

**Submission
No 105**

**INQUIRY INTO HEALTH AND WELLBEING OF
KANGAROOS AND OTHER MACROPODS IN NEW SOUTH
WALES**

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markpearsonmp Imagine waking up in the middle of the night to the sound of gunfire. Your family members are shot right next to you as you scramble in the darkness, fleeing with your children.

There's more gunshots, and bullets pass just centimetres from your head.

Somehow, you make it out alive. But you don't





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Somehow, you make it out alive. But you don't know if you're being followed. So you keep bolting, long after the gunfire has faded. The lights from the trucks are gone now too, but you keep going - deep into the night.

And then you trip. No. You're stuck. You try to free yourself, but your legs just become even more tangled. The wire and barbs are slicing into your skin now, but you keep frantically pulling and pushing against them, your face smashing against the ground.

Then you notice it. Your baby fell from you on impact. She's lying just centimetres from your face - just centimetres from your reach. You can't tell if she's already dead, but alone on the cold ground in the middle of the night, she will be soon.

You try even harder to free yourself, but it's hopeless. For hours you struggle. Sometimes the exhaustion overpowers you, and you hang still, breathing erratically. Sometimes a spurt of adrenaline charges through you, and you thrash about in desperation once more. As the night wears on, those moments of energy subside. It's only pain now. Pain, exhaustion, and heartbreak.

By the time the morning sun's soft rays would usually wake you, it's too late. You've lost your battle. You're hanging dead on the

