

FROM DUSK TO DAWN

A Real Life Story of a Child Abuse Survivor



Ritika Madaan

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**THIS BOOK IS BASED ON A TRUE STORY.
THIS STORY IS CONSIDERED UNSUITABLE FOR
INDIVIDUALS UNDER THE AGE OF 18 YEARS**

**DUE TO THE NATURE OF THIS STORY, NAMES AND
LOCATIONS HAVE BEEN CHANGED. SIMILARITIES TO ANY
PERSON LIVING OR DEAD IS COINCIDENTAL.**

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Preface

I being a social media freak met 'Daniel Thomas' on a social networking site. Once started, we had long chats and so he recounted his account. Like many other children from United Kingdom (even the stories of same pattern are revealed to emerged out from many other countries), Daniel suffered physical and mental abuse of his mother; But this is not just a child abuse story; it is much beyond that. The story, which started with a domestic child abuse came up with emotional traumas, drugs, sex, police, crimes, courts, jails, abuses ...n much more.

I found his story interesting and of course inspiring and so I wanted it to be penned as a book so that people can get to know what can be aftermaths of the child abuse.

Every parent, every care taker should know the importance of love that a child necessitates at this innocent age. Those who flog their child in the name of Parenting style ...Making them disciplined...guys 'come alive' and know the difference, see if you are abusing your child knowingly or unknowingly. Neglecting a child, emotionally or physically torturing him is the same inhumane act we term as Child Abuse.

The story can inspire million of people who have faced child abuse; this person is a live example how he turned his Dark life into a Lighted oneHow he amended his life **From Dusk To Dawn**

Though I took quite a while to decide if to really pen this down, I feel it helped me understand Daniel in a much better way. And what served more is writing this story keeping myself at his place so that I can feel the same pain what he has gone thru.

So in this book I am 'Daniel Thomas'

Acknowledgement

First and Foremost; my sincere thanks to the protagonist to share his every drop of life only via chats , emails and skype calls.

Thank you Maa, papa and of course big brothers for putting up faith in me, your never-ending encouragement has been the reason I am able to publish my first book professionally.

Thank you my dear Husband for your ceaseless spurring and my adorable son for your constant madness and interruption;)

Special thanks to the friends who read the first draft of the book and gave their fair reviews.

All in all thanks to all friends and family to be my support system during all ups and downs of life.

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The water fountains are attractive, and sumptuous, droplets of water fall, spreading a distinct aroma, a sweet melody, as they crash onto ground, humans enjoy the fountain but pay no heed to the heartening cries a droplet makes when it is tormented and carried along with the drift, far away from its source and left all alone to be vaporized beneath the scorching sun. I can hear the melody turn into a melancholy, a voice cocooned within dreadful cries. I look back and find my childhood very similar to these droplets.

The bully basher tries so hard to knock out his bullies ...I feel the pain every time the Angus bull tries to escape a hit, humans enjoy the game; no one hears the cries of torment and suffocation. I look back and find my struggles to be very similar.

The leaves are falling like droplets of rain. I can see them crash against the ground or crushed under the feet of humans; the leaf which works itself out for humans is reduced to dust I look back and see my life reduced to ashes in a similar way.

Home and family life

Life anathematizes you sometimes. You feel weak, weak as a twig can ever be and what's disappointing is the fact that this weakest point extends to munch upon the most crucial years of your life. Life sometimes makes you feel so worthless that you would wish for it to end. The thought of the next sun rise scares you, you feel suffocated all the time. The problems knock you down at every step you take, but then you gather all your courage, all your strength and overcome those problems and you realize that you are stronger, you are tougher and you grew up in your life to handle those that are yet to come.

My father enjoyed the sensual pleasures of intercourse with my mother for around two years and this act of sexual procreation made us open our eyes to see this beautiful world, but the doleful part is; soon afterwards he pulled up stakes. Did my mother scream when he left us? Was she in pain??Or

that was a mutual decision to get separated??? Did he never love us? Why he left????; can't recall even if I bang my head to the tragic history of my life. Sometimes I wonder if my father wouldn't have left us, my childhood could have been a far different experience than what I confronted or maybe I am just another coward trying to find excuses for all the wrong done in life. When I look back on my childhood I wonder how I even survived. It was, of course a pathetic childhood, even worse, but at the same time what I am today is because of those struggles, those jerks treating me like a damn punching bag and pretty soon finding that I have turned into a man of steel. I find myself confounded by a situation, confused, whether to express gratitude for all that has happened because that made me what I'm today or to curse for making my life a tragic experience to live.

I can recollect when I was about eight I was playing in my room with Lego, making my dream buildings out of those toys. Lost in them, I was enjoying those moments with in the colorful walls of my room; the ledge had many soft toys and the bed of course had pillows and cushions with a red blanket and a big teddy bear with whom I used to sleep and talk for hours in my sleepless nights. The red carpet matching the red blanket was forming a perfect interior scheme. And suddenly I heard some thundering voices, I left my sky scrapers on the floor and went outside to get a look, the moment I returned I was struck with bone chilling fear to see my mom with that dreadful expression on her face, the way she was working that dope of hers, the way she was smoking upon my sky scrapers, like thunder clouds about to pour all their fury upon those defenseless pile of plastic. She YELLED.

“I want all this mess cleaned up fast, you filthy twat*shithead*”

She said all this while keeping her face a whisker away from mine, on purpose of course, to make sure I don't miss any of those dreadful lines on her face that together form this horrendous expression. All my dreams were reduced to debris in the face of an aftermath as she kicked them around. Screaming into my ears she left the room with her raging looks. I was too stunned to cry but soon tears took over and brought me back to senses.

With my tiny hands I managed to gather the scattered pieces.

Minutes later, the beast was back. I had missed a blue colored piece in the corner of the room. My pensively sad tiny eyes, filled with tears were not able to make out the lone piece.

She YELLED “you are a useless piece of shit” And poured the entire bucket on the floor to make me work again ...My bad luck I missed a red colored piece under the bed this time and #####@**

Bang!!!! She slammed me against the door. Well this wasn't nuff for an 8 year old, I still have a very clear image of the Aluminum rod she used to beat me up with and my scary face pleading to be forgiven inside but yelling on her outside, I flumped on the floor as she hit me, punched me on my face and all this wildness, brutality and anger just because I couldn't clean that freaking shithole called ROOM!!!!!!.

An eight year old kept asking him that night,
Am I that foul, that my mom detests me?
Am I that spoiled, that she is heedless to my pains?
Am I born with an omen?
Am I a rotten twat??

In the glories of UNITED KINGDOM, there lived a couple with a child called 'Daniel Thomas' that's me, born on 29/07/79 and after around some 20 odd months they produced a second son Edward, my brother. But my parents got separated soon afterwards. I never knew anything about my biological father, from what I know, my father left long before I could start collecting memories. My mother then married another wreck of a man called Robert, And he was the one I believed to be my father. She wanted to be happy and so what she did was just a failed attempt on her part to achieve happiness. Happiness can never be won; no one on this earth can make you happy, except for your own self. My mom then in her not so gratifying remarriage gave birth to a daughter my half-sister Stella. This is roughly around the time of my earliest memory, as life began for me, with my Mother- Caroline, my BROTHER-Edward my SISTER- Stella And the person whom I believed was my FATHER- Robert.

With all those PEOPLE around, I was still lonely. I was like tiny fish trapped in a school of piranhas. I myself was a very difficult child. I was too aggressive and violent at times and too emotional at others. I had no control on my emotions and my behavior. I often walked in sleep and urinated in my pants. I was diagnosed with hyperactivity and some personality disorder which was not easy for my mother to deal with. The million dollar question

here is, was I born with them? Or did the state of affairs result in my insanity, in me being half-wit? Many of the doctors and theories articulate that the prolonged stresses in the early life of a child results in personalities which often evoke unavoidable strong reactions thus a pay back in the form of personality disorder. This will remain an unsolved mystery for me.

I was a retard and my mother made sure I didn't forget that, not by making me see a doctor, not by availing me medicines, not by treating me with warmth and love, her way was unique, it was termed as 'aluminum hollow tubing treatment'. I was beaten with a metal curtain rod of superior strength to solve the purpose; I was not insane, she turned me into one. I was a troubled kid, troubled of the physical and emotional tortures she put me through. I felt so unsecure and unsafe, alone in the castle guarded by a 'wicked witch' who controlled all the members. I never found myself as the member of that house but only as an object.. broken, beaten and scarred. She was frustrated in life and that frustration showed clearly in her beatings almost every day. Her crimson deeds made me feel fucked up. She was violent to a fault maltreating me physically and of course emotionally.

Why did she do all this? Was this the frustration of my dad which she used to take out on me? Was she mentally ill? Why couldn't she be like other normal loving and caring moms? The job she was in was stressful, was that the reason? Her family that includes my Nan, Uncle, and Aunt defended me many a times; she hated that, always thinking that I was causing rifts between them. Could this be the reason? Or was she just another schizophrenic psychopath bent on hurting people.

If these questions are cooked up in my mind, there must be some supporting truth behind them. Sometimes I feel that she too was so lonely inwards; she was more annoyed on herself than on anybody else. Even after getting remarried she could not make a happy family. My so called father rarely visited us. He hardly ever stayed because of the growing rifts between him and my mom. Many a times a war would be declared with the kids still in the battle field, things flying around, words being spitted on each other's face, the battle gods would quench their thirst with the blood of this family. She never tried to resolve these issues nor made any attempt to get aligned to the reason for all that she was doing to herself and to us. She was trapped in her own knitted world of miseries. Frustrated, unhappy she tried everything to

attain happiness in her life but as I said happiness can't be acquired in this materialistic world without realization of your own self.

She was a medical health care official. She befriended many of her patients outside of her work. Development of romantic ideas between them used to stress me out. She would bring them home, a round of introduction session is what followed. I would feel so awkward to be introduced to an unfamiliar face every other day. .At that innocent age I used to hear erotic voices from her room at nights. I was oblivious of all this at that stage, so these voices would make me shiver. Other than her physical tortures I was now getting depressed mentally. Hearing these voices from her room made me think that she was in some kind of trouble but I couldn't muster the courage to go and check due to fear and my cowardice. One night I couldn't sleep due to the swollen bruise my mom gave me that morning, I could hear lot of obscene and lewd voices from my mum's room, I couldn't make out what all that was and this time, without thinking of all the bad she did to me, I went over to help her. I opened the door, it wasn't locked. I was frozen when I saw my mom nude and in a very crude situation, something I had never seen before. And that too with a tall black scamp, he was awfully terrible. I scampered back to my room; I was trembling out of fear. I had no idea of what I saw and what I should do. That picture of my mother's room was frozen on my retina for hours. I mulled over all night on what I saw but couldn't make out why and what my mom was doing in bed with that black man. I managed to pass that night somehow and the next morning, my offer to help resulted in a big thrashing and I was beaten to death for interrupting her. She had sexual relations with lots of people, this might again be her search for happiness but she failed in every attempt she made.

Once, there was a mental health patient of my mother whom she befriended outside her work which is absolutely unethical and something she did with many of her patients. But she soon turned him down after cultivating those horny romantic ideas with him, knowing that he too is not providing any more happiness to her. But he was of a different kind, he would always try to meet my mom, he kept putting his efforts to get back with her. One day he tried diving in to our kitchen from the window where my mom was working

and somehow got stuck in it, his head banged on the window and blood started gushing out of his head; a neighbor saw all this and came to help my mum in pulling him back through the way. He was furious due to my mum's act of betrayal; he was hurt, and now injured. He could hardly walk due to the trauma, he tripped and fell on me and sprayed blood all over me, while mumbling something senseless into my ears. I was terrified and kept shaking like a leaf the entire day. Other than my anger for her, I now felt pity on her. It was not that only we children were prey to unhappiness, she too was a victim and maybe even more.

Unlike any other child I enjoyed school the most. Because this was the only time I could stay out of my home and of course out of the grasp of that wicked witch. I was not allowed to go anywhere other than school. So school was my paradise. I felt like a free bird in my school. And lunch time was a bonus I got every day. I blitzed through the large playground, looking for new adventurous things to do like climbing the trees, roaming around the campus, swinging on the ropes, and my personal favorite, sloping down the handrails. I made friends easily and felt so happy to be with them at school. I even discussed my personal enigmas relating to my mom with them, things I couldn't share with anyone else. Luckily these friends were around for a long time. I used to share their lunch everyday appreciating their moms for being so good to them, for preparing delicious lunch for them and to love them and realizing the fact that I wasn't fortunate enough to have one such 'Mother-the shadow God'.

On one casual day in school, it was the class of physical training. Our physical trainer asked us to change our uniforms and wear the sports track suits. Those track suits were provided by our school and were quite popular amongst kids for the cool Eminem look. Everyone was so curious to be in that sporty jazzy dress up but I was hovering, looked hesitant to take my shirt off and change to put on the sports gear. When everyone was done with their suits, Mr. Physical trainer told me to hasten, he being a teacher I had to follow his instructions. So I took my shirt off to change for the tracks. While I was changing, he noticed the bruises and scars on my body and enquired about them. I was befuddled by his questions. I explained that it was just an accident and eluded my looks as I was finding it really hard to prevaricate. He

didn't say a word at that moment and made us exercise as per his instructions. And I felt I pulled through the situation successfully.

But from that day onwards I could see Mr. Physical trainer taking more interest in me and my life. Studying my behavior, that many of the times used to be very aggressive and abusive and the bruises, scars and accidents, he reported the case to the headmistress of our school.

I was called by the headmistress when I was enjoying my lunch time playing with my friends. I didn't want to go as it would stamp out my precious time that I got to play with my friends. I denied with my violent emotions screaming

“let me play. Please. Let me play”.

But Uncle John who was a manual worker staff told me that it is important as Headmistress will get angry if I'll not follow her commands. The insecurity of being detained from school and sitting at home for whole day within the check of that witch made me follow him.

I was at the entrance of the principal's office, through the peephole I saw a grey beard man sitting right in front of the Headmistress. I was perplexed about why was I being called for, before I could think of something I got a call from the Headmistress

“Come in Daniel” and I moved in gingerly.

“He is Mr. Joseph Roland; our school's medical consultant” pointing towards the grey beard man. As I looked at him, he passed a generous smile. He was a man of gigantic proportions; he was taller than me while being seated. I carved out a plastic smile of my own as reciprocation.

“Sit down and Let him examine you”

“But why, I am perfectly fine” I asked appallingly. I was terrified at the thought of removing the shirt in front of these people and revealing my horrendous life.

Ignoring my questions, the grey beard man put on his spectacles and came close to me. He made me sit on the table and began examining my body. As he was checking up on my body marks and scars, the principal started enquiring about those marks and bruises that I had on my body. I was scared, I told her that these were just accidental marks that I had borne while playing and resisted to show them to the bearded man.

My eyes were bursting with tears but I was trying hard not to let them trickle down my frown cheeks. The headmistress came close to me and took me in her arms and held me tightly. I burst into tears while repeating the lie

“These are just marks of accidents” like a broken record.

This was the first time in my life that I was at the receiving end of something good, the warm hug from my principal was too much for me to bear and I let all my emotions flow like a raging river flowing through a broken dam. But the fear of my mom took over and restrained me from telling the truth. With no more questions to me, the Headmistress took out a record book and ran through its pages.

mmmmmm...‘Daniel Thomas’ yes

I was quite; I was scared and confused about what was happening.

And the principal dialed the number

beep beep beep beep .. I could only listen to the dial.

Phone bell rang on the other sideTring tring...tring tring

“Hello”

“Hello Mrs. Thomas”

I was panic-struck with hundreds of thoughts flooding my mind, why are they calling my mother? What do they want? She’ll kill me; she will not spare them as well.

“I would like to meet you; can you come to school and see me in my office please?”

“Yeah sure, but is everything alright?”

“Yeah everything is good I needed to discuss something important with you regarding Daniel”

“I’ll be there in an hour”

“Ok Mrs. Thomas. I’ll be waiting.

And they summoned my mom.

The hour passed with my heart refusing to beat, no blood was flowing through my veins, my lungs were empty, all this in anticipation of what was about to happen. I could hardly breathe. I knew this would be my last day on this earth as she will kill me if school finds out the reality. I was still in the principal’s office. I wanted to pee but didn’t as I was scared to what the miss might say to my mom behind my back in case she arrives. And soon the principal’s office phone rang.

The “Tring – tring” made me feel like a jack-hammer being flung upon my head.

“Ok, send her in”.

And within few seconds of principal’s disconnecting the phone my mom entered the office, I was sitting on the side table with my head down ...as she entered I saw her, she passed her savage looks to me, and this time she was more horrible. I was about to leak in my pants. I knew the situation is going be worse this time. I with my innocent face tried to convince her that I didn’t tell them anything. Our ongoing silent conversation was interrupted by the principal.

“Hello Mrs. Thomas. How are you?”

“I am good” I noticed that hypocritical smile on her face

And principal then rang her digital bell; uncle vista came with a glass of water, as he offered the glass of water to my mom, principal conveyed him to take me out.

I was made to sit outside the office. I was desperate to listen to their conversation, but it was hard even with my ears dug inside the door. So to keep watching them, their gestures, was the only way to satisfy my quest. I was watching them sneakily from the peep hole. I bought my brain lobes into action and tried analyzing the conversation by their gestures. And all I could judge was that my mom was convincing my ‘first warm hugger’ for something. As I saw their conversation come to an end, I ran to take my seat in order to not let them know that I was trying to overhear them. Soon after the meeting ended, she took me home with a plastic smile on her face but that smile lasted only until we were in the school premises. She made me sit in the car on the front seat right next to hers. She was on the driving seat. She drove terribly fast, and soon we were on the byway. I wasn’t familiar with that place, it wasn’t crowded, no people, no noise, peaceful, she pressed the pedal hard, the car was screeching at tremendous speed and all of a sudden she unlocked and flung open the door on my side, and kept driving.

I was very sure that the day was the last one of my life.

“I didn’t tell them anything mom, I swear”. I begged with my hands holding my seat as tight as they could.

She suddenly hit the brakes of the car with her roughshod foot, the car skidded, my head banged against the dashboard of the car. The dashboard was painted with my worthless blood and I dawdled out of the car.

I tried getting up, it was hurting all over. Very slowly I started gaining control over my injured and paralyzed limbs, I could barely hear these words she muttered.

“Better not to”.

She again take-off her jet but now on her regular speed and traced back home. On the way back, she grinned at me and boasted about how she convinced the principal. My mom had apparently put it this way: It was all due to my mental illness, and due to this mental illness I’ve started hurting myself. She explained that I repeatedly hurt myself by burning, punching, even cutting or severely scratching my skin. She had somehow arranged medical reports of my mental illness and justified all the false accusations that she made. She convinced principal to treat me like other normal children as it was prescribed by the doctor and not to ask about the marks as this will break me down emotionally. The school then never asked about my bruises and scars. This was an achievement on her part and one more failure on mine.

I was continually hit from as early as I can remember with anything from her hand, trainers, bamboo sticks which were her favorites to as I said now and again aluminum hollow tubing served the best. And it was not from any late the day I born,

When I was nine months old I was admitted to hospital for a fractured skull. Well I was too small to remember what she did to me but I have medical reports of that accident or I should say of that ABUSE INCIDENT.

She was cold, no feelings, no care, and no love for her children and even for anyone. I remember my Nan died and I went into my tent in garden and cried..... I was battered

“Why the hell are you crying?” this only question was enough to make me feel that she is no more humane. My Nan died and it doesn’t affect her at all, it was her who should be upset, she was her mother.

Well it is surprising that she provided me materialistically better than most parents as I had all the clothes and toys I wanted. I was materialistically richer than any next door child. I had everything I ever desired but that was

never enough, those worldly things can never serve the purpose for me to go through...In real sense, I was poor, miserable, hapless, starving for someone's love.

I can recall when I was too short to match to the height of our kitchen's ledge, I saw my mom preparing lunch in the kitchen and at the same time I checked the yogurt that was kept at one corner of that ledge. Timid I was helpless, I went close to her, and she as always gave her brutal looks. But still the love for yogurt didn't make me resist asking for it. She was busy with trimming her cabbage and I was continually asking for yogurt from her. Hacked off on me, she flicked the cooker with hot oil in it on me; the burning pain was hard to bear. I ran back to my room, without even giving a tongue at the moment. She then weaved a dramatic story to everyone that I pulled it off. I am very sure I didn't even touched anything in kitchen as I was as always scared of my mother's anger. She deliberately did that to me, it burned a lot, I wept for hours, no one came even to put an ointment on it, out of burning I stole my mum's cold cream and applied on the memory that she gave me forever. I still have that scar of hot oil on my chest.

Now when I look back I realize that she might was just trying to get back on her husband, get back on him for all the torments he had put her through and I was just a medium, maybe she didn't wanted to hit me, but my face which reminded her of her nightmares needed to be scarred, disfigured and blown away.

With the same routine the life kept moving. I passed my everyday with the hope that with the golden light of the next morning some miracle will take place; my anticipation built with each morning for some angel to come and take me away in the world of happiness. But dreams have always been dreams to me. Soon I realized that happiness is a delusion. Dreams are myth. Angels are fancied fictions. I was living in the gloom of fear. I can retrieve that scared innocent face when once being grumbled by my mum I relieved myself taking a leak under the panda rug we had. I was almost ruined by the pain and fear that I was dealing with in such an innocent age.

She always seemed satisfied after messing up with me. My home was becoming a horrible place to live in with each passing day. My room was the only place I loved, it had colorful walls with a ledge of soft toys and of course my all time sole buddy – a big light brown teddy that I always kept on my bed.

I loved my room even more when every spring birds nest outside my window. Those birds were now only friends, only ones in front of whom I could take my heart out. I used to talk for long with those dumb creatures and I loved the fact that they listen to me without any complaints. Though my room was within the reach of the wicked witch I used to feel a strange safety within my room.

But neither my room nor those dumb sweet friends of mine had the potential to save me from the mercilessness of my mom. I used to undergo either her beatings or some really bad experiences that were no less than physical pain. I could only take a sigh of relief only when I didn't find her near me. This used to be the time when I could do whatever I wanted to. I many of the times rang up to my friends and chatted and used to dance on the sofa bed at others but whatever I did, I did with the same fear in my mind that if mum gets to know I will have to undergo something really torturous I ever did. But I was now more courageous to face her and I learned to face the pain that I was in from almost the day I born.

The more I was hit and punished the more difficult and naughtier I became. She never spared an excuse to hurt me. Any excuse she could find to take out her frustration, she grabbed it. Calling up the day when I was comforting myself in my spacious balcony with a small garden watching the children who were playing outside relishing their childhood in playful games. With the total intention of finding out some excuse to complete the quota of the day to beat me, my mom came and stood by my side followed by my sister. Seeing them play my sister started asking mom to let her go to play with all other children outside. Mom consented to her innocent plead to go as if she knew what was about to happen in next few minutes. Soon my sister joined them. Left with me and my mom in balcony I showcased my courage and unheeded her presence. I kept watching the children play. As they all were playing, a gal of our neighbor pushed my sister back in order to hurt her some way, which resulted in a quarrel between them. I was there watching and trying to figure out the grounds of this sudden quarrel.

“What the heck is up with this gal !!!!! hell she is trying to hurt my sweet lil' daughter?” My ‘so called mother’ sounded off.

She looked at me with some demanding looks. I screamed in my heart “Now what?” and on the spur of the moment she explicated that

Being the elder brother, I should know my responsibilities towards my sister. I should protect her from any kind of problem she is in. I was confused what she was expecting from me, delivering this entire lecture

“Go and help her, and don’t be generous to that gal who tried to hurt your sister”

I went there; I pushed her and she fell right into the bay window with blood oozing from the left corner of her forehead. I made my sister come home. I felt like a hero who saved his sis from some unwelcomed missy. But that heroic feeling went off as the girl screamed with pain and making the excellent use of the situation, my mom entered the scenario. With her fake smile she tried comforting that gal. My mom humiliated me in front of everyone saying that I am spoiled. It is unacceptable to hit girls and I should be regretful for what I had done. I was again beaten for something I was deliberately told to be done. And she again won in her devised plan. With her every brutal act, I used to make plans to rescue my life out of her control but I was too small to delude myself without being caught.

Well I can’t envisage a home where siblings don’t fight; we were also the can of worms. We too used to fight and tease each other but every time we fight, my unfortunate luck comes out supporting my mother came through hurting me only for the same offence that I and my brother committed at the same time. More the luck of getting caught by my mom supported, the more mom became wild to beat me. It became so worse at times that I wished to move in order to protect myself from her further beatings but had no strength even to crawl. Be that as it may, my brother and my stepsister started thinking that I was bad and I deserve those beatings when my mom comes with her justifications. She was such a skilled pretender. My mother wasn’t even good to them; whenever she barked at my brother or sister, I’d run to protect them too from her. But as they didn’t used to say a word in front of her, she hurt them rarely but me being violent to her abusive actions; she became more inclined to beat me than them.

As I grew old the violence from my mother reached at its full-bore. And her violent acts were turning me violent to a much greater extent. As I crossed my 10th birthday, I become outraged on the injustice she was doing to me and began fighting back and often running away from home at that very young

age. I started to fight back more frequently and these were intense fights often ending in me breaking away. There were moments when I felt exhausted, wanted to give up, dropping by the wayside and still running away. The destination by and large was my grandparents or aunt's place. They lived at a quite considerable distance from our home, but all the way to their place bored in mind. I used to have that cozy, comfy, homelike feeling with them. I could sense that they will not do any bad to me. They will not do anything that would hurt me. But they only keep me with them for over a night but then always take me back to the same jailhouse. After it repeatedly happened I even stopped running away to them. I just ran, with no destinations set. I used to run away in any condition I found a chance; it could be me in night wears, in my pajamas or even bare feet. As soon as I got a chance to run, I ran. I used to run so fast, so that no one could catch me. I wonder I would have won a marathon if calculated on my speed and it of course was not my sportsmanship but the fear of being caught and beaten. I was a small troubled child who ran bare feet on the lonely roads, with a hope in his heart that he'll be free now, he'll be free of all the tortures and will fly free in the slaveless sky. Hiding me beyond dustbins, trashes, trees, tunnels and sometimes even in the drainage pipes; anything I could use to keep myself hidden, I used. I ran faster, I was hurt being pricked with something sharp on the road, I started bleeding on my right feet, I still ran until I fall down. I ran in my pajamas, I ran empty stomach, I ran bare foot, I ran with nothing with me, no destination where I'll go. I just ran with a belief that where so ever I'll be the life can't be worse than what I was already living. But Every time I run, I was dragged back to home by the Police. Why the UK police had been so loyal to their duties??? Many of the times I was caught sleeping on the pavements at nights and many of the times playing on roadside. . I wish I would never have been caught.

I was under the eye of almost all the policemen of the area. Eventually after number of years, 'child welfare Newport west department' investigated the state of affairs. Under the scheme of CHILD WELFARE I underwent many of their 'no use to me' questionnaires. To know the level of risk that I am prone to, we were made through various assessments which included my family assessment and my health assessment too. The assessments were received by the trained social workers to screen call to determine whether the

reported case is of child abuse. On the basis of these assessments I was declared a disordered child. And what they call it for my own protection; I was suggested to be placed into the care of the local authority under section 20. As per the legal services it was to be consulted from a child parent keeping the child welfare a paramount and my mom wouldn't have dropped this chance at any cost to flush me out of her home where she could rule as queen with no half-wit to bother her anymore. I voluntary by my mother was placed into the care of local authority; what they said was for my own protection. This is where I was fated to move. Fate has a cruel way of circling around on you. This is where my life really began to become interesting.

Living in care of local authority

I had just stepped into my teenage, when I was taken to the home assessment Centre for children; a place called 'Coed Glass' in Abergavenny, South Wales, this place was to be my home for years to come. As we drove to the children's home, I experienced a very complex mixture of feelings. A smile came upon my tiny little face at the thought of freedom from that god-awful witch; a cloud of fear and uncertainty hovered upon my itchy scalp, a host of parasitic thoughts like, how the next life would be? Will I be able to survive in an alien environment, were sucking all the grey matter from my head. A concern, Will I ever meet my family again? Some 20 miles away from everything I knew, I approached the children's home with a complete stranger. This man was a duty social worker assigned to assist me. It was late into the night, completely dark. As I stepped out of the official car, I stood still; the sky was pouring with rain, and I was still horrified whether the sun of happiness will ever shine. I was soaked to the bone. I discovered some strange unusual sounds all around. It was a stormy dark night, a very frightening and daunting one. The howling wind echoed through the trees. It was a rare combination of the fear squatted inside me and the inclement horrified weather outside.

(Disrupting)...The duty official commanded
"Move".

And muddled I followed him...

I could hear the voice of each effectual step the official and me made towards the children's home. As I gave a look to the children's home...it was pitch-black ...all the lights were off, the only illuminated room I could see was the "Administration office" at the ground floor. It appeared more like a security office to me. It was an upsetting and bewildering experience. We entered the administration office; there was a little more than a rack of files, a table of the administrator with three books piled at its corner and on the top it was a book named 'CHILD PSYCHOLOGY', a big round ball, a stick that reminded me of my mum's favorite aluminum rod and the boss seated high on his throne

"What's your name?" asked the administrator taking off his glasses.

I took a deep breath and replied "Daniel.....Daniel Thomas".

A little formal administration work was done and due to the late hour and I was shown to the emergency room in unit A where I was told that I could sleep till the dawn. I was provided with two bed sheets and a pillow to make my bedding. Laying on the floor, I looked at the fan for a period....the clattering sound of fan was really disturbing but soon I feel asleep.

The morning I woke up, it was completely different from every morning that I had been waking up for the past 13 years of mine. No fear of being caught by mom for the wet bed, no fear of upcoming bruises and scars; I felt free, free as an eagle soaring high above the clouds.

As I came out of the Emergency Room, Children of varied age groups were jazzing around the corridor. The moment they saw me, all of them had different expressions on their faces, some with a QUESTION MARK; some reflected 'One MORE LIKE US', some made me realize as if I was an ALIEN amongst them. In all these new and varied looks I saw an eye capturing aspect, so playful....so beautiful; it was hard to take off my eyes, just for a second everything went quiet, and she suddenly disappeared.

"AhhShe was beautiful !!!" my elated mind babbled

Turning out, I again faced those other freaky expressions. But soon they all became familiar with the fact that I'll be staying with them from now and I am one of them all; one more fiendish case, one more file to stack up and maintain, one more broken lamp added to the dysfunctional chandelier of 'child welfare Newport east department'.

The school had three units A, B and C, a kitchen, play hall, large grounds and a separate office building that was used for social services meetings known as case conference. These meetings were used to decide the best course of action regarding each individual child. There were around 15 to 20 young boys and girls belonging to the age group of about 8 to 16. At any particular time there were only three members of residential care staff to look after 15 to 20 children in each unit. And it was never an easy task for 3 people to control 20 broken, beaten and scarred maniacs.

My time in the first children's home was absolutely crazy. I experienced every possible thing within my reach. It took me no time to become prey to all those things that should be kept away from a child of 13.

I remember I was no more a new guy to 'Coed glass' when I experienced this miraculous event.

I couldn't sleep that day, I was thinking of my so called FAMILY. I was feeling suffocated with all those crazies around me as they reminded me of my siblings. I left the hall and made my way to the emergency room of B unit so that I could relax myself listening to some music on radio. While I was making an attempt to relax myself, a gal named ***** got in to the place. She was in 'coed glass' for past 2 years. She is the gal I saw on the very first day but couldn't hit the jackpot to talk more than just a casual hello. When I first saw her I couldn't take my eyes off her, she looked so beautiful, and now as she was closing in, she was way beyond the definitions of beauty. She was wearing a lemon colored t shirt with nothing else inside it. I could see her perfect size breasts. Her beautiful shiny hairs were whirling around her back and almost touching her bosoms in front. Her eyes were so deep and beautiful. I was lost deep within her beauty, scrutinizing every inch with utmost diligence! I was looking at her like a hound dog, wanting to touch but afraid to do so.

All the thoughts that were pestering me the entire day were blown away and this angel in front of me was just filling me with thoughts and ideas of hers.

It was around midnight. I hope I wasn't drooling.

"Hey hi, still awake??" She asked ceasing my stare from her.

Yeah.... you too☺?? Missing family???" I replied ensuring my voice doesn't break.

“No, no one in ‘coed glass’ misses his family” She replied with a hint of sadness in her voice making me feel something obvious out of it.

Starting with some formal how-do-you-dos, “Do you come here often?” “Am I intruding?” She turned friendly. We chatted for long discussing about our past lives and of course the present one. While chatting up to her I again stole a glance of her eyes. They were dazzling. I wanted to commend, she was looking damn beautiful. For the first time in my life I found someone driving me crazy. As she came near to me I could feel the aphrodisiacal fragrance of her body. Soon there were no more blabs, we were quite, Bonnie Taylor's a total eclipse of the heart played on the radio. I was so close to a beautiful lady alone in that warm and cozy Emergency Room; the room filled up with life. I was new to all what was happening, I couldn't utter a word. She pulled me towards her and we were real close to each other now. She touched my lips to hers with a gentle pressure, and looked up. We kissed each other. She kissed me over again on my neck lustfully. Although I was new to all this I couldn't resist sliding my hands into her tee. Those moments I spent with her I felt as if that was the best experience I ever had. I felt being loved for the first time. Her beautiful pink lips and glowing red body with soft curves was knocking me down. We kept kissing and licking each other for the next few minutes.

She whispered in a very soft tone

“You have never done this before ...have you??”

I could hardly reply with a “No”

“Let me make you feel the heaven” and she bent downwards.

We lay down on the floor cuddling each other. She was moaning and I could relate that moaning of hers to the voices that I used to hear from my mum's room. I noticed her nipples getting erect and her eyes turning more glistening. I caressed her body inferring what she wanted me to. She spread her legs with mine and trusted me inside her. Her voice turned more erotic and deep. We continued to fuck deeper and harder. I could feel a strange happiness within me as we ended up with a wild orgasm. All of it was very strange but I felt loved and especially for the first time I felt like I had grown up to a man.

This was the time I lost my virginity shortly after my arrival at ‘Coed Glass’. I was just 13 when I underwent the experience of having sex with a 16

year old girl. This was for the first time I made love to someone. This gave me immense pleasure so I tried looking for this pleasure frequently. With the passage of time I have had sex with pretty much every female who came and left.

All the more I had arguments and fights with my peers and with staff many of the times. I had no control on my anger and temper when I was emotionally upset. I hurt my peers or sometimes even myself crudely when I used to be intensely disturbed. This indocile and violent behavior of mine led me to be detained from the school.

It was when during the art lesson on renaissance class; an argument broke out between me and a fellow pupil. I couldn't harmonize with his line of reasoning. Sitting on the table behind him we both were hollering. My temper sparked like the splashes of fire. Consequently I ended up ramming up my table into his back. The force with which the table was pushed resulted in his arm being sandwiched between two tables; his arm was crushed pretty badly. He cried out of pain and fell on the floor swearing and withering with pain. He was taken to an emergency hospital. I admitted that the incident was due to my emotional arousal but I showed no remorse to what happened to my fellow classmate and stated that I don't care if he was hurt. This behavior of mine was apparently not acceptable. And so I was detained from the school once the event was discussed.

My off-the-wall attention seeking behavior fazed me and naturally those around me. I always craved for the attention of people around me. And if I couldn't capture the same, my behavior turned wild to grab some. This used to happen even when I was at witch's castle and was being ignored and the same happened once in children's home when my best-loved staff members were busy with two other children in the care, their father had committed suicide a day before. I was seeking the attention of the staff. I almost was burnt of jealous to those two children with whom they were busy. I tried grabbing their attention by displaying all kinds of repulsive behavior, refusing to comply and being demanding and argumentative. I became verbally abusive, very upset of me being neglected I ripped the curtains of the dining room and hurled abuse when I was told not to behave this way. An official held my left forearm and dragged me to my room. I pushed him away as we

reached my room and smashed the door when he told me at this time those two children needed love and care.

My each day in the coed glass was variably different. There were days when I was polite, mannered and intellectual, making the staff feel that I am improving and there were days when I was harsh, violent, abusive and retard clarifying them that it was just a mood swing that fluctuated noticeably, sometimes making me as a 'perfect child' and sometimes as a 'godforsaken moron'. I was now very popular among the children. I was a kind of a lead to them, I absconded whenever I wanted taking them along, when I worked the others did, when I was abusive the others joined in making the situation more difficult for the staff. The staff was troubled with such deportment of mine envisaging that I was trying to 'run-the-show'.

An exemplary snippet is when one day, a care authority staff member landed on our unit, i.e. on A unit. As I came out of my room I started roaring like a lion coming out of its den. And so counting on me all the children were unsettled and disruptive too. I asked exasperatedly if day staff had gone and even threatened to abscond. I made the scene violent with its din; I heavily punched the fire alarms and tried to set them off as the care authority held my wrist. He then stood in front of the alarm; I was too disturbed at that point in time; completely brainsick. I wanted to hit hard, now the alarm wasn't in my reach so I started punching the official. And after the minutes lasted of continually punching his paunch I realized that he didn't retaliate even once. I finally pushed him and ran out of the door and made my way to upstairs.

My every activity was circumstantially been recorded in the registers of coed glass so that they can find a better way for my improvements. The authority used to have regular conference meetings to discuss about each of us. And the next conference on the 'Behavior of Daniel Thomas' resulted in some freaky decision from the authorities; as per their study on my behavior I required a homely environment or they too like my mom might want to get rid of a moron. At any rate they so planned to send me to the care of some foster parents. And in no time I had an introductory session with prospective foster parents. They reported the session as successful but my return was extremely negative. I told them that I would prefer my stay in 'coed glass'. The coed glass was now a home to me.

Even after I was sent to local authority my mother had a check on me. It might be an unwanted but a significant legal responsibility of hers. She used to come and see me and my guardians and of course used to weave concocted stories about my past behavior at home. Our care authorities used to set up time to time meetings for children to meet their parents. This same morning I told miss not to arrange the meeting for me, but as they already were there, I had to meet them. There was a meeting hall for all children when they were to see their parents. As I entered the hall, I saw my mum and an unfamiliar face to me; must be her new boyfriend and I felt a tint of happiness within me when I saw my siblings accompanying them. I took a seat at the other corner of the room, when miss came to talk to my mom, she fabricated a lot more stories of my misbehavior and I was continuously trying to elucidate her statements and even denied her trump ups. I felt disregarded so I finally left the hall and went back straight to my bed. She used to visit me and even call regularly. I won't attend the calls many a time and when I chose to speak to her, the call mostly ended in some arguments with me banging the receiver down. There were instances when I was asked to go back to my mother saying that there is a home for me just like my bro and sis but I was adamant, I told them that I was being treated differently than my siblings.

With all the sexual and 'knock-down-and-drag-out' involvements my life took a strange turn when a stranger came to see me. He was tall, maybe about 6 ft, well shaved, smelled of very pungent cologne and wore a pair of spectacles. I had no idea who he was, but I got a very warm feeling when he hugged me. When asked he didn't reveal who he was. He started meeting me on regular basis. Even I started liking him. Once I overheard two of our staff members chatting that he was my biological father. The next time he came to see me, I thought that my long lost daddy has come to save me even though I was not sure how things were, from his point of view. I moved straight in with him. He too was remarried to a women, she was nice but always staying away from home. I wonder how relationships change!!!! I dared to delve into the enigmatic world of my life being so horrible....MY EXISTANCE. Was it due to my dad ???? I was curious to know. Well I spent 2 weeks with him and no doubt that was a great time. However, this brought many skeletons out from the closet, many emotions and feelings. As the layers were peeled back, I realized that I was given a very different account of my childhood and about

the relationship of my parents. I ultimately returned to the care of the local authority. After coming back I realized that it would always be better to stay with your parents than like orphans in some child care authority, and so I made many attempts to return to him but my father who initially attempted reconciliation felt that he can no longer involve his family. I also believed that my father made real efforts to cope with me, and I enjoyed being with him. But he too failed in his attempts because of my difficult behavior. I felt like a loser for this one more time. But he kept visiting me frequently till I was in coed glass.

Some of the staff in 'coed glass' was really nice and caring often playing with us, arranging games and activities and generally trying to talk and understand in order to help us with our problems. However, there were certain individuals who were just sick and were very violent, abusive and manipulative towards children. We all were taken out of an abusive environment for our betterments but ironically we were assaulted even there. I was often physically assaulted, punched to the face and body, physically restrained and have my arms bent to impossible positions that caused great pain. But now as we were grown up, young guns, this was very difficult for all of us to accept and cope with. The matter of running away cropped again but the difference was; now I was not alone to run. We were many to run away anywhere we wanted. I and various other children began running away from the children's home frequently. But fulfillment of needs were now based on money that none of us had. This led to further problems because we were far away from anything any of us knew. To found our way to run, and reach our destinations, we had to hotwire cars, borrow clothing and steal food to survive. To go and see friends and family sometimes we hitchhiked or jumped trains with no tickets along ensued got involved in multitude of crimes. Many of times we were caught by the police and were dragged back to the 'Care authority' with all our details on a Law register. The perception of the police every time about me was that I was a very difficult and spoiled child in the care of the local authority and not the reality that I was very frightened, terrified, emotionally upset and hurt, abused and neglected child.

I had a friend with whom I first handed myself a local bottle of alcohol. And from the day he and I always made plans to abscond and get alcohol arranged by any means. We tried every way possible-fair or unfair to get

ourselves the pleasure of drink. We frequently drank till we drop regardless of results. We were soon in the eyes of the authority. They knew that we were taking alcohol even taking overdoses and so we used to have a regular checkup on liver. The authority were worried that our act can ruin our lives as well as this behavior can spread as epidemic so it can put down other children in the 'coed glass' also.

An abused childhood, thrown out of my daddy's place, my abused teenage, my temperI was fed up of my life. I wanted it to end that every second the thoughts grabbed my mind. Stealing food and money, getting addicted to alcohol and sex, running away on roads, then being beaten in school, I felt myself like garbage, waste of space on this earth. I had no trust on anyone; I rarely talked my heart to anyone, kept on bottling up my emotions I was completely sick of my life. My world was no less than a barren land.

Then came a day when I planned to wash myself off from this earth. I prepared myself, I was happy that I would not have to see the same things for coming years. I went to the common reception and asked the staff member for the tablet saying him that I was having a severe headache. He took out the bottle of paracetamol and while he was opening it for me, I grabbed the whole bottle and ran, he followed me, before he could catch me I locked myself in the bathroom, I hurriedly galloped around 15-20 tablets of paracetamol guessing that these will be enough to end up me and all my miseries. I opened the door and threw the empty bottle on floor and walked to my room. I hardly remember anything after I reached my bed. An emergency doctor was called and who knows what he did to me to make me come back to the world of miseries.

I was taken to the hospital a day after for check up. I was conscious of my surroundings now, I was failed at my cowardly attempt to end my life and run away from all of the miseries. As Mr. Carlo took me with him in the ward I was totally uncooperative and rather was obnoxious and abusive. I was creating problems to other patients so the hospital staff told Mr. Carlo to make me sit in a separate examination room that was at other side of the hospital's edifice. The nursing staff approached me in order to calm me down, but failed. The increased attention on me made me behave more offensive. I wanted to roam around in the hospital corridors but my way was blocked due

to my ill behavior. This blocked way made me shout high up to my breath. I was furious and violent. I managed to grab a pair of gloves and swab from a medical staff and started chewing them. I was almost mad with my blood pressure in my veins at the top. I somehow after a few chews handed them over to Mr. Carlo. Doctor came to explain the procedures if I consumed this much amount of paracetamol but I yelled

“I’ll not cooperate”.

The doctor then tried to convince me making me inform about her responsibilities and my health. She decided a stomach wash for me but I refused. On after asking about hundreds of times, I accepted a drink that they offered me for the stomach wash. I had it but stubborn me I kept saying that

“I’ll not puke out” even after having the drink I wasn’t back to a sensible child. I asked Mr. Carlo to hit me

“Hit me come-on, hit me hard” He kept quiet standing in front of me

“You want me to hit you? Only then you’ll retaliate and hit me back?”

He refused, ignoring my boxer moves and me. I was trying to make him hit me but suddenly I vomited all over him, as I tried to handle myself I again gave a second shot. By this time I was too ill to cause any further disruption. I was then admitted to the children’s ward. I was now no more a furious or violent tiger. I talked to Mr. Carlo. I shared a very personal problem with him of me having the sexual desires. I even apologized for vomiting on him.

I was taken back to my present HOME i.e. A unit in the coed glass when I was found ‘hunky-dory’. But Daniel was still the same Daniel. I kept running away from the premises with other children.

During one of my absconding from the children’s home me and several of my friends from the children’s home were befriended by some Asian men who provided us with food, money, cigarettes, drugs and transportation to places we wished to go. These men were very friendly to begin with, over a period of time we saw these men on numerous occasions with tempestuous arguments.

I used to wonder Why these people are so kind to us? What business do they have with us? I always had a doubt on their offerings, but all others were happy skipping over any logical thoughts and even their negative behavior. For them, they got some friends who empathize with them and so were

benefitting them with their wishes. We kept seeing them and of course enjoying the money and drugs they provided us.

And one day like any other day we planned to abscond from the premises at night and to have a ball in a nearby Indian Restaurant. We were a group of boys and gals who planned for this night. We all successfully reached the planned destination.

Hey everybody!!! (While taking a dope of the cigarette)

Rock music in the background we in chill moods

Hey(called the bar attendant) Get us the cheapest drink you have(Ordered Sam ...who have the coolest look with a head band; a crocodile pendant with a long chain in his neck, and a ear ring in his left ear)

And of course the strongest one (said elle; interrupting sam as she hopped on the table showing off her well toned legs; She was wearing a pink fitted top with hot pants; she was damn sexy. She then ordered Italian Pizza and Fried Peanuts in her sexiest voice.

Soon we got our drinks ...We were eating and smoking and drinking; all in all enjoying our decamped feel.

I somehow took a chair next to Elle and with a drink in one hand and other on the elle's thighs. I was moving my hand on to her smooth skin as I saw the same Asian group of men joining us without even asking for our consents. They were all like photo-shopped bodies with well defined muscles and six packs and we truly were pocket-sized creatures in front of them to deny.

While eating our pizza the men became extremely aggressive and abusive towards us- particularly towards girls. Following dirty words, they were beating, pulling their hairs, some snuggling and hooking upon them. Boys were also cold cockedSome of the girls and one of the boys, fortunately not me were sexually raped. It was a horrible scene, chaos everywhere, rock music still in the background but was overlooked by the rattling sounds of bottles and glasses being broken; the fearful voices of ours, the abuses, cries and some pistol shoots to add on to the scene. Those Asian men were brutes...real brutes.

The authorities became aware of this and a large investigation was launched. Each of us involved were placed on the 'child at risk' register and

subsequently made to move out of county to various children's homes and foster placements for our protection and to stop us to discuss events with each other. We all were now packing our bags to our new homes. Due to some delay in official formalities I got some more time to stay in 'coed glass'. But each day was passing with the same mental straining thoughts in my mind.

"Soon I'll have to leave coed glass."

"What the fuck those jerks needed?"

"Where do this damn fucking life gonna take us" n lots relating

All other in the group were moved to different children homes or foster placements. Some of these friends I have never seen again and truly hope that they all are doing well.

Next day I arrived at school in sullen mood. Teacher asked me to sit at my desk but I refused. I was aggressive due to my upset mood and I soon became abusive. I was so told to leave the class and work in the corridor outside the classroom. I did the same; teacher escorted me. I refused to sit down so we both stood. I was extremely tearful and stressful; teacher asked me if I am in some problem. I bursted and puked everything that was going in my head for days. I felt I had been messed around regarding my pending moves to Headlands School. Today was the day I was told I would be leaving coed glass. I become very emotional and started throwing the chair, kicking and punching him. I remained distraught for 10 minutes or so. I was allowed a drink and time to calm down in my house unit.

Soon after the official formalities were done I was moved to children's home called 'Headlands School'- Children's home run by NCH action for children, children's home for the emotionally upset. This was framed up of residential units, a school and very large playgrounds, the infrastructure was sound and good and so were the adopted formulas to be practiced. There were child psychologists and psychotherapists for regular one-to-one counseling with them and something that they call as 'play therapy' for children's improvement at emotional level. It was here that life took a turn for the worst.

This was the children's home where you can have some real bastards to meet; the staff of course. I used to be blackmailed by the staff to do the things they tell me to churn up with, the things that involved every sexual activity, I felt being raped. And if I denied to cooperate I was threatened that I would never see my brothers and sisters again and they too would have to suffer

what me and my friends were suffering. I was told when to eat, when to play, what to do and was basically controlled in every way by the obdurate members of the staff and if I resisted was physically assaulted. I was compelled to do some very yucky and traumatizing sexual practices that even now I find it difficult to talk about those or deal with. This 'children's home' was only meant for screwing around and abusing children in disguise of 'children welfare'. The physical and sexual relationship I had with care staff involved things children just should not know about and not to let alone participate in.

The other way around I was observed at my potential and intelligence. Soon finding me considerably good at my capabilities I was admitted to a mainstream school called 'Stanwell Comprehensive'. It was an attempt by the headlands authority to make me socially mannered but.....;).

I made many friends during my time in Stanwell comprehensive. The more I bonded to them, the more concerned the staff authority became. The growing concern amongst staff was that whilst out in the local community I was often indulged in alcohol abuse and on a couple of occasions in drug abuse and their concern was undoubtedly correct. During the Christmas holidays on two occasions I returned to the unit drunk after being out with friends locally. I went to my room and told staff that I had consumed a large quantity of paracetamol. An ambulance was called on both the occasions. The first incident ended with me absconding and spending the night with my contemporary girlfriend. This happened from ambulance when pick up men were in headlands car parking area. And second time I was discharged from hospital after tests which showed a very small quantity of paracetamol in the blood stream.

I was growing more and more naughty, fierce and disruptive, it came along the more I was hurt the more terrible I became.

"A teacher takes a hand, opens a mind and touches a heart". A Teacher with whom students are blessed with

but I was cursed with

A teacher who hurt me, opened my clothes, and touched my crotches

A docent in headlands Mr. Y who touched my genitals at the back of the classroom while all other students were focusing on the board and this happened on a few occasions. I was very scared of that teacher of mine. I always found myself very uneasy as he drew nearer. I can recall that terror-stricken face of mine when he used to enter the classroom. I started missing his classes but when caught he used to beat me sadistically. I was carked and troubled; I had no idea how to get rid of that monster.

Once we were taken out for an outing on the beach side. I was happy with my each threw of stone in water; gawking at the ripples so formed and making the stone bounce over the surface of water. But my stone skipping happy moments were not lasted for long. It was late, so we told to get back to the bus to head towards the children's home. We all enjoyed the evening in our own ways. But how could I be ended up with something happily; so here is how my misfortune favored me. Mr. Y made me stay back for the 'Play Therapy' when all others were leaving. I knew I was going to be in real trouble. I was 'ill at ease' in that dark night with him alone; he told me that we'll be staying out this night. I was too scared to do something in my senses. As everyone left that wild timeserver masked off his lip service of play therapy. His derisive laughter was bumping me off. He took me to a nearby nickel-and-dime hotel. As we entered the hired room, I felt so insecure. I yelled to be freed but he whomped me that hard that I plunked down on the floor in the room. He locked the room and comforted himself on the sofa. He closed his eyes; I thought it as a good chance to escape. I tried unlocking the room and this attempt made him even more violent. I was again banged to the floor. Now I knew I can't escape from here. I kept lying down. After few minutes he took off his shirt and came near me with his devil's smile. I wanted to hit him hard to take his jaw out but was too sapless and scared to do so.

He told me to cast away my clothes. I was helpless. He was touching me everywhere from head to toe. That was so weird and piteous situation for me. He took my penis in his hands and sensually uttered "not bad".

He was double-quick in stripping down. He pulled me from my hair and pushed me to his cock and put it into my mouth. I felt like puking. He pulled

me from my hair and pushed it in and out. He comforted him with the sexual pleasures he wanted by means of a scared dog. My every refusing attempt made me treated with a good thrashing. I was weak; I was helpless and I was scared. That scourge made his night using my impuissance and warned me to stay silent.

However, at that time I really had no idea of what actually was happening to me and how I was supposed to react. Swearing my life and my luck, I devolved into the same life for days.

As luck would have it, subsequently all this came out, Police thoroughly reviewed the matter, investigations launched; Children were interviewed by the police. Sufficient evidences were found and guilty members of staff were put behind bars after all the evidences taken were verified. Psychiatric reports were prepared and I and all other children involved (which I later discovered spread over a 30 year period) were made to move on to foster parents or to other children's homes being told it was due to our behaviors or in our best interests. Few members of staff who had been suspended for several weeks during that investigation were returned to their posts after receiving psychiatric help. However, the school closed less than a year later.

After leaving this children's home I was placed to various other children's homes for short periods and a total of some 36 foster parents before I eventually ran away with the travelling fairground.

Traveling fairground adventures

Brilliant bright lights, flashes almost bedazzling anyone challenging them look their way. The blare of blended sounds, each clashing with the next, is almost earsplitting for all but it is a soothing music of independence for me. Inhaling the odor of diesel fumes I am standing still; my shirt cleaving on to my body and my hairs winging swiftly in the direction of cool breeze. Calling up for the day when I first drew in here; when I first made

these kids ride dodgems; when I first made money for myself. This is where I live and make my life.

Yes, that lean, dark, 16 yr boy glittered with new morning sunlight of Chepstow where he joined a fair working dodgem, Miami twist and juvenile rides. Yes, this is me. I gave my life a rousing bulge out when I started working and travelling fairgrounds.

Well this was a dead reckoning concept I tried but this is what situation called for. Coming out of that excruciating life I needed some break. Break where there would be no commitments, no abuses, no courts and prisons, no local authority and of course no sorrows. So I decided to travel fairgrounds. I somehow approached a troupe to let me in and I succeeded and offered a permanent position of a fair staff member all due to my knowledge on health, safety and a bit on mechanical processes that I gathered with my fondness of reading books.

This was going to be a completely new life to me, my very first Job, and my very first FREEDOM. From Here I started my jury-rigged living as a permanent staff of a 'Parcel of fair land'-a carnival. I was contracted to be paid £20 per day, other than three meals and a roof to live under. I was satiated by the deal, I was getting meals and a roof that was nuff for me as my decision on this was not into making money but to have fun and excitement. I knew I would surely be getting my life of fun in abundance and that really was invaluable to me and £20 on all the fun was no less than a bonus.

With all the sorrows left behind I was too excited to live this up to my fullest.

The very first day when I was taken to fairground, it was a sight to see. A well illuminated fairground, composed of numerous number of stalls and varied amusements, it looked crisp and dazzling with the bright colors surrounding the environment. I smiled my new life. ☺

I was recounted about my duties to be served. I had to operate and maintain dodgems, Miami twist and juvenile rides with Small repairs and general work in the fairground whenever and whatever would be required. The immense and strange feeling in me was no less than as I was provided

with my childhood back. The things I couldn't enjoy in my childhood, my life gave me a chance to enjoy them now. I wanted every kid to be happy with those rides.

When the cool wind strikes those innocent faces while taking rides ...when the perfect smile come across those beautiful faces, when they giggle with speeding up of those ridesthat had been such comforting and satisfying sight. Making them happy would satisfy me, making them happy made me feel happy. I was in the seventh sky with my dreams on.....

I was then introduced to XX, who would be sharing the roof with me. A slim, dense beard man with unbuttoned pale yellow colored shirt, jolly and gleeful by nature raised a toast with a can of beer he was holding with

Whats up bro ?

A very friendly introduction followed by the first appearance to our roof. Here comes the roof, Well, the roof was not real good as I had expected. I was provided with an old caravan of some sort, kinda like the back of a lorry, to make my living and to travel fairgrounds. With all the introductions over, I was told to join the team and look for the work. I was new to all but I coped with everything and everyone easily. This might be the outcome of coping up horrendous situations and scary people in my yesteryears.

The first day of my first job seemed too long and hectic, long day...Longer seemed the hours but when I took a look at those little angels leaving the fair with a big smile on their faces, that made it all worth it.

We had lunch, three meals per day as contracted. The day passed and I went back to the roof we were shown, i.e. our caravan.

I had some talks with my fellow mate, we then had our dinner together and we both went to our beds.

Lying on my bed, I could recall my dayI saw people approached the fair, thronging like bees to a hive, some with cameras hanging around and some with their goggles on, the only thing common in all of them was ' a smile on their faces'. Little kids seemed no less than angels with real cute smiles on. I felt so refreshed staying in such a positive environment. With all the happiness and satisfaction I slept sound.

I was all set soon with the same routine every day. Fun, satisfaction, \$15, caravan, and meals; the best part of the meals was that, it was prepared by the owner's wife itself. So we used to get hygienic, delicious and 'made-with love'

food to eat. And many of the times we were rewarded with a bonus, free hotdogs from the stands.

We were two; he too was just like me – Homeless. So this old caravan was no less than a studio flat of two independent buckos.

Well in this studio flat we had to do without things like a running water supply, AC, electricity, and flushing toilets. I wonder how I got along with this arrangement.

It was like growing against the grain, really hard to deal with smaller things Suchlike Dealing and arranging water and electricity was challenging. With no direct supply of water being in caravan we used to carry along the water from a truck containing drums stocked with water. This was the water we used for drinking, cooking, washing, and even pouring into the coolant tank on the generators at the fair. We had to do our laundry at local laundrettes in each town wherever we went because the water stored in the water drums was cold and it was hard to wash oily and greased clothes by hand. To and as we did not have shower so we would use local lecture centers, though many trailers and kip trucks had showers, we had no access to these facilities. Many of the times when I was short of clothes and those I had got dirty and greased; I had to wash all my dirty and greased clothes in cold water in caravan. Most unpleasant affair of travelling fairground was to deal with stinky toilets. There were small wooden structures containing a large silver bucket with a wooden toilet seat on top of them which used to be filled every once in a while. That was awfully disastrous. All these horrendous situations were due to the lack of water supply.

Now it comes to electricity. With no alternating current supply we managed Electricity by getting ourselves a car battery. With the car battery we could usually wire it up so it gets charged every time our caravan is towed along to the next place we were going to. This helped us power some electric devices we had.

We were now called and known to everyone as ‘CHAPS’. We were paid £20 per day for the considerably hectic and dirty work of six hours as per the day. Building up the fair would take real physical and technical work. From

the Miami twist, to the kid's roller coasters, it used to consume a lot of time and work to make the fair look like it does. Setting up the rides and games could take several hours, even an entire day depending on the ride.

Even with all those challenging situations, I enjoyed complete freedom these days. Just fun, excitement, fair, women, alcohol, weed, friends and strangers; that was life.

In fact being in this found me really fortunate that the work I was in is to bring smiles on millions of faces. The sense of completion that I used to get when we get the ride up and get it done with people smiling and twinkling coming out of them. People who moved robotically, seemingly lacking sentience, compelled by some innate drive to perform their duties as drones, when came to these fairgrounds somehow felt lively and relaxed coming out of their robotic routines leading to a smile on their faces. A big reward is how good you feel at the end of the day and how you've effected other people's lives so positively. Card games for old people, ballroom dancing, thrill rides, roller coaster, children's rides, dodgems Miami twist and juvenile rides, computer skills for beginners; all used to be so beautifully managed. Retired couples hand in hand, younger singles, binoculars and expensive cameras hung around their neck. The fairground used to be full of smiles and happiness. And I being the part of their happiness found the sole fortunate moments of my life there in those fairgrounds.

Also apart from everything working on a fairground was a great fun. There was rarely a dull moment. We just had a radio to listen to and no TV or stuff but even with a lack of TV, you can get soap-opera style storylines by simply listening to the gossips like...who dumped who to go out with who. We found that much of the entertainment revolving around alcohol and miscellaneous substance abuse. The entertainment there was natural. We got a chance to visit variety of drinking establishments with variety of crowd; some very friendly while other making faces on fairground staff. We quite often used to go to the pub after we finished our day's work at the fair. If a pub isn't friendly, leave it and go elsewhere. Everyone on the fairground staff

was labeled with some or other name depending upon the personality he owns.

Getting into a fight is rarely fun and will only mean that local authorities are less likely to want the fair back next season. We had a golden rule, when in a hostile town, do not remove metal bars from the rides for use 'just in case', or you will find yourself having to explain why the police have confiscated some vital support bar for the dodgem cars.

We met many interesting personalities on the way, made many friends, girlfriends and had fun. Many of them were really great that I found myself hard to bid them goodbye while many of the interesting creatures we met were only interesting in that they are either intensely annoying or incommunicably odd, or sometimes both.

With this travel to fairgrounds I had several girl-friends and shorter affairs. There were many women in each town that I slept with, whose names I don't even remember, but I do recall that they all were great. They seemed amazingly groovy in bed. Women are such beautiful creations of God. Every naked girl looked good and looks good in bed. I was the king in bed.

And we had a saying "If the caravan is rocking don't come without knocking". Women would do pretty much anything to get a free ride in our not so good caravan.

The range of entertainment at the fair was usually based around the staff's private life. During the course of the week, somebody would have slept with somebody else's partner, and there would be lots of gossip going round. There's always some big story circulating; there's always something going on, and if it isn't - it's about to happen.

Aside from gossip, there's also the alcohol. Because the staff would not finish work until well after 11pm on a Saturday night, it was obligatory to head to the local off-license during your 20-minute break for the day to pick up whatever alcohol, tobacco and rolling papers you intended to use in the evening whilst sitting in somebody's van or on a park bench, bitching about other staff members.

We pleased ourselves with a lot of weed which we could get in every town. Smoking weed reinforced our behaviors favorable to its survival—behaviors such as having sex, generated pleasure and a sense of well being. So was smoking.

With working the fair there were cool advantages, I could get to make my friends and family enjoy some of the rides for free. Even this gave me freedom and national contacts in many towns across the UK.

The fair owners were very hard working and dedicated people. They had to see everything from Ferris wheel to roller coasters to make sure that people will stay safe during the rides. It takes a lot of responsibility; with all the rides set up even by the people like us they have to double check everything to make sure when the kids with their parents come, they should have a good time and they all leave safe and happy. But the general public never gave enough credit to them for the amount of work they had put in to give people the entertainment of the fair. They can never understand the hard work and devotion behind that glittering fair, the sweat and toil put in to bring smiles on their faces.

After about 2.5yrs of travelling and collecting varied experiences I dropped this as a permanent job of mine and often went back as a casual worker for other owners just to build up and pull down the fair. Even not being a permanent employee I received £30 per day and this time no food or caravan was provided.

Prisons in UK and police courts etc. etc.

Due to my life, my feelings and my unusual demeanor, I was dragged into a vicious cycle of committing criminal offences. These ensued in various punishments including imprisonment at the age of 15 which lasted for 10 months. Well this was a very scary experience to start with and hard to deal with. However, this was my life and I accepted it as a norm.

Well, number one on the list was the conviction for threats to kill and assault. And with no regrets I admitted that the person I threatened to kill or assault was my mother. The very woman who made my childhood a hell; somebody whom I held responsible for putting me into an hellish environment and on-going life which consisted of every abuse one can possibly think of; the very person who should have protected me from all these things. Yet it was me that had to answer for my crimes and my actions and I forced myself to accept the responsibility of those things; when she had done far worse things to me with no legal consequences or judgments from others.

I was homeless and slept in parks and doorways, sometimes roamed around in search for some shelter in real worse weather conditions. I was appalled by my indigence, I crawled into old buildings to stay safe from the awful weather and subsequently I came up with Number second conviction ; I was arrested and charged for burglary when in reality I never stole anything. I just wanted to bring myself through of the cold and rain. Now I'll not refute the fact that I did commit burglary later because I did, but to actually get convicted for breaking and entering under the given circumstances shows how un-just the justice system is.

When I was 15 and some ten months old, the police would throw me into different children's homes or send me foster parents but afterwards I was simply locked up in police cells every time I was found behaving illegal. At certain times I would be kept overnight in those clean tiled rooms with a blue foam mattress and placed before the magistrates or youth court for a wide spectrum of crimes from drug dealing, car theft, burglary, shoplifting or assaults etc.

Here comes the next episode of convictions; this here is an account of the entire schedule offence on my criminal record that depicts an assault on a child or on a young person. Sounds ridiculousDoesn't it?? Cleaved with this record anyone would bother of his child's well-being in my company as did social services and the police, family members and friends. The reality of this conviction is that I was 16 years of age, legally an adult and the victim a 15-year-old boy some three months younger than me having a fight in a children's home, he got hurt. He was legally a minor and I legally an adult. The stigma of this offence later in life was terrible especially as I had

involvements with children including my own. For this offence I was banned to enter South Wales except to attend court or solicitors by prior appointment.

At 15 yrs and 10 months of age I first experienced what it feels like to be taken to prison from court. This is what is known as a sweatbox to hmp Cardiff. On route to the prison I pissed in my pants. I was absolutely terrified as I approached the large gates built keep the demented creatures locked inside the giant walls of the prison; my head was a blend of confusion and fear combined with suicidal thoughts which were like none I've ever experienced. I was Apprehensive, scared, worried, and sad; I was undergoing every discomforting feeling at that moment. I watched my world deteriorate into bloody hell; I was swept over with the only emotion - sadness. A bolt on to this discomfort was we were to undergo a full strip search. I had never experienced anything like this before so this added to all my soreness.

However once I arrived on the wing of the prison, I glanced all around on my prison mates with a mixture of admiration and repulsion; but as soon I got to see all of them, it was like a reunion of friends as I already knew so many people there from my home life and that of life in care and foster parents. So that was a relief to start it with but soon I found that mind-numbing, energy-sapping life in the prison was hard to go on with. At this stage of time the only entertainment in prison was gym or reading or very little education or time out of cells. I would often go to the prison gym and lift weights to improve my body and strength. The only aim I was left with six-pack abs or a follow-through of a book.

From this prison on the same sentence I was moved to Portland young offenders' institution. Well this was different from the prison I had first experienced. We all had piss pots and we had to slop them out every morning, there were full kit lay out and inspections regularly and we were forced to shave even if someone like me was not yet producing facial hair. We had prison uniform that comprises of blue striped shirts, red crimp line ties, blue denim jeans and horrible brown leather shoes to march everywhere in rows of three. We all were assigned a number and they goofed up our identities, we were known only by our numbers.

Around 2001 TVs were permitted to inmates in their cells which were a great relief to boredom however offered no constructive rehabilitation. Other

than to boredom, this time there was betterment with the comfort in outfits too. A sweat suit aka tracksuit were also introduced which were more comfortable and were of different color schemes. The track suits were often in the colors of grey for remanded prisoners, red for convicted prisoners and blue and yellow were known as a banana man suit for people with escapes from custody on their records. We had association periods where we were permitted to play pool, table tennis or watch movies usually for an hour or two or use the telephone. Family and friends could send in money which was credited to a prison account with weekly spends for remanded prisoners of £30 per week and £15 a week for convicted prisoners. I obviously had both sections at various times. Those spends would go on a canteen sheet, a tick list of goods such as stamps, envelopes, tobacco, phone credit, biscuits and drinks. We would hand this form in a week prior to having the goods delivered. Often when we found ourselves short of tobacco we could borrow it from other inmates up for what is known as DOUBLE BUBBLE, this meant however much you borrowed, you would give its double back the following week; a business for inmates. There were various jobs or education courses where you could earn money at the rate of £6-12 a week depending on the job or the educational course. I completed every rehabilitation course the prisons had to offer. Across-the-board we had drug and alcohol awareness', anger management, cognitive thinking, enhanced thinking among others etc. I also completed a legion of academic courses in numerous literacy disciplines such as computer literacy and information technology and business technology as well as hospitality and catering. I also earned a bunch of sporting certificates in badminton, volleyball, weight training, and power lifting among others.

I would often get visits from girlfriends or friends and some of these friends often brought me parcels of drugs which were smuggled into the prison illegally. These drugs would have a much greater value in prison due to decreased availability and would also have stronger effects on us inmates due to decrease in use.

My maddened psyche for my life drew me to commit self harm. I tried committing suicide by hanging myself, cutting my wrists and swallowing razor blades. I also carried out hunger strikes on numerous occasions. This

type of behavior gave rise to one more blackstar on my name; I was on a report known as a 20/52 this meant I would be regularly checked at intervals of 10-15 minutes; many times I was placed in an observation cell having a camera and Perspex door and lights on 24/7.

Even when we were transferred from one prison to another we had to undergo a full strip-search. Sometimes if the crime was very serious and warranted a sentence more than 12 months it would be sent to crown court. As I was often in and out of the prison, when I was released out I would often be on license which is what people know as PAROLE. This would involve going to the local probation office to discuss offending behavior or current life problems basically of no benefit what's so ever. The probation service would also often right pre sentence reports about your life circumstances and attitudes prior to sentencing for the courts to consider your case.

I had manipulated the court system on many occasions using the psychiatric services and obtaining hospital placements instead of prison sentences affecting early release. Some of the psychiatric institutes and my versatility in reading books through years made me able to manipulate the services. I read books such as counseling psycho therapy, psychiatric etc. and I used the knowledge that I gathered in deceiving the services. My use of body language, eye movement and portrayal of symptoms I deliberately chosen often lead psychiatrics and services to behave in ways I engineered.

I have had a total of 72 convictions during the time span of 15-27 years of age covering a very wide amount of offenses and criminal procedures attached to those offences.

School and childhood represents not just a loss of my innocence but the brutal theft of it; an unfortunately common trait. The children's homes I attended were often run by "carers" that were mentally, physically and sexually abusive. Although I strive to remember the carers that weren't abusive; the ones that arranged games, and were genuinely supportive.

Following school I was left to fend for myself and I hadn't been provided with the right life skills to fully adjust; I lacked the emotional stability and social qualities required to fit in and settle down. Just beginning to adjust to life took several years and several failed relationships before I found myself in a place that felt like things were finally going in the right direction.

Relationships marriage and children

Then there came a point when I found a complete man within me. I had successfully sorted out my life at this point I had a business, a wife, a child and a car, all of which I earned through hard work and responsibility. My wife and my child were the only reason for me to smile. They keep me smiling and going. My wife was my life, my friend, my very existence, my heartbeat and my smile. I was a married man with an adorable son. I can remember one winter evening we'd been out in the local park throwing snowballs. We came back home and I sat in our newly-refurbished kitchen eating a tasty omelette with warm French bread and drinking hot chocolate.

I looked at my beautiful four-year-old son 'Reck' and my loving wife 'Linda' and thought: 'This is the perfect life.' I felt loved. I felt the future was going to be just fine.

I met Linda in a coffee shop "The Brewer's Café". Well Pub/Bar rather a coffee shop suits more as per the image that must have been created till now about Daniel but just for a change

I was in Brewer's Café waiting for one of my friends from school. In a floral dress which showed off much of her legs and a messy bun, she came in from the door in real hurry. She grabbed a Café Frappe from the counter and as she headed towards the exit in haste, she flumped, her beautiful long hairs fell freely and all her chilled coffee spilled over my table.

"I'm sosorry"she said keyed-up while managing her hairs

"That's Ok ...Relax ...Let me get you another drink" I said assuring her with a smile

"No Thanks, I am getting late" and she took an exit from the Cafe.

But no less than a hero I caught her at the signal where she was waiting to cross the road and handed over her frappe'.

She called out loud”ThanksBbyeeee” As she crossed the road waving her hand. I could sense the happiness on her face but not sure if it was for the coffee or for me ;)

I again saw her in a bookshop where she was looking for the “Persuasion” She was looking beautiful as I caught a glance of her in through the book shelves. She was really cute to resist. Though I met and had relations with much beautiful girls in my past but she was different...the innocence on her face was no less than one we can see in a kid.

Hey’I waved to her

“Hey – The coffee guy” she smiled and we started walking together to the checkout counter.

“I am Daniel ...” another effort to start an amiable talk

“Linda” She evinced her timidity

She paid the bill and then started our ‘Walk to Remember’

We kept walking silently with each other for few minutes and gathering all my guts I gave one more try breaking the ice pointing to the book she just brought..

So Is this a love story??? Who is the Author??

She told me that she is a great fan of” Jane Austen” after she read her ‘Pride and Prejudice”.

And we started opening up.... We talked about our hobbies, our likes, dislikes, goals, friends, memories n everything. We were different to each other in all aspects she liked love stories I thrills’, she liked Frappe’ n I hot Chocolate; she liked Vodka n I Scotch. We were different but still I wanted to be in her company, her presence made me feel good. From this book shop meeting, we started seeing each other more frequently. At coffee shops, at discos, at pubs and then one fine day we decided to move in together. After living in for 5 months together, sharing joys and sorrows, sharing our favorite

desserts, sharing toothbrushes and sharing beds we realized that we are made for each other and we settled with a thought to get married.

Beautiful was that day and so was she. In the *comme il faut* white dress and a bouquet in her hand; it was magic all around.

The vows

Will you take Linda to be your lawful wedded wife, to live together according to the Law of God in the holy estate of Marriage?

Yes I will

Will you love her, honor and keep her forsaking all others be faithful to her so long as you both live?

Yes I will

I Daniel do take thee Linda to be my lawful wedded wifeall these vows were taken by Linda as well. But she couldn't hold them for long. Well nothing in my life ended happily and so was my marriage. After a brief spat of happiness my wife became pregnant with a second child, only she revealed that it wasn't mine. She slept with my best friend.....come 'on you BitchWhy??

Everything was so perfect... Why she cheated on me???? Was I dawdling??? I broke completely...I felt like I was destroyedand our marriage fell apart. I changed my apartment.. ..All this triggered my destructive behavior..I started drinking to hell, taking drugs but nothing worked. I was lonely; and this loneliness was eating me up....I started feeling like a loser. Still young and fragile from a past of mistrust and abuse I felt like I could do nothing but leave; so I took off, travelling the world.

Travelling abroad

So I fled the country to start a new life. Fortunately due to selling my business, what possessions I had, my car, obtaining a lot of money illegally and compensation paid to me due to abuses in the care of the local authority I had a lot of money to do this and travelled 17 countries doing pretty much anything I wanted. I had a sense of freedom for the first time in my life and I made a great deal of friends and acquaintances some of whom I love and still depend on in many ways.

The first country I landed to was Djibouti.' A small country with I guess much less visitors however beautiful. I landed there as they have the provision of visa on arrival; at that time when I was emotionally so very upset I really didn't want to bang my head to apply for visa in some other country to travel. So this was the favorable option. And I heard somewhere that the movie 'planet of apes' was filmed there in a lake 'Lake Abbe'. Well Apes are more or less like me ; hairs; human like creatures; complex brains I find a strong connection between apes and me and these days I found apes more admiring after being betrayed by humans.

Well as I landed, it was a completely deserted area; the landscapes were weird though wonderful. Country of volcanic origin, we can still clearly see the lapidified lava flows that derive into the intense blue sea. Outside the capital, Djibouti, a sleepy city that comes to life as the sun goes down, and Tadjourah, a quiet coastal town, you can find only small villages comprising of small huts, cattles, some goats or dromedaries.

Well roaming around the Djibouti with no plans; I thought to plan my travel and my first planned visit was to Lake Abbe, I woke up early in the morning and saw the beautiful sunrise at Lake Abbe followed by a walk to the lake where I could see the beautiful Chimneys , Flamingogs and Hot Springs. The lunar landscapes were eye capturing, The eyeshot of Djiboutian children turning back home with their goats and camels during the sunset against the backdrop of chimneys and hot springs was incredible. Everything was going great since I went to bed in that Afar style tent at the campsite. It was a terrible night. I couldn't sleep; it was so Hot and mosquitoes and sand flies were hell getting to. I dragged the cot out and laid there looking at the stars

for hours; and shouting at those pitiful creatures who were trying to suck my drugged blood out of my body.

Now was the plan to visit Lake Assal, lowest point of land in Africa and 3rd lowest point on earth; (ohh I was thinking I am already at the lowest point even when I was in England; all because of that bloody bitch.)

As soon as I started moving for Lake Assal; I could find beautiful landscapes outside. And well its not like a tourist places...Man there was no one..I felt like this place belonged to me or as if I hired the place for myself so that no fucking asshole could disturb me out while I float on the salty water of the lake. This place is like ...lay back..take a repose from life, take it easy and let the blue-turquoise waters embrace you as you float in the honey lake . But the place was terribly hot and I had nothing except my sunglasses to have a cover. There was no shade and then I saw a group of boys and girls approaching...they reminded me of my friends and of course of that time when we could roam around the places and have all the fun. But as I was heading back I heard a voice

Hey' Daniel

I turned back with a question mark in my mind that who the hell knows me in this countryAs I saw him

A well shaped man with a hat, floral unbuttoned shirt ...and a camera hanging around his neck; who was he ?? I guess I have seen you somewhere....

Ben ...hey How are you ???

Long time ...what are you doing here manhe introduced me to his gang ...and literally it was a gang; all involved in intense criminal activities; and armed. Come'on ...who roams around in a different country with a pistol in his pants..But they do and the real question is ...How???

And then I sat with him at night and he narrated after escaping from the school he met a mafia gang who delivers arms, drugs, provide visas illegally.

And I felt like he is an angel sent to me by God to provide me Visas to every country I wanna jaunt. Well we sat together, had fun, his one female friend was so ready to intimate and of course adding to my tour ...But While on bed with her I realized I wasn't with her ...I did everything but as if just with a feeling of revenge after being deceived by my wife.

While having a tour to some more places in Djibouti; I thought to visit the next country..but which one???? Ben told me they were going to Liberia to deliver some bootleg products. And I accompanied them with a rapacity to get visa through their contacts.

Djibouti which was the East of Africa and now we were travelling to Liberia which is in West of Africa. With all our tickets already arranged we entered the airport. We headed towards the check-in counter and I felt like every security official is looking at us with suspicion. Now that was my inner fear of accompanying a gang and carrying an illegal visa or they actually were..... While submitting our luggage and getting our boarding passes we dispersed. We pretended we all are travelling alone and we don't know each other.

And now came the security check point; with all those things with them' how are they gonna board the flight. I was so very nervous. Before meeting them I was the tiger who has done pretty most everything in life but in front of them I was like a kid. I was nervous as I had the visa provided illegally I was concerned if asked on this.

They had a code word that they used to tell to the manager on the Airport and he was the one involved person getting much of profit percentage who helped them board the flights.

Now you won't believe; on airports of almost every country they had a contact helping them out. Plus what I learnt from them is how to hide the things in Laptops; Cameras, and in smaller devices. How to disassemble and then assemble arms, how to travel keeping your death into your hands.

Finally we reached Liberia.....In its capital city_Monrovia

I heard somewhere that Liberia is created for freed slaves..... haha ...n so was I...freed from the slavery of Love. The most convient thing for me being there wasmaximum of the population speak English so no language issues. Here we were set apart; they carried on with their business n I mine; But they promised me to provide me visas for any country I want to jazz around.

Well I planned my stay in Liberia.... With the list of the places to visit my first motto was to see Monrovia; ce ce beach, national museumthen I explored some spa thing, clubs and pubs but I would say these countries are

dealing with much of poverty. Though it has all these clubs and spas but coming out that glamorous place is all the people fighting to make their living. Ladies keeping containers on their heads and walking miles to sell eatables like cookies and chips. Well I pretty much explored Monrovia and now I was heading towards Gbarnga. I had great reviews about this place and this was just at 3 hr distance so my second destination in Morovia was Gbarnga. I took a taxi to Gbarnga and soon in 3 hrs we were almost there when the taxi driver suddenly pulled the handbrake. I was thrilled when I saw a truck blocking our way. My taxi driver moved out to know what the matter is but as he approached the truck; two bald chucker-out kinda guys came out with guns in their hands. One of them moved forward and hit the back of the gun in the driver's head. Oh ma God...he fell on the ground and those giant like creatures started moving towards me. I tried to run but of course; they had a gun with them and I was a foreigner. They robbed me at the gun point. The cash I was carrying; my hell expensive G shock watch; my headphones hanging around in my neck; my platinum ring..which of course was the only thing left with me which reminded me of me being married and then divorced tough. Thank God they didn't find out the bag I had in the taxi with more important and expensive things.

I was robbed at the gunpoint on the highway; bloody hell. Just afterwards they ran away. I went to see if the driver was OK. Well before exploring the Gbarnga we needed to go to hospital and then to police station.

Thanks to the plastic money I took out some money from the cash office where they got it converted it to their currency. Well the driver dropped me at the Greenhill Quarry and coz I was being robbed and all that happened to us; he didn't charged a penny from me even upon insisting so many times. Kind world....

Well after this incident I wasn't very interested in exploring Liberia anymore so I decided to flee to India. I heard of the Taj Mahal a lot being a contestant in selection of 'new seven wonders of the world' (2000-2007) campaign so I wanted it to deem its beauty and be its self evident. I arranged the visa for India and landed late night in Delhi- The Capital City of India.

While waiting for my luggage; I surfed some tour planners, took out some numbers and saved them in my phone; in the meanwhile I browsed some outlets at the Airport and managed to get a sim card to use up till my stay in India. I slipped the sim in my I phone and started calling the numbers I surfed...Tour India Travel, Travelogy India, Tour my India, and finally India trip planners – the ones who got ready to pick me from the airport in another hour. I waited for the pickup while browsing the stores at the airport. And I caught a glance of a kid who must have been the age of my kid, and her mother refusing to buy him anymore chocolates from the store. I missed them ...even here in India miles apart..their memories aren't fading by any chance. As I was thinking of my then life lines I received a call on my new Indian Number

“Sir, I am Rahul from India Trip Planners; Sir I am at gate no.7 Exit” He sounded hasty.

“Ok Ok ..I'll be there” I said with my preoccupied mind...as I moved out of the gate 7 exit I looked around and found a board with my name written on it as Danil, and the one holding the board was hiding behind the board to be seen....I laughed for one complete minute and then followed the board.

“Hey....Rahul???”

“Yes Yes Me Rahul ... u Danil ?????”

His abnormal and unnatural English made me laugh again but I tried to hold in.

He took me to hotel and told me that we will start exploring in the Morning till then I can take rest in the Hotel.

In the morning after having the complimentary breakfast at the Hotel, Rahul picked me in his Red colored Alto and we explored Delhi. India Gate, Parliament House, Rashtrapati Bhavan, Qutab Minar, Lotus Temple, Red FortIt was all amazing, after all we were exploring the Capital City; In between he showed me some more Temples as well which I am sorry I forgot their names by now...But I can't forget the street food I had there ...In those burning summers having lemon soda from the road side was a splendid relief...and then all the chat corners ...spicy chaats, paranthas and Rahul of course was a great company. Actually I was with a simple, humorous, clean hearted guy after years ...so I just liked it all.

It was a tiring and a hectic day. I just dozed off to bed as soon as I reached hotel. Rahul told me to keep my bags ready as we have to head towards Agra. On the way to Agra Rahul told me that Agra is the second point of Golden Triangle, and I asked which was the first one ...HaHaHa ..Sahab Dilli, Delhi-Agra-Jaipur forms Golden Triangle of India. While having some interesting conversations about Agra and Jaipur we reached Agra. Rahul asked me to explore the agra fort first but I was too mad to admire the beauty of Taj Mahal that I forced him to make me visit Taj Mahal first. So we headed to the legendary Taj Mahal. The sumptuous symbol of love, its graceful domes, sensational white marble, and fine inlay work....All in all..it was a Marvelous piece to gaze at for hours. After leaving this iconic site Rahul made me see Agra Fort and some other historical places around. And now was the turn to the third point of the Golden Triangle i.e Jaipur So we planned to leave next morning for Jaipur. I surfed a bit when I checked in to a Hotel and called Rahul if we can explore Ranthambore- National Park.

So early Morning we left for Ranthambore. As we reached there the morning safari timings were over so we roam around there and waited for evening trip. Rahul told asked me to see him in the evening as he didn't accompany me for Safari. I started the safari at around 2:30 in the afternoon which was expected to be done by 6:00 in the evening and we were allotted zone 3. I was accompanied by 3 more people seeking adventure. 2 of them were guys from India itself and one was the lady from Indonesia. So the safari started with 4 of us in a Jeep, as we entered our zone ..it was a dense forest. The jeep was moving and we were just excited to see some Tigers and other wild Animals around. We spotted some deers and Jungle cats and sloth bear but no Tiger yet. Our Journey as almost half over and we were now more anxious to have a sight of a Tiger. Then suddenly the driver stopped the jeep as there was an alarm call for a tiger being in the region around. He glanced all over; we were all quite and suddenly we saw a tiger emerging out from the bushes on our right. WOW...that was a sight...Everyone was clicking and that tiger seemed so camera friendly. He walked almost parallel to our jeep ..it was such a thrilling experience and everyone counted the safari successful. I called Rahul once our safari was over and showed him the pics I clicked; I am glad not missing Ranthambore from my India Tour. The day was already over and

Rahul told me that sneh will be my tour guide from now as he had to leave and sneh will pick me up from the Hotel in the morning and make me see Jaipur. I really enjoyed Rahul being with me all the time ...we laughed and explored together with his horrible English ofcourse. I went to the Hotel asked for a corona to chill my mind but the bar tender at the hotel said it is not available so I told him to assist me with Heinkein in my room. I drank 3-4 pints and dozed off to bed.

It is hard to remember the names of all the places and forts and palaces I visited in India and even the places in other countries. I am able to recount everything so clearly coz of the names mentioned on the photographs that I took then by. I learnt so much on this world tour. Anyway ...coming back to jaipur Rahul made me adore all those beautiful Forts and Palaces in Jaipur...but the worst part was when he had to say byee. He accompanied me to make me see the golden triangle in India making it much wonderful with his presence.

Now really saying I was so very bored with these Historic monuments and needed some relax before I leave India so with all the research I fled to Goa. I didn't want any tour guide this time as this was the place to chill. I checked in a hotel I found near to a beautiful beach. My room had a perfect glass wall with a beautiful sea view and a refrigerator full of Beer Pints. That was the perfect place to relax my mind..my body and my soul. It was raining cats and dogs the Day I landed Goa.. So My whole day was dedicated to that glass wall ..beach view ...contemporary classical music and chilled beer.

As it stopped raining; I decided to go out. It was late evening but the room service person told me that Goa is a city with a great night life. So In was in my Black sandos, and blue half pant with my flip flops on, I locked the room. I left my camera in the room itself as I wanted to roam around just to veg out.

I walked to the beach; it was dark now but still was crowded. I kept walking along the sea side.. just checking my footprints on the sand and watching them vanished the next moment. Soon I was at the other corner of the sea..where there was no crowd, no noise of the people chattering; complete silence and the only sound of the sea waves getting along. I was lost in some deep thought in this ambiance. The waves were touching my feet

again n again ...as if they were trying to say something..every time the wave come backs and touches my feet..I felt someone wants to comeback..as if someone wants to be sorrythe wind was striking my body as if some long lost love is trying to embrace its soul. And of course that someone to me was ...Linda'

That night ... I felt like talking to her..I felt like we can sort this out... I felt like she needs me..my forgiveness which I was so ready to give to my complete heart.

I went straight to the Hotel and asked them if I can make an International call. They managed to get me an access to call ..The bell rang ..Tring Tring

Tring Tring'Tring Tring

Tring Tring

Tring Tring

And no one answered. She might have changed her no. ; She might have changed her residence... She might have moved in with George ...And such thoughts captivated my mind for that whole night.

Next Morning I decided to live free ..to enjoy the day to the fullest and with this deep promise to myself I left my room and rented a two wheeler. Starting from the Baga Beach I covered four beaches with my scooty ride and did pretty most every water sport available. These beaches were touching the limits of beauty and adding more grace to its beauty were the Indian hotties. And I decided finishing up the day with a Night club. I boozed, I danced, I flirted and ended my India trip there only.

I travelled to Sri Lanka, Afghanistan, Mauritania, Guinea-Bissau,Somalia, Moldova, Indonesia, Philippines, Malaysia, Singapore admiring the beauty of the world and people around. And with all my money almost ate up I decided to flee to one last country- Thailand. Well all the countries that I chose to jaunt were chosen keeping in mind their Visa availability and the currency value with respect to Dollars.

I was a person with no rules to life ...well everybody have those societal rules but never followed any. And this travelling around the world brought hell lot of new experiences, lessons, joy and buddies to my life which I will treasure ever always. And I started this travel not just to travel...but to run

away from all the shit that I spread in my life but this long haul journey made me a much stronger man, a man with plenty of adventures, and new experiences; a man with much better vision to life. And what I discovered through this travelling is no weeds, no alcohol, no sex, no beauty can beat the love of a good woman. I missed Linda at every moment of this travel..I missed her eyes, I missed her smile, I missed her touch, I missed her smell. And somewhere deep down my heart I felt we are destined to stay together no matter what comes our way.

Being imprisoned in Thailand

The last country I arrived in was Thailand- a land of blood and body. It was my last country on this world tour thing and subsequently I was very sure to return back to my love.....my life ... My business ...and my country. So I travelled all around Thailand living a dream; Tropical beaches, full moon parties, expensive restaurants and of course a MAN's favorites WOMEN and ALCHOHAL. Pubs, bars, dance clubs, and nights that had always been staggeringly fanciful and full of enjoyment. I enjoyed almost every activity known to man in the sex capital of the world where sex with beautiful women could be purchased from as little as 50p upwards and in many cases free just for the woman to share your hotel room for the night. But But as I already said no amount of a topnotch vag can compete with the love of a Good Woman. ;)

I consumed copious amount of drugs and alcohol. The country possesses most beautiful beaches and varied water sports to enjoy their beauty. I reveled to the country at its most. . I spent the funds at my disposal lavishly. As you can imagine without an income, the way I was living; my money began to dwindle. I found myself in a foreign country with a language I did not speak, laws I did not understand and a culture that was alien to me and now no money to support me as I spent almost my every penny left. In need of money I turned back to crime again, stealing from tourists who were drunk or under the influence of drugs and easy targets for me to relieve of money. Fortunately I wasn't yet caught.

Now from the day I arrived Thailand, my time in The Sex capital of the world was crazy. The craze of this unusual place made me involved in sexual activity with people from all over the world. I enjoyed my living and its real open culture. But life had never been easy for me and unfortunately one of these women to whom I enjoyed making love tried to blackmail me for the money for a plane ticket to home. Me being me and secondly me being left with no money or the only that was the result of crime that I was risking myself in, I refused her to give any and even told her not to see me again. She threatened me if I didn't give her the money she required she would have me arrested and I would be thrown in jail. I hadn't done anything wrong other than having a sex with her that too on her own damn consent, I still told her NO.

In the mean time I communicated with few of my friends to help me with some money and all being good friends were ready to help me sending me money via Money Transfer Agencies; thanks to technology and services. I felt a bit relaxed knowing that I have my friends with me in this strange country, not physically but they are with me to support me morally, emotionally and financially. As days progressed in that foreign country I was arrested by the Thai police for two charges, one of rape and one of robbery. That woman blamed me to rape her, bloody bitch. And here is the cherry on the cake; the policemen in Thailand are hell corrupt so when I was arrested I was asked for a very substantial amount of money to be released. I actually had this money at my disposal due to good friends sending me money via transfer. However, I was not prepared to pay everything I had left with just to be released from custody for a crime I did not commit so I was sent to prison in Thailand. I waited for the time when my case will be appeared in court because I knew that lady had no proven hints against me. And here came the d-day; when I arrived before the courts the judge himself tried to extract an even greater amount of money from me, an amount of money that was just way beyond my accessibility. What a corrupt country it is, I was helpless. I couldn't even think to get such big amount arranged. As a result of not being willing or unable to pay this money I was sentenced to 2 years imprisonment for rape and 7 years imprisonment for robbery, because as corrupt as Thailand is money has more value and importance than physical life. Hence the higher sentence for what is even in the Western world a less of a crime

than that of rape. I was considerably frightened on even a thought of spending 9 years of my life in jail that too of a foreign country. It seemed a horrid dream to me and so it has seemed ever since. I was plastered all over the newspapers and television and Internet, it was horrendous. British and Thailand population got another spicy topic to discuss on. Newspapers were controlling the minds of people; with every new article on me they added an extra flavor to make it more crisp and spicy. The British government was now up to here because I was a British national in custody of the Thai government however they were unable to get involved with legal matters and were only allowed to oversee my physical well-being, I could not believe this I needed help badly but as usual was on my own due to policies and procedures.

Prison in Thailand was the most horrific experience that one could imagine. I was often beaten within an inch of my life because I did not understand things that were being said to me. After the children care, this was my first experience of being beaten. They too had a rod as my mom did with which they used to treat us like donkeys. I was locked in a room no bigger than your average living room with 75 other people in blistering heat with scabies, HIV, TB and all of us squashed in a ball, scrunched together on a concrete floor to sleep. I was so sore in the mornings that I just couldn't move my body and when I finally slept it felt like I was woken immediately to be put outside in the blistering sun or pouring rain in monsoon season into a huge courtyard with around 10,000 prisoners from all over the world. We were given no more than a bowl of rice twice a day with the added bonus of a boiled egg at weekends occasionally Mancoots (Asian fruit). The officers were so corrupt you could pretty much get anything you wanted, drugs in abundance particularly ice, crystal meth amphetamine. In fact the place was pretty much controlled in every way by a very wealthy Thai criminal. He assured the officers what to do, he told pretty much every inmate what to do because he was able to pay what was needed and had people like me who would do anything asked for drugs or food and believe me you needed both in that place. The things I did for this man in order to survive and due to my inability to speak Thai would really sicken you. I sold drugs, collected money, translated letters for him and beaten those people I don't even know, even stabbed, ran an errand. But following him was the only option to survive in that no less than hell.

We were allowed to write letters home at our own expense but no telephone. We were only allowed to shower once a week and that too in a ridiculous way. We were made to line up naked in rows of five, pour two buckets of water after the whistle was blown, and soap your body and then two buckets of water to rinse off. It was a very dangerous, violent, corrupt crazy place. There were Lady Boys, Shemales in the prison at various stages of sexual changes some with breasts or penises removed and various stages of hormone replacements. I witnessed people getting gang raped, killed, beaten and die of starvation or illness. I learnt to speak the language not really because I wanted to speak the language but because I needed to understand the world I was in and being able to do this is something I am pleased to come out the other side with. I had a visit every month from the British Consulate who brought me cigarettes sometimes food parcels books medication and vitamins a luxury most people did not have. In fact my embassy official went way beyond her job to help me and without her I would never have found the strength to live through it and if you are reading this, woman thanks a lot I will love you forever. Despite the physical conditions and things I had to do to survive I had to accept and live with the fact that I was going through it because of something I never did or at least the first part of the sentence. If I had paid the girl money this would never have happened. If I had paid the policeman this would never have happened, if the judge wasn't so interested in making money and really interested in doing his job and people's lives this would never have happened, but this sort of thing happens more than you could imagine. Every prisoner who goes into prison in Thailand for the first three months are placed in shackles, dirty rusty leg irons. The skill it takes to get shorts on and off with these around your legs and with the sores and cuts around your ankles is unbelievable. The shackles would sometimes be put back on you because you have a fight stopping someone stealing from you. When my case came to court it was basically the complainant's word against mine. I didn't deny having sex with her because I did I was being blackmailed by her and am even not sure if this was an organized scam with the police. In her statement she said I forced her to perform oral sex on me. When I asked if I was circumcised or not she was unable to reply, she had no answer because it never happened. I asked for medical reports photographs of bruises and nothing was permitted I was just asked by the judge for money and I could go,

except guilt and go to prison for two years or protest my innocence and go to prison for four years what was I supposed to do with that? I took the less of all evils and accepted it. I spent many hours inside my own head reliving and analyzing my life and I decide it's about time I got the things I wanted and how to get that and put all my learning contacts and favors into practice and use. I learned a valuable lesson in Thailand and that is you have to make things happen for yourself and that you can choose how you let things affect you and even more so how you react.

Now some time into my first sentence of two years for rape a crime I did not commit I received the King's pardon and reduction in sentence of some 3 ½ months, due to my conviction of not having any evidence against me, only testimony of the Swedish National. I was overwhelmed and relieved with this after long good news. However the conviction was not overturned and I still had another seven years to do with regards to my robbery offence. I instructed a solicitor or lawyer in Thailand to appeal against my length of sentence, thanks to another friend sending me money, as I felt seven years would be horrendous. Now at this time the British government wanted to transfer me back to England to finish the remainder of my sentence as conditions and family contacts would be considerably improved and I was presented with a choice except the case and drop all legal matters and start the process of returning to England. A process that I was told would take two years. Or continue with my appeal, which could take two years in itself, then start the process of returning to England. I had a choice, stay in Thailand prison for four years, in the worst conditions on the planet and fight for what was right or except what was happening to me and go home. I chose the option of returning home as I'm sure you or anybody else would have done. However, the process of returning home turned out to take 3 ½ years, but I eventually returned to England under international treaty.

Returning to UK and developing life, business and family

After some excruciating days, in fact years of my life, when I returned to England I looked like an ectomorph. Weak, powerless, rickety I had to be put on a special diet and supplements. I was suffering from malnutrition due to my inability to digest Weston foods, particularly meat. I was eventually transferred to the local prison to where I wished to reside. I spent days in prison ideating my life after prison. I had about an year remaining on my sentence when I received the letter from the Thai government stating that I had received an amnesty and my sentence would be reduced by more time than that I had remaining and was told I would be released the next morning.

I'm walking out of the gates of the prison after six-year and three months, more than five in Thailand the worst prison in the world. I was released from prison in England with no more than £50 discharge grant a set of clothes given to me by the prison and my present discharge paper and told good luck. I had nowhere to live; no friends that I could call on as I hadn't been in touch with anyone for many years and no idea how to proceed. However, I was arrested at the gates of the prison for crimes I had committed in this country prior to my leaving England. I pleaded guilty to these crimes and was put back in prison the following day. I had another several months to do. I was released from this sentence and I was arrested again at the gates of the prison for a second time and told that due to me having a conviction of a sexual nature in a foreign country I had to be subject to the sex offenders register and all that it encompasses.

I began building my life again managed to find accommodation, get benefits, get money...and to make things work with Linda- my wife and my son. Now it wasn't that easy. I got a job; I was very happy. But it took me quite a while to figure out the ways to get back to them..to have the same place in the family.....to have things work again.

After years when I saw them ...she still didn't marry any other guy but with all my works I got to know that she was dating someone. Whatsoever she looked much more beautiful than ever to me...And My lil kiddo ..he grew up so fast. Looked like a handsome lad. I last saw him when he was 5 and now after around 7 years it feels divine to see them both.

I kept chasing, romancing, wandering around Linda almost for an year and then there came a point when I was so ready to propose her. I fetched a beautiful ring spending all the money I saved from my new job. I went straight to her house where she lived with our son 'Rick'. She was doing dishes and was looking amazingly beautiful in her hair tied in a bun and a few hair flicks touching her rosy cheeks. I grabbed her hand and took her to the Garden at the backyard....she still had a saucepan in her hand. I kneeled down ..took the Ring out of the Pocket

And I said " I love you Linda ...I always did and I want to spend rest of my life annoying you ...loving you ...caring for you.. I don't want to fight about the past now ..I wanna live ..grow old with you and Rick "

" Will you marry meag...again??" She chuckled

"Queen of my dreams, Mother of my son, Lady of the Valley

Her eyes were moist, she dropped the saucepan and hugged me tightly

"Should I consider it a yes" I said embracing her more close...

She laughed softly and started repenting with her breaking voice " I am sorry Daniel for everything you to go through because of me and(I interrupted)

"shhhhhhhh Its over ...lets start a new life"

Just you ..me and Rick..... And we kissed passionately.

I had come through hell and was finally of the belief that I had left that life behind me. With the exception of the friends I had made things I could have done and arranged on my behalf and my positive outlook on life and its events.

Being on the sex offenders register still had serious consequences and effects on my life. I had to tell neighbors, friends and family that I'm on the sex offenders register which is a serious undertaking. I mean think for yourself, how do you tell people you have been convicted of rape. If I didn't inform people the police would do it for me under the disclosure laws. Social services became involved with my Linda and my son a twelve-year-old boy. I was so very upset to drag them into all this after promising Linda to be a responsible Husband and Father. But she was there by my side since then and even today. ☺ We overcame every hurdle coming our way smoothly. That is the power of true love. Linda soon became pregnant with our second child and gave birth to a beautiful angel ...we name her Mia'.

She kept seeing her son she had with George' and I never withheld. Things went pretty well then after.

My current outlook on life and perceptions

A turbulent childhood is at the root of what went on to be an equally turbulent adulthood for me. As a sufferer of abuse and a witness of many cases of abuse, my experience has built a foundation of empathy and understanding. Like so many others, my abuse begun at home. The parenting I received was inconsistent – with no fixed father figure and a physically abusive mother, what should now be pleasant memories were turned into nightmarish recollections. The treatment I received manifested itself in bad behavior on my part and so a vicious cycle began.

Social Services soon intervened and at the age of 13 and I was placed in a children's home. Whilst places like children's homes are created for the protection of children it seems as though they can often be a breeding ground for the abuse and manipulation of children. My experience with a number of institutions that were put in place to prevent the harm of children has proved that there is a blatant betrayal of trust by those put in a position of authority. This injustice has led me to deal with my trust issues and allows me to give you insight into the process of overcoming it.

The lack of moral backbone that such systems employed left myself and a number of other children confused about authority and the law – a defective trait that led to misguided criminal activity during our youths. Our misplaced trust often led us in the wrong direction and got us in trouble on more than one occasion.

It was my experiences on this journey that led to my desire to help others dealing with the same things. I travelled across the world; met amazing people and developed a better understanding of society, for all of its beauty and flaws. I've managed a childhood and adulthood full of abuse and trauma and have marched on through the hardships with the mindset that I can bring balance to my own life. Through self-taught learning and life experience I

have developed the skills that allow me to guide people when they're struggling to get their life back on the straight and narrow.

Through self-motivation and positive thinking I have turned my life around; once I was a victim and I allowed this to influence the trajectory of my life, now I have a well sorted life with my love my wife back and my two sweet kids.

After all this troubled and shitty things happening in your life .. It takes hell a lot of courage to stand up and give another shot for a perfect life. But you just have to tell yourself that ' you are gonna beat it .. You are gonna live it and you are gonna make it better soon' I did some cowardly acts of suicide .. that was a shame but then I told myself I am gonna accept my life and all the shit that I have done with myself with alacrity .. I'll fight for a better tomorrow and I am gonna give myself another chance because I love myself.

I'm living proof that no matter how bad it gets, there is a light at the end of the tunnel; this is my story that proves you can still turn things around.