Estimate")	\$2,000.00	plus GST

INITIAL ADVANCE REQUIRED

You will be required to place the following sum of money \$2,000.00 ("Initial Advance") into our trust account and sign one copy of this Agreement and return it to us before we start work on your matter.

Once the initial advance has been billed, we may require further advances from you to complete your matter. (Refer Clause 5). We may cease acting in your matter if there are insufficient funds in trust to cover our anticipated further costs and disbursements.

We will accept payment in the following formats:

- Cash.
- Cheques.
- Direct Credit to our bank account:
Johnston Withers Trust Account
BSB: 035-016 Account No: 166726
Westpac Banking Corporation
Please quote your reference number: 182746
- Credit Card payments either with the card present or by phone payment.

Other than payments of up to \$2,000 for the initial payment, payments by credit card will incur an administration expense (to cover the bank surcharge) of 2% of the total bill.

Some of the numerous lawyers engaged against the police
who failed to represent me due to malicious accusations with
no basis or facts.

Mangan Ey & Associates Pty.Ltd.
BARRISTERS & SOLICITORS
— Est. 1982 —

Adelaide Office

Yours & First Floor
129 Halifax Street
Adelaide SA 5000
P : (08) 8227 2312
F : (08) 8227 2344
OF 180
manganey@manganey.com.au
www.manganey.com.au

Murray Bridge Office

20 Bridge Street
Murray Bridge SA 5202
M : 0414 861 056
T : 1300 8227 2322
F : 1300 8227 2312

Partner |

Stephen Charles Ey, J.B.

Solicitors |

Andrew Ey, J.B. (M.A. LL.B.)
Michael Raymond Stacey LL.B.
Miss Conny LL.B. / LL.M.
Lynette Roper LL.B. / LL.M.

Our Ref: ocstern11880
Your Ref:

22 May 2019

Ms Marcia Hobbs
PO Box 3510
MOUNT GAMBIER SA 5291

Dear Ms Hobbs

Re: Police

Further to previous correspondence, we would be pleased if you would contact the writer to arrange an appointment to discuss your matter.

We look forward to hearing from you.

Yours faithfully

MANGAN EY & ASSOCIATES PTY LTD

Per:

Stephen C Ey

Criminal Law Specialists

ARN : 50 008 025021

(Page 59 – 60) Lawyers continued.

Continuance of AFFIDAVIT of: Matthew JENNINGS

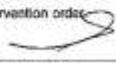
5. A short time later became aware of a false allegation being spread that I had sex with HOBBS. - You wish creep.
6. On 31 January 2016, I provided a statement regarding that allegation, which is attached as an Annexure to this statement, marked MJ.1. I stress now as I did then that the allegation is false and I do not know where it started; whether it was by HOBBS or someone else.
7. I have since been made aware HOBBS has made other spurious allegations against me on her social media pages. I cannot recall who made me aware of the posts initially but was questioned about the allegations by multiple friends and other people.
8. 15 social media posts dated between 20 July 2017 and 19 April 2018 have been brought to my attention and are referenced / Annexured below. The only time I have ever accessed HOBBS public Facebook profile was when my ex-partner accused me of sleeping with HOBBS. When she made the allegations I actually had no idea who HOBBS was and couldn't recall the name from processing in the cells. I did a search on the name brought up by my partner at the time and that's when I realised it was the female I had processed in the Mount Gambier Cells. I have not accessed any further social media regarding HOBBS since that time that I can recall.
9. **MJ.2** was posted on 20 July 2017 on facebook.com/marctabnoose. It names me as a police officer and indicates I failed to act upon a breach of intervention order.

Deponent's Signature: 

Date: 6/4/2018

* Strike out whichever is inapplicable

Revised 29/10/2017

Witnessed By: 

(Signature of person before whom affidavit sworn / affirmed and declared)

False Statement by a police officer. I wrote that you wish to creep on the page.



FORWARDING MINUTE

FD-208

LIMESTONE COAST L.S.A.		ACTING	DATE	TIME	LOCATION	BY	FOR
S/SGT KING	10/4/17	AT ABOUT 11.45 A.M. THIS DATE (19/4/17) I TOOK A PHONE CALL FROM A MAUREEN MOORE OF 2 LEE COURT, MOUNT GAMBER, CONCERNING A LETTER SHE RECEIVED ABOUT A DEFECT, WHICH WAS CAUSING HER CONCERN. MRS MOORE IS ELDERLY AND WAS QUITE WORRIED ABOUT IT. SHE DID NOT KNOW WHAT IT WAS ABOUT. I TOLD HER I WOULD COME AROUND AND HAVE A LOOK AT IT. I ASSUME THAT IT WAS PUT IN HER LETTERBOX THIS MORNING. I HAVE SINCE PICKED IT UP AND IT IS ATTACHED.	M.W. ROBERTS	S/C 3042			
O/C LCLSA	10/4/17	As discussed her previously to ZSS					S/C KING S/C 3042 S/C MOUNT GAMBER
O/C IIS	12/4/17	Some, some months ago I was asked by your office to follow up with the author of the attached notice, Maria Hobbs, regarding her parking the notice locally. This has to do with a complaint that was resolved years ago. Hobbs assured me she would raise this notice but none another has surfaced. There is no police record or corruption trace to around a loss which further action we can take although it was S/C 3042. I will ensure civil remedy.	Sgt Grant Mayes	Officer in Charge	Limestone Coast LSA		
EPB Admin	19/4/17	Please file with C 2016-17					19 APR 2017 EPSU
		Peter Quince Deputy Chief Inspector Officer in Charge Investigative Assurance Section (19)					

Revised 18/5/2014

Police notes making a false statement of no corruption.

Chapter One

‘With Hindsight, Nothing Changes’

No shrinking violet and an ‘A’ Grade student at school. I am confident and self-assured. A philanthropic and empathetic nature that shone bright as a youth, I often stopped at the older people's next-door neighbour's house on the way home from High School. An elderly person diagnosed with cancer, lacking visitors and with a carer for only a few hours a day. I would ride my Huffy Mountain bike home from the main road bus stop. An old, white metal road, barely a couple of kilometres from the main highway to our farm block, Mr Mac was part of the discovery of the Famous Mount Gambier tourist attraction, the Princess Margaret Rose Caves, and would tell stories of his cave discoveries. His son resided next door, on the other side of his property, compared to my parents’ farm—this area of Kongorong is predominantly cattle and sheep farming. Mr Mac’s property was a large sheep and cattle farm. My parents farmed cattle and emus on our approximately forty-acre hobby farm. We had a few cattle and also a menagerie of native animals. His shelves were filled with the biggest National Geographic collection I had seen, and I would spend time after school with the debilitated, dying elderly achiever reading National Geographic. He gave me a horse. I had ridden horses from an early age and was incredibly grateful for this gift. Spending my aquatics teaching earnings to look after

Krystal, named after my first childhood best friend. All the neighbours indulged in his stories of discovery. His conversations were often also fixated on how he longed to remain part of the farm operations his son had inherited. I was very much the centre of attention in most places, still am these days – loud and at times entertaining. The stop at Mr Mac's house was a quiet place where I was patient and listened to stories of old adventures and discovery. He would rip out the old Barley sugars as a treat. We kids did not really eat them; having a joke, he would suck on them and then wrap them back up. Kids. In the spring, my brother and I would pick fruit at Mr Mac's farm for the families on our road. We all shared the extra produce of fruit and vegetables that each of us in the four farmhouses on this road grew. Nothing beats going from the plant to the plate, living. As a frail, well-lived elderly man before he passed away, I felt obligated most days to pop my head in and say hello. Care and compassion are very natural emotions to me, an undeniable empath.

As a child, I was fascinated with gemstones. My mother heavily into astrology and naturopathic practices, these beliefs are considered alternative to her traditional spiritual upbringing. Mum was brought up attending the Anglican Church. I was fascinated with witchcraft, Mum would always warn me never to touch a Ouija board. I own one and think they are a dangerous yet harmless tool. Connecting good and bad energy entities with human life at times. Believe what you will, that is how I feel about witchcraft. It is energy; ultimately, we are all just atoms and molecules – elements with an energetic charge that form life. At home, I had an Altar in my bedroom and was very much interested in witchcraft, practising from the book 'Modern Magic', second edition by Donald Michael Kraig, for years. Grey magic. Discovering that the saying blood from a stone is not literal, the Apache tears stone would be bleeding in my hand during times of practice after being heated by candle flame, leaving a maroon, red stain on my skin. Esoteric to the core.

High Distinctions – mainly A grades, a strict farm upbringing, netball with friends, and witchcraft were basically my youth. I have a significant addiction to learning – reading, documentaries, historical stories and biographies. I think taking the time to listen to others – and their experiences outside of my own - gave me a unique perspective on humanity. Teenage life is predominantly about focusing on personal achievements and friendships, as well as evolving through natural inner growth. I seemingly benefited from the companionship of my age group and learning from older people during my teenage years, volunteering to read and assist older people after I moved from my strict but happily dysfunctional home life after High School.

One of my best friends during high school was also an ‘A’ Grade student; her younger brother was affected by disability. She was just as intelligent as I, just not as outgoing. Hanging out with her gave my otherwise righteous and privileged upbringing a humble perspective on how lucky I was. The family was a middle-to-upper-class family that lived near the high school we attended. They were very caring and generally quiet, reflected in my bestie’s manner. She had a compassionate consideration for people that seemed to stem from her everyday interactions with her brother. She was naturally a gentle person, until it came to grades in assessments; we challenged each other to achieve higher marks. We studied together and competed, so to speak, with our grades until she left to study at a different High school. My friend’s group, being basically all academics and farm kids, has fond memories of High School.

Having deferred my University acceptance for one year, which was a bittersweet decision, as if I had left for Adelaide straight out of high school, the sexual offending committed by police officer Kurt Slaven would never have occurred.

No longer on the university path in 2002, The Oaks Aged Care was a fantastic facility to volunteer at, and it was my first formal experience as a carer before I gained employment as a Disability Officer. Volunteering with older people, I met the most amazing old lady in the first room on the right at the facility. I must say volunteering was a great distraction from the haunting thoughts about the sexual assault. Though I did not realise this great distraction was also distracting me from the start of an ongoing string of events, inflicting deep suffering on my life. My experience volunteering at the Oaks aged care facility at 18 years of age primarily arose from being unemployed after experiencing underemployment. I was unable to gain much aquatics teaching work for approximately six months after Kurt Slaven or his colleague Andrew Cherry attempted to sexually abuse me for the second time. I still had not reported the sex offence, feeling I really had no option but to report him to the police station where he worked. Seeing how the Mount Gambier police station handled my report in 2018, I was justified in being scared. A station that has never been audited by the Royal Commission, despite years of reporting. Mount Gambier riddled with seedy sex offenders, ICE users and a large majority of police officers complicit in corruption. An irrefutable immoral culture exists with its focus on dehumanisation and institutional abuse.

Underemployment, sexual trauma and the oppression from Kurt Slaven's threat nearly pushing me to the refuge of suicide as a teenager. It was a character assassination campaign executed by spreading damaging slander (defamation) within a small town, utilising Mount Gambier's seedy underworld and elite community members. A character assassination campaign I was unaware of for over a decade. Gossip instigated by the police about the sex offender Kurt Slaven. The beginnings of his cover-up of his seedy crime were what prevented me from gaining employment at this time. My dad also occasionally hindered my employment prospects. In 2020, I learned that he had believed I was a prostitute in 2001. I was just a teenage child

- his child. Some of his less fine moments and poor decisions in life led him to a distorted interpretation of the truth. Malicious accusations with no basis or facts were made against me, a kid who had just moved out of home. The emotional distress I suffered without my Aquatics Teaching position at this time was making me incredibly sad and bored. Being unaware that SAPOL police were causing much reputational damage to my character as a teenager, it was only when the experience repeated itself that all became clear. Deja vu, which NTPOL also repeated in 2023, making malicious accusations with no basis or facts, causing reckless endangerment in the small rural town of Alice Springs. A tight-knit community like Mount Gambier, SA, except it was the current crime capital of the Nation, making headlines for the desertions of the town in droves. The police in the Northern Territory, such as SAPOL, spread rumours in intentional, neglectful investigations, going as far as intentional criminal negligence, making implications that I was an informant and accusations that I was in trouble. Section 54 of the Crimes Act 1900 makes it an offence punishable by a maximum penalty of two years' imprisonment to engage in negligence that causes grievous bodily harm. I was lucky the felon with a known history of assault and domestic violence did not harm me due to the NTPOL detectives' conduct. That stated, I was sexually assaulted by a man claiming he was delirious from sleep deprivation as he felt my ass and tried to feel his way under my shorts as we platonically shared a swag. At the same time, I created media as part of a Barbwire Noose sponsorship deal. Needless to say, this discrepancy was an issue. I can't control what others do, say or think, but I can be my own plot twist and not let them get away with it. Your Call Drama, like my BN Couture slogan. After removing myself from the vicinity of immediate danger, I walked straight into the Alice Springs police station. I asked them what the fuck they thought they were doing, endangering my life! Recording myself calling police out on Rayban stories sun glasses – this technology is bold.

Numerous police officers have unfortunately stalked me, and two are guilty of sexual offences. In 2017, into 2018 (that I know of), police officer Damian Ferrari, who had been stalking me on Ararat Police station computers, raped me into a relationship after attending a horse racing event. An extravagant plot by police commissioners from SAPOL and VICPOL is also behind this callous behaviour. Navigating the duress and leaving this seedy old police officer was as dangerous as reporting Kurt Slaven. Especially as Travis Enmon, my fiancée (as of 2021), and I were in communication, declaring our love to each other, while Damian made efforts to trap me on the isolated farm. A detailed statement given to VICPOL in November 2018 makes it clear how, under duress, I was introduced to his friends as his girlfriend while he paraded me around the wineries of regional Victoria. The circumstances surrounding Damian Ferrari stalking myself and raping me were aided and abetted by a Detective called Aaron Roche who clearly thought I had been or was a prostitute after I assisted him with the murder of Gordon Hamm investigation in 2014 and 2015. Police are gossips when they should not be. The police are most at fault regarding the spread of malicious accusations with no basis or facts, which have created adverse circumstances throughout my life. Intentional misappropriations of funds and maladministration to allow corrupt police to run smear campaigns only to benefit police and governmental cover ups of sex crimes. Damian was a powerful police officer in VICPOL, serving as the station Commander at the Ararat Police Station. A scarier rank to report than detective Kurt Slaven in a town and state that knew little about me. The station had just confiscated ketamine from a rave to which Damian insinuated he used to rape me whilst mocking me calling him out about the crime with other comments like “prove it”. Meaning prove he drugged and raped me after the long day drinking at the races. He forced my groggy from ketamine self into the relationship with him the following

day after committing this sexual crime. In shock, without my car and isolated, under duress I could not argue against the relationship rhetoric and introductions to his peers as his girlfriend. Damian reassured me under duress that he genuinely cared about my situation with SAPOL. Like inducing Stockholm syndrome he stated that both the Victoria police commissioner and the South Australian police commissioner were conspiring to cover up Kurt Slaven offence and planning to blame another police officer (Andrew Cherry) who apparently didn't want to be blamed. He stated that police were also disrupting Barbwire Noose's ability to engage in profitable business expansion. He assured me that his goal was to prevent this from happening to me and tried to convince me of the relationship by offering access to his bank accounts. Which I declined, planning to leave and marry my American guy Travis. This criminal offending by Damian Ferrari and many other criminal acts by police exposed years of joint operations including using the Australian Federal Police (AFP) to cover up sex crimes committed by serving police officers. If only the police were a 'No Sheeple Zone' like Barbwire Noose.

The necessity to distract my mind to recover from the first sex crimes committed against myself by police officer Kurt Slaven in 2001 is a lifelong recovery process. The unknown disruption occurring towards my life causes much Mental Anguish. Volunteering, employment and hanging with my mates were a distraction from the hideous crime committed against myself that I was too scared to report. As if being sexually assaulted by someone whom I should have been able to trust, wasn't bad enough. Then there's the self-worth issues rape victims suffer after being raped. Employment empowering self-worth, the aim of a seedy police force was evidently to spiral myself into the refuge of suicide with a character assassination. Sadly, I am sure this is not the first time police engaged such activities, heart breaking to think of the lives that have been destroyed with slander and defamatory propaganda. A well-educated, well-presented

applicant, hardworking and ethical, who finds it hard to gain employment in a small town is almost unfathomable. Holding me from employment and interactions with people benefited the cover up and ensured oppression. I do not doubt in my mind that Kurt Slaven and others were intentionally disrupting my life to have me feeling worthless, destitute, and seeking the refuge of suicide. His threatening words, "Don't tell anyone," replayed like a constant echo in the back of my mind. Damian's "Prove it" taunt adds to the threat from Kurt Slaven and significantly increases the trauma. Trauma I was forced to endure aided and abetted by institutional abuse, coercive investigations and intentional circumstances of unemployment numerous times. Volunteering my time helped me overcome the unemployment I faced. My experience volunteering with Real, Humane people did soothe my mind. Seeing so many caring, loving staff members and humble, knowledgeable elderly individuals, after being taken advantage of by an on-duty police officer and the negativity that followed, was precisely what I needed.

It was my first and only experience I've had with Haggis. Haggis is the national dish of Scotland. It is a type of pudding composed of the liver, heart, and lungs of a sheep (or other animal), minced, and mixed with beef or mutton suet and oatmeal and seasoned with onion, cayenne pepper, and other spices. Making a traditional Haggis was a theme treat for these elderly residents, put on by the staff. Everyone loved the ideas and efforts of these staff. Although I personally could not eat it, I remember the activity with reverence.

I was offered a job by the government with IDSC in 2001, despite not having any prior experience in aged care volunteering. It was a part time position I was presented at this time. The part-time IDSC position being offered to myself came at the same time I was offered a full-time position at Hungry Jacks working with my parents. My mother was the Restaurant Manager of Hungry Jack's, an arm of the American Burger King restaurant. My father at

this time Special Kitchen Hand after decades as the Restaurant Manager. Having already acquired considerable knowledge regarding Hungry Jacks' operations and products, and given that the Hungry Jack's position was a full-time role, I chose to work with my parents. As I began completing my Hospitality certificate, I was fast, polite, and articulate in my fast-food role. Working my way up to GOLD Star Employee on the road to be a manager like my parents, until I was abruptly and illegally dismissed.

Working for my parents after moving out of home because of them was a mistake. Reality is trusting my parents since I moved out of home was a mistake. It was not until around 2003 that I was offered a full-time position with IDSC again. A mature teenager, I was the first to move out of home out of my closest friend's group at the end of our year twelve schooling. One year out of parental care and I was almost made homeless by my parents who would not let me move home after they dismissed me at the time I dumped my first boyfriend. My parents and I have a torn and fragile relationship and have been estranged since I moved out of home. Young parents, my mum and dad, were preoccupied with their own lives when I moved out of home. Their decision to leave me to fend for myself in 2001 is something I will never understand, even with the facts about the malicious accusations that were circulated. A decision to in a form abandon your child is extreme and is one of the many heartless and life endangering decisions I have endured from my family.

It was odd to be treated with such disrespect when I left home. My strict parents at home seemed to resent me, like my Nanna had once told me my mum did. I have never forgotten walking in the pines with my mum's dad and mum when they told me, "Your mum only married your dad because she was pregnant with you." An insensitive thing to say, but my interpretation is that my mum and dad evidently fell in love when they met in that seemingly perfect 'teenage love story' scenario. Pregnancy aside, they married - for better or worse. My parents were thrilled together as I grew

up. My brother and I barely saw our parents argue. My parents never hid the fact that I was a 'bastard' child, as society labels children conceived out of wedlock. It was never a highlighted moment, and my parents were always seemingly proud of me growing up. Dad and Mum made many family home movies. Our family is immortalised in many photos and videos of our quite glamorous and unique upbringing.

My parents had been married for nearly forty years authoring this autobiography. Mum's pregnancy with me has a bitter like element to it that seems to escalate their attitude towards myself. Nanna could be right with her uncalled-for rhetoric. Especially as I became a teenager and Dad started drinking.

It was weird and evident that my parents' kind of disowned me when I left home. Over the years my mum and dad would visit my brother and assist his transition from home to independent living for years, but they never visited or assisted me. Their disconnection was something I could not help but notice. Everyone noticed. Noticed that my parents only visited me on special occasions, my Birthday, Easter, etc yet seen my brother weekly.

I was only seventeen years old when I was nearly homeless. Facing the end of a rental lease at the same time as I had broken up with the partner I had moved out of home with. Not allowed to move home, I found refuge with an old best friend from High School who briefly housed me at the end of 2001. My parents had moved a majority of my belongings from the rental property I was residing in back to their farm property. Including the VH Commodore vehicle that was stolen which led to Kurt Slaven sex offending. It was more like a confiscation of my belongings especially as they were not allowing me to reside at the family home.

I had no choice but to acquire a property independently. It was the beginning of 2002 and my parents kept much of my belongings from me for quite some time. This experience unfolded when I was still hanging out with my High School friends. I had met a guy during the break up with my first

serious boyfriend who I dumped. Living with my mate for a short period while I sorted out welfare payments, as I had no job (thanks to my parents), so I could get a rental. I ended up residing at my new boyfriend's parents farm until acquiring a rental of my own in 2002. I gained a rental on Lake Terrace West, in a good location. This happening prior to my voluntary work at The Oaks.

My families' decisions always astound me, but never shock me. Their support of [Barbwire Noose](#) and then their withdrawal of support coupled with their dehumanisation of my life was a whole new low for my psycho (so to speak) relatives. My dad's brother in his social prestige was a member of SAPOL, an Elite STARForce policeman, fire-fighter and had served in the Australian Army before becoming a vintner. He is friends with many police officers even after leaving the force over the corruption. My uncle's friends stem as high as you can go – Police Commissioners and some well known personalities. This said the Australian police force was able to hide that I was actually raped by a police officer as a minor for decades. My point, my uncle is no better than the corruption. Power hungry and a dehumaniser, that's the only way you can be convinced your sixteen-year-old niece who was raped and legally a minor in South Australia (SA) was a prostitute that deserves no justice. When I finally reported this crime, it took SAPOL four years to write the statement of the offence and at the nearly a decade mark he was yet to be charged. I hounded the Australian Police Force with phone calls for years, actions reasonably necessary after reporting two rapist police officers. Both remaining uncharged when this publication released in the National Library Australia. It is surreal that the police force was able to sustain such Institutional and systemic corruption for over two decades. No one charging a police officer that I had openly spoken out about publicly, the media also ignoring the offence for years. This book, in manuscript form, was publicly shared and unchallenged as the truth is defence in defamation litigation. The fact that my devices and documents were hacked and stolen causing

numerous proofs of the book to be made shows the government has no shame in this irrefutable cover up. It blew (and still blows) my mind that the police thought they could ignore their hideous sex offenders. Ignore hideous sex crimes against defenceless disabled persons too.

The fuller facts surrounding these desperate cover ups are that I lived for many years, from 2008 to at least 2014, under illegal privacy and surveillance breaches possible because of the not fit for purpose association laws. I personally have viewed footage of myself in my house, a camera pointed at my bedroom door that I viewed in 2014 was filmed approximately five years prior to myself viewing it. The video capturing innocent footage of me and conversations between a boyfriend I had in 2008/2009 and his mate I barely know. This proves that officers within the police force, at the least, have heard and has audio records of myself telling people about Kurt Slaven's sex offending. Myself, disclosing the sexual crime committed to a couple of close friends and boyfriends over the years 2001 and 2002, also to many persons during years 2008 onwards. After making the report against Kurt Slaven, as a victim I was shunned by my police family. My uncle and cousin after they had just exploited and endangered my life with a police operation under Commissioner Malcom Hyde were irrefutably dismissive of my welfare. Dad's entire side of his family a bunch of police puppets circulated the malicious accusations with no basis or facts, which is where Dad told me in 2016 he heard about the prostitute accusations. After my house, the Barbwire Noose office, was illegally acquisitioned. Brand [Barbwire Noose](#) was being labelled as sex industry related as well—slandorous comments of a very damaging nature, highly defamatory comments circulated by police. Having incorporated [Barbwire Noose](#) fully into a company by 2013 with promising investment prospects, my company was cancelled by the Australian Securities and Investments Commission (ASIC) due to the illegal conduct of the police. Heartbroken by the madness surrounding me. Madness effecting years of my hard work developing

Barbwire Noose. I nearly died in 2014 due to the malicious and intentional plot of deniability regarding reckless endangerment of my life by police. Years of severe reckless endangerment and numerous times after this date further seeing life threatening circumstances perpetrated by a pertinent cover up. All due to police criminal negligence and malicious, intentional reckless endangerment. I was nearly stabbed after recording an offender in the much-publicised Gordon Hamm homicide case. I provided the evidence to VICPOL via SAPOL, and the SAPOL police officer shared the USB containing the video – this video key, case-breaking proof of a known felon. In 2014, my dad stated, “Let the police handle it.” to myself, one of the many confirmations I had that the police were involved in an operation that was utilising my life. Myself, scared and being attacked by numerous persons involved and surrounding the crime. I was raped multiple times by multiple people all sex offences under police operations with attempts of sexual assault in the Northern Territory due to the malicious accusations allowed to circulate for years.

[Barbwire Noose](#) business transactions and investment prospects were severely stagnated during a decade of these cover ups which caused me evermore trauma. I focused a lot on branding and activism. The ‘A Better World’ initiative of the brand further immersed in fighting for Human Rights - the right to resolution. Though his credibility is clueless about the truth, if it weren’t for my dad’s honesty in disclosing the malicious accusations with no basis or facts that were about prostitution and a few other accusations, [Barbwire Noose](#) and I would not have been able to survive the reckless endangerment stemming from this defamation that was endured. I was left to fend for myself without housing, and I was lucky I didn’t end up completely homeless. Raped over and over again, with at times Australian police force members encouraging the attacks in efforts to cover up their internal sex offenders and subdue my reporting of police corruption, sexual indiscretions

leading to bribery and criminality. I heard much rhetoric regarding police making 'slut' shaming commentary, encouraging hate speech and even threats against myself through informants, friends and even their relatives. Police conspired and intentionally engaging defamation which was evidently malicious in efforts to compromise my safety and livelihood. I had not let fear be my weakness, regardless of the adversity. The assistance I provided led to numerous persons involved in the homicide incarcerated for the murder. During this investigation I reported an officer who had leaked the investigation evidence, Paul Griffiths of SAPOL. At this time, the police ombudsman of South Australia essentially requested that I report any other officer I felt should be reported, leading me to report Kurt Slaven. My cousin was actually working for SAPOL as a police officer when I reported the paedophile crime. He evidently believed the malicious accusations with no basis or facts spread by the seedy police force as he certainly did not act in a manner which deterred the police forces plot of a cover up. Hindsight, a privilege of the future on the past, if I were to report a government official or elite again, I would publicise the crime first, include the media in the communication, and then write the statement. Truth being defence to defamation and a statement made to police being the property of the victim. This strategic process would have saved me from clawing my way through life, the integrity side-stepping, court applications, and the endless disruptions to Barbwire Noose.

The hopes of some criminals to get away with heinous and almost unfathomable crimes lie in promises of government jobs and grants, which I have firsthand witnessed. Other avenues of extortion I saw was the usual drugs, sex, status and more interestingly the promise of ascendance with men I would barely call Freemasons. Extortion, bribe taking and protecting paedophiles for power is Not policing, governance or Freemasonry to me. Witnessing an acceptable culture of dehumanisation, victim blaming, and lack of

accountability honestly is something I did not understand. Growing up, I was always taught not to judge people and that humanity matters, which made these experiences even more disturbing.

The dehumanising treatment I watched and advocated change for maintained my view of this world - a 'World So Cold'. It's a song by the American heavy metal band [Mudvayne](#) that I really feel when listening to it. I thrashed this song, the album 'End of all things to come', after I was sexually assaulted. 'World So Cold' is still my favourite Mudvayne song. I have seen the band live, it's a life highlight. Mudvayne played live on Friday, the 24th of June 2005, at the famous and historic Palace Theatre in St Kilda, Melbourne, Victoria. I literally nearly ended up with broken ribs waiting for 'World So Cold' to play, my small stature was pushed against the front barrier of the mosh pit. The Mudvayne crowd in St Kilda was wild. My nearly broken ribs showed my sheer determination to stay at the stage no matter what. My favourite song was being played nearly last on the stage playlist. My friends and then boyfriend had bailed from the mosh pit; the guys had trouble handling the rough crowd, coming across as bit wimpy – soft blokes. I was left alone on the front barrier. Seeing the song title 'World So Cold' written on the paper playlist on the stage as the second or third to last song to be played, I stayed at my post on the stage barrier. I am petite, somewhat like Kylie Minogue; I am not of a large stature. One-hundred and fifty-three centimetres tall and approximately fifty kilograms, I was getting absolutely crushed by the crowd. I could literally feel the broken ribs coming on—a very stubborn personality, yet not to my own detriment. I knew how badly I wanted to see that song, without busted ribs. I turned to the random guy on my right and asked him if he could please stand behind me and cushion the crowd. The long, dark haired (not a bad looking guy) obliged, and I enjoyed the concert until it finished. I was keen to find my wimp company at the end of the show, so I asked my newfound metal head friend to lift

me over the barrier. He must have got a nice eye full of my ass as I exited via the front of stage. As he lifted me over the barrier, the hype was crazy, everyone was going wild. The heap of noise behind me was being made for the guitar pick on stage. I picked it up, turned to my newfound friend who had saved me from a broken rib, grabbed his hand, and wrapped it around the guitar pick, telling him how lucky he was that I was giving it to him and not keeping it myself. The gratitude on his face was priceless, as to me was the memory of my favourite song. I survived the front row view without hospitalisation. My fashion sense this gig was 'barely anything I am a swim teacher,' a short black singlet style look coupled with knee-high chunky lace-ups – rocking the whole goth look nicely. And even though I was nearly mushed into the fence to hear World So Cold, I would do it again. To that guy with the long hair - I love you man (whoever you are), always and forever. Epic Song, Epic Band, Epic Gig. The bruising was worth it! Live gigs, music, and festivals like the Big Day Out and Soundwave were like Serotonin in the chaos and inhumanity I witnessed and advocated against.

With hindsight, nothing changes. The good, the bad, the ugly moments – these moments, this movement for better care for persons with disabilities, Human Rights, the registration of my label, my life, and a determination to be a politician, knowing I would not have allowed what I had witnessed to occur, changed So Much. These first five years out of home, alone in the world defining this fashion icon – Barbwire Noose. An empowerment brand, Barbwire Noose, is rooted in human rights and elements of my life.

The damaging lack of humanity I experienced and witnessed during my early years away from home in the regional city of Mount Gambier. A city irrefutably run by a corrupt police force, biker gangs and questionable government and council representatives, was all exposed to myself by the age of nineteen-years-old. The old saying 'Make you or break you' has merit, and I chose to make the most of all these

experiences to become who I am. To make ‘A Better World’.

I started a second curtain blind featuring artistic scribbles, personal quotes, and teen art, similar to my yellow curtain blind at the Morgue House, where I designed the brand logo within. The location of the Barbwire Moose logo creative is not far from the main street, a commercial area in the CBD of Mount Gambier.

The simplistic logo, designed from scratch, is located at a property on Wehl Street North in Mount Gambier, South Australia. The house was a converted hospital which I found interesting. Apparently, my bedroom was the morgue. My love for witchcraft, souls, energetic connection, and wonder had me relish in this fact.

I lived with my dog, Kuta, two ferrets named Mary-Jane and Maggot, a yabby called Yoshi, two scorpions named Hammond and Clarkson (after the Top Gear hosts), two main cars (a VW and a VN Commodore), an on-and-off boyfriend, and my brother periodically. Life was good, except for the relentless lack of humanity I was witnessing and experiencing. The injustices I was seeing and enduring were so distorted. Watching dehumanisation as an excuse not to be kind to a human life in all aspects of society is so disheartening. On my laptop, I began writing the original autobiography about my life, just before the brand Barbwire Moose was trademarked, and I was ready to write about the brand's launch. My life experiences to me had already been newsworthy, engaging and at times, so damn exciting – so I thought. The writing started with the police officers sex crime, the threat against myself not to tell anyone about what he had done and the death of my pet rabbits—the beginnings of the immortalising of this story. A Compaq laptop, a stance against seedy sex crimes and my youth activism against the government elements encompass the basis of the brand's history and altered my life, for better and worse, for forever.

Taking nearly three years to trademark brand name words ‘Barbwire Noose®’. Taking only six months for trademark approval of the slogan ‘Fear Is the Root of All Weakness’ being registered separately. Applying for the motto on a separate application was a smart idea. The slogan being the most crucial trademark registration to me at the time. Designing the Barbwire Noose logo was a relatively straightforward process that I personally conducted on my laptop, as discussed in the introduction chapter. A basic process, yet I spent months refining it in my thoughts for registration. Fear Is the Root of All Weakness – the slogan being my main muse. It was when my trademark did not pass approval quickly that I applied for the slogan alone. By registering the slogan ‘Fear Is the Root of All Weakness,’ I applied for this trademark to be fast-tracked for earlier approval at a higher fee. ‘Fear Is the Root of All Weakness’ registered within six months in 2006.

I vividly remember the day I received the call for the approval of my first trademark application for both [Barbwire Noose](#) and ‘Fear Is the Root of All Weakness’. I was walking to my teaching role at the old Y.M.C.A complex, Mount Gambier. A fully qualified, national police checked, fit aquatics teacher.

I would walk to work, which was only seven minutes away. Walking was my environmental living choice, choosing to live as green as possible, where achievable. The indoor heated pool where I would teach was only a short distance from my property, which I purchased in 2006. The house at 69 Penola Road, Mount Gambier, became the official office of [Barbwire Noose](#) in 2012. I would regularly walk to the post office or the main street of Mount Gambier to shop more often than I drove. Receiving confirmation of registration from IP Australia, I was standing at the line of trees bordering the oval at Frew Park. I had just crossed the Jubilee/Prince Highway. Frew Park is a prominent community location hosting cricket and local events. I was walking on the highway side of the oval, elated beyond words is an understatement to describe my delight at the

news I received via telephone. Usually, a very smiley teacher teaches children; this day, I was the Cheshire cat in Alice in Wonderland – Willy Wonka in his chocolate factory. The smile could not have been bigger when the words ‘Barbwire Noose’ were finally approved as trademarked.

My logo, the words, and my slogan, 'Brand Barbwire Noose,' have finally received intellectual property recognition. Essentially, I had kept my logo, slogan, and label a secret for three years. No one knew what my brand was called nor that its slogan was ‘Fear Is the Root of All Weakness’ until IP approval. Keeping the secret was easy; I was so proud of what I was doing - becoming a fashion designer. My passion for entrepreneurship, combined with the inspirations from my life. So many motivations. To be creating an empowering platform for ‘A Better World’. Combining my passion for fashion and making a brand reflecting my passions - human rights activism felt so special. I had wanted to tell people, the world, about [Barbwire Noose](#) for years and finally I could.

It was a cry of activism in itself, trademarking my now ‘Famous’ brand name and slogan.

Quoting the amazing Coco Chanel who famously said: “Fashion is not something that exists in dresses only. Fashion is in the sky, in the street. Fashion has to do with the ideas, the way we live, what is happening.” And I agree entirely.

Chapter Two

‘The Story Behind the Brand’

As we delve deeper into the details, I must say that I am grateful these undesirable experiences led to the development of this entrepreneurial idea. My gentle nature saved by my inventive mind during tough times. It is essential not to let bad moments or people in life make you bitter. Dedication to truth, my convictions and small successes that saved my life define the brand. Human Rights outrages as the injustices I witnessed became injustices I clearly had endured for decades. Injustices that were nearly covered up, for a state Labor government led by both Mike Rann and Jay Weatherill, some of the most atrocious sexual offending against the disabled and minors.

The following details quickly summarise a series of events that further established the brand Barbwire Noose and expose some of the intricacies of government and policing efforts to create plausible deniability during intentional and malicious malfeasance. From neglectful investigations to pervert the course of justice to irrefutably deceitful deniability with aims to obstruct justice all together blatantly.

The Barbwire Noose trademark was forever immortalised in my first laptop, 'The Compaq'. The laptop I designed Brand [Barbwire Noose](#) logo on was also the device where I wrote all the letters to management, government authorities and Jay Weatherill regarding the serious neglect and sexual assaults I witnessed. The manuscript on 'The Compaq' interestingly also delved into the death of two pet rabbits. The murder of my rabbits, sad yet significant, occurred in the first rental I lived in with my boyfriend upon moving out of home. The animals were killed after the police officer Kurt Slaven raped me, before his second attempt at sexual abuse. Two rabbits murdered at the time of our lease cancellation, after only six months renting the family associated property. The property located on Margaret Street was my boyfriend's brother in laws Dad—a relative to my boyfriend by marriage, and a town sheriff.

The reason I got a new laptop was I found a hacker program of Christian religious orientation on this laptop. Mount Gambier riddled with paedophiles calling themselves Christians, Pastors, and Priests. I can't help but in hindsight wonder if the program was linked to the paedophile police officer Kurt Slaven and his associates. Meeting a brethren family in 2017, whom had an employee that bragged about his programming and hacking abilities. Coincidences really have been few over these years of whistleblowing.

I actually hocked my Compaq to a pawn broker when I upgraded to a newer Acer. It was the only laptop I have disposed of, my first one. I am a bit of a little laptop hoarder it seems, maybe I should have kept this one to considering the efforts being made to preserve it to abuse its contents.

I purchased the Acer which was top of the range technology at this time from Harvey Norman. Taking ‘The Compaq’ to the pawn shop I handed it to the male owner of Oz Hock on Commercial Street West in Mount Gambier. To find out it was never sold, nearly ten years later, and that it was miraculously never wiped of its contents, was certainly an agenda and a bit creepy. I wondered if Kurt Slaven and his CIB friends had used the evidence of government corruption contained on the laptop to manipulate a government further they were clearly aiding and abetting to cover up crimes in the disabilities sector since at least 2001—a complicit non-disclosure of a health risk by a police officer who had secrets of his own. There could only be a few reasons why a brick of a laptop like ‘The Compaq’ would still be alive – none of them good reasons really. It was surreal, crazy really that around ten years later, this laptop resurfaced in 2014, again with contents, just not in my possession. My father alerted me that my Compaq was still in existence. Immediately I wanted it back. Being the Original laptop of [Barbwire Noose](#) trademark logo. Designs within its contents, I was originally very excited to hear my laptop was not long lost. Although its resurrection also brought an explanation. The contents regarding whistleblowing the disabled sector and details the laptop contained of neglect and abuse I had witnessed seemed to be resurfacing with odd editing. Misconstrued versions of my letters, falsified versions of events surrounding the neglect and criminal conduct I reported to the government. I saw letters written about my emotional distress suspiciously changed in 2014. Changed to reflect poor mental stability as opposed to the emotional distress I expressed after witnessing raw, red private regions on my disabled peers who were

residing in government care facilities. My reaction of outrage at these documents being modified was loud, and recorded on police audio. Audio illegally obtained under association laws, during a homicide investigation carried out in Mount Gambier in 2014—the start of my uncovering a cover-up of severe malfeasance, as documented by the police.

The pawnbroker store where I sold the laptop had oddly shut down not long after I learned that the Compaq still existed and was in operational use. Irrefutably my Compaq's second life was proof of the level of corruption to which the government embraced to cover up reported sex crimes against disabled and also severely neglected people in government care. The laptop also proof of police efforts to cover up sex crimes as the laptop contained details with his name, that Kurt Slaven was a sexual predator. Horrifying facts that I made public when it was clear the government was misappropriating tax funds in a cover-up campaign. Much of the maladministration had been exposed prior to this autobiography being submitted to the Disability Royal Commission established 2019. My UGLY HEROS Autobiography manuscript was well and truly public at this time. The Disability Royal Commission was established in response to community concerns about the sector. Yet the community and families associated with Sharley House are of no matter, with no apology issued from Jay Weatherill who is directly responsible for the lack of justice these clients suffered due to his criminal negligence.

Vocal about my concerns regarding the sector. I was invited to share my story, the story of my voiceless disabled peers, by Jordon Steele-John of The Australian Greens Political Party. With much to discuss about the steps taken by the Labor South Australian government to cover up and flounder a

criminal investigation into severe sexual abuse of disabled I sent the draft manuscript of this book. The details though unrefined were precise regarding the floundering of duty of care, fundamental human rights, justice, and a process to distort and avoid accountability via rebranding. The truth, very much known in Mount Gambier well before the Royal Commission commenced. The depths of this activity needed to be documented. Yet, the stories of these voiceless victims looked to be being overlooked by the Disability Royal Commission as we entered 2023. The media had been aware of the cover-ups for years and had remained compliant in their silence regarding the government. Facts unfathomable to me. Most journalism shares elements, including principles of truthfulness, accuracy, and fact-based communications, independence, objectivity, impartiality, fairness, respect for others, and public accountability – not in Australia. The governments sure made journalism in Australia a puppet show of scaredy cats with their oppression of Julian Assange. It was astonishing to me and everyone around me that no journalists had approached me to report the story. Primarily, once the cover-up was acknowledged on record in October 2020 by an apparent Women's Safety officer named Stephanie Baker. I have some very choice words to describe this despicable human, that stated I think her complacently assisting a paedophile cover up says enough—an absolute disregard for the lives of non-cognitive sexually abused clients. I couldn't believe what I was hearing and seeing at times. The fact that fiction was being circulated as facts by any greedy opportunist without a backbone, by authorities and by scum about myself, while serious sexual violence was

intentionally ignored is a revolting standard of governance and policing.

Before a heap of shit people jumped on board a sex crimes cover up, [Barbwire Moose](#) flourished. When I purchased my house, located at 69 Penola Road, I was still just twenty-one years old. The contract settling at the beginning of April 2006. The original office of [Barbwire Moose](#) Clothing during the initial incorporation of Barbwire Moose® in 2012 - 2013, eight years after the property became my home and evidently my refuge. By 2012, after four years of operation, I had invested well over 10,000 Australian dollars per year in establishing the brand. Incorporating the brand Barbwire Moose was easily worth a capital value of over two hundred thousand Australian dollars (2008–2012). This value does not include the value of my trademark asset, which was not considered under the investment contracting. I lodged the property officially at the time of incorporation registration with Australian Securities and Investments Commission (ASIC). A proud brain box (academic) and bargain shopper, my life was self-made early, and I strived to thrive. I still strive to thrive, with a strong focus on creating ‘A Better World’ through my brand, Barbwire Moose, not just on breaking the fashion industry with meaning as I set out.

The life of a Whistle-blower is a kind of lonely one. You have very little true friends when you take on the government. Plenty of opportunists around; it’s easy to make enemies too, but not many true friends. No one really wants to do the right thing when the pressure cooker rages on high for years. When, for years and generations, governments have practised and succeeded with oppressive tactics, accountability becomes a

game. I have watched good men become bad ones for years by doing nothing. “The only thing necessary for the triumph of evil is for good men to do nothing.” - Edmund Burke.

I knew it all too well: the process of a cover-up by 2020. Brand Barbwire Noose built watching the foundations of a cover up. Over my dead body was the only way this cover up would succeed. Witnessing the rebrand (maladministration) of IDSC to Disability SA, I had thought it was repugnant at that time in 2005. It was just the tip of the iceberg of the demonic plan the government had against those who could not help themselves and to protect elite sex offenders. Not on my watch, I pushed on refusing to allow the cover up and governance continued to recklessly endanger my life utilising police and felons in an affray. The defamation undeniably malicious and intentional in hopes I would actually die before Kurt Slaven - a paedophile was charged. Underlying this, clear assistance to push me to seek the refuge of suicide before they had to deal with the disabilities sector sexual crimes. Ignoring me and gas lighting me, as had been done in 2005. I may have died; this book may have been oppressed. but after years of relentlessly blowing the whistle on the truth, it can never be buried. It is now always the white elephant in the room. The Story Behind the Brand, obvious as day, especially if my death was to come before justice.

“They must find it difficult, those who have taken authority as truth, rather than truth as authority.” -Gerald Massey

Delving deeper into the finer details of the slogan ‘Fear Is the Root of All Weakness®’. My words, artistically written in texta as a teenager, was the beginning of my Yellow Curtain

Blind. The blinds hung over the glass front entry door of the first property I rented, which I had rented solely under my name in 2002. I drew my own font for writing the Barbwire Noose slogan, not a special font, really, just one that was unique - it looked cool. The text drawn in both black and red ink. It was written large, in a kind of snake slither line—the text written from the top of the curtain blind to the bottom. My yellow blind took centre stage in the living room, gaining a full spread of drunk teenage scripts and some corny stickers until it was a full canvas of derogatory teen artistry.

The front door of this property, with its glass face, looked straight into the lounge of the flat, allowing for no privacy, especially at night. Surveys will show a large percentage of teenagers in regional South Australia smoke Marijuana, the drug often commonly indulged on weekends in all demographics. The bong glow (mid war on drugs globally) was not yet socially acceptable but was legal in differing quantities on and off in South Australia. Legalisation a movement worldwide by 2020, marijuana in Australia was a controversial topic for those in government benefiting from illegal industry and they were plentiful.

The location of Lake Terrace, being a prominent road in Mount Gambier, made it necessary to be discreet about the bong. This flat, located at the west end of the road, is considered a more upscale area. Situated across from a now converted to apartments old main hospital, a stone's throw away from a school and walking distance to the CBD. The area features scenic tourist attractions, including the famous Blue Lake. The Valley Lakes were directly opposite to the property I rented across from the converted Hospital—a two-bedroom flat where the weekends were filled with harmless

fun. The neighbours were young and didn't mind the cranked stereo. Renting this property for six months, I spent the majority of my time volunteering and partying for the better part of that period. I worked as an aquatic's teacher in a cold outdoor pool at this time briefly until my doctor advised me to leave the position due to a questionable heart concern diagnosis. The doctor stating the outdoor pool's cold temperature was to blame for the heart muscle strain I was experiencing.

The police, I found out through communication with the outdoor pool manager in 2019 had circulated to this pool that I was a prostitute in 2001 when I left the employment. Efforts clearly engaged to cover up Kurt Slaven raping myself, a minor, on duty at the beginning of 2001. Only God knows why police think they can justify sex crimes by saying someone is a prostitute anyway, especially in justification to having sex with a minor. It was under-employment when I was working at the outdoor Aquatic Centre, so when my doctor's advice regarding my heart and the pool's temperature came into play, I listened to the professional advice and quit the job even though it was odd and almost pushed me into destitution. The doctor also suggested an x-ray of my chest, which I declined at the time due to financial concerns that may have stemmed from the examination and because I think his diagnosis is bullshit.

One year prior to the creation of the yellow curtain blind and the words 'Fear Is the Root of All Weakness'. I lived much the same with a different boyfriend. Six months in a two-bedroom flat on Doughty Street. It was often filled with us teens on the weekends, I have many fun memories of this

residence. I actually nearly burnt the place down cooking something battered in oil one day! Something I was going to purge after I ate it (bulimia).

The old lady next door was a super cool elderly lady. She did not mind the music us teens indulged on weekends. Dance remixes from the 'Mystery Bus Tours' Album would liven up the post twelve am party before we would go out. I refused to be seen out before 12 am majority of the time – never that bored! I recall her knocking only once on the door at 12 a.m. about the tunes we teens had cranked. We would have usually headed out at midnight, this night clearly we were late to leave for the drunken antics of the Mount Gambier locals nightlife – pub crawling. We were a nice bunch of young adults and there was never a need to call the police. My high school friends were a polite and respectful crowd. We always had the music turned down before the (technically also police deadline) strike of twelve am. Much of the respect given from us teens was in consideration for the neighbours, not the police. My boyfriend and I's flat was the biggest property in the group. Between the two of us, we had four cars in the carport and parking area. I had a rabbit, just one to replace the two rabbits that were murdered.

Being unfairly dismissed from Hungry Jack's (Burger King) by my father who was no longer a restaurant manager in 2001, yet still thought he could act like one, was damaging and devastating. My Mum who was the restaurant manager encouraged Dad's behaviour to the point where he dismissed my position at the company. My dad's main job was actually self-employment, proprietor of 'Rock Up' Rock Climbing Gym. The illegal dismissal played out in a phone call from my dad who called myself and was very angry, apparently

dismissing me on my mum's behalf. Dad had opened and run three Hungry Jack's (Burger King) Fast-food Restaurant stores across South Australia until choosing for the family to reside in Mount Gambier. Stability for myself, and my younger brothers upbringing and schooling. Our family of four settled in Mount Gambier, South Australia in 1990. The same year my poppa, Dad's dad died.

The whole situation surrounding my dismissal was fucked in my seventeen-year-old eyes. I had housed a co-worker whose parents were abusive and my mum disagreed with this threatening my position prior to dad doing her dirty work. I had been raped by the creepy old cop earlier that year, while working at Hungry Jack's I rejected a male manager who had a personal interest in me. It was following this that he and my parents demanded that I work on a day I had asked to have off, as my rental lease had expired. I needed to finish the move out that day. I moved into my friend's rental because I wasn't allowed to move back home. I defied them all and refused to work on this day. That is when Dad rang me and abruptly dismissed my position without proper authority. I was so angry with my parents at this time for dismissing myself that I told them I hated them and did not need them.

Years later, numerous callous moments later in 2017 it was solidified that my family were a threat to my welfare, and I applied for a lifetime intervention order against all family members involved with myself being used as 'rape bait' and/or had spread the malicious accusations with no basis or facts about sex industry work. My resentment towards them for dismissal and disregarding my life is real. And a real welfare concern. I do not and never will trust my family. After

being raped due to your families' decisions and cast aside for their own self-preservation, you can allow no room for forgiveness. Reality is I could have died, and I am lucky I'm not dead from their selfishness. Forgiveness is a privilege not a virtue.

My Uncle that had worked for STARForce with SAPOL, and called out corruption then it happens that I was targeted by a sexual predator within the police force I do not feel is a coincidence. My parents' actions after I was raped 2001 were nearly identical to their actions when Malcom Hyde of SAPOL used me and then reported Kurt Slaven as a sex offender in 2014. My family, in self-preservation, was callous, dismissive, and malicious. A low standard of morality to set and an easy standard to beat, so to speak.

After reporting Kurt Slaven to the police ombudsman, life was almost déjà vu in comparison to on-goings in 2004 and 2005 when I was reporting severe neglect and sexual misconduct in the disabilities sector. Malicious accusations with no basis or facts regarding prostitution evidently circulated to benefit sex offenders, including Kurt Slaven. The police force by 2022 proven to be heavily associated with the Nazi originating biker gang the Gypsy Jokers to which have protected sex offenders like Kurt Slaven and many other seedy cops, elite offenders, judges, lawyers and politicians for decades in Australia. It was obvious to me why criminal conduct and Human Rights surrounding sex offenders were being ignored in Australia and obvious why Australia made the number one rank of paedophilia live purchases during the Coronavirus crisis period globally in 2022. Facts exposed more truthfully on SBS television than via the predominate Murdoch media of Australia.

If my Uncle had taken a more responsible approach to the police corruption he witnessed as opposed to just leaving the force and deciding it was too hard to achieve integrity I probably never would have been a target of detective Kurt Slaven. My Dads poor decisions were dealing marijuana, among other things, to biker gangs. Both these circumstances combined with a police force protecting paedophiles, including in government, and also siding with any paedophile biker they could find allowed the malicious accusations with no basis or facts to circulate for decades.

My direct family, my Dad, Mum and brother had in 2016 sided with numerous lies as they were exposed in association with the Gypsy Jokers. Self-preservation as discussed which seen the office of Barbwire Noose, my home of 10 years illegally acquisitioned due to the damaging defamation of prostitution. The Human Rights Act Australia is supposed to protect people from having their property unlawfully removed. This right is based on Article 17 of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. Yet without a Bill of Rights Australia and with the not fit for purpose Association Laws the government and police are able to bypass the courts and furthermore Human Rights in deliberate violations to cover up serious government sector crimes. The right to a fair trial and a fair hearing applies to both criminal and civil proceedings, and in cases before both courts and tribunals. The illegal acquisition was a civil tribunal. I was placed into a position where I was no longer safe. My right to liberty and security of persons was barely existent for a decade. Subject to arbitrary arrest and detention in years to come, I was deprived of my liberties by a corrupt governance covering up sex offending. Entrapment activities surrounding myself

literally while my life was compromised. If I had have engaged in prostitution or organised crime, when circumstances were being created by police to push me into criminality, the government should have been charged with entrapment. Both governments guilty of attempting entrapment via police forces and a large portion of the police force publicly accountable under National Integrity laws for their involvement in sex crimes cover ups. The on going's surrounding my life in 2014 - 2016 are extensively on record and if the truth is not being intentionally distorted, the corruption is blatantly obvious, irrefutable and unable to be covered up without a clear intent to pervert the course of justice. The court hearing was also illegal. The court hearing an acquisition of my home with the use of [Barbwire Noose](#) company's lawyer, Minter Ellison. The government via HomeStart finance and Bank SA using the lawyer which was representative of [Barbwire Noose](#) investment contracts and a lawyer that should have been aware the home was a company asset. A conflict of interest, the firm has as much responsibility in damages as SAPOL and the Australian Federal Police who were involved in the investigations surrounding the homicide. My own family called me a drug addict in the illegal court proceedings. My Dad known in Mount Gambier amongst select individuals for his extensive array of drug use, I was shocked that he would make such fanciful claims against myself. Even smoking weed, everyone knew at this time that I knew growers, they were my family and friends. I had barely paid to smoke marijuana over the ten years I owned my home, often swapping seedlings and seeds or trying my luck with a plant of my own. The case was to state that I could not afford the repayments on my home,

insinuating drug issues. Furthermore, even if this was the case, I had over ten thousand dollars in superannuation which should have been accessed. Which would have been accessed if the acquisition was legitimate and nothing to do with the not fit for purpose association laws. Arbitrarily deprived of my property after ten years of my property ownership, even though human rights state that No one shall be subjected to arbitrary interference of privacy, family, home or correspondence, nor to attacks upon honour and reputation. My home loan was paid with extra payments on nearly every repayment and was past half its lifetime span with extra repayments by 2016. Having obtained a government funded HomeStart loan as a first home buyer, it was at this time that I was exposed to the level of manipulation between financial institutions and government. Looking at the paperwork submitted to court you could barely tell the loan had existed for ten years at all. The repayments and total sums were not equating to ten years of financing with twenty dollars extra on every fortnightly payment. Twenty dollars was the maximum extra contribution that was allowed on top of my regular repayments. My Dad made it clear I would get my house back after the acquisition. Yet, over half a decade later, the office to [Barbwire Moose](#) was still being occupied by bestiality indulging Gypsy Joker associates who in 2023 thought they could sell my property. Any profit made from the sale of this property is proceeds of crime. Pursuing all the justice I am owed, especially after I had been raped nearly every year since the acquisition by people associated with seedy police or the numerous paedophile biker groups circulating Australia. An agenda to try and ruin Barbwire Moose and my reputation driven by defamatory baseless accusations from

police forces involving my family, traumatic as fuck. Let alone the malicious accusations resulting in my house, brand Barbwire Noose's office,quisitioned. The corruption allowed to manifest was devastating, damaging and life threatening. Someone who does not care about the truth doesn't ask for the truth, and that's because they benefit from the lie. It is that simple.

The reality that police with my family's knowledge had been exploiting my life for decades complicated the situation that was already distorted by two sex crimes cover up agendas. One regarding myself and one surrounding our disabled peers. Allowing for a distortion of investigations and plausible deniability blaming other police forces and gang members even though they were all associated with the criminal conduct as the pyramid of accountability narrowed.

Some of this stuff I'm explaining, to state the obvious, involves some strategic planning and coordination. Either keep reading or re-read the introduction if you feel a bit lost. My Anything but Ordinary, Judgement and perception have NO value here book series is a great quick read filling in random gaps of knowledge about my life and myself – my persona. The use of and utilisation of my life by SAPOL is extraordinary and unique. The circumstance repetition is in the defamatory cover up narrative used often to discredit or dismiss a whistle-blower.

When SAPOL illegally issued me a police certification (explained in Autobiography UGLY HEROS) and used my person in a relationship to target Luke Hubert Scheidl, son of

Gypsy Joker Hans Scheidl. Police exposed me to a world unknown to me, a hazardous result of their operations. Abandoning this operation is irrefutably criminally negligent. Luke had committed Grand theft auto with a police relatives gang (called 'constantly on attack', COA) as a young adult, which many people in Mount Gambier knew about and thought he had moved on from. Well, that's how it seemed at the time I was in a relationship with him. Less well known is the fact that Luke had also been investigated for grooming a very young teenager in his early twenties. Something I was clearly unaware of during our relationship, but an offence that members of SAPOL were aware of. I learned of the grand theft auto offence during our relationship. Luke admitted to me that the grand theft auto offence was his idea, which he spontaneously conceived when he saw the opportunity to steal a car key during a car yard test drive. After our relationship, Luke disclosed to me that he had also been investigated for paedophilia. Grooming a young girl who was living across the road from him in Adelaide when he resided there. The young girl tells her mother about Luke's sexual activities towards her. The Mother and daughter reporting the crimes to SAPOL. Regarding Luke's Dad, Hans Scheidl, SAPOL had numerous offences of interest. I was personally made aware that Hans migrated to Australia and would bring Germans over from Germany to manufacture and teach gang members to manufacture methamphetamines (among other things) while they were here on study and working visas in 2005. I know, as one night out clubbing in Mount Gambier, I met one of these German methamphetamine cook students - Ralph. The targeting of persons of interest by police in such a manner recklessly endangered my life. Without a real need to say,

clearly, the investigations led to much backlash and motivation by Scheidl and friends to inflict suffering on me, coercing the government, and the criminal conduct of the police was highly beneficial to them.

With myself being utilised by SAPOL and the small town mentality talk about my apparent police status recorded across town in databases, the Gypsy Jokers disrupted Barbwire Noose out of spite and the police allowed the malicious activity as they benefited from it with governments to cover up sex crimes. Their sex crimes. Myself never wearing a uniform, to combat the numerous police certifications issued and convert opinions back to thinking I was a prostitute, the Gypsy Jokers helped out there too. Heavily assisted by their fellow sex industry paedophilia supplier counterparts, the Bandidos. Hence my line about the truth only being sort by those who want it. Police perverting the course of justice and lying to the police ombudsman, integrity commissions and courts to assist their seedy cover up shows a dysfunction in the separation of powers within Australian litigation, legal and law enforcement institutions. The most common type of police corruption is bribe taking. In the Australian police force at this time taking a bribe seemed the standard. A culture of taking bribes from those who deal in gambling, prostitution, illegal use of drugs, conspiring with sex offenders, aiding, and abetting trafficking is no secret about the Australian Police Force. A lot of the time the middle man is always the problem. The Central Intelligence Agency (CIA) is an excellent example of that, power trippers riddle with scandals, cover ups and operations intentionally planned for a plausible deniability defence—corruption packaged as covert. The

standard is low globally, and the police are constantly exposed in association with organised crime. Police protected the use of minors in the sex industry because police officers were the clients. The fact that police were so involved in illegal activity allowed my Identification, tax and [Barbwire Noose](#) company details to be stolen in 2012 by Luke Hubert Scheidl. Apparently, even an unlawful borrowing against my property was made. By 2023 I had been thrown in jail illegally while an affray of sex offenders, corrupt cops and Ice/methamphetamines dealers continued to benefit from an irrefutable cover up of vulgarity.

Luke Hubert Scheidl, the paedophile son of a Gypsy Joker, is on record with SAPOL having threatened my life in 2012. SAPOL has never charged him for his offence in over ten years. Furthermore, VICPOL have records of Luke Hubert Scheidl's involvement in the dealing of Ice/methamphetamines and morphine, plus offending, which includes his circulation of damaging revenge porn. Over a decade, ten years' worth of criminal offences and VICPOL have also failed to charge the felon. Hans Scheidl importing drugs and a vulgar standard sex industry, evidently, for him has paid off with both police forces paralysed to act due to bribery overwhelming the sector. The revenge porn circulated, prior to my being illegally incarcerated, was one of the most degrading offences the police allowed to continue in their intentional and malicious malfeasance. Physical sexual crimes are clearly the most emotionally distressing. Allowing the Gypsy Jokers to engage in criminality against a small, innocent girl leaves me dumbfounded. To try to sacrifice my brand, Barbwire Noose, as if it weren't my property, my life pulse is excruciating. Deliberate

obstructions of justice have affected my earning capacity, livelihood, safety, and overall well-being. The Barbwire Moose company's expansion, store prospects, and even massive opportunities, such as New York Fashion Week attendances, were dragged into the most damaging defamation campaign that Australia is likely to have globally exposed. Australian Federal Police investigations are intended to be a process of gathering information relevant to an alleged, apparent, or potential breach of the law, potentially leading to judicial proceedings. Never having had a potential for legitimate judicial proceedings, no Australian police force had legal grounds for any of its investigative or malicious conduct surrounding me. Everything I've lived through/experienced is illegal. These investigations were not legal; they are a process—a calculated and intentionally malicious process designed by sex offenders to cover up sex crimes. Character assassination is a common practice against whistleblowers; this maliciousness started before I became a whistleblower. The agenda of Kurt Slaven, as of 2023, to create damaging defamation, destitution, and ultimately displace me from my own home (and numerous other places of residence) over the course of ten years was clearly malicious and intentional - irrefutably. Displaced from everyday life for at least a decade. The progress of Barbwire Moose was disrupted for decades. All these accusations and this activity were unknown to me until 2014, when it became evident that ice dealers were being protected by the police more than I was. People involved in extorting or paying the police bribes were being allowed to get on with life, put into witness protection, and even allowed to attack my reputation and Barbwire Moose's reputation. In contrast,

police forces focused on oppressive tactics against me. You could not make this shit up. A police operation that exploited my life turned into my life, and my livelihood was threatened by reckless endangerment for a decade. A decade of lies to cover up sex crimes in government, government care and policing. Numerous police officers witnessed an operation that used me as ‘rape bait’. Police cared not that they compromised my safety to a life-threatening point. 2020 saw me face homelessness of the most severe nature, with no ability to qualify for housing assistance, and much outstanding institutional harassment and torts from the police force against me to address. Torts stemming from SAPOL into other Australian police forces. My ruthless reporting of the alliance of the police force with the Gypsy Jokers and numerous other criminals aligned with sex offending activity was met with so much resistance. Serious resistance by police forces across Australia to stop the change to their rape culture and dehumanising justification for floundering Human rights. Scandalous and morally repugnant.

Writing ‘Fear Is the Root of All Weakness®’ on my Yellow Curtain Blind in 2002, the statement clearly and literally stemmed from Fear. Scared of Kurt Slaven – I still am uncomfortable, just Not Scared. Described, my teeth chattered uncontrollably when reliving the traumatic moments to write the statements to report his hideous crimes to SAPOL in 2017 and 2018, only three odd years after the initial report to the police ombudsman in 2014. No cover up to see here my ass.

The process of writing the statement against Kurt Slaven made me see my teeth chattering and exhibit other

uncontrollable body language, which was a slightly embarrassing reaction for someone like me. I have always been perceived as a strong, level-headed person, even as a teenager. I was so scared of this man as a child, sixteen years old, attacked by a man in his thirties, around the same age as my own dad. Having threatened me, “Don’t tell anyone,” as he buried the condom next to the car when he first successfully raped me, a circumstance of complete duress. I was better off saying nothing at this time. A child who could have been seriously injured fighting and left to die at the Pine’s plantation location of the rape. In my mind, when I found out Kurt Slaven had discussed me with fellow police (Dave Kyriacou), I was mortified. Reality is that someone really cared about me, or someone in a position of responsibility who heard he had sex with me, a sixteen-year-old minor, should have been concerned. They should have acted against the sex offender, and they should have asked me about the assault. No one did, no one ever asked for the truth, even in 2023. The facts that I knew Nothing of the sex industry claims until after Gordon Hamm was murdered (ultimately murdered because of methamphetamine dealers Tim Stringer and Shaun MacDonnell). Furthermore baffling. I had just lived most of my life thinking it’s a small town, he will not tell anyone about his crime, and it’s best for me to take his threat seriously. Instead, he had been paving a way to try to defend his crime all along. I still to this day believe I made the best choice not to report his sex crime despite the permeation of his lie. I think if I had reported this Gypsy Joker-aligned, sex offender police officer in 2001, at this stage, he and his criminal alliances would have harmed me much further than just making me suffer a character

assassination and sexual assaults in defamation. The murder of my pet rabbits says it all. A warning was clearly being sent.

It was a different era in 2014 when I finally reported the creep and crime that lies behind the brand's slogan. I am at peace with my decision to remain silent as a teenager, especially after feeling shame and remorse for writing the statement. The painful thought of other victims like me does haunt me, but the choice of self-preservation as a scared and fragile sixteen-year-old feeling alone in the world was not wrong. I survived what was killing me and lived through what I live with. I was surrounded by great friends and met new people while going out as a teenager, distracting myself from the pain of the ordeal by immersing myself in beautiful things, music, and things I enjoyed, such as outdoor activities and charitable volunteering. Everything I bought was my interpretation of what I considered beautiful. I love diamonds and bought SO much gold jewellery, pretty things drowning the ugly offence committed by a serial predator. Finding standards and humanity amongst the standards-less seemed to appease me, even if it was just my own standards.

As touched on in the introduction, the logo and brand name 'Barbwire Noose' were designed after the slogan rang subconsciously within my living spaces for many years. I had purchased a drum kit in 2002. The year following the sexual assault. My logic, guilty of breaking my own property at times of severe emotional distress as an adult (PTSD), the plan was to bash the drums and bang out my anger and frustration without having to replace stuff. The drum kit quickly got boring; I was so uncoordinated at it, and my jerk of a boyfriend was my teacher. The drum kit was one of the many

reasons that by the end of 2002, I found myself looking for a more private residence. My brother was often involved with the wrong type of company, surrounded by units mainly occupied by older people. My then jerk partner is a domestic violence offender who would smash his car up in the driveway, smash up the interior of my rentals and threaten suicide. Older than me, this guy was my partner during most of my trauma recovery after the rape. Assessing the situation and my reactions, I think his responses to life influenced mine, as I was not known as destructive before being raped. Nor after really, the feelings are sporadic, an extremity of my PTSD and evidently a self-defence mechanism.

Finally, for this chapter, I bring to life the finer details of trademark registration. The story behind the delays to my original application, including both the brand and slogan, is somewhat interesting in itself. Trademarked with IP Australia (2005), listed in class order, the registration was for Class 16 – paper and cardboard; printed matter; bookbinding material; photographs; stationery and office requisites, except furniture; adhesives for stationery or household purposes; drawing materials and materials for artists; paintbrushes; instructional and teaching materials; plastic sheets, films, and bags for wrapping and packaging; printers' type, printing blocks. As well as Class 25 – clothing, footwear, headwear – goods and services. Class 25 being the priority, I registered Class 16 as I had started authoring my first book on 'The Compaq'.

My first application approval, which was stalled (including both slogans and brand names, 'Barbwire Noose'

and ‘Fear Is the Root of All Weakness’), was submitted on November 28, 2005. Applying separately for the slogan ‘Fear Is the Root of All Weakness,’ for which I paid a higher fee for a six-month priority approval, was submitted on March 8, 2006. IP Australia approved this second application on 21 December 2006 – the approval of this application came well after the six-month priority period I had paid extra for. When the first application for ‘Barbwire Noose’ and ‘Fear Is the Root of All Weakness’ was finally approved, it was years later. The obstruction used to justify delays for my initial application referred to the words ‘Barbwire Noose’. The approval process for my original trademark application was irrefutably met with profuse resistance. The controversy in registration seemed to be a malicious-like claim of association (a kind of Nazism global notion too). Defamatory notions that, as expressed, I was not aware of for many years, in establishing the brand.

The federal government institution, IP Australia, finally approved the brand's name, which created a frivolous relationship with the single word 'Barbwire' and a storefront business name in Adelaide. It was nothing more than a closed-down, non-operational store when I drove past the premises to check it out. An irrelevant, out-of-operation store, which was not a brand making clothing, was the reason given by the federal government's IP Australia department for not initially approving my label. I saw it as time-wasting and a violation of Article 23 of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights.

1. Everyone has the right to work, to free choice of employment, to just and favourable conditions of work and to protection against unemployment.

Literally just a storefront, the conflict of interest was completely unjustified, hindering my earning capacity and holding me in underemployment. Not to mention that having my own business allowed me to create a lifelong protection against unemployment, which I had faced numerous times unfairly. Barbwire Moose, a Fashion label's ambition, most definitely could not be confused with the closed-down storefront called 'Barbwire' if my brand's trademark were to be registered. I wrote numerous letters to the owner of the closed Adelaide store, with no responses initially. This is when I decided to finally drive by the store in Adelaide, after receiving no response to my letters, only to discover a store that was no longer trading and had been out of business for quite a while. This mocked-up store excuse was seemingly being used baselessly to block me from trademarking the words 'Barbwire Moose'. I, with no idea regarding Nazi notions at the time, where it seemed obvious this storefront

was an excuse, started to wonder if my reporting to the government disabilities minister regarding neglect and abuse was having some bearing on my trademark registration. Intellectual Property (IP) Australia was a Federal department. I could not conclusively prove collusion at this time – I can now. I wanted the Barbwire Moose trademarked, so I continued to challenge the approval status. ‘Barbwire Moose’, after years of disruptions to its progress, much time wasted in administration, and me never giving up hope, I saw the approval arrive, crossing Frew Park as stated. The fact that The Story Behind the Brand is probably the motivation for the deliberate time wasting to delay registration, given my now knowledge of a cover-up, is sad. Intentional obstructions to the success of the brand ‘Barbwire Moose’ by the government to cover up sex crimes uncovered years after intentional trading delays. After a decade-long defamation campaign since 2012, the facts of malicious intent in institutional harassment by government agencies have become irrefutable. I was determined to fight for Barbwire Moose, despite the issues. Accusations, clearly without merit, seemed to begin before the brand gained its trademark, and at some point, they had to lose momentum. Repetition of the truth as loud as the lie at least was proving to be counteracting the baseless noise by 2023.

In 2006, I had many conversations over the phone (with no resolution) with IP Australia regarding the lack of response to my process, which required written communication with ‘Barbwire’ stores.

All this maladministration apparently met an acceptable standard of procedure under the then-Liberal federal

government of John Howard. Even though it was a state Labor government driven disruption and cover up of sex crimes concerning myself. The Mike Rann association laws had not yet come into effect when my trademark registration application was made. Yet, it can be seen that the federal Intellectual Property Department (IP Australia) is irrefutably guilty of malfeasance, malpractice and administrative blocks. Actions undermining human rights are an outrageous standard for the federal body to embody. But why? Evidently, so many people for decades benefited from blocking a little girl's dream to cover up the most disgusting and heinous criminalities—sexual crime cover-ups. IP Australia's actions were just the start of decades of disruptions to Barbwire Noose and my personal progress. Furthermore, and importantly, disruptions at the expense of non-cognitive disabled Australians in government care.

Reporting neglect and assault of the disabled to the government, designing the brand's logo and listening to music were much of life in 2005. Those around me saw the weight of witnessing the disability sectors gross neglect and abuse the disability sectors had on me first-hand. Emotionally distressed, sad and at times depressed, not just from what I had seen, but from the process of reporting. I do not think those close to me ever really understood, nor seemed to care about the situation like I did—such dehumanisation. I was emotionally distressed and very frustrated at everything I could not understand. The inhumane treatment of people who could not speak was overlooked for what seemed to be a monetary disposition – hiring and re-training costs. The cost to fix the problem was the reason why clients were allowed to be raped and neglected under government care. Little did I

know at this age that this was the government's way. Inadequate hiring and avoiding firing due to training costs was a culture that had persisted in government sectors for years. One of the many reasons malfeasance flourishes. The sub-standard employees and services are creating insidious cultures of dehumanisation, malpractice, and administrative cover-ups. The appropriateness of employees in governance roles always entails a responsibility to others, and as such, it is absolutely vital that employees are appropriately appointed and trained. It was so disheartening and disgusting for me to witness the systematic cover-ups I have endured. Dehumanisation has no place in a humane society.

Out of everyone around me, the most outstanding support I had was from people who had suffered themselves and genuine empaths. Listeners became friends, and people who saw the impact the tragic culture was having on me, who had also suffered, reached out in sympathy, with genuine appreciation to those real people in these unreal times. In the reporting stage of whistleblowing in the disabilities sector, it was not the job or the clients that caused emotional anguish. I was essentially doing what I had volunteered for at Aged Care, just more intensely. It was the disgusting and unfathomable actions stemming from the fact that I was working for the government and seeing such neglect and abuse with little to no accountability that was so disturbing. As a victim of a government employee myself, that was tearing me apart. The subconscious link to the inhumane experience of rape I had endured from a police officer – a trusted government worker- exasperated my emotions as I further witnessed abuses of power. The police officer's

predatory offence was a silent scar, as I reported on behalf of the Australian communities most vulnerable. I, a victim holding a tragic burden that was not helped by the fact that sex offending was cast into a too-hard basket. With a clear attitude of 'let's overlook it', a culture exists in government sectors. Feeling completely hopeless when no one acted on my reports to stop the criminal negligence and sexual violence, feelings that persons in the position of accountability wanted me to suffer.

Much malicious activity was directed towards Barbwire Moose, including online interference with the Barbwire Moose website, email issues, and spam warfare, such as flooding inboxes with email spam delivered every second, minute, and so on. This activity made my business email addresses almost unusable in 2019. Chinese technology warfare, later acknowledged by the government, as discussed by the media, overwhelmed Barbwire Moose emails. The activities that occurred after I reported Bandidos-associated VICPOL police officer Damian Ferrari in 2018. Evidently, police and governments allow foreign interference if it benefits them; that's what I firmly believe. In my opinion Labors ambiguity with China is so they can survive if we do turn into Australasia. A theory that can be concluded by analysing years of government deals with one China and selling land to China against Australia's sovereign interests.

The police can not deny that they have many times allowed me to be targeted, whether that be on a vindictive level or as rape bait (if you see the two as different). As well as allowed my most valuable assets and things seen as very important to me to be damaged by many criminal facets and the utilisation

of dehumanising defamation. Damages to property for which both VICPOL and SAPOL were liable for torts, including conversion of property. A tort is defined as a legal wrong which one person or entity (the tortfeasor) commits against another person or entity and for which the usual remedy is an award of damages. Torts include assault, battery, false imprisonment, trespass to land or goods, conversion of goods, intimidation, deceit, and the very expansive tort of negligence. Police forces are extensively guilty of intentional, malicious criminal negligence in operational proceedings.

I have relentlessly focused on the brand aspects of Barbwire Noose branding and the A Better World initiative, while countering the many efforts to conceal human rights violations and injustices, thereby freeing myself and the brand from these issues. Staying above water in this character assassination has been vital to gain justice for all – justice for people with disabilities. The careless and frivolous exploitations I experienced whistleblowing in 2018 onwards had such a likeness to the government's cover-up endgame regarding bullying, neglect and the sexual exploitation of disabled people. It literally twisted me up inside. At times, I was nauseated and even physically ill. Ignorance and institutional harassment towards a whistle-blower. Not uncommon, but completely unacceptable. The paperwork and false process (maladministration and malpractice) run-around tactic to resolve severe neglect and vulgar criminal conduct was not only emotionally distressing but a waste of taxpayers' dollars. Cover-ups clearly are a misappropriation of funds; this was a cover-up at the taxpayers' expense, and, need I remind you, at the expense of our most vulnerable peers in

society. The delays in my trademark approval were noticeable, even though I was young; I am a vigilant and adaptive person. I had learnt that not everyone wants to do their job, nor cares about it, at times in government by the age of twenty. And I quickly adapted to the fact that not everyone had a heart like mine, and to some people, a job was just about earning a living. Seeing this firsthand, moving out of home, I was exposed to dehumanisation as a consistent standard within government departments. I also learnt that the basis of any government position was power - greed and power, with the people considered somewhere in between but always put last in action.

The name 'Barbwire Noose' will always represent everything it has overcome and without saying be a backbone advocate of free speech. The brand is a voice, fighting the strangulation of oppression. It is about human rights and derived from adversities. A voice for those disabled clients in government care. My fight for my property both structural and that intellectual approval, that Cheshire Cat grin. 'Barbwire Noose' and 'Fear Is the Root of All Weakness' registered and trademarked officially. Within the specified deadline, it had to be approved, despite the strength of the opposition. A brand ready to take on the world as a thriving national and international fashion scene with a genuine 'A Better World' agenda upon establishment. I am the Proud owner of all my trademarks, and despite the setbacks, I am proud to call myself a budding entrepreneur in my early twenties. Always building a brand that contributes to 'A Better World', then and now.

I love my brand so much; it is the garnish on life, my trademark – more special now, after years of secrecy and waiting for approval. The light at the end of what felt like a dark tunnel for me was Barbwire Noose: Human Rights Matter, Justice for All Matters.

Chapter Three

‘Salt and Pepper Progress’

When establishing a business, one can only imagine creating a brand as rare and inimitable as Barbwire Noose—a truly standout accomplishment. Overcoming the idea that corrupt powers could elude responsibility made it easy for me to find motivation when advocating on behalf of the disabled persons of Sharley House, an honour and a privilege. The brands' uniqueness stands out, making my pledge to my One Love fashion label unwavering, knowing the value of my assets and their achievements. [Barbwire Noose](#) representing the governments lack of acknowledgement and responsibility for actions, decisions, and inadequate consequences. The Disability Royal Commission should have been giving these voiceless victims a voice and seeking a written apology for the government's premeditated and intentional floundering of responsibility – criminal negligence, especially with this publication, the story behind the brand [Barbwire Noose](#) - advocating justice at the same time. The brand's activism, my relentless pursuit of human rights, and charitable contributions also make it quite unique. Significant actions

from a small budget and at times smaller profit margins that, over time, have had an invaluable contribution to the ‘cool’ of the brand. Its uniqueness, my uniqueness - Rare and Inimitable.

Brand [Barbwire Noose](#) holds historical elements as a notion of thought when the brand name is mentioned—oppression and whistleblowing being the basis of the meaning behind the brand name for me. The residual elements of war are a unique and inimitable trait of identity. The correlation of oppression in war and in my life is uncanny. The logo was personally designed by me, a human rights activist and the Founder of the brand. The head of marketing, house model and lead fashion designer. That’s the definition of hustle, and this is a complex story to replicate. [Barbwire Noose](#) – The Story Behind the Brand defines Rare and Inimitable.

The brand’s standout competitive power is its trademark. I am a mere inimitable asset to the brand. Referencing from Research Papers of the Wroclaw University of Economics; Quoting – ‘The trademark has its identity. It identifies a certain quality of service or goods; therefore, the customers feel safe in acquiring brand-name goods. They also experience being part of a select group of consumers. It is a consequence of the way it is advertised. The advertisement is made in such a way as to have a specific target, and that is also a question of marketing strategy.’

So, what’s the brand's marketing strategy other than the apparent objective of marketing when promoting a brand name for general consumer attention? I think I’ve said the

words ‘A Better World’ enough; I’ll let the brand’s business plan and a little of the investment pitches speak for themselves.

The Brand’s mission is to widely distribute Barbwire Noose products locally and globally, while supporting and initiating causes related to ‘A Better World’.

The Vision: To be a positively influential lifestyle brand, locally and globally, primarily focused on contributions to ‘A Better World’—a passionate dedication to justice, human rights, philanthropy, and the Truth.

The Corporation Values –

People: Positive people work better, and happy people make ‘A Better World’.

Environmental: [Barbwire Noose](#) is committed to environmental responsibility to communities and world demographics. Internally and externally to the company environment.

Change: ‘A Better World’ our legacy, we steer and set sights on future humanitarian success.

Quality: Australian pride drives the brand of [Barbwire Noose](#) to its best achievable ethical standards with a passion for excellence.

Social: Co-prosperity a key to global success we at [Barbwire Noose](#) are guided by social responsibility and ethical corporate responsibilities.

I wrote my first business plan in 2008 and the mission and vision is still the same.

Taking you through more of the beginnings of Barbwire Moose (2008), I had a business plan and was well into designing business documentation, creating clothes, and implementing branding ideas online. My online entrepreneurial progress was conducted solo. I personally blaze the brand's path, and it was always fast and then slow progressions – salt and pepper progress. I studied with the government-run small business start-up program, New Enterprises Investment Scheme (NEIS), which equipped me with a Certificate IV in Small Business Management. I went on to study for my Master's in Business Administration (MBA) at the Australian Institute of Business in 2016, with electives in Business Artificial Intelligence and Entrepreneurship.

I hated the first Barbwire Moose® website I built. Not happy with much of it, it was dark and gloomy—a bit too much of the little goth in me. Everything and nothing about the website displeased me. In 2008, I started printing the [Barbwire Moose](#) logo onto garments. I had spent the year of 2008 researching the most popular clothing site layouts, designing the [Barbwire Moose](#) website and was making my site functional and profitable heading into 2009.

The Branding: Life - Music – Freedom. Homegrown in Australia, A Better World, Do NOT Conform, Protest Graff, Protest the Overrule, Human Rights Matter, Signature Puss, Your Call Drama, Play Hard, Balls Out, No Sheeple Zone, Not everyone is your Rival, Bitch Stole my Pen and Established 2005 without fear since 1919. Branding slogans and statements associated with 'Barbwire Moose', 'Fear Is the Root of All Weakness', words and logo.

Specifically, the trademarks are registered in my name, as the founder, Marcia Anita Hobbs (BNoose).

The Barb – designed originally over the years 2004/2005 on paper before with the standard Microsoft paint program. The program on everyone's computer that is that easy to use Mums and Dads who grew up on black and white television can use it. Freehand with a mouse, precision with the fill options making the black bolder and the curve function making the famous barb wire. A three-coil design with a four-pronged appearance, making up the pointed barb in its computer-based original design.

To start with, I converted the depths of my feelings into the name Barbwire Noose. Other metaphorical dialogue found on the website, in the 'About Us' blurb, further delves into my views on life—all literature of my copyright ownership. The dialogue, empowering quotes, social media, and blogging are among the artistic elements that form the brand's image. The brand's origin feels captured in deep, empowering literature, truth, and expression – the written form of a torn soul overcoming adversity.

The following scriptures, seemingly twisted verses, like poetry, express a free way of life. A life without fear expressed as an abstract of my mind, a psychological interpretation of my emotions, my views, a deep place of trauma and life experiences rolled into expressive literature, some reading as follows:

“Life – A dreamy Nightmare that Grips us by the Throat as we enter this Treacherous World and begins to Squeeze as we struggle to drink from the bosom that Feeds us into

Destruction. Dying from Birth, we tread through Life's Bullshit to the Inevitable End of Our Existence. Knowing this, we need Not Fear what life has in store. We need Not Punish Ourselves and become a Shadow to society. 'Fear Is the Root of All Weakness®'. A Weakness that we should not bow down to, as we are inevitably headed towards what we will lose at the end of our Existence – Life. Like a 'Barbwire Noose®', the Reality of our world grips us slowly, bleeding us to our Death with No Remorse. We do not need to endure more pain in the face of Fear. Embrace Life as it sucks your Vital Soul into the Nothingness of Conformation. Do Not Conform as society demands. Live Life to experience your Mind, your Body, your Soul's desire, and Fuck the World's biased opinion. Do Not be Sucked into the Oblivion. Do Not Conform. Alone We Stand Hand in Hand, Without Fear.©" - I wrote this upon waking up early one morning, random yet subconsciously pondered regarding expressions about the brand and loved it.

The following literature came about in much the same way.

“So Life is just that.

We all lose ourselves growing up.

Find ourselves when we least expect it.

Face testing experiences and get through.

Better or Worse.

Liking to think for the better.

Learn from a bad decision – decisions.

Become stronger from experiences.

Life throws Crazy Shit.

We All have Stories.

Some we can share, Some that we won't.
These experiences are Strengths, Not weaknesses.
Choose Courage, Not Fear.
Death is Inevitable, the rest is Choice.©”

This final sentence I write about me, just me, summing up my life – My Story in short; “One Testing Experience Too Many, A Life of Endless Lives and A Yellow Curtain Blind.”

My words and the brand's marketing live on social media and websites were like Ben & Jerry's ice cream to me – perfect! After fumbling my way through the creative process initially. I created the ideal platform - website for Barbwire Noose®. A positive vibe website which made me feel like I was contributing to ‘A Better World’ not Chuckey's last stand. The brand was now visibly prominent and had achieved some remarkable successes behind its trademarking and designs by 2009. I wanted an inclusive brand, a brand for everyone. It really left me with that warm and fuzzy feeling to be developing something of which I was so proud. [Barbwire Noose](#) is like a big scoop of The Tonight Dough (starring Jimmy Fallon) for me. Giving me that glowing feeling on the inside, even when shits low. I find the time spent on Barbwire Noose to be such a delight and time spent with Ben and Jerry's dairy free ice cream also satisfying, shit loads of shameless favourite's pluggin' here right now. Call out to Fruchocs in South Australia, mentioning their good-quality treats.

Upon the brands establishment I required the appropriate documentation for business. Studying small business, I designed documents that were increasingly professional as my entrepreneurial skills grew. As I developed as an entrepreneur, so did brand Barbwire Noose. A significant amount of my time and numerous letterhead designs were dedicated to creating advertising materials in the early years of branding. Vistaprint was great for business printing with fantastic prices to get started in business. I built the foundations of [Barbwire Noose](#), with printing services needs met by the Netherlands-based printers. Growing into a global one-stop shop for printed goods, the business offered a range of promotional products, including advertising flyers, pamphlets, business cards, and more. Initially [Barbwire Noose](#) orders via Vistaprint were manufactured overseas in the Netherlands. Approximately a few years into the business, shipping times were halved as Vistaprint started manufacturing in Victoria, Australia. The printing company became the primary supplier of business products and advertising for over a decade, also producing a few retail products. A pleasing business expansion, benefiting [Barbwire Noose](#), with shipping as fast as two days from the Australian-based production. Negatively the company was very disruptive to business at times as a supply chain. Vistaprint providing [Barbwire Noose](#) with many production errors, loss of designs, delays, and even an inability to produce advertised products when purchasing for a period of time. The disruptions came from everywhere. Unreliable supply chains are not suitable for business. That said, Vistaprint was for the most part good for my business. They had a free trial offer on products which was very cost-effective starting business. To

advertise [Barbwire Noose](#) to begin with I was travelling to Adelaide for events and would leave flyers, postcards, and pamphlet advertising under the window wipers at events and anywhere else I could in between. Walking up and down car parks spreading [Barbwire Noose](#) cheer.

[Barbwire Noose](#) designs and manufactures most vinyl prints in house. In house manufacturing drastically reduced production costs and times. It also gave myself endless ability to create and utilise materials of my choosing. As founder of the brand and being a major eco product fan, brand [Barbwire Noose](#) launched with Organic Materials as a Standard Option as soon as possible. Approximately two years into the establishment of the brand, eco products were a predominant part of my thread's collections. Eco threads were a little harder to source when first taking up the line of production. Prior to 2010 to have eco fashion staples in the collections mix was revolutionary. Not everyone was doing it, Barbwire Noose adopting the idea to support the environment and in turn the direction of eco fashion as much as possible. The brands thread quality base was for the most part made up of Gildan, Fruit of Loom and AS Colour threads. I would personally print the [Barbwire Noose](#) vinyl designs via heat press from my designs scanned into my laptop. The process for in house production is pretty straightforward. A Roland cutter cuts the Stahl Vinyl to which the areas of vinyl which do not create the print are weeded out, peeled out with tweezers—removing the pieces of the print vinyl which was not required as part of the garments print, before laying the vinyl on the garment to be applied with a heat press finalising the process.

Before I bought equipment for [Barbwire Noose](#) to in house print. I was utilising a local Mount Gambier printing business facility which had a cutter to cut the vinyl I needed for printing logos on my garments and a heat press for the process. I would log the hours and pay for the space I used at the sign business 'Squid Signs'. A personal touch, as referred on [Barbwire Noose](#) paraphernalia is the personal touch being the tailor or the executor of the manual labour. I would produce 'Barbwire Noose' threads during business hours and sometimes late into the evening, continuing after hours input in [Barbwire Noose](#) as I transitioned to purchasing equipment and home office manufacturing.

Maintaining a profitable margin at tax time was achieved by keeping overheads low. I did this by ordering garments to print when [Barbwire Noose](#) actually received an order. Orders were filled with the costs of manufacturing paid with the actual orders funds. Friends and family made up the majority of the brand's initial purchases and testers for prototype designs and collections. After travelling interstate and to the capital city of South Australia, Adelaide, for advertising, it was in 2009 when I began to hold a stock supply. Both the casual streetwear and the brand's couture designs crafted with a personal touch – my personal touch. For nearly a decade since trade marking I had a area of my one-bedroom house sectioned off as an office, a stained wooden modern screen to compliment the stained wooden floors and doors throughout the home. The screen hid my sewing desk, stock, clothing patterns, vinyl cutter machine and anything else necessary to manufacture and grow my business. Out of sight, most people

entering my home – the quite limited few I would invite into my sanctuary, could not see my business office. Nor did they know that the corner of my kitchen in front of the front window hid the equipment I used to make clothes—Barbwire Moose's factory a little nook space of about one metre by two metres in my home. The machines covered up while not in use, free from dust and grime. I would rarely use my stove as the condensations could tarnish the garments and oil the surface areas to which I worked.

Progressing into 2010 Barbwire Moose was established with sales, manufacturing equipment, supply chains, marketing campaigns, sponsorship agreements, and much vested interest in the brand. I held a launch event for the brand to which my uncle, whom I now despise, provided much wine, his label. Dozens of the best red his One-hundred year old vines produced. A very popular drop on the night. The event was held at the Commodore on the Park Restaurant in the private function room to which, we drank, laughed and I thanked contributors for their support on the pathway of Barbwire Moose's business development. After this my uncle and family slowly and oddly withdrew support for my brand. My Mum the only one really encouraging my success, from the background - for much longer than anyone else. Something I will never understand is greed, and behind every poor decision my Uncle makes is money and power. A greed and lust for power and money so destructive it nearly ruined Barbwire Moose® Clothing Co and almost took both my father's and my own life.

Wanting quality to be upheld as a trademark brand fashion label I acquired quality pre-shrunk threads. I tried too also purchase threads locally where possible. Acquiring stock locally helped to keep costs down, especially when marketing the brand consisted of giving away free threads and other advertising paraphernalia. Between 2010 and 2012, I bought nearly every AS Colour T-Shirt that entered the local Dimmey's store. Founded by football legend popularly known by his nickname 'Dipper', Robert DiPierdomenico is one of the most successful Italian Australians to play Australian football. I purchased hundreds of black and white T-shirts. Purchasing mostly well-respected unbranded threads from numerous sources. [Barbwire Moose](#) did not just rely on wholesale accounts for stock purchasing via online stockists. Building the brand, I kept an eye on local stores stock and would also research at local surf and sport stores to compare the quality of my brand with its target market competitors.

Barbwire Moose® Clothing was established by myself utilising a system of 'minimum viable product' outlay with an online store initially. For Barbwire Moose, this meant the business functioned with a basic operation where costs were covered by purchases made and did not require a monetary outlay to make a profit. With strategic partnerships and marketing I quickly established the label's market presence. Advertising with Triple J magazine, sponsoring numerous music and sporting events by 2012 [Barbwire Moose](#) had thirty thousand Facebook followers and was a very appealing investment. Branding to this point had been directed towards more extreme or hard-core lifestyles. I focused on these niche markets as adrenalin filled activities are usually a bit fearless,

fun and to me fitting for ‘Fear Is the Root of All Weakness’ slogan and advertisement branding. Wanting to be true to myself and engage the fundamentals of the brand I was creating branding to engage with like minded buyers via events, music, sport, and sponsorships. Brand [Barbwire](#) [Noose](#) was quickly becoming noticed and the appeal of the brand is irrefutable. An appeal very evident as I started to scope potentially fitting investors for more rapid growth.

From 2014 the brand’s prospects were heavily disrupted with the police aiding and abetting the cover up campaign occurring at the expense of myself and disabled victims. When it became apparent my investment prospects and my brand were the target of intentional malicious activity and governing bodies (e.g. police forces state and federal, disabilities ministers south Australia office, the Australian Tax Office, Centrelink, ASIO, police ministers South Australia office, federal and state government representatives, staff and associations) were all collaboratively involved in disruptions to my earning potential. Engaging criminal activity and malfeasance extensively over years. I was forced to focus on branding and development to combat a malicious false narrative. A narrative so damaging I found myself consistently forced to start my business from the beginning or concede to the whim of the government and cease operations. Never Surrender. A decade of financial investments was damaged intentionally in a malicious cover-up, yet the brand Barbwire Noose and I survived. The deliberate, neglectful investigations, criminal negligence, malicious malfeasance, and cover-up agendas completely undermined investor interests. For me, my biggest concern by 2023 with taking on

investors was that they almost needed to pledge some anti-corruption allegiance to gain a share. The personal damages to my life are priceless. A modelling career proved fruitful, independent of Barbwire Noose, stemming from the brand's advertising, which was disrupted entirely over and over again as the years passed. I was seriously worried about my life and general personal safety while trying to save my livelihood.

The knife offender that attempted manslaughter to which police passed off as domestic violence was actually the son of the owner of the print business I started growing brand [Barbwire Noose](#) at. David Newton Bradley the son of creepy Newton Bradley who I witnessed doing business with Hans Scheidl. To make the on going's ever more interesting, furthermore intricate and distorted in a direction which strays from the truth. The truth that all this targeting is based on lies, upon lies, upon lies to cover up for the Mike Rann and Jay Weatherill Labor governments. The cover up measures going on around me were complimented further by Kurt Slaven connections to the Navy. Invisible technology, navy technology surrounding my persons. Outrageous distortions of the truth to try and create perceptions and plausible deniability. It was like enduring a CIA cover up but from the movies so you know what's going down - plausible deniability the hopeful basis seemingly of these clumsy cover ups. Plausible deniability is the ability of people, typically senior officials in a formal or informal chain of command, to deny knowledge of or responsibility for any damnable actions committed by members of their organisational hierarchy. Deniability was impossible, blind Freddy could see everything was being related via maladministration and perception—no solid evidence, no basis and certainly no

factual grounds to the defamatory police investigations. Only Tweedledee and Tweedledum would think that deniability was an option, and a cover up would be successful. The relevance of correlation between targeted crimes and drug/biker association was to be used to distort the truth, and blame whomever was involved that the government possibly could; namely myself and defamatory destructive behaviour references in hopes that government officials weren't held accountable. At times, the distortion of the truth was just plain victim blaming. Sex offending and offenders using the age-old slut shaming call to blame a sixteen-year-old innocent for a dirty old policeman feeding his sexual greed on duty. Seedy justifications for an act where there was a clear situation of duress, where an investigating officer engaged in sexual intercourse with someone vulnerable – a victim. Malpractice to which seen me threatened and having reported clear coercive behaviour, affray offences engaged leading to rape. The trials of my life and brand [Barbwire Moose](#) always being pushed back to the inspiration of the slogan “Fear Is the Root of All Weakness” and one of the most devastating events of my life in this fight for justice.

A brand built predominantly around my personality, I represented the brand and many people focused on myself personally as the model and face of Barbwire Moose. I focus a lot on what matters to me with Barbwire Moose. What I think should matter to others when advocating and promoting [Barbwire Moose](#) and relevant global issues when engaging A Better World initiatives. I could see the natural relation between seeing the brand and me being representative of that. That stated, the pressure and jealousy of friends and

boyfriends after just a few years suddenly became overwhelming even though Barbwire Noose's reach in 2011 was predominantly Victoria and South Australia. Everyone expected me to be like they had seen in the adverts, everyday. Full make up like a beauty queen everyday. Top models don't even get around like that. Everyone knew in my hometown that I grew up on a farm out Kongorong and can ride motorbikes, shoot guns, etc. That stated, all of a sudden, I was subject to bickering and judgement locally. Everyone wanted to see that girl in the picture, not that brainiac that created a brand, challenged the overrule and used cow dung as a Frisbee. My physic always got me attention, mainly the wrong kind. Nevertheless, I refused to wear a tent and live under a rock. The focus on my looks to me was less glamorous and was way less interesting than the brands' purpose. I was almost offended by the compliments wanting everyone to see the brand advocacy for Human Rights and the Free world. Not just tits, put bluntly. I felt like brand Unit – like a unit, while every green-eyed monster and creep tried to take a piece of my creditable hard work by focusing on my body. The revenge porn circulated by felons not helping this perception or my credibility, the fuel literally making the foundation of defamation started by Kurt Slaven and continued by a corrupt Labor government worse. The delays to justice regarding numerous crimes committed against myself by police forces of Australia causing the most damage to my credibility and brand Barbwire Noose. The evidence always revealing the most damages were caused by the police.

The brand tends to highlight the 'A Better World' concept because that is what is important to me. Not the cosmetics as

much as I love the brands advertising and imagery. Positive contributions with your life on its path, social and environmental issues. Empowerment and individualism – living the universe’s vision is fundamental to maintaining freedom and peace. I want [Barbwire Moose](#) to make as much impact as possible towards good things. Making donations and spreading awareness by simply including charities pamphlets and promoting their worthy causes when packaging online orders was the tip of the iceberg for the A Better World initiative which has thus far stood with refugees, native Australians, the disabled, discriminated minorities, women’s rights, truth, justice and integrity (Royal Commission submissions), and for adequate funding by governments to community services. Before focusing on the A Better World initiative, I initially just approached charities that were involved with suicide prevention and the taboo subject of child predatory victims, as a survivor of this type of trauma myself. Believe it or not, even though I was offering monetary collaboration and a voice and trademarked brand backing, these charities did not want the support of my brand. Charities that rely on donations for and even from some of the most vulnerable demographics were rejecting vital financial support and instead negotiating grants from the government. Taking taxpayers’ funds, clearly money from everyday Australians, including people who could not afford to donate but were forced to do so through their taxes, in what seemed to be a smear campaign in 2012. Evidently, the campaign has a bigger agenda to undermine my successes and silence the inevitable whistleblowing that would stem from Barbwire Moose's success. Initially, when Barbwire Moose reached out with a long-term sponsorship proposal to a suicide prevention

organisation and The Carly Ryan Foundation, they were receptive. They wanted the support, as is often the case with most charitable causes that rely on donations to achieve their objectives. Yet, it became apparent quite quickly that these organisations began to lose interest in a donation from Barbwire Noose. Being very philanthropic myself, I found this odd and, admittedly, was offended by the communication I was suddenly receiving after initially having positive interactions. Frivolous reasons were given for dismissing Barbwire Noose as a donation consideration. One assumes the changes of heart at the expense of persons benefiting from the charities were due to the climate of defamation created by the government and the police. Sadly, it seemed apparent that a level of exploitation was occurring, where charities were receiving government grants to be dismissive of my brand. Other charities were seemingly receiving grants if they ensured people engaged in the mental health system. Homeless women are basically forced to claim mental health issues to gain help from some charities or be turned away (e.g. Catherine House, Adelaide, SA). These types of policies correlated with funding approvals have flowed on effects into the justice system when these women report violence, especially sexual violence committed by government officials (e.g. police officers). Mental health and drug abuse issues are a dehumanising excuse often used by police and perpetrators to cover up sex offences. The fact that many homeless women seeking help are prostitutes, this form of funding approvals ensured by government officials, funding pharmaceutical companies at the expense of the taxpayers, should concern everyone. Especially when it is possible and highly likely this avenue of refuge could be used to cover up and collude to

cover up sex crimes before court cases are heard. Sexual violence reports are generally made when the victim feels safe and empowered. Truth distortion often employs a peculiar system of plausible deniability from my personal experiences. Obvious as day to me as I have lived such devilry. The non-profit sector is flooded with charities and is evidently an easy to exploit sector. Serious about A Better World I believe exploitations via charities, misuse of donations and cunningly misappropriating grants, etc should be stamped out of the not-for-profit sector entirely.

Barbwire Noose, dedicated to Never being Silenced by Authority. I personally will always say it how I see it. It was after sometime approaching mental health, child safety and suicide charities that I decided to initiate the 'A Better World' initiative as a stand alone movement, without seeking set monetary contribution based on the charities donation needs. The move easier to maintain and probably in the bigger scheme of things more cost effective considering the unpredictability of sale's. Starting the initiative with a simple donation per purchase to likeminded in vision charities. Embracing humane organisations, I felt created 'A Better World' aligned with the brands mission and vision. As a survivor of severe trauma, it is important to note: [Barbwire Noose](#) does NOT at All in any way condone self-harm. The brand and I support and encourage the support of charities which aid in sustaining life. We strongly advocate suicide prevention and actively engage with measures to prevent suicide.

Creating a charitable branch to the brand, my vision for [Barbwire Noose](#) A Better World initiative was that I wanted to be active on local and worldwide issues, not just make

monetary contributions. Personally, I donate as much time as I can to charitable efforts and voluntary roles. Using the brands profits to support projects with the same objectives of our A Better World is how I always envision this initiative to work. Evolving with the times and needs of man in the free world. Explaining how the donation per purchase works is simple, [Barbwire Noose](#) donates \$1.00 (Australian dollar) minimum from every purchase to a cause working towards 'A Better World'. We research how donations are spent and monitor unethical conduct. [Barbwire Noose](#) since established has thus far chose to support some of the following organisations with purchase donations: [Amnesty International](#), World Society for the Protection of Animals (WSPA), [Animals Australia](#) (Animals Unleashed), Greenpeace, World Wildlife Fund (WWF), UN Women's Empowerment, [Last Prisoner Project](#), naming a few. The initiative is not just about donations - it is so much more. Representative of activism, voluntary role efforts, promotion of causes, petitioning, etc.

As part of the A Better World initiative, [Barbwire Noose](#) joined the World Kindness initiative marked as members in 2014. I, in 2018 became a World Kindness Ambassador. World Kindness Day is the 13th of November every year and is a wonderful way to globally spread the most natural emotion we have – love. Kindness matters.

Transitioning from positive and negative charitable engagements I want to highlight to you now you have digested the mission, vision, and vibe of Barbwire Noose that in 2012 brand Barbwire Noose® as a business was very well perceived. The brand was gaining popularity super fast and

was ready to incorporate and seek start-up investors as early as 2010. The brand and all my paying off hard work went from a unicorn company like status to seemingly being treated like my brand is on a terrorist list. An absolutely mind-blowing turn for a branding which was well established, seen as very cool in a broad range of age demographics, held a broad range of threads to market, was advertising in magazines, sponsoring professionals in sport and music. The small business platform I had built for the brand was definitely ready to take the leap, seek investors and turn into a company. I had personally invested at least \$70,000 dollars over seven years since trademarking and had allocated my residential property as a company asset and business office. My personal invested interest in Barbwire Noose was well over 200k by the end of 2012 and my personal reputation – worth millions, also heavily associated with the branding. Myself the prominent and predominant model and face of the brand. While incorporating and seeking investors it was evident the character assassination and attacks to business operations, I started to recognise in 2012 had a type of colluding agenda. Unsure of the links between police, governance, the lowest of low type bikers and wannabes. Unaware of the extent to which my business development was being hindered, many people actually knew of the negative on goings and manipulation surrounding me before I was completely aware in 2014. The homicide investigation inviting so many people into my privacy it was impossible to hide the disruptions. Especially when during investigations a man under an invisible blanket waved to me while he stood in my kitchen after I nearly stepped on him in my lounge unknowingly. A photo of his floating foot captured by my

phone in the moment clearly provoking the man to reveal himself. I will let Robert Guffey's book and my UGLY HEROS Autobiography explain the rest of this intrusive moment. Relevant to Barbwire Noose for me as it shows the enormity of activities that were surrounding my life over these years of illegal privacy invasion to cover up The Story Behind the Brand – government sexual crime's against me the founder of Barbwire Noose and the offences I was speaking out for on behalf of my disabled peers.

Speaking of well perceived and swiftly gaining popularity, I went about seeking investment prospects via the common avenues advised in business studies. Seeking support from friends and family. Wanting likeminded investors, I was willing to branch out more broadly than just people I knew. Always scoping to snatch up the independent thinkers in society, music, and extreme sports. What I seen as like minded, people who could fall in love with the brand and become Barbwire Noose fanatics. I was so proud to have made a brand that could be invested into. I loaded Barbwire Noose Clothing Co up onto investment platforms. Angel Investors was the first channel of investment disrupted by the governments plot to hold me back – so to speak. The pitch for Barbwire Noose appealed to investors almost immediately. I shared news of the investor interest with my parents and friends and contacted a relative in Queensland who had studied law for some advice on legal firms to contract the investment with investors. My family recommending a few firms which my cousin's friends worked at. I contacted Minter Ellison and had a draft investment contract initiated. Minter Ellison also the lawyer who floundered legal obligations of

conflict of interest regarding my property in years to come. My first real mistake in my business operations was trusting a distant cousin and her advice. Clearly family gossip was just as damaging as the government's plot with police to silence sex crimes. I later found out my cousin's husband was an accountant, and that these family members of mine have a very dishonest reputation in Queensland, especially my con artist creep step uncle who I despise. The dishonest dealings these family members have engaged I certainly do not condone.

The investment prospects Barbwire Moose was seeking was a total of one-hundred thousand dollars with a minimum of \$5000.00 per investment. Over five years this financial injection was to be used to generate a revenue of five million dollars. The investment injection valued less than half of the worth of Barbwire Moose Clothing at the time. A few friends seriously considered the idea until they fell afoul of their own personal indiscretions and closet skeletons that could not survive the onslaught of government corruption. My personal reputation is guaranteed in good faith after teaching for over fifteen years in my hometown. I have a high level of integrity and with an advancing modelling and acting career of potentially billions I was only interested in genuine long-term input. The investment offer was non-redeemable shares, share purchase limitations and buy back clause. I was the only shareholder initially after incorporation, with one share purchased for \$10,000.00 recorded in the Australian Securities and Investments Commission (ASIC) records. Barbwire Moose registered as a company in August 2012 seeking investors. With the government and police trying to

hide vulgar sexual assaults it was a difficult time to navigate Barbwire Noose through all the distractions – navigating through the noise and defamation. Yet, it was during this period to which I seen everyone and everything for what it really was, and I did not like what I now knew. Who was my friend and who was my foe, nearly everyone had something to hide and became my foe.

Speaking relevantly of the year 2012, the disruptions to [Barbwire Noose](#) were not isolated to the state of South Australia and the at time Labor government. Victoria, also a Labor government, proved to have an agenda fuelled by the need to oppress [Barbwire Noose](#) and myself. The agenda against [Barbwire Noose](#) led to criminality from a veteran in Victoria Ryan Vonhoff who was printing brands like Coca-Cola (he stated). Business interactions with this contractor showed a broad agenda to negatively impact [Barbwire Noose](#) business progress. I had all the machinery for vinyl printing, yet market standards were also large prints on tees to which vinyl was not viable for. So, I engaged an Australian printer, wanting to be a predominantly Australian made brand. The printer was located in Victoria which was perfect as shipping for delivery was fast, just a day, maximum two days, Mount Gambier being located just over the state border of SA and Victoria. This printer positive to start with in communication as with most of my business quickly interactions turned sour. These days the dodgy businessman is responsible for defamation and the unauthorised printing of [Barbwire Noose](#) signature prints tees. [Barbwire Noose](#) signature prints are copyright and exclusive branding photos of myself. Protected by copyright law and rights unless I personally consent to co-

ownership. Ryan Vonhoff was authorised only to print specified units numbers ordered by myself as per order provisions. The reproduction of [Barbwire Noose](#) Signature prints is an obvious breach of copyright laws, completely illegal. Because of this activity the ex-veteran print services were required to be cut from [Barbwire Noose](#) supply chain. [Barbwire Noose](#) producing signature prints in the United States since the damaging actions and defamation campaign against my business credibility was engaged by Ryan Vonhoff who legally is liable for damages and further criminal conduct Investigated would be found to be part of the Comancheros biker group malicious activity towards Barbwire Noose. In association with Luke Hubert Scheidl who was drug dealing for the bikers among others in 2013/2014. The police using my life allowed an out of control defamation campaign to escalated with domestic violence.

The Comancheros are an Australian biker group known, like most bikers, to be peddling the worst and best (whatever your reference) drugs along with paedophiles and rapists, women beaters, etc, as many associates and members alike declared at this time. These guys were actually clearly in trouble since the Australian police forces needed assistance from the FBI (yep, America – you can Google it!) to start taking down some of the problems the police actually allowed to fester by taking bribes. Ice/methamphetamines were rife in Australia for nearly a decade, according to data, due to the high level of police involvement with the drug and with bikers. Bikers so called supposed to be anti paedophiles, I and [Barbwire Noose](#) reputation know better. As documented, I watched and combated the defamation and cover-up agendas for years.

First-hand witnessing the Comancheros siding with seedy Bandidos bikers, in an alliance from way back, including an affiliation with the Gypsy Jokers Nazi bikers, plus deals with the Hells Angels. Everyone hand their hands in filth, often paedophilia giving bikers an edge in political negotiations. As if you do, peddle paedophiles and call yourselves bikers. All the bikers were in on assisting the government in their smear campaign covering up sexual crimes and paedophilia which is very different from what outlaw bikers once represented. Outlaw motorcycle gangs (OMGs) first appearing in the late 1930, early 1940's globally as returning soldiers with few job opportunities formed motorcycle clubs to regain bonds of brotherhood.

Lawyers to the bikers just as responsible for paedophilia protection, jump to the defence of their seedy clients. Asking the bikers to jump to their defence if the lawyer is ever in trouble. The most manipulative and dangerous ongoing towards Barbwire Noose were irrefutably aided and abetted by a criminal lawyer for the paedophile bikers in South Australia - Craig Caldicott.

I endured so much desperation from whoever could leverage the proven defamation to benefit themselves in a bid to destroy [Barbwire Noose](#) before it became successful. It was pathetic that all levels of society were getting involved and trying to benefit from disregarding sexual violence. All my lawyers spoke to police force members and trusted their defamation, knowing institutional harassment and a cover-up were irrefutable. Happily breaching their obligations, as a lawyer to act honestly and in your best interests, for government fringe benefits.

The police forces, SAPOL, VICPOL, AFP and NSWPOL desperately tried to withhold my Freedom of Information (FOI) from me for in some cases over half a decade. Authoring this book, I would have probably had resolution and much evidence submitted to the high courts due to constitutional writs breaches had I exercised my right to my FOI. The activities surrounding my FOI were illegal and have perverted the course of justice, intentionally delayed justice, are defamatory and have recklessly endangered my life to an out-of-control level. Calculated and intentional reckless endangerment circumstances and defamation created by government, police, business beneficiaries and criminal associations. The character assassination against my person, plus an undeniable ill intent for Barbwire Moose Clothing's reputation, was evident in most interactions I had during 2012 and irrefutable beyond this year (2012 – ongoing). The activity surrounding myself and my brand escalated in 2014 during the homicide investigation to the point where I was exposed to military technology – the Navy utilised technology of the most controversial type. Invented during the Nazi war, it is said that a Nazi Navy ship containing many questionable Nazis had this Invisible technology. History hey - as for me at this time, imagine being that important that some tripper invades your space all invisible like marvel but not clearly trying to give you a heart attack. There's a song fitting for this shit, it's called Crazy Life by band (hed).PE. This [invisible technology](#) was being used around my persons in a manner as written about by Robert Guffey in [Chameleo](#).

SAIC is a premier Fortune 500® technology integrator, self proclaiming they are driving the American nation's digital transformation. Serving the Department of Defense

organizations they are responsible for ensuring the speed, efficiency and effectiveness of America's war-fighters while also protecting them. Stating on their website, they are right there with them (the military), supporting programs of critical importance. SAIC intelligence community customers are staying ahead of adversaries to mitigate increasingly challenging national security threats with the aid of the company's AI, machine learning, and data science support, as SAIC delivers proactive and readily actionable insights. Civilian agencies, whether state or federal, have a longstanding history of tapping SAIC for public-service solutions in IT, analytics, engineering and systems integration and delivery to improve and protect the lives of the nation's citizens. – Seems they forgot to mention the application of their technology, known, is also improving the government's ability to harass in foreign countries, and also its own fellow American insubordinates and peers with its creepy invisible technology.

Quoting an [L.A Times article](#) from 2004 by [WILLIAM M. ARKIN](#):

‘The Pentagon recognises this tricky balancing act. The latest program request for nonlethal weapons, obtained by The Times, speaks of a need to “exploit observed anxiety of adversaries when faced with advanced, unconventional weapons whose effects are more challenging” while at the same time “making disjunctive participants [in a crowd] more receptive to the message and will of [American] forces.” The next generation of weapons, the classified program document says, will combine “silent” and “invisible” engagement “to minimize the ‘CNN Effect’ ” and support U.S. psychological

and foreign policy objectives.’ [WILLIAM M. ARKIN](#) journalism is A class.

Quoting myself “I have first hand seen invisible technology in use. A shorter man, whose hair appeared dark, popping his face from underneath a very snug invisible cloaking. A photo of the sole of his exposed base of the shoe was captured by my mobile phone (2014) as I was clicking a series of pictures of documents on my couch in the living room. My living room in Mount Gambier. As I turned, I nearly stepped on the man forcing him to run out of my path of movement. A nimble, quick moving man with a distinct durable sole print like an army boot type rubber. After he ran into the kitchen, I looked up to the only place he could have moved out of the way to. This is when he revealed his face and waved. I stood with my phone in hand, the phone facing at him as if to take a photograph and stated before I stopped to comprehend the moment. My American Guy, Travis Paul Enmon telling me via social media what I seen (2014) was military technology. I googled his claims, my search engine taking me directly to articles and examples of invisible blanket weaponry.”

Before it was confirmed to my face regarding the accusations against me and that I was being accused of being a prostitute, I continued to seek business expansion prospects and investors into 2016. Just before my house – the office of [Barbwire Noose](#) was illegally acquisitioned. My superannuation was withheld and not released to resolve any outstanding claims that were being made. All this conveniently happened while malicious accusations with no basis or facts were rumoured, and I sought justice regarding the sexual crime committed by SAPOL officer Kurt Slaven.

The reckless endangerment I suffered set Barbwire Noose® back significantly more than its asset value and potential earnings with investments. I know this was due to the circulation of defamation, which were said facts from my uncle (ex SAPOL) whose son worked for SAPOL. It is irrefutable these malicious accusations with no basis or facts are on record and was very damaging to investment prospects for years. Both my brother and dad had been part of advertising campaigns for the brand. I could not believe it in court hearing my dad had lied regarding my personal health, ensuring I lost my property at this time with his claims I was a drug addict thinking I was a prostitute. Not true and at this time I believe was a deliberate contribution to the loss of the property. I believe he was thinking this was the best decision to avoid associated prostitution charges like proceeds of crime – a charge I never would receive as I have NEVER been a prostitute or even stepped foot in a strip club. My dad has long term and numerous substance abuse issues, and has been an progressive alcoholic since I left home. That said, these are not excuses for his lack of credibility, maybe his rationale though he is a logical thinker.

The house loan was acquired in 2006, I had overpaid on my repayments and after ten years should have had quite a bit of equity which I could tap into. The exact date of the property handover according to the contract is the sixth of April 2006. I was working as an aquatics teacher with a national police clearance and as a government employee Disabled Care Officer to obtain a loan to purchase a house. Working hard at two jobs. I built Barbwire Noose® mainly on my teacher's career. Working as many hours as possible in the aquatics

teaching field has been my primary job for most of my life. I love it, children are so happy and energetic, it always puts me in a wonderful mood to be around kids. These very emotionally distressing and devastating circumstances have mainly occurred to me after reporting crimes to the police. A fact that exposes some extreme flaws in a fundamental system. These moments, the illegal acquisition of my property seen my safety and security compromised severely. The flow on effects of such misleading proceedings led to severe life-threatening circumstances regarding residency. Let alone made it difficult for me to manufacture Barbwire Moose threads. I was forced into high-cost production avenues using suppliers. The illegal acquisition taking from the brands asset base, completely displaced my fashion labels production and totally disrupted the brands potential earning capacity.

Legally summed up these actions can be dealt with in [torts claims against police](#) and high court submissions. The fact that legal firms in Australia are hesitant to take on the government and government departments makes these options less accessible to everyone. Words cannot describe the depth of the uncompensable, devastating damages and losses Barbwire Moose® and I have endured. A brand representative of so much good, Human Rights, standing for justice, is devastated because of a corrupt and seedy justice system. Fifteen years of my earnings, life, blood, sweat and tears – memories, so many memories made in my house, devastated. With the acquisition, which stemmed from malicious accusations with no basis or facts created to cover up a paedophile offence committed by a police officer on duty, the most damaging disruption was conducted by

SAPOL, VICPOL and the Australian Federal Police. It is a hell of a story to tell – UGLY HEROS The Price of Unlawful Enforcement. Many layers and angles create the web of lies which made and nearly broke the brand. I felt like I needed a spider diagram at times to help people follow the years of integrated intricacies that were irrefutably in the details – paperwork, photographs, life events, etc.

Investing in [Barbwire Noose](#) was a low-risk investment, the business was never at a loss or in debt at the time of incorporation. With little overhead costs and the production process ‘minimum viable product’ it meant investors were guaranteed not to lose money, so to speak, investments are not guaranteed – let’s keep that clear. I first ran Barbwire Noose® under my ABN before incorporation and during the devastating disruptions over the years of the story behind the brand. Barbwire Noose® ran at a profit for a ten-year period between 2008–2018 despite the incorporation disruptions, loss of investors and the illegal acquisition. A decade of successes, outlined in chapter six. The chapter shows a timeline of achievements, bringing awareness to the brand's potential and moments of greatness that my fashion label has so far celebrated, from trademark approval to ongoing. In 2018, a costly disruption occurred to the brand's potential sales and profit margin. After ten years on a profit streak, while VICPOL worked up a list of torts offences against my person, the brand suffered its first financial year loss. Financial hardship stemming from my report of domestic violence and sex offending against a known stalking offender, VICPOL police officer Damian Ferrari. The basic business principles I applied to drive brand growth were solid after I

created a product line that generated profits immediately, after covering manufacturing costs. Profits were guaranteed if the accounting budget showed restraint in spending, nothing excessive. The business plan invests all profits into growth. To sustain numerous extra costs such as relocation, supply chain disruptions, etc, was unexpected and uncoded.

By this stage, the verbal investments, most of those friends with interest in the brand's sudden popularity and dug my brand's marketing (it's cool) had fizzled. Most investment prospects quickly withdrew after the illegal acquisition of the property asset. Some friends fended off and pretended support until the police spoke to them in neglectful investigations, and they became gossips. Clearly more jealous than friends all along, a real friend would never be into bullshit lies spread behind your back. The malicious allegation of prostitution was dangerous defamation. A damaging character assassination with no basis or facts (defined for legal interpretation) resulted in myself being raped numerous times. Vilification for my lack of modesty on social media. I, a swim teacher since I was fifteen years old, who wears bathers as my work uniform, being told to put them away. It's on display everyday people. We hang out together hanging it out in the change rooms for gods' sakes. In my mind, the perception was outrageous and the spread of lies around Mount Gambier residents my age was out of pure jealousy. I taught these people's kids for years; they had no other reasons other than self serving ones to hate on me.

The fact that crimes were allowed to be committed against me, then my house was illegally acquisitioned and then

instead of millions of dollars of reward money paid - due after I assisted police to gain convictions in the homicide. Instead of protecting my persons and welfare - I'm held a victim, tortured and torts by police, stripped of my rights and dignity and pushed into destitution. What the Fuck. Again, seriously, you can't make this shit up, and I certainly can't fudge up the government documents that prove a cover-up. The reward money was kind of unbeknown to me as my entitlement until 2016 when SAPOL decided to sit me in one of their cells for hours on end illegally. After being raped and having my life endangered, I wanted the reward money I deserved and needed to survive the reckless endangerment I had been placed in. The facts that I was drugged and sexually assaulted numerous times, while the accusations circulated prior to the acquisition shows the level of endangerment SAPOL police Commissioner Gary Burns allowed while I was supposed to 'let the police handle it' (quoting dad). I was raped by two people at once in Adelaide in 2015 and STARForce (also known as STAR Group or to me 'petty thugs') Knows, yet no charges nearly a decade on have been laid. No sexual assault, no affray, no introducing a drug of dependence into the body of another person charges laid. The crime committed during and under a SAPOL STARForce operation. All bar one rape incident occurred after my property – the brands office was illegally acquisitioned. All rapes are related to the malicious accusations with no basis or facts surrounding sex industry work and myself and/or revenge porn circulated by police informants and Luke Hubert Scheidl.

Think about it for a minute. How does an innocent, victim of police, who assisted the police (me) really get locked up in a

custody cell anyway? Is this behaviour from police the standard that you should be accepting as a taxpayer? Would you like to have been treated like I have been treated? Would you like your life and rights dismissed because you can not fight for them like your disabled, non-cognitive peers have been treated? This is corruption of the vilest kind from the highest of levels. Institutional abuse proven in court records, my Freedom of Information (FOI) in various states of Australia, etc. The records of malfeasance irrefutable with further evidence in technological recordings (audio, video recordings). We can not allow this to be the standard we pay our governments or our police forces for.

It was evident to me after my New York Fashion Week prospects were disrupted that Barbwire Noose® could only succeed if I stopped the criminal behaviour and the out of control defamation that had spread severely for at least a decade. The whistle blowing silencing agenda you would have thought would have been forced by the Disability Royal Commission recognition of crimes committed against the Sharley House clients. Apparently not. I thought sure that it was inevitable that the Disability Royal Commission would expose the many politicians involved in IDSC neglect and sexual abuse cover ups. Unfortunately, not. The Royal Commission in 2023 still had not made any attempts to have the SA Labor government accountable for criminal negligence that I could see.

For me, the extent of the defamation and the detrimental effects plaguing me and Barbwire Noose® always needed my attention and it was not only frustrating but very draining. I

had to look internationally for a lawyer to seek justice via the high courts. My Human Rights non existent for years, I reignited the movement for a Bill of Rights in Australia. The incoming National Integrity Commission looked to be mine and my disabled peer's chance to be heard. Being used as quote 'rape bait' (detailed in ***UGLY HEROS*** The Price of Unlawful Enforcement) in STARForce operations, subjected to neglectful investigations, enduring cover up agendas and exposing the deliberate perverting of the course of justice in governance was an overwhelming responsibility. There was even an agenda to make me sick with creeps raping me with STD's risks. When I said the lowest lows, I meant it. The final agenda was clearly to try and make me homeless. I lived on couches at times over a period of a few years. Yes, because of defamation I went from owning my own house to whistleblowing at back packers, pouring beers at a casino and fashion designing at hotels while tailoring on kitchen tables and sleeping on couches.

The perception of no fixed address was being used to perceive me as homeless. Me being forced to live like a wild child with no choice but to take the roof over my head that was there made it hard to combat the perception but I managed. The agenda by police to paint their facade picture that I was a felon 'wanted' as some maladministration reads was years in the making. The cover ups budget was endless, most operations would have been shut down. Not this paedophile protecting police and elite offenders' agenda. It seemed to have a bottomless pit of funding no matter who the Commissioner of Police was. I can literally picture frame myself a dodgy police record reading 'wanted' while police

paedophiles were protected with my tax dollars. An outrageous low in Australian policing history. Members of the Australian Police Force actively disrupting my human right to safety and security. Literally trying and at times forcing me into homelessness. In 2020 the police and members of the public witnessed myself, in self-defence of my property and my persons, desperately trying and stop police from further recklessly endangering my life at the flat where I resided in Mount Gambier and had discussed purchasing. Self defence against the severe reckless endangerment I had endured for years during relentless and easily provable malicious accusations with no basis or facts. All this institutional abuse for a cover up. A pattern of disruptions targeting a small female victim for over a decade, the illegal acquisition of [Barbwire Noose](#) legal office and my home of ten years, plus the endless misappropriation of funds to set up a whistleblower proves in itself the government wanted to hide much of what I know. At almost any cost.

Frustrated and honestly traumatised - as if slow progression, disruptions, and devastating damages to [Barbwire Noose](#) successes weren't enough. The lowest of the character assassinations agenda was to falsely incarcerate myself in 2022. I was ultimately falsely incarcerated for my reporting of sexual crimes in government departments. Illegally jailed for a publicly acknowledged cover up. VICPOL police aiding and abetting criminal conduct to cover up Kurt Slaven sex offending and furthermore a Labor government influenced by its ties to SA Labor complicit in trying to silence the truth about the disabilities sector shortfalls in Mount Gambier.

I was humiliated and thrown in jail after years of fighting for justice regarding vulgar sexual abuse and paedophile crimes. Crimes committed by police members and crimes committed under Disability Minister Jay Weatherill of a state Labor South Australian government. Despite suffering false incarceration myself, the experience is best summed up in this quote regarding incarceration torts; “It is difficult to imagine, for a person who is otherwise generally a law abiding citizen, a more humiliating experience or a greater shock to one’s equilibrium than being forcefully deprived of one’s liberty for even a relatively short period of time in circumstances which are entirely unjustified. This is all the more so where that curtailment of liberty is accompanied, as in the present case, by the detained person being handcuffed and marched through a crowd of onlookers and then incarcerated in a police paddy wagon, locked in a cell at the police station and fingerprinted and photographed as a criminal. Not surprisingly, the whole experience must have been both humiliating and highly embarrassing.” - I am proud to say I did what was right, not what was easy. Unlike many people aware of the malfeasance and criminality surrounding me who did nothing. I will Always be proud of standing up for the voiceless – my disabled peers, I do wish I never helped the police in the homicide investigation though. I literally have one regret in life, that is believing after growing up in Mount Gambier South Australia that the police, being the undereducated and ego inflated breed the culture creates, would do the right thing.

[Barbwire Noose](#) after all this was clearly no longer taking leaps and bounds in popularity. That said, its appeal was still

strong and the brand had survived all the disruptions and all the residential moves I was forced to make. That acknowledged, I do not feel I survived the trauma as well. Having fought the situation all the way from 2016. I even cut the 'for sale' sign off my property over and over again. For resolution, I walked from letterbox to letterbox with facts about police misconduct, advertising my books, contacting media, politicians, and posted the truth profusely. I left emotionally distressed message bank messages with police daily for years. I made the cover up impossible to succeed and refused to give up on my right to resolution. The stress of the situation had me yelling at the privacy breaches I suffered daily. Quoting a police officer, my phone was an 'Off Phone' since at least 2017 with VICPOL and SAPOL. An 'Off Phone' is a phone that is being tapped and used as a listening device. Outrageous that such actions could be taken against myself. According to 2011 Australian Government Investigations Standards, which defines an investigation as: "... a process of seeking information relevant to an alleged, apparent or potential breach of the law, involving possible judicial proceedings. The primary purpose of an investigation is to gather admissible evidence for any subsequent action, whether under criminal, civil, disciplinary, or administrative sanctions. Investigations can also result in preventive and/or disruptive action. The term investigation can also include intelligence processes which directly support the gathering of admissible evidence." – here's the essential and relevant part of this legislation 'involving possible judicial proceedings' THERE WAS NEVER GROUNDS FOR JUDICIAL PROCEEDINGS BASED ON ANY ACCUSATIONS MADE AGAINST MYSELF. The AFP's role regarding

investigations is to provide a service to the Australian community by having a positive impact on crime, national security, and the public interest. Yet the AFP have evidently been involved in a cover up of an astronomically vulgar calibre – that is not a positive impact on crime, in the public interest or positive for national security. It is unfathomable that without court proceedings regarding criminal accusations that my privacy could be breached. Yet on no basis or facts just maladministration created by the police force and governance the privacy act was breached regarding my persons. Activities proven to have been ongoing with no grounds since at least 2004, conclusively 2008. I had engaged numerous legal representatives over these years. It seemed undeniable that law firms and legal aid were subject to more or lesser grants based on the clients they represented and how well. Many were reluctant to engage representation of myself on constitutional matters and many withdrawing their representation after viewing Freedom of information evidently. One lawyer named John Kyrimis insinuating I had been a prostitute after buying me a coffee after his final representation of myself. Leaving me to gain a not guilty verdict self-represented. I could not believe legal representation could not see the cover up agendas as I was having my FOI withheld from my own persons to view. Clearly as I would then hold evidence of defamation and sue. Numerous government departments obstructed justice for years. Politicians allowing issues they were well aware of to be unaddressed. Large political numbers of ministers including much of the senior Liberal and Labor governments ministers in politics 2020 onwards were aware of the police agenda to cover up their use of prostitutes including children

and they were also aware of the criminal activity and neglect of the disabled covered up by state Labor government. Nearly everyone I spoke out too with the ability to act was in on the cover up or complicit to it. I did Everything to stand up for Human Rights and obtain justice. Writing letters to the police ombudsman regarding the outcomes from my reports against police, attorney submitted letters to ICAC and to the SA police ombudsman all dismissed. In communication with the police ministers office (SA) in 2017/2018 I was warned by the serving police ministers administration that my pursuit against police corruption and criminal offences linked to biker activity leading to deaths within the Mount Gambier community was not in my best interest. A subtle threat from a government ministerial officer via the female voiced administrative worker.

Do NOT Conform is a lifestyle for me, not just a punch line. I ignored the threat and pursued pushing the truth and justice through the courts system for resolution. Making applications to the High Courts regarding my constitutional writs to stop the disruptions to [Barbwire Noose](#) and corruption surrounding my life. Over 2021 and 2022 I proposed numerous applications to the High Court regarding Mandamus. 'Mandamus' means '**we command**'. It is issued by the court to direct a public authority to perform the legal duties which it has not or refused to perform. It can be issued by the court against a public official, public corporation, tribunal, inferior court, or the government.

The harassment towards myself engaged by police had been acknowledged in court by judges. [Barbwire Noose](#) as a

brand and the damage and losses it had suffered were yet to be litigated. In 2018 Honourable Magistrate Teresa Anderson made notions, an acknowledgment and statement regarding the Institutional harassment from SAPOL towards my persons. The Magistrate to follow as Mount Gambier Magistrate Maria Panagiotidis let Mount Gambier and South Australia down by not calling the much-needed Royal Commission into SAPOL in years following 2020, the same could be said about Magistrate Teresa Anderson. Magistrate Maria Panagiotidis after Magistrate Paul Foley ordered SAPOL to act on the POLICE VS Kurt Slaven instead heard the case. Giving SAPOL the obstruction they needed to not charge Kurt Slaven as the sex offender he is. It was an unfortunate ruling made by Magistrate Maria Panagiotidis with the correct outcome. A hard case to decipher, the court proceedings and case from police was riddled with elements of abuse of power and process. Abuses that continued in the courtroom. As a Judge, court powers allow for a Royal Commission to be called by politicians and judicial authorities – from my position, a victim and whistle-blower the judges involved in witnessing the institutional abuses are obligated to recognise the malpractice and maladministration of the police force and call Royal Commission. A valid basis for enquiry, Royal Commission is primarily investigative, with the aim of uncovering the truth about something. A Royal Commission has a specialist focus and has vast powers to prove an issue(s) thoroughly, including undertaking research and consultations with experts in the field, as well as preparing a list of witnesses which my name should be on.

It was such unwanted adverse drama as I continued to push forward with [Barbwire Noose](#) through the defamation campaign. I honestly do not really know how I survived; hate overruled my will to be dead I suppose. By 2020, I had called out criminal corruption with criminal and civil offending reports in four departments of governance in the state of South Australia. Reporting Australian Safety Standards concerns in the government's Adelaide Hospital project 2017 – construction, minor child abuse concerns in Aquatics Teaching 2018 – education department and the Australian policing sectors of the period of 2014–2023 plus the disabilities sector. The fact that I've called out so much government sector misconduct I believe is a driving reason behind governance excessive vested interest in not only silencing myself but ruining my credibility.

Everything had gone absolutely AWOL on [Barbwire Noose](#) during its incorporation. The step up from a small business more of a leap from the clouds into a storm hoping I'll land in a hot water spring (not too hot!). What started with small verbal gestures of investor interest from family and friends over the brands establishment years. When the time came that I wanted to take on investors there were some persons who had volunteered time in [Barbwire Noose](#) that I was considering giving extra shares during my initial issuing. Share gifting was not initially discussed in any deal type manner in exchange for time spent helping me, I was not obligated to reward shares or to consider gifting anything to family or friends. And thank God for that! The disruptions to incorporation stopped my family and friends' generosity anyway. Clearly their interests were never genuine and were

based on the achievements I had made thus far and fame, not the mission and vision I had for my brand into the future. It was one of the few achievements that was inadvertently made during this disastrous period. The exposure of many of these apparent helping hands that were actually persons contributing to the defamation which led my life into severe reckless endangerment, homelessness and/or sexual crimes. Friends were the first to want to be investors and were the last investors whom I thought would fall through. As with a majority of start-ups family and friends are usually supportive, eager to invest and even great voluntary contributors at times. With outstanding advertising and a solid business plan I thought bringing friends and family who were supportive along on my journey was the right direction. I was wrong so I am quietly thankful to the disruption for that. The neglectful investigations of SAPOL and a media investigation by Today Tonight in 2012, led by Frank Pangallo, into SAPOL corruption was the beginning of myself being exposed to persons involved in the sex industry and many enemies dressed as friends. These background investigations planned by SAPOL, the Federal Police, my uncle, a dodgy journalist and VICPOL all affected [Barbwire Noose](#) business capital. The damages to my prosperity, progress, prospects and branding of my rare and inimitable trademark on display with global witnesses. [Barbwire Noose](#) which I had worked day and night on since 2008, established in 2005, standing up for good, for Human Rights, had nearly all its prospects come to a full halt. Every time I reattempted to incorporate even in later years like 2018 and 2021 it was unlike 2012. In 2012, there was much interest from Australian, United Kingdom and United States investors yet after years of the brand when

I reached out for investors with an established, healthy, and attractive portfolio of achievements brand Barbwire Moose was met with only Indian and Bangladesh investor interest. This result is such a conclusive portrayal of the damages done by defamation.

To regrow [Barbwire Moose](#) as a clothing label again I felt I needed to travel away from the small-town defamation to Melbourne or Adelaide to re-engage investors. I was held back from this idea to move for basically a decade. I literally couldn't move from Mount Gambier for years as SAPOL hindered my employment prospects and my ability to deal with Service SA. My ability to hold a driver's licence and register a car. Institutional abuses, cover-ups and serious criminal conduct severely affected my ability to make and increase sales. My ability to live and prosper. Subject to a questionable level of liberties, my human rights were encroached on, violated, and often nonexistent.

The incorporation and investment prospects were to be spent on brand exposure campaigns. Advertising at bus stops and on relevant billboards, event participation, general advertising, and store sales. My uncle, who is with SAPOL, basically ruined Barbwire Moose®, just wanted me to forget my dream after their police operation failed - because they gave up on their shit. I refused to give up on my dream, I refused to give up on Barbwire Moose. Solving crimes committed by police and their gang affiliations was not the police force's thing, apparently, even though it is precisely what they are paid taxpayer money to do when necessary. Police should not police (investigate) the police. While I suffered, my uncle, dad, and a lot of my family seemingly

prospered during many of these years. My thoughts on that bluntly: Fuck no and fuck you, you bunch of paedophile protecting freaks. Lying for fringe benefits at mine and the disabled's expense expecting me to be quiet about it! - As if it wasn't enough to see defenceless disabled people ignored as a young adult now in my thirties these corrupt cowards wanted me to give up on my own justice too. Give up on my disabled peers and my justice because that was easier for everyone to deal with and digest. A comforting lie over the uncomfortable truth. I had never given up on getting justice for those disabled people, keeping all my documents a decade after the reports. I was not going to be silenced and give up on the disabled or my justice, nor my fashion dream. Even though the government had dissolved my incorporation I soldiered on, reverting the business tax obligations to operate as a sole trader under my personal ABN. The repetitive, deliberate disruptions causing such detrimental financial issues intentionally. Finances are the most challenging part of life, let alone business, and that's without people deliberately trying to rip you off or make you poor. While struggling to survive and thrive with my brand business, people shamelessly kept payments without producing products or services. Institutional harassment allows consumer and business affairs to be manipulated, enabling breaches of consumer rights, apparently, if it disrupts Barbwire Noose's progress. From a small sum towards Public Relations representation (myself a "PR dream," quoting Zanthii), Joanne Rahn, Victoria (2019), to book publishers, no one cared about the truth and justice like I did. All they cared about was money. That said, this is a quote from a biker talking about doing business with elite society members:

“You can murder and rape their kids, just don’t touch their money.” Sick, Sad World.

After all the callousness I have seen, endured and know, I now, without lack of strength in description, hate my uncle and have no respect for him or his decisions. Without my uncle's helping hand in dehumanisation, brand Barbwire Noose, and I would never have suffered like we have. Let alone the suffering of our disabled peers, whose justice was being robbed by defamation and the very government officials who failed them. In 2012, my uncle encouraged me to stand up against biker-aligned criminals. Yet he was too weak to stand up for himself, and it was easier to allow the corruption to bury the truth for him and his winery business, which has made him quite well off. The actions of my uncle in collaboration with Police Commissioner Malcom Hyde contributed significantly to the disruptions I experienced in 2012 and the challenges [Barbwire Noose](#) faced for a decade. Gary Burns is also very much responsible for warfare-like incidents and criminal negligence regarding my safety during his entire time as serving Police Commissioner, including during the Gordon Hamm homicide investigation. The following regarding Deputy Police Commissioner Gary Burns is what he told an inquest into a murder which occurred in 2004; the inquest held in 2008 – ***note Gary Burns was promoted to Police Commissioner in 2012.*** Gary Burns told the inquest (2008) that police “*underestimated*” the seriousness of Wilson’s report and should have shown greater leadership in the case. Outside the coroner’s court, the victim's mother said the report signified the end of a four-year quest for truth about the circumstances surrounding her son’s death. She said

SAPOL's actions were *"unforgivable."* *"Forty-nine too many errors were made,"* she said. – **49 errors led to this loss of life, which Gary Burns calls 'underestimated'.** The victim's mother told the inquest her son told her that police were *"dismissive"* when he reported being shot in the leg. There was absolutely no excuse for such dismissiveness, which is unfortunately typical of SAPOL. Wilson was murdered on 27 February 2004 at Hillcrest by 17-year-old Hootan Beigzadeh, who shot Wilson three times – once in the back and twice in the head – as he lay on the ground. Beigzadeh was already known to the police as a dangerous and disturbed individual. Two nights earlier, Wilson and some friends had gone to the Holden Hill police station to report being shot at by a man, who turned out to be Beigzadeh, during a streetside confrontation. A shot fired by Beigzadeh that night had ricocheted off the road and struck Wilson in the right leg. The inquest heard Wilson and some friends went to confront Beigzadeh two days later because of a lack of action by police (civilians are told not to "take the law into their own hands", but often feel they have little alternative when their complaints receive little interest and empathy from SAPOL).

In 2014, Police Commissioner Gary Burns was someone my family allowed to use and abuse my life. For the most part, this occurred without my knowledge or consent. This reckless Police Commissioner's background indicates that he joined the South Australian Police in 1972 and, upon graduation, served in uniform patrols, country locations, and the STAR Group, where he ultimately became Officer in Charge. Commissioner Burns was promoted to Inspector in 1991 and joined the Senior Executive Group in 2000. Only four years later, in 2004, having allowed forty-nine errors over a period not too short of the year 2000 when he joined the Senior Executive Group. Nothing to see here but a fuck load of misconduct, let's promote that says SAPOL. It makes you wonder - Did they all share his callous and dismissive approach to their role at this level? After being recklessly

endangered by three different Police Commissioners personally, I think we can call this a culture, a standard, a consensus. Under Commissioners Gary Burns and Grant Stevens' leadership, I nearly died, with my life threatened multiple times and myself raped numerous times. Everything was dismissed when it was reported to SAPOL. From the Commissioners to Cadets, the culture of SAPOL is toxic.

I saw my uncle at this time as the greedy, heartless man he was, though I've met greedier men. How such an over-glorified man could make such poor decisions threatening my life I will never understand. His previous stand out poor decision was to not attend his own father's funeral, a decision that reflects a boy in a man's body psychologically to me. Reflecting on his personal dehumanising choices they are egotistic, immoral and that of a tyrant.

Danger, Defamation, Displacement, an unusual situation for a fashion brand and country girl to encounter. More so unusual to overcome and somewhat thrive in the circumstances. I recognised that, as hard as it was to deal with, the defamation and illegal acquisition changed where I and Barbwire Moose® were progressively at, I had to be creative to save my brand. My *One Love* Barbwire Moose. The basics of business building were still intact, the paperwork, supply chains, tax platforms and accounting. [Barbwire Moose](#) Clothing at this point in time was completely established with databases, business relationships and established supply chains. No amount of defamation and illegal activity could take away what had already been achieved. The streetwear collection designs were well established at this point with a 'Classics' collection of streetwear which is a collection of popular designs released in the brands debut and battles. Administration processes were all complete and had for years been operational. I felt at this point disappointed yet

determined to achieve on my own. The emotional distress and stress was overwhelming as I was financially strained, without my own residence yet for brand [Barbwire Moose](#) there was luck in that online sales required no initial financial outlay for me to produce the ordered product. I expanded the umbrella of my skills to fund [Barbwire Moose](#) when I reverted from my Australian Company Number (CAN) back to my Australian Business Number (ABN), I expanded what my personal ABN engaged as business incorporating all of my skill sets into earnings. Photography, aquatic fitness, private swim lessons, I even cleaned the places I resided in for extra cash and rent to be investing as much money as I could into Barbwire Moose. It was hard to pick up real work with the damaging defamation which was circulating but I did manage to keep Barbwire Moose® alive and continued to build my dream. Social media allowed for many more online based entrepreneurship opportunities like selling via Facebook, eBay, Amazon. Spending much time establishing various collections and expanding the high fashion and couture options with the brand heavily from 2020 - ongoing. Signature Puss, the female empowerment line - my personal empowerment collection of casual wear was brought to life in 2016. Barbwire Moose's approach to girl power. The Women's Empowerment Collection, 'Signature Puss' is representative of respect demanded in a man's world. The Signature is the way we say I was here. This is me. I consent. A simple scribble at times which means so much, its strength defines us as individuals. The power of a pen can decide whether we live or die, win, or lose, agree, or disagree, gain, or give. It is that power, girl power, uncommitted to

stereotype. That just be you, Empowered feline strength.©
Beauty, Wisdom, Strength.

In 2017, despite it all, Barbwire Noose® graced the Runway of its first major fashion event in Western Australia. Eco Fashion BN Couture featured at Eco Fashion Week Australia (EFWA) 2017. Designed and tailored exclusively myself. BN Couture is Custom High Fashion, Your Way – Your Call Drama. BN Couture’s official first runway feature was in 2011, a Red Cross fundraiser charity event hosted at The Barn, a well-known luxury stay on the outskirts of Mount Gambier. For the local fundraiser I showcased five designs on the runway themed ‘French Affair’. Barbwire Noose® collection was formal black tie with French flair with the brand name and French embellishments highlighted in gold and silver print. My stunning gym buddy (we met in the gym, these days we do more coffee catch-ups!) modelled for me!! Sarah did an Amazing runway walk – tall and slender, she’s one badass Mum. It was such a wonderful experience to share with a friend. Sarah, I love you!

Barbwire Noose® featuring on the EFWA runway in Perth, Western Australia (WA) was a Big Deal to me. I was still very much emotionally distressed and overwhelmed by everything going on, but I was excited. The first Eco Fashion Week in Australia expanded the BN Couture Exclusive High Fashion Designs into the global eco fashion scene. The streetwear line, which comprised the first threads Barbwire Noose ever produced, had been globally established for nearly a decade by 2017. The launch of EFWA was well located. Barbwire Noose showcased an array of eco fabrics, with minimal cuts

and stitching, which was my personal eco constraint for the design. Being able to attend during the defamation and financial re-establishment was quite an achievement for Barbwire Moose. An event with entrants attending from all over the globe, Australia's first event showcasing Eco designers, up and coming designers and students was quite spectacular.

The crowd was filled when Barbwire Moose® featured, Saturday the 25th of November 2017 at Fly by Night venue in Fremantle, WA. The Barbwire Moose® collection was received well and I was in the zone on the runway. Delighted to be met with the ore of a pleased crowd, followed by many compliments when engaging with the viewers during the night. Immensely pleased with the response to my Raw Cuts, Raw Stitch – No Waste, No Overlocking looks. The Collection 'BNatural Heights' by Marcia Anita Hobbs of [Barbwire Moose](#) Clothing, International Miss Australia United Nations 2018 (2017); was an Eco-fashion stereotype breaker – putting everyday fashions and Glam on the Australian Eco Fashion Week Runway. My designs, predominantly with the environment in mind, crafted for EFWA, strayed from the norm of perfected machine stitch, wasted fabric edging and overlocked seams to create a collection of raw, imperfect perfection. My first three garments to grace the runway were crafted from organic cotton – Cloud9 fabrics, GOTS-certified organic cotton, which featured twice on the runway. Zero waste with each garment in the entire BNatural Heights 2017 collection, which consisted of six garments. [Barbwire Moose](#) began the runway with a design I had drafted as my fourth entry for EFWA 2017. An everyday organic print from Birch Organics fabric

collection. The print was cut and tailored into a high-fashion male's tee with zero waste, raw collar, and trimmings. A streetwear-style tee reflective of the brand's everyday threads, utilising 1.2 metres of fabric and incorporating eco-branded raw edging to feature on the back of the design. This design was spectacular as the print was vertical giraffes, which were in alignment all over the entire garment despite minimal cut constraints.

My first EFWA2017 design featured as Garment two. Tailored from two metres of Cloud9 Organic Cotton; this gorgeous print dress was made with only three cuts to the fabric. The event utilised volunteer models, girls with smiles walked the runway which perfectly complimented this everyday spring dress. A dress I have been wearing for over half a decade following EFAW 2017. The 'girl next door' look features a raw edge meaning the fabrics original edge was not hemmed and remained exposed.

Drawn as design two, the third garment in the collection was also made from 1.5 metres of fabric. It was a combination of the fabrics I selected for EFWA. The minimal cut theme I adopted encouraged a natural fall of the fabric and fabric structures. A further feature throughout the night in my collection was that of self-fastening. This piece held a natural contouring created from the stitch and fold lines.

Garment four was a stunning blend of recycled pulp viscose fabric. Staying within the Barbwire Noose Eco Fashion Week design constraints of minimal cuts and stitching, this gown utilised lengths of fabric to create a gentle and flattering, off-the-shoulder, fitted gown with a sensationally exaggerated fastening to the back, which, though basic, was glamorously unique. Garment five for

[Barbwire Noose](#) was a piece inspired by one of my first winter walks with my German Shepherd, Rossi, this year. The piece was crafted from three metres of fabric. The garment's formation was a reflection of the clouds in the sky; you couldn't tell that there were three metres of fabric in the mini. The folds on the tight-fitted, mini dress bodice were encrusted with small, clear and rose quartz embellishment detailing to the front of the piece. The garment was super unique, utilising folds and fabric structure to create a flattering, tight fit in the modest off-the-shoulder cocktail dress. My final garment featured a self-fastening back consisting of knots. It was my third drafted Design for EFWA. Tailored from 1.5 metres of fabric, the bold gown feels soft and is luxurious to wear. The self-fastening flatters any body shape with the piece elegantly wrapping around the wearer. The collection colour was predominantly baby pink, with splashes of colour from printed organic fabrics and a touch of black. As an established label on the eco-fashion runway, coupled with the ongoing controversies, there was much hype and attention surrounding my brand, which led to its engagement in this event. The event and I, in turn, benefited greatly from the debut of Eco Fashion Week in Australia.

Barbwire Noose, in 2018, again successfully graced the EFWA Runway in Perth. One year after the events launch and admittedly, I was very disappointed to be involved in a substandard event—my feelings also shared by many other designers, more so Internationally returning designers. The venue had been downgraded from the year prior which was held at Fly by Night Musicians Club (2017) to in 2018 being held at the Fremantle Football Club. The downgrade venue on top of the news that what was supposed to be a non-for-profit

conglomerate, yet again in Australia was not. The event organiser not registered as not-for-profit, as well as being an entrant and selling a good share of her fabric to designers. Promoting eco fashion and styles being the main drive of the Eco fashion week platform, I listened to many designers backstage express how poor the opportunities promised by the 2018 event were and agreed.

Eco-Fashion Week Australia was a remarkable success in 2017. I had met some fabulous designers, and there was a lovely community feel about eco fashion. We were excited about the future and looking forward to seeing each other on the runway again next year.

My BN Couture Collection for EFWA 2018 was called 'ECOTOPIA'. In 2018, I was still competing in pageantry and had recently returned from Jamaica, USA, where I had held an international title representing Australia. I again brought to the Eco runway the stereotype-breaking eco fashion. Everyday fashions with a twist. My designs this year were artistic, with a raw, environmental flair. These BN Couture designs, crafted for EFWA, strayed further away from the norm than I presented in 2017. The norm of the perfect machine stitch was still totally out of the window in my designs. Using fabric edging, the raw seams created a collection of back-to-basics, outspoken, imperfectly perfect assembled threads. The zero-waste theme is a recurring and distinctive feature in each garment within the ECOTOPIA collection, as seen in BNatural Heights. I created an eight-piece Collection this year, as opposed to the six-garment collection of 2017. Designs of 2018 span from evening wear to casual look streetwear styles. These artistic eco designs

reflected the brand's everyday threads and featured two glamorous gowns, one ivory, which I planned to wear at my wedding – if I ever decide actually to say yes to someone and stick to it. Hemp was a prominent material in my collection of 2018 using a recycled bottle eco felt also. A collection of bold, abstract genius, so unique that the designs themselves captivated the imagination.

Design #1 was literally abstract art to me. I constructed the durable recycled bottle felt rectangles into an assembly that formed a teasingly flattering, discreet yet tempting mini dress. The perfection in the placement of each piece of fabric entices the imagination to fill in the missing pieces of material that make up the dress with as much awe and anticipation as indulging in the garment itself.

Design #2 also artistically exploits the recycled bottles felt to construct an abstract, everyday tee. Flattering the male physique with open seams, the piece was a take-off on the standard tank top. Sleeveless, the garment set a scene for the upcoming summer.

Design #3 was featured in Queensland prior to the Perth runway in the Upcycling Challenge, presented by Marilyn R. Wilson and Dalija Vlahov. A luscious skirt of VICPOL police shirts, the ball gown-like flow of this garment was a piece of captivating artistry when worn. The dress featured a handcuff clasp at the rear of the strapless dress. Made using what is supposed to be an honourable patch – the police force. The outdated service shirts created a raw strapless ball gown skirt. The shirt's collar became the gown's waistband, and the

established buttoning was aligned to self-fastening. Still embracing recycling in its rawest form with zero waste, the garment titled ‘Ferrero’ embraced the core ideals of the brand ‘Fear Is the Root of All Weakness®’ and ‘A Better World’, made with our front-line officers' discontinued uniform. An inspirational and personal piece assembled for the Up-Cycling Challenge, the garment humbly and sincerely embraced recycled fashion with great pride, presence and an element of love. The dress was to be finished by recycling coat hangers giving a hoop skirt finish to the dress, unfortunately I was unable to finalise this part of tailoring before the Queensland EFW runway commenced due to fleeing domestic violence in Victoria while tailoring for the event. The dress was showcased on both the Queensland and Western Australian runway and was satisfactory but not as stand out as it would have been in its completed form.

Design #4 embraced the creative design fabrics of Cloud9 organic cotton as utilised in 2017. It was a dress created with the Cloud9 Organic certified material; this dress was mesmerising in its draping. A beautiful one shoulder piece, the lightweight and soft feel fabric complimented the body as it delicately hugged the hips with its fitted form. The side of the dresses design created natural folds within the fabric shaping the wearer into a gorgeous hourglass figure. The staple piece with subtle prints on a white fabric radiated a graceful angelic look.

Design #5 was pure Music Festival chic—a light hemp skeleton skirt lined with gorgeous organic cotton. Handcrafted hemp roses made of the garment off-cuts are a

defining feature of the Spring/Summer sensation. The music festival look was complemented with the in-vogue high-waist look. Thick waist banding a flattering finish, the skirt oozed Eco. A personal reflection of social experiences, raw hemp with a sunflower field feels and wooden embellishments.

Design #6 was a standout piece combining my personal passion for the versatility, durability, and environmental advantages of hemp with my upbringing in rural South Australia. I drew inspiration from the simplicity and practicality of farming life to craft a pair of shorts for men that were practical and fulfilled the basic necessities of men. I recycled shoelaces to be the draw cord for the garment. Barbwire Noose's Mission and Vision of 'A Better World' was reflected in this piece, with the shoelaces being a charitable organisation, Youth Off the Streets.

Design #7 - my favourite. An angelic single cut organic cotton halter neck dress with a train. The raw material is crafted around the body to flatter the figure. Hugging the hips, the halter neck crossed at the bust to form a glamorous piece with a Sexy and dramatic plunging back line fastened with subtle wooden embellishments. An organic dream, this dress with spectacular presence was crafted off of my personal figure, not a dressmaking mannequin.

The final featured garment, Design #8, was a Hemp and organic cotton combination. A male pant with organic cotton lining, nearly a decade old, recycled vinyl and raw hemp detailing. The cross-hatching and open sides were a dazzling

runway display of creativity, raw organics, and to me, a reflection of the male ego.

Happy with my garments and the efforts of the models, I can't say it was worth the stress at this time. Like many, I thought participation again would be good for the brand. Financially strained in 2018, I was very disheartened by the experience, especially after travelling on a tight budget. I decided to withdraw Barbwire Noose® from participation in 2019. EFWW 2019 – 2022 was cancelled due to the coronavirus crisis, solidifying that I made the best decision regarding involvement at this time.

My focus throughout every disruption always reverted back to branding, sales avenues and strategic alliances, especially whilst finances were low. So during 2018, I also attended a Retail festival with leading and recognised retailers in Sydney in September. The event commenced just prior to EFWA 2018, and honestly, it was almost a complete waste of time and money, too. Again, my opinion was shared by many others who attended. The event generated some mild interest regarding retailing for [Barbwire Noose](#) in stores and on other sales platforms. It was a disappointing event, with many attendees recommending other retail shows they had attended to me as we conversed. The Sydney Retail Festival is the Only retail festival Barbwire Noose® has ever attended. The only lead generated from the event was for Amazon, [Amazon.com.au](#), an international platform that was obtainable without attending the event at all. You sign up online.

When 2019 arrived, it was evident that the whistleblowing I had engaged in against the government was still presenting setbacks to Barbwire Moose®. I was already authoring UGLY HEROS The Price of Unlawful Enforcement, an Autobiography, and had a skeleton manuscript for the story behind the brand scribbled on paper. Authoring being a low-cost venture, I decided to bite the bullet and write. It was a lot of hard work, writing two separate yet intertwined Autobiographies. It helped that everyone I met had told me for years, ‘You have to write a book about your brand – it’s so cool.’ Writing gave me the opportunity to recover financially from event-related spending. Authoring the story behind the brand [Barbwire Moose](#) was ultimately productive for my label, an asset, although I was somewhat distracted from designing. I addressed a few localised store opportunities. I was in discussions in 2019 with the local surf store in Mount Gambier, called ‘The Spot,’ about stocking Barbwire Moose streetwear. The owner who had approached me at the residential address I resided at was eager to promote and stock the brand. Yet when I approached this opportunity a few months after the conversation, to my surprise, the retailer had changed his mind, breaking a verbal retailing agreement that he had initially approached me about stocking Barbwire Moose. Odd behaviour and damaging as I promoted the deal. To me, the decision was further evidence of the damages caused by police force defamation stemming from government sector cover-ups of criminal conduct. By 2019, I was so over the gossip game; unfortunately, the police were yet to give up on maliciously recklessly endangering my life. I could not believe that after half a decade of my being aware and outspoken regarding the malicious activity towards

myself and Barbwire Moose by the police, it had not ceased. I felt much emotional distress having just displayed a second Eco Fashion Collection in Western Australia and having made much progress since the first broadly public perception disruption to my life in 2016. It was unbelievable how jealous and callous the police and people were for insignificant amounts of cash and petty opportunities; reality was, this was what I was up against. Living without Human Rights, with no property or place of safety, reliant on the very opportunists acting maliciously against me. Intentional malicious behaviour for ultimately a government cover-up agenda, discrediting a whistle-blower of the most heinous crimes. Despite the injustices I faced, I remain focused, at least, on branding and creating business relationships that are beneficial to my fashion label. As the brand was initially established by selling to my family and friends, I also maintained a presence in these markets through engagement with sporting events and music channels. It was a conscious and somewhat difficult choice to decide to continue taking positive, long-term steps for my brand. Barbwire Moose® officially became an [Australian Made](#) licensee in 2019. With a selection of Australian-made products established within the brand's line. The strategic collaboration with Australian Made opening a door to the loyal Australian Made market and international recognition of the products being Aussie. From a branding perspective, the registration moved Barbwire Moose ever closer towards its Australian identity. Emphasis on the [Australian Made](#) 'Barbwire Moose®' clothing products and accessories recognised by the Golden Kangaroo. Analysis of email marketing at this time shows that the decision added significant value to my label. A branding decision that

generated growth, the relationship seemed undisturbed by government departments for three months. I advertised my Australian-made products with a paid Australian-made campaign. When I recognised the changes in communication, it was clear that the disruptions had begun again. Immediately, I repeated my actions of 2017. Emailing numerous email addresses in my database, specifically targeting government departments or partly funded government organisations, and disclosing the truth. I also profusely posted the cover-up on social media. I walked from house to house delivering documents and extracts of my autobiographies to the public. The police, at one point, were trying to use a collection of their seedy mates and complicit relatives to say the truth was scaring the elderly, who mainly watch the news at home anyway. The content of my autobiographies is no different to the news, papers, social media, and standard discussions on crime that are had in public. More importantly, this was an admission of police holding documents of sex offending and overlooking the crimes to focus on me. The fanciful claim - bluntly bullshit, yet it was clear and conclusive evidence to me of their cover-up. I was NOT letting anyone cover up these disgraces, let alone letting the police get away with disruptions to my life, aided and abetted by felons and freaks. The reputational damages in 2019 were at an almost priceless sum.

There was a pattern to the disruptions, primarily based on wasting Barbwire Moose funds repeatedly. The false investigations, which disrespectfully targeted Barbwire Moose and myself, made it difficult for me to be taken seriously in my attempts to stop the defamation and recoup funds, despite issuing legally drafted cease-and-desist and

final notices. The police plot clearly to make me destitute, disrespected, hopeless, and as expressed seeking the refuge of suicide. The vindictiveness of people complicit with the police was atrocious.

Some good things happened to maintain brand credibility at times, showing that not all police were out to get me, so to speak. That being said, after years of interference with my brand, it was hard to tell hindrance from help. Barbwire Noose spent money on a two-part Australian-made advertising campaign, only to see the competition part of the campaign, which was paid for, not posted to their site. The exposure was what I wanted the most, so I was pissed. Then to add fuel to the fire, I had missed out on advertising and it still cost me goods! Somehow there was still a competition Winner – a Victorian with the last name Griffiths. Griffiths, the last name of a police officer heavily involved in malicious accusations with no basis or facts, I will never be convinced that this was not a VICPOL-related tort. The false winner, who I possibly sent double the garments to then tried to sell the ‘Signature Puss’ bralette for almost double the regular retail price - on a substandard eBay type platform. At this point, I refused to engage in advertising with Australian Made, instead renewing the licence held for registered Australian Made products. The unethical actions of this government aligned initiative ‘[Australian Made](#)’ further showed the systematic and institutional abuses against my persons.

Barbwire Noose in October 2020 was displaced entirely and it was at this time Stephanie Baker of Women’s Safety stated, and I quote, police had “successfully covered up police

using prostitutes”. Yes, you read that correct, the police force misappropriated taxpayers funds in a cover up and then bragged about covering up sex offending which includes child sex offences. I could not believe the police thought they could get away with this. It was only over my dead body that I was going to allow these elite sex crimes to go unpunished.

Barbwire Noose, in mid-2020, before the cover-up confirmation announcement, ran billboards in Times Square, New York, on select significant days.

Non-profit Day and International Day of Charity, with which I have a strong connection due to my recognition of charitable contributions in life, pageantry, and other areas, also influenced my choice of day for this campaign. Non-profit day in America recognises that somewhere a volunteer reads to schoolchildren; a patient receives steady medication; a lawyer provides legal services for low-income individuals; a non-profit funeral home buries a lost soul; or a first-time homebuyer is moving into their own house. NND reminds us that each of these scenes is possible because of the non-profit sector and the work performed by capable men, women, and organisations. Through non-profits, awareness, research, and aid, resources reach the people who need them most. Non-profits also produce tremendous benefits to their surrounding communities and the broader world. For example, following the recent U.S. recession, in 2012 the non-profit sector provided 5.4% of the nation’s entire GDP (gross domestic product), or \$887.3 billion; continuously employing nurses, web developers, lawyers, computer engineers and more (sources: [John Hopkins and Tactical Philanthropy Advisors reports](#)). Sherita J. Herring, a renowned speaker, best-selling

author, and business strategist, founded National Non-profit Day to educate, enlighten, and empower others to make a difference, while acknowledging those who are in the trenches, impacting lives every day – the change-makers of the world. The Tariff Act of 1894, signed into law on August 17, imposed the first federal income tax on corporations, which included exemptions for non-profit corporations and charitable institutions. With a few modifications, non-profit exemptions remain a solid part of the law and have served significant benefits, both for communities and the economy. The Registrar at the National Day Calendar declared National Non-profit Day to be observed annually in 2017.

The second day I chose to run an ‘A Better World’ billboard in Times Square was on a significant International day.

5th September – International Day of Charity.

Declared by the United Nations General Assembly in 2012. The International Day of Charity's purpose is to raise awareness and provide a common platform for charity-related activities worldwide, benefiting individuals, charitable, philanthropic, and volunteer organisations, for their own purposes at the local, national, regional, and international levels. The International Day of Charity was conceived as a Hungarian civil society initiative, supported by the Hungarian Parliament and Government, in 2011. It aimed to enhance visibility, organise special events, and thereby increase solidarity, social responsibility, and public support for charity. The date September 5th was chosen to commemorate the anniversary of the passing away of Mother Teresa of Calcutta, who received the Nobel Peace Prize in 1979 “for

work undertaken in the struggle to overcome poverty and distress, which also constitute a threat to peace.”

The ‘A Better World’ – Human Rights Matter initiative billboards displayed in Times Square, New York, USA, were a bold move forward, despite the irrefutable defamation and disruptions plaguing the brand and my life.

My favourite day of the year, other than my birthday, is Halloween. So, I chose the day to display another hit billboard during the peak viewing times in Times Square, New York. It was to be our second-to-last billboard for the year 2020, celebrating Halloween with billboard advertising in Times Square, New York. The creatives displayed on Halloween were Barbwire Moose streetwear advertisements and celebratory Halloween-themed marketing.

I had chosen the significant day of December 3rd, which is the International Day of People with Disabilities, to finalise our six-month campaign. This final opportunity was disrupted by reckless endangerment, which forced me onto a bus and to travel interstate to try to be safer from the malicious accusations. A disappointing win for the police disruption agenda as the billboard moment silently honoured The Story Behind the Brand and its establishment during my fight for justice and human rights for disabled persons. I’m sure those committed to perverting the course of justice were proud of themselves. It was pathetic to me. Brand Barbwire Moose® is truly my [*One Love*](#), so I resigned from a nice approach to resolution, becoming extremely irate in communication to anyone involved in illegality and fascism.

Barbwire Moose’s reputation was heavily on the line for such a long time, at no fault of my own, I thought international advertising would be a good investment outside of the

defamation – I was wrong. The six-month billboard business arrangement, which was disrupted by reckless endangerment, had soured by the end of 2020. Five Tier tried to make an illegal transaction to my business account. It was odd, as all transactions to my bank balance before this test were made through a Five Tier payment portal and a representative on the phone, to whom I was required to approve the transaction in real-time over the phone. This activity tarnished the business relationship. It was a disappointing discovery to find the transaction attempt. Luckily, all [Barbwire Moose](#) revenue was being held in my personal savings account due to concerns surrounding finances and questionable transactions, so I had to protect my livelihood. This was clearly necessary, as additional transactions not budgeted at this time could have had detrimental consequences. 2020, despite everything, saw Barbwire Moose move forward as a well-established brand and gain significant global recognition. Yet, this exposure was still generating only minimal sales. The ‘A Better World’ initiative had been making a huge impact. Fifteen years after applying for my trademark, [Barbwire Moose](#) was a global brand. And I was Australia’s most infamous whistle-blower. As the year 2020 drew to a close, [Barbwire Moose](#) was awarded a Bronze Stevie Award in the International Business Awards 2020. I was so proud of this achievement, as it acknowledged exactly what [Barbwire Moose](#) is about. The presentation, held in December 2020, was virtual, as these years were during the COVID-19 pandemic, and the world was suffering from the effects of China's handling of the outbreak.

In 2021, Barbwire Moose branched out even further into International Business and supply chains, with a focus on the

United States of America and the United Kingdom. Supply chains outside of Australia were more complex for the police to disrupt, yet during 2021, the United States proved complicit in the sex offender cover-up agenda, at least on an intelligence sharing level – intentional false intelligence sharing on Australia’s part. This clearly occurred after I contacted the FBI, and I must say those guys aren’t as smart as they advertise themselves to be. By 2022, the FBI was the CIA to me. Compromised, corrupt and complicit in an agenda to end the free world by allowing global privacy breaches and illegal surveillance, which is not compliant with Human rights.

The insidious corruption persisted despite the substantial amount of evidence that Barbwire Noose had operated legitimately for years. My unwavering focus on building the brand did not stray despite the efforts to tear [Barbwire Noose](#) down. The prostitution idea was clearly deep-seated. Initially planted by Kurt Slaven, the sex offender, it was groomed and fed by many paedophiles, protecting, victim-blaming, seedy police, amongst others. The integrity body in South Australia, which had received many substantial reports against police from me, had failed to act for as long as I had been writing to them. They never recognised or correlated Institutional abuse as was acknowledged in the Mount Gambier Magistrates Court. After years of their inaction regarding corrupt police, their manner was evidently as ‘dismissive’ as the police force was towards serious crime reports. In 2021, the ICAC attempted to label me a serial complainer. I was shocked by the attitude and comments I received from the administrative personnel. That bullshit rhetoric was bad enough from police, other law enforcement agencies and legal bodies about my

legitimate concerns, let alone from the Integrity Commission. Madness, no longer the Cheshire Cat, I was Alice in Wonderland. The blatant malfeasance also has flow-on effects for members of the public. I had to flee the state of South Australia, where the abuse of the association laws had become so severe that I was endangered to the level of homelessness without adequate safety, security, at times nutrition, medication (PTSD, Asthma) and property. The police withheld my asthma medication and PTSD treatment during the Coronavirus worldwide pandemic, which saw many lives lost. I survived almost homelessness in 2020 just on my bank savings and staying between paid accommodation and with a Mount Gambier local I had known since I was approximately eighteen years of age. Not knowing him well, I did not trust him, but he had previously modelled for Barbwire Noose. Every male around me was questionable in their intentions. I tried hard to avoid being alone with men for years, as sex offending was a repetitive behaviour since the sex worker accusations had heavily circulated.

[Barbwire Noose](#) and I called motels home numerous times over the course of a few years, starting in 2020. The police torts became so severe that police officers were stalking my every whereabouts, and I was emotionally distressed. I often appeared tired-looking and exhausted. Not that Instagram shows the ugly side of life like I felt it did. I found refuge in the Northern Territory (NT). [Barbwire Noose](#) celebrated three summers in the NT before this publication was released. In the NT, I visited an old festival diehard that I hadn't seen for ten years, and we had definitely grown apart morally. Hanging out during this reckless endangerment was kind of

like a holiday until I became uncomfortable in the company of what was now a heavy substance abuser and self-proclaimed mentally disturbed person.

In Adelaide, still recklessly endangered in 2021, the brand ran billboards in South Carolina, where my fiancée (then ex-fiancée, then fiancée, etc) was residing. This fact was unknown to me when I started the campaign. This was planned long-term, but ended after two years, during which the billboard owner insinuated that I was a stripper. The Myrtle Beach billboards were displayed as part of the Barbwire Noose 'A Better World' Initiative. I am still of the mindset that, despite the defamation branding and marketing, it was worth the investment. I had not clicked that everything that I touched in America was to be tarnished by the malicious, intentional defamation being spread in Australia, yet. Evidence of solicitation and a want to sex traffic myself in communication, defamation and actions from this point. Although it was hard, I focused on forging a path towards the NYFW runway.

The effects of the coronavirus slowing everything down were good for me. Providing me with further opportunities to recoup finances and the ability to dedicate a significant amount of time to writing. From 2019, when I began planning for EFWA, I had not sketched until thoughts of New York Fashion Week arose, which had been a year away. It was December 2020 before I picked up the design pens and pencils again, as I prepared to debut on the New York Fashion Week (NYFW) runway in September 2021. Flying Solo, who launch up-and-coming designers into the fashion market,

selected me, designer Barbwire Noose®, as a ‘Ones to Watch’ feature of their runway. I missed this massive opportunity on one of the world’s biggest runways due to reckless endangerment created by SAPOL and STARForce group members. My human right to resolution remains in limbo as I apply for constitutional writs to the High Court.

SAPOL, for years, had intentionally overlooked crimes committed against my person in evident hopes that I would seek the refuge of suicide before resolution to my reports eventuated. Time has proven to push people into suicide in the past. I was absolutely devastated. I missed NYFW2021. I’m surprised these long-term efforts to damage my success did not see me kill myself. I think most people ignored, dehumanised, raped and left to die, so to speak, would have given up and sought refuge in suicide. BN Couture still made it to New York and was showcased and sold briefly in the Flying Solo New York store. The venture to showcase BN Couture in Flying Solo stores proved too costly compared to the sales being generated. Plus, many communication issues were prevalent. I felt that the communication had police and defamatory input. Perception clearly fed the imagination of those on the other side of the world; evidently, the malicious defamation, which was desperately circulated in the vulgar cover-up of numerous sex offences, had an effect. After a year of communication with Flying Solo, which had adversely affected my trust in our business relations, I let the contract lapse to be addressed as damages at a later time.

Facing constant disruptions from the police force, the government and seedy gang violence overshadowed a lot of

achievements and took a lot of time from Barbwire Noose® successes. Entrepreneurs are said to blend imaginative and creative thinking with systematic, logical process ability. I like to think that during this enduring time of building Barbwire Noose to success, I blended imaginative and creative thinking with systematic, logical process abilities—a logical thinker who fluently applied creativity to rational solutions to fight for justice against injustice. Barbwire Noose progress is a pure reflection of the adversities faced and my unstoppable, self-driven attitude—the human rights, strength, and empowerment that come with conquering and overcoming fear. I am consumed with everything related to my label, my baby, my One Love Barbwire Noose.

Chapter Four

‘Life – Music – Freedom™’

Often accompanying the advertising of Barbwire Noose are the words "Life – Music – Freedom." In this chapter, we explore the significance of these words to me. A canvas of my personality, the brand is more than clothing; it is a statement of civil disobedience, an expression of life, art, and activism, and a privilege to create. The words reflect a kind of Wild side, defending liberty, human rights, and art and music. The notions of Life – Music – Freedom are entirely my own.

MUSIC - "Music can change the world" – Beethoven, such an accurate quote. Whether it is heartfelt music or adrenaline-pumping metal, I always feel so free when I'm immersed in the fantastic atmosphere of a live show. I swear music can get you through Anything, especially live gigs. I fill the deafening silence of trauma with sound. I love how metal lyrics can delve so deeply into subjects that matter. TOOL, a band that is broad in its lyrics, is mysterious and moving. I believe that heavy metal music can express, complement, and alleviate anger. Everything I do is with music. I usually walk around with headphones. My phone is always playing music. If there is a festival, concert or even pub gig I can make – I'm there.

My parents loved music more than TV. Rage (ABC) would play on the weekends, well before my brother and I had control of the remote.

I promoted Barbwire Noose extensively, attending music festivals like the Big Day Out (BDO), Soundwave, and Metallica, as well as numerous local Australian Heavy Metal Shows That I enjoyed.

My first Big Day Out (BDO) ticket was purchased for me, prior to the establishment of Barbwire Noose, and I attended the BDO festival in Adelaide every year for years to follow. I can usually be found at the front of the mosh pit. Having a self-gloating collection of guitar picks and drumstick memorabilia. I scored four Metallica band bass guitar player picks in the front row, on the fence of the mosh pit at my first ever BDO. Handing one to my fellow festivalgoer who had bought our tickets, I kept one for myself and shared the other two with the crowd. Music, not overrating it, is my cream. I love sound. Constantly playing music throughout my days. My type of people are metalheads, with most being pretty down-to-earth; it's their appearance that is misunderstood. That said, some metal heads are woeful souls like a Christian, plain rude, judgmental, and I'll add feral while complaining about judgment. I used to wear way more goth-looking threads pre the selfie era. I still sport a lot of black, just not so much ripped, fishnet-inspired attire. Being called 'Barbie' by the random goth in all black because of my appearance being clean at times, I think, is judgmental and is not hard, nor the definition of metal. I should be able to belt my metal out in a pink tutu, and no one should give a fuck, especially not some bloke in a fishnet tank top claiming he's not a homosexual. Outside of the blind judgement, my extensive interest in

alternative learning, Gnosticism, and witchcraft made talking to my alternative peers feel more comfortable in conversation than those who wanted to indulge in talking about work and the weather.

It was the biggest crowd I had ever seen behind me at the main stage of The Big Day Out Adelaide, TOOL played after Rammstein on the neighbouring stage. I waited patiently at the blue stage to hear the unbelievable voice of Maynard and one of the world's best drummers, ever, Danny Carey. I caught Danny Carey's drumstick this night. My third drumstick catch at live music concerts and festivals, and my favourite drumstick of the four I've seen so far in the mosh pit. My then partner, a big guy, held the fence for the entire set and against the whole crowd. And without exaggeration, I mean the entire Big Day Out crowd was pushing the fence and was backed up behind us like the entire crowd from the day was watching TOOL. Everyone was moshing to the last headliner of the night. It was impressive that the bouncers tried to recruit him afterwards, while I was invited backstage and invited to the after party – like who would say no. Me, evidently, if my partner could not come in with me. As I handed back the ticket, which had been less enthusiastically a gift when I had a boyfriend, the roadie stared at me oddly. Then, after a grumble, I was graced with two tickets to enter the after-party. My then-boyfriend and I went backstage to the after-party, where the TOOL band and Rammstein were standing.

I had been promoting Barbwire Noose all day, wearing my threads and putting myself out there to represent my Brand. At the after-party, I sat down at the plastic chairs

contemplating a complimentary drink. All I really wanted was a photo with Danny Carey. After a quick discussion with my partner, I got up alone and approached some of the biggest LEGEND metalheads of this time. Walking up to the Rammstein and TOOL band members like I knew them. The circle of men turning their heads saw me but said nothing. I stood next to Danny Carey and felt so small, the man a giant compared to me. The band members continued to talk as I lightly tugged at Danny's arm—still nothing. I had touched him so lightly that I was not sure if I was being ignored or if he still didn't know I wanted his individual attention. Fuck it, I thought as I stepped into the circle of men, wet dream moment, Danny Carey had definitely now seen me standing beady eyed in front of him. I turned to the second drummer, asking him to hold my precious Danny Carey's drum stick I had caught during the show so that I could get my much-wanted photo with the metal legend. Yes, in front of everyone, I treated the second drummer like a maid. I am slightly embarrassed by my naturally righteous behaviour in this moment – not too embarrassed, after all, I was talking to Danny Carey. I gave him a Barbwire Noose® sticker and stole a kiss on the cheek from the man. The female manager was present and took the photo, warning me that Danny Carey's wife doesn't appreciate funny business. Respectfully, I stated I would be leaving the after-party after the photograph, motioning towards my boyfriend. Danny Carey and I conversed a little after the photo, and that's when I gave him a Barbwire Noose sticker. As promised, I left, heading straight to my partner after regaining my precious Danny Carey drumstick. I was stoked - Danny Carey and I, my brand Barbwire Noose, were immortalised together; there is a God.

Other BDO highlights have been watching Australian rockstars The Butterfly Effect; Stonesour, Slipknot – Corey Taylor - always positioned in the mosh pit front and basically centre. The BDO was my go-to festival for years. I will never forget the operation I undertook to hold my fellow festival goers' place while he spent forty minutes heading to the loo out of a killer huge crowd. John Butler Trio was the band on stage before Slipknot came on. My stubborn, stern attitude kept his place. It was a hot spot until he came back, those forty centimetres on the front fence everyone wanted. I had spent nearly an hour with this chick who just would not let up, saying she would give the spot back. My attitude was “No way, chick, I’m sorry, this is a mosh pit, not the library.” You snooze, you lose, and I am not losing my fellow festival goers’ place. Arriving back from the bathroom, I filled him in on the go with ‘peachy keen’. Like a gentleman, when he came back, he politely let the nagging chick stand at the fence and placed himself behind me. Such a gracious decision, but he did not regain his spot, so one might say it was not the wisest. My bladder is a tank. I can spend hours at the front of mosh pits getting crushed and never leave to go to the bathroom. I caught my [John Butler Trio](#) drumstick in the crowd this year; another drumstick, blessed.

My love for music is profound. Growing up with music, I saw Silverchair and The Rolling Stones in Adelaide, and lived at home with my parents. We travelled a lot, often on road trips. My Dad was a roadie for his friend’s band before we were born. Growing up, Dad would play the album of his friend’s band, ‘Just Strait’, as we travelled. Rest in peace, [Mick Dermody](#). The Rolling Stones put on a massive outdoor

show with half the football oval filled – it was one of the most incredible live music shows I’ve ever seen. [Silverchair](#) played at the Entertainment Theatre. The vibe of the family is metal and rock 'n' roll, with an absolute Love for live music gigs! [Led Zeppelin](#), [ACDC](#), [Black Sabbath](#), [The Angels](#), [Pink Floyd](#) and Metallica filled our home life and road trips—Rock, hippie parents.

[Cypress Hill](#) at Thebarton Theatre in 2004 was wild. We pulled an all-nighter for a day trip to see Cypress Hill, who [Bliss and Eso](#) opened for. It was one of the best live shows I’ve seen. Scoring my first drumstick. I caught the stick, and all of a sudden, an intimidating-looking guy behind me put his hand on it too. Clearly, myself being in front of him and catching it just before him; it was mine. I stared him straight in the eye and said, “Let it fucking go or I’ll shove it down your fucking throat” – seriously, word for word, that’s what I said. He let it go, and I immediately shoved it down the front of my pants. The drumstick thigh splint remained down my pants until we were out of sight of the massive crowd, and I knew we weren’t going to get rolled for the memorabilia. Essentially, until we reached the car. It was a stupid trip home; we swapped drivers on the way at one hundred and ten kilometres per hour – one of the dumbest things I’ve done in my life. Saving three minutes, even though it was safe with no car insight, in the dark, the other driver kicked my five-speed auto VN Commodore into neutral. If it had been kicked into reverse, it would have blown the motor. Not a fine moment, courage driven by drugs leading to stupidity. Didn’t help that we had been drinking in the evening at the concert. Neither of us was over the limit, but a little Dutch courage is

enough. I was twenty years old; my co-driver was twenty-three. As glamorous as rockstars make drug taking, everything in moderation at the appropriate time. This clearly was not the proper time to be acting like wankers. We managed the moderation part and got home safely, which was the important thing. But not recommended. Things that can be summed up as 'young and stupid.' I've personally only recreationally indulged in three drugs, mainly marijuana. I can tell you every experience. I have never hallucinated. And can't say I've been addicted to anything.

Mushrooms in 2023 gained Therapeutic Goods Administration (TGA) approval in Australia, and marijuana is basically legal, so let's explore my minor experiences with hallucinogens. I painted the back of the front fence to my house - the office of [Barbwire Noose](#) on the best pure sugar trip around at the time. Taking only a few trips in my life, one cardboard, one gummy bear and two sugar cubes to date. I also rock climbed an approximately seventeen-grade outdoor climb at The Mount Arapiles on a sugar trip. Living true to my brand's slogan, 'Fear Is the Root of All Weakness,' this stupidity is also not advisable. The urge arose because a man who went on the climbing trip was scared to climb. I thought I would boldly demonstrate that he could make it up the climb. No boy likes being beaten by a girl unless he's her boyfriend, and even then, it's competitive. Not realising I was to be completely unclipped from safety, I sat up on the ledge and then walked a narrow rock crevice before the descent. My brother, who had watched me abseil for years, was unaware of the enhancement of reality I had taken. He had no idea why I hesitated at the edge before braving the experience down. Mount Arapiles is a rock formation that rises 230 metres. It is

widely regarded as Australia's best rock-climbing area. There are over 2,000 different climbs on offer on its many cliffs and crags. An area familiar to me, as my father, the proprietor of Mount Gambier's rock-climbing gym, would take us there regularly. The description of a wild child does not suit my sensible personality, but irresponsible with my personal safety because of trauma does. Psychologically sound, my behaviours are normal considering my experiences, the adrenaline of fight or flight has been repeatedly pushed into an area to which my reaction can be slow and rationalise danger. – This was probably a story more fitting to the LIFE part of this chapter, but anyway, there you go.

Back to music and Barbwire Noose. I was on a cardboard trip at my first BDO. Making friends with a guy older than me who was my brother's friend at the time. First-timers, off our heads, we chucked a few tripping laps around the event, then settled at a small stage and watched the Australian hard rock quartet band The Butterfly Effect. The lead singer climbed the scaffolding and sang while I stood there in absolute awe. If there was footage taken from the stage out to the crowd, I'm the little blonde girl with her jaw dropped. What an Amazing day, and these guys are absolutely fantastic. I've seen them numerous times now. Sporting Barbwire Noose in the crowd of Adelaide HQ Complex gig front row!

Music-related events and car shows combined are heaven to me. I've seen some cool bands at Supercar events, like the Red Hot Chilli Peppers, Motley Crue, and Kimbra, to name a few—expressive lyrics and adrenaline, two things that are present in Barbwire Noose marketing.

My death trap VW was a perfect example of music and adrenaline combined, pre-Barbwire Noose times - the slogan did exist when this vicious white Betty did. The car with more speakers than it needed was a massive hoot to me. Entertainment to everyone else to seeing a little girl cruising around with heavy metal music – Slipknot cranked! The first thing I did with this car was load it up with speakers and a new stereo. This car was known among my peers for its ability to rock the speakers. The VW Beetle would shake at the lights, doing mainies with seventeen-year-old me behind the wheel. The best sesh (marijuana smoking) car, it was unfortunate that the little Beetle was a death trap. I clearly like living on the edge a little and should not be left to my own devices in the face of fear because I may not run. The VW brakes were that bad, they would have killed a normal driver. I am a wizard with a manual, often slowing the car with the gear change. The leaky brake lines, which were returned to the car yard salesperson to be fixed, could be carefully managed with calculated gear changing. Despite my efforts, the brakes were not properly fixed by the dodgy car dealer. His fixing fixed the car so well that I crashed this VW into a carport roller door. Failing to stop the car, it drove into the roller door of the very house where Barbwire Noose had applied for its trademark. Auto trader Barry Sims must have been the shonkiest car salesman in Mount Gambier. Morally and ethically corrupt, selling a car with broken brakes, pumped full of brake fluid, to a seventeen-year-old girl. The slippery car salesman had pumped the brakes with fluid again instead of repairing them, and the foot lever foundations deteriorated, eventually rusting out after I requested that he repair the purchase. There were no foot pedal issues prior to

his making repairs after purchase. The legacy of my VW bug was to be broken by the man who profited from its sale and to be confiscated by my parents without ever paying for the now quite valuable old relic I had stored in the shed, and they left it in a paddock.

Barbwire Noose has sponsored a few heavy metal bands and supports the Australian metal industry, featuring brutal Australian metal on the brand's social media platforms and websites. I personally made many heavy metal connections via the 'BRUTAL' feature. The 'BRUTAL' feature is where Barbwire Noose® social media promotes heavy metal bands' music on the website. A significant heavy metal social media friend I had made during this period was Abreact's drummer, who in 2012 joined VICPOL. The drummer around my age (four years older) was a person I found attractive after he texted and propositioned me in 2018/2019. He was no longer in the Heavy Metal scene, so I felt I was crossing no lines; personally, I liked to take the high ground. Our conversations revealed that VICPOL had been aware of much criminal conduct surrounding me for years. He knew of the DVD circulation of revenge porn by Luke Hubert Scheidl, Sean Irvine and others. Private footage that had been allowed to be shared by seedy police in the intentional character assassination of me and Barbwire Noose®. Intentional malfeasance of a malicious nature, coupled with accusations of no basis or facts, – revenge porn used for defamation. He was my biggest dumb crush in 2019, the drummer boy who, unfortunately, had turned into a dodgy VICPOL police officer. Finalising this publication, I had a lawyer soliciting a large tort claim against VICPOL, a frontrunner for the

dodgiest police force in Australia. He was so keen on me that he propositioned me to move in with him, telling himself he liked German Shepherds as the conversation deepened into endearing comments and kisses. I had made it clear in my eyes that I didn't want to date a cop, and that he would leave his job if I started living with him - a pretty clear sign, I think, that I didn't want to date a cop. I, at the time of his proposal, not trusting the police at all, was dealing with what had been acknowledged as Institutional harassment from the police by Judge Teresa Anderson. Absolutely in Love with my American Guy and determined to marry Travis when drummer boy came along. A firm determination, mainly because the police force was so desperate to keep Travis and me apart. I was so sick of the police bullshit. Marrying Travis not only united me with the love of my life, but it really stuck it up the cops. Travis and I both love that fact. If he wasn't Travis Paul Enmon, I didn't really want him. The bloke was a relationship cock block for years for me – Travis that is. As for the cop drummer, he actually seemed like a good drummer and is a self-proclaimed wannabe hero. I was only really interested in Travis, and I liked the guy; I thought he was cute. Travis in America, consumed by his metal band and oxycodone, we always kept in contact, professing our love despite being oceans away from each other. The VICPOL drummer had no idea what he was getting himself into when talking to me about how he was. I directed him to call my lawyer. The conversation was apparently like an ice bath; the drummer cop cooled straight off the boyfriend thing and me, living with him and my German Shepard (Rossi), whom he apparently liked so much. Rest in peace, baby boy Rossi. The ex-drummer of 'Abreact' and, at this time, just over half a

decade in the Victorian Police force, stated that I'll catch up with him in Melbourne. I made it clear at this time that I would not catch up with him in Melbourne when I moved there. I ended up choosing to keep far away from the drummer boy cop and moved to Adelaide to further explore Barbwire Moose prospects. His attitude evolved quite nastily into something quite vindictive, with my attitude towards the police less than respectful during such vulgar cover-ups.

A drummer cop is one of the many police force members who have stalked me. Barbwire Moose® posted about the band Abreact HC as part of the Barbwire Moose® Australian Heavy Metal 'BRUTAL' feature. I had actually been talking to the drummer boy before he became a cop. ABREACT's claim to fame to date is getting a rock star-type exposure at an opportunity in 2013, where the band was selected by Triple J to perform at Groovin' The Moo festival. People clearly heard what I heard in the band, which made me choose their band to feature in the Barbwire Moose 'BRUTAL' feature.

Travis Paul Enmon was truly the love of my life during this time; I loved the idea of him. A musician, he's a heavy metal vocalist and guitarist. I love his look, his hair, his mind - seriously, nearly everything about the guy is attractive to me. We share the same style of music, study the same things in our spare time, and have an interest in politics and law. That said, deep down I always knew I was investigating for myself - for resolution, who the fuck the invisible guy clearly linked to the United States was and why the fuck he was in my house in October 2014. A man who shook my bed at night, who set small fireworks off in my face, who moved objects and waved at me - I needed to understand that shit. I needed to know the facts about what had been happening to my life and the

Barbwire Moose brand since 2012, and why no one was stopping the cover-up. I needed to know what it was they were saying was 'bigger than me'. Researching the cover-up and understanding why it was so extensive wasn't easy. Many decades, much criminal offending and endless names involved directly or inadvertently. Enough people involved to lie, rich liars and they were buying more liars basically as time went by.

Researching the invisible man and the dodgy police, Travis and I were a team. He had proven that. Travis was around when Barbwire Moose went from Investors and Store prospects to me being called a prostitute – he even from America accused me of being a prostitute and spreading the defamation through the metal scene which damaged Barbwire Moose. I messaged Travis a lot over the period where outside influences were attacking my brand, only to find him admit in 2022 that he was part of the problem. Promising he was no longer trying to run me down; he lied to me and yelled a lot while we were engaged so I broke it off. The biggest lie he told (recorded) he stated he had never been to Australia, then after six months he confessed he was present in Australia in 2014. The year that I nearly died and was sharing everything with him including invisible technology and psychological warfare and he never made the effort to at the least see me. His love was so lust then like I told him, nearly a decade later engaged clearly it is love but I am no longer in love with the idea of him or him. From this moment onwards for me our trust was broken, even in friendship while he was incarcerated. I vowed to help him with the injustices he faced but would not marry him and consummate it. Finalising this autobiography of the brand during the heart-breaking

moments of love coming to an end. I trusted Travis as he always knew things about what was going on around me and nearly always seemed like he was trying to help. Never being blind in love Travis had proven he can do some very nasty things to loved ones. Our friendship spawned from Heavy metal interests into love, for me a love that slowly dissolved as we were getting to know each other more closely. I had thought for years that we were so much alike, that we were fighting the same fight. In the end, we were not alike, it was just the same fight. I am free spirited myself, an acute academic, for the most part sensible, decisive and you can say bossy. Travis is bright and a free spirit, who enjoys recreational living more than me. I am too serious. A completely devastating reality for me was that Travis was not for me for life.

“Love is magic my dear” it whispers, “yet it’s not what you seek in another but what you seek in yourself. He is the key to the light, you are the door that needs NO key to open, SHINE.” The Sky by Marcia Anita Hobbs 30/11/18.

Both these two (2) metalheads were very much alike in industry and conversation, and also both shared disappointing attitudes towards women’s safety in adversity over their own. Trauma bonding was the basis of my feelings towards them as they were present during a lot of the period I assisted police, was targeted, and tortured and when whistleblowing as well as witnessing my efforts building my brand. Many times, these guys were just someone to talk to about the bullshit - which was nice. They expressed love for the brand, we had common interests yet both men, like the affray of bikers and paedophile protecting cops, spread sex industry related defamation. Defamation that I was a dancer – a

stripper, a prostitute and pawn star. The malicious claims affecting branding and business growth was evidently caused by both these men and involved with the metal industry, not coincidentally. The supportive efforts are greatly appreciated, but defamation is a serious offence. I would never do someone like that. As for the metal scene thinking my ‘cool’ brand is cool – they were correct—those non sheeple people.

I have a broad appreciation of music, but metal is my muse. As parents in our mid-thirties, having children early in life, we would attend music concerts, camping trips, snowboarding, sprint car races, and motorbike events, as well as dine at the most expensive restaurants around, growing up.

LIFE – My position in life was grand in 2006. Single and a property owner, never married and no children when the brand Barbwire Moose® trademark original application was approved. I had all the time in the world for an entrepreneurial opportunity. Barbwire Moose® coming to life following my property purchase where I had my own space and the ability to allow my creative mind to design threads. Completely independent and the owner of two trademarks approved with IP Australia. I was finally in a happy place after many traumatic events and circumstances, happier after witnessing the dehumanisation of disabled persons at such a young age. A brand celebrating individualism, music, peace, empowerment – all the messages the brand represents. A Better World – positive influence, it can really be whatever you want that betters you and others, internally and externally.

My parents – loved and loathed by me, were considered cool as during my upbringing. My dad was known for his state level boxing standard and a *no messing around* attitude outside of Hungry Jack's. He rode motorbikes, was a boxer and spent many years as a respected football coach. During my upbringing my father rode a Ducati motorcycle, riding dirt motorcycles for a majority of my upbringing, he is a very talented bike rider on and off the road. Owning a Harley Davison in his later years. Life at home was very ordered, yet all that everyone saw was Hungry Jack's customer service from my parents. Hungry Jack's was the dinner table conversation at home. Life was good and looked perfect. Everyone at school growing up would constantly tell me how pretty my mum is and how nice she seemed. Live with her, I thought, she can be a tough nut. My parents were so strict it was ridiculous, but we had heaps of fun and freedom at the same time. Life needs an element of freedom, even the most organised, regimented, hermit person needs freedom. Not being allowed to watch lots of TV shows my friends did. Neighbours, The Simpsons, Friends – an all-time favourite of mine were all banned from viewing. Watching nothing like my friends did during high school I had a copy of Silence of the Lambs, The Silver Brumby, Copy Cat and Grease which I would watch constantly. We were not allowed to watch The Simpsons because of the lazy dad and naughty Bart. Neighbours because Dad felt it introduced adult issues too early to teenagers. I think the structure I hated at home has probably been part of making me the empowered, independent thinker I am.

As a family during high school, my father would take us on an annual trip to the snow-capped Alps of Victoria or NSW.

Most weekends during my childhood were spent away from Mount Gambier in Adelaide as my dad was the private landlord to our property in Aldinga. I never really understood the attitude of “*don’t you dare watch neighbours young lady*” when my parents were into rock and roll, and we could watch murderous movies like Puppet Master. Twisted logic, probably why I watched the classic Australian soap when they weren’t home. I love them for their manicness and hate them for it as well; I understand their decisions to control television influences as adults. Parenting, the hardest job out. You’re not getting through parenthood without a mistake and you’re lucky if your teenager isn’t hating you for something stupid somewhere in time.

Life before Barbwire Moose: I was driving Australian-made Commodores. I drove a VH Commodore moving out of home, then my boyfriends VT Calais, a VN Commodore and a VX Commodore. After incorporating Barbwire Moose in 2012, for the most part, I have driven a Mercedes, and I am very proud of that progress. Motorsports and driving have been a big part of my life. And just like my attendance at music festivals and general sports events, I would take the opportunity to promote the brand and hand out Barbwire Moose stickers, paraphernalia, and take photos with event attendees at motorsports events.

My spare money transitioned from material life, cars, and music festivals to being all about spending for Barbwire Moose® – events that previously were my recreational indulgence I combined with my One love. Fashion and music. Fashion and sport. Fashion and heavy metal. Fashion and

travel. Fashion and motorsport. Fashion and my life. The Start-ups and restarts forced by defamation were expensive. Barbwire Noose is where all my spare money goes, including most of my savings—constantly investing in new products and events, advertising, and sponsorships for years. All of my money, put towards building the brand's business foundations, building the sales platform, branding, and marketing. Designing and building the first Barbwire Noose® website officially in 2008. That dingy goth theme that just did not cut it because it was too niche cost me time and money. Jumped into extreme sports with a love for the market. Personally, indulging extreme sports Rock Climbing, Snowboarding, Motorsports and growing up with Boxing.

Life got messy in the defamation when it was beyond deniability that my parents were actually full-blown biker associates (at the least). That clear, I'll make it clear that my parents have never sued police for torts, been harassed like I have or been pushed into repetitive homelessness by use of false accusations, statements, informants or as I have under the association laws. That activity has been saved for apparently mainly me, the whistleblowing daughter living with privacy breaches, filming my bedroom door for nearly a decade for no reason at all. At the same time, I walked around in underwear and police jerked off. Being honest about the situation, my privacy was breached solely because of what I knew, what I had reported, and what I was capable of achieving. The malicious accusations and activities nearly killed me with numerous life-threatening circumstances and reckless endangerment playing out for years. Hiding numerous - mainly petty crimes, committed by my dad,

brother and my own mother who for personal gain indulged the malicious accusations with no basis or facts and smiled much during my suffering. I'll never forget my mother's denial of the allegations made, and her smiling, indulgent attitude to the victimisation of myself, a victim and whistleblower, something I will NEVER forgive.

I believe I have sensibly lived it up and played hard in life. I always had money to save or burn, frugal with my finances. So when I gave up my social life it was easy to invest in Barbwire Noose—not hanging with friends and less shopping trips to Adelaide and Melbourne. To start with I visited my family in Adelaide less and my trips to capital cities became about branding, promoting my brand, and selling clothes. The Tiffany & Co. two-carat, Asscher-cut engagement ring was no longer a priority - marriage was no longer a priority. I was happily immersed in my brand; I am always happy immersed in my brand.

After touching on significant men in the [Barbwire Noose](#) story, I will also take the time to mention a man who touched my life, hand and heart. Dave (Constantinos David Kyriacou), a SAPOL employee, while Barbwire Noose sought investments in 2014, floated opportunities towards the brand, only to transfer his position in 2016 from Mount Gambier without following through with his ideas and proposals for my [One Love](#). His fickle attitude was damaging to Barbwire Noose. His decision to transfer his position as felons and institutional harassment attacked me after flashing his unmarried hand at myself and stalking me fickle too. And it was weird, making it even weirder was the fact that he pursued business studies after the position transfer, yet he still

remained a police officer years later. A man I had created a trauma bond with, and who I had briefly disclosed seeing the invisible technology too. I was not only disappointed about his failure to follow through with the investment at this time, as I loved the jewellery line we created, but I was also broken-spirited when he went back to Adelaide after finding him dependable and having that taken away. I cried in a little ball in the kitchen of my home yelling profanity at the police audio recordings placed within the premises. I joined co-freemasonry in 2015 and I had watched David Kyriacou quietly as he floated around my life since 2014. Via my Freemason Mother Lodge I initiated at, he advised me to 'tone down my advertising' through another member's email. Advertising and branding I had spent much money and years creating which put myself personally in line for major modelling opportunities like Playboy and Maxim. I declined the advice of the freemason in 2016, unaware of the enormity of damage the malicious accusations with no basis or facts which led to the comment in the email were having. I had nothing to hide, NEVER being involved in the sex industry. I refused to give power to these malicious accusations, this witch hunt, the character assassination. It was years later that I noticed on LinkedIn, after his name was suggested by mutual connection that he had gone to study business after his decision to transfer back to Adelaide in 2016. I pursued his pursuit of my brand. Only to be told he was obsessed with me by a so called friend of his, his apparent friend linked to the Crazy Horse strip club. I started to wonder about the calibre of the obsessed stalker cop - prospective investor.

Barbwire Noose is evidently my brainchild; investors need to support all aspects of the brand. Preferably have a passion for human rights and understand that a lot of my personality has defined the brand. We evolve together, the label, logos, the needs of the world. The struggle in establishment (political and police disruptions) defining the empowerment of 'Doing what is Right, not what is Easy'. Everything I have achieved is a testament to the slogan 'Fear Is the Root of All Weakness' and the brand's fundamental mission and vision, which contribute to 'A Better World.'

Protesting has been a significant part of my life, and I have always been outspoken. Living in the city in 2021, my protest voice thrived. Barbwire Noose released its streetwear collection, 'Protest Graff,' where I take the meaning of personal touch to a whole new level. Each thread in this collection graced with my personal protest text, valuable stuff. Protest - declare (something) firmly and emphatically in response to doubt or accusation. Be your voice, be the voice!

FREEDOM - something I lost to the government. There is not much of my life that has not been touched or tarnished by governments or government departments negatively and violated, every day in every facet of life. It's all linked in Life, our Music of the time, freedom, and expression.

A breach of many fundamental Freedoms that are guaranteed by international human rights law, Freedoms stripped from myself in 2014 onwards by a severely corrupt police force. International Human Rights law includes the protection of freedoms of expression, movement and choice of residence, peaceful assembly and association, and the freedom to manifest one's religion or Belief. All human rights and

fundamental freedoms are subject to the general rule that no-one has the right to 'engage in any activity or perform any act aimed at the destruction of any of the rights and freedoms' recognised elsewhere. International Law, which I witnessed being breached and broken for political gain over seventeen years, and at times to the detriment of Australia's national security.

The corrupt and criminal standards that the Australian government's has stooped to, as discussed is disgustingly low. The definition of freedom is the power or right to act, speak, or think as one wants. When you are a whistle-blower, outspoken, right against tyranny Freedom is just a word. Whistle blower targeting is not uncommon, nor are false claims of mental instability when victims report sexual crimes or governance crimes are reported. I was young; I did not know this, and even if I had, my actions would not have been any different. I had always been a little confused as to why I needed paid leave and counselling when other staff members were the abusers and neglecting clients. It was sold to me as help for the neglect and abuse I had witnessed. I later learned it was the basis of a smear campaign to discredit my reporting and cover up sexual assault within the government disability sector—a plot to avoid accountability. Mental instability has for years been leaned upon to dismiss some of the most heinous crimes, for monetary gain and to cover corruption. For government, elite cheating husbands, etc mental health literally has been the go to defence of the ages.

The extract below, though complex—as with many studies —clearly acknowledges the agendas to undermine claims made by whistle-blowers in retaliation. After

whistleblowing in total to four government departments since 2004 and being met with numerous efforts to discredit me. I completely understand the findings in these studies. Seeing this sole agenda against myself within government reporting. Clearly, a majority of the time, reporting reverts to cover-ups over accountability. Mental health a go to excuse for deniability. The current climate of integrity and accountability in Australia's government system is very dismal.

“What form does power take in situations of retaliation against whistle-blowers? In this article, we move away from dominant perspectives that see power as a resource. In place, we propose a theory of normative power and violence in whistle-blower retaliation, drawing on an in-depth empirical study. This enables a deeper understanding of power as it circulates in complex processes of whistleblowing. We offer the following contributions. First, supported by empirical findings we propose a novel theoretical framing of whistle-blower retaliation and the role of mental health, which draws upon poststructuralist psychoanalytic thinking. Specifically, we highlight how intra- and inter-psychic affective and ambivalent attachments to organisations influence the use of normative violence in cases of whistle-blower retaliation. The second contribution is empirical and builds upon the existing literature on whistle-blower retaliation by highlighting how organisations position whistle-blower subjects as mentally unstable and unreliable individuals, to undermine their claims. We conclude by highlighting the implications of normative power for the outcomes of whistle-blower struggles.” Kenny, K., Fotaki, M. and Scriver, S. *J Bus Ethics* (2018).

The SA Labor Government rebranding the organisation's name from IDSC to Disabilities SA was evidently the most costly significant action taken to address many significant shortfalls I reported within the sector. The government, mainly investing in the cover up campaign of a new name - new face, it's fixed. A new regional manager was transferred to Mount Gambier. The government organisation also transferred a perverted creep who had offended against clients in Adelaide to Mount Gambier. The happy snapper of client's private regions, a sexual exploitation which was exposed by The Border Watch newspaper. An utterly disgraceful outcome, despite numerous serious reports. I had even made recommendations regarding better employees and policies to improve that sector. The job of Integrity and sector reform was half done, by me for the then Disabilities Minister Jay Weatherill. Instead, all he achieved was a whitewash of the incidents, renaming the organisation and pushing me out of employment—clearly the agenda. Before the targeting of my Disabilities Officer position, after whistleblowing and speaking out against the Government Departments actions, the minister's office promised me they would be spending the time I was put on paid leave to change things. I was met with lots of thanks for my reporting and much promise for my return to my position. Naive and looking for the good in everyone, I had high hopes that things would change, and the clients abused and neglected would have a better quality of life. Complete dismay, this was not the case. All that was achieved was a loss of my freedoms and our suffering disabled peers lost their chance to be free of sexual violence.

Spending my paid leave time beginning to study childcare and registering the brands trademarks. I discussed my ambitions for a career in politics with those around me at the time. My ambition was to do a better job than Jay Weatherill. Not a particularly high bar, really; my political aspirations are much higher these days. I was going to make Human Rights matter and I would make genuine efforts to protect the weakest members of our society be free from violence and respected. Returning to the position after taking paid leave and seeing the same neglectful employees still employed at Sharley House was devastating. Nothing had changed and this was So heart-breaking for me after all the effort I had made to rectify the rapes and neglect, it seemed nobody else really cared like I did. I could Not find anyone like me, willing to speak out and possibly throw away the money they were paid for Humanity. Then finally, I was pushed out of my position by the new Asian in ethnicity manager. A seemingly heartless lady she aligned my Disabilities Officer position hours to clash with my Aquatics Teaching commitments. After already changing my employment status from Full-time to Part-time. All this, my first experience with Government sector crime and the process of a cover up. A cover up process I witnessed unfold and have Never forgotten.

Barbwire Noose's most genuine inspiration is the clients for whom I reported misconduct. I am proud I advocated my peers' voices to my superiors and the ministry. The Only option for resolution of injustices, lack of Human Rights, and better care for our peers was a whistle-blower. The clients neglected within Sharley House incapable of speaking, barely any movements alone, self-defence.

Without someone like me in their life to speak out, a whistleblower, these people in government care entitled to human rights, like you and I, had none. No freedom, no choice, no safety, or security. A reality I lived personally for years.

When you've been punished for doing the right thing, you hate your oppressors. I hated my parents, basically my entire family and every corrupt cop and creep that I suffered at the hands of. I'm actually surprised, metaphorically speaking that I didn't kill someone. Thoughts of killing all the sex offenders encouraged to rape me because police refused to charge them was natural, sadly everyday and in my case almost unbearably real after being tortured mentally and attacked physically for decades. My Freedom from being a victim, my human right to resolution in limbo. My whole life situation where I was tortured and forced to endure reckless endangerment induced by police—normal and natural thoughts, enough that we joke about these feelings on television. Logically, going to court for murder would stop men touching me and would have the years of reporting crimes and whistleblowing go to court. Rationally murder is not an option. Yet jail did not scare me as a consequence anymore, not much scares me anymore. First hand living and witnessing actual injustices leaves a void. A space where you can go that makes you completely numb – cold, callous, calculated and almost dangerous to your oppressors and they know it. The theft of one's freedom is a demonic act and it is liberating on many levels when you are released from a cage. Especially if your freedoms had always in someway been violated. Jail is not fun, but you a very much free from all other rules of society, free from the government's society.

Narcissists enjoy provoking you and have usually groomed everyone around them to blame you before their behaviour is uncovered. I always wonder if they've done enough to convince others, or if I've gone too far and woken the bear. After being punished, pillaged, and raped for doing the right thing, these mother fuckers had poked the bear. The whistle-blower protection policy of South Australia had been proved to me to be just a piece of paper. An act that was absent when I reported the crimes and neglect within the disabled sector.

All these abuses were overwhelmingly exposed over years while Australia was fighting for National Integrity to be implemented finally. Barbwire Noose and I advocate a Royal Commission into SAPOL and submitting this already publicised book to the Disability Royal Commission.

Many police knew I had never been a prostitute and they just sat on the illegally obtained evidence for nearly a decade. Years of videos breaching my privacy, filming a little girl who a police officer raped at sixteen- years-of-age walking in and out of her room in her underwear. None of my activities have ever been, to speak, or a serious concern. SAPOL officers, STARForces and others had so abused my life by my thirties that I wasn't sure who needed my voice more, the voiceless clients for decades violated or myself who was also violated for decades and the target of severe reckless endangerment by governing authorities and starting with SAPOL allowing Luke Hubert Scheidl in 2012 to strangle and threaten my life in front of my bedroom door which was being filmed illegally under the association laws by STARForce group SAPOL. The incident reported to two SAPOL officers never resulted in a

charge. By 2021, it was a fact that these laws were illegally enacted upon my person, which I thought was due to whistleblowing the government in 2005. Later investigation revelations revealed my family and others (police, corrupt informants, and criminals) had also contributed to the on going's.

I was completely unaware I was being recorded daily by SAPOL police abusing the use of the association laws until 2014. The abuses of my life and disruptions to my Barbwire Moose® subject to so much criminal conduct for petty benefits and government contracts.

There was a team of SAPOL members working to try and preserve my [One Love](#) Barbwire Moose® and preserve my personal reputation during periods over years from 2012 to 2022, operations to which police quickly gave up on mainly. The change of heart decisions were based on many things and the bottom line was two words, cover up.

Many criminal disruptions proved to be trying to assist with protecting my reputation during the disruptions also, mainly because they hated the police, paedophiles or both. The man I had agreed to marry many times over the years, I later found out, had links to the Bandidos. The Bandidos in 2012 were infiltrated by the CIA in the United States. Facts you can learn from the Ganglands DVD series, which is based on CIA data and interviews with CIA members. Travis, my years long muse was an accomplished cyclist and vocalist in the heavy metal scene. After years tangled up in criminal scenes he was incarcerated for aggression in retaliation to domestic violence from his mother. A man who had bragged to me about how he could take a beating by his boys and in

jail, Travis felt the need 'beat her off him' he states in his defence. The charges were trumped up and he was being held unlawfully with excessive bonds and excessive charges. Travis's mother has a history of domestic violence against men. Fairly, Travis was in an unfortunate position, and I was there for him. However, as we got to know each other better in this situation, I realised I had fallen in love with half the man, and we were not compatible as partners, devastatingly so. As an accomplished entrepreneur with political aspirations, putting people first is most important to me. Many of Travis choices were in direct conflict with my morals and ethics. I believe love and lies do not coincide. Not to mention the defamatory actions Travis had taken against my brand [Barbwire Noose](#) at time which I had evidence of being circulated across America.

The truth is the only way through lies - a cover up. I saved myself by writing the truth in autobiography form and sending intel to the FBI in America. Unfortunately, in some way, shape or form the good guys were bad guys too so nothing resolved as it should. The government was determined to discredit myself and use my brand and branding to do it, even though Barbwire Noose® advertising standard was on par with brands like Unit, Hurley, Sullen.

After reading James Comey's autobiography 'A Higher Loyalty'. I thought the FBI would be better than our police, I was wrong. Police culture is more to do what they have too, than to do what they should. Laws in America allowed for police to remove much of the Gypsy Jokers son's - Luke Hubert Scheidl revenge porn and I knew this. I had read the legislation. The removal of the revenge porn significantly

stagnated the agenda and basis of much of the character assassination. Instead of getting it right on organised crime, when the FBI hit Australian media headlines, they were doing the government a favour and focusing on the Australian biker group the Comancheros, who as much as they helped Luke Hubert Scheidl after our breakup to circulate revenge porn were a mediocre problem compared to the conglomerate built when the bikers united in a war against the association laws in 2012. Everyone should have known too much blood had been spilt between brothers to really unite.

Barbwire Noose, I repeat is my [*One Love*](#). I had such high hopes for a relationship with Travis, who had actually saved me from severe mental anguish during the period of 2014 – 2016. He seemed like a knight in shining armour, until unfortunately my feelings were dashed. Happy I broke my own heart having expectations. It was at the heights of this human rights whistleblowing fight that I realised what I wanted out of love and Travis wasn't it—the height of the battle for brand Barbwire Noose® to forge forward despite adversity, despite false incarceration. And Travis was being so selfish demanding and abusing my time. He cared not for my feelings or what I was doing. At the end of 2022 I was solidifying much justice for Human Rights in Australia. VICPOL and some AFP police carried out the torts across borders. Actions so illegal and so disruptive to Barbwire Noose® that I missed attending [*New York Fashion Week*](#) (NYFW) September 2022 where I intended to land some celebrity design opportunities before the launch of this book. Barbwire Noose® being disrupted and displaced by layers of desperation.

By 2019, the desperation of the police force turned into out of control and insurmountable defamation, with the members of the South Australian Police Force desperately trying to justify the use of association laws on myself which completely disregarded justice for the disabled clients I had advocated for years.

In 2020 I could see freedom. The courts discussed charging Kurt Slaven and I was so close to being free from the desperate defamation. In time to regain my credibility, as the Disability Royal Commission was underway. I sent the stories of clients present and passed away to the Royal Commission seeking justice for these voiceless and defenceless victims of governance without legislated Human Rights. Australia needs a Bill of Rights. Such a vastly corrupt landscape in the political climate of Australia the Freedom of our people and this Country needs to be protected. A year that brought about great acknowledgements for [Barbwire Noose](#) but still no justice for our disabled non-cognitive peers. The brand's accomplishments and achievements towards 'A Better World' were being globally acknowledged. Despite the defamation, the brand won one of the many coveted International Business Awards with Stevie Global Awards—the award recognising accomplishments and contributions of companies and businesspeople worldwide. Barbwire Noose® awarded a Bronze Stevie recognising the brand and our 'A Better World' initiative. I was no longer a 19-year-old little girl the government could ignore, not that this stopped the dismissal of the truth or desperate character assassination and disruptions to my business. The Global award having

prospects to help grow my business moving forward actually more so helped Barbwire Noose® to maintain credibility through the defamation and devastating trauma I endured. An unexpected emotional relief, well timed in the shambles to which made me feel I had to fight for and defend my life. My brand, Barbwire Noose®, making a humbling and delightful achievement among the human rights fight and successes I was personally making for ‘A Better World’. The periods of 2008–2021 were scoured with political and police disruptions. The emotional distress caused me to have much anger and frustration towards the situation. I did Not hold back or mince words in my communications, nor hide my anger and disappointment with all involved and surrounding me.

Before we go into the details of Sharley House in the next chapter, I’ll drop a few significant bombs regarding my reporting.

In letters, I speak of broken policies, neglect and sexual crimes, yet the major concerns were always brushed over. Management always emphasises the minor misconduct issues. Never any criminal or health concerns, and there was no action to change the behaviour or staff members. In turn, the neglect and sexual abuse continued.

Diary accounts of incidents I witnessed, and harassment escalated during the whistleblowing period. In 2004, I spent a considerable amount of time trying to influence change at Sharley House; the older and long-term carers were the problem and were unwilling to change, even with all my reports to Management.

A significant entrant to the diary falls on week seven of 2005, the 11th of February - a trip to Dunkeld, the worst period of misconduct reported consecutively. This day, my notes read condom/sausage and continued to list days of misconduct, client neglect, and abuse. This is one of two significant diary entries I made over two years accounting harassment and sexual harassment among many minor and major incidents within the disabilities government care house, Sharley House.

Reporting these incidents constantly over that period of time, I was met with no genuine concern displayed by management. Ray Howell, Mount Gambier IDSC Manager at the time, visited Sharley House numerous times without addressing the most serious of my concerns. He was a nice boss, so I am unsure as to why he failed to act. Ray would often engage in brief meetings with clients. Appearing very caring towards clients. I am sure he didn't like twenty-year-old little me pointing out neglect, sexual violence and other clearly long-term shortfalls that existed before my employment. Being the Manager of IDSC, I assume he especially did not appreciate my efforts to refer to overlooked policy by the numbers as points of reference. These policies, if followed, would have stopped and stagnated the issues I had raised.

The sector whistleblowing, which created Barbwire Noose®, occurred between the years 2003–2005. Four of the five clients living in Sharley House could not speak nor had the cognitive ability to report for themselves not being fed,

medicated, rolled, washed, raped, etc. There was no freedom for these clients from torture and treachery. Once my advocacy became rather loud regarding the rights of these clients – human beings – it was then that I was targeted by the neglectful and criminal carers I had reported. Condoms on sausages in the fridge, objects placed in my work boots, hand soap contaminated, etc. Sexual harassment and petty harassment a daily occurrence. Jay Weatherill's office made many promises that the sector would be spending that time to change things with thanks and lots of promise for when I returned to my position. Lots of promises that did not eventuate.

There were warnings issued by the department, apparently to reported staff, and I was informed of this action. However, no changes in staffing value were made, and no staff seemed to be aware of the warnings management had stipulated. During both whistle-blowing instances, the most genuine advice and ideas to generate change I received came from mind-mapping the situation myself. Writing endlessly, I started to bellow out loud in my home about how I was going to go into politics and do a better job than Jay Weatherill for disabled people. It is cute to think that when you're young, you can do anything; evidently, you can. I felt a great deal of determination regarding justice and changes to the sector, as well as anger at the frivolous outcomes. Discussing how I intended to become a politician and address these types of injustices, I actually registered my own political party, The Australian Freedom Party, with the Electoral Commission nearly two decades later. After seeing my application disrupted at the highest level, I no longer wanted to live in my country of birth. I was willing to set aside a career in Australian politics, as the

climate looked bleak regarding Australia remaining a free world society with many draconian laws heading Australia towards totalitarianism.

I wish FREEDOM, Much Love and sincerity to all those who have suffered at the hands of corrupt governance and to those who know the dehumanisation of an inhumane society in its needs and greed's.

Chapter Five

‘Sharley House’

I start this Chapter dedicating a beloved pursuit for justice to Shaz, Georgie, Jai, Adrian, and Nadia—the dearest of souls.

Having written numerous letters before, I wrote my way through the ranks of government management to the Disability Minister’s office; I was exhausted after years of advocating for the investigations into the sex crimes. The innocence and youth of my past led me to believe the government would do the right thing in my late teens and early twenties.

Proudly, I can say that I emailed many politicians about Jay Weatherill's Disabilities Ministerial cover-up before he became the Premier of South Australia. In 2019 it was concluded that Nick Xenophon was a mistake to email. Using the whistleblowing as political leverage for his own political career gain. All of Labor elect Jay Weatherill’s political opponents were aware of his disabilities sector and its gross criminal negligence before he was elected the South Australian State Premier in 2011. Surprisingly, Nick Xenophon was the only political member to express any interest in Jay Weatherill’s neglectful decisions and

deliberate cover-up as Disability Minister. Yet the self-proclaimed outspoken Independent, Nick Xenophon, never spoke out publicly regarding this knowledge before Minister Jay Weatherill's election. Nick Xenophon instead took the scandal and used it to gain entry into Federal politics, before thinking he owned South Australia enough to run for power here. Nick Xenophon lost, thank God, to a lesser but still corrupt Steven Marshall, Liberal government. Steven Marshall, the state Premier, refused to call a Royal Commission into SAPOL despite substantial evidence of criminal conduct, malpractice, and maladministration in the sector. Steven Marshall also failed to publicly address the failed ministerial decisions of governance before him, even though an atrocious disabled death occurred in Adelaide during his reign and the Disability Royal Commission was running. The least the Premier could have done at this time was apologise regarding the many disabilities government department failings that he was both aware of and unaware of. Services that failed many South Australian residents for years. I firmly believe he could have and should have, at the very least, vaguely apologised, as opposed to allowing institutional harassment and a cover-up that he was irrefutably aware of, as evidenced by the letter I received from Liberal Australia Prime Minister Scott Morrison in 2020.

They deserved a voice, the non-cognitive and mute clients I reported on behalf of. Our peers who had suffered from gross negligence and sexual abuse for clearly years before my employment with IDSC. Many of the neglectful and abusive carers have been in their positions for years at Sharley House before my employment.

Writing directly to Jay Weatherill, the disability minister for a Labor government under Mike Rann then South Australian Premier resulted in myself being pushed out of employment

with IDSC. The human rights I addressed are fundamental human rights, including the right to safety and the resolution of criminal offences.

When you don't have a voice, cognitive or physical abilities, you don't vote. These clients were not only without choices regarding their carer or the care standard, but they also cannot vote; they literally never vote as they are unable to do so. They have no input in electoral contests nor the capacity to understand politics properly. They do not speak for themselves, nor do they move, yet the government entirely governs their lives. These people are the most vulnerable and unheard within our society. How society treats its disabled and older people, those who cannot do anything for you, is the ultimate pillar of the level of society you have created. This was not a political issue for these clients; this was life, survival, theirs – just like ours – a Human Rights Concern. Neglected, overlooked, and passed over because a bunch of men in leadership showed no compassion when God called upon them to do more than earn money in a job. No ombudsperson was involved, and no police were present. I literally wrote letters and even drafted a petition, despite being ignored and cast aside. The Department of Disabilities, after finalising, looking into the matter, not investigating the sexual assaults, and dismissing that no one was involved, was outrageous. This disregard within the government organisation led to many instances of overlooking human rights and criminal conduct. The neglect of duty of care has even seen sex offending carers transferred from Adelaide to Mount Gambier. A transfer, as it played out, that was seemingly to flaunt their ignorance of the sex offending I reported. The treatment I had endured for reporting the criminal and neglectful activity was evidently reflected in the callous action of a sexual offender being

brought to Mount Gambier by the very people I reported the sexual offending to. My stance on human rights was being sidelined by the government as nothing more than words – until over fifteen years later. I really felt taunted by the deliberate move that led to the serial creep being moved to Mount Gambier. It was as if the government's power to cover up whatever it chose was being shoved in my face. Bringing a predator to prey in Mount Gambier in front of me as if to say there is nothing you can do to save these people, little girl. The creep who transferred from Adelaide to my hometown was exposed not long after he was transferred to Mount Gambier. Luckily, the local paper shed light on the matter, The Border Watch Newspaper, notorious for filtering news.

The fact that police never investigated a diagnosed retarded person with intellectual disability, in a wheelchair, who could not communicate that she was being raped, shows a cultural level of dehumanisation. The woman client, as reported, was red and distressed morning after morning when I would arrive to conduct the morning shift after Robert's night shift. A victim who was not able to communicate, well-endowed, with trimmed pubic hair when she could not operate scissors alone, nor ask for this type of grooming and did not medically need it. All this and my outcries were being ignored, and I was being persecuted for speaking out for her, to the point where sex offenders were keeping their government employment. It was all so devastatingly distressing to watch unfold around me. To witness a cover-up of criminal offending and Human Rights breaches, then to basically be treated like the neglect and sex crimes did not exist, was the ultimate betrayal of government responsibility. Intentional, malicious criminal negligence followed by gaslighting and much narcissistic behaviour. Behaviours engaged and approved by The South

Australian Labor government of Mike Rann, and the Disabled Ministry of Jay Weatherill. The gaslighting activities towards me persisted as I returned from paid leave. Jay Weatherill, who was aware of the sex offending and having not ordered a police investigation, intentionally aided and abetted sex offending within the department. After this, somehow Jay Weatherill became the Premier of South Australia. He was somehow promoted while linked to such a devastating, deep-seated, governance sexual offender cover-up, with his principal political opponents aware of the criminal negligence. How the fuck did this happen?! Good question – glad you asked! The answer is South Australia had a string of seedy sex offender Premiers over the years. The cover-up was so methodical because there was method and practice to the deep-seated sexual exploitation. Methods of oppression, suicide, credibility and mental health were what allowed the failed disabilities minister to gain his Premier position. His associations include Mike Rann, who is a known groomer – a paedophile in South Australia, yet to be charged with any of his offending, though the offending is broadly known. These facts, many of which are believed to be true, were given to a female researcher who, while researching at the Yatla detention centre, worked at Flinders University. A government-funded, one would assume, research project at Yatla. Yet, some public interest findings, although the research is highly likely to be government-funded, have not been disclosed. Suppose criminals are discussing it with anyone on recorded phone lines from jail. In that case, it's not top-secret intelligence, so why hide the information and allow young Australians to trust a known predatory public figure? Let's be real, kids don't run up to Bill Cosby no more, and parents don't allow that choice as freely as they used to. Why, because the snake in his pants is a kid fiddler. Bad jokes aside - Nowhere in Australia should

there be an elite cheat sheet for hiding paedophiles, it's un-Australian. Referendum that!

I was approached by a felon who had been released from Yatla and was part of the Flinders Research team. After discussions with the victim of notorious paedophile [Bevan Spencer Von Einem](#) due to guard-induced sexual violence, my crusade for human rights justice exposed Mike Rann irrefutably as at least a groomer to the gay community, whose affiliations were publicised by South Australian paedophiles. So, now you know researchers know this, the police force knows this, and many members of the public know of these sexual crimes. You must be wondering why these crimes never reach the justice system. Wonder no more, the answer is lame and simple like these disgusting men. Mainly, jobs for the boys, that's the simple answer. These men in leadership and the justice system are from an older era, when thirteen-year-olds were not considered legal, but it was accepted. Women were told to be good wives and turn a blind eye to indiscretions. Unfortunately, it is because of old school ties and gentlemen's handshakes that victims' rights to fair trial become detrimentally compromised. On the cusp of the baby boomers not knowing everything, and the ungender-defined rising. God knows what the future holds, but whatever it is, it doesn't have to revolve around sexual violence or wars for that matter.

In 2020, I was told Jay Weatherill had committed sex crimes; he was being called a paedophile. Facts that were whispers for over a decade within biker communities media and apparently unpublished books they say. Whatever way you look at these injustices, for our disabled peers who cannot speak, we Must talk for them! This is a transparency war the people can always win. United, if we stand up for each other no cover ups and extortion will be allowed to see devastating consequences throughout the South Australian

Governments – governance and Police Forces, ever. It has been hard, by god your reading how hard it has been but you can say no and refuse to play the power game. You have the power, we vote them (government) in and we can kick them out!

I again stress, without cognitive or physical abilities, you do not vote. You have no ability to vote, and your freedom of choice at this time is nonexistent. The clients of Sharley House who had suffered severely for decades did NOT vote. I documented numerous incidents of criminal conduct, malpractice, and Human Rights violations affecting the clients of IDSC/Disability SA. Reflecting on these documents, there's something very inspiring about the seriousness of my pursuit. The offending is so vulgar, and the enormity of the overall negligence leaves you breathless. Jay Weatherill, under the Labour Mike Rann government, neglected sexually abused clients in the care of his disability sector. A cover-up spanning over fifteen years to follow, the clients of Sharley House were almost forgotten and always voiceless. A common occurrence in Australian governance, the privatisation of public sectors with issues allows the government to flounder its humanitarian obligations to its people. The exact solution I witnessed was that of a young woman who was whistleblowing about serious sexual crimes in government departments. The rebranding of IDSC to Disability SA was not only the beginning of a cover-up campaign but the beginning of a long string of government corruption, leaving hideous attacks on defenceless persons to occur for years. Instead of dismissal, sex offending employees were transferred across the state, in an out of sight, out of mind agenda to bury the truth. Incidents that should have been exposed under a Royal Commission into the Disabilities Sector fifteen years before their address. What I see behind the government's cover-up plot is a hope

that the non-cognitive and mute clients would have died before the crimes came to light. Each client is severely deformed in this house. Having seen the policing sector trying to push me into the refuge of suicide, I was well aware of how far cover-ups can go and how low. The Royal Commission into Disabilities, called under a Liberal state and federal government, could be clearly identified as trying to dismiss my voice regarding these clients, the next hideous revelation in the steps of reporting rape in governing departments by employees. The Royal Commission into Disabilities and the National Sector Investigation were clouded by Character assassination and Malicious allegations with no facts or basis, just to silence me from speaking out against the disgusting crimes the police did not even investigate upon reporting during 2003 – 2006. The Greens party strongly advocated for the establishment of a Royal Commission on Disability. Politician Jordon Steele-John, a champion representative for the disabled community, once I was invited to share my mute and non-verbal stories, I thought the fight for justice was finally over. How wrong I was, the Royal Commission into Disabilities was well underway, and the victims of sexual crimes were brushed aside to continue a false investigation with an unfathomable plot of character assassinating the whistle-blower.

I'm sure the words of clients of Sharley House at the very least would be thank you, Jordon Steele-John, their knight in shining armour for acquiring this Royal Commission and a legend in his work for disabled persons.

The Royal Commission into Violence, Abuse, Neglect and Exploitation of People with Disability was established by Letters Patent on 4th April 2019. The Letters Patent note that Australia has: "International obligations to take appropriate legislative, administrative and other measures to promote the human rights of people with disability, including to protect

people with disability from all forms of exploitation, violence and abuse under the Convention on the Rights of Persons with disabilities.”

United Nations Convention on the Rights of Persons with Disabilities (CRPD) – The CRPD gives protection to all persons with disabilities, which is defined in the second sentence of article one (1) as including ...those who have long-term physical, mental, intellectual, or sensory impairments which in interaction with various barriers may hinder their full and effective participation in society on an equal basis with others.

Unlike other United Nations human rights treaties, the CRPD contains eight general principles in Article 3. These principles serve as aids in interpreting the substantive articles of the Convention. The principles are as follows:

- A. Respect for inherent dignity, individual autonomy, including the freedom to make one’s own choices, and independence of persons.
- B. Non-discrimination.
- C. Full and effective participation and inclusion in society.
- D. Respect for difference and acceptance of persons with disabilities as part of human diversity and humanity.
- E. Equality of opportunity.
- F. Accessibility.
- G. Equality between men and women.
- H. Respect for the evolving capacities of children with disabilities and respect for the right of children with disabilities to preserve their identities.

You have got to love how well these guys at CRPD have it covered. As a young woman, to fathom such disregard for Human life was not something I could comprehend, I think more like the United Nations than dehumanising Hitler. His

disregard for people with physical and mental disabilities, viewed as “useless” to society, a threat to Aryan genetic purity, and, ultimately, “unworthy of life.” Historical accounts of callousness in the T-4 (euthanasia) program of pure murder, we should never forget and undoubtedly learn from. My parents brought me up to “Treat other property better than your own” and “Do unto others as you would have them do unto you” – The “Golden Rule” of Leviticus 19:18 was quoted by Jesus of Nazareth (Matthew 7:12; see also Luke 6:31).

I still can not grasp an understanding of why a person would want to dehumanise life to justify crimes and alike. Nor how their lies and denial vindicates them in some people’s eyes. Blind ignorance I think they call that. Witnessing even my own family members condone sexual crimes and dehumanising behaviour for years I was not able to agree nor condone dehumanisation myself, especially in leadership.

I felt obligated to fight for the clients of Sharley House once I witnessed the enormity of the on goings. The sexual crimes, any sexual crime a trigger for action to myself, protecting others apparently a normal reaction for victims like myself. In my mind, I was a weak victim, though I was not seen like that. Having waited years to report Kurt Slaven, my fear of the power police manipulate did protect my life somewhat. Living through the nasty cover up tactics I endured from 2014 onwards proved my self-preservation choice was the right choice. Moving on without dealing with the uncomfortable feelings of being a victim allowed me to survive. The deep festering anger, believe it or not, allowed me to thrive. I harbour much guilt since reporting the sex offence against myself knowing there are other victims and if I reported earlier they might not be victims at all. This is a

deep emotion and a drive I feel to see justice for all. All the disabled clients, all the women and men, are ashamed for no reason at all. Every Being on this earth matters. And we should all be honest, raw, and deep in passion when fighting for justice – to make A Better World.

As a young female new employee, it was challenging to influence the other carers at Sharley House to complete tasks to a higher standard or cater to client comfort. Especially when everyone was older than me and no one really actually wanted to do the job correctly. Working at this high dependency house was cosy, the clients never complained, and the workers could sit outside smoking and reading magazines most days. They just wanted to be paid their money. Lazy people, some of them believing they already did their best – I would hate to see their underpants after a long day. Weirdly, some felt that providing comfort for these ‘veggies’ was not their job, and some plainly just knew better than I – that the government didn’t care, so why should they? Diffusion of Responsibility, an attitude I loathe with a passion.

It was easy to put on some music for the clients. You would see positive body language when sounds played, and more importantly, a small form of cognitive response – joy, even though these clients were classified and described as non-responsive and non-cognitive. One client, one of those who was a victim of sexual abuse, loved Delta Goodrem like me. Our job was to put happy TV shows on in the background in the lounge room, and to turn on the radios in the bedrooms, bringing smiles to the clients’ days. You could tell whether these people were happy or sad; you could hear your disabled peers make joyous sounds. The ability to make someone else’s life better is always rewarding. Remember that when you see someone ruining someone’s day or when

you're tempted for no reason to be unkind. It feels nice to be nice.

I was hit with excuses of a financially restrained sector, not too financially strained to spend a lot of money on unnecessary administration. Me trying to generate change in a forgotten industry with money making (the employees) and money saving (the employer) the government's main objective was like meowing back at a cat. Cute, but you achieve very little. No one was listening, and everyone was patting me on the head, telling me it was going to be okay, when I could see it wasn't going to be okay.

As someone with cognitive ability it was so paralysing to see the distress on these clients' faces every day. The pain, their inability to leave, the despair in their eyes as they looked back at my emotionally distressed face. I felt their pain and it was So real, like the red, and raw at times colour of their skin which was evident abuse. In the eyes was so much trauma, trauma which was consistently prevalent after the male night shift workers' shift.

An absolutely gruelling level of emotional distress, being so young witnessing such criminality, dehumanisation, malfeasance, and lack of Human Rights. Suffering through this type of trauma myself I could disconnect and in all my suffering I had a voice. I could speak and write and be heard. Our peers with disabilities needed an honest, selfless voice.

I worked twelve hour shifts at the Sharley House residence; day shift. Seven until seven. The house was my first experience as a care officer for people with disabilities. Sharley House, home to the most severely disabled government clients in Mount Gambier, had permanent carers who required a nursing Blue Card. I was trained with a nurse's card qualification and was able to medicate and treat

all the clients of Sharley House. To replace me, the department not only had to train a new staffer, but even if they moved a staff member from another house to replace my full-time role, they had to qualify them further. I also undertook a defensive driving course during my employment at Sharley House.

With the details of the incidents given to the Royal Commission into Disabilities from September 2020 ongoing during the Royal Commission proceedings. I began to lose hope that the Royal Commission was actually out to hear about the clients suffering and report whose accountable for the negligence. A public apology was vital as an outcome, as the lack of duty of care and maladministration alone prove Jay Weatherill guilty of failing to act. Myself a well-established Public Figure by 2020, I was not going to allow these victims stories to go untold. Criminal negligence and crimes cast aside to save the face of seedy politicians. Not on my watch. I could not allow the Disability Royal Commission to end without fighting for the apology my peers deserved. It should have been a simple legal case of sex crimes and criminal negligence. Criminal negligence refers to conduct in which a person ignores a known or obvious risk, or disregards the life and safety of others. This was irrefutable. Proving rape without a rape kit a little hard, yet it should have been easy to find the sexual harassment with the records of the condom incident. The inappropriateness of a condom being in Sharley House is a valuable example of a morally and ethically lacking carer culture. Additionally, there should have been numerous staff members who were able to identify concerns about witnessing red regions, even after the night shift. I felt that time was being used to distort and dilute the truth, the more

time that passed the easier it was to dismiss someone's recollection.

The records of my efforts to provide the appropriate care that these clients deserved are quite extensive; all the documents I could find on my laptop were submitted to the Royal Commission into Disabilities. Some documents I could see had been clearly modified during the police and government plot to cover up the lack of investigation into the sexual crimes committed against clients. It was an intentional perverting of justice to enter my home to plant maladministration. Luckily, I had many handwritten notes and my own personal writing style. These records coupled with my OCD personality expose a plot to discredit the reporting within the department.

On the 30th of October 2020, a year of the Disability Royal Commission proved to be too short of a time frame for disabled persons to be heard. It was undoubtedly a too short of time frame to gain appropriate Justice regarding the insidious culture that had led to the most unfathomable and severe neglect to disabled persons in Mount Gambier. Too short a time frame to achieve jack shit basically. So, it was extended! – Yay, good news governance decision.

Quoting a post made on this day (30/10/20) by 'The Man' who worked hard to gain the Disability Royal Commission himself – Senator Jordan Steele-John.

“BREAKING NEWS!

The Disability Royal Commission has been extended until September 2023!

The Australian Greens and our disability community have been calling for the #DisabilityRC to be extended since almost the very beginning. It was so clear (primarily through #Covid19!) that we need more time to tell our stories.

After months of pushing for this extension, we have succeeded today! This is just another example of how powerful we can be when we work together to ensure that #OurRoyalCommission works for us.

A momentous achievement towards Integrity, Justice and A Better World. I was residing in Adelaide, South Australia, which was terrific for Barbwire Noose, especially in preparation for [New York Fashion Week](#) (NYFW) 2021. The voices of Sharley House will not be forgotten. “A historical moment and feat towards Integrity, Justice and dignity for disabled persons in Australia.” – Jordan Steele-John.

An extended Disability Royal Commission achieved, unfortunately the Commission was being run so poorly that it had expert witnesses who were offenders against disabled clients, persons who had caused harm or neglect were speaking on behalf of victims it was reported. It is absolutely ludicrous and damaging to outcomes to rely on offenders, as well as detrimental to the integrity of the Royal Commission.

The Australian Greens introduced the National Integrity Commission Bill 2018, No. 2, on 9th September 2019, and it passed the Senate; however, it was not formalised to address National Integrity issues for years—a frivolous effort at implementing governing integrity by the Liberals. Years passing without the Liberal government addressing the National Government Department’s criminal conduct, fraudulent sector approvals and an increasing environment of malpractice, maladministration, and corruption to the point where our police force was paralysed to protect citizens, it was utilised against elite sex offenders, bikers, drug dealers and persons involved with the prostitute industry. My research into the cover-up of governing crimes,

both clerical and witnessed, was always reported and revealed the distinct link between persons governing disability representatives and abuse. The character assassinations were repeated heavily in a campaign to try to silence me speaking out again on behalf of these disabled persons.

The same politicians and persons' names needed to be covered up as in 2005. In 2014, before the thoughts of a Disability Royal Commission by The Greens, the loss of my life would have meant these heinous crimes would have been covered up forever. The letters, the reports, and my visiting local service stations staging a petition to change the disabilities sector, nearly all erased from history during what I believe makes history one of the most disgraceful governance cover-ups ever conducted by the Australian Police Force. UGLY HEROS delving into the untold story of police corruption and revealing key bungles in the federally overseen case of [Gordon Hamm](#). I am a key witness (crown witness to something), and the only reason why offenders were jailed is that an accessory to the murder nearly killed me. A knife wielded at the height of my head – at my face, an attack if successful that would have silenced the whistleblowing indefinitely. For nearly a decade, I have lived vocalising serious sexual offending, neglect and being unimpressed with the lack of action taken by those responsible. Pursuing justice to the point where I nearly died numerous times because of the police and government's lack of action on crime.

I never thought that during the Disability Royal Commission, I would be met with a cover-up plot regarding matters that were broadly known. The fact that SAPOL never investigated the sexual assault of the victims at Sharley House was less broadly known, though by 2019, it was no secret. I watched a campaign of cover-ups spanning

decades, disregarding many of the 30 Articles of the Statutory Declaration of Human Rights. Australia's history regarding refugees globally is appalling. This chapter of history, which stemmed from some of the highest levels of government and policing, criminality and human rights violations, was globally shameful and committed against Australia's very own citizens.

After nearly being stabbed in 2014 and the police force mishandling attempted murder when I was key to assisting the police with the homicide of Gordon Hamm, life became more important yet less precious in my mind. Resolving years of mounting unlawful enforcement surrounding my life became a necessity despite reckless endangerment. To me, the solution lay more broadly in the irrefutable need for a Bill of Rights in Australia. The steps taken to hide the use and abuse of my life by my family, the police force, the violations of my privacy, breaches of the surveillance act, and the malfeasance overall were not only a complete compromise of my life. But also jeopardised the justice of the disabled persons I was advocating for, and human rights and justice for them, as well as actions to pervert the course of justice intentionally. Australian law enforcement was clearly in a state where institutional abuse was not only prevalent but was the standard. State and Federal Police (AFP) operations being thoroughly mocked up by government officials to cover up sex offending. Endless unlawful disruptions desperately conducted to protect sex offences for over a decade irrefutably are recorded within my Freedom of Information, media sources, lawyers, charities, corporations, independent government-funded organisations and endless emails locally in Australia and globally. The proof of the maladministration that almost ruined Barbwire Noose and my life is enshrined in the years

of emails and phone calls, recording my kicking and screaming at these blatant, dehumanising crimes.

Malicious illegalities by the police force were made to endanger my life. I do not doubt that the police have joked about my death and demise in dehumanising attempts to justify and deny accountability. A police force and government criminally negligent hoping that after their ignorance, institutional harassment, feign threats, real threats, criminal perceptions, and false incarceration I would seek the refuge of suicide. Moments that solidify my diehard attitude: Do Not Conform. An attitude on display in front of a worldwide audience, whether I like it or not, because of these overwhelming Human Rights violations.

The most challenging experience to endure, outside of what felt like endless sexual crimes and a plot to keep me a victim in the system, was the feelings of oppression without an acknowledgement of the IDSC's criminal negligence. Being held a victim of police and government-associated offences was gruelling, knowing this should have been a winnable fight for the rights and voices of Sharley Avenue House clients and me was motivating. Living life almost alone, broke and emotionally distressed after spending over fifty thousand dollars during this decade on litigation, promoting human rights and publications. Human Rights – A Bill of Rights in Australia is imperative for a better Australian future.

Chapter Six

‘One Love’

My mum always said, “Makeup should enhance your features, not cover your face.” I believe clothing should be the same way.

Life’s accomplishments have not been handed to me on a silver platter. I have impeccable English skills (yet shitty grammar); this, coupled with my ability to debate and understand legislation, allowed me to advocate human rights violations and articulate the cover-up of government corruption and criminality. In retrospect, I would say that what has not broken me has made me stronger. Still, it was somewhat unnecessary and revealed a level of immorality driven solely by greed, which undermined much of society and the integral fabric of justice.

Barbwire Noose managed to develop new products, collections, and strive forward through each trial and disruption, ultimately achieving success. Brand Barbwire Noose® is my passion. I pushed through the adversity of the government targeting my whistleblowing, the corruption of the police force and the gangland warfare leveraged against myself as a whistle-blower, witness, and victim.

Significant achievements and events over the years include highlights such as:

- 2005 – trademark designed and trademarked with Intellectual Property (IP) Australia.
- 2006 – trademark applications approval process, Fear Is the Root of All Weakness® Approved.
- 2007 – research and letters to gain trademark approval of Barbwire Noose®.
- 2008 – all trademark approval from IP Australia, business name registration with the Australian Securities and Investments Commission (ASIC), business plan, prototyping products developed, and online sale platform development.
- 2009 – Barbwire Noose® entered the New Enterprise Initiative Scheme (NEIS) government business program – Small business management Certificate IV (four) studies, business document design, development of streetwear threads collection, including t-shirts, track pants, singlets and hoodies.
- 2010 – private brand launch party in Mount Gambier, South Australia, music festivals promotional advertising, extreme sports promotional advertising and sponsorships, ‘[BRUTAL](#)’ music platform launched online, sponsorships enquiries, physical store advancement explored, A Better World initiative.
- 2011 – self manufacturing equipment capital purchases, sponsor and officials uniform manufacturer of South Australia and Victorian BMX Country Championships, triple j magazine advertising, founder meet Danny Carey TOOL band and gave Barbwire Noose® sticker, eco/second-hand stores utilised reducing waste of seconds or mis-manufacturing sustainably, ‘A French Affair’ Red Cross

runway fashion show fundraiser, sponsorship Muay Thai fighter Alan ‘Warrior’ Walkington at FIRESTORM #5 and Brute Force #15 events, sponsorship of metal band ‘Dawn Heist’ tour, rock climbing competition and competitor Cheyne Hobbs sponsorship, low parachute jump brand promotional jump.

- 2012 – Morex off road masters event sponsor, purchased Mercedes corporate vehicle, accessories line expanded-wrist bands and phone covers launched, Incorporation of Barbwire Moose®, sponsorship motorcyclist Levi Day Racing, sponsorship Muay Thai fighter Alan ‘Warrior’ Walkington and Bryan ‘The General’ Hasse, office allocation of 69 Penola Road Mount Gambier, listing for investment prospects via Angel Investors, physical store stocking prospects in South Australian street/surf wear stores, multiple metal bands tour sponsorship.

- 2013 – sprint car events promotional advertising, founder engaged in accounting studies for company advancement and boost investor confidence, featured in newspaper The Border Watch Mount Gambier, promotional modelling advertising.

- 2014 – officially, after years of supporting WKA, joined World Kindness Australia (WKA) corporate membership. Alan ‘Warrior’ Walkington, our Barbwire Moose Co Muay Thai fighter with UFC great Alistair ‘The Reem’ Overeem, engaged in charitable collaboration, designing and printing production for feel-good promotions.

- 2015 – BN Couture high-end fashion and jewellery collection prototyping, classics collection released, Signature prints labelled American prints, Signature Puss (originally ‘pussy’) women’s empowerment Collection developed.

- 2016 – ‘Signature Puss’ Women’s empowerment collection launched, go-kart sponsorship, investment

contracting discussions, founder engaged Masters in Business Administration (MBA) studies with Australian Institute of Business, featured in newspaper The Border Watch Mount Gambier, official manufacturer for production/sponsorship of Ms/Mrs Earth Australia pageant T-shirts, donation of overlocker to Limestone Coast Migrant Resource Centre.

- 2017 – BN Couture Collection officially launched, Brand SA registered, sponsorship of street-smart initiative in South Australia, BN Couture sponsored and featured Ms/Mrs Earth Australia, sponsorship of street-smart initiative in South Australia and Eco Fashion Week Australia, Perth.

- 2018 – Gleeson College annual quiz night fundraiser, sponsorship street-smart initiative South Australia and Victoria, sponsorship neighbourhood watch initiative, featured in newspaper The Border Watch Mount Gambier, Eco fashion week Australia Upcycle Challenge in QLD – Eco Fashion Week Runway Perth, Sydney Retail Festival and Amazon Australia platform development, Business Award nominations.

- 2019 – authoring Human Rights (Royal Commission) Autobiographies, The Story Behind the Brand – BARBWIRE NOOSE publishing contract with Austin Macauley Publishers, development of ACCESSORIZE Jewellery Collection and Australian Made product registration, Business Award nominations.

- 2020 – [New York](#) Times Square billboards, [eBay](#) platform development, sponsorship street-smart initiative, South Australia, sponsorship neighbourhood watch initiative, winner Bronze Stevie Award, Unisex ACCESSORIZE Accessory Collection and unisex Embroidery Polo Collection, Business Award nominations.

- 2021 – selection by Flying Solo for September [New York Fashion Week](#) (NYFW), sponsorship street-smart

initiative South Australia, billboards in South Carolina funding Black History Museum for Myrtle Beach, founder feature including NYFW2021 opportunity interview in [Amazon](#) platform Lifestyle Magazine-India, SMERGERS Investment Platform open for investors, designing intimates undergarments collection, debut in New York Flying Solo Store, featured in magazine Weekly Style USA, Final Manuscript submissions “The Story Behind the Brand BARBWIRE NOOSE” submitted for publication.

- 2022 – billboards in South Carolina funding Black History Museum for Myrtle Beach, NYFW2022 attendance (disrupted), sponsorship debut Muay Thai fighter Josh “Tormentor” Sarmiento, Sustainable Couture Runway Alice Springs Australia, Protest Graff Streetwear collection, anticipated release of Intimates Collection, year stamp on Signature Prints Collection Tees, Eco Fashion Week Australia 2022 (EFWA22 postponed due to covid), Business Award Nominations, Manuscript updated preprint “The Story Behind the Brand BARBWIRE NOOSE”, Big Brother six month media sponsorship of Darren Nixon aka Life of Bryan (Bryan Porker) gypsy/traveller.

- 2023 – Australia/USA ‘Human Rights’ billboard campaign, Patches collection, First edition of this publication, interview Grimerica, Semi-Finalist Community Achievement Awards, Phoenix Award nominations, Australian Ladies in Business Initiative, Channel Nine TVC initiation, Online via satellite, Disability Royal Commission submission final report.

- 2024 – Debut of first Television Commercial via Network Channel Nine, a ‘Human Rights’ campaign which also advertised the first publication of The Story Behind the Brand BARBWIRE NOOSE, published by Austin Macaley until August 2025.

- 2025 – New website launch, Television Commercial via Network Channel Nine regional Imparja broadcasting, a ‘Human Rights’ campaign which also advertised the first publication of The Story Behind the Brand BARBWIRE NOOSE, Season Advertising campaign with South Australian footballer, BRAINZ article ‘a gripping true story of heroism’, rEVOLution spread ‘Love’ threads launch designed during false incarceration.

Brand Barbwire Noose® is not its struggles in efforts by the government to stop the brand's success to ensure the disgustingly inhumane secret of neglect and sexual abuse in the disabilities sector's illegalities were hidden. Nor has the brand been diminished by the decades of malicious accusations with no basis or facts; it has survived these times – it is part of its destiny. Such success in the face of adversity has paved the way for significant legislative reform and solidified the need for Human Rights to be a global standard. Part of the direction of ‘A Better World’ is a more integral world, a world of Human Rights and just justice. I, myself, after these decades, am alive —a self-described feat of just surviving this period of living, as good as it looks on Instagram.

[Barbwire Noose](#) making it as a brand name, while I was engulfed by Human Rights fighting, a fight for justice, against the cover up POLICE vs Kurt Slaven Statement and the dismissal of disabled lives is something even I am in ore of. My life is constantly in a limbo state of Reckless Endangerment, with the police desperate to have me perceived as an associated biker and a prostitute, leaving me dangerously near homeless to die numerous times. The paramount level of corruption to cover up disabilities sector crimes and the police using prostitutes, including children, bluntly put, as sex toys, proved irrefutably that police were desperately character assassinating Barbwire Noose® and me to a level of international defamation. Defamation spread extensively and was highly damaging. Traffic to the website

was disrupted, and social media platforms fucked with. Deliberate, tax-funded disruptions in a plot to not only defame a brand publicly striving but to hold it back, faking a lack of popularity. All these actions were executed to silence a legal and legitimate whistle-blower. A whistle-blower who, in 2016, via TAFE SA, was issued a government investigation certification; a decision that could only legally be made under the Integrity Legislation for ICAC South Australia, which legislated that the Police Commissioner could appoint investigators (with no qualification bounds in the appointment, so to speak).

The core of the brand Barbwire Noose, Freedom – Human Rights. At the start of this book, it lists six of YOUR rights. Here are the remaining twenty-four of the thirty rights outlined in the International Declaration of Human Rights:

Article 7

“All are equal before the law and are entitled without any discrimination to equal protection of the law. All are entitled to equal protection against any discrimination in violation of this Declaration and against any incitement to such discrimination.

Article 8

“Everyone has the right to an effective remedy by the competent national tribunals for acts violating the fundamental rights granted him by the constitution or by law.

Article 9

“No one shall be subjected to arbitrary arrest, detention or exile.”

Article 10

“Everyone is entitled in full equality to a fair and public hearing by an independent and impartial tribunal, in the determination of his rights and obligations and of any criminal charge against him.”

Article 11

“Everyone charged with a penal offence has the right to be presumed innocent until proved guilty according to law in a public trial at which he has had all the guarantees necessary for his defence.

No one shall be held guilty of any penal offence on account of any act or omission which did not constitute a penal offence, under national or international law, at the time when it was committed. Nor shall a heavier penalty be imposed than the one that was applicable at the time the penal offence was committed.”

Article 12

“No one shall be subjected to arbitrary interference with his privacy, family, home or correspondence, nor to attacks upon his honour and reputation. Everyone has the right to the protection of the law against such interference or attacks.

Article 13

“Everyone has the right to freedom of movement and residence within the borders of each state.

Everyone has the right to leave any country, including his own, and to return to his country.”

Article 14

“Everyone has the right to seek and to enjoy in other countries asylum from persecution.

This right may not be invoked in the case of prosecutions genuinely arising from non-political crimes or from acts contrary to the purposes and principles of the United Nations.”

Article 15

“Everyone has the right to a nationality.

No one shall be arbitrarily deprived of his nationality nor denied the right to change his nationality.”

Article 16

“Men and women of full age, without any limitation due to race, nationality, or religion, have the right to marry and to found a family. They are entitled to equal rights as to marriage, during marriage and at its dissolution.

Marriage shall be entered into only with the free and full consent of the intending spouses.

The family is the natural and fundamental group unit of society and is entitled to protection by society and the State.”

Article 17

“Everyone has the right to own property alone as well as in association with others.

No one shall be arbitrarily deprived of his property.”

Article 18

“Everyone has the right to freedom of thought, conscience and religion; this right includes freedom to change his religion or belief, and freedom, either alone or in community with others and in public or private, to manifest his religion or belief in teaching, practice, worship and observance.”

Article 19

“Everyone has the right to freedom of opinion and expression; this right includes freedom to hold opinions without interference and to seek, receive and impart information and ideas through any media and regardless of frontiers.”

Article 20

“Everyone has the right to freedom of peaceful assembly and association.

No one may be compelled to belong to an association.”

Article 21

“Everyone has the right to take part in the government of his country, directly or through freely chosen representatives.

Everyone has the right of equal access to public service in his country.

The will of the people shall be the basis of the authority of government; this will shall be expressed in periodic and genuine elections which shall be by universal and equal suffrage and shall be held by secret vote or by equivalent free voting procedures.”

Article 22

“Everyone, as a member of society, has the right to social security and is entitled to realisation, through national effort and international co-operation and in accordance with the organisation and resources of each State, of the economic, social and cultural rights indispensable for his dignity and the free development of his personality.”

Article 23

“Everyone has the right to work, to free choice of employment, to just and favourable conditions of work and to protection against unemployment.

Everyone, without any discrimination, has the right to equal pay for equal work.

Everyone who works has the right to just and favourable remuneration, ensuring for himself and his family an existence worthy of human dignity, and supplemented, if necessary, by other means of social protection.

Everyone has the right to form and to join trade unions for the protection of his interests.”

Article 24

“Everyone has the right to rest and leisure, including reasonable limitation of working hours and periodic holidays with pay.”

Article 25

“Everyone has the right to a standard of living adequate for the health and well-being of himself and of his family, including food, clothing, housing and medical care and necessary social services, and the right to security in the event of unemployment, sickness, disability, widowhood, old age or other lack of livelihood in circumstances beyond his control.

Motherhood and childhood are entitled to special care and assistance. All children, whether born in or out of wedlock, shall enjoy the same social protection.”

Article 26

“Everyone has the right to education. Education shall be free, at least in the elementary and fundamental stages. Elementary education shall be compulsory. Technical and professional education shall be made generally available, and higher education shall be equally accessible to all based on merit.

Education shall be directed to the full development of the human personality and to the strengthening of respect for human rights and fundamental freedoms. It shall promote understanding, tolerance and friendship among all nations, racial or religious groups, and shall further the activities of the United Nations for the maintenance of peace.

Parents have a prior right to choose the kind of education that shall be given to their children.”

Article 27

“Everyone has the right freely to participate in the cultural life of the community, to enjoy the arts and to share in scientific advancement and its benefits.

Everyone has the right to the protection of the moral and material interests resulting from any scientific, literary or artistic production of which he is the author.”

Article 28

“Everyone is entitled to a social and international order in which the rights and freedoms set forth in this Declaration can be fully realised.”

Article 29

“Everyone has duties to the community in which alone the free and full development of his personality is possible.

In the exercise of his rights and freedoms, everyone shall be subject only to such limitations as are determined by law solely for the purpose of securing due recognition and respect for the rights and freedoms of others and of meeting the just requirements of morality, public order and the general welfare in a democratic society.

These rights and freedoms may in no case be exercised contrary to the purposes and principles of the United Nations.”

Article 30

“Nothing in this Declaration may be interpreted as implying for any State, group or person any right to engage in any activity or to perform any act aimed at the destruction of any of the rights and freedoms set forth herein.”

The most damaging activities engaged by the government and police were the breach of my Human Rights as outlined in Article 12, Article 8, Article 7, Article 6, Article 5, Article 3, stemming to Articles 17, Article 18, Article 19, Article 20, Article 21 and Article 23. From 2016 where my property was illegally acquisitioned and in turn even my belongings being illegally confiscated and technically stolen by the state this is

arbitrarily deprived of my property. Threats and admissions in 2022 that a landlord, who I believe was old enough to know better, (in a tort by SAPOL causing me emotional distress), sold some of my hard-earned life possessions, profiting from a police crime – a cover-up. The belongings had been promised to be packed for storage by the Elders Real Estate. The morally corrupt real estate agents then tried to gaslight me, denying the email. Elders' real estate staff intentionally wrote false statements and willingly assisted in insurance fraud to commit defamation against the police in Mount Gambier. The announced cover-up plot led to my being issued a white certificate regarding damages surrounding the controversial lease cancellation, recklessly endangering my life. Further criminal negligence after the police utilised me. For them to think they can use me as rape bait, set me up and endanger my life for sex offenders and paedophiles was something, then to dispose of my property, technically stolen from me in October 2020, was not only highly illegal and fucked up, but it's plan backwards. A toddler could identify this bullshit. Yet everyone who benefited looked the other way. Barbwire Noose and I are still fighting the Good fight, no matter what.

“Success is the sum of small efforts – repeated day in and day out.”, quoting Robert Collier. Reckless Endangerment, criminal negligence, defamation, systematic corruption, Institutional abuses and underlying plots of assisted suicide to hide the government’s disregard for mute disabled persons, among the many issues that the Australian National Integrity Commission should uncover (if truly functional) after years of maladministration and malpractice are on record. From what I have witnessed as a victim and whistle-blower, [Barbwire Noose](#) has persevered to become something empowering through small efforts repeated daily.

Personally, as the founder of the brand, the best moments thus far have been the actions and donations of the ‘A Better World’ initiative. Internationally, developing a global

platform for change, not just sales, is cool. The business achievements I'm less likely to brag about are things like establishing local and international supply chains. Manufacturing contracts in the USA, the United Kingdom, and Bangladesh. These are significant retailing steps leading inexorably towards the simple mission and vision of a fashion label to create 'A Better World'.

The brand's achievements with billboards and business recognition are also special to me. Barbwire Moose being a feature of the billboards in New York city Time Square, Human Rights activism in Australia and USA to the billboards contributing to building a Black History Museum at Myrtle Beach in South Carolina, to winning a Bronze Stevie Award for exactly what Barbwire Moose is and represents. This is what business should be about: moments that bring you joy.

When [Barbwire Moose](#) Clothing Co. was nominated amongst the world's leading companies in 2020 in The International Business Awards and was awarded its first Stevie Award, I was delighted and terrified. I felt so small among the global big players; I felt like a kid, despite my age. My voice is relatively high and delicate when I am happy. After basically twenty years of swim teaching, it's hard to shake the lovely, happy, high voice and serious, low voice tones, especially when you're so used to using the tone so your children get it even at the other end of the pool. Barbwire Moose won the Bronze Stevie Award, recognised in the category Company of the Year – Apparel, Beauty & Fashion – Small. Two thousand twenty judges were impressed overall by the Australian fashion label, "Bringing about cultural change starts with encouraging people to stand up for their values", and exciting recognition of the 'A Better World' initiative. The 'A Better World' initiative had just recently featured in Times Square, New York, receiving judges' comments – "A laudable initiative that deserves recognition. Good work done!!"

Winning a Stevie Award, topping off the fifteenth anniversary since I trademarked (eight years of [Barbwire Noose](#) Clothing Co). Special, it made me very happy and proud of my persistence. The official Stevie Awards – The International Business Awards® Ceremony was virtual during the Coronavirus pandemic. For myself, the awards ceremony fell not only with coronavirus travel complications and concerns, but also with my being recklessly endangered—a bitter-sweet reality of such an outstanding accomplishment. Winning a Bronze Stevie Award with Barbwire Noose was like winning the Oscars for Business Awards. The International Business Awards® ceremony felt like a light at the end of a dark tunnel, with a virtual red carpet. The moments preparing and celebrating the acknowledgment of my activism were truly a blessing. Especially when my brand and I were financially restrained, it was a live ceremony with Swapcard. The platform works with leading event organisers worldwide by providing a state-of-the-art mobile and web solution. The Swapcard platform facilitates networking and engagement for attendees with the latest technology, such as machine learning (A.I.), and it was a spectacular experience. The brand's first-ever entry and taking home a Bronze Stevie is amazing and humbling. The International Business Awards® Stevie's 2020 – celebrating achievements from a safe distance. The virtual presentations of the 2020 (17th Annual) International Business Awards took place on Tuesday, December 1, 2020. Stevie Awards winners 2020, including the Amazing label HUGO BOSS Textile Industries. HUGO BOSS Izmir again received a Stevie Award for its commitment to its employees. “This time receiving bronze in the category ‘Most valuable employer – EMEA’. Against the backdrop of the current situation, the focus of the award has been broadened. Specifically, it recognizes the company’s commitment during the COVID-19 crisis, where Izmir had distinguished itself through measures that focused on the protection and safety of the workforce.” – <https://group.hugoboss.com>.

Barbwire Moose thanked everyone for their support, a blessing and honour to be recognised globally in the International Business Awards®, Stevie Awards.

Having to flee South Australia, severely recklessly endangered and still suffering from years of police sector criminal negligence, seeing the Northern Territory for the first time was kind of like a holiday for three months at the end of 2020. When Barbwire Moose won its Bronze Stevie. An impromptu decision made due to reckless endangerment and criminal negligence, the trip was exciting and provided Barbwire Moose with the perfect Aussie marketing backdrop. The major adversities of reckless endangerment heavily affected Barbwire Moose's progress. I had to leave [Barbwire Moose's](#) business equipment and stock in Adelaide to survive being nearly made homeless. I rented a storage unit from National Storage in South Australia. Expenses that arose purely because of illegal arbitration. Seeing the life of motels, couch surfing, cheap rentals, and backpacker's hostels (Nightcap hotels, Majestic hotels, Youth Hostel Association (YHA) backpackers, etc). This is how Barbwire Moose and I escaped immediate dangers created by SAPOL in South Australia 2020/2021. Always remaining vigilant and trusting no one. Still recklessly endangered in the Northern Territory (NT), by 2023, NTPOL, with the assistance of people like the managers of the YHA Alice Springs, was engaging in actions of solicitation of my person. Wherever I went, there was an informant, and the police went out of their way to manipulate to encourage grievous bodily harm to me—intentional, malicious coercive affray between police and criminals. The first time I arrived in the NT was by bus, stopping in Alice Springs, over Halloween, from South Australia to the Northern Territory. Basically, left for dead as police and government desperately continued to try to cover up decades of sex crimes. A somewhat humbling and pleasant trip on a bus to the Northern Territory (2020) as the Barbwire Moose® Halloween billboard campaign in Times Square, New York, launched. The significant marketing campaign was a

secondary achievement to surviving again near homelessness staring at the blue moon all night in the cloudless sky of the top end as I travelled out of South Australia. Filled with a peaceful, eerie feeling. Travelling during the night was divine. The blue moon only happens on Halloween approximately every nineteen years, according to [NASA](#). Seeing the rare blue moon fall on the spookiest night of the year (my favourite day of the year at its spookiest!), it was the second full moon of the month - a phenomenon with all common factors last seen in 1944. Such amazing energy to indulge and view during the most extreme circumstances of Human Rights breaches I had personally witnessed and endured.

Like Rosa Parks, who refused to give up her seat to a white man on a Montgomery, Alabama bus in 1955. Actions that inspired the leaders of the local Black community to organise the Montgomery Bus Boycott. Civil disobedience. I too refused to give up my property, right to freedom of speech, resolution, association and safety and security in Australia. I also refused to stop fighting for the voiceless, each desperate moment entangled in the next, a stubbornness shown by Rosa Parks. Australia needed Integrity and protection of traditional rights, freedoms, and privileges through Commonwealth laws. State laws should not encroach upon traditional rights, freedoms and privileges. It should be understood that when legislating statutes, they should not:

- interfere with freedom of speech;
- interfere with freedom of religion;
- interfere with freedom of association;
- interfere with freedom of movement;
- interfere with vested property rights;
- retrospectively change legal rights and obligations;

- create offences with retrospective application;
- alter criminal law practices based on the principle of a fair trial;
- reverse or shift the burden of proof;
- exclude the right to claim the privilege against self-incrimination;
- abrogate client legal privilege;
- apply strict or absolute liability to all physical elements of a criminal offence;
- permit an appeal from an acquittal;
- deny procedural fairness to persons affected by the exercise of public power;
- inappropriately delegate legislative power to the executive;
- authorise the commission of a tort;
- disregard common law protection of personal reputation;
- give executive immunities a wide application;
- restrict access to the courts; and
- interfere with any other similar legal right, freedom or privilege.

Traditional rights, Human Rights, and constitutional laws.

Whilst visiting the Northern Territory, it was for my personal safety and to maintain Barbwire Moose's true credibility as much as possible. It was my only choice to stay safe, to uphold justice for people with disabilities. To get justice for myself. I was lucky to be able to enjoy the sun, chilling and listening to metal and hip hop, the first few days before designing some new streetwear that could be printed without [Barbwire Moose](#) machines and garment developing equipment. I did all the tourist things during my stay in 2020. In 2022, when I accidentally got stuck in floods and had to live in the Northern Territory, I earned extra money to invest in NYFW2022 at the Alice Springs casino. My Small car, a baby Kia Rio, could not take me back to South Australia when the rain flooded the outback and washed away the roads. No travel was permitted from where I was located in Alice Springs unless you had a four-wheel drive. As it turns out, Alice Springs was the perfect place to be stuck - [Barbwire Moose](#) joining the Sustainable Couture Runway, being Australia's longest running couture event.

I climbed Mt Johns of the MacDonnell Ranges, also known as Tjoritja in Arrernte, and hiked numerous walking trails in the area. The MacDonnell mountain range was located directly behind some apartments where I took refuge a few times during these years. Staying on couches before 2022, the location was a temporary refuge. Stuck and severely at risk, I rented a room in a renovated old backpackers close to the Alice Springs CBD. Stuck in the desert, because of floods in the first ever little car I owned, how Ironical. The city of Alice Springs has high crime rates. I was lucky that the cheap, dump of a rental property I managed to quickly and necessarily secure was fenced with cameras on site. An old backpackers, to which I stayed until flying out to head to [New York Fashion Week](#) (NYFW) 2022. The area is classified as an interim Australian bioregion, located in the southern Northern Territory, with an area of 3,929,444 hectares. The famous Argyle Diamond Mine is a diamond mine located in the East Kimberley region in the remote north of Western Australia.

Argyle is the fourth-largest diamond producer in the world by volume, although due to the low proportion of gem-quality diamonds, it was set to close in 2020. An Absolute Love for diamonds, I purchased a small mud diamond - the Chocolate Diamond, which was mined from the famous Argyle Diamond Mine—a trinket from my first trip to the Northern Territory. I visited the Earth Sanctuary Astronomy Tour in hopes of seeing the Taurids in 2020. I actually visited the Earth Sanctuary Astronomy Tour quite a few times with whoever was willing to go. The Taurids are a minor meteor shower that produces only about 5–10 meteors per hour. It is unusual in that it consists of two separate streams. The first is produced by dust grains left behind by Asteroid 2004 TG10. The second stream is produced by debris left behind by Comet 2P Encke. The shower runs annually from approximately September 7 to December 10 and peaked for visual sightings in 2020 on the night of November 4. The best viewing of this phenomenon is said to be just after midnight from a dark location far away from city lights. The meteors radiating from the constellation Taurus appear anywhere in the sky. My star sign is Taurus.

The best time of the month to observe faint objects such as galaxies and star clusters is on the night of a new moon, as there is no moonlight to interfere. Immersed in the freedom of the night sky out at Earth Sanctuary, I visited the tour many times during my stays in Alice Springs, NT. [Barbwire Noose](#) shot its unisex polo collection advertisement at the beautiful locations of Simpsons Gap and Stanley Chasm, to which I clearly got to indulge in the beauty of while modelling. I can proudly say that I visited Ayers Rock (Uluru) while in the NT and walked the beautiful terrain of Kings Canyon. Seen the many craters created by comets and meteors as well as the swimming water holes based in the area, driving as far out as Glen Helen for water during Summer.

Without saying, the three years I spent between the NT and SA caused the most emotional distress. The most significant

damage was to Barbwire Noose, which lost two New York Fashion Week opportunities. Police torts and criminal negligence leading to reckless endangerment were extreme. Even though I was spending time immersed in the wonders of a new state in Australia, I had nightmares about the threat of loss of my belongings at 7/1a Hart Street, Mount Gambier. Nightmares about both of the properties from which I had been illegally displaced plague me constantly. My sixty-nine Penola Road premises in Mount Gambier, South Australia, have been a feature of my nightmares for years before 2020. The breach of my Human Rights and severe reckless endangerment created a deep, subconscious connection to my trauma, trauma I had cognitively disassociated with. The renewed connection to the traumatic memory coupled with the torts, the torture created anxious feelings in my body, kind of an internal tremor. I believe this is why I was fainting from stress; my body was always hyper-vigilant. Being forced to report police offending that had occurred to me and surrounding myself, forced to relive the trauma constantly, I used marijuana and Cannabidiol (CBD) oil to calm the on-edge, survival mode anxiety I felt. The deep, dark memories often spiralled into dreaming of Luke Hubert Scheidl strangling me and the sincerity in his eyes saying in my face, hands wrapped around my throat, that I was the one person he could kill. Nightmares of Kurt Slaven and many other persons, the police allowed and encouraged to sexually offend against me sexually. A police force that cannot deny indulging in my suffering and displacement. Enjoyment from the disruptions to a little girl's dream, Barbwire Noose®. Joy in taking my property, my ten-year-long home, and my other homes. Joy in covering up for sex offenders at mine and our disabled peers' expense, it is sick, really. For years, I had listened to sleeping meditation music; one of my ex-boyfriend's would sleep to meditation music. I had been indulging in this form of relaxation and self-care since 2009; it is calming. I listened to the Bible on Audible, trying to distract my subconscious from focusing on something else. The distress of these times has been evident throughout my

Facebook news feed for years. My situation was that it was broadly known that people were too scared to interact with my Facebook, scared of the Big Brother government—disappointing behaviour, somewhat annoying and oppressive. My news feed was mainly plastered with quotes and music clips until the homicide tragedy exposed so many police, criminals and government crimes disrupted my life. I found small solace in grasping at normality through the [Oprah](#) and Deepak Chopra meditation centre, a favourite source of meditation music. Still, nothing really helped elevate the emotional distress of reckless endangerment. My personal coping mechanisms were not enough; the trauma of the experience was so overwhelmingly consuming, and it was in this short period that I sought counselling to talk about the ordeal.

Music always keeps me alive. The song ‘Big Bad Wolf’ from American metal heads, In This Moment, lyrics “Even in these chains, you can’t stop me.”, – was highly motivational during the period leading up to the enactment of National Integrity in Australia and the possible end to the unprecedented corruption within Australian government departments; linked to organisations, organised crime, elite sex offending and malicious cover-ups spanning decades of governance in Australia. Ultimately, a sex offender protection racket. Another song I really liked was by the band Manic Street Preachers, called ‘If you tolerate this, your children will be next’ – have a listen, it is self-explanatory.

Focusing on [Barbwire Noose](#) was hard when I was constantly in survival mode. But I managed. An ambitious person, a designer with a passion for fashion and a desire to further expand the BN Couture Collection of [Barbwire Noose](#). I did, with a successful online application to be part of New York Fashion Week in September 2021 with Flying Solo. That’s how I got the 2021 opportunity of a lifetime—having many ideas for my Couture Collections, which for years I had aspired to bring to life. It was a dream to be congratulated and

successfully chosen to partake in one of the World's largest runways. A dream turned nightmare in the end. It went like this: Barbwire Noose's application was accepted as 'One's to Watch' among the Amazing designers with Flying Solo, exposed to the fashion scene in 2021. Quoting myself in delight, "We couldn't be more excited to grace one of the world's biggest fashion runways, as Flying Solo, one's to watch – and don't you know it!"

The opportunity organised many things for their designers. Via Zoom meetings, I was able to meet and greet the team. I had to scrape and scrounge to allocate funds so I could immediately tailor for NYFW 2021. A truly unexpected moment to which I felt blessed and grateful. I pawned off some old jewellery - mainly gifts from ex-boyfriends. Tailoring for the runway was arranged in both Australia and India. An Indian pageant queen I met in Jamaica, 2018, managed the India production. It was wonderful to have help; she interpreted my designs but struggled to gain reliable tailoring. I quickly questioned the motives of all involved as time was passing with no production at the quoted prices that bought everyone involved their own house in India! What the fuck, these designs were not intricate; the fabrics, yes, were specified to the highest quality. Yet it was mainly common Indian silks. My design's biggest cost for fabric in India was the Barbwire Noose, specifically manufactured tweed. When I finally received something from the Indian-based tailors, the quality was not runway standard. And the property where I resided was attempting to make me homeless. I was suddenly hit with relocation costs. Not only were the dresses substandard and not at all tailored to the specifications, but they also arrived late, leaving me helplessly between a rock and a hard place to hold a home. The opportunity to tailor my brand to me looked like it was seen as a great money-making scheme. Not taking the opportunity seriously, the venture to India was clearly seen as an opportunity to try and exploit Barbwire Noose with unjustifiable expenses. The cost-demand vs. the good supplied was something you don't even see in the memes about online shopping. I was lucky the

concept photographed well, as the garments could not be worn in public. After the arrival of my Indian tailored threads, I realised the Indian venture was a waste of six months, then I was raped. Yes, just when you think it couldn't get much worse – it does. A self-declared associate felon named Christopher McRostie raped me, told me Travis wasn't going to be there for me anymore, and I'd have no one. Then, he sent out-of-context messages to Travis, trying to break us up, all while he sent text messages to me, trying to blackmail me. The text messages told me to remove the police statement I wrote against him, and he would unsend his dodgy messages to Travis. I told my American guy what was going on as soon as I could. I never retracted my statement, and the defamation had no effect on my and Travis's engagement and plans to marry. That's clear, the rape and two threats caused relocation before I was set to fly off. One of the moves (after the rape) to interstate, I was forced to leave behind my NYFW Indian tailored garments to survive, which, regardless of the quality, relocating, I could not even afford new tailoring. Hence, everything was ruined for Barbwire Noose [New York Fashion Week](#) (NYFW) 2021. I had no time to sell my car or opportunity to do so, relocating to find a roof, which, if I didn't find a roof, was going to be my roof. Severely disrupted by the substandard Indian production and the ongoing Reckless Endangerment of my life to cover up sexual abuses and criminal conduct by the government. Christopher McRostie is known to SAPOL. His brother actually contracts works in association with SAPOL. The report was never acted upon. A police officer, Michael Prescott of the Norwood police station, refused to take the matter seriously, being dismissive and, in my opinion, a deliberate obstruction of justice. SAPOL did not put the matter before the courts. Even after attempts to blackmail me into retracting my statement against him. Sexually assaulted prior to the Flying Solo NYFW debut and being completely pushed to the refuge of suicide by SAPOL, is why I returned to the NT, Alice Springs. After my first visit, defamation unbeknownst to me had spread, and suddenly, even in the NT, there were

numerous attempts of sexual assault by men. One of these individuals, who could be linked to the AFP police commissioner, received an apology from Reece Kershaw. Reece Kershaw, previously the Northern Territory Police Commissioner, is the AFP's 8th Commissioner, taking up the role on the second of October 2019. A substantial upgrade from his position in the NT police force, a promotion to head a National police force. NT Commissioner Reece Kershaw had apologised for privacy breaches; you would think he would have some respect for privacy, then wouldn't you? His apology was made to a creep, sadly. This creep, while I was engaged to Travis, made malicious accusations (association and prostitution defamation), attempted to assault me sexually and felt he was immune from repercussions, stating his dad worked with the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA) in Pine Gap, Alice Springs. Everything that came out of [Luke Horsfall's](#) mouth was sex offenderish. He talked about his brother being a gin jockey, bragging about bikers, and was derogatory about women's private regions. To me, he was a pipsqueak criminal, really – a cocky sex offender. I hate those guys. Pine Gap is the Joint Defence Facility of Australia and America. The station is partly operated by the United States Central Intelligence Agency, commonly referred to as the CIA. The bragging sex offender, whom I met as an acting extra during one of the many extras and acting roles I landed in the Northern Territory, with accusations at myself that I was a Hells Angel and prostitute (September 2021). A CIA-linked felon calling me a biker and prostitute just as Barbwire Noose Clothing and I were scheduled to debut at NYFW and in the Flying Solo New York store. The malicious accusations with no basis or facts had spread across Australia, and it was irrefutably these intentionally malicious accusations that were being spread by law enforcement. Damaging, dangerous defamation driven by police. Proof that they are spreading defamation across borders, to family and criminal associations. No gossip without media assistance spreads that far, that fast, and the media was yet to interview me about the Truth. Having only been invited by American broadcasting to

discuss this crazy life and notions without appointments from Australian media broadcasters. The damaging cover up at the expense of our non-cognitive disabled peers.

Upon reporting to NTPOL numerous times during these years, the institutional gaslighting was also evident among police in this state. My life was threatened entirely. I reported the crimes, and like the attitudes of SAPOL police, my concerns were dismissed entirely. My life was left endangered; I was left recklessly endangered in two Australian states.

My couture designs made it into the New York Flying Solo Store for a short period of time, despite being raped, sexually assaulted, and enduring endless defamation. Only to have Flying Solo escalate my emotional distress by failing to communicate when products are sold. Seemingly failing to showcase my couture designs to their full potential, the venture, like investing in the NYFW 2021 opportunity, was a waste of time and money. This shit was occurring while I was severely recklessly endangered, being pushed into feelings of suicide, and [Barbwire Moose](#) was suffering significantly from all the disruptions. The criminal negligence of the Australian police forces increased the longer the activity was allowed to continue around me, daily. In December 2021, the contract with the United States store was terminated. Communication is becoming rather disgruntled and forceful in its manner, as I pursue the return of my garments, a process. The store was in breach of the contract, retaining profits contracted to the designer from sales in their store, and I failed to pay the monthly fee of \$1,500 United States dollars. The storefront not only withheld sales funds but also withheld the sale from my knowledge. I noticed that the items are missing from the Barbwire Moose rack, as shown in the photographs. I called out the missing items to be told they were sold, yet I was not paid the sales funds. I think Flying Solo thought I was a felon in trouble and had full intentions to steal the money from sales due to the defamation circulated. It was a catfight; I have no respect for the vulture-like venture. Not all Barbwire Moose products were returned to Australia, including a sum under

one thousand dollars (AUD) of missing BN Couture Collection threads. Malicious accusations undoubtedly circulated among the staff of Flying Solo, unfounded accusations that had disrupted [Barbwire Noose](#) and my progress for too long. Malicious accusations that Flying Solo was aware enough of that they should not have bought into them. I had informed the United States-based company about the malicious activity against me, a human rights activist, protester, and whistle-blower, in the hope that this would rectify the defamation. Instead, Barbwire Noose business with Flying Solo further exposed the Australian Federal Police's role in the criminality, overall malfeasance, and their role in the sex crimes cover-up.

I was assaulted in the state of the Northern Territory due to defamation linked to the police. I don't remember any of it really, but I was repeatedly punched by an old hag who called me 'a whore'; her son is an Ice dealer. There is no doubt that the criminal negligence of Australian police forces and malicious accusations caused this attack. The ice-fuelled old hag, known to police and throughout the town for being Alice's trash, assaults a lot of people for no reason, trying to big-note herself by attacking drunk pub goers. She likes to target girls much smaller than her, according to her reputation, which seems piss weak and repugnant. The offence occurred at the Gillian Club in Alice Springs while I was engaged to be married to Travis. In writing, the defamatory club linked to ICE and not much good that I saw at this time stated that, after the assault, a person whom I spoke to the police about, attempting to assault me sexually, was my boyfriend. A defamatory and ultimately damaging letter was written to the sex offender, which he circulated, making false claims about the basis of our interactions.

Barbwire Noose made significant achievements every year, regardless of the circumstances. The media has promoted the brand extensively, although not on television, with little to no focus on Human Rights or the

injustices the brand highlights. The Border Watch newspaper in Mount Gambier has always been supportive of my fashion achievements. Lifestyle magazines locally and globally, along with eco fashion publications, police initiative prints, and corporate magazines – print media helping to brag about these accomplishments.

Running billboards across the globe while being targeted by a severe smear campaign, financial constraints are an achievement I hold in high regard in the brand's timeline of accomplishments. Barbwire Noose 'A Better World' billboards first displayed in America as I survived the 2020 cover-up. That acknowledges the brand's billboard achievements were not without tarnish. Barbwire Noose® business interactions with a billboard in South Carolina (SC), USA (2021), revealed irrefutably that the accusations of my being involved in the sex industry were globally damaging.

Accusations that I was a prostitute, a porn-star and a stripper had not only spread across the nation of Australia, but the defamation had also spread across the world. In mid-year 2021, I was basically being called a stripper by a SC, US resident and business engagement. It was Outrageous. This shit had been allowed to endanger my life for a decade. I had first-hand witnessed ICE dealers thriving out of control to the point where Australia was one of the world's biggest ICE dealers. Witnessed and endured criminal negligence, intentionally neglectful investigations causing reckless endangerment to my life for years to cover up sex crimes and paedophilia. Witnessed criminal conduct from police members to obtain unreliable intel, a string of long-term discriminatory practices, malfeasance, misappropriation of taxpayers' funds, and institutional abuses. Reported grievous bodily harm and affray-related defamation, aided and abetted by police forces in Australia and the United States jointly. I

lived with no privacy and numerous technological disruptions affecting [Barbwire Noose](#) heavily during these malicious and highly intentional, illegal governmental cover-ups. Yet all this was nobody's responsibility, and everyone thought charging Kurt Slaven, which was the ultimate solution to the problem, was not their job.

From a legal perspective, the damages and disruptions amount to a sum of multiple millions of dollars, at the very least. The fact that two opportunities regarding NYFW have suffered from intentional malicious malfeasance and criminality in relentless desperation for police to cover up their sex offences, and wanting ultimately to run sex industry enterprises, is out of control. Barbwire Noose's 2022 NYFW attendance was disrupted by my report against Damian Ferrari irrefutably guilty of stalking who I reported for sexual assault (rape) and domestic violence – DV offending he also committed against the mother of his child. The false incarceration - Torts were carried out by a little, bald weasel of a cop, Mathew Olsten and his sheeple VICPOL colleagues. Damian, a retired police officer, was reported to have committed maladministration and malpractice in 2019, as per the IBAC. The charges that led to the retaliation saw me falsely incarcerated. I sincerely thought matters regarding the predator were dealt with by 2022. The Australian Federal Police, NSW Police, Victoria Police, Border Force, ICE USA, and the Federal Bureau of Prisons are cooperating with Mathew Olsten of Victoria Police's malfeasance. This cover-up is corrupt and against the policing code. Not one member of the police force was obliged to assist with these torts, but they did. Like the police of Hitler, these police tried to blame the line of duty not only to justify stopping my travel to New York, but to engage in the most humiliating of experiences. I was detained, handcuffed and marched through a crowd of onlookers and then incarcerated in law enforcement vehicles, locked in a cell at police stations, fingerprinted and photographed as a criminal. [Barbwire Noose](#) second and guaranteed opportunity for my fashion to get exposed to celebrities – a second

opportunity at NYFW fucked by a bunch of cops focusing on me to protect sex offending. Instead of attending NYFW 2022 and designing for Avril Lavigne and others. I was hanging out, learning how to be a real felon with Real felons. Felons who thought I date cops, nothing more life endangering in jail, how exciting for me. Especially when the Truth was two cops had raped me, and a third tried to force me into a relationship while I was engaged, about to marry Travis.

In entirely unjustified circumstances, it was an absolute shock to the system for me, as I had heard little to nothing from the police regarding Damian's dodgy intervention order, which had been issued by a subordinate at his own station. It was approximately a month before my trip to New York when I employed legal representation in a civil tort Claim against Mathew Olsten's actions surrounding Damian's malfeasance. The direction of a supervising officer, a Station Commander, to a subordinate to engage in an illegal intervention against me after I reported his crimes in November 2018 should have been immediately revoked by IBAC. It was not. The repercussions of the lack of action regarding Damian Ferrari's maladministration and malpractice were only superseded by the length of time Mathew Olsten took to have me apprehended. With a [Torts Civil Claim](#) mounting against him, Mathew Olsten falsified over sixty charges against my name and nearly half a dozen warrants. Actions which saw me incarcerated in numerous detention centres and custody detainment, witnessing the atrocities and destruction of being incarcerated across Australia and in Hawaii, United States. Twenty-four days falsely incarcerated. The extradition process six days of strip searches and incarceration in International and Australian National detention. I was dragged through Honolulu, USA, Mascot, NSW and Victorian Custody with no opportunity to communicate with anyone. Not even the Australian Embassy. I sent a sneaky, desperate email from a random passenger's phone on the return flight from Honolulu to Sydney to my narcissistic mum (the only email address I could remember), petrified of the

ongoings that were mounting. In custody at G4S St Kilda Road, I nearly lost my life. [Barbwire Noose](#) was almost lost to the world, Human Rights severely compromised, Justice for people with disabilities practically destroyed. Over a twenty-four-hour period (recorded on camera), I was fed at least twelve, possibly sixteen, painkillers, a mix of Panadol and Nurofen tablets topped with oxycodone and Valium – I had never consumed oxycodone or Valium before. I weigh approximately fifty-one kilograms, and my heart nearly stopped on August 19, 2022. I had thought that VICPOL's medical negligence of me getting my period at baggage check-in, surrounded by passengers, blood running down my leg, which was luckily covered by my slacks, was going to be the worst medical emergency I suffered. How wrong I was. On the twentieth of August, I was transported to the female jail of this Melbourne district, Dame Phyllis Frost Centre (DPFC), where medical abuses continued. I was deprived of asthma inhalers, hay fever tablets and made a complaint about a psychologist engaging in psychological warfare. Stating she lied to me and that I didn't want her to return to me, as I'll just be dishonest with her. She wants to play games, so we'll both play games. My attitude, nothing better to do in the hole of a place, nothing to do in jail. A dramatic angle, maybe, but the place was shit. I could draw. I drafted some dresses. I could write, so I did, and I called the Ombudsman, complaining about the facility's inability to perform its responsibilities. No medication, no property lists, New York Fashion Week outfits and a bag full of couture trashed. The Ombudsman took no action regarding neglect and theft. Jess got sick of the truth real quick, to be honest. To hard basket and in the end a large amount of property was damaged and stolen.

After years of sexual abuse at the hands of police and gang-aligned sex offenders, in this moment, I kind of wish I had died from the overdose.

I was fortunate to have maintained the at least six-week delivery promise for [Barbwire Noose](#) products since the coronavirus pandemic. The brand and I were lucky to recover after nearly four weeks of my detention. I invested everything

I had saved for NYFW 2022 and to travel to see Travis. Those funds intended for New York were immediately invested in the brand upon my release from the VICPOL tort – false incarceration. The staff at the jail had made efforts to have my car loan default by refusing to arrange payment, despite the thousands of dollars I had in my spending account at the facility, in my bank accounts, and on my credit card. I addressed the intentional disruptions to Barbwire Moose and my finances as a priority. I counted the days and recorded EVERYTHING. Purchasing two note pads, pens, pencils, and erasers as soon as I could after being confined to the DPFC's dirty walls. Barbwire Moose's NYFW opportunity was taking up my life. Breaches of Human Rights and mounting illegalities are plaguing Barbwire Moose's progress. A profitable previous financial year quickly looked to dissipate with the disruption, as I was degraded and dehumanised. Experiences eroding my will to live, to finish this publication, to succeed, to try and strive, to be good or do good. Designing was never going to be enough to satisfy my curious mind; with legal study prospects and other career paths in sight, I was almost at the point where I was going to give it all up and writing about being pushed to thoughts of the refuge of suicide in DPFC, emotional distress caused by VICPOL and the police forces' torts. I knew I could never do that and obtain justice for Shaz or Georgie, so I had to bury my own pain to strive forward constantly. Barbwire Moose, my *'One Love'*, the fight for Human Rights, justice for the disabled, a determination to not allow the government to bury the truth - everything that would be from my existence was on the brink of dying. I had nearly died during the process; in my mind, I was not going to die at the hands of another, yet no one could save me from myself. Police, knowing this, hoped that delaying the torts settlement would push me to suicide. The Australian Federal Police Commissioner Reece Kershaw, VICPOL Commissioner Shane Patton, SAPOL Commissioner Grant Stevens – all hoping I would commit suicide so they didn't have to deal with a

country rife with a sex offender, ICE addiction culture—a culture created and upheld by police.

[Barbwire Moose](#) and all it had achieved; all it was set to achieve was built on the foundation of me. [Barbwire Moose](#) relied on my desire to contribute good, and I no longer knew if I could hold back a longing desire to lose my shit.

It was evident that the breaches of the Constitutional Writs needed to be addressed by the High Courts. I had addressed AFP Commissioner Reece Kershaw upon my release from false imprisonment in DPFC about the reckless endangerment and disruptions plaguing life. With the introduction of the National Integrity legislation, I allowed the Australian Federal Police Commissioner, who states that commissioners claim to converse with me weekly, to resolve the issues surrounding my statement against police officers Kurt Slaven and Damian Ferrari. I raised several concerns about police behaviour with the AFP Commissioner's office. Addressing my concerns in writing via email and making it clear that accountability shirking will not be accepted. I called the AFP Commissioner's office and included the media in communication due to the cover-up acknowledged in 2020. A cover-up by SAPOL that clearly had cooperation from police forces, including the AFP. After three months, with an acknowledgment that I should not have been incarcerated on court records, it was evident that Reece Kershaw was also, on some level, towing the line of VICPOL - using cop commentary, following my return to South Australia after six months of travelling in 2023. After suffering torts, I am waiting for a settlement with my legal representation. With the first edition of this publication, an immigrant Indian couple working in Australia assisted ex SAPOL police officers to stalk me. Then, they engaged in acts of solicitation by spreading malicious accusations of sex work to persons who engage with the sex industry. Less than a month from the final report being handed down from the Disability

Royal Commission, police and government were still desperately running a character assassination. I had to flee the random Airbnb to the safety of a rental for the few months I was planning to stay in Australia before flying out on my green card to New York. I couldn't believe that after such a dangerous act of entrapment, after VICPOL malfeasance, all involved were delaying acknowledged torts settlement in hopes of suicide and inciting violence and rape with solicitation rhetoric.

The fact that there had been an acknowledgment of false incarceration on record should have seen my legal torts claim against VICPOL quickly resolved. The comment regarding the false incarceration made by the judge on September 5, 2022, upon my release from DPFC. The court ruled on the matter (maladministration), which led to false incarceration, as a matter to which incarceration was not fitting to the allegation.

The lowest of lows is a mass group of people trying to rewrite history, like [Nazi's](#). Hitler told a big enough lie over and over again, the fundamental ideal of a group of petty government workers, including police officers, wealthy (elite) sex offenders, highly immoral felons in general and apparent freemasons. Gaslighting is a vital step in the cover-up plot handbook. Something I was never going to let succeed while I was alive was the disruption of the truth and justice by petty tyrants.

Summed up excellently is the definition of the "Big lie", here claimed to be used by Nazi propaganda chief Joseph Goebbels, often associated with the Nazi regime and Hitler.

"If you tell a lie big enough and keep repeating it, people will eventually come to believe it. The lie can be maintained only for such a time as the State can shield the people from the political, economic and/or military consequences of the lie. It

thus becomes vitally important for the State to use all of its powers to repress dissent, for the truth is the mortal enemy of the lie, and thus by extension, the truth is the greatest enemy of the State.”

This autobiography, with only the publishers having access to view the document in 2020 and 2021, was modified. Like my autobiography, 'Whistle-blowing Police – UGLY HEROS,' which was altered to create a false perception of Barbwire Noose's business conduct, as well as of myself. The damages from defamation and misconceptions can take a considerable amount of time to correct and recover from.

An application to the High Court should not have been necessary to reset the unjust standard created by malfeasance, flawed laws, and a cultural lack of respect for human rights.

Reckless conduct endangering life is a severe offence that is a charge laid in situations where a person recklessly engages in conduct that places, or may place, another person in danger of death without lawful excuse. The offence carries a ten-year term of imprisonment as the highest possible sentence.

Reading much of the Crimes Act, Privacy Act and much literature on political power and legislation, it can be concluded that laws or rules that are irrationally harsh and repressive, or just plain unfair, are Draconian. In ancient Athens, Draco was a man who made some stringent laws. The Association Laws of Australia fall under the Crimes Act, are unconstitutional, draconian, and in breach of the International Convention.

International Convention on Civil and Political Rights – Article 9

- Everyone has the right to liberty and security of person. No one shall be subjected to arbitrary arrest or detention. No one shall be deprived of his liberty except on such grounds

and in accordance with such procedure as are established by law.

First-hand witnessing the destructiveness of Abuse of Power and Process; Liberty and Humanity (Human Rights Law) above all must dominate legislation and politics. As we enter the exclusive and boundless possibilities of a digital age, we must embrace individualism and morality with grace. The rejection of academic advice (Doctor Arthur Veno) provided to the Parliament of Australia in 2008 regarding the South Australian Government of Mike Rann and the Serious Organised Crime Act 2008 was wrongly ignored. My uncle (via police commissioner) and many other men, given the power to deprive others of their rights, have, in my case, been irrefutably proven to be using the legislation in tyranny against the Australian people—a draconian law implemented by tyrants.

The Story Behind the Brand – A fight for Human Rights. Rights and justice for all, a strong stand against dehumanisation, and a Bill of Rights for Australia. Activist Marcia Anita Hobbs, aka Marcia BNoose – a dedicated advocate for humane societies, “I hope that the future sees an end to war and the war on drugs, and brings peace and understanding to our cultures, individualism and world.”

Chapter Seven

‘The Rebellion’

We're not just selling clothes, man. We blend everyday fashion with a raw message. Your style? It's a statement. Go ahead, protest the overrule. Express yourself, stand for human rights. This is fashion for a better world.

This Chapter was created when this book was updated to be published outside of the contract signed with Austin Macauley Publishers. Grateful that god blessed me with the exit opportunity yet disappointed that it played out after a substantial investment had been made into television advertising. The ‘Human Rights Matter’ advertisement a fifteen second broadcast which finished with a brief moment marketing this book.

In 2024, I was falsely incarcerated at Adelaide Women’s Prison (AWP), a political prisoner, I authored a memoir autobiography call ‘Political Prisoner #192703’ which released in 2025 not long after a trail and numerous allegations were dropped and I was released. A malicious prosecution based on maladministration and perjury. The AWP was where I viewed the Barbwire Noose TVC ‘Human Rights Matter’ on Channel Nine, August of this year.

The pen is more powerful than the sword they say, if only it was then I wouldn't have been confined behind bars for the 'Human Rights' cause. The following article you read published with BRAINZ Magazine contains some of the writing authored from the prison cell.

Barbwire Noose by Marcia Anita Hobbs Tells a Gripping True Story of Heroism

16 April, 2025; BRAINZ Magazine

Marcia Anita Hobbs is a Human Rights Activist, Fashion Designer, Author, and one of Australia's most controversial pillars of strength against corruption. The Story Behind the Brand Barbwire Noose, released in 2023 as a paperback, with the publication of the second edition highly anticipated. If True Crime reading is your genre, Autobiographies by Marcia Anita Hobbs, aka Marcia BNoose should be at the top of your list. Available via leading bookstores globally and select global libraries. All publications can be indulged as ePub books via the National Library of Australia.

In words of leadership, Marcia defends our most vulnerable peers: "Imagine for a moment that you were disabled, unable to move to push somebody away or feed yourself, Unable to speak to say 'no,' 'that food is too hot,' or 'hungry.' "Yet you could 'feel' hungry, comprehend sound, and shiver because you were cold. Close your eyes for a moment and think about this reality.

This is the reality of four out of five clients (our peers) I cared for as a 'Disability Officer' employed by the South Australian (SA) Labor government, who lived at Sharley House, Mount Gambier during the year 2004."

"The organization IDSC re-branded to Disability SA and I reported the criminal negligence to management,

furthermore to the disability minister. This is 'The Story Behind the Brand Barbwire Noose' clothing. My human rights activism for the voiceless, for all of us, started in 2005.

I am a lover, not a fighter. Yet for my disabled peers, I have fought for their justice for over two decades. Taking up the government employment role in the disability sector in 2003, I was pushed out of this sector in 2007. Reprisal for seeking justice the right of our disabled peers to be recognized as people under the law; a Human Right. Article 6 states: Everyone shall have the right to recognition everywhere as a person before the law. A fight that inspired a brand, a movement, and a chapter in both book and time, which drove the registration of the trademarks 'Fear Is the Root Of All Weakness' and 'Barbwire Noose. '"

"An act of heroism, as many have commented and complimented. I do not see myself as a hero. I see myself as a little girl just over five foot tall, averaging approximately fifty kilograms - locked in protest fighting for Human Rights, the entitlement of an apology for the voiceless from the government regarding the malfeasance and crimes committed against their human lives.

I want to think everyone would fight for disabled people, those weaker than you - our human rights. Unfortunately, this is a naive reality. The truth is traumatic, weaponized, and ignored by the government with authority assistance. Despite the brand's billboards, TVC campaigns, pleas and protests for justice." – Hobbs.

'The Story Behind the Brand Barbwire Noose' Edition One is available in paperback, eBook, and audiobook formats at major bookstores and online retailers. Marcia Anita Hobbs

embarked on a nationwide book tour of Regional Australia in 2023/2024.

Marcia had worked for government departments since she was sixteen, Trademarking 'Barbwire Noose' in 2005. An avid academic, Marcia has studied for a Master's degree in Business Administration, Accounting, Government Policy, Law, Fashion, and Music. Her passion for fashion leads her forward in both activism and justice advocacy. Stories of the heart, mind, and soul, consisting of personal views, knowledge, and life experiences, as well as light-hearted, comedic references, poetry, and more. A member of the Author Society of South Australia with both Charitable recognitions and business awards, Hobbs captures hearts and readers of all demographics, worldwide with her books full of candid facts, experiences, and quotes and open to interpretation depending on where the reader's head is at judgment, education, my life, and thoughts.

Edition One published as two books; The Story Behind the Brand BARBWIRE NOOSE, a book that will finalise with my ambition to grace the NYFW runway and beyond.

"I'm here, a force, a storm – not just some designer. My Barbwire Noose line, it's not just clothes; it's a statement, a 'Do NOT Conform' scream against the system. I write, I speak, I dress to empower, to tear down the walls of injustice. My work, my very being, is about challenging authority, demanding change. For Australia's voiceless, for the disabled – don't you see we need a revolution?"

About Autobiography

UGLY HEROES

The Price of Unlawful Enforcement

UGLY HEROS – The Price of Unlawful Enforcement was my first book submitted to publishers and was initially to be printed as a self-publication by Australia's In-House Publishing. A short-lived blessing, the self-publication business, after graciously refunding unused funds while I was in peril, ended up stating that they needed to comply with government corruption. Which was not printed, my book seemed to suggest that the government was trying to cancel the Truth. 'Any book worth banning is a book worth reading,' quoting Isaac Asimov. I could not believe what I was hearing. The publishing house Christians, which breached consumer law, took payments with no intention of printing the book—such a disregard for justice, truth, and the foundations of Christianity. Authoring the UGLY HEROS Autobiography was the most challenging piece of necessary literature I needed to write. The disruption to its publication was a revelation to me that I needed to trust no one and speak louder. This autobiography and the UGLY HEROS Autobiography are related; I have distinctly focused UGLY HEROS on the police sector whistleblowing.

Recommendations for the sector with real-time authoring of reckless endangerment, the autobiography conclusion, like a diary of this time. The autobiography publication UGLY HEROS – The Price of Unlawful Enforcement was written to obtain a legal resolution to the POLICE vs Kurt Slaven statement, acknowledging the human rights concerns

surrounding the controversial and unconstitutional association laws. The book UGLY HEROS really should not have needed to be authored for resolution; the only reason the book should really exist is to assist law enforcement who are average academics (at best), not scholars, evidently, regarding affray offences in organised crime.

My statement POLICE vs Kurt Slaven is centre stage of UGLY HEROS. My legal representation was seeking a trial by jury in 2018; the matter should have been resolved before these autobiographies were published. The institutional harassment from SAPOL towards myself was verbally acknowledged by Honourable Judge Teresa Anderson in 2018. The trial was a good battle for me to wage. SAPOL were warned correctly and requested to act on the Police VS Kurt Slaven statement by Judge Paul Foley before presenting the statement as shared evidence in court regarding a police disciplinary matter. During these vindictive proceedings, SAPOL police claimed my statement as evidence (Police Statement vs. Kurt Slaven).

Acknowledging the weight of the offence. SAPOL then refused to charge Kurt Slaven (act on the evidence) after the directive given in Mount Gambier Magistrates Court by Paul Foley. Ignoring this directive is an act of intentionally perverting the course of justice and constitutes treason and fraud against my person, thereby benefiting criminal conduct and malfeasance in government departments. If you read the Australian Constitution, it reads: The trial on indictment of any offence against any law of the Commonwealth shall be by jury. Every such trial shall be held in the State where the offence was committed, and if the offence was not committed within any State, the trial shall be held at such place or places as the Parliament prescribes. Furthermore, section 75(v) of the Commonwealth Constitution confers

jurisdiction on the High Court of Australia where “a writ of mandamus or prohibition or an injunction is sought against an officer of the Commonwealth”. Resolution via the certiorari writ or order by which a higher court reviews a case tried in a lower court is also relevant. The Australian Government, via the South Australian ICAC, in violation of constitutional rights, deliberately engaged with the defamation campaign, calling me a ‘serial reporter’. The integrity commission conducted neglectful investigations and indulged in malicious accusations without any basis or facts to support the acknowledged cover-up. The unconstitutional association laws of the Mike Rann government allowed my rights to be breached by legislation being used to cover up criminal conduct and major racketeering within the police force and government authorities.

UGLY HEROS explains how I was targeted after a threat from a paedophile peddling biker, Graham Young, after I assisted VICPOL with the Homicide of Gordon Hamm. Graham Young was incarcerated in relation to the homicide investigation. I was fortunate enough to be helping Aaron Roche of VICPOL, who seemed to be the most Humane member of the police force I met at this time. The South Australian Government Labour and its Victorian Labour counterpart worked together in the character assassination plot against me. All to cover up sexual crimes. Damian Ferrari would speak of his closeness to the Victorian Labor Agricultural Minister, given that he became a council representative after his controversial relationship with myself, who was closer to his daughter’s age than his own. I was basically held captive at his property. He tried to pressure me out of building my brand and groom me into a sidekick-like role for his country councillor appointment.

Damian Ferrari, like me, wanted to go into politics and had submitted a candidacy to the One Nation Pauline Hanson party. His actions prevented me from communicating outside the home, and it was evident that he was trying to hold me, Barbwire Noose, and, more importantly, my voice back, as he isolated me on his Beaufort farm. The control turned abusive with weeks of gaslighting, dismissing my opinions to cater to his own, sexual demands I would not cater to, demanding oral sex (I would rather die than swallow his cum) and heavy-handed physical contact. As a pageant queen, I competed internationally in the United Nations pageant, and at this time, I was in the final. I returned from Jamaica to leave the retiring VICPOL police officer (thirty-three odd years in the force) who was trying desperately to break my spirit. He was almost immediately abusive at the airport. I refused to kiss him as I exited the plane. This made him angry immediately; his body language was unmistakably pissed off. Gaslighting me and dismissing my safety concerns over the phone while I was in Jamaica. His attitude always escalates my words defensively, and I have never physically laid my hands on any partner. I never would. Damian, while we walked through the airport for the last time, was heavy-handed to me. Gripping my arm so violently and tightly that it bruised. His control and psychological warfare continued as we exited the airport. Even in front of the airport staff while we were planning for me to collect my luggage that had not arrived, he was dismissive, stern, and nasty. His need to subdue my voice was evident at this point. I was profusely refusing to be treated like a trophy wife. He expected to be able to show me off, parade me around as his arm candy. I hate being objectified by my partner in public; it's a degrading and masochistic attitude.

And here's the Stockholm syndrome speaking. He had not been all bad, despite the fact that he was a stalker and rapist, he had at least one good bone in his body. He had been honest about the plot to character-assassinate and leave me homeless. The operation to cover up for Kurt Slaven by blaming someone else, someone else that did not want to be blamed, Damian stated. Damian's claims against the police forces and Labor governments are irrefutably valid. On returning to Mount Gambier, South Australia, in 2018, I reported Damian for his sexual crime and Domestic Violence. The police tried to cover up his crimes at the same time as trying to cover up for Kurt Slaven and, in turn, assist a Labor government to hide hideous crimes against disabled persons. I spent the next two years fighting a man who claimed to love me, who almost ruined my life, and Brand Barbwire Noose®, which was the final piece of inspiration I needed to write UGLY HEROS: The Price of Unlawful Enforcement, an International publication by Europe Books.

A global publication being printed in numerous languages, this Autobiography is a heavy read. Sit back in your beanbag, with a hot cuppa and enjoy reading about a real-life police shit show. True crime at its finest is UGLY HEROS.

An individual is not subject to any civil, criminal or administrative liability for making a public interest disclosure.

It is an offence to take a reprisal, or to threaten to take a reprisal, against a person because of a public interest disclosure (including a proposed or a suspected public interest disclosure).

The Federal Court or Federal Circuit Court may make orders for civil remedies (including compensation, injunctions and reinstatement of employment) if a reprisal is taken against a person because of a public interest disclosure (including a proposed or a suspected public interest disclosure).

It is an offence to disclose the identity of an individual who makes a public interest disclosure.

Public Interest Disclosure Act 2013
No. 133, 2013
(Part 2; Subdivision A—Immunity from liability)

