



THE BEDROOM I NEVER HAD

My Life with a Sadist Father



MANUSCRIPT
Maurice Cloonan
Copyright 2017

THE BEDROOM I NEVER HAD

My Life with a Sadist Father

is a work by Maurice Cloonan
and may not be copied in part or in whole
or used in any form or fashion without the
written permission from the author.

© 2017 Maurice Cloonan
All Rights Reserved

Cover Photo

“Bedroom I Never Had”

Photography by Maurice Cloonan

© 2020 All Rights Reserved

Warning

Due to the graphic content of this book
reader discretion is advised.

Contents

Chapter 1	
Bastards on a Couch	4
Chapter 2	
When I was a Punching Bag	8
Chapter 3	
Where Am I? Is This Hell?	11
Chapter 4	
Devil in the House	19
Chapter 5	
Some Kind of Life. <i>"We are going to die tonight!"</i>	27
Chapter 6	
School begins	39
Chapter 7	
Terror! And the Devil's Joy	51
Chapter 8	
The Scythe, the Devil and the Field	57
Chapter 9	
Safe Days and Horror Nights	63
Chapter 10	
Red-hot Poker Anyone?	67
Chapter 11	
Safe Outside and Freezing to Death	74
Chapter 12	
Living Two Lives	84
Chapter 13	
Damaged!	89
Chapter 14	
God is a Cow! Heaven is a Barn	97
Chapter 15	
Showdown at the Shed	107

Chapter 1

Quiet Bastards on a Couch

AGE: 3 to 4 years old

Made to sit on couch in silence for long periods of time, verbal abuse & profanity,
forced kneeling & prayer on hard floor for hours, head bruises from fire poker,
not let outside to play, intimidation & rage

My name is Maurice and I grew up in a small country town in the west of Ireland.

I have four brothers who are all older than me, the next oldest to me is Deane and he is a year and a half older, the next is Philip, he is two years older again, Colin is a year and a half older again and the oldest is Declan by two years. My mother came from the area and had three brothers, my father grew up nearby and had two brothers and three sisters. My father had sold the house he grew up in that was left to him by his parents and built a house just up the road on land that was also given to him by his parents and had been constructed five years before I was born.

My first memory of life was physical abuse at the age of three or four years old.

Myself and my four brothers who were all older than me were sitting on the couch in an order from the oldest to the youngest myself, we were always made to sit in order like that, we were told by our father in the morning as we sat in order on the couch to be quiet for the day or he would kill us, shouting it at us and getting into a rage while shouting it at us calling us names like 'cunt' and 'bastards', he would shout "If ye are not quiet I'll fuckin kill ye, ye cunts!"

He would then go out to the yard to milk the cows as my mother was frantically making porridge for us to eat while trying to get prepared to help my father milking the cows. When my parents went to milk the cows we would eat our porridge and sit there quietly in fear remembering what our father said, what he would do to us if we weren't quiet. I looked over at each of my brothers individually and could see the fear in their faces and even at the young age that I was at, I could see a sense of panic in their faces as to what way it was going to be when he returns from milking the cows.

In the middle of milking the cows which took my parents about two and a half hours, my mother would come in to us to see if we were quiet, in the hope that we were, so he wouldn't kick off when he came in. We were quiet when she checked on us, but our

mother used to say, "Please be quiet when he comes in, or he will go cracked!" as she frantically rushed out the door to get back to help him with the milking.

As we sat there knowing that he would soon be in after milking the cows, the fear and worry grew larger, I could see it in my brothers faces as I looked over at them. I could see that they were more worried than me and I was worried. He then came in to the sitting room, where we sat there as quiet as five children could be, in a rage shouting, "Be quiet ye cunts!" repeatedly, as we couldn't be any quieter. I remember thinking, 'What's going on.' we were quiet like he demanded, but as a little time went on even at the young age I was at I could see what he was trying to do.

He just wanted to beat us no matter what, and needed an excuse to do it, so he would be shouting, "Be quiet!" so our mother would think that we didn't do what we were told and to be quiet as she rushed to get his tea ready in the kitchen.

He would somehow quiet down when our mother would say come to the kitchen for your tea, which wasn't ready but it was our mothers attempt to stop him from getting into a further rage. It was her way of stopping him without asking him as she was petrified of him.

As I was so young I don't have any recollection of what me and my brothers done for the rest of the day. I have some recollection that we had to sit there all day without being allowed outside and no television to look at as my father had the couch always facing the other direction away from the television.

I don't remember ever playing outside at that time. I just remember being on the couch feeling nervous about him coming into the house in a fit of rage, looking over at my brothers and seeing the fear and anxiety in their faces as they as they tried to be as quiet as they could.

When the evening came after sitting there on the couch all day with my brothers in silence, we would have the evening tea and straight away me and my brothers would be made kneel on the hard floor to say prayers, and we were put in order on the floor from the oldest down to the youngest, same as when we sat on the couch. With our mother standing in front of us and to the side, and he would be standing in front of us saying the prayers frantically and he seemed disturbed. I remember thinking there is something wrong, something bad is going to happen.

The floor was thin '*lino*' over concrete, so even after a few minutes my knees were sore and so were the brothers knees, we would start to kinda go to a sitting position and he would take a couple steps forward in a rage shouting, "Get up on yer fuckin knees ye cunts!" we got straight back up on our knees.

We had to have our hands in a prayer position just directly under our chin, when any of us would drop our hands even a little down from that position he came towards us in a rage and we would put our hands back into position and he would step back and start saying prayers again frantically.

I knew that this had to be kept up, and so did my brothers or his rage was going to get worse.

As more time went on my knees we raking in pain as about a half hour had passed, thinking this is just not right, my arms started to get more sore than my knees, thinking I can't do this any longer.

It lasted about another half hour and we stuck it out until the end. How we stuck it out 'til the end I'll never know.

We were made to go back to the couch after the hour of prayers in order again, faced away from the television. He and my mother would go to the kitchen or outside.

Myself and my brothers would sit there again quiet, every now and again some of us would try to talk to the other, but when we did the others said, 'Shush! Stop talkin', knowing if he caught us something bad would happen.

And they seemed very nervous as to what might happen when he came back, I was nervous to but they were older than me so they realized more than me what was really going on even though I had a good idea that things were not good.

We sat on the couch faced away from the television, we faced the wall with the holy cross, the kitchen door to the left and the range to the right.

After some time of him being gone, what I feared might happen did. He came into the sitting room where we still sat in silence on the couch, in a rage, I knew that something bad was about to happen, as he went straight towards the range and picked up the poker with our mother following him trying to pull him back. She was in an awful way, screaming and crying as she tried to go in front of him as he made in the direction of the couch and towards me where I sat at the outside of the couch.

I knew that it was going to be bad because of the rage in his face, the temper, and the way he was not stopping for my mother who was trying everything to stop him.

As he got closer he lifted his hand that he had the poker in and started to swipe the poker at my head, my mother was trying to pull his hand back, but the swipes were too aggressive for her to stop.

I thought for a second that maybe he was just going to frighten me by swiping the poker in front of my face, but then he started swiping it down on the top of my head as I sat on the couch.

He was swiping it at full force and so fast. He had hit me about ten times before I got a chance to move to think about trying to get away as I watched my mother in hysterics at this stage trying everything to stop him.

I knew with the force and the speed of the blows that things were not going to be good, I could feel the pain instantly.

I knew that already he meant to cause serious damage to me with the force he was hitting me, and I thought that if he didn't stop he was going to kill me.

I knew I had to try and get away as he wasn't calming down, and the rage was getting worse and worse.

I got off the couch and on to my feet while he was still fleecing me over the head with the poker. I then tried to run around him and get away, as I did he was turning as to stay hitting me as I was getting away, I could still feel the pain of the blows being in shock, and trying to get away.

My instinct was to run to my bedroom to protect myself, I thought when I got around him and made for the door to the hallway, that he might stop, but as I did he was following me, still hitting me viciously.

When I got to the door and opened it, I again thought that he might stop because I was getting away and maybe he thought that he had hit me enough.

As I got a couple steps into the hallway, I was looking back to see was he going to stop, he turned around to my mother who was behind him at this stage trying frantically pulling him back so he wouldn't follow me into the hallway. As she did he turned around to her and started to wave the poker viciously in front of her face.

It really frightened her as she was taking a few steps back to prevent getting hit. He then turned into the hallway and was about to start hitting me again.

I turned and started to run for my bedroom again thinking he might stop and not follow me, I got to the door, slightly looking back, seeing him still coming and still in a rage. The bedroom door was open and I ran in, pushing the door out as I ran in and jumped up on to the bed.

As I did he pushed open the door, and came over to the side of the bed and dropped the poker on the floor. I was sitting upon the bed. I didn't know what was going to happen.

Chapter 2

When I was a Punching Bag

AGE: 3 to 4 years old

First physical violations, repeated sadistic punching in the stomach, unable to breathe and feelings of dying, panic, fear and uncertainty.

He started to calm a little as he pushed me into a lying down position. When I was in a lying position, I thought that he might leave the room and let me sleep. I thought that he was pushing me into bed to sleep, but I was wrong.

As I relaxed he sat on the side of the bed turned in towards me, he lifted my jumper up to the top of my chest.

As he did so I wondered 'What is he doing?' 'What's going to happen to me?', things felt very strange. The rage had totally gone from him and he got very relaxed with a small smile on his face.

I wondered what was going on as he went from all-out rage to being totally relaxed. He started to look me straight in the eyes.

He had a smile on his face, it confused me as to why he was not angry anymore and was smiling at me and holding my jumper up to my chest.

He did so for about five to seven seconds, which felt like a very long time as I was confused to what he was doing.

He then lifted his other hand and hit me in the stomach really quickly. Instantly I lost my breath and my body lifted up to a sitting position. I couldn't breathe. I thought I was going to die. I didn't know if I was going to get my breath back. I was sure I was going to die.

His face was right in front of me, he was staring me right in the eyes. He had a pleased look on his face. He was smiling and didn't take his eyes off my face.

I kept thinking I was dying. After a few seconds my breath came back to my surprise as I thought I was going to die. When I could breathe again instantly my body fell into a lying position again. I thought 'It's over! I'm alive!' as I lay there thinking what's after happening to me.

Before I knew it, to my disbelief he lifted his hand and quickly punched me in the stomach again. And again I lost my breath and my body again came up into a sitting position. His face was in front of my face as he was slightly leaned over the bed, again staring me in the

eyes with the same smile. I could see it clearly in his face that he was getting abnormal pleasure out of the turmoil he was putting me through.
For the second time I lay back down on the bed after I got my breath back.

I couldn't believe what was happening. I was thinking all sorts, 'Is he going to do it again?' 'Will I get my breath back?' 'Am I going to die?' 'Will he stop?'
As those thoughts went through my mind very quickly, in the matter of a couple seconds, he then again repeated it, over and over as each time I still thought that I might not get my breath back and die.
Eventually he stopped. I don't know how long it was going on. He picked up the poker from the floor and quietly left closing the door after him.
In the length of time he had spent in my room torturing me my mother had very quickly and quietly got my brothers to their rooms and into bed.
Just as he had left the room I could hear my mother screaming and crying from her bedroom. I couldn't hear anything from my brother's room, they were so quiet, like they weren't in the house.
A very short time later my father had gone into his bedroom where my mother was still crying and screaming. He started to shout at her to shut up in abusive language. "Shut up you cunt!" he shouted at her really loud and very angrily.
She instantly stopped. The house was so silent.
I couldn't hear anything from any of my family as I lay there afraid, they all must be, and thinking 'What is just after happening to me?'
'Why is this happening?' 'Why is our father doing this to us?'

I lay there not able to move. My head was in tremendous pain from the blows of the poker but I didn't think much of that as I was in some kind of shock wondering 'What is this?' as I listened to the silence of everybody. There wasn't a single noise in the house.

I lay there for some time with all the horrible thoughts, eventually falling asleep. I woke very early in the morning to the same thoughts and feelings. I wondered was everybody asleep or were they awake like me feeling sad and confused as to what had happened to us last night. I felt somewhat relieved that it was morning and that the horrible night was over, but I started to feel that there was something wrong with my mother. I started to panic a bit. I had been awake for about an hour or two but it felt like days as I eventually heard my father stepping out into the hallway from his bedroom. I didn't hear him get dressed in his room. I got a bit nervous as he walked down the hallway towards my room, but he walked past my door into the kitchen and out the back door into the yard.
I felt relief that he had gone out of the house and had not come into my room, but then straight back into panic saying to myself, 'There is something wrong with my mother. There is something wrong with my mother!' I didn't know what. I couldn't hear anything from her room.

I said I have to go and check. I got out of bed and rushed to the door, but when I got to the door I stopped. I got really nervous thinking 'What am I going to find?' I said to myself. 'I can't do this!' and started to panic more. A few seconds passed and I said I have to do this, I have to go to my mother, I stepped into the hallway and started slowly walking down the hallway towards my mother's door. I got more and more nervous thinking 'Will I go back to my room?' 'I can't go any further.' but I kept going. I seen that her door was

open and I slowly peeped my head over and looked in. I seen my mother lying there on her side with her eyes wide open staring at the wall. She didn't see me. She looked traumatized. I then stepped into the opening of the door and stood there for a few seconds. She still didn't recognise I was there as she stared through the wall. I got very emotional, but I tried not to cry and said 'Mommy are you ok?' she didn't say anything for a couple seconds and then still staring at the wall she said really gently, 'I am, Maurice.'

I knew she was going through an awful time, but I was glad she was alive and wasn't physically hurt. I went back to my room and laid down, a bit more relaxed, but I was still thinking all sorts, wondering 'Is anybody going to get up?' 'What do I do now.'
After a while, which seemed very long, I could hear my mother walking down the hallway very quietly. I did not hear her get up in the room. She went into the kitchen and seemed to be doing something very quietly. I thought maybe she is making breakfast and she seemed to walk back to her room and then again to the kitchen a few times, very slowly and quietly. I could sense that she was barely coping with everything our father had put her and my brothers through seeing what he did to me with the poker.

I felt a lot of sadness for her.

I knew my brothers were probably awake and scared.

They made no noise whatsoever.

Chapter 3 Where Am I?... Is This Hell?

AGE: 4 to 6 years old

Verbal abuse, extreme rage, prayers & profanity, head bruising with fire poker,
domestic violence to mother and brothers, continued stomach punching,
unable to breathe, panic and fear of dying or being killed,
threatened with a shotgun.

Sometime later my mother went in to Declan and Martin's room and called out their names, 'Declan. Colin. Will ye get up, very quietly and politely?' I could tell by her voice that she was very sad and then she went in to Keiran and Deane room and again called out their names 'Keiran. Deane. Will ye get up?'

I started to get up. I didn't want my mother to see me in bed sad. My mother came in, as she was opening the door she called out my name Maurice, I had been out of the bed when she came all the way in.

'Oh! You're up.' she says, she seemed to be a little better when she saw that we were all ok.

She then went to the kitchen, after getting dressed. I heard my brothers coming out of their rooms and into the hallway. I went into the hallway and followed them into the sitting room and we all sat on the couch again in order oldest to the youngest, at this stage we knew that was where we had to sit to please our father.

We were quiet not saying a word, I could see that my brothers were nervous and fearful, so was I, wondering what is going to happen, feeling sad.

Our mother was in the kitchen getting the breakfast very silently. I heard our father coming in and doing something in the kitchen, my mother and father did not talk and he went outside again.

Our mother came into the kitchen with a bowl of porridge for me and my brothers and went back into the kitchen.

During our time eating our breakfast our father had come into the kitchen and back outside several times without making much noise and without talking to our mother and she did not attempt to talk to him.

At this stage I got more relaxed and so did my brothers as our father didn't come in from outside shouting at us or in a rage. He was so quiet.

We sat there all day, we knew we were not allowed to play. We didn't even talk to each other or make noise as we knew this would displease our father. All day I kept touching the many bumps on my head as a result of the poker. When I touched them they were soft with what seemed like water inside, I never felt anything so sore.

Towards evening, after a long day of sitting on the couch in silence, our mother said, 'I have to send ye to bed now.' She was trying to get us to bed early to avoid a repeat of the night before. We went to bed. I felt relieved, thinking my father might not harm us again.

The following morning I woke up and heard my mother getting my three oldest brothers ready for school. My brothers left for school in the car driven by our father. My mother came into my room first as it was the closest room to the sitting room, and said, 'Do you want to get up Maurice?' 'Yeah, I'm getting up now.' I replied. She then went into my older brothers room, Deane, who was too young for school. 'Deane do you want to get up?' she said to him and walked down the hallway and into the kitchen. When I was dressed I went into the sitting room and sat in my position at the outside of the couch, a short time later Deane came in and sat in his position on the couch beside me. Our mother gave us a bowl of porridge each and went back to the kitchen. We ate the porridge quickly and left the bowls on the floor, and started to play and talk on the couch.

Our father came back after dropping Declan, Colin and Philip to school, he came in to the kitchen and said a few words to our mother. He could hear myself and Deane playing on the couch but he didn't come in near us.

He and our mother then went outside to milk the cows. Myself and my brother forgot about the fear of our father as we ran around the house from room to room.

Our mother came in to check on me and Deane a couple of times while she was helping our father outside milking the cows.

When our mother and father had finished milking the cows, they came in and had their tea. Our father never said anything to me and Deane as we played in the house.

As the day went on our father left us alone. Things seemed a lot different to the previous couple of days. At three o'clock our father went into the village to pick up our brothers from school which was a mile and a half from our house.

When they got home we were all given our dinner that our mother had prepared during the day. Declan, Colin and Philip were told that they had to do their homework when they had finished their dinner.

When dinner was finished our mother told me and Deane politely to try and stay quiet as our brothers had to concentrate on doing their homework.

Our father went outside to the farm to do the jobs. When the homework was finished our brothers put their school bags in their rooms and then came and took their positions on the couch as myself and Deane played.

When the evening came our father came in and seeing myself and Deane playing on the ground and shouted at us using bad language, "Get up in the fucking couch with the rest of them! And let me not hear a word out of ye for the rest of the night." And went out into the yard to do the evening milking with our mother following him.

While the cows were being milked, myself and Deane played a little on the couch but Declan, Colin and Philip stayed quiet looking nervous and afraid as myself and Deane tried

to interact with them as they seemed to get more nervous when we did so and didn't react to us for they feared him coming into the house in a rage.

When the evening milking was over we heard him coming in and myself and Deane stopped playing and went dead quiet like the rest of our brothers.

He entered the room in a rage shouting in bad language, "Be quiet ye cunts!" as we didn't know what to do, we couldn't have been any quieter. But again he wanted our mother who at this stage was in the kitchen to think we were making noise so he would have an excuse to beat us.

Again using bad language he shouted, "Be quiet I said!" in a temper. Again I thought he is looking for any excuse to start. He then turned to go to the kitchen, talking to himself, saying, "Ye fucking cunts." It was a relief he didn't start beating us, our mother made the tea and we sat at the table to our food. As we were eating our food he started shouting at us saying, "Be quiet and eat yer food ye cunts!"

Some of us stopped eating as we had enough with some food still left on the plate. He got really angry shouting, "Eat yer food!" and got up off his chair as if to go for us, shouting, "If ye don't eat it, I'll fucking kill ye, ye cunts!"

We all finished our food as he told us to do, knowing if we didn't there would be trouble. It was a struggle to finish it, but it was better than getting beaten.

Our father then told Declan, Colin and Philip to get into their altar clothes that they wore serving mass in the local church. Myself and Deane didn't have to as we were too young to serve mass and had no altar suit.

As my brothers went to their rooms to put on their suits, myself and Deane sat on the couch waiting for our brothers to come from their rooms as we knew that we were going to say prayers.

When my brothers came in to the sitting room, we were told to get on our knees and into position, again from the oldest down to the youngest.

Our father stood in front of us as we faced the holy cross that was on the wall directly behind him, our mother stood to the right of him beside the window.

He told us to join our hands and put them directly under our chin,

We did so and he started to say prayers. As prayers went on myself and Deane started to poke each other in the side, looking at each other skitting and laughing.

Our father instantly made a go for us. We stopped and he stood back, we knew not to do it again.

As time passed he started to get agitated, he was saying the prayers very quickly. I could see that he seemed very bothered about something, as I thought that he was about to cry.

It was nearly impossible to stick the pain in my knees and arms as the prayers went on, going to a sitting position and back up to get relief without him noticing it. He didn't notice it all of the time, but when he did he would make a go for me, as to get me not to do it again. The prayers finally ended and Declan, Colin and Philip were told to take off their altar clothes.

They did and then joined myself and Deane on the couch as our father and mother went to the kitchen. We were nervous again sitting there motionless. I couldn't hear anything.

They must have gone outside.

After a while he came into the sitting room in a rage and grabbed Philip from the middle of the couch into the middle of the floor and started to punch him everywhere as hard as he could. I thought that he was going to kill Philip! The rest of my brothers were looking at

the ground fearful, I then looked at the ground as he stayed beating Philip. Philip didn't cry, he was in shock, I thought Philip was going to die. He then stopped and kicked Philip back onto the couch. I looked over, he didn't seem injured. He turned his head to the left and sunk into the couch, he wasn't crying as he was in so much shock.

Our mother came in from outside not knowing what he did to Philip.

He started to shout, "I'll fucking kill the cunts!" as he walked toward the kitchen and our mother said to us quietly, 'Boys, I'm going to send ye to bed now.' as to avoid more violence from our father. We went to bed. It was very early and I lay there thinking what he had done to Philip.

A day later or days later we did the usual things, myself and Deane played around the house during the day as Declan, Colin and Philip were in school. The evening time had come again and we sat on the couch after the prayers, again nervous as to what way our father would be.

He came into the sitting room in a rage and made for the poker and our mother following him crying and screaming trying to pull him back. He made in my direction waving the poker up and down viciously, I knew I was in trouble.

He started hitting me across the head viciously. I got off the couch and tried to run around him, my mother was screeching and crying, still trying to stop him. As I was getting around him he started to go for my fingers, he missed a few times, and a few times he got them.

The pain was very, very bad. As I got further around him he started me on the shoulder and again on the top of the head.

I made for the hall door to try and get to my room. When I got into the hallway I stopped and again he turned to my mother and waved the poker in her face so she wouldn't follow him any further, she ran to my brothers and was shouting 'Come on lads! Come on!!'

I turned and ran for the room with my father following me. When I got in I got under the blankets lying on my back he came in, through the poker on the floor and started swinging both arms really fast and really hard at the top of my head. I said to myself 'I'm going to die. I'm going to die!' I didn't try to stop him, I had given up and had expected that I was going to die as he kept swinging.

As he was hitting me he was saying "You fucking cunt!" repeatedly and seemed to be very emotional and nearly crying. As if he had experienced a very traumatic experience.

After some time he stopped, picked up the poker off the floor and left. I couldn't believe I was alive after the attack. I lay there short on breath. I had gone into some state of shock or something.

My mother had put my brothers in bed in the time of the attack and I could hear her frantically saying prayers from her room. He went in to her and shouted, "Shut up u cunt!" and then there was silence.

I couldn't believe what just happened, my head was in so much pain, I said I'm still going to die, even at that young age I said to myself 'My head is badly damaged, and I'm going to die any second.' I was in shock and had expected that I was going to die, I felt very sad that my life was at an end.

I prayed to God, repeatedly asking him to please let me live.

The pain persisted for hours as I waited to die. I hoped that there might be a small chance the pain would go and I would survive but I just couldn't see that happening.

After what seemed to be a very long time, hours, the pain subsided, I couldn't believe it, 'I'm going to live.' I said to myself, as I relaxed and thanked God.

It was a miracle my father had not killed me. I lay there thinking, 'What is all of this? Is this life? Is this the way it's meant to be?' but relieved I was ok.

Sometime later I slept, and in the morning I woke up relieved thinking this is probably the way it's meant to be getting beaten by this man who was in charge of us. I didn't see him as a father.

When my father had got up and went outside, my mother ran down the hallway, opened the door and said to me, 'Are you alright?' looking worried. I replied, 'Yeah, I am.' and she hurried to the kitchen to make his morning tea.

The abuse continued, nearly every evening, and myself and my brothers had learned bad language, that we learned from our father.

Evening time came and he came in from outside in his usual fashion, in a rage, grabbing the poker and hitting me on the head.

I got up and around him and as I thought that he just wanted to make me cry I said to him while running for the hall door, 'I won't cry for you ya bastard!', and got into my room. I had enough and decided to not let him see that what he was doing was bothering me. So he came in, dropped the poker on the floor, and punched me in the stomach, winding me, and when I got my breath back for a few seconds he punched again. He did so for some time and I took it, and tried my best to give off the impression that there was nothing going on.

He stopped and left the room pulling the door closed after him. I said to myself, 'That's the way to deal with him.' as I lay there.

A very short time later, the door opened quietly and there was my father holding the shotgun in his hands. He stood at the opening of the door holding the gun at shoulder height pointing it at me.

Straight away I said to myself, 'I'm dead.'

I was calm, very calm as I looked straight at him. He was trembling at first, but only slightly for a few seconds, and then he went into total calmness, looking straight into my eyes. I felt like I didn't care if he shot me, as then the abuse would be over. I was thinking for the short time he was calm, maybe he will still shoot me but he might go away, I didn't care. He then dropped the gun slowly still looking straight at me and turned around and left very calmly.

I couldn't believe he didn't shoot me. I started thinking, 'He could come back.' and I started to panic, thinking if he comes back with the gun again, he will definitely shoot me. I started to panic more and more as I sat upright on the bed.

I knew I had to do something but I couldn't think what to do. I began to think he's going to come back and I'm definitely going to die.

I moved down and sat at the bottom of the bed and sat there thinking, 'What the hell am I going to do?' I started to panic more as I still couldn't think of how to save myself. It was hard to breath. I took a few steps to the right and then back to the bottom of the bed. I kept doing this trying to think what to do. I had been in the room for a couple hours or more, it seemed forever.

I decided I had to get out of the house, I got out the back door and decided I'd go next door to my uncle and aunt. Their house was only a short distance away.

As I walked over the road I felt that I was going to be saved.

I went and knocked on the front door. Nobody got up. I then went round to the back door and started to knock but nobody heard me. I went to the front door again, I knocked for ages, but nothing. I then went to my uncle's window and started shouting 'Get up!' repeatedly as I wasn't tall enough to bang on the window. They didn't hear me. I went to the back windows to try and wake my cousins, shouting 'Get up!' repeatedly but nobody got up. I thought they have to hear me, but they just don't care. I started to panic that nobody was going to get up.

I kept going from window to window for some time. I went to my uncle's window again shouting, but nothing. I then got paranoid, saying to myself, 'Is my uncle part of this?' and thinking maybe he hears me but he won't get up.

'Why is everybody against me?' I kept thinking, 'Everybody hates me.'

'Maybe I shouldn't be trying to escape? Maybe I should be at home in bed? The beatings, the gun, it's probably the way it's meant to be.' I said to myself and decided to go home. I walked over the road home, somewhat calm, as I had convinced myself that all the bad things that are happening are meant to happen and this is what a child has to go through. When I got home I went straight to my room, I just laid on the bed, I didn't take my clothes off, I laid there for some time thinking, 'Will I go to sleep?' It's been ages and I can't hear anything from my father's room. He probably won't get up now, or will I try to stay awake just in case.

I stayed awake for a good while more, somewhat relaxed as I feared the worst might not happen now, but I wasn't fully sure.

I have no recollection if I stayed awake into the morning or if I fell asleep. In the morning I woke early or had still been awake. I was waiting for everybody to get up, and it will be a new day and I could forget about what happened and feel safe.

Eventually I heard my father get up, I was glad it was finally a new day. As he walked down the hallway I got a bit nervous that he might come into my room but he walked past and had gone outside, I was relieved when he did so.

Sometime later I heard my brothers getting up and then I had total relief that the bad night was over, it was a new day.

The abuse continued, which seemed to be every evening or almost every evening and at this stage I knew it was something that I had to go through and that it was probably all part of life, and I expect it to some degree.

Deane was to start his first day at school, so when we got up in the morning I watched them all getting ready, then my father brought them off in the car. My mother was making me breakfast as she had already given the breakfast to my brothers first because they had to go to school. It felt a bit strange now that Deane had been gone to school as well and I was there by myself.

I had my breakfast and then my father came back from dropping my brothers to school, came into the kitchen, said a few words to my mother and then went outside to milk the cows.

My mother came in to me and said 'Maurice, I'm going out to give your father a hand milking the cows, and I'll be in, in a while to check on ya.'

When she had gone I felt bored, walking from room to room, time went very slow, and later as my mother said, had come in to check on me, asking me was I ok, I told her I was fine, and she left telling me that she wouldn't be much longer.

I had been running from room to room when my father came in, he wasn't in a rage and told me quietly to quiet down. I was surprised as to how nice he was.

Some days later he came in after milking the cows, I had been standing on the floor in the sitting room. He came in front of me shouting "You little bastard! I'll fucking kill ya, ya cunt!" I stood there looking at him as he was getting more and more into a rage, clinching his fists and stamping his feet.

I didn't move as he was shouting, "Fucker! fucker! Fucking fucker!!" nearly blue in the face, I wasn't afraid,

I felt like I had done something wrong, or that I was different as he picked on me all the time and not my brothers. I knew he had a deep hatred for me.

By now I had never recognized him as a father, he was just an evil man that was in charge of me and my brothers and my mother and I could feel only hatred for him, like he had for me.

He continued to do this every morning when he came in after the milking, shouting abuse and intimidating me by clinching his fists and stamping his feet but he always eventually backed off, and he had never hit me in the mornings or in the day.

In the evenings it was the same routine, we said prayers for an hour and stuck through the pain of kneeling on the hard floor without hesitation to relax, he never got easy on us during prayers.

And afterwards he would kick off into a rage beating me with the poker and following me into my bedroom. My mother started putting me into bed early to stop him from beating me, she thought this might stop him.

I had been lying in bed one evening wide awake, my father had been somewhere and came back, he started shouting about something for some time and then he started telling my brothers to go to bed. I heard them hurry down the hallway with my father behind them saying "Get into bed ye cunts! And let me not hear another thing out of ye for the night." and he was calming down.

I wasn't afraid as he was calming down. There was silence for a few seconds, the door opened, it was my father, he closed the door out fully. It felt strange as he was not in a rage. I wondered what is he doing? He came and sat on the side of the bed, pulled the blanket off me and started punching me in the stomach and winding me repeatedly with a sick sense of pleasure in his face as he watched me go through it. He then left. I was shocked that he had come in and done this again. I felt very fed up and sad as I wiped his sweat that was dripping from his nose from my chest with the blanket and then pulled it over myself. I froze just staring at the ceiling.

I was so fed up, I went into starting to think, 'I don't care anymore. I'd be better off if he killed me.'

In the mornings I would think about what happened to me, but when I got up I forgot about it and got on with the day.

One weekend had come and my brothers were off school. When we got up in the morning we were told to go onto the couch by our father roaring and shouting at us that we were to be quiet for the day or he would kill us. He got into a full rage, fists clinched, stamping his feet, spit coming from his mouth as he leaned right into the couch. I thought he was going to kill us all, he eventually calmed down and went outside to our mother who was getting the milking started.

He had really frightened us all this time, he usually wasn't that angry in the mornings.

Just as he had gone, Colin said, 'Listen all of ye! We are going to have to go to the Guards.' Declan and Philip said 'What?' 'We are going to have to go to the guards about him. He can't be doing this to us.' said Colin.

I felt relieved when he said it, finally it's going to be over I thought. When Keiran and Declan said, 'How will we get to the guards?' Colin said, 'We will walk into town and go to the Guards. Come on now! We will go now. Come on.' he said really quickly.

Philip and Declan looked really on edge with Kieran saying, 'If he catches us, he will kill us!' and Declan agreeing. I wanted to go. I was hoping Philip and Declan would get the courage to go.

Deane wasn't saying anything, I thought if we go he will probably catch us up the road, as the village was far away, and thinking maybe we will make it as it took my parents a long time to milk the cows. I just wanted to go. Declan and Philip kept saying, 'He'll catch us if we go and he'll kill us!'

Colin said really quickly, 'We'll vote. Who wants to go?' I said quickly, 'I want to go.'

Deane was staring at the ground saying nothing, he looked really frightened. Declan and Philip said nothing looking at the ground when Colin got angry, saying 'We have to go. We have to stop him. The Guards will talk to him and stop him killing us.' Declan then said, 'We are not going.' when Colin got up saying, 'Come on! Come on!' in a panic and we all got up and started to follow him out of the house.

Nobody said anything as we got onto the road, I was sure that our father would see us from the shed and come after us. I was very nervous walking past the entrance to the yard, convinced he would see us, I'm sure my brothers were thinking and feeling the same as we walked quickly past the entrance.

Declan, Philip and Colin was in front of me and Deane was behind as we walked in a line up the road towards the village, keeping in close to the ditch. I wasn't thinking if a car stops we can tell them what our father was doing to us, then I just kept walking without any more thoughts looking at the ground. When Philip panicked, turned around and said 'I'm going back.' We all turned and followed him, I started to think I hope we make it back without being seen by our father.

We got past the entrance to the yard without being seen with Philip walking really quickly in front and I followed. We got in to the sitting room, sat up on the couch and we all just went into pure silence and sat there. I felt disappointed that we didn't keep going, I said to myself there is no way out of this, feeling trapped.

Chapter 4 Devil in the House

AGE: 5 to 6 years old

Sadistic violations, physical abuse and torture, rage and intimidation, threats of killing myself and my mother, threats to keep silent, lying and manipulations, public humiliation.

My grandmother and grandfather came to babysit me and my brothers when my parents would go to a funeral, a wedding or to visit friends.

My mother would say 'Granny and granddad are coming to babysit ye while myself and yer father are gone.' We were really happy when she would say they were coming as myself and my brothers thought our grandparents were great.

On the morning they would be coming, I would be really excited waiting for them to come.

A taxi would pull up outside with my granny and grandfather in it, and everybody would start shouting, 'They are here! They are here!'

Granny would come in first and say hello to everyone. Everyone loved granny, she was really nice and would never give out to us. Grandad would come behind her holding up five bars of chocolate in his hand, he would give myself and my brothers a bar each, my brothers would eat their chocolate and I would leave mine on the window and start to play with grandad. He would pretend to box me and I would pretend to box him, and then the rest of my brothers would join in. We could finally talk and play now that our grandparents were here.

My father would always be nice when they came, talking and laughing with grandad, he found grandad very amusing as my grandfather never took anything serious, and would always make a laugh and joke about every conversation.

We thought he was really funny when my granny would ask him something, he would pretend not to really hear her, hearing her clearly he would put his ear up close to her and say, 'What was that?' my granny would repeat it, she might say to him it's time for your dinner and he would try to say something that sounded like that, knowing full well what she said he would say to her, 'I'm a sinner?'

Everybody would laugh, and granny would get embarrassed, but she loved the attention from my grandfather and to her embarrassment he would continue this throughout the day.

Grandad would stand at the window sometimes looking to see if there was any foxes in the field and when he would see one he would ask my father to get the gun, we would get excited looking at grandad aiming out the window with our mother telling us to block our ears because of the loud bang. It was the highlight of the day watching grandad use the gun, and my brother would ask him many questions about the gun with everyone carefully listening to grandad talking about shooting the gun.

My mother would say to me, 'Maurice, granny and grandad are going to sleep in your room so I'm going to make a bed on the couch for you when I get home.'

I couldn't wait for my father to go as I felt a kind of relief when he would leave the house and I knew that I was safe when he came home because granny and grandad were here and he couldn't do anything to me. After my parents would leave, myself and my brothers would have a great time with granny and grandad. They were really good to us and never gave out, I remember thinking. 'It would be great if they could stay all the time' or 'If my father could be like my grandad.'

We spent most of the day asking granny questions, although we could be ourselves now that our father was out for the day. We were still relatively quiet as we were conditioned into thinking this is the way to be. We never really went outside either, sometimes myself and Deane attempted to but granny would always stop us, we were too young to go outside by ourselves.

Declan, Colin and Philip didn't attempt to go outside, my father had put so much fear into them that they were still trying to please him even though he was gone by not going outside as our father never let us go outside. But they were more relaxed as I was too knowing for now that we were safe from the violence of our father.

When my parents would get back everyone would go to bed and my mother would get the couch ready for me to sleep on.

As I lay on the couch I felt really safe as my father had gone to bed and my mother was still up having a cup of tea in the kitchen before she went to bed.

In the mornings granny would get up first and start to make breakfast followed by my mother asking me, 'Was I ok? Did I sleep well?'

Granny would say to get up and put the blankets away so everybody would have a place to sit when they got up.

Everybody would get up and grandad would be last and we couldn't wait for him to get up laughing and joking about everything.

My grandparents would stay until after dinner then a taxi would come and pick them up and bring them home, all of us would be disappointed to see them go.

I felt sad seeing them go and I knew that I was again unprotected from my father.

The abuse continued and the evening had come once again and my father kicked off and following me into my bedroom punching me in the stomach and winding me repeatedly. He stopped and reached in and started to open my pants, I thought maybe he is going to undress me for bed, but he never usually did.

I knew there was something not right, it felt wrong and dirty but I still kept saying to myself maybe he's going to undress me and put me under the blankets but then I see that smile, pleased look come on his face, that he would have on his face while I would be winded from the punches in the stomach. I felt exposed and tampered with as my pants was coming off, the thought of something wrong happening grew larger as the pleased look on my father's face got stronger and stronger.

He got my pants fully off and pushed my legs apart, I didn't know what the hell was going on as he looked between my legs for more than a few seconds. I felt dirty or ashamed or something as I wondered what is he doing and why is he looking between my legs, he had his left hand on my left leg, holding it open and then he lifted his right hand and started punching me between the legs in my private parts.

I said to myself, 'What in the name of God is he doing?!' I was so confused as to what he was doing. I didn't feel much pain at first as he kept looking between my legs while he was punching, again I kept thinking, 'What is he doing?! What is this about?' I could feel his fist hitting bone between my legs that eventually started to hurt a bit, he done this for some time then he lifted the blanket and covered me and left silently. I felt dirty and ashamed after he left wondering what was he doing, what is this, and why did he do that?

The following night or nights he had followed me to the bedroom, punched me in the stomach and then he went to open my pants again. I didn't want him opening my pants again, so when he went to open them I started to push his hands away. He was trying to hold my hands with his left hand and trying to open my pants with his other. He got the button open in my pants, I really didn't want him to get my pants off, I got furious and tried everything to get away from him, he was trying to hold me down with one hand and pulling my pants off with the other, somewhere I got a crazy burst of energy, I started pushing and pulling, trying everything I could, I was in a rage, for a couple seconds. I thought I might be able to fight him off, I was in that much of a rage, I got my body up a few times but he just kept pushing me back down and holding me. I couldn't get up again so I started to move; pushed my feet into the bed, and started to frantically move my hip area up and down so he wouldn't be able to get my pants off.

He wasn't easing off, he kept trying. This went on for some time, it looked like he was finding it hard but wasn't stopping. He was getting my pants down further and further, I started to really struggle, and I was getting tired. Eventually I gave up. I was beat, and my body relaxed as I had no energy left. When I did so the pleased look came on his face, and he said to me, "That's the good boy."

I felt really dirty with my pants down again, but this time more so than before as it felt really perverted when he said, 'That's the good boy.'

It felt like he thought I relaxed my body to let him at me, I hadn't anything left in me to fight anymore.

He punched me repeatedly, I could feel his fist hitting bone between my legs and it wasn't really sore at first but as he kept punching it started to get sore.

He left the room shouting, "He's like a demon! He's like a demon!"

I couldn't hear anybody, only my father going around the house calling me a demon. I felt like my mother and brothers were going to think that I was at fault.

Even at the young age of four I could see that he was trying to manipulate my family. That he had to beat me because I was a demon and did something wrong and he knew this time that my mother heard the struggle between myself and my father and needed to cover himself for this.

He left me feeling dirty, ashamed and feeling some sort of guilt, thinking maybe my mother fell for his manipulation and thinks I did something wrong, and that I didn't want to go to bed for my father and that's why there was a struggle in my bedroom.

From then on, every night he would do this and I fought the same; moving my hip area up and down frantically but I wouldn't get away, and when I would give in and stop trying to fight it, he would say the same thing, "That's the good boy." every time this made me feel very uncomfortable.

The weekend had come and my brothers were off school and my uncle-in-law who was a Guard in the next town over came to visit. Declan, Colin and Philip were outside. They were allowed outside when visitors came, my father didn't want people to know that he wouldn't let us outside.

Myself and Deane were playing on the floor while my father talked to our relation at the table, my mother sat on the couch drinking tea.

All of a sudden my father got up off the chair in a rage and made a go for myself and Deane on the floor. He was furious, I thought he is going to kill myself and Deane, he stopped in front of us and started shouting "Be quiet ye cunts! I'll fucking kill ye!" straight away my uncle-in-law got up and said Michael come out here I want to talk you.

My father got very nervous and followed him out the back.

He must have quizzed my father and mother what was going, and I think my mother must have taken this chance to tell someone what was going on, it was the chance she was finally waiting for.

She knew that if she had gone to tell someone before this, he would kill her for going behind his back, and this time someone seen it for themselves, and it was a person of the law.

Some days later the Guard had come to the house and he must have told my father to go somewhere and then he and my mother called myself and my brothers to come to the sitting room as we had to be told something very important.

The five of us came to the sitting room and my mother told us nicely to sit down, with the Guard standing beside her. I knew that it was going to be something regarding my father, she said really slowly and clearly, 'We are moving ye all to Cork and we are going to live with your Aunt Pearl and Frank.' I felt very sad. I thought it was just myself and my brothers, then she said myself and yourselves are going to live in Cork and yer father is staying here. I felt relief and thought of our mother looking after us, she was so nice to us. I said to myself, 'It's finally over.' I felt saved and I thought about my father living by himself, I don't know why I felt some sort of sadness for him.

My mother said to us, 'Do ye feel ok about that boys?' we all replied 'Yeah' and our mother seemed to be very happy that we were ok with moving, and said we are organising to move

us down in the next couple days, 'Ye are ok so.' she said and left the room with the Guard. My mother had been outside talking to the Guard for some time, hours, and no sign of our father.

Later on in the day my mother and the Guard came into the house and asked Declan to get myself and Deane as they wanted to talk to us.

Declan found us in the hallway and said, 'Ye have to go to the sitting room. Ye are wanted.' so we went to the sitting room where my mother and the Guard stood earlier, and asked us to sit down, so myself and Deane sat on the floor.

Our mother said, what we were talking about earlier, moving away, we just want to make sure ye are all right with moving. 'Deane. Are u ok with it?' and he nodded his head, then she said, 'Maurice. Are u ok about moving?' and I nodded my head like Deane.

She said, 'That's good boys.' and seemed relieved that myself and Deane were fine with it. She just wanted to make sure as myself and Deane were very young and thought we needed to be told again and that we might not have fully understood what was going on.

She and the Guard left. My mother looked happy, I felt even better again, thinking this is really happening. I felt that the Guard fixed everything and from now on everything was going to be ok.

That day I played with Deane, feeling free and free to play, and if our father comes in he won't be able to do anything to us now that the Guard knew what he was doing to us and probably told him not to beat us anymore.

The following day or days our mother called us all to the sitting room, she wanted to talk to us, she had something to say to us.

We all came to the sitting room, our mother had been standing in the same place where she and the Guard had told us about the move to Cork.

We sat down on the floor, I didn't know what it was going to be about, she said, 'We are not moving to Cork. We are going to stay here.' she didn't seem herself.

I didn't know what to feel. I was disappointed, thinking, 'Why aren't we going? I thought 'I'm stuck here', I said to myself, 'I'm just going to have to put up with the beatings, but maybe it might be ok now that the Guard might have frightened him into leaving us alone.' I felt a bit nervous as I didn't really know what way things were going to be,

thinking, 'Is he going to continue to beat me, or is he going to leave me alone now?' My mother left the room looking disappointed, she probably felt like she let us down, as our mother would do anything for us, but she had been manipulated by our father to pull the plug on moving to Cork and had been threatened in numerous ways if she didn't.

I couldn't tell what way my brothers took it, they said nothing, they were always quiet anyway, our father had put so much fear into them, I'm sure they were probably very disappointed as they really feared our father.

For us it was back to kneeling on the hard floor every evening saying prayers and living in fear of our father. In the evenings and the weekends when my brothers were off from school, our father had started to let us go outside, which was a relief for us even though we were conditioned to being in the house all the time. It was great to be finally let outside and not under the watchful eye of our father.

One day he had said to my brothers, "I'm going down the fields. Ye are to come as well." My mother was in the kitchen making dinner, my brothers started to follow him and I went to follow my brothers thinking that I was to go as well, when he turned and said to me, "Where the fuck do you think ur going? Stay there you little fucker!" getting in to a bit of a rage and spit coming from his lips.

He turned around and walking out the door he said to my mother still with anger in his voice, "Keep that cunt here!" and went out the door with my brothers following him. I didn't really feel left out because I knew I was safe while he was gone and I was left with my mother who was very nice to me.

I was a bit bored while they were gone, there was nobody to play with or talk to but I knew I was safe where I was with my mother, which made me happy.

My mother talked to me whenever she could, always asking was I ok, but she was busy making dinner so she couldn't be with me all the time.

I ran around the house by myself, and my mother checking on me whenever she could.

Sometime later my father and my brothers had come back, my brothers didn't come in they were taking advantage of being allowed outside, I was in the sitting room when my father walked past my mother in the kitchen and came in to me in a rage with his fists clinched, shouting at me, "You little fucker! You little cunt! I had a right to fucking kill ya you cunt."

I stood there looking at him as he was getting more and more angry, I remember saying to myself, he really hates me, and I hate him, I could sense that he didn't like that my mother treated me so well or something like that.

I stood there and didn't move just looking at him in a rage shouting all sorts, he made a couple lunges forwards as to go for me but I didn't move, he eventually turned around and walked towards the kitchen still cursing and calling me a cunt.

This continued, he would bring my brothers places and leave me behind, and on return he would shout abuse at me and call me names in front of my brothers trying to get them to laugh at me, they never did but my father would try and make a fool out of me any chance he would get.

Every year we would all go to Knock to pray. It was a very religious place with many churches on the one ground and was a two hour drive from our house.

One of our cousins from Cork had been staying with us over night for a week and was to make the journey to Knock with myself and my brothers and we all crowded in together in the back of the car with my parents up front.

Nor myself or the rest of my brothers particularly enjoyed going to Knock but we didn't have any choice as my parents were very holy, with my mother's uncle and aunt being involved in the church, one being a priest and the other a nun, but for me it was a day without abuse so there was something really good about the day for me.

All day I was walking around the grounds after my parents as they followed the many people walking around in a big circle on the grounds saying prayers and when that part was over there was a break before mass was said in the many churches on the grounds.

Myself and my brothers were told that we could go wherever we wanted but had to meet up at the front of the churches in a half hour so we took advantage and walked around the place looking at the holy statutes and many other things on the grounds.

After the half hour we met with our parents and my brothers and our cousin didn't want to go into the church and discussed this with our parents. My father had been quiet and said nothing and I had thought, he's only being nice in front of our cousin and had not told us that we had to come into the church.

'Sur ye can come in after a while if ye want.' said my mother when Philip burst out laughing knowing that they were not going to go into the church at any stage and knowing our mother would only want for us, what we wanted.

My mother said, 'Sur go on all of ye and I'll mind Maurice because ye might lose him.' I didn't want to go into the church either but I knew my mother was bringing me for my own good as the place was so big with so many people it would be very easy for me to get lost if my brothers didn't mind me properly so my brothers and cousin hit off with delight on their faces and I went into the church with my mother and father.

The priest started mass and I became very bored quickly thinking I'd rather be with my brothers outside. After some time I really needed to go to the toilet and had told my mother that I needed to go and she said to my father that she was going to bring me out to the toilet when he said, "Sure can't he hold it until mass is over?" with my mother turning to me asking, 'How bad do you have to go?' and I told her I needed to go right away. 'He has to go right away.' she said to my father .

"Can't he go by himself" he said, "He will have you gone for ages and you will miss what the priest is saying." and he had got somewhat angry saying this to my mother.

My mother then told me to go right outside the door and not go any further and come right back, I could see that my mother was really worried about me getting lost and repeated a few times what I was to do, just go out the back and no further and come straight back and I jumped from her lap and went to the outside of the seat where I looked at how far down we were sitting from the door to work out how to get back and not get lost and then went to the back door.

At the back door there was a lot of glass and I could see right into the church but I didn't want to go to the toilet at the back doors of the church as there was so many people that could see me. I really needed to go and I knew I needed to find a place right away but I was really worried about going to the right or left of where I was as there were many sections that looked the same and I could not identify anything different from the one where my mother was to any of the other.

I seen a wall to the left and I started to walk backwards and not let my eyes away from where I had to enter to get back to my mother. I went to the toilet quickly and on my way back I had lost track of the part of the church that I needed to enter and I panicked taking a rough guess of where to enter and headed in walking down past the rows of seats hoping I would see where my mother had been sitting.

To my delight I spotted her and the panic was over. the priest continued with mass and again later through the mass I felt I needed to go again and I had told my mother once again where she said, 'Just do the same as last time and come back.'

'Can you come with me?' I said to her telling her I nearly got lost the last time where again she had said to my father that she was going with me telling him that I said I nearly got lost the last time where my father got angry and lent over to me telling me, "Go out to the end of the seat and piss against the wall if you don't want to get lost." with the anger turning to a big grin as he told me.

'Stop!' my mother said to him where he got angry which was somewhat controlled only with the amount of people sitting beside us and quietly but aggressively said to my mother, "Well if he doesn't he'll probably go outside and get lost." and with this he had manipulated my mother in to letting him get his way and again with a big grin on his face he told me to go out to the wall and piss up against it.

I started to think, 'Is it all right to go to the toilet in the church in front of these people?' because my father said so, or is he making a fool of me trying to embarrass me as I thought there was something suspicious about that grin on his face as I turned and went past the people to the end of the seat looking around thinking, 'This is not right. I can't go to the toilet against the wall in the church.'

I looked in past the people and seen that my mother and father had been looking straight ahead to the altar and thought maybe my father is not making a fool of me, he was looking the other way without the grin on his face. I turned to the wall and opened the zip on my pants. I felt really embarrassed and did not want to go through with it but I did not want to go outside again thinking I will definitely get lost this time if I do.

There had been air holes in the wall and I decided I would go to the toilet in one of them and I tried to reach by going on my tiptoes, I knew I needed to start to go as it was difficult to stay on my tiptoes and I started to go as I thought of all of the people looking at me still wondering was this right or wrong as I came back down off my toes, not able to keep myself up with wee going onto the wall as I turned to see was this ok, and seen my father grinning from ear to ear and quickly realised that my father had tricked me and I did not go back on my tiptoes I just finished by peeing up against the wall asking myself, 'What must all the people in the church be thinking?' as I pulled up the zip on my pants watching the wee flow down the church.

My father had got a big thrill from what he had done and just as we all packed into the car to hit for home. My father turned and gave money to our cousin and said to him to go in to the shop and get yourself some sweets and when you come back out don't share the sweets with them cunts. My father had made a fool of me in the church during the day and at the end of the day he had made a fool of us all in front of our cousin.

Chapter 5
Some Kind Of Life..

"We are going to die tonight!"

AGE: 5 to 6 years old

Corruption and bad grooming, beginnings of learned behaviour,
daily routine of rat poisoning, threats of killing the family,
continued nightly physical abuse and torture, drownings in a barrel.

On the weekends my parents would go to the local pubs, and granny and grandad would come and babysit myself and my brothers and when my grandparents could not come to our home to babysit us, my parents would bring us with them to the pub.

I enjoyed going to the pub as it was away from the abuse of my father, there was a room with a pool table and video games and myself and my brothers spent a lot of time in that room, I watched my older brothers playing pool and playing video games, my oldest brother would lift me up so I could see the screen while people played the games.

Our parents started to bring us to the pubs more and more as it was very hard for my grandparents to come and mind us, they lived miles away.

When we would get to the pub my father would get a large bottle of seven up for myself and my brothers, he would always be nice to us when other people would be looking.

We spent most of our time in the pool room, and sometimes I would go to the lounge to be with my mother, I would ask my mother for some of her drink, and she would say, 'I can't give it to you. It's alcohol. It will make u sick.' I would keep asking her, and eventually she would give in, my mother never wanted to say no to me, she was really kind hearted. She would say, 'Only a small sip now Maurice.' I would take the sip, and then she would take it from me and say nicely, 'That's all I can give you. If you drink any more it will make you sick.'

When my uncle and aunts would come to the pubs with us, I would spend more time with them in the lounge as I really liked my uncles and aunts. I had been with them in the lounge one night when I asked my father could I take a drink of his Guinness, I thought he would get mad and say no, as he was so strict with me and my brothers.

To my surprise he said happily, "Go on! Sure." I picked up his half-finished pint of his Guinness and started to slowly drink from it, that pleased look came on my father's face.

I thought why is he so nice to me letting me drink his pint, I thought he was putting on a show in front of everybody, pretending to like me, but with that pleased look on his face, something felt not right, as my father was smiling. I kept supping from the pint, then he started to laugh and made no attempt to stop me, when my mother stepped in and said 'That's enough Maurice!' and took my father's drink and left it down. Nobody was saying anything as my father continued to laugh with that pleased look on his face.

What I found out later in life, he had been letting me drink his alcohol in the hope I would get sick, and that is what he wanted to see, he got great pleasure in seeing me suffer.

This would continue on pub nights, he would let me drink the alcohol and sit there laughing with a pleased look on his face.

In the pool room there was lots of boys the same age as myself and we started to get to know each other as we had been going into the town almost every weekend.

One of the boys had dared me to hit one of the other boys, and without hesitation I went over to this boy and punched him in the stomach, the boy didn't hit me back, he was shocked at what I did to him for no reason, I felt really bad after doing it.

That boy became one of my closest friends to date, and what I found out later in life, I had done to that boy what my father was doing to me at home, punching me in the stomach repeatedly night after night after night.

My parents started to visit friends and relations a lot and brought myself and Deane with them and left the rest of my brothers at home who at this stage were old enough to mind themselves at home, but weren't capable of looking after myself and Deane, Deane who was now six and a half and I had got in to my fifth year.

I enjoyed going visiting with my parents, everyone we visited were very nice and were good to myself and Deane.

My father wouldn't make any effort to talk or come near myself and Deane while visiting, but he would hide his anger and hatred for us, pretending to be a good father.

We had been going to our uncle's a lot, to my mother's brother who lived in the house where my mother was raised by my grandparents.

We went there more than anywhere else as it was my mother's home place and my grandparents lived there with my uncle and his wife and three children.

Every time we visited my uncle he would bring myself and my brothers for a spin in his car. We had come there one day and my uncle's wife said to us, 'ur uncle bought a new car and when he gets back from town he will bring ye for a spin in it'. I got really excited and so did everybody else and we couldn't wait until Matty got back to see his new car. We were all looking out the window into the long driveway, waiting for uncle to come back. He finally came down the road and turned in the driveway. I seen a lovely blue-coloured car coming down the driveway, we all ran through the house and out the back to see the new car.

Uncle pulled up, got out and said, 'Do ye like my new car!' We all said 'Yeah.' and asked him was he going to bring us for a spin, he said, 'Of course I am, everybody get in.' he said.

We all piled in. I was sitting on my brothers knees looking out between the front seats, I was really excited as my uncle slowly drove off, he would speed up and then slow down and then speed up again and slow down, he knew this excited us, when he would slow down we would say, 'Do it again Matty! Do it again!' and he always would.

It was a very happy time for myself and my brothers and on many occasions while being in the car with my brothers and my uncle, I said to myself, 'Why can't our father be like our uncle?' everybody was relaxed in the company of my uncle. It was a big change from being in the company of our father as I never seen my brothers as happy while they were away from him.

Uncle and his wife had invited my parents to their house one night for a few drinks, and brought myself and Deane with them, Declan, Colin and Philip stayed at home. Myself and Deane went in to granny and granddad's room where they lay down reading the papers talking to them. Then we would go into the middle room where our mother slept when she was young, our mother would always show us the room where she slept growing up. Myself and Deane liked to go into this room as it was where our mother slept when she was our age. We went into this room and in to talk to granny and grandad all night, going from one room to the other.

Later in the night myself and Deane had gone down stairs and into the room opposite to where our parents were talking to our uncle and his wife and my other uncle who lived next door. As we played in the room I heard loud talking that was getting louder and louder, when my mother had come in to us and said to us, 'Cone on lads! We are going home' and hurried us out the door and into the car. I knew something was wrong as we sat in the car, our mother ran back inside, after a few seconds. I heard shouting coming from the house and then my mother came out pulling my father to the car. They both got in and my father started the car and drove out the driveway.

I didn't really know why my mother rushed us out the door and made our father drive off. As we drove down the road there was silence between my mother and father, after a few minutes driving down the road, my mother said to my father, 'What were you at arguing about politics, they could have killed you.' referring to my two uncles, when he jammed on the breaks while also pulling the hand break. The car was coming to a near standstill when my mother opened the door and went to jump out as the car was just slightly moving coming to a stop. Deane started roaring crying, my father made a move as to attack my mother, but as she was half out of the car door and the car had come to a complete stop he sat back in his seat. When my mother seen this she got back in, then my father continued to drive home, Deane was in an awful state still bawling crying.

I remember feeling sad for my mother and more sad for Deane, as we drove down the road. I remember saying to myself 'I'm going to kill him, when I get older. I'm going to kill him!' I felt a lot of anger and that's the moment I really started to hate my father. From then on my father had stopped my mother from going to visit her brothers.

In the mornings my father started to make the porridge for myself and my brothers, it was unusual as my mother had always made it for us while my father would get the cows ready

for milking. Now my mother had to get the cows prepared for milking and my father looked after us with the breakfast.

We sat on the couch in the mornings and our father would call us one by one into the kitchen for our bowl of porridge, we never had anything else but a bowl of porridge in the morning. He called my brothers and they went into the kitchen, got their porridge and came back in with it and started to eat it at the table when my father called me to the kitchen for my bowl of porridge.

I went into the kitchen where my father had been stirring my bowl with a spoon, "It's nearly ready now." he said. He was being very nice, it was very unusual, it wasn't often he would be nice, mostly he would only be nice towards me when friends and relations were around. I thought he is only being nice to me because he is feeding me, he never deprived us of food.

As I waited for my father to stir my porridge I seen the package of porridge and beside it a spoon and the bag of rat poison. We had seen the bag of poison a lot around the place as we were plagued with rats, we would see our father often setting it out to kill the mice, he would set the poison and then leave the bag of poison in the shed after.

It wasn't unusual to see the bag of poison from time to time, but my father would always leave it back in the shed when he was finished setting it out for the mice to eat it.

It felt very strange seeing the bag of poison right beside the porridge bag, but when my father stopped stirring, I took the bowl and joined my brothers at the table.

Shortly my father came in and sat at the top of the table, he folded his arms, lent on the table and started looking straight at me, I looked at my food and started to eat, I could see out of the corner of my eye that my father was still staring at me, he wasn't saying a word, which was unusual, usually when we would be eating our food he would be shouting, "Ye should only get bread and water ye cunts." repeatedly.

It felt uncomfortable as I knew he was staring at me, I looked up at him and I seen that he had that pleased look on his face and he was smiling, he was staring straight at me, he didn't take his eyes off me.

He was grinning like crazy, I thought, 'Is he smiling at me because he is going to beat me or is he smiling now because he decided to like me?' I was very confused to why he was grinning and smiling, again thinking maybe he is smiling about the beating he is going to give me later or is things all right between us now, 'Does he like me? Is this why he is smiling?'

I continued to eat my porridge, every now and again looking up at my father, I felt there is something going on why is he still staring at me, and not looking at any of my brothers, it felt very awkward. Later on that day I felt unwell, and the following day or days I started to get bad nose bleeds throughout the day. The bleeds were bad, and my father would say, "Put ur head up and hold it there until the blood stops." I worried a lot when it would happen, there was lots of blood and it took ages for it to stop.

The bleeds started to happen very frequently, and my mother got worried and said to my father, 'We will have to bring Maurice to the doctor.' and he replied, "It's only nose bleeds he's getting, doctor my arse, sure there's nothing he could do for nose bleeds anyway, put his head back when it happens and he will be all right." So my mother didn't bring me as she was afraid to go against my father's advice.

The coming days, weeks and months, I was feeling very unwell, and the nose bleeds were happening frequently, and my father refused to bring me to the doctor, manipulating my mother into not bringing me to the doctor any time she said that I needed to see a doctor for the bleeds. Then Deane started to get the bleeds, I felt bad for him as now he was getting bleeds like I was. This continued for some time months maybe even years and our father never wanted to bring myself and Deane to the doctor, every time manipulating my mother saying they will be all right, sure they are only nosebleeds.

... (In 2013 when for the first time since the abuse, myself and my brother Colin started to talk about our obscure and twisted childhood. I had kept it locked away from everyone for thirty six years before myself and Colin spoke. One of the first things he had said to me about it was, regarding my father, he said, 'Do you want to know what he was putting in ur porridge when you were very young?' Instantly I knew, I thought of my father staring across the table at me with that pleased look that made me feel somewhat aware that something was wrong, and I thought of the bag of rat poison that I seen in the kitchen on the counter beside my father when he was stirring my porridge. I knew but I said, 'What?' and Colin replied with a very serious look on his face, 'He was putting rat poison in ur porridge. I seen him putting it in ur porridge and he was staring right at you while you were eating the porridge. The sick bastard!' I knew by his tone that it was sincere and when he said that my father was staring right over the table at me, I knew that he had seen exactly what I remembered at the table.

I said to Colin, 'I remember he was staring right at me and didn't move his eyes away from me.' And again in very serious tone Colin replied, 'yeah and he was waiting for you to drop dead at the table. The sick bastard!'

I said, "Wasn't he sitting at the top of the table, staring at me?' Colin replied, 'Yeah, he had his arms folded leaning on the table.' I said, 'That's exactly what I remember.' Colin replied, 'Yeah, staring into your eyes waiting for you to get fucked up.' And said, 'I didn't eat my porridge, I was too afraid, but the auld lad didn't care as long as you were eating yours, and you loved ur porridge.'

I said, 'I remember it well. There is a lot of it I can't rightly remember, but I can remember very clearly him staring across the table at me and I remember seen the bag of poison in the kitchen when he used to call me out for the porridge, I'm not surprised, I know better than anyone how sick that man is!' I said.

It wasn't in any way a shock to hear this as I knew how twisted my father was, and said to Colin, 'That would be him all right, sure he is capable of anything.'

and Colin replied, 'He's the sickest bastard on the planet, that's what he done to you.'

It was like talking about the weather to me as I knew what my father was capable of and the sick, twisted things he done to me. 'Yeah, he is a serious sick bastard all right.' I said, when Colin replied, 'When I seen him poisoning you, that's when I knew how sick he really was, I was older than you and I could see what he was doing, I was afraid to eat the porridge, I thought you were going to die, the sick bastard!'

I said, 'Yeah, he's sick, he done things to me in the room that I couldn't really tell anyone, they would hardly believe it.' Colin looked at me and said, 'I don't ever want to know what he did to you in the room because of what it would do to my head.' referring to what it would do to his mind.

I had fully believed in everything Colin was telling me, especially when he could describe exactly the way I remember my father acting at the table, but I was confused as to why I didn't die from the poison and had said to Colin, 'How did I not die from the poison?'

He said, 'It was the first thing I researched when I started medical school, and the nose bleeds are consistent with rat poisoning and you were getting nose bleeds all the time.'

Thinking I wouldn't remember I said, 'Yeah the nose bleeds were happening all the time.' 'And that's what rat poison does to humans.' he said.

'I thought rat poison would kill you straight away' I asked him, when he said, 'It depends on how much of it you consume. He wasn't giving you enough to kill ya, he probably thought he was giving you enough, I seen him crushing it with a spoon in the kitchen.'

'I can somehow remember seen the spoon beside the bag of poison.' I said. 'Isn't he some man I joked.' where again Colin referred to him being the sickest bastard in the world.

As I had known for more than thirty years how sick my father was, I just started talking about something else and didn't think about the conversation myself and Colin had for the rest of the day. I learned soon after, myself and Martin's conversation that my father probably didn't intend on killing me with the poison and his intention was to make me sick from it as he did so he could get a great amount of pleasure from watching me suffer from the sickness of the poison.

As well as every day touching the sore bumps on my head from the hits of the poker, the nose bleeds and generally not feeling well continued as a result of the poisoning.)...

Morning time had come and my brothers were off school for the weekend.

I had been lying in bed waiting for everyone to get up, I heard my father getting up, he was always the first to get up, I heard him coming down the hallway and he stopped and pushed in the half open door in my room. I wondered, 'What does he want? He never came in to me in the mornings, only my mother would come in to me in the mornings. He is going to beat me maybe, I thought. He pushed out the door really gently and started to walk towards me with a grin on his face, I started to feel dirty as I then thought he was going to pull the blanket off of me. He leaned in close to my ear and whispered, "Ye are all

going to die this evening. You and your mother and the rest of them, I'm going to kill ye all. When I have the jobs I'm going to come in and kill ye all." he was grinning like crazy. He then left quietly.

I don't remember the thought I had until everyone had got up. I didn't get up when my mother asked me to, I stayed in my room. My brothers had been up for a while when I got up and got dressed, after I got dressed I started to feel really sad, remembering what my father had said, he was going to kill us all this evening.

I sat at the side of the bed for some time feeling very sad knowing that me and my family were going to die. I never felt sadness like it, I thought of my mother and my brothers not knowing they were going to die, and what they were going to have to go through this evening and what we were all going to go through.

I went out of the room, I was overwhelmed with sadness as I walked to the sitting room door, the door was half opened, I looked in and seen Declan there doing something at the window, he had been in the room by himself.

He didn't see me and I got very emotional and wanted to tell him that we were going to die this evening. I tried to say it to him but when I did I started to cry a bit, so I stopped and walked back into the hallway. I really wanted to say it to him, but I didn't want him to see me upset, I waited in the hall for a few more seconds and pushed back the tears and tried not to be emotional and step back into the sitting room again. Declan still didn't see me, I tried to say it again and I couldn't once again, I got very emotional and nearly started to cry, I really wanted to say it, I was convinced, I wouldn't be able to say it without starting to cry. I took a deep breath and called out for Declan as he was looking out the window, and he turned around, I was choking with tears trying to keep them down, 'We are all going to die!' I said. I was really sad. Declan walked over to me and said, 'What's wrong? What's wrong?' he put his hands around me and again saying 'What's wrong? What's wrong?' I replied, 'We are all going to die!' he was really caring, and said, 'u'll be all right, u'll be all right.' he kept holding me.

'He's going to kill us.' I said. Declan then said to me, 'I won't let him at you, he won't come at you when I'm with you. I'll stay with you for the day and he won't come near you.' I was glad I had told Declan, it was nice that he wanted to protect me, but I was still convinced that when the evening came we were all going to die.

Declan brought me to the couch and put me lying on it, and said, 'I'm going to lie here on the outside and he won't come near you.' so Declan lay on the couch and put his arm around me and said, 'When he comes in, I won't let him near you.'

We laid there after that in silence, I felt a bit safe with Declan beside me, but I knew he wouldn't be able to stop my father. As we lay there, I felt so sad, I had expected that my father was going to kill us all and that this was the last day we were going to be alive.

I was overwhelmed with anxiety and sadness, I wasn't able to talk, I was in a state, where I didn't want to talk, I just lay there staring at the ceiling, wanting time to go slow. I kept hoping time would go slow, thinking it, and thinking it, and thinking it over and over. As time went on I was hoping Declan would stick to his word and stay beside me all day like he said. I started to get a small bit of hope, thinking maybe Declan might be able to somehow prevent us all from dying, but the greater thought was when the evening came our father was going to kill us all.

Declan kept his arm around me and I stared at the ceiling, motionless with a huge amount of sadness. Even though brought up in a house of prayer, I never thought of going to heaven, I just kept thinking this is me and my family's last day. I kept and kept thinking about our last day. It made me so sad, but I had in some way accepted that this was the end. I heard the back door open, I got very nervous, but I remembered how my father had said he was going to do this when he came in, in the evening.

To my delight I heard my mother coming up behind us and saying, 'What are ye doing there, in a nice manner?' Declan didn't answer her, I was still locked in silence. 'Is Maurice asleep?' she said as she looked in at me, she seen that my eyes were open, Declan again didn't answer our mother and I was still unable to talk, staring at the ceiling. She grew suspicious as to why we didn't answer her, we always answered our mother. She kept looking at me, I didn't want her to know what was going on. She then slowly walked off, looking confused, but had a smile on her face as she seen Declan with his hand around me, assuming we were just relaxing on the couch.

We stayed on the couch as our mother was preparing dinner, with my mother's presence in the house I felt a bit better, but still very sad and unable to talk. Suddenly my father came in, I wasn't afraid as I still recalled saying that it was the evening that he was going to kill us all. He walked past myself and Declan on the couch, I could see his head turn to the right and quickly look in at me and then look away as he made for the hallway door. On return he had a clear look at me as he walked through the sitting room and into the kitchen.

I have no recollection of the rest of the day after that. My father had purposely done this to mess with my mind and drag me down and he had glanced at me when he passed through the sitting room where myself and Declan lay on the couch, to see had he achieved what he had set out to do since morning, To see me hurt, this pleased him.

The physical and mental torture was occurring so often, I again in some way accepted that I had to go through this. It felt like I was living two lives. Playing during the day like a normal child, and trying to be a man in the evenings, to survive the abuse at the hands of my father. Taking the abuse in my bedroom and just turning over and going to sleep like a normal father reading his son a bedtime story before sleep.

But to be picked up out of my bed late one night by my father, he had come in, in the middle of the night and picked me up and started to carry me out of the room, I wondered what is he doing, where is he bringing me as I nodded off and on, as he carried me into the hallway, I was in his arms like a grown up would hold a baby, he started to walk fast, I was half asleep, I thought I would bang my head off the wall as he turned the corner at the end of the hall, I thought, 'What's going on?' as I fell asleep.

Later on I had woke lying face down on the parlour floor, it was a room that we never used, and had been very cold as there was never a fire lit there.

When I woke I got a bit scared and got up as quick as I could and ran back in to my bedroom and fell asleep.

This continued very often, what seemed like every night, I would be picked out of my bed late into the night by my father, every time worrying that I was going to bang my head off the corner of the turn in the hallway, and waking later on the floor in the parlour.

Later in life I discovered from hospital reports that I had been admitted to hospital at two and a half years with pneumonia and nearly died while there.

And after this my father had been exposing me to the cold by carrying me out of my room late into the night and leaving me in a cold room on a cold floor, and probably had been exposing me to cold conditions like this that caused the hospital stay with pneumonia that nearly ended my life. I also learned that the physical abuse was probably present at that time, before I could even remember.

As the year went on my parents started to socialise a lot more, going to the pub, visiting friends and attending the holy stations held in neighbours houses in the surrounding area. They were very happy times for me as I liked all of the people that lived in the area and they treated me very well, but most of all for me it was away from the abuse.

What I had learned later in life is that, I held on to the good memories and suppressed not all but some of the bad ones.

Evening had come, my father had come in to my room, punched me repeatedly in the stomach, again I fought frantically but he once again won over me and got my pants down, started to punch me between the legs for some time, then he pulled what I know now to be a vice-grips and pliers and left them down on the bed beside him, I didn't know what he was doing, I thought that to myself are they in his way in his pocket, when he picked up one of them and said to me, "You better not fucking shout or I'll fucking kill ya!" He started to pinch me between the legs with the pliers, I felt tremendous pain, I started to hold my breath.

I have no memory after that, but this continued as I remember on many other occasions, he would use the pliers and then switch to the vice-grips, back and over, while torturing me in my private parts. I have some recollection of some of the pinches from the tools my father used on me, I remember tremendous excruciating pain, I know I didn't shout after he had told me not to, otherwise he would kill me, and I would continue to not shout while in pain with great difficulty, I don't remember him leaving or what way I felt after he left.

My father was truly sadistic and had tortured me in this area as he knew that, that area would cause me the most pain. In the mornings after a night of beatings and torture by my father, my mother would often come down the hallway right after my father had gone outside, she would say, 'Are you ok?' and I always replied, 'Yeah', as she then rushed to get things ready to please my father.

My mother had grown worried about what my father was doing to me in the room, she had no idea to the extent of what my father was doing to me, she had been manipulated by my father, that I was bold and didn't want to go to bed and that's why he spent so much time in my room, trying to put me to bed, but she was suspicious and suspected that there might be more to it than she thought, so she told me that she was putting Colin sleeping with me from now on.

Colin hadn't been in my room a night or two when I started to push him out of the bed with my legs, I got very aggressive with him so much to the point he got afraid of me, and would go back to sleeping in with Declan again, my mother kept asking Colin to go in with me, and I kept pushing him out.

This continued for some time and eventually Colin, would not come back even when asked by my mother. My mother's plan to save me had failed.

Later in life I found out that I kept kicking Colin out as I thought he would get the same treatment in the room as I was getting.

My mother's brother had started to come to our house and pulled up outside, he didn't come in. My mother would go outside and on to the road, I looked out the window, they were in deep conversation for some time, I knew that my father had stopped my mother from going to see her brothers after the argument my father had with them in their house. I thought that my father didn't want uncle coming into the house, but I grew suspicious as to the length of the conversation and they didn't seem to laugh, they were talking about something serious.

Uncle had come day after day, looking out the window I thought, maybe uncle is trying to get us out of here and that's why they won't come into the house because they don't want my father to hear what they were planning.

Some days later my mother disappeared, I don't recall who told me that my mother had gone home with her brothers to the house where she grew up.

Me and my brothers didn't get saved, as my father wouldn't let my mother take us away with her because he knew that she would have no reason to return if she had myself and my brothers with her.

That night I lay in bed very sad that my mother had gone away, I felt left behind, but I kept saying to myself, 'She is saved, and now she can be happy that she is away from it all.' I kept thinking of her lying in her old bedroom, wondering, 'Is she happy there? Is she happy where she is?' 'Is she missing me and my brothers?' I was hoping she wouldn't be feeling sad, I felt happy for her that she got to get away and hoped that she would be happy with her new life back home, I felt lonely without her but I accepted that she had to go. I wouldn't wish her back to the abuse, I was so glad she got away from my father.

The following morning my father had brought my brothers to school, I got up to an empty house, my mother was not there for the first time, I felt really lonely but I knew I had to get on with life now without a mother.

My father came back and started to get ready for milking the cows, he did not come into the house, I was without a mother and I was now without a breakfast as my father did not prepare anything for me, he came back and went to work outside.

After my father finished milking the cows I had been outside, he seen me and called me, "Come here! I want ya." he said, I wondered what he wanted with me and replied, 'What?' when he said with anger, "Come here a minute! I want ya."

I walked towards him wondering what does he want of me, I stopped a bit away from him, he got a bit angry saying, "Come here I said!" I came a bit closer but again stopped away from him.

"Come over here beside the barrel." he said, I walked over to the barrel that was full of water, I didn't know what was going on, when he picked me up and hung me upside down, I knew he was going to put me in the barrel of water, my T-shirt came down over my head and my pants were coming down off my waist, he dangled me over the top of the barrel, I was afraid of him letting me go. I put my hands out to reach the outside of the barrel when I went under the water.

I panicked and started breathing and swallowing water, I thought, 'He's killing me! I'm going to die!!' I tried frantically to reach the outside of the barrel and push myself up out of the water, I couldn't reach, I was sure I wouldn't be able to get out of the barrel and that I would die there.

He then pulled me back up, I tried to breathe and I pushed my body to the side and got one hand on the outside of the barrel, I was afraid of falling, my pants were coming off, my father then hit a belt on my hand and I went under again.

I was under for some time swallowing water and thinking I was going to die, he pulled me back up and again trying to catch my breath and get my hands on to the outside of the barrel to stop from going under again. I reached the outside of the barrel and again my father hit my hand very hard and I went under.

He done this for some time, putting me under the water and pulling me out, over and over. He then swung me over to the side and started to let me down onto my hands. When I got my hands onto the ground he let go of my legs, I came down hard on my hip, I started to feel very cold, I got up, pulled my T-shirt down that was up around my shoulders, my hip was very sore, I looked to the side and there was little pebble stones dug into my hip, I rubbed them out of my skin and pulled up my pants that was nearly down at my knees. I couldn't believe I was alive, I could barely breathe from the cold and the shock of what was after happening to me.

I felt defeated as I walked away and looked at my father who stood there grinning with a great sense of pleasure in his face, I walked towards the house, I felt very depressed with what was after happening to me, I again looked back at my father, and he still stood there with a big grin on his face as he watched me walk back towards the house soaking wet in shock, I felt like I had enough, I felt like just giving up.

I walked into my room and took off the wet clothes and slowly put on dry ones, I felt so bad, I had given up, I didn't care to be alive anymore, my father had won, he had taken everything from me, my mother, my will to live, he had taken my soul away. That day I walked around the house with no will to live, I was so depressed, it felt like things couldn't get any worse.

That night I lay in bed after my father had got his pleasure from beating and torturing me, thinking about my mother, missing her and wondering and hoping was she happy, thinking of her laying in her old room, and hoping she was laying there happy, but I knew that she was probably sad, missing her sons.

The following morning came and after my father had dropped my brothers to school and finished milking the cows, he started to call my name, when I heard him call I went out the back door and looked into the yard where I seen him standing beside the barrel of water. I started to get short of breath, I panicked, and started to walk out into the yard, I walked slowly over to him, I knew what he wanted of me, and knew I was going in the barrel of water.

My father repeated what he had done to me the previous day, it was a nightmare! I didn't know if I was going to die, each time my father put me under the water, I didn't know if I was going to come back out. When he finally stopped, he threw me on the ground like an object, he had that pleased face on him, grinning, he got what he wanted.

He done this day after day until eventually my mother had come home, and he had to stop as the barrel of water was within seeing distance of the kitchen window.

Chapter 6 School Begin

AGE: 5 to 6 years old

Threats, continual verbal and physical abuse, sickness from poisoning, broken arm, lies, intimidations and threats, nightly taken from bed and left on a cold floor, taken at night and abandoned in a mental hospital ward, injected with sedatives, cursing and foul language,

My mother had been gone about a week or so, I was delighted to see her come home, she was very quiet for some time when she returned, for some reason I thought that things might be different when my mother had come home, but things didn't change. My father kicked off in the evenings, and kept beating and torturing me in the room, the nose bleeds continued and I started to get violently sick, puking all of the time from the poison. My mother had come to me and said, 'You are starting school soon. How do you feel about that?' she said, I replied, 'Fine.' but I felt the opposite, I didn't want to go to school. On the days leading up to the start of school my mother would say, 'Only three days to go.' and that made me nervous knowing any day now I have to go to school. My brothers never complained about school but I really didn't want to go.

I started to tell my mother that I didn't want to go to school, and she would say nicely, 'Everyone has to go to school, ul be fine, ur brothers don't mind going to school.' The morning of my first day had come, my mother got my school bag ready, my brothers were getting ready and seemed happy but really felt I didn't want to go. When breakfast was over and everyone was ready, my mother told my brothers, 'Go and sit in the car and wait for yer father.' they then went to the car.

My mother asked me was I ok and I replied, 'Mommy I don't want to go to school' she picked me up and sat on the couch, I was sitting on her knee, she started to move her knee up and down and reached in to her pocket and took out a bar of chocolate. 'This is for you if you go to school, but don't tell your brothers I gave you this or they will be giving out that they didn't get any.' The chocolate didn't help persuade me but I knew I had to go. I took the bar from my mother and she said, 'That's the good lad. Put it in ur pocket and don't lose it, and don't let your brothers see it.'

She then brought me to the car and put me in the back with my brothers and she got in the front, my brothers were talking to each other as we waited for our father to drive us there. I wasn't saying anything, I was really nervous thinking about my first day at school, my father finished what he was doing in the yard and hopped into the car and proceeded to drive up the road towards the school.

On the way I said to myself, 'Maybe it might be ok.' my brothers are laughing and joking and don't seem to mind going to school.

We reached the gates of the school and my brothers got out and quickly went off to where they had to go, I said to my mother what do I do, she said I'll bring you in now, she got out and came round to my door and opened it and walked a few steps to the gate with me when my father shouted, "Leave em there!" when my mother said, 'I have to bring him in.' my father got a bit angry saying to her, "I told ya to leave him there to fuck! Let him off the little cunt!" My mother got a bit scared and quickly said, 'Go up there, and go in that door and ul be fine.' and she hurried back to the car and my father drove off.

I seen all the other kids with their mother bringing them into the school, I went into the school and didn't know where to go. I said to myself shouldn't my mother be here showing me where to go like all the other mothers are doing, but my father had made her go home and leave me there by myself, I didn't know what to do or where to go.

I slowly walked down the hallway as I watched mothers bringing their kids into their classrooms, when a woman that had left her child at the classroom door spotted me and shouted to the teacher, "There's a young boy out here on his own!" and then the teacher came out into the hallway and asked me my name, I told her my name and she said you're in here in my classroom and brought me in and sat me down. I felt good when I had been settled in the classroom.

The teacher then introduced herself and started to tell us about school, I felt bored but I was happy that my first day wasn't as bad as I thought, at the break the teacher brought myself and the other kids into the yard.

I played with the other kids and after the break the teacher told us that we would be going home soon, I was delighted to here I was going home and that we wouldn't have any homework as we had just started school.

When school was over a woman from next door came to me and said who she was and that she was bringing me home, 'I'm bringing you home for your mother.' she said, and told me that her son James was in my class and that we were all going to go home together.

I waited at the door with my neighbour when her son came and I recognised him from class. I felt happy with them, the woman was really nice to me and I talked with her son on the way home. They dropped me off at home and the woman said to me I will be bringing you to school in the morning, I was happy about this.

I went in home and my mother asked me how I got on, I said, 'Fine.' and she said, 'Did Pauleen bring you home?' when I said with a smile, 'Yeah and James as well.'

'Leave your bag in your room and I'll have your dinner ready soon.' I ate my dinner and ran around the house until my brothers came home later from school.

I was happy when my brothers came home and I didn't have to do homework like them, but couldn't wait for them to be finished so that I would have someone to play with.

As the days went on I got more and more settled in school and I got to know all of the other kids in my class.

My mother would bring me to the other kids houses on the weekends to play and to their birthday parties, my mother was getting me away from the abuse every chance she could get and I now felt better knowing that there was more to life than the abuse that my father had conditioned me with and that a part of life was very positive.

But my father continued to beat and torture me at night time.

I was now living two lives, the one with my friend at school being happy and the other one in the hands of my evil father and his twisted ways that I still thought was part of life and that it was still something that I had to go through.

The evenings and weekends were really enjoyable, going to friends' houses and playing with my brothers at home as my father never kept us inside anymore.

Myself and my brothers got up to all sorts, Declan would put the ladder up against the shed and we would take turns climbing up the ladder, I would wait for Declan and Philip to go up the ladder first and then I would climb up behind them, we loved to climb the ladder any chance we got.

Declan would set up the ladder after school and on the weekends.

The weekend had come and myself and my brothers had been outside climbing up the side of the shed, my father had seen us as he was working around the yard, but never said anything as he didn't mind us climbing the shed.

My mother had asked our father to call us in for our dinner, he came around to the side of the shed and told us to go in for the dinner.

My brothers straight away obeyed our father and went for their dinner, I stayed there, I didn't want to go inside yet.

I started to climb the ladder, I went up a few steps and came back down, I started to pick things up and put them back on the ground when my father came around the corner, he was a bit away from me, I thought I was going to have to go in for my dinner, but to my delight my father didn't ask me to come inside, he stood there for a few seconds saying nothing and then he went back around the corner.

I started to climb the ladder again and came back down and started picking small stones from the ground when I saw out of the corner of my eye my father peeking his head around the corner of the shed, I said to myself, 'What is he doing?'

I looked at him and he was smiling, he then pulled his head back. As I continued to pick up stones from the ground I again seen my father peek his head around the corner, and again he was smiling, I knew he was up to something. Again his head disappeared around the corner and I continued doing what I was doing.

A few moments later I turned around to see my father standing at the corner of the shed, he was staring at me with a grin on his face, he made me very nervous as he stood there for some time not moving, staring me down with that pleased look on his face.

I didn't move, I was looking at him wondering what he was doing, did he want me for something.

He started to walk quickly to his right, he kept looking at me, I knew something wasn't right, I was suspicious of what he was doing, when he bent down and picked up a thick plank of timber about five foot in length, I still had no idea what he was doing.

While still looking me in the eyes he quickly came towards me, I thought, 'What's happening?' when he lifted the plank of wood that he was holding down by his side quickly around to the back and swung the plank with speed and force and hit me on the arm just below my shoulder. I felt tremendous pain, I knew with the pain and the violent nature that my father had hit me, that my arm was badly damaged.

I was shocked at what just happened, I was in such shock I didn't let a roar when my father standing there for a few seconds with a big grin on his face getting pleasure seeing me in tremendous pain leaned in to my face and said in a bit of a panic, "ul fucking tell ur mother that you fell off the ladder!" I couldn't believe what he was doing, I thought to myself, 'He is never going to stop.'

He ran around the side of the shed and started to call my mother, "Mary! Mary! Mary!" When my mother heard him she must have come outside, when he said, "Bring around the car, Maurice fell off the ladder, we have to bring him to the hospital, his arm might be broke." acting to be in a panic.

I stood there still in shock, and in shock as to how far my father was willing to take things by shouting out, "Maurice fell off the ladder.." manipulating the situation and my mother. I started to hold my arm, the pain was getting worse, my father quickly came back saying, "ul fucking tell ur mother you fell off the ladder and if you go to hospital ul fuckin tell the doctors that you fell off the ladder and that's that!" he said.

He then went over and stood at the corner of the shed in sight of my mother who was driving in the yard, he was acting to be in a panic, calling her by waiving his hand as to hurry her on. When my mother came around the corner my father went straight towards the car as my mother was stopping, he opened the back door of the car while saying to my mother, "He fell off the ladder climbing the shed, we'll have to bring him to the hospital. Come on Maurice." my father said, "We'll bring you to the hospital." I went over and when I was getting in with my father pretending to be gently helping me in, my mother looking worried asked me was I all right, I said, 'Yeah I am'. 'Is ur arm very sore?' she said and I replied, 'Yeah! it's very sore.'

'u'll be fine.' she said, 'were going to bring you to the hospital now and u'll be fine, don't worry.' She turned to my father and said, 'Get the rest of them out to the car and hurry on.' My father went into the house to get my brothers who were eating their dinner.

My mother comforted me telling me I was going to be fine, saying, 'The minute your father gets your brothers out to the car we will be on the way into the hospital.'

My brothers came out of the house and made their way to the car, my mother got out of the driver's seat and went around the other side to make way for our father who was going to do the driving. When my brothers got to the door of the car, my mother who was standing at the passenger door, said, 'Lads get in easy cos Maurice's hand is broken and put him sitting on yer lap.'

She got in and Declan opened the back door and said, 'Push into the middle and you can sit on my lap.' my father got in the driver's seat, I moved in and then Declan came in and carefully lifted me onto his lap, Colin, Keiran and Deane then got in.

'Ar ye all in?' my mother said and when we replied, 'yeah' my father proceeded to drive in the direction of Galway city to the hospital.

My father started to talk to my mother about jobs that had to be done on the farm, keeping her from quizzing me about the fall, but any chance she got she would turn to me and ask was I ok.

I was still shocked at what my father had done to me at the shed and now is pretending to care bringing me to the hospital.

I wasn't able to talk, I didn't want to. As the journey continued my brothers were talking and laughing, they were in great form but I didn't feel like joining in, I was in tremendous pain and I was gazing out the front window as I sat between the front seats on Declan's lap, thinking my father done this to me and he's pretending that I fell off the ladder and everyone believes him.

Throughout the journey I was shocked at the way my father was acting, he didn't look guilty, pretending as if he had done nothing, talking to my mother as if nothing happened. I really couldn't believe what he was doing. When we got to the hospital my father said to my brothers, "Ye wait here in the car and myself and ur mother will bring him in."

When we got in and the doctor came over my father said, "I didn't see what happened but when I found him he was on the ground beneath the ladder, himself and his brothers had been climbing the ladder earlier. He's too small to be going up ladders but sure what can you do with him, he's a rouge."

Straight away my father had manipulated the doctor, the doctor believed my father saying ladders are very dangerous for little boys, they are only for grown-ups to be climbing. I didn't reply I just nodded my head feeling ashamed as if I had done something wrong. The doctors brought me into a room and x-rayed me and brought me back out and said we'll have to wait awhile to get the results of the x-ray.

I sat on my mother's knee while we waited for the doctor to come back with the results. My father sat there staying very quiet. The doctor came with the results, telling my parents that I fractured my arm and that they were going to put my arm in a sling until it gets better. The doctors then put the sling on my arm and told us we could go home, and to come back again in a couple weeks.

On the way home in the car Declan had his hands around me as I sat on his knee in the middle, where my mother asked us to be so she could see me at all times.

My brothers were talking and laughing again on the way home, I was in better form now that my arm was feeling better, but I was thinking, 'Why me? Why can't I be happy like my brothers? My mother and brothers don't know what really happened.' I thought, I felt really sad thinking, 'I have to keep quiet and say nothing and let my father get away with what he had done.'

That night my mother had put me to bed, showing me how not to hurt my arm in bed, and she had done so again the following night. I felt safe from my father that my mother had been putting me to bed.

A few nights later my mother had put me in bed lying on my back as not to hurt my arm, when she left I wasn't tired, I lay there with my thought when my father entered the room, he had a smile on his face, I thought that he had come in to laugh at me because of what he had done to me.

I felt embarrassed and looked away when he quickly came over, leaned in over the bed and pressed down on my arm, I felt awful pain and let out a shout, my father panicked and quickly went off the bed and onto the floor. He thought my mother might have heard me

shout, he looked to the door and then turned and grinned at me for a short time and then quickly left the room.

Again I was in deep shock, I couldn't believe what he was after doing, I thought, 'Is my arm damaged again?' I panicked thinking, 'Did my mother hear me, and what would I say to her if she did?' I knew I couldn't ever tell on my father as I knew if I did he would kill me. My mother didn't hear me and I lay in the room wondering if my arm broke again until eventually the pain subsided and I felt better.

I knew now that my father would never leave me alone.

I worried every night that he would come back and do this to me again but he didn't, he was frightened that I might shout again and that my mother might hear me.

When my mother brought me back to the hospital they checked me over and told my mother that I would have to stay in the sling for another few weeks as my arm was healing slowly. I could not wait to get the sling off as I had been off school and started to get bored at home and wanted to go back to my friends in class.

On some weekends it would be some boys birthday party from my class and my mother would bring me to the party and pick me up when it was over, the parties were fun and I enjoyed myself there in the company of my friends.

My father had still been coming into my room in the late hours of night and leaving me on the cold ground of the sitting room.

The weekend had come and after a tiresome day playing at home with my brothers, I went to bed and had been asleep for a short time when my father had come into my room, picked me up and started to carry me out of the room, I thought nothing of it as my father had been doing this almost every night.

As he carried me I nodded off and woke up again with my father opening the passenger door of the car and putting me in, I didn't know what he was doing with me and nodded off to sleep again. Sometime later I woke in a very strange place, I didn't know where I was or what I was doing there.

I looked around and seen that I was in a room where there was many beds and could not understand what was happening and I panicked and started to shout, 'What am I doing here!? Where am I?' I shouted, when a man and two women rushed over to me.

The women started to hold me tight and the man took a syringe from his pocket, I did not know what was happening to me as I once again woke feeling very weak and groggy, I could hardly move, I looked around and seen the room in a different way.

It was dark and my bed seemed to be further back in this room, I wondered where I was and what was happening to me, I felt very depressed and lonely and I was panicking as to what was going to happen to me.

As the time went on with these thoughts and feelings constantly in my mind, I started to wonder if someone was going to come to see me and take me away from this place.

A lot of time went by and I said to myself nobody is coming to rescue me and I'm going to be left here for the rest of my life.

I then fell asleep, and woke up many times but I was still very groggy, I tried to see who was in the other beds but my bed was too far back to get any understanding of who the people were on these beds and felt I never would because I could barely move my head let alone get off the bed.

I kept looking at the door in the hope that someone was going to rescue me but a lot of time again went by and again I was left feeling abandoned.

I went in and out of sleep and then to my long awaited hope I heard a person talking and I looked to the door and it was finally someone I recognised, although I felt so relieved I could not help thinking, 'Why is it this person that has come to me?' and it left me very surprised and now with the knowledge that there was a reason behind me being here and I wasn't just abandoned.

I now felt safe as this person approached, I must have fell asleep but once again I woke in a strange place. I sat up in the bed that was up against the wall at the back of a room, there was a bit of light coming from a door that was slightly open in front of me.

I looked around, there was no window and the rest of the room was empty.

I wondered, 'Where in the hell am I?!' I was very confused as to what was going on, I got a bit frightened looking around at the empty windowless room.

I wanted to get up and walk out the door as I was getting very nervous in this strange room, I sat there for some time trying to pick up the courage to go out the door when I started to hear loud moaning coming from what seemed to be down the end of a hallway. I got frightened and my heart started to beat fast, I thought, 'What is that? What's going on?' As it continued the moaning got louder and louder, I said, 'Someone is being tortured.' I started to panic and grew extremely worried saying to myself, 'I'm going to be tortured! I'm somewhere where people get tortured.'

I couldn't bear to listen to the moaning of what sounded like an old man, I thought of the horrible things that were being done to him, and what he must be going through.

I felt trapped and that I had no choice but to wait there and go through what the man in the next room was going through, thinking, 'What type of things are they doing to him?' and 'What are they going to do to me?'

I had accepted that something horrible was going to happen to me, and wondered would I be able to go through it, it sounded like the man was being put through extreme cruelty.

I worried, I really worried what was in store for me.

I started to think that life was evil and I was in some sort of hell.

As time went on I started to think how is it I can't hear the people that's at the old man and started to realise that there was no one in the room with him and he is probably moaning because he is very sick.

The panic and worry that something awful was going to happen to me subsided but I was still very confused as to where I was, how long I was there and who had put me there.

'What type of place is this?' I kept saying, 'Is this hell and am I stuck here?'

I still hadn't picked up the courage to get off the bed and go and see what was outside the door, the moaning from the next room continued and started to sound very bazaar. I started to think that it was a monster that was in the next room and again I started to really worry, thinking is it some type of a monster man. I started to worry that he might come in to me and kill me.

I kept hoping and hoping that he wouldn't come in to me, thinking if he does he's going to kill me for sure. After a while the loud moaning stopped and I felt a sigh of relief, thinking maybe the monster has gone to sleep.

I sat there hoping that he would not wake again, and after some time decided to see what was past the strange room that I had been in. I hesitated for some time before getting up and slowly making my way to the door, I didn't know what I was going to see on the other side of the door. I was trying to be as quiet as I could hoping that the monster would not hear me and started to worry if he heard me that he would come and kill me.

I reached the slightly open door and seen that there was a small bit of light coming through from outside the room, I peeped my head through and seen a small hallway with light, and glass windows all along directly in front of me and a big door slightly to the left. It was dark outside and I knew that somebody had put me here in the middle of the night. 'Where is this place?' and 'Who put me here?' I thought.

I went in to this narrow hallway slowly and walked a few steps to the left in the direction of the door, I stopped and quietly looked to the right down into the hallway where I had heard the moaning coming from and seen that there was a door that was fully opened, I knew that that's where the moaning was coming from.

I was hoping that I wouldn't hear any movement from the room and that the monster would not wake. I turned to the left again and looked to the door and thought, 'Will I go out the door? I wonder is it open?'

I paused for some time thinking if the door is open will I go and save myself from the place that I thought I might be stuck in forever or will I stay and hope that the monster won't kill me and that the people that put me here might let me out.

I panicked, I didn't know what to do, I said to myself if I go out into the dark I could get lost forever.

I really wanted to go and then thought if whoever put me here sees me going out the door might punish me badly for trying to get away, I was so confused as what to do.

'Where will I go if I get out? I don't know where I am.' I thought.

After some time contemplating I decided to go and check was the door open, I went to the door and tried to quietly push it open.

To my disappointment the door was locked, I had quickly accepted that I couldn't get out thinking that if I had gotten out I would probably have got lost forever.

I walked quietly back to the entrance of the strange room but I got afraid of going back in and turned around and paced quietly up and down the hall trying not to wake the monster in the room at the end of the hall.

As I paced up and down I wondered was I now stuck here forever, 'What is this place? Am I in hell?'

I grew impatient pacing up and down not knowing what to do and decided to go back in to the strange room, I went back in, closed the door out and left it a bit open so I could see if the monster was going to come in to me in the room.

I sat up on the bed looking at the small opening of the door for some time when I heard noise from the other room, it sounded like someone was breaking things or falling on things in the room trying to get out.

I got frightened and very nervous, saying to myself, 'He is awake!' and if he knows that I'm here he is going to kill me.

I hoped and hoped that the noise would stop and he would go back to sleep again, the moaning started again and then everything went silent.

I was relieved again thinking he has stopped and is gone asleep again when a few seconds later through the opening of the door I saw a man quickly pass, I got frightened holding my breath as to not let the man hear me in the room.

There was silence and he was out of sight from the opening of the door, I tried to then breathe slowly, wondering what is he doing, he started to moan really quietly and it seemed he was walking up and down. He moaned on and off as he moved about the hallway.

I thought to myself, 'Is he trying to get out?' I had heard some noise but I wasn't sure if it was him pushing at the door.

Eventually I seen him pass the doorway again, he had gone back to his room, I was so relieved he had passed and not looked in.

I heard him walking around the room moaning and knocking things over, this went on before eventually the noise had stopped, I was relieved once again.

As I sat there thinking will he get up again, I heard the door from the hallway open quickly and I heard people whispering, I wondered who it was and was I in trouble.

The door was quietly pushed in, I seen a women and a man standing there looking in at me, they came towards me very quickly, they grabbed me and pinned me to the bed, I thought, 'What are they doing?! What's going on?! I'll go to sleep for them if that's what they want.' I said to myself.

As the man held me down I seen the woman with a needle in her hand, I thought, 'What are they doing? Am I going to die here? Are they trying to kill me?' when on order whispered by the man she put the needle in me. I woke up to a lot of light, the door was wide open, I seen that the night was over and it was daytime.

The horrible night is over I thought and got straight up and ran out into the hallway, I had no idea what I was going to do, my first instinct was to just get out of the strange room, I seen that the door had been wide open and seen through the window two women who looked like nurses standing outside talking.

I walked outside and they spotted me and said, 'Where are you going?' I said in a panic, 'I'm going home.' One of the women said to me, 'You have to stay here until three o'clock, you can't go anywhere until then.' I got angry and shouted, 'I want to go home!' when she said again, 'You have to stay here until three o'clock, you can go home then.'

I started to quickly walk away when one of the nurses came after me and said, 'Stop! You can't leave here. You'll be going home at three o'clock.'

I walked back to the door and started pacing up and down, I was agitated, I just wanted to go home. I walked a big distance to the right when the nurses who had thought that I was walking away shouted with aggression, 'You are to walk to the end of the house and no further Maurice.' and she had walked to the spot and pointed to it and said this is as far as you can go and back.

I knew I couldn't go anywhere, they were watching me like hawks, but I started to think 'Will I just go around the corner and try and get away?' I was really nervous thinking about getting away, every time I got to the corner of the building I said, 'Will I just go now?' but I couldn't pick up the courage to follow it through. I contemplated it for some time before deciding against the idea and waiting it out before I go home.

As I paced up and down getting more and more agitated I thought, 'How long have I been here?' I got very confused as to how long I had been there. 'Have I been here for a day or have I been here for days?' I asked myself.

I didn't know as to how I was going home and said to the nurses as I walked up and down, 'Am I going home now?' I said very impatiently. The nurse said, 'It's only one o'clock, you're not going home until three.' Time seemed to be going so slow.

Sometime later I asked again when am I going home, the nurse said angrily, 'You asked that two minutes ago! You have to wait until three and its only after one now.'

Again some time later I said, 'Is it time now?' when the nurse said, 'No, it's not time yet.' I started to think that they were lying to me and that they were only making it up that I was to go home. They are keeping me here forever I thought, again feeling trapped I said to myself, 'What am I going to do?'

I started to really panic that I was going to be stuck there forever and started to think when I get to the corner of the building I'm just going to run as fast as I can and get away.

Again I was very nervous at the thought of running off, I got to the corner of the building and didn't have the courage to run and turned back.

While on the way walking back I said, 'I'm going to do it this time.' but got to the corner and again turned back. Each time walking back I said to myself why didn't I go that time. As I walked up and down it seemed like I was walking up and down in this strange place forever. One of the nurses had went off somewhere and the other one stayed, keeping a watchful eye on me.

She came back some time later and called me over to where she was standing with the other nurse, I walked over and she said to me, 'You're not going home until the morning.'

Straight away I said to myself, 'They were lying.' they are keeping me forever and they had tricked me into thinking I was going home.

I got really frustrated and angry and started to walk off, when the nurse said, 'Come back here! You'll be going home in the morning.' and I turned and walked back to the door and started shouting, 'I want to go home now! I want to go home now!!'

'You have to stay until the morning and we are going to give you some dinner now.' one of the nurses said. Still very frustrated and angry I said, 'I don't want dinner! I want to go home. I want to go home now! I want to go home now!!'

The nurse said, 'Well we will just have to put you to sleep then.' 'I don't care! I don't care!' I shouted to them, when she said, 'Wait here with the nurse until I come back.'

She went off, I stood there, I was very angry. When she returned she said to me, 'Are you going to do what you are told and eat dinner?' 'No! I won't.' I replied very angrily when she said, 'Ok then go into your room and sleep.'

I went into the room and sat on the bed, the two nurses came in after me and said, 'We are going to put you to sleep and we have to put this needle in you.' I didn't care what they did and lay down on the bed motionless and they stuck me with the needle.

I have no recollection of waking in the morning but found myself again pacing up and down outside waiting to go home, the two nurses kept watch, telling me that I was going home at eleven o'clock.

As I walked up and again I seen through the window the scary man coming out of his room, I got a bit nervous but I was so frustrated waiting to go home I didn't let in too much fear, my mind was on going home and getting away from this strange place. I kept watching him to see if he was going to attack me, he kept walking in and out of the building with the nurses keeping an eye on him also. I was afraid to get too close to the door in case he would grab me when he was coming out and I had kept some distance away while still walking up and down the front of the building.

Sometime later that seemed to be forever I seen the family car pull up with my father driving, I was so delighted thinking I'm actually going home and I'm not going to be stuck in that horrible place forever. I walked quickly towards the car, wanting to get in, the window was wound down and it was Declan telling me to go around and get in the other side. I quickly walked around and opened the door and sat up on Kieran's lap. My father put the car in gear and drove off, on the way home from the strange place not able to talk, I stared out the window into deep space, I hadn't a thought in my head. I felt so depressed. My father again had manipulated, got his way and put me in a home somewhere with mentally retarded people.

I had been back in school and our teacher had told us that a priest from Africa was coming to our school and was going to talk to every class about religion, and showed us where Africa was on the map telling us he is coming from far away.

The teacher had left the class telling us that she was going to see if he was finished talking to the other classes. On return she said he is coming now and went to her desk at the top of the class and left the door open for the priest.

Myself and the other kids in the class were looking to the door, everyone waiting in anticipation to see this visitor from far away. He entered the door way and I had seen that he was a black man and as he walked towards the top of the class I stood up quickly and shouted with aggression, 'Get out you black bastard!' and sat down again.

The teacher instantly walked down to the door and called me out into the hallway, I went on her order into the hallway where she said you are to wait down at the end of the hall until someone comes to you.

I waited at the end of the hallway and after some time waiting my mother came down the hallway and said 'I'm bringing you home.'

I didn't know what was going on and followed my mother to the car and went home.

Later that evening my mother said to Declan he had to mind the rest of us and she and my father had to make the journey to the school to talk about what I had said to the African priest. When they returned, Colin asked my mother what had I done in school as he had heard of it in school that day.

My mother told Colin what I had done and told the rest of my brothers and joked about it all evening, they found it very funny and I was laughing at how funny they found it.

For days and weeks they would joke about it saying it to my mother who couldn't help but laugh when they said it to her. And I heard Colin saying everyone in other towns in the area had heard what was said to the priest.

I had learned nothing but bad language from my father and using it I criticized the priest like the way my father criticized me and at home my father was also purposely teaching me and my brothers the wrong things in life when we would spit in the fire he would pretend to get mad that we were spitting in the fire and tell us angrily not to spit in the fire, manipulating us telling us it would quench the fire and he would tell us to spit on the floor and when someone was in the bathroom and one of us had to go to the toilet he would tell us to go to the toilet at the back door.

We got to learn the bad habits and when my mother would be there and we would spit on the floor or go to the toilet at the back door he would look to my mother and say, "Look what the ignorant bastards are doing."

Chapter 7 Terror! And the Devil's Joy

AGE: 5 to 6 years old

Domestic violence, mental abuse, torture, physical abuse and sadistic perversion,

Summer time had come and I had been getting sick while outside playing from the poison and on car journeys I would have to ask my mother to pull over while I was getting sick. Every week myself and my brothers would go in the car to Oranmore which was the next town over to this big house with a long driveway up to it. My father would tell us we had to wait in the car while he and my mother went inside to talk to the doctor. On each occasion they seemed to be with the doctor for some time as myself and my brothers waited in the car talking and laughing. Once again my mother had disappeared and my father told myself and Deane that she was in hospital and she would be home in a couple weeks. I was sad once again that my mother was gone but I knew that she would be home in a couple weeks as my father said.

While my mother was gone, my father was doing the farm work and cooking for myself and my brothers, so he was spending more time around the house than usual. My father gave myself and my brothers the dinner he prepared and left to go working again outside in the yard. After dinner myself and Deane had been in the sitting room while Declan, Colin and Philip had been outside in the garden when my father entered the sitting room where myself and Deane had been playing heavily together.

"Come here I want ya" he said while standing at the hallway door, I thought he wanted me to do something for him in the house and I had started to follow him into the hallway. In the hallway he said, "Come on with me." he looked and sounded really nervous, I thought he was upset or something.

He got to my bedroom door with me standing behind him, he pushed open the door gently and said with a really nervous voice, "Come on in here." he looked really worried about something. I didn't know what was going on, I thought he was going to cry or something and I went into the room, stopped and turned around to see what he wanted. He pushed out the door to a close really quietly and turned and started to stare at me, he was very nervous looking.

As he stood there looking at me I started to really worry by the way he was that he was going to do something really bad to me. He took a couple steps forward, he was shaking, I got really frightened and he said barely getting the words out, "Take off your pants and lay up on the bed."

I said to myself something really bad is going to happen to me, I was so frightened as to the way he was acting, I was never this frightened before and I started to do what he said and pulled down my pants.

I felt really bad when I had my pants down, I felt dirty once again as my father stood there staring in to my eyes. He started to get a smile on his face and when he had not moved I thought that he was going to laugh at me with my pants down and leave.

As I waited for him to make a fool of me, he said, "Take them off fully and lay up on the bed like I told ya." I pushed off my shoes and stepped on the ends of my pants and got fully out of them.

I didn't get up on the bed like he said I just stood there and then he came forward and said, "Up on the bed now, good boy."

I got up on the bed, sat up and put my arms on my knees covering myself as I felt rotten being exposed, as I did my father put his hand on my shoulder and gently pushed me back saying. "Lay back now. That's the good boy." I laid back thinking he is going to do what he always does and start punching me between the legs.

His hands started to shake, I said to myself, 'What is wrong with him?' and again I grew very frightened at how unsettled he had got as I watched him shake more and more.

He then put one hand on my leg holding it open and started to reach to his jacket pocket with the other that was now shaking really bad.

He started to breathe really strangely, it was like he was finding it really hard to breathe and as he took short breaths I started to think he was going to die but as he reached further and further into his pocket I realised that he was nervous at something he was about to do.

His hand was shaking in his pocket and after what looked like a struggle he pulled out the pliers. I said, 'He is going to pinch me with the pliers between the legs again.' when he left it on the bed and reached for his pocket again.

I wondered why he was going for his pocket again, he seemed to be searching really carefully for something for some time as I felt his hand shake while pushing open my leg.

Again I thought, 'Is he sick?' he was taking very short breaths but I felt that he was worried about something, the something he was about to do to me.

He pulled his hand carefully out of his pocket with his palm upright and open and I seen a lot of needles and long thin pieces of something that looked like metal.

I panicked thinking, 'What the hell is he going to do to me?!' he then put the needles and bits from his palm carefully on the bed.

He took his hand off my leg and started to do something with both hands that was out of my sight, I slowly closed my legs together and he gently pushed it open again and pulled his hand back and continued to do what he was doing, I again closed my legs and he pushed them open holding it down, he started to do something with the other hand and seemed to be struggling at what he was doing while taking deep breaths and blowing out

heavily. He continued to take his hand off my leg for brief moments to where his other hand had been and back again to hold my legs open.

After some time which seemed like forever my father had struggled at what he was doing, he raised his right hand into sight and he had a needle in between the jaws of the pliers. He held it there and looked between my legs, I was motionless, he looked to be in deep thought, I then knew that he was going to put the needle in me.

He started to really concentrate and try to calm down the shake in his hands, while I thought maybe he is thinking about not doing it.

He then put his right hand forward and the needle that was being held by the pliers disappeared out of sight, I braced myself, I could barely breathe as I knew he was going to put the needle in me.

He then leaned his head in close and started to look closely between my legs, he put his hand all the way in, and he started to touch and feel around that area.

I felt rotten as he felt around but at this stage I fully knew that he was trying to look for the place where he would stick the needle in me.

As he was doing so he grew more bothered, panting and breathing heavy while trying to concentrate as he looked carefully between my legs.

I started to move about a bit as his hand that seemed to brush gently over the skin between my legs started to tickle me.

"Stay steady." he said silently while heavily concentrated on what he was doing, I couldn't stay still as it was tickling a lot, but I tried as hard as I could not to move as this is what was asked of me.

As my body shook he kept telling me to stay still as he seemed desperate for me to stop and started to push down on my hip to prevent me from shaking.

After some time of this struggle between the two of us, he pushed my leg up towards my stomach and held it there, and as he looked between my legs that pleased look came on his face and he looked up and stared in to my eyes.

When I seen that look I knew it was about to happen, "Hold still now." he said looking to be concentrating but with a pleased smile on his face.

He pushed tightly between my legs with his left hand, I braced myself and held my breath, He started to push the needle in me really slowly, I took a breath in and then my head and shoulders lifted up towards my stomach and I let out a shout, the pain was horrendous, he put his left hand on my shoulder and started to push me back down on the bed while pushing the needle in.

I held my breath again as he pushed the needle in further, the pain was unbearable and when my father had pushed me back to a lying down position and stopped pushing the needle in, I exhaled slowly.

I had passed out and woke to feeling a tremendous pain between my legs, it felt like that I had been pricked inside me by a lot of needles that I now knew that he had put inside me. But I had also woke to being what felt like a tickle and some pain with some pressure on my bum from my father's hand and I seen that a couple bits of the finger long steel had been in his other hand. While I was passed out my father had put some of the lengths of steel inside my bum.

I moved a little and the pain was out of this world and I started to really worry about what he had done to me and panicked in despair shouting, 'What have you done to me! Take them out! Get them out! Ahhh Jeasus get them out of me!' I shouted in a panic state.

It was a nightmare. I was in a world of despair when he said with a worried face, "Don't worry I'll take them out later." "Take them out now! Ahhhh Jeasus!" I could feel the blood rush into my face as I shouted and tried to deal with the pain.

"You are going to have to get up and go into the sitting room and sit down." he said "And I'll take them out later" he had said it as if I was complaining about nothing.

'Take them out! Take them out! I shouted when he forcefully said, "Will you stop! I'll fucking take them out later, but first you have to go out to the sitting room and sit down." I knew he would not help me until I had done what he asked of me.

I started to try and role onto my side, I had only slightly moved and I couldn't bear the pain and I stopped and the pain exacerbated as I rolled back.

I tried the same again and again with the same result, I couldn't get off the bed the pain was so bad.

I had either passed out on attempt or had no recollection of how I got off the bed but found myself a couple steps inside the sitting room with my father having his hands on me. I was standing still in horrific pain, I felt all the needles inside of me between my legs, I was taking short breaths. I couldn't believe what I was going through, what I was in, it was a nightmare!

From behind me my father whispered, "Come on, move on." while slightly nudging me forward with his hand.

I seen Deane away from me doing something by the side of the couch, I tried to take a step forward slowly without shouting in pain, I knew I had to be quiet and not let Deane see what was going on.

I moved and the pain was too unbearable and I stopped and said to myself, 'I can't do this.' and I was worrying that this nightmare wasn't going to end until I did what my father wanted, and again I was worrying in despair that my father was never going to take the needles out, and I was never getting out of this, and even at the young age of five I worried about what the needles was doing to my insides.

I hesitated for some time when my father whispered in my ear, "If you don't go over there and sit down, i'll kill your mother."

Now my father had me where he wanted me, he knew I probably would go through with it knowing that I would not want my mother to die. I had fallen for his manipulation and I tried to pick up the courage to see it out and prevent my mother's life from being taken by my father.

I inhaled, held my breath and started to walk, as I walked I tried to blank my mind from the pain and of all thought just to follow it through. I had managed to do this on the walk to the couch where I was to sit on the order from my father.

I could still feel awful pain but this had worked to an extent and got me through a couple steps from the couch. Deane had turned around from what he was doing to straight away

see from the expression on my face and my slow movement as I took the last step to the couch that there was something awful wrong with me.

As I knew that on the orders of my father that I had to sit on the couch and thought it would be less horrific if I just leaned on the arm of the chair having to not fully bend down and lessen the cruel pain, with the hope my father would accept this to be good enough and might meet his needs.

I put my right hand on the arm of the couch and tried to turn around slowly, as I did a very worried look grew on Declan face. He then made an attempt to talk and muttered something, it was something about what he was doing, I knew he wanted me to join him in what he was doing to the left.

I was hoping he wouldn't ask me what was wrong as I thought if he did and I had to tell him then my father would kill my mother, I knew that my mother had been in hospital but I knew that he would wait for her to come home and then kill her, if I didn't do what he wanted.

When I didn't reply to Deane, he put on a worried face again and looked down at the way I was moving, I kept turning in pain and Deane then looked into my eyes, he seen the look of distress in my face as I tried to put up with the pain and then he himself got very distressed looking. I could tell that he knew that something was very wrong, it looked like he was very worried for me and had felt sorry for whatever I was going through. I hoped he would not ask what was wrong when he eventually turned to what he had been doing .

I looked across the room to see my father sitting on the edge of the couch with his hands on his knees with a huge pleased look on his face, his eyes were unusually wide open and he was staring into my face, I knew that he was hugely enjoying what was going on seeing me suffer through his sick twisted ordeal.

I had been fully turned around and I knew my father was waiting for me to sit down, I knew that I had to follow through on in orders so I put my arms behind me and on to the arm of the couch as to let my bum back slowly to lessen the pain of the needles that had been inserted in the end of my bum.

Hoping this would be enough to please my father as he had asked me to sit down I slowly started to let myself back to rest my bum up against the arm of the couch as to not fully sit down. I braced myself for the pain and drew in my breath and held it.

As I did I looked to my father and seen that he was engrossed in what was happening with pleasure in his face as he waited with anticipation for me to sit.

I got my bum resting on the arm of the couch but I still had my arms behind me pushing back to lessen the pain in not letting my bum take all the weight of my body.

While still looking at my father, he had not noticed that most of the pressure had been taken by my arms pushing back against the couch and he sat there looking overjoyed at the tremendous pain I was in, he sat there engrossed in it all for some time as I prayed he wouldn't make me fully sit down on the couch.

I either passed out or have no recollection but found myself back lying on the bed in a very worried state, very emotional, crying, get them out to my father, who was looking and

acting extremely worried, he was so worried I started to panic that my body was in major trouble and my father can't get the needles out that felt way inside me.

He was in a major panic, he was breathing really heavy again I shouted, 'Get them out! Get them out! He said "i'll get them out." as he looked between my legs, he looked so confused panicking breathing like crazy, he didn't know what to do.

I was worried.

I then passed out.

I have no recollection of the rest of the day.

Chapter 8 The Scythe, the Devil and the Field

AGE: 5 to 6 years old

Threats and abandonment

into remote fields overnight with impossible tasks to do,
and the constant fear of being killed.

My father had been taking advantage of my mother's absence and laid heavily on me with his twisted ways. He again came in to my room in the middle of the night, but on this occasion he had deliberately woke me up this time. I got a bit frightened as I wasn't sure what was going on, as this went against what he had done on all the other nights. He said in a low tone, "Put on your clothes, we are going." Still frightened, I got out of the bed and put on my clothes, as he stood there waiting. I thought to myself he is not angry and he has not put his hands on me, thinking I'm getting off lightly this time, but where are we going.

When I was dressed he said, "Come on." and I followed him out of the room. He walked quietly without saying a word through the house as I also quietly followed. When we got out of the house he told me to get in the car and wait there as he walked in the direction of the sheds.

I got in the back of the car and closed the door thinking, 'What's going on? What's going to happen?' Shortly my father appeared close to the car and with him he held the scythe in his hands. My father used this for clearing bushes. It was a long handle with a long sharp blade at the ending. I had seen my father use this on a number of occasions and I said to myself, 'He is going working, and he is bringing me with him.'

Although I was a little frightened at the sight of the long blade, it didn't enter my mind that my father was going to do something to me with the blade as I was always a bit frightened at the sight of the blade anytime my father used it previously to this. He put the scythe in the boot and got in the car. He then started the engine and slowly reversed out the driveway. He went in the direction of where he had land away from the house. I was a little relaxed thinking that I'm not going to get a beating from my father as he has some work to do and he is just bringing me along for the spin. As he drove along he was very quiet and things started to feel a bit sneaky as I thought to when he placed the scythe in the back of the car, remembering that things seemed a bit

strange in that short time before the journey began and I started to think, 'My father could be up to something different than just going working.' but telling myself that its more than likely he just has some work to do.

Convincing myself of this, my mind relaxed again. I remember this journey as myself and my brothers had went there with my father on a lot of occasions. We got to where my father had usually parked the car or the tractor and stopped there.

He said, "Come on." as he got out of the car and I quickly followed. He went to the back of the car and opened the boot as I stood beside it. He took the scythe out and closed the boot after him. I hoped the work would not take too long and I could go home and back to bed.

He walked to the gate, opened it, saying, "Come on." and I followed. We walked through the field and got to the next gate where he opened it saying, "Go on, get in there." I walked in before him and looked back as he again said, "Go on, get in there, stay going." I got frightened as his tone had changed and he now sounded a little angry. As I walked through the field he closely followed behind and I started to think that we are not going working, he has brought me here to kill me. I said to myself that he is just going to swing the scythe from behind me and cut my head off with it.

I thought this was it, this is where my life is going to end. I looked behind to see if he had the scythe raised and in the position to swing with it, when he said to me, "Keep going and don't be looking behind you!" I kept walking thinking now I won't see it coming and I won't have any chance of running. I was feeling sad now as I knew that I couldn't prevent it and my life was now going to end.

I tried to look a bit to the left in an attempt to again see if he was going to swing the scythe but I did not turn around fully as he had warned me not to. As I walked knowing that my life was going to be now over I said to myself, 'I'm not going to try and look around again and I'm going to show my father that I'm not afraid of him ending my life.'

So I continued walking and although I was so frightened, I was hoping that he thought that it wasn't bothering me and that I didn't care that he was going to end it all. I hoped that he might change his mind, but I knew how evil he was and it was a very small chance he would not follow through.

I was hoping but the sadness of my life ending overwhelmed me as I walked. I was just waiting for it to happen. All of a sudden he said "Stop!" I could not believe it and felt instant relief as I turned and looked to him. He looked at me, his look was very strange and the sadness again came over me as I said to myself, 'He is just going to do it here where I can see him doing it.' When he said to me, "You are to clear all of these bushes with the scythe like I showed you before you can come home. I'll pick you up in the morning."

I could not believe that I wasn't going to die. Straight away I hoped he didn't know what I thought was going to happen to me and I wanted to show him that I had not been frightened so I reached for the scythe saying, 'Where will I start and can you show me again how to use it.' He handed me the scythe saying, "You should know how to use it." and I replied, 'I don't know what to do. What will I do?' and he took it from me, walked over to the bushes as I followed quickly and he swiped the scythe at the bottom of the bushes, taking two to three quick swipes and turned placing the scythe in my hands saying, "Now

that's how you use it!" although it was dark I could see the grin on his face as he turned and walked away.

I stood there thinking I'm not going to be able to do this, the scythe was so heavy and awkward. Although it was the middle of the night I didn't question why I had to work during the night and not the day like always. This had been the first time I was put working in the night but I just thought that the work just had to be done and I had to do it as my father would have other work to do himself.

So I tried to lift the scythe and get to work. It was very heavy and I got anxious about the possibility of hurting myself with it. I thought I was going to cut my foot off. But I knew I needed to keep trying and get the work done before my father came back in the morning. I tried again and got the blade to the bushes, barely with the blade off the ground, I had not got the strength to swipe it at the bushes like my father showed me. I tried several times always with the same result in not having the strength to do it always panicking I was going to do myself harm with the blade and I just gave up saying, 'Oh! Don't care what my father says, I just can't do it.' So I let the scythe go with relief knowing I was only going to hurt myself with it if I had kept trying. I thought, I'll go over to the wall and sit down, I felt restless as I got there and started to walk from one corner of the field to the other. I recalled my father telling me that he wouldn't be collecting me until the morning and I knew I probably had a lot of time left in the field until then.

As I walked up and down the field I wondered if my father was going to be mad that I didn't do the work for him but I kept telling myself that it wasn't possible for me to be able to do what my father showed and I began not to care thinking, 'What am I going to do now until the morning arrives.' and kept walking in the field and I got a slight feeling that my father left me here on purpose and thinking this I said, 'If he did he probably won't care that I had no work done.'

Now I wasn't sure why my father had taken me out of the house in the middle of the night and brought me here but I knew I had a long wait until he came back for me. Time went so slow until it started to get bright. Now with some relief seeing that it was getting bright I said, 'He will be here soon.' but it took some time before my father had arrived and I was feeling very tired and I was never as happy to see my father appear.

I stood there wondering what he was going to do when he sees that I had no work done, when he simply called me from a distance, saying, "Come on! We're going home." My father seemed to be in a hurry to get me home before my brothers had seen that I had been missing from the house so he said, "Get the scythe quick and we go."

I was so relieved that I was going home and there was nothing said about the work so I quickly ran over picking it up and followed him through the field and into the car and made the journey back to the house relieved it was over.

This continued, my father would take me out of my bed in the middle of the night and just kept leaving me in the same field with the same orders. I had never done any work on any of the nights and my father had never complained about this.

Once again my father had woke me in the night and we went on the usual journey but this time he kept driving and had not stopped at his land. I got confused and I could not think

of any reason why my father had driven past and kept going. We had been traveling now for about an hour and I was still confused as to what was going on and where he was taking me. I then fell asleep and sometime later I woke to my father carrying me in his arms through what seemed to be a field of bushes. Bushes surrounded us as my father carried me and shortly we got to where there was a small area of bushes that had been flattened. My father stopped here and quickly put me standing on my feet. At this stage it had got somewhat bright as it was the summer time and I could see that I was in the middle of a place surrounded in bushes and it was not familiar to any place I had seen before. Laying on the ground I could see the scythe. My father then picked it up and put it in my hands and said, "You're here until six o'clock tomorrow evening. You won't be picked up until then" he said, "So you have all this to clear before then." and he turned and walked away.

I stood there with the scythe in my hands shocked that I was not going to be going home until tomorrow evening. On all the other occasions my father had picked me up in the morning but this time I was in an unfamiliar place far away and I knew that it was going to be a long time before I got out of there. I wondered where I was as I stood there still shocked and now a little angry and anxious thinking what I was going to do until tomorrow evening when my father was to pick me up. Again not knowing if my father was going to be angry or not if I had no work done when he arrived.

I thought will I cut some bushes. I thought about this for some time and still didn't know what to do but then I became very bored and decided to try and work to pass the time but I knew from the other nights that it would be very difficult and dangerous for me to work the scythe but I knew I had to pass the time somehow. I tried and tried and after some time with great difficulty I managed to cut a very small proportion of bushes. It was such a small amount that I knew that it would not be even visible to my father and I then gave up. I stood there again not knowing what to do. I became curious as to where I was and I thought will I try and see if I can get out of this unfamiliar place and see if I recognised where I was.

I thought of the long journey it took to get here and I had a feeling I was in a place I would not recognise outside the surrounding bushes, and therefore decided to stay put also knowing that I might not be able to find my way back to where I was meant to be. Hours went by like this thinking will I do some more work or will I chance getting out of the bushes and see where I was. It was now daylight and I started to get hungry, worried because my father had left me here without any food. Some hours had passed like this confused, bored and very hungry. I had no idea of the time I had left but I knew it was far from the evening.

As I took off my jumper I had an idea that with the heat starting that it was only the beginning of the day. I done some more work and then sat down on the ground for a rest but I got up again after a short time to work again to keep my mind off wanting some food. Time went slow and it felt like I was there forever. Out of boredom, not caring if I got lost, I decided I would now go through the bushes and see what was outside of it. I walked five to six steps through the bushes before I got frightened thinking if I keep going I might not be able to find my way back so I turned around and made the steps back into where I had been.

The day went on and I kept doing work from time to time as I could not rest for long as I kept thinking about food. It became very warm and it was difficult to stay working so I had no choice but to sit and go through the thought of eating. More hours went by and I had been standing there with the scythe in my hands when my father came through the bushes in a hurry. He didn't look to see if I had any of the work done, he just quickly said, "It's six o'clock. Come on, and we go." I started to walk carrying the scythe when he angrily took it from me and through it quickly to the ground. As we hurried through the bushes he picked me up and told me to close my eyes and not to open them until he said so. I felt him lay me down into the seat of the car, still with my eyes closed I had fallen asleep. I have no recollection of getting home or how I felt after the ordeal.

These past days and nights had taken a lot out of me and I must have slept a lot as I woke to be drowning in water in the dark, my head was under water, I frantically tried to get my head up for air, succeeding but I panicked thinking I was going to go under and die. I was swinging my hands trying to stay up, it was very dark and the water seemed to be pulling me backwards, I looked back to see what was behind me and all I could see was darkness and I panicked again thinking I was going to be pulled into the darkness and never come back. As the water pushed and pulled, I couldn't help but keep looking back to see how far I was away from the darkness. I struggled and struggled to stay afloat and then got some confidence to try and go forward as I had now looked in front of me and seen lights and a wall and said it's not too far away to safety. As I tried the water pulled me back and my head went under, coming back up and trying to catch my breath, I then seen my father in the water in front of me. I don't know if he had taken me out of the water then or if he had watched me struggle for longer but again my father had brought me as I realise today a good distance from the home to observe the suffering of his son.

In the coming days my father said to myself and Deane that we were to come with him that we were going to pick up our mother and bring her home from the hospital. I was glad to hear that my mother was coming home but I was very depressed and sad. On the journey to the hospital I didn't play or talk to Deane in the back of the car, I was very fed up.

Before we reached the hospital I hoped that my mother would not notice that I was sad but I wasn't overly worried if she did, I felt like I just didn't care anymore. As we drove in the driveway of the hospital I was thinking, 'It's good that my mother is coming home.' and I started to try and cheer up a little but I couldn't manage it, what my father had done to me, broke me, broke my spirit. We pulled up outside the big building and waited for our mother to come out, again I tried to brush aside the sadness and put a smile on my face but I didn't succeed. I was looking down at the ground when I heard the passenger door open, it was my mother. I was glad to see that it was her but all I could think about was trying not to look sad.

She had got in and took a quick look in at myself and Deane in the back and then turned back as my father proceeded to drive away from the hospital.

My mother looked tired and did not speak or ask any questions on the way home, I was glad she didn't see how sad I had been.

At home after the journey back from the hospital everyone was sitting on the couch and in great form that our mother was back home.

I had been walking from the sitting room to my bedroom and back in an attempt to avoid been in constant sight of my mother, I had been still very down in myself and didn't want her to notice, as she might start to question the form I had been in.

The words of my father telling me he would kill my mother was ringing in my mind and I thought if I had to tell my mother what my father did to me he would kill her.

I walked from the sitting room to my bedroom and back many times making an appearance at the sitting room door in the view of my mother and going again, not to give her enough time to see the sadness in my face.

She was so happy being home to her sons and was busy answering questions that my brothers were asking her about her stay in hospital that fortunately she didn't notice my form.

As I walked up and down the hallway it weighed so heavily on my mind what my father had done to me and the nightmare he had put me through that only the devil could do something like that and I convinced myself that my father was the devil.

Thinking this way frightened me, and I wanted to be sure and when I got from my room to the sitting room door I took a couple steps in and started to look down at my father's feet where he sat on the couch beside my brothers.

I wanted to see if he had hoofs like the devil, as I looked I wondered why I couldn't see hoofs as I was convinced I was looking at the feet of the devil.

I kept looking and looking and I then looked up to see my father looking straight at me grinning like crazy, he could see what he had done to me really disturbed me and this had pleased him immensely.

I didn't see the hoofs but that didn't stop me from thinking he was the devil, to me he had always been the evil man that was in charge of me, my mother and brothers but now I was convinced that the devil himself was living with us.

This frightened me as I thought now there would be no getting away from the devil and we would be under his leash forever.

Later in life when myself and my brother discussed how sick and twisted our father was he had said to me, 'There is a picture at home and you can see in the picture he looks really evil in it.' I had seen this picture many times and this picture had been taken on the day my mother came home from hospital and in the picture my father had been sitting in the same position on the couch where I was looking to him and down at his feet.

Chapter 9 Safe Days and Horror Nights

AGE: 5 to 6 years old

Brought to stranger's homes to protect from abuse,
but nightly beatings and torture continued,

As we got more into the summer myself and my brothers were making the most of our time being off school by playing around the house.

We had been told by our father that we would be going to the bog in the morning to get the turf ready to bring home when the winter came.

I had never been to the bog before and didn't know what to expect, Declan Colin and Philip had been the previous year and talked all evening about how much they hated the bog. In the morning we all hit off for the bog.

On the journey there my brothers weren't talking, I knew that they were dreading the day in the bog. When we arrived my father told us all to get out and follow him into the bog and said to my mother to bring the bottled tea into the bog and leave it under the sun so it would stay warm.

My father started to tell my brothers what to do and showed Deane what to do as it was his first time in the bog. As I waited to receive orders from my father what to do, my mother said, 'Maurice, you stand over there beside the bottles of tea and watch. You are too young to be in the bog working.' when my father looked up at her and looked to be very frustrated with her. I went on my mother's orders and walked back to where the bottles of tea had been. I was really happy that my mother said I didn't have to work and I felt very thankful to her for preventing me from having to work but I knew that my father wasn't happy with my mother's decision. As I stood there and everyone was working my father kept looking up at me with an angry face.

I knew he was angry that I wasn't working.

After some time he looked up at me and said, "Come over here." I went over and he started telling me what to do. I didn't understand what he was showing me. He then went over and started working on another piece of the bog.

I looked to my mother because I had not understood my mother's orders on what to do with the sods of turf. She looked at me and she seemed very nervous looking, she didn't want me working but was afraid to go against my father and tell me to stop.

I stood there not knowing what to do and got very nervous thinking he is going to go mad when he sees me not working so I looked over at the rest of my brothers to see what they had been doing with the intention of copying them.

As I looked at what my brothers were doing I could still not understand what to do with the sods. In an attempt to stop my father from going mad I just started to move the sods around.

My father had been keeping a close eye on me and when he seen that I was doing things wrong he started shouting and came over to me quickly, grabbed me by the arm and started shaking me, he was very angry shouting, "Look what you are doing! sure that's fuckin wrong!" he was frothing at the mouth with temper.

My mother then came over and fearfully said, 'Go on over there Maurice.' and I started to walk back to towards the bottles of tea, as I did my father was angrily saying to my mother that I was useless saying, "Do you see what he was doing? Sure it's all wrong what he is doing, fuck sake!" and walked in temper over to where he was.

I stood there looking straight at my father, I felt a lot of anger towards him.

The work continued and after some time of my father being quiet he started shouting up at me, he was shouting all sorts, and from time to time he would tell me to go working but I had fully withdrawn from my father and just stood there refusing to do anything which made him more angry. my father seemed very frustrated with me and I could see from my mother's face that she felt real bad at the way my father was treating me.

I didn't do anything for my father the rest of that day in the bog.

Some days after the bog I recall someone telling me that I was going to live somewhere else with a woman and that my mother would be coming to see me all of the time and that it was going to be for the best.

I felt really sad that I wasn't going to be living with my mother and brothers anymore but I had taken in what had been said that it was going to be for the best.

The bigger part of me didn't want to go and be without my mother and brothers.

I don't recall much of the day that I was leaving for my new home. I remember that I had been really sad thinking of leaving my mother and brothers and I had refused to go.

I recall some people telling me that I had to go and sometime later I had woke to being very drowsy on a couch in a strange house.

I could barely keep my eyes open and fell back to sleep to awaken again still feeling drowsy, I tried to stay awake, I wanted to know where I was.

I could hear someone somewhere in the house doing something as I tried to keep my eyes open. I fell asleep a number of times and had woken to the same noise of someone doing something in the house.

After some time I was able to stay awake but I felt lifeless, I wasn't able to get off the couch, I started to look around and wondered where am I and how long have I been and what am I doing here. I was very confused as to why I had woken on the couch in this house I didn't recognise.

The noise continued and then it stopped and an old woman appeared in front of me, she had come from around the back of the couch that I had been laying on.

She looked at me carefully for some seconds and walked away again, I heard noise again, I realised that it was the old woman that was making the noise, she is probably cooking I thought.

I wasn't able to get off the couch and I wanted the old woman to appear again in the hope she would tell me where I was and end the confusion that was overwhelming me.

She appeared again after some time and had been carefully looking at me, I was too drowsy to talk and had said nothing when she went off again.

'Why didn't she say anything?' I thought and had come again to be carefully looking at me.

As a result of the old woman carefully looking at me and not talking I began to think she was angry at me and started to wonder what I might have done.

She appeared on several occasions in the same fashion and each time I said to myself she looks like she is mad at me. I thought who is she and does she live here by herself.

After a long time laying on the couch in confusion as to where I was I tried to get off the couch and go and see could I get any understanding of where I was and why I woke up in this strange place.

I made an attempt to get off the couch and felt like I was about to faint and lay back again. I made several attempts struggling each time to get off the couch.

Eventually I rolled off the couch and got on my feet on the ground, I decided to walk away from the noise in the direction of where I seen a lot of light.

I could barely lift my legs, I thought I would fall to the ground as I dragged my feet along.

I really wanted to get to where the light was in the hope of recognising something from outside, it took some time as I was very slow on my feet, I was still very drowsy.

As I walked around the corner I seen a long line of cabinets all along the wall on the lead up to what was now in my view a big window.

I thought I would never get to the window.

When I finally got there, the window I could barely see out and took a few steps back and tried to go on my tip toes in the hope of seeing out, I found it really difficult to go on my tip toes as I was still drowsy but I managed it and got to see a bit out the window.

I seen a big plant that had been very close to the window, I wasn't satisfied as I wanted to see further and try to see if I recognised something from past the plant.

I tried to get higher on my toes to see past but it was very difficult to manage this feat as I was very unbalanced and still drowsy.

After eventually reaching as high as I could achieve, I didn't see any further and gave up.

I wanted to go to another window but I didn't want to see the old woman again and decided to wait for the noise to stop, thinking with the noise stopped she had left the house.

As I eagerly waited, I started to look to the long cabinet that had lots and lots of trophies inside, I wondered who they were belong to, where they belong to the man of the house or the old woman's son I questioned myself.

I walked up and down trying to pass the time until I heard the noise from within the house disappear.

I didn't want to turn around to maybe see the old woman standing there again looking at me so I stayed facing the cabinet walking left to right, it felt like I had been doing this for a

very long time when to my great delight I heard from behind me, my mother's voice calling out, 'Maurice how are you?' 'I'm ok.' I replied and she bent down and caught my hands saying, 'How are you getting on?' I said 'Ok.' with sadness in my voice. My mother then said, 'Wait here for a few minutes and I'll be back to you.' and left.

I knew now that I had been sent away to live with this old woman, I started to hear a lot of talk from my mother and the old woman from around the corner.

I was hoping that they would stop talking and my mother could come back to me, it felt like I was waiting forever.

I have no recollection after that but found myself back with my mother and brothers and back in the hands of my evil father.

For the rest of the summer my mother was bringing me to the boy's house who was in my class and who I had been travelling with to school with driven by his mother.

My mother was getting me away from my father any chance she could get and I had been brought to this boy's house almost every day.

But at night time my father continued to beat and torture me in my room.

I had really enjoyed being in the boy's house all of those days and was glad to find myself back with the rest of my friends in school now that the summer was over.

Enjoying my time there and was getting on really well.

Chapter 10 Red-hot Poker Anyone?

AGE: 5 to 6 years old

Brought to stranger's homes to protect from abuse,
but nightly beatings and torture continued,

On the weekend towards evening my mother had to go into the city to get the shopping and said to my father, 'I'll bring Maurice with me.' when he said, "He'll stay at home here, he is too young to be travelling in the car with just yourself, he could cause you to have an accident and kill the two of ye."

I could tell by my mother's face that she didn't like me being left there with my father . It unnerved her, but she knew not to go against my father's decision and hit off for the city.

When she had been gone our father said to us that we had to sit there and be quiet while our mother was gone. We sat on the couch and I had been a little nervous about being there as I recalled my father putting the needles in me when my mother had been away in hospital but I settled down as my father had not started to shout at me and my brothers, he was unusually quiet and is felt like that he was minding us.

He put turf in the fire and sat on the ledge just to the right of the fire. He Took up the poker and started to poke the fire with his back to us. He sat there for some time with the poker in his hand that he was holding in over the fire and slightly moving it from time to time and seemed to be just staring into the fire.

He didn't seem to bother with us at all.

I was now always wary of my father at all times but he was so quiet I did think to myself, 'Is he actually minding us?' but started to also think to myself, 'Why is he so quiet with his back to us, is he up to something?'

I was confused as to whether he was just looking after us or whether he was going to do something to us which led me to be indecisive of the two. We had all been dead quiet when all of a sudden he turned to us raising the poker with a cheeky smile on his face.

Quickly I wondered what was going on, he was not in a rage with the poker held but grinning from ear to ear.

He started to look me in the eyes, grinning, he came towards me slowly bending down and got right close to me and paused.

I thought, 'What's going on? Is he going to hit me? This is strange, what is he going to do?'

He then started to come closer really slowly staring in my eyes, he was getting so close I pushed back into the couch, 'What is he going to do?' I thought as I sunk back as far as I could. He lifted the poker and put it close to my face, I could feel burning heat in my face coming from the poker. I tried to push my head further back to get away from burning heat and as I did the poker followed.

I could feel my skin burning and I thought my eyes were going to go on fire and I started to sink down into the bottom of the couch to get my face away but the poker still followed. I panicked, I didn't know what to do, I could not take the heat any longer and out of desperation I tried to push the poker away from my face.

I had reached forward as far as I could as to avoid pushing on the red hot tip of the poker. Reaching to half way down on the poker I quickly pushed it away burning the palm of my hand.

He moved it close to my face again, he was laughing like crazy, again not able to take the heat I pushed at it again with the same result burning my hand. My father had left the poker resting in the fire for so long that the heat had travelled all the way down to the handle.

There was nothing I could do only to receive burns to my hand by pushing at the poker in an attempt to avoid it resulting in my eye.

I thought he would never stop, my heart was racing and my palm was badly burned, the pain was absurd but I didn't let up in my quest to get free and kept pushing the poker away.

Watching me panic and in awful pain my father continued as he was thoroughly enjoying seeing me this way. Thinking he would never back off I stopped pushing at the poker, I had given up and got extremely angry and fed up.

Fed up and given up I decided to let him do whatever he wanted to me and left my hand down at my side. I was feeling awful burning to my hand but I quickly forgot when my father put the poker in closer to my face.

Again the burning feeling on my face began it was awful and I decided to try and stick it out without defending and with the intention to try and show him that it wasn't bothering me. There was no other way left.

Saying to myself I won't give in no matter what.

My eyes were burning like mad, I thought my eyes and skin were on fire, I never felt anything like it, initially I was trying to show no emotion in my face and using determination to help me through but I was getting through on pure anger alone.

Now my father wasn't getting what he wanted and pulled back looking angry.

My eyes were still burning like crazy but I sat there motionless as if I wasn't feeling any pain. I thought, 'Is this working? Will he go away?'

My eyes were burning so bad I said to myself I don't care if he does something else to me as long as he stays away until the burning within my eyes went away.

He was very angry looking and I started saying to myself, 'Please, please stay away until the burning goes, then you can do what you want.'

He had stayed away long enough and my eyes and skin started to cool down and with this I started to feel the burn from the palm of my hand and while concentrating on that pain I had been looking down at my hand.

My father had noticed that I was bothered and in pain with my hand and a big smile came on his face, looked me in the eyes and then unknown to me he had slowly put the hot poker close to my wrist, looked down and up again to be staring directly face to face, staring in my eyes.

Now with that grin on his face again I knew he was going to do something but I wasn't too worried as the poker had been away from my face.

All I could think about was the relief of my eyes and skin when he placed the poker on the top of my palm and pushed down on it holding it while it burned into me.

I shouted, 'Ahhhh! You bastard! Ahhhh!' pulling my badly burned hand away, the pain was horrendous.

I grabbed around my wrist with my other hand, shouting in pain, my brothers were stuck to the couch in fear. I couldn't believe that something could be so painful and while still shouting in pain holding my hand, to my disbelief he put the poker to my hand again, I pulled my hand away and he followed with the poker and touched it on my skin again, I went into shock panicking saying to myself, 'He's not going to stop! What the hell am I to do?' As fast as I could pull my hand away he replied by being just as quick making contact with my hand every time, he was grinning like crazy.

After some time of this struggle my father had burned my hand several times and I decided to put them behind my back in the hope he would stop.

As I did he looked angry again and I felt uneasy as I had left my face exposed to the poker again. He then grinned at me and walked off into the kitchen.

I brought my hands back around from the back of the couch, and looked at the burns, the pain was absurd, I glanced over at my brothers they all seemed to be very distressed looking. I sat there for a long time before the pain subsided, we were all still in shock on the couch when our mother got home.

I heard the car pull up outside, and as she came in the kitchen I heard my father greeted, he said, "Come in here and see what this fool done to himself!" 'Who?' said my mother.

"That Maurice burned himself with the poker." replied my father.

She entered the room and came straight over and I had put my hand down to the side.

'Did you burn yourself Maurice?' said my mother looking worried.

Feeling very withdrawn I barely got the word out but I knew I had to answer my mother and hope she didn't notice why I was withdrawn from everyone.

'Yeah, I did.' I muttered to her. 'Show me.' she said and I slowly lifted my hand up, keeping it at a distance hoping she wouldn't see how bad it was and then leave without asking questions.

'Oh! Jesus! That looks really bad.' she said bending down to get a closer look.

'Are you all right? Did you put it under the tap?' she said when from behind my father said "I left the tap running there for him and sure he went away from it, what more could I do with him?" he said with a cheeky smile on his face.

'Come on again and I'll run it under the tap' she said.

"Isn't he all right? Wasn't it under long enough?" with some anger in his voice to get his way but my mother insisted and brought me to the tap.

My mother ran my hand under the water and had not twigged anything.

This continued every time my mother and been gone shopping but with my father smartly just touching off me with the hot poker and not leaving a noticeable burn.

On the weekend again while eating dinner my mother told us that she was going to the city to do the shopping and from across the table I saw my father grinning.

I knew what the grin meant and I said to myself, 'I don't want to go through this anymore'. and asked my mother could I go with her.

'Sur you can', she said glancing at my father to see his reaction.

"No! He can't go with you." my father said, "I told you before he'll cause an accident if he goes with you, killing yerselves or killing someone else."

I was disappointed looking to my mother who also looking disappointed that she had failed in her attempt to bring me with her. She knew I really wanted to go and wouldn't have said no if my father had not been there.

I knew not to ask again my father's answer was fixed and decided quickly to go and hide in the car in an attempt to overthrow my father's answer.

I rushed my dinner and went outside opened the back door of the car and got in.

I wondered would I be allowed to go when my mother and father sees me in the car but I quickly interpreted the answer and decided to hide behind the passenger seat.

I went down as far as I could go crawled behind the seat.

I wondered would I get away with it, would I be seen by my father or mother.

After some time I heard my mother saying, 'Where is Maurice?' I thought my plan didn't work, I had hoped that my mother would have not noticed I was missing got in the car and proceed to the city with me hiding in the back.

'I wonder where he is. I heard her say, I said to myself, 'They will find me', and I'm going to have to stay behind.

He's around somewhere I heard my father say from behind the car. "Sure go on. I'll find him, he could not be gone far."

'I'll go so.' I heard my mother say, I got excited thinking I'm probably going to get away with it.

I heard my mother walking to the door of the car and I hoped she would not look in the back, and I wondered was my father close to the car thinking he might look in if he was.

My mother got to the driver's door and sat in, as she did I was sure that my father was looking in to the back of the car and he was going to catch me hiding.

My mother had not closed the door and had been doing something within the front of the car. 'Start the car, start the car..' I kept saying in my mind.

I was anxious thinking about what the outcome was going to be.

Then I heard my mother's door shut, I waited for her to start the car saying to myself, 'I'm nearly there, I'm nearly there..' hoping.

My mother started the car, I got excited thinking I'm actually going to get away with it but still thinking where is my father, 'Is he gone away from the car or is he standing beside it?' I heard the car go into gear and felt it move off, I felt a sigh of relief that I didn't get caught and I was on my way with my mother and away from my father.

I decided to wait for my mother to get some distance up the road before letting her know that I was there so it would be too late to turn back if this is what she had to do.

She might bring me back as to not go against my father knowing what he said about me being in the car and causing an accident.

When I thought we were gone far enough I came out from the back of the seat and appeared between the two front seats, my mother heard me and looked back quickly, she got a fright saying, 'What are you doing there?' while looking forward and concentrating on driving. 'Jesus! you gave me an awful fright' she said, I didn't say anything I was just really happy to be in the car with my mother.

'Are you all right?' she said to me. 'Yeah, I am,' I replied. 'Ok, but you will have to sit back there in the back in case something happens and you go flying through the front window.' I stayed in the back as my mother said, I wanted to be up the front with my mother but anything was better than being left at home with my father.

I sat there in the back feeling very happy and after some time I went up between the two front seats and started to look out the front window.

My mother said to me to hold on tight to one of the seats and then she slowed the car down. I was happy my mother didn't tell me to go back into the back, she seemed happy that I was in such good form.

All through the journey my mother would ask me was I all right and was I holding on tight to the seat. My mother was always very caring and good to me.

When we got to the city I went with my mother and got the shopping.

Afterwards my mother said to me we will go to the coffee shop and get tea and a bun before we go home. We went to the restaurant, my mother ordered a pot of tea and at the counter and told me to pick which bun I wanted. I picked my bun, then we sat down and after a while the waitress brought the tea and buns to our table.

At first I was very happy with my mother asking me was I all right and did I want more tea, she was so nice to me. But after awhile thinking about what a good time I was having with my mother and that it would be great if it was like this all the time.

I started to think that it would never be like this all the time and I got sad thinking that when we have eaten our food and drank our tea we would be going home.

I totally withdrew from my mother, I wasn't able to talk, I was so depressed at the thought of going home, and most of all home to my father.

I kept hoping time would go slow looking to my mother's food hoping I would never see it finished and we could stay here forever.

My mother had noticed I got down in myself and she looked sad, she knew what was going on in my mind. As I seen my mother's food disappear from her plate I became very sad and anxious about going home. All I wanted was time to go slow and I kept hoping this.

To my delight my mother took her time and filled up her cup again but to my dismay she said to me that we would be going very soon that we had to go home we've been gone a long time. My mother finished her tea and we went to the car, I sat in the back all the way home feeling sad. The happiness felt very short lived and now it was time to go back to the evil that awaited at home, the evil that was my father.

The next time my mother was going shopping I tried to achieve the same feat and had hid again in the back of the car only to be pulled out of it by my father shouting, "Look where he is again! Come out of there before you cause an accident. Did you see where he was again" he shouted to my mother.

I started to try and get away from my father and get to the car, I was trying as hard as I could but I couldn't get away. My father shouted to my mother to get in the car quickly and drive off saying, "Hurry on quick. I'll hold him here."

My mother did what was asked and drove off with my father having a firm hold on me.

I had tried this every time my mother had to go shopping with the same result my father catching me as I hid in the car and prevented me from going.

I was stuck with my father every time after that when my mother had gone to do the shopping and my father continued to severely burn me while she was gone and on her return he would say to my mother, "See what the fuckin edgit did again, burned himself with the poker and you can't do anything with him he won't stay away from it."

My mother was manipulated and believed my father that it was my own fault that I was getting burned.

I couldn't tell my mother or anyone what was going on as my father had conditioned me to this by always telling me that I had to do what he said and not tell or he would kill me or my mother. As time went on again I had been living two lives playing with my brothers going to friends' houses the weekends being happy and then finding myself in a nightmare with my father abusing me but now I was very unhealthy, feeling very depressed from time to time, having nose bleeds all the time and getting sick from the poison that my father had still been putting into my body and I started to feel severe pain in between my legs.

I knew I had to try and just get on with things and not tell anyone about the pain between my legs as I knew the awful pain was a result of the time my father spent punching and squeezing me with the pliers.

It was very difficult to try and cope and get on with things while pretending I was fine as every day that passed the pain got worse and worse.

It became impossible to concentrate in school, I was leaving the classroom to get sick and it was nearly impossible to get through the day with the pain between my legs.

All I did was concentrate on the pain from second to second while feeling the sore bumps on my head.

I felt very verry unhealthy and it was effecting everything in school and at home while my brothers played around the house I lay in my bed in severe pain.

I had come out from time to time as to not let anyone see what I was going through.

I was withdrawn from everyone because of the pain, my mother had not noticed that I had to lie in bed during the day as she was so busy with the house work and helping my father on the farm.

Deane had come into my room from time to time asking me to come outside to play with me telling him I was very tired and would be out in a while and he had not noticed anything either.

The violence from my father continued, I continued to be in pain and I continued to not tell anyone about what I was going through.

My health was at a serious low and every day I struggled to get through.

My mother had been still putting me to bed early to avoid the blows of the poker but my father was still coming into my room later in the night torturing me.

I had been already being in a lot of pain during the days when my father entered my room shortly after my mother put me to bed.

He done to me the usual punched me in the stomach repeatedly and took the pliers from his pocket and tortured my private parts.

The pain was excruciating, I was now six years and still very young and I didn't want to go on anymore and didn't care if my life ended thinking I would probably be better off if I was dead.

Chapter 11

Safe Outside and Freezing to Death

AGE: 5 to 6 years old

Living my nights outside in the rain, winds and bitter cold to keep from nightly being abused, suffering pain from past abuses,

The following evening my mother told me to go to bed and I said to myself, 'I can't give up and I'm not going to let my father torture me anymore.' so I waited for one of my brothers to go to the toilet and went to my mother and told her that I was going out in to the yard to go to the toilet because I could not hold it.

She had no problem with this and I told her that I would go straight to bed when I came back. I then went outside with the intention of staying out until it was very late and avoid the torture in my room as my father would have by then been in bed asleep.

When I got outside it was dark and I went in the direction of my father's sheds, I went to the very back and located a place that I thought would be the least likely room in the sheds that my father would find me in if he noticed that I was gone from the house.

I started to walk inside but it was very dark and I could not see where I was going and I wanted to get to the very back wall of the room to be furthest away as possible from being seen. I put my hands out in front of me and started to walk very slowly in the hope of finding the wall at the back. I was a bit scared that I was in the dark in the middle of the night and although I could not see where I was going I closed my eyes so I would not see if there was something bad or someone bad in the room.

After a bit of a struggle with the dark and the feeling of being scared my hands had touched the back wall. I turned and walked forward a few steps and I got very scared and wanted to get out of there saying to myself that my father is probably going to find me in here so I made my way out feeling relieved of the fear of the dark shed and I decided to walk down the road to a place myself and Deane played on a flat piece of rock that had been just over the wall on the road I was walking.

I thought I could lie down there and rest.

Although it was dark I could easily recognise the part of the wall that I had to climb to get onto the rock to rest, as myself and Deane had been there a lot during the day playing.

I recognised the part of the wall and started to climb, it didn't take me long to clear the wall as it was very low and I got onto the big flag of rock.

I didn't know what I was going to do until I thought it would be clear to go home.

I sat down on the rock and just started to look around in the dark.

After a short time sitting there I got very bored wondering what I was going to do until I could go home.

As time went on I became very uneasy just sitting there and thinking how am I going to stick this until its clear to go back to the house, knowing I was going to have to wait for hours into the night.

I got off the rock and started to walk into the field and back again to the rock, I done this for some time before going back to sit on the rock and back to thinking, 'How am I going to stick this out?' After some time I found myself off the rock and pacing up and down the field again.

Time seemed to go so slow and although I had no way of telling the time I had decided just to wait a very long time before going back to ensure enough time had passed and my father would be long in bed asleep.

From some time switching from sitting to pacing around the field I grew very tired and wondered had I spent enough time away from the house and decided to wait a bit longer, in doing so I started to feel could not keep my eyes open and after that wait, I again decided to wait another while to be sure.

I decided I would keep walking knowing that if I sat on the rock again I would probably fall asleep there. I struggled to keep my eyes open but did so and decided that enough time has passed and I could go back to the house.

I got back on to the rock and onto the wall. I had very little energy left and found it hard climbing from the wall and onto the road but after being as careful as I could and taking my time I got my feet on the road and started the walk back.

On the way back although very tired and out of energy I felt safe at the thought of going in to bed and not having my father enter the room doing bad things to me.

Everything was so quiet on the walk up to the house and when I was in view of the house I seen that all the lights were out and the house was in complete darkness.

My mind rested seeing this as I knew that I had stayed out long enough and everybody was in bed.

My mother didn't notice that I had been out of the house and most of all my father was asleep. I walked through the house quietly and into my bedroom and again feeling tired I had woke a little with excitement that I could finally go to bed without all the horrible things happening to me and I had forgotten all about how hard it was staying out in the dark, I was just really happy that I could go to bed feeling safe and took my clothes off and went to bed.

I had got up for school in the morning on time but in class I started to feel the effects of staying out late. I had been feeling unwell in school now for some time from the poisoning sometimes getting sick on the floor in class where the teacher would have to clean it up after I got sick and all day I would look to the wet patch on the floor where I got sick wondering, "Why doesn't anybody else in the class get sick?" and feeling unwell from the

physical abuse I was receiving from my father and now I found myself not able to stay awake in class with my avoidance of the abuse from the night just gone.

I had conquered the avoidance but now I wasn't able to conquer the consequence of it. I kept putting my head down on the desk to rest and although I lifted my head back up again very soon after. I had done it so many times that the teacher had noticed and had said to me, 'You can't be sleeping in class.' that we were here to learn. I tried my best to stay awake but I struggled with this throughout the day with the teacher on my case all day.

The evening had come and although I struggled really bad all day with the tiredness my objective was to do the same again and stay out late to avoid the abuse. So while being in my room shortly after my mother told myself and my brothers to go to bed, I made my way to the sitting room telling my mother that I had to go outside for the toilet, she had a suspicious face on asking me why I was going outside to go to the toilet. 'Philip is in the toilet and I can't wait so I'm going outside.' I said. 'Come straight back in when you are finished and into bed.' my mother said to me.

I had the feeling that my mother might have known something about me being out the night before so when I went outside I thought to myself, 'I'm going to have to go back in. How am I going to do it this time?' I thought to myself, I was sure that my mother was keeping a close eye on me this time.

I said, 'Will I just disappear off down the road? Or will I go inside to show my mother that I came back in and then somehow get outside without her noticing?' I then walked into the kitchen and turned around and back outside, I thought to myself, 'Will I just go down the road and into the fields because if I don't I'll be stuck in my room with the torture that awaited me?'

I decided to walk in and show myself to my mother with the hope of by then having thought of a way to get outside without my mother noticing.

As I walked in and showed myself nothing had come to mind and I was stuck without a plan on how to escape unnoticed from the house.

I walked past my mother who was sitting on the couch in the sitting room and went into my room still without any idea how I was going to get out.

I stalling in my room with the intention of not giving up on my quest for a way out of the house.

After some time just standing there thinking I became very eager to get out knowing that my father could appear to me any minute.

And I decided to go into the sitting room and see if my mother was there, I was hoping that she had moved to some other part of the house and I could just walk out the door without being seen. When I got to the sitting room my mother had not moved and was sitting still on the couch.

I became frustrated seeing her in the same position and in clear view of me as I made my way through the sitting room with no idea what I was going to do now and I got nervous knowing my mother was going to question where I was going again.

I had absolutely no idea what I was going to reply if she did.

Hoping she wouldn't ask I had gotten half way through the room when my mother said, 'Where are you going now?'

'Nowhere.' I said to her and a bit of a shocked look came on her face as I looked back at her and still walking forward.

'Where are you going?' she said sounding very eager as to what my answer was going to be. 'Outside.' I said and my mother said, 'Why?' really quickly as I was nearly beyond the perimeter of the room and stepping into the kitchen.

'Now. Why.' I said and continued on in through the kitchen and outside to where I stalled there thinking will I just keep going or will I go back in knowing that my mother was suspicious of what I was doing and was keeping a close eye.

My mind was very indecisive of what to do and I knew I had to do something quick before my mother had come to understand what was going on.

Thinking I didn't have much time I reacted by starting to walk into the house, while on route to the sitting room I hoped that by now my mother would have moved away from the sitting room. To my disappointment she was still sitting there and looked content in doing so.

I started to think I wasn't going to be able to follow through on my quest to get away and come away with the same outcome as the night before and avoid the abuse.

I kept walking through the sitting room again hoping that at some point my mother would not be there but after some time doing this and my mother still in the same position I decided to go back to my room and into bed as I thought my mother had definitely known what I was up to and I didn't want to do anything that would make her worry.

I would never do anything to worry my mother and stayed in my room leaving myself open to being subjected to my father's treatment.

And my father had taken advantage of me being in home that night, coming in to my room and inflicted torture and pain onto me.

The following evening came and it was the same routine, after dinner myself and my brothers would do our homework and afterwards sit around hoping our father wouldn't kick off before being told its time for bed by our mother.

My father had kicked off that evening giving me some blows to the head with the poker but he had not followed me to the room as he was now leaving it later to come in to me and not letting my mother see what was going on.

The blows to the head were not nice but I just couldn't go through with what my father was doing to me in the room anymore as now the pain between my legs even through the day was unbearable and I couldn't take further punishment to that area.

So after the blows to my head from my father, my mother rushed us all to bed.

I waited in my room and didn't undress.

I waited for a short time until I heard the house settle down and I just started to walk through the house quickly past my mother who had said nothing and out the back door without thinking anything at all.

I had erased all thought from my head walking through the house just to get out as I knew from the night before thinking about my mother sitting there worrying about me had kept me in the house.

This had worked to get me out of the house and I had thought while at the back of the house about what my mother might do and what way she would be if she was monitoring

what was going on and had noticed I was gone missing but that wasn't stopping me, I was not staying in the house tonight one way or another and continued to walk off down the road.

I had got myself to the part of the wall where I knew I had to get over to get onto my place of rest, climbed the wall and on to the flag of rock. I found myself in the same predicament as the night before sitting there bored and feeling uneasy about time going so slow and not being able to sit still.

So I started to pace up and down the field taking short walks from the rock and stopping short of the nearby wall and back. And while doing so I could identify the feelings I had with the ones of the night before.

Stressed with the time going so slow and the length I had to stay in the field for.

I had no idea of what else to do, there was nothing else so I stayed pacing up and down and while doing so I felt a large amount of light rain on the top of my head.

It started to make a light drizzle at first and I kept walking up and down thinking it wasn't that bad and it was going to stop very soon.

After a bit of time while waiting it out I got really worried that I was beginning to get fairly wet and then the drizzle didn't cease like I thought it would, it got heavier and I started to really feel it in my clothes and quickly moved in to the wall and tried to get shelter by bending down and staying as tight to the wall as I could.

The wall had been very low to the point where while bent down as far as I could go it was barely extending over my head and I had been in between two wisps of trees that were giving no amount of shelter.

I had still been getting wet as the drizzle was coming across the top of the wall and on to me. I looked around to see if I could spot a place that would provide me with more shelter but nothing seemed to fit the description.

I had spotted two locations that wouldn't provide shelter but they looked like they might be a small bit better than the place I was in.

I looked at one of the locations and contemplated for some time about making a run to it but I kept saying to myself I will probably get very wet on route or will I stay here and try and live with the little protection I have.

I justified this by saying I would get very wet getting there and it might not hold any more protection for me and decided against it.

Although deciding to stay where I was I knew it was only a matter of time before I was soaked-through and I started to think what more can I do.

I knew I had to do something and thought of making my way to the sheds and get a plastic manure bag and I could hold it over my head and stop the rain hitting me but again thinking I'm going to get very wet trying to get to the sheds.

Or I can wait it out here, I discussed this in my head and came to the conclusion that one way or another I was going to get wet and thought it would be best to go to the shed and get the bag thinking the rain might continue into the night and I started to move climbing the wall that I had been under and into the field that had the sheds in my view.

As I walked through the field I started to get very wet and I began to get very depressed and angry at the situation I had been in, out late into the night getting wet trying to avoid my father's cruel harsh treatment.

During this state of depression and anger I got a kick of happiness and it popped in my head that I could just spend the night in the shed for shelter. I felt a great sense of relief

thinking, 'Why didn't I just go there in the first place?' and not have spent my time outside in the field but I didn't live this happiness for long as I thought to myself, 'If my father is looking for me, he will probably find me in the sheds.

I went back into a depressed state again and got very frustrated at thinking, 'I'm going to have to wait it out in the field getting wet.'

All I can do now is get the bag and head into the field and use the bag to protect me from the rain I said to myself and continued on towards the sheds.

As I walked past the back of the house I thought maybe I could be seen if they had noticed I was gone and was up looking for me.

I seen that there was no lights on and said to myself that they are all in bed, my mother father and brothers.

I started to think about my brothers being in bed and not having to do what I was doing saying to myself, 'This is not fair! I wish I was in bed like my brothers. Why me? Why me?' I thought.

Those thoughts disappeared quickly as I thought maybe my father is looking out of the kitchen with the lights off and started to feel I was being watched looking to the window but could not see if he had been there or not.

But I was so fed up I then said to myself, 'If he is there, he is there, what can I do? I need to get the bag from the shed.'

I got to the small gate that was the entry to the sheds from the field I was in, started to open the small gate and seen that the shed door had been closed, seeing this made me very depressed thinking I'm not going to be able to get my hands on a bag from the shed.

I got through the gate and stood in front of the shed door wondering is there any way I could get in but I quickly realised that I was never going to get it open and as I stood there I was still feeling that maybe I was being watched by my father from the darkness inside the kitchen window.

But I had to keep going and thought that I'll find a bag from the other side of the sheds where myself and my brothers used to climb with the ladder and I remembered too when we did so seeing bags and other stuff there lying around.

I started to walk there slowly as that if my father had been watching he would not see that I was running away and that if I started to go quickly he would come after me.

I got around to the other side of the shed and looked into the open shed and seen a load of bags and I quickly ran over to them to find that they had been tied together with twine.

I tried to pull one free but they had been tightly tied together and could not manage it.

I ran to the side of the shed and peeked out to see if my father had been coming towards the shed, I did not see him and ran back to the bags panicking about how the hell I was going to get one free from the tightly tied pile.

I tried again to free the bags but I quickly realised I would not be able to pull one free and I started to look around to see if I could see anything that would cut the string.

I spotted bits of sharp steel that was laying on the ground beside old paint buckets and decided I would try to use them to cut the twine but beforehand I quickly again ran over to the corner of the shed and peeked out to see if my father was coming.

When I seen he wasn't coming I ran over and picked up a bit of steel and started to cut the twine. I was slow in doing so as the steel was cutting in to my hand and decided to look

again to see if my father was coming and if he wasn't I was to run back and try to finish cutting the twine. Again I hadn't seen any sign of my father and got back to cutting the twine.

I was slow again in trying to get through the twine as I could not apply much pressure, the steel had been again cutting into my hand. Again I wanted to look to see if my father was coming but I started to think I need to stay here to free the bag but I said to myself, 'I'm going to have to do it as fast as I can.' before my father comes around the corner.

I tried to put the pain in my hand to the back of my mind and started cutting into the twine, I then paused as the pain in my hand was stinging like crazy and I had looked down at the palm of my hand and seen from the light of the moon coming in the open shed that the palm of my hand had been cut in a few places.

Again at the thought of my father catching me I went over grabbed as many bits of steel I could see on the ground and started to desperately cut the twine, picking one up and trying it and then dropping it and picking up another one.

I was desperate and had sliced my hand even more picking up the sharp bits of steel but I eventually got through the twine and got the bag I was so desperate for.

With the bag in my possession I decided quickly that I would go around the back of the sheds and into the field to avoid being seen by my father if he had been looking from the window.

I ran around and climbed through the big gate into the field again knowing that I was still in sight from the kitchen but I thought I might be ok as I was now at the back of the field and I might not be seen if I walked close to the wall and down along until I got where I had to cross the field.

I went over to the corner of the water tank and peeked out to see if I could see any light from the house and was anyone up looking for me before I make the trek down by the back of the field.

To my delight I seen that the house had still been in darkness thinking my mother won't be worried about me she thinks I'm in bed.

I knew I had to cross where there was sewage as I had been out this far at the back of the sheds playing with my brothers many times with our mother always warning us about getting caught in it.

I didn't try and cross through the sewage, I had known how deep it was from before trying to cross it with my brothers and we all had got stuck there at some point.

So I went back close to the slurry tank and walked along close to it where there had been no mud and got to the back wall without getting stuck in the sewage.

I bent down and slowly worked my way down by the wall keeping a close eye in the direction of the house.

As I did I had let the plastic bag go, it had got a bit wet from the mist and I hadn't a tight grip on it as I had it in my hand that got slashed while cutting the twine but I quickly retrieved it grabbing it with my other hand and continued down the field.

I couldn't wait to get to where I had to cross the field, as now as well as my hand stinging like crazy my legs were getting very sore from bending down as I walked.

When I got to the point where I had to cross over I wondered would I be seen from the house. I had been way down the field but to be sure of not being seen I decided to go down further and then cross over and work my way back up to where I had to go from the other

side. I moved a bit quicker with my legs that were now at the stage of not being able to take the pressure of my stooped-over body.

I got to the point where it would be hard to be seen if anyone was looking from the house and crossed over and made my way quickly up by the wall in an upright position freeing my legs of cramp.

I got to where I had been previously sitting under the wall between the two wisps of trees putting my leg on the bottom of the wall and my hand on the tree to pull myself up.

As I pulled myself up I had to stop and switch and pull myself up with my other hand putting the bag back in the hand that had been cut.

Pulling myself up again I felt very unbalanced and but tried again before coming to realise that I would not be able to get over with only one hand free so I leant over the wall as far as I could go and let the plastic bag go hoping the light wind that had picked up as I worked my way down the field would not blow it away.

I waited a bit of time to see if the bag would blow over the wall before climbing again and when I seen that it had not come in my sight again I put my leg on a stone at the bottom of the wall, hopped up, grabbed the tree and pulled myself up and over the wall letting myself down slowly the other side as to not let the stones off the wall fall on top of me.

I followed the bag that had blown some bit down the field as quick as I could thinking it might get blown over the wall with the wind.

The wind was not strong enough and I retrieved the bag.

I ran over to my place under the wall between the two small trees and started to hold the bag directly over my head. I felt relieved that I had got to where I wanted to be and the misty rain had not been coming down on me as I held the plastic bag from the shed over my head.

Although by now I had been fairly wet from going to the shed and back I was just glad that I had some shelter but after some time my arms became very sore and the residue of the chemical left in the bag was getting washed into the cuts on my palms and started to sting very bad and I could not hold the bag over my head any longer.

I started to worry that I would not be able to shelter myself any longer and I was going to get very wet and I would not be able to do anything about it.

I tried to think of something quickly and an idea came to mind so I got up off the crouched position I had been in where my legs didn't have much time left in them either as I had to use them to hold the rest of my body. The grass was too wet to sit down on my bum and I lifted a few stones off the wall, placed the bag on top of the wall and put the stones back to hold the bag in place.

I was sure this would work and I bent down again but I quickly learned that I had to still hold the bag with my hands as it flopped down behind my back.

I put my hands behind my head and lifted the bag up, I held it there again until my arms started to hurt again and I let the bag go.

As I gave my arms a rest, the mist was coming down and the wind started to move the bag around and I started to worry that the stones would come down on my head.

This panicked me and I lifted the bag up again, I had become very depressed at the situation of my arms being very sore and worrying that the wall was going to come in on top of me.

The wind started to make the bag move around violently and I decided to take the stones off and take the bag out from the wall. I was very relieved when I done so, thinking the

wall is not going to fall on top of me now but I was back to holding it fully myself knowing that what I had done was a complete waste of time.

I held the bag over my head as long as I could before giving my arms a break, it was a real relief from the pain every time I dropped my arms but I left myself open and exposed to the mist that was starting to really come down.

I done this until I decided enough time had passed and I could go home so I put the bag on the ground and took a stone from the wall and left it on the bag so it would not blow away and it would be there when I came back the following night.

I worked my way up to the house with the clothes stuck to me with the rain, went through the house and into my room taking my wet clothes off as quick as I could.

When I had got them off my skin was wet so I took a dry jumper from the drawer and rubbed myself down until I was dry.

After this I still felt wet as my bones were very cold so I just got into bed and covered myself up. It felt very miserable under the blankets but I was very tired and soon I had fallen asleep.

The following day at school I looked to my hands seeing the cuts and started to think of the night before and what I had to do and I had incurred the same problem as the day before not being able to stay awake and I was again subjected to the teachers criticism.

I was willing to exchange the teachers criticism for my father's abuse and the next night after my mother had told myself and my brothers to go to bed I went into my bedroom, put on my coat and just walked out of the house without anyone saying anything.

It had not been raining like the night before so I positioned myself on the slab of rock and braced myself for the long wait.

I started again to look around the field and I looked to where I had been the previous night and seen the bag there with the stone left on top of it and I started to recall the bad memories of the night before.

In doing so I came to think that I could not go through that experience again and said to myself I need to find better shelter for myself in case the rain starts to come down another night. So while I had the freedom of a dry night I started to walk down through the field in the hope of finding better shelter.

I walked down along the same wall that I was taking shelter from the night before while also looking across the field to see if there was any opportunity there as well.

There was very little opportunity from the other side of the field as it seemed to be all stone and a very little amount of trees and I knew I needed to seek refuge from beneath a tree, it was the 'B' option.

As I walked along I seen that this side of the field had the greater amount of trees and I got hopeful of finding a good location for shelter.

I then spotted two big trees close to each other and I got in close to them to look at the ground underneath them and seeing a pile of small stones built up to a height in-between them. I got very happy at the sight of this as it was enormously better than the previous shelter but I decided to walk the rest of the way down the field to see if I could locate an even better spot.

I did this feeling happy knowing that if I couldn't find something better I still had a place that I thought was plenty good for shelter. I could see that the trees had been smaller the rest of the way down but I walked down anyway knowing I had plenty of time to waste.

I had seen nothing but at this stage I was only half looking as I knew the trees were smaller down here and I started to get eager to go back and position myself in the new location and started to walk back.

I got there and quickly went under the branches and walked carefully up to the top of the stones beneath the two trees. I sat down on the pile of rocks and rested my elbows on my knees, I felt so happy as I looked around and I seen that I was well surrounded with branches over and all around me.

I was happily settled there but before long I started became very bored in my new home, staring out into the night knowing that this is it for a long time before its time to go back to the house.

Time was going so slow and it felt like I had been sitting there looking into the night forever but I was again going to wait a very long time before going back, I wanted again to make sure I had left it enough time and my father would not be still up.

All I could think about was the waiting and how hard it was to stay there waiting.

It started to make me very depressed and I put my head on my hands and looked down at the stones between my legs for a change not to be looking out at the dark and to also try and rest but after a very short time I lifted my head again as I was so restless I could not rest. My body was tired but my mind was restless.

I kept trying to rest my head between my legs but after some seconds lifting my head and finding myself looking out into the night again.

I had better shelter but I was more restless now than the nights before, the time was so slow. I thought to myself, 'Will I just go home?' and quickly decided against it saying to myself, 'I can't go back to that! What I'm doing is working.' and looked out into the night once again.

After a long anxious excruciating wait, the time came when I thought I had spent enough time out and like the nights before I decided to wait a little longer to be sure and I got back to resting my head and looking out into the night before eventually saying, 'Enough time has passed and I'm going back.'

The next day at school I was again very tired and my body felt very weak but I tried harder to stay awake and look alive as I didn't want the teacher on my case and maybe start to ask questions.

And now I had accepted the tiredness during the day at school and that this was going to be the way it was as I thought it was better exchanging the violence for this.

I struggled for the first half of the day but I had pulled out of it after that and got on with the day without the teacher noticing anything.

In the following days I became used to the tiredness at school and it made it easier to hide from the teacher what was going on. Now I was away from the violence during the night but during the weekends while my mother was doing the shopping my father continued to burn me and beat me over the head with the poker in the evenings but I was making it very difficult for him to torture me in my room with tools from the shed now that I was away from the house at night.

Chapter 12 Living Two Lives

AGE: 5 to 6 years old

Brought to stranger's homes to protect from abuse,
but nightly beatings and torture continued,

Things were now a little better, my mother hadn't noticed I was away from the house at night and on the violence front my father hadn't his hands on me as much but although hadn't he started to criticize and shout abuse at me a lot more.

I was still going through an awful time trying to suffer through the pain I had in my private parts but I knew I still could not tell anyone what my father had been doing to me and I had somehow learned to live the two lives, living with the abuse and switching off and getting on with the other, playing with my brothers at home and my friends at school.

The atmosphere at home had changed and had been a little better and to my delight one of the neighbours had come to the house telling us that the Galway international rally was going to be in our home town this coming weekend and started to tell us about the cars going so fast and how quick you would see them pass by.

I got really excited and could not wait for the weekend to come, I had been thinking about it all during the week at school. When the morning of the rally had come our neighbour came to the house telling us what time to go down the road to watch the cars.

I had been in a lot of pain that morning and kept going to my room from time to time to lie down with the pain. Declan had come into my room on a couple of occasions asking me what I was doing lying in bed and that we would be going to see the rally cars very soon. After some time I wondered why Declan had not come and told me that we had to go so I got up and went into the kitchen and asked my mother where Declan was.

She said, 'Shur himself and Colin are gone to the rally he said he was sick waiting for you and said that you probably didn't want to go.'

'Do you want to go?' my mother said with me quickly replying, 'Yeah! I do.' I was quite ill but I really wanted to go to the rally.

"Sur can't yourself and Philip and Deane go, I'll ask yer father will he bring ye. Wait until he comes and I'll ask him, won't he bring ye down to Declan and Colin, and ye can wait there with them.'

In the meantime while waiting on my father Philip had said that he didn't want to go and Deane following him saying he didn't want to go either.

My father then came up the field and my mother went out the back to meet him asking, 'Will you bring Maurice and Philip if he wants to go, and Deane as well, if he wants to go down to see the cars?'

I heard my father angrily saying, "Bring them down? I'd go down and throw them in front of the cars, the cunts! What? Bring them down? Let them go and fuck!" and walked off into the yard.

My mother came in and said, 'Yer father can't bring ye, so I'll go down with ye and we will find Declan and Colin and ye can stay with them and I'll go back up to the house then.' She turned to Philip and asked him would he go and stay with me if we couldn't find Declan and Colin.

'No! I don't want to go.' he said and my mother turned to Deane and said, 'You don't want to go either do you Deane? and he too said, 'No.' and she then said to Philip to stay there with Deane while she brought me down to Declan and Colin.

'Ok' said Philip and my mother took me by the hand and started to walk me down the road. As we walked down the road we seen Declan and Colin walking up the road, I wondered where they are going. and when we got close my mother said, 'Did ye get fed up of it already?' with Declan replying, 'No we were coming back to see if Maurice wanted to come down to see the cars. Philip and Deane said to us they didn't want to go so we were coming back for Maurice.'

So my mother let me off with Declan and Colin and we went down and Declan held onto me as my mother had asked him to do so before going back up to the house, telling them how dangerous it would be with the cars speeding.

After some time waiting around standing behind the barriers that had lined up along the road the first car came flying down the road, it was really exciting and after a while Philip walked Deane down the road and joined us for the day.

I was able to somehow push the pain aside and the thought of what my father was doing to me when I was with other people enjoying myself.

I had to, I didn't want my brothers or others to notice anything.

I struggled on during the days and stayed away from the house at night.

I had been just walking out of the house without caring who seen me or whether anyone was thinking about where I was going and I was getting away with it.

I didn't care because it was just more important for me to get out and away for the night avoiding the abuse. And once again I had walked out of the house and found myself under the trees staring out at the night, anxious and unsettled trying to wait it out with the time again going painfully slow.

Sometime into the night it started to make a heavy mist and became windy.

I put my head between my legs and pulled my coat up over my head, the branches had been taking most of the rain but some drops had been coming down on my back and eventually after some time had got through my coat and jumper and I could feel it on my

skin. I was finding it hard to breathe being crouched over with my head between my legs but I had to do this to try and cover as much of my body as I could but eventually I had to come up into an upright position to breathe properly for a while but I could not break for long, I couldn't let the mist that had now got heavier and coming through the branches, come down on my head and wet my front as well.

I could protect my front but I had to settle for my back taking the brunt of it and taking all of the rain. I found myself taking short breaks to breathe properly and the rest of the time with my head between my legs with the coat pulled over my head anxiously waiting the time but this time struggling to breathe.

The wind and rain picked up even more and I tried to stay crouched up and not come up for air as much. I had protected myself fairly well from the rain but it came with a price, that being the struggle I had trying to breathe properly while crouched over but the wait was finally over and I hit off up to the house taking off the wet clothes, drying myself and into bed.

The following night or nights I had been under the tree where it started to make a heavy mist and got really windy and I had again been protecting myself with the coat pulled over my head and in-between my legs.

After some time it got really stormy and the rain had been blowing in on top of me, I didn't know anything but to wait it out and I did so as the weather got steadily worse but it came to a stage where I started to panic at how bad it was and was getting and I tried to think what could I do knowing that I was going to get soaking wet very soon.

As I tried to think, the weather got as bad as it could get, rain blowing in on me and the wind had picked up at an alarming rate and I knew I had to start moving.

A thought quickly came to my head about taking shelter in the neighbour's farm shed that was past the gate at the end of the field that was directly behind me.

I pulled the coat from over my head and started to get over the wall, I quickly done this without hurting myself jumping over and safely landing in the next field and quickly looking to where I was within the open field.

Instantly I recognised where I was, to the right was my house way up at the top of the field and to my left was the end gate of the field with the farmers shed just across the road from the other side of the gate. I made a run for the gate as I knew I hadn't much time before I got fully soaked-through from the rain.

As I ran the wind knocked me over, I got up again and started to run once more but got the same result and fell onto the ground from the very strong wind.

Getting up again with my clothes wet from the wet grass I decided to walk there and started to walk. Even walking, the wind was nearly blowing me to the ground, the wind would make a big gust and nearly put me over and then I would stop and wait a few seconds before walking again.

The gate was not far away but I was making very slow progress towards it, walking getting nearly blown over and the pausing for a bit to get my balance before moving forward again. I started to get very frustrated at how wet I got from the falls onto the wet grass and the rain coming down on top of me from the slow progress towards the gate.

I thought I would never get there but after a big struggle against the strong wind I found myself at the gate and had the farmers shed in sight.

I put my hands on the gate and as I bent over to climb through I could feel how wet my clothes had got with them sticking to me back.

On the other side I took the walk across the road slowly and even though I was coming close to being sheltered I was very depressed about how wet I had got.

And now in one way I wasn't as eager for shelter as I had been while under the trees but I continued on climbing under the farmers gate and looking around to see where to go.

I seen to the left of me that there had been a big open shed with bales of hay in it and made my way in. I lent up against the bales, I was too wet to sit and let the clothes stick to me.

I was then grateful for the shelter I now had looking out and seeing how bad it was but I was still depressed at how wet I was.

I didn't know what to think, I had shelter but I was wet.

I started to think what if the farmer catches me and I became anxious of where I was taking shelter and what the outcome would be. 'Will I be able to stay here for the length of time I needed without been seen by the farmer?' I kept saying to myself.

The wind then again picked up even more, occasionally blowing rain in on top of me but I could not go in the shed any further as I was in as far as I could go as it was. I had looked to the bales of hay to see if I could climb them and get away from the rain, but they looked too dangerous to climb.

So I had to stay put with the rain occasionally coming in on me and constantly thinking about the farmer coming around the corner and catching me.

All I did was talk to myself saying, 'Please don't come around the corner!' over and over and over in my mind hoping that the outcome would be in my favour, seeing the night out without anyone catching me.

Time was so slow.

But it eventually came to the time that it was safe to go home, but the weather persisted into the night and I knew it would be a very difficult task to get home from where I was.

I stayed put, in the hope that the weather would calm and I could make it home safely, I really didn't want to head back out into the storm and was in a way happy to stay put but I knew this was giving more time to be caught by the farmer and I again started to repeat the words, 'Please don't come around the corner!' in my mind.

I waited and waited and waited and by the time it eased I had been there all night and the brightness of the morning started to come through.

I knew that I had no school but I started to wonder was my parents out of bed and started to worry. I made my way out of the shed, across the road and into the field with the house in my sight way in the distance.

I walked slowly and although I was a great distance away and could not see if there was any movement from within the sitting room window. I kept looking ahead and hoping that as I got closer I would recognise if someone had been there.

I was going slow as to not be making great movement thinking my father could be at the window and would see me, although I had no idea what I was going to do if I was seen that he was there or if he was there and had come to see me coming up the field.

I got to the point where I could see if there was movement from behind the glass and I see that there was nobody there, but I was still nervous thinking that my parents could be up but somewhere else in the house.

I walked quickly to the back of the house and seen that the back door was open, I didn't know if it was open because somebody was up or whether it had been just left open since the start of the night.

In seeing this and not being able to understand why it was open I continued on and pulled open the back gate and as I looked up from opening the gate I could see my father sitting down at the table in the sitting room with his back to me.

I went into thinking, 'I just don't care! I'm going to walk past him and into the hallway to my bedroom.'

I knew my mother was probably in the kitchen and I just prayed that she would be doing something and turned in the other direction and out of sight of me walking through and decided to do it really quickly and quietly.

I picked up speed in my walk and started to walk through the kitchen trying to look out of the corner of my eye to the left to see if I could get any idea of my mother being there.

I thought I heard something as I passed, quickly hoping it wasn't my mother and I hadn't been seen but I got to the end of the kitchen without hearing my mother shout out to me and I had only my father now to clear and I didn't care what he thought and came up behind him and started to walk by.

As I did I didn't care what he was going to say but for some reason I was confident that he wouldn't and I had got straight past him and into the hallway without him saying a word and once again took off my clothes that wasn't wet and had dried through the night and in to bed to try and get some sleep.

Chapter 13 Damaged!

AGE: 5 to 6 years old

Emotional & behavioural damage and self-harm to feel normal.

I had slept through a good part of the morning and into the day with Deane awakening me from time to time asking me to get up and play with him.

When I eventually got up nobody had said anything to me throughout the day about coming home in the morning and things carried on as usual.

By now myself and Deane had got that bit older and we were so used to seeing our father's violence and living in a violent atmosphere that we started to live a violent lifestyle at home attacking each other for no reason.

All of a sudden I'd feel myself getting into a rage and I start to swing at Deane and vice-versa I would be minding my own business and he would attack without reason swinging at me. As the days went on the fights would escalate and get very serious with Deane running to the toilet and closing the door behind him.

The door of the toilet was situated at the end of the hallway and after some time in a rage trying to push the door open and not succeeding, I would take many steps back down the hallway and start to run at speed at the door with my shoulder with Deane pushing with all he had on the other side of the door to prevent me from getting in on top of him.

This would go on for a very long time with me shouting into him, 'If I get in, I'll fucking kill ya!' repeatedly until the rage had left me before backing off without being able to get the door open.

And sometimes I would get afraid of Deane and I would make for the toilet closing the door and holding it shut while Deane banged and banged and pushed on the door trying to get in at me.

Initially it was maybe once a day we fought and then it became a regular occurrence, sometimes all day before settling back into playing normally with other.

It became a difficult job for our mother to deal with us and it became more difficult for her soon after when Philip and Colin had fallen into the violence as well and became very aggressive towards myself and Deane and towards each other.

Declan never seemed to bother with what was going on and stayed out of it. It ended up where any one of us could be behind the toilet door defending ourselves or at the other side trying to get in to inflict pain on the other.

The week of school had ended for myself and my brothers and my father needed some help with moving some of the animals from the yard to one of the fields far away and needed someone to stop the traffic while the animals went onto the road, so he brought Declan, Colin and Philip to help him, myself and Deane were too young and it was too dangerous to be helping with such work.

As my older brothers were doing their duty on the farm with my father, Deane had asked my mother to help him with his homework that he had to do over the weekend and I had been hanging around the house by myself.

I have no recollection of what I was thinking while being by myself in the house, but I found myself walking out of the house and into the sheds. While in the sheds I started to look for sharp bits of steel and I found lots of bits that were familiar to my eyes. I picked up many of these small sharp lengths of steel and went back to the house past my mother and Deane where they had been doing the school work and into the other sitting room that was rarely used for living purposes and closed the door behind me.

With the bits of steel in my hand I went over to my mother's sewing machine and took some needles from it. I knew what I wanted to do and went and sat on the couch and quickly realised I needed to sit on a hard surface and went over and hopped up on the arm chair, put the needles and bits of steel into one hand and got up on to the top of the cutlery cabinet.

I opened my pants and let them drop to my feet and then sat down and put the needles and bits of steel down on the cabinet side of me. I got somewhat excited about what I was doing and what I was about to do with the steel and the needles.

I took one needle in between my fingers and put it to my skin in-between my legs, I let the needle rest there for a short time and then started to slowly push the needle in myself, it was very painful but I was very determined to carry out what I had planned to do and I was excited about it.

As I pushed the needle with my fingers I had pushed the skin in but the needle would not go through, I kept pushing slow and hard but the needle would not break the skin. As I pushed harder my fingers slid down the needle and I tried this many times with the same result, my fingers sliding down the needle before putting the needle down and pulling up my pants.

I hopped down onto the couch and onto the floor, I knew what I wanted and started to look around the room for something hard to push the needle in myself.

I looked around the room in a hurry and seen a small trophy in one of the cabinets and I took this and hopped up on the couch and up onto the cabinet again.

I opened my pants again and let them drop to my ankles and sat down on the cabinet.

I was in a hurry and took one of the needles between my fingers and again placing it against the skin between my legs, I pushed slowly but hard and pushed the skin in to the point where it could not be pushed in further.

I picked up the small trophy and placed the bottom of it with the flat surface to the top of the needle, my two fingers from my other hand were positioned half way down on the needle with it pushed in tightly on the skin.

I applied as much pressure as I could with my fingers and before they started down the needle I started to push with the trophy.

I felt a lot of pain but I was excited and kept pushing before I lost balance of the needle with it slipping from the flat surface of the trophy.

I tried again and it slipped and after several attempts, I stopped looked to the bottom of the trophy and seen that it had a small hole in the middle where a screw was holding the object together.

I took the needle away from my skin and out from between my legs, I positioned the needle in this hole at the bottom of the trophy and started to bring it between my legs. As I got close I took my hand that was holding the needle to the bottom of the trophy away to stretch the skin and the needle fell into the cabinet.

Again I was in a hurry and picked up the needle, placed it to the hole at the bottom of the trophy and again started to bring it in-between my legs.

I held the tip of the needle to my skin and I had the bottom of the trophy at the other end of the needle and I started to apply pressure to the needle with the end of the trophy.

It was painful but I was in some way excited and kept putting pressure to the needle, I was waiting for the needle to go through the skin, after some time of applying pressure the needle broke through the skin, as it went through I felt a huge prick and then I took a slow inhale and I got some sort of pleasure from the needle going inside me.

I paused for some seconds feeling good after what I had done to myself before deciding I was going to push the needle all the way inside of me and I started to push with the trophy once again and right away I was pushing the needle in further.

What should be a horrible experience I was bizarrely getting a good feeling from.

I could feel it tearing through my skin, it felt like it was breaking through layers and layers of skin in the four to five seconds it took me to push the needle all the way inside me while leaving the tip of it sticking out to enable pulling the needle out.

I picked up another needle and went through the same process and got a second needle all the way inside me deriving the same pleasure from the second needle.

Continuing on I had put several needles inside myself and without giving much thought I picked up one of the bits of steel and put it close to where the needles had been stuck and started to try and push it through.

I was panicking a bit while pushing on the steel, thinking I'm going to cause damage to myself with the steel, thinking it was too big to try and get it inside of myself and I stopped and placed it between the cheeks of my bum and squeezed my cheeks together holding the steel there.

I had been getting no pleasure from what I had done with the bit of steel and let the cheeks of my bum relax releasing the bit of steel.

I wasn't happy and wanted to get the bit of steel inside me somehow and I started again to try and get it in where I got the needles in.

As I tried I again began to panic about hurting myself and stopped, dropping the bit of steel onto the top of the cabinet and quickly picked up another needle and placed it on the top of the skin beside the others.

I quickly broke through the skin taking a short inhale and continuing to push it in further when the door opened quickly and Deane entered the room.

He looked happy and excited as he was finished his homework and wanted to play. He seen where I was sitting on top of the cabinet and quickly made his way over to me.

As he approached his face turned and he stopped running, he approached the rest of the way slowly and looking between my legs.

As he got right in close to me he looked carefully between my legs, he looked confused, and then that confusion on his face turned to a very frightened look when he figured what I had done to myself. I was excited and I continued to push the needle into myself while Deane stood there.

He looked up at me and his whole body started to tremble saying to me, 'What are you doing?!' with his lips shaking, he was truly frightened at what he was seeing.

I did not answer him and he ran out of the room.

I have no recollection of taking out the needles or any of the rest of the day.

Some days or weeks later I had gone to the sheds, took bits of steel and went into the sitting room with excitement and this time I pushed the couch against the door as to prevent Deane or anyone coming in on top of me.

I had been re-enacting what my father had done to me with the needles and bits of steel in the months gone by.

I don't know how many occasions I had done this type of thing but I know now how lucky I was that my father or myself had not managed to hit a vessel or vein and escaping bleeding to death.

Although now I had learned to harm myself from the abusive life I was born into, I was still trying to stay away from my father as much as possible and on a very stormy night I had again just walked out of the house and into the big field to make my way to the farmers shed to take shelter from the storm and wait out the night away from the abuse.

As I went into the field the wind was really strong and I fell several times, half way down I felt that I was being watched by my father, by now he was well aware of what I was doing. As I tried to get the rest of the way I was still losing balance with the wind and falling to the ground, and I said to myself, 'My father is watching and laughing at me falling over.' and enjoying what I had to do to get away from him.

Every night walking out and down through the field to the tree or to the farmers shed I felt he was watching and laughing at me.

My father had been still laying abuse on me during the days but I was out of the house every night into the fields and I was making it a lesser occurrence for my father to abuse me.

Now my father was not getting as much enjoyment and he started to bring and put the dog in the shed at evening time and leave him there until the morning.

When putting him in the shed he would go in with the dog and close the door of the shed behind him and for some time he would torture the dog in some way, the dog kept making awful noises, I felt really sorry for the dog as he was the family pet as well as farm dog.

My father continued to do this every evening and after some time I had come into the sitting room where Colin looked scared and in shock saying to my mother, 'What is wrong with Benson? Why did he try and bite me?'

Colin look so confused as to why Benson snapped at him looking to my mother to console him with a good reason as to why the family pet that we played with all the time had turned like this.

Some days later my mother came to me telling carefully and clearly that Benson had attacked everyone in the house and to stay away from him that he has turned vicious on everyone. I could not believe that Benson was now like this and I had to see it for myself as I did not want to stay away from him, I loved playing with him.

I had been looking out the sitting room window and I seen Benson going into the garden after being let go by my father when they finished moving the cows.

I rushed outside and went over to him slowly with what my mother had told me in mind but I was convinced that he would not attack me, he was a very gentle dog always.

I slowly reached out my hand to pat him and he snapped really quickly and just missed clinching to my hand.

I got a small fright, now I believed it to be true that he had turned vicious but I was very confused as to why he had turned this way after all this time.

'Why is he angry with us?' I kept saying to myself, 'Will we ever be able to play with him again? Will he stop being vicious?' I asked myself.

Some days or weeks later my father shot Benson and buried him at the back of the sheds.

Later in life I understood that Benson had turned vicious because of the torture my father had inflicted on him all of those evenings in the shed.

I still had been very unhealthy from the abuse in so many ways but the pain between my legs was particularly worse than all else.

I had been suffering through tremendous pain now for more than a year and I had once again woken up to a morning of pain that I could not bear.

The pain was so bad I could not withstand it anymore and I thought of telling my mother. I thought about it for some time in my room wondering, 'Would my mother find out what my father had been doing to me in my room?' and then my father would kill me when he thought I had told on him. I thought and thought and thought this over and over and thought that if the pain eased I would not tell and continue to go through the pain, live on and save my life from being taken by my father.

The pain didn't ease, it steadily got worse and I thought again about biting the bullet and tell my mother and take the chance that nobody would find out that my father was the cause of my pain. I went to the door of the sitting room to see if my mother was there, I

seen her and Colin doing something together with Philip and Deane playing on the other side of the room.

I stood there without anyone noticing me and thought about what I was going to do and I said to myself, 'I can't go on like this anymore!' and 'I'll take the chance on being killed by my father. I have to tell.'

The pain was so bad I was on my last legs with suffering and I walked over to where my mother and Colin was and said, 'Mommy I have awful pain in here.' pointing between my legs.

'Have you?' she said, looking really worried and I dropped to my knees with the pain, I was hardly able to breathe and Colin looked to my mother panicking shouting, 'What's wrong with Maurice? What's wrong with Maurice?'

I had passed out or have no recollection after that but in the coming days the pain eased and in the coming days again my mother had to take me out of school and bring me to the hospital. She had told the teacher that I had to get a procedure done in the city hospital and I was let go from class.

On the way to the hospital my mother had told me that the doctors were going to stick a tube down my mouth and into my stomach. I didn't reply, I didn't really understand and I didn't mind what I had to get done.

We waited in the waiting room for a short time when a doctor came to us and said to follow him, that they are ready to carry out my procedure.

We followed the doctor and he brought us to a room with a table in the middle and four doctors standing close to the bed.

I was calm just looking around the room when the doctors told my mother that they were going to have to remove my jumper and my mother called me and said, 'I'm just going to get your jumper off of you for the doctors.' and told me to lift my hands in the air.

I did so and my mother took my jumper off, I felt embarrassed with my jumper off when one of the doctors came over and said, 'I'm going to lift you up on the bed now.'

He lifted me onto the bed and told me to lie all the way back, I just had my head down when two of the doctors grabbed my arms, one each side and two more doctors grabbed my legs, one each side and they pinned me to the bed.

'What's going on?' I thought, 'Why are they holding me down? What are they going to do to me?' and I had become paranoid thinking why is everyone trying to hurt me, did my father put them up to it, I thought, and is this just part of what was going on at home with me and my father.

One of the doctors asked me to open my mouth that he had to put a tube down and into my stomach. I opened and straight away he put the top of the tube and started to feed in down my throat, I started to feel choked and really uncomfortable from the tube going down my throat, and very soon I could not withstand it and I tried to free my hands to pull the tube out of myself.

I could not free my hands and I started to kick with the doctors holding over my legs, I could not do anything. I started to choke a lot more and it made me panic and I started to move my body wildly, I was moving my hips my hands and legs as hard as I could and the doctors started to have a very hard time, with one doctor telling the other doctors that they had to hold me really steady so he could carry out the procedure and the struggle went on.

I did not let up while thinking, 'What is this cruelty?' for why do I have to go through something like this and began to think that the doctors were evil people like my father. It felt like the worst thing that had happened to me, I was choking so bad and just wanted the tube out no matter what and continued to move frantically and wildly on the table and the doctor pulled the tube out.

The relief was immense and the doctor breathed a sigh of relief, he was worn out and said to the other doctors that it's really difficult and we will try it again in a minute and the doctors took the pressure off my arms and legs.

I went to get off the table and the doctor said hold him there and they held me down again with the doctor telling me that he had to put the tube back in my mouth and that it would not take long, but I was going to have to relax and let the doctors do their job.

'Ok.' I said but I want to get off the bed for a minute with the doctor saying, 'That's fine but only for a minute.' and I rolled over and started to climb off the bed when one of the doctors grabbed me and let me down onto the floor.

I walked over to my mother, and confused with what was happening I looked to her and with bad language I learned from my father I said, 'What the fuck are they doing to me? I don't want to do it again!'

My mother was silent and I could see that she was nearly about to cry, she didn't want to see me have to do it but she knew that I had to. My mother would never tell me to do something I didn't want to do and stayed silent.

'I'm not fuckin going up there again.' I said to her and she became more emotional looking and was about to cry so I walked over to the side of the bed and said to the doctors that I was ready. As one of them lifted me back up on to the table the other doctor said, 'Good boy, it won't take long, we will be finished quick this time.'

'Ok? We're ready' he said to the other doctors and they again held my arms and legs down. 'I'm going to put the tube down now so open your mouth.' said the doctor and while I did he said quietly to the other doctors to hold me down as best they can that he needed as little movement as possible.

The doctor then started to feed the tube down my throat and I again started to choke, I tried to block out what was happening and put my mind in another place to try get through it and get it over and done with.

This worked but only for a short time before I got very uncomfortable with the tube choking me and I started to try and get my hands free to pull the tube back up and out my mouth.

I was struggling to deal with the discomfort of the tube and tried desperately to stop what was happening with the doctor himself then struggling to carry out his job pleading with the other doctors to hold me steady.

They tried and tried but I kept moving around wildly and after some time the struggling doctor stopped and said, 'I'm going to pull it out now Maurice.' and he did so telling the other doctors we are going to have to do it again on another occasion that something had broke and it had broke to my delight as now I felt tremendous relief that the tube was out and now the terrible procedure was over.

The following week I had been taken out of school again to go to the hospital and found myself back in the same room with the doctors telling me that they had to put the tube

back down my mouth and pleaded with me to stay calm and steady, and that what they had to do was very necessary for my health.

I stood there and said, 'No! I'm not doing it.' with the doctor saying, 'You have to do it.' and again I said, 'No! I'm not doing it!' standing there with my arms folded.

They kept asking and I kept refusing and eventually they put me to sleep and out and carried out the procedure. On the way home in the car I was confused as to why they didn't put me to sleep the week previous and I would not have went through what I went through and turned to my mother asking, 'Why they didn't put me to sleep the first time?'

She said 'It's over now Maurice and you won't have to do it again.' I was furious about the whole thing and although it wasn't my mother's fault I turned to her telling her that I'm not doing anything like that again, saying, 'If the cunts want to do it, they can put me to sleep but I'm not doing awake, they should have put me to sleep the first time.'

I had been making it clear to my mother what way I would react in the hospital if I was asked to do something of a similar nature.

In the coming weeks my mother had been taking me out of school twice a week and into the hospital for routine check-ups where the doctors would ask me to open my pants and drop them down while they checked my private parts between my legs.

This felt very uncomfortable being exposed like that but it became easier on my mind as it became such a regular occurrence, I had been taken out of school twice a week to go to the hospital.

My father had now been staying fully clear of me and I wasn't vomiting anymore, I felt healthier, it was like I was living a different life, the change was immense and I had said to myself that staying away from the house at night possibly made this change occur and I did not want this great change to slip so I continued to do so and had once again in the evening put on my coat and hit off into the night.

Chapter 14 God is a cow! Heaven is a Barn.

AGE: 5 to 6 years old

Constant verbal abuse, and escaping the physical abuse at night by living outdoors, freezing weather, rain, physical and mental exhaustion,

As I walked down the road and into the fields it was a clear night with a bright moon and I had found my way easily to the pile of stones beneath the two trees and settled myself there. I had been in great form the previous nights under the trees thinking that where I was and what I was doing was of tremendous benefit to me and it was giving me for the first time this new life without abuse that brought me great joy.

This feeling stayed with me for the first couple hours under the trees when it settled right into the night I began to feel the cold.

At first I was able to put up with it but it got colder and colder rapping my arms around myself trying to stay warm and then I decided I would put my head between my legs and pull my coat over my head like I had done on previous nights when it had been raining.

To do this I had to open a few of the top buttons of my coat and as I had my head between my legs keeping my head warm I started to feel the cold on my chest where I had opened the buttons of my coat.

And after some time I had to take my head from between my legs and sit up and quickly close the top buttons and rap my arms around myself to get warmth on my chest.

I started to worry about how cold the night was getting and how cold I had become with my head now feeling the cold again and I was left with no choice to once again open the few buttons on the coat and pull it over my head and ducking in between my legs.

By the time I got warmth back on my face my chest had become very cold again leaving me very frustrated and agitated.

I had been keeping my head warm ducked in between my legs and then sitting back up to rap my arms around my chest keeping it warm, doing this over and over and over all through the night with the time going so slow before it was clear to go home.

Now that it was time I walked quickly through the field and onto the road, running to the house to get in and warm myself. When I got to my room I was so cold I jumped into bed without taking off my clothes and went fully under the blankets covering my entire body

and curling into a ball. Although I was very tired I couldn't sleep I was so cold thinking and worrying that I would not become warm again.

After hours buried under the blankets I had become slightly warm and I stopped worrying about myself becoming continuously cold and decided to sleep as I was at this stage very very tired.

At school the next day I was very tired and started to think about what I had to go through during the night with the cold under the tree and the things that my father had done to me. I had lost total concentration on everything the teacher was saying and everything that was going on in class.

In the coming nights under the trees the weather was steadily getting colder and in class all I could think about was the cold of the nights away from the house and I had started to drop my head to try and sleep in class with the teacher noticing and telling me each time that class was not for sleeping.

I would go from sleeping in class to sitting up staring into space thinking about the cold nights and the years of horrendous abuse I suffered by my father.

Although I had this struggle in class I was able to push this aside and get on with other things playing with friends in school and with my brothers at home and my mother in the evenings and weekends had been bringing me to a church away from our town to pray and then from one friend's house to the next in her attempt to keep me away from my father and his abusive ways.

He was getting little or no chance to abuse me and on any brief coming together between us in the house he would take this opportunity to shout abuse at me with some criticism coming from him as well.

When my mother would hear this she would say to me when he was gone to never mind what he was saying and that it was nothing but trash coming from his mouth.

My mother was doing her best for me, doing her part to prevent the abuse and I was doing mine staying away from the house at night and I had put a couple of jumpers and rapped my coat around me and went out into a very cold night.

As I walked down the road I started to dread the night I had ahead of me climbing the wall and into the frosty field. Under the tree I went through the same experiences as the previous nights but this time I was feeling the cold a lot more and I could feel the cold in my bones and said I can't stick this and I'll probably die out here from the cold and thought of the farmers shed to save myself.

I was worried about going there as it was not raining and I thought the farmer might be out walking around and would find me but after some time deciding I felt I had no option but to go to the shed and take the chance on not being found by the farmer and made my way to the shed. I stood there in the shed and leaned against the bales of hay being somewhat warmer but still very cold as the shed was too open to give much shelter.

I was very worried that the farmer would come around the corner thinking he will definitely be out on this dry night checking on things on his farm.

I could not relax and I was afraid to sit down in case I fell asleep and leave myself open to being caught by the farmer. Time was again going so slow and my mind wasn't able to relax thinking about the farmer saying, 'Please don't come around the corner before its time to go back to the house.' I repeated this in my head for hours and hours standing there in

the freezing cold and when around the time had come to go home I said I'll wait a little while longer again to be sure my father was well asleep or will I take the chance and go home before the farmer catches me.

I decided to wait to be sure of avoiding the abuse and started to repeat in my head about the farmer, 'Please don't come for another while, just let me wait my little while longer.' I got very anxious coming up to the time where I thought I had spent enough time there and to my relief the farmer had not caught me and I made my way through the fields late in the morning into the house and under the blankets with my clothes on to try and get warm.

I had spent nights and weeks doing this staying under the trees before having to escape to the farmers shed when it got bitterly cold and I could not withstand it out in the open. The weekend had come and the usual went on at home, myself and my brothers either got on well playing with each other or we would spend the day fighting each other with nobody to control us.

Our mother was too nice to say anything to us and our father just let it go on as if nothing was happening. And after the day of this mixed goings on between myself and my brothers I hit out into a bitterly cold winter's night and this time I had gone straight for the farmers shed, the weather had turned too cold for me to be under the tree.

I waited out the night freezing to death and I worried all night about my wellbeing out in the depths of the winter and I found myself back there again the following night in the same predicament but worrying a lot more, knowing that I had to do something or I would freeze to death in the farmers shed.

I was freezing cold from head to toe and I could not do anything to get warm, I had three jumpers and a jacket and even the bales of hay had a cold feel from them.

My bones were so cold and panic really set in as the night went on and I looked to the concrete and the gates that already had frost on them that glared from the light of the strong moon.

My hands were so cold and having them in my pockets were of little benefit as my mind panicked more than the cold had attacked my body and I knew I had no choice but to think of finding somewhere warmer.

I walked over to the gate and slipped through and onto the road, it was really cold as I looked to the left and to the right in search of somewhere better but all I seen was a house to the left and nothing to the right and I quickly slipped back under the gate and back into the shed to try and get warm.

I was back where I was initially but I was under worse circumstances, feeling the cold a lot more and feeling hopeless about finding warmth in somewhere that was enclosed.

I knew I had to move quick as I knew I would freeze to death if I didn't and went back out onto the road and walked over to the road to the left to see if the house had an enclosed shed that I could get somehow and get within it.

The house had a big shed with two doors, the small door had been closed and the big door had been slightly open, I felt relieved that I had unexpectedly found a place I could get in out of the cold but I got nervous about walking past the house to get to the shed.

If anyone had been looking out the window they would have had full view of me sneaking past but I knew I had to get in quickly and started to tiptoe past the front of the house in an unnerving manner.

I had got to the opening of the door and wondered did I get spotted by someone from one of the windows of the house.

I walked inside slowly as it was very dark inside, I looked around and could see timber and metal things and in front of me was a lawn mower and I leaned against it still looking around for somewhere I could lay down.

I could not see anything that looked comfortable to lay but I decided to feel my way through the shed in the hope of finding something.

It was very difficult to find my way around and I had bumped into things and nearly tripped several times, I was very worried I would trip and hurt myself but I got to the back of the shed and spotted two canoes.

I looked to them thinking, 'If I slipped inside one of them would it keep me warm?'

I thought about it with some doubt but I decided to go inside it and see, I stood on some timber to the side of the canoe and put one foot in, bending down, putting my hands on each side of the opening in the canoe and pulled my other leg over and inside the canoe and started to slip my body in.

Once my bum reached the floor of the canoe I had got wet, I was so fed up with this happening and I lifted my bum and sunk further into the canoe. Now my bum was out of the water and I let my head back slowly to rest. My head instantly didn't feel comfortable, it wasn't what I had thought and decided to pull myself back out of it.

Standing out of it I had looked at it for some time thinking was there any way of making it comfortable, I didn't want to let the idea of being inside of the canoe get away from me. I could not think of a way of getting my head comfortable and decided to go inside of it again to see if I could withstand the discomfort.

Slipping inside again I put all the weight of my body on my hands while slipping my bum past the water. It felt miserable inside, cold and wet but I was desperate and lay my head back to see if I could get my head comfortable but again straight away my neck and head was too uncomfortable and I got out.

Again I looked to the canoe thinking if I had something soft to put my head on I could stay inside. I looked around to find nothing of that description and looked to the canoe again thinking and thinking before doing away with the idea and making through the shed and leaning again on the lawn mower.

I stood there fully realising that it was no advantage being in this shed, it was nearly just as cold as outside. I didn't know what to do, it was freezing where I was and I started to really worry about being found in the shed.

I stood there for some time worrying about getting caught and worried about how cold it was, and every now and again I would peek my head out the door and look to the house windows to see if anyone had been behind them in the dark before then deciding to get out of the shed and back onto the road to walk the other way in search of shelter.

I peeked my head out the door and then tiptoed back out on to the road.

I quickly started walking in the other direction and panicking, thinking if I don't find something down here and soon I'm in real trouble.

I felt like I was walking forever, all I could see was ditches and walls each side of me before eventually coming to a house and I could see from the road that there was a garage that looked locked up and I knew I would not be able to get past the gate on run up to the garage and quickly turned around with the farmers shed in mind. My hands and feet were numb and I could not wait to get back to the shed.

As I was slipping back under the gate I looked straight ahead before turning left for the hay bales where I had been all along and seen that there had been two small sheds without doors past a gated fence where there had been a lot of cows.

I stood there thinking that there might be warmth from within either of the places and said to myself, 'I have to get myself to the front of those doors to look inside.'

I wondered how I would get past the cows without them biting me or attacking me and I was frightened at the thought of going by them, but I was determined to as I knew that this was my last chance of maybe finding somewhere warm and saving my life.

I crept under the gated fence and stood inside where the cows were and started to think how I would get around them.

I had stood away from them for some time thinking, 'Will I go around by the edge of the fence or will I walk through the middle?' and I knew I had to decide quickly before I was attacked by the cows.

I thought that if I went around by the edge of the gated fence the cows could push me against the steel bars and squash me to death and decided to walk through the middle.

I started to walk and the cows started to move from the outer edge of the fence towards me as I walked through, I got a bit scared and walked back quickly and with seeing the outer edge of the fence now free of the cows that were now in the middle, I started walking around by the edge when some of the cows started to make their way back to the edge and I quickly walked back to where I had been at the start.

Initially I was really afraid but now I started to realise that the cows were not trying to hurt me by the gentle way they moved around the fenced area but I wasn't totally confident in what I thought and decided to stay cautious.

As the cows were now back to the edge I seen a slightly clear way through the middle again and cautiously started to walk through.

This time none of the cows moved and I had got half way through, I was happy I was nearly there when a cow approached from the right of me, he came over to me really slow and tried to lick me, I didn't want to run in case the cows chased me so I paused where I was and slowly put out my hand to pat the cow while he stayed trying to lick me.

He made contact to my hand with his tongue and licked it several times and I slowly pulled it away as I did not want to get too close to the animal in fear he might still bite and attack me and I started to walk the rest of the way through with caution but with some confidence also knowing that I got this far without the cows mauling me.

Past the cows I stood a small distance away from the two openings of these small looking rooms of the shed. It was very dark inside, I could not see inside, but I could see straw scattered at the entrance and this looked to me like it would have some warmth inside.

I was scared of how dark it looked inside of these rooms and wondered what might be in there. I knew I had to enter either one or the other and walked slowly to the entrance, as I got right close and could see some small distance inside, to my delight I could see that there had been lots of straw scattered on the ground as far as my eye could see in.

I took a couple of steps inside quietly where I saw a small baby calf lying on the straw directly in front of me and to the left a big cow lying on the ground against the wall. Seeing the big cow made me anxious but I knew that I had to stay inside these walls or I would freeze to death and I knew that this was my only hope knowing that I would probably be ok here as I could feel some heat coming from somewhere inside this small room.

I took two small slow steps in just to clear the cold and sat slowly down on the straw and leaned my back against the wall, pulled my knees close in to my chest and slid my hands in between my legs and chest to try and get them warm.

I was starting to warm a bit but not enough to relax my body and not enough to relax my mind on not freezing to death while trying not to move in case I unsettled the big cow, I was very anxious and worried about the cow getting up and attacking me, I felt very nervous in my stomach. I kept saying in my mind, 'Please don't get up. I'm not going to harm you, I just want to sit here.'

I sat there for some time with this worried feeling about the cow getting up and I was somewhat warmer but not enough. I could feel heat coming from further in and wished I could go in further but I knew that this was as good as I could expect with the cow there. I was now getting really tired and put my head to rest on my knees but keeping my eyes open as to not fall asleep, in fear of the cow and not falling asleep in case I slept into the morning and my mother would be worried as to where I was.

Very shortly I became really tired I just wanted to sleep and I became very depressed and fed up. I would rest my head for some seconds and pull it back up when I started to feel I was falling asleep.

After some time managing to stay awake the baby calf got up on to his legs from where he was laying and moved around slightly before making over in my direction.

As the calf got closer I looked to the cow thinking he might think I was going to hurt the calf and then attack me.

The baby calf on his way to me made me very nervous, nervous of what the big cow was going to do. The calf fully approached me and started to lick my hands that I had at rest at the top of my knees. I didn't want to move I just wanted to stay still and show the cow that I wasn't going to harm the baby calf and he stayed licking.

I then thought of patting the calf to show the cow that I was friendly and slowly took my right hand while looking to the cow in case of a bad reaction and I slowly put my hand to the calf's face and started rubbing him gently.

The cow didn't move and I stayed rubbing him and he stayed licking me before moving off and he walked around the room and in some time again while I was feeling a little more relaxed and confident of not getting attacked the calf made his way over to me again and he licked me while I rubbed him.

From putting my hand to the calf I could feel heat on my hand coming from him and this sparked of something in my mind. I waited for the calf to come again as I wanted to put my hands on his warm face to warm my hands but I was there some time waiting looking to the calf as he lay on the straw and looked to be sleeping.

I was so cold I worried I would die and knew I had to do something and I thought about getting close to the calf for some heat from his body but I was really worried about what the cow would do if I got up and went near the calf.

I thought about it for some time and I was left with no choice but to take the chance as now I could not bear the cold, my hands were so numb I thought they would be like that forever so I stood up slowly and took two steps in the direction of the calf while carefully looking to the cow to see if he was about to react.

I saw that his head moved a little and I was not sure if he was just moving his head or if he was watching me so I went down on my hands and knees to give of the impression I was an animal and started to crawl over slowly to the calf.

As I did I was looking out of the corner of my eye to the cow and he was moving his head some more and again I wasn't sure if he was just moving it or he was seeing what I was doing but I kept going saying in my head, 'Please don't move! Please don't move I'm friendly.' I reached the calf and to my delight I had not disturbed the cow and he had not attacked and I slowly laid down on the straw beside the calf, I could feel the heat from the calf but I was still really cold so I curled up and pulled my coat over my head.

I was so relieved I had some heat and I got to lay down as I was really tired and I was somewhat comfortable for the first night since I started living outside at night. I was in such a desperate situation with the weather that I really appreciated where I was and lay there with some joy. I was still worried about the cow so I would peek out from where I had my jacket pulled together over my face. Every time I looked to him he did not seem to be angry and then I could relax for a short time before looking again.

After some time feeling the heat coming from the calf my front had been somewhat warm but the back of my body was really cold so I had started to take the coat from over my head and pulled it down over the bottom of my back for a short period before pulling it over my head again to warm my top half.

I done this on and off for some time before realising I need to try and somehow get myself warmer. I had been about a foot in distance away from the calf and I knew if I could lay against the calf I would be much warmer so I slowly pulled my body over with my elbow and once again looking to the cow to be sure it sat with him that I was now right beside the calf.

The cow did not attack and I could feel a lot of heat from the calf being right close as I put my shoulders under his rear, resting my head on his body and putting my arm around the rest of him. Instantly I started to warm and I felt safe from the cold but I was still somewhat worried about what the cow might do.

I became very sleepy but I tried to stay awake to keep watch on any movement coming from the cow and to stay awake to get home before my mother got up and started to worry that I was not in the house. Although I was weary of the cow I was so relaxed and warm laying with the baby calf and after some time of this relaxation I had once again looked to the cow to see him getting up slowly.

I started to worry saying to myself that the big cow is angry with me for going near the calf and the only thing I could think of was to stay as still as possible and try to pretend I was asleep so I closed my eyes for some seconds before slightly opening them to see what was happening and what I worried about all night was happening the cow was coming in the direction of where I lay with the calf.

I became panicked and while trying to stay as still as possible and thinking he is probably coming over to see what I was doing but I was also somewhat confident as I knew I had been laying with the calf now for some time and knowing that the cow had seen this. He was coming over really slowly and for some reason I said to myself, 'The big cow is really sleepy.' and seeing he was gentle on his approach eased my panic a bit. I just kept hoping that the cow would see this as something friendly and he would move off again.

When he got right up close I closed my eyes again to pretend I was asleep and give off the impression I was not harming the calf and that the calf was my friend. Opening my eyes again to be ready if it was going to be an attack I could see the cow staring at the calf and I was not sure if he was looking to me as well as the calf and I couldn't understand by his actions whether I was going to be attacked or accepted. Then the cow lent his head in slowly, putting his tongue out and started to lick the calf and this view relieved me as I was somewhat sure I had been accepted by the big cow.

He licked the calf for a short time before turning and going back to lay down against the far wall. I was so relieved and happy that the cow had now accepted that I was there and what I had been doing and I felt like the baby calf and most of all the big cow was now looking after me in their home.

I felt safe for the first time at night, this place was the bedroom I never had, nobody coming in to harm me, I could relax my mind like never before, not worrying about my father coming in to abuse me and I was out of the cold and miserable weather for the first time since I started living outside.

I was so relaxed I fell asleep very quickly and sometime later I woke and very quickly got up panicking about how long I had been asleep, and was it morning time, and will my mother have noticed that I was missing from the house, and is she worried sick looking for me? I got up quickly, went through the gated fence with all of the animals and into the field to get home, I walked as fast as I could through the field thinking what if I slept into the morning and everyone is up looking for me and wondering did I sleep for a short time or a long time.

When I got home every one had been up and I walked into the house looking to everyone to see their reaction and everyone seemed to be just getting on with their usual routine of the morning and I just blended in as if I was up out of bed and doing what I usually did and got on with things.

Nobody had noticed anything and when nothing was said throughout the day I was happy and the following night I happily walked out of the house and walked through the fields with excitement about seeing the cow and calf and spending the night with them.

When I got to the sheds I did not have to go through the gated fence of animals as they had not been there to my delight as I recalled being somewhat scared the night before as I walked past them.

I spent the night with the cow and baby calf in the same fashion, sleeping tight beside the calf in the middle of the room with my arm around him and the cow laying on the ground against the wall.

I had went out early in the night and was able to get good sleep and wake in good time to get home before everyone was up. I had spent many happy nights and weeks living with the cow and baby calf and once again I had left the house excited about the night with the cow and calf and had walked quickly through the fields only to walk in the opening of the small room and see that the cow and baby calf had not been there.

I said, 'Maybe they are further back in the room.' and although it was dark I put my hands out in front of me and had quickly started to move towards the side, touching the wall with my hands and feeling my way down through the darkness with the hope that the cow was in his usual position up against the wall but just further down into the back of the room. To my sheer disappointment my hands had reached the back wall and I knew the cow was not there so I turned and walked slowly to where I thought the calf would be laying if he was there, I walked slowly taking baby steps as to not hurt or startle the calf if he had been there, but as I felt my way through the room I knew that the calf was also not there.

I was confused why they had not been in the room and as I stood there the confusion quickly turned to sheer disappointment and sadness at the feeling of the empty room and the feeling of loss of the cow and calf. I thought, 'What am I going to do without them?' and 'Are they going to come back at some stage of the night?'

After some time when I fully realised they were gone I started to pace up and down and slowly walking in the room before getting a kick of joy thinking that the cow and calf might probably be in the room opposite and I quickly went out and into the next room to see that the room had also been without the cow and calf.

Once again I was bitterly disappointed and walked out and back into the first room, walking up and down I could not relax as I could not get away from the sheer disappointment I was feeling. I was so disappointed I had not thought about the cold and what I was going to do without the warmth of the baby calf. But after some time pacing up and down the room I sat down putting my back against the wall and still with large disappointment I started to feel the cold.

My hand became numb and I started to worry about becoming really cold by not having the warmth coming from the calf. I was getting colder as time moved on and while not being able to relax I decided to check the other room in the hope that the cow and calf might have come back and went inside.

Checking the other room I was again disappointed with no sight of the cow and calf and I decided to wait in the other room for a while to see if they came back. I sat down with my back against the wall, I was so lonely without the company of the cow and calf and I started to picture them standing in the middle of a field in the freezing cold and I wondered why

the farmer would take them and put them in the middle of a field on frosty ground, thinking, 'Does he not care about them?' and 'They must be really feeling the cold.' I sat there with all these thought before deciding to go back into the other room to see if they appeared there while I was waiting in the other room.

I went from room to room, waiting a certain length of time in each in the hope at some stage to be reunited with the cow and calf. The cold was unbearable, my body could not adapt to the cold again after the warmth I had took from the calf the previous weeks and my mind could not adapt to the loneliness after the pleasant company I had received from the cow and calf and I sat there freezing and lonely and the time moved so slow and all I could think of, 'Was the cow and calf going to come back tonight?' or 'Are they ever coming back?'

They had not came back and I waited out the night freezing cold without the warmth from the calf, lonely for their company and the time going agonizingly slow in my mind before going back to the house without sleep and I was back to being very tired during the following day. I spent many nights by myself there always with the hope that the cow and calf would reappear, only to come back one night to find a different cow by himself in the other room and I stayed in my room afraid of him and feeling sad as I had lost all hope of seeing the friendly cow and calf again.

They never came back and I waited out the rest of the winter there by myself and by spring I was back out under the trees to avoid the farmer. I was told later in life by a member within the family that I had spent years of my childhood living away from the house at night into the early mornings.

Chapter 15 Showdown at the Shed

AGE: 6 years old

Verbal abuse, lying, vicious gossip, mental cruelty and emotional abuse.

As time went by and I was somewhat older and my mother must have at some point found out about me staying away from the house at night and started sending me in the evenings after school to different boys houses from my class and staying there overnight in an attempt to keep me from living outside and now I had become very dysfunctional in life after being born into a dysfunctional environment and the dysfunctional way my father brought me up.

I had been falling way behind in school as I had been still going to hospital twice a week for check-ups and missing a lot of class. I could not catch up with what was going on and gave up trying and started to fill my time with trouble, any chance to cause trouble I took it and outside of school it was the same I would cause as much trouble as possible around the neighbourhood.

My father had been still staying clear of me with violence but on every chance he would get he would be criticising towards me and on any chance I would get to stay clear of him I would gladly take it. I would go to mass with him, my mother and brothers and go to my mother after mass and tell her I was taking a lift home with one of the old farmers from the area and every time I would go home with someone of the three old bachelors. I was happy going home with them and although they would stop the car outside my house and tell me old stories that I had no interest in and could not understand, they were very nice people and it prevented me from having to go home in the car listening to my father.

One of the men would turn the key and knock off the car before bringing it to a stop in a bid to let me know he wanted to chat for a while before I got out and I continued to listen to the stories and continue to travel home this way until I started to dodge mass and hanging around the village with friends from school.

Spending this small time after mass with the old men I grew very fond of them and started to spend a lot of time at their houses any chance I could get.

One of the men fixed bikes and any time something broke on my bicycle I would go to him to fix it and enjoy spending my time there while he fixed the bicycle.

The three old men were farmers and had a lot of land around the area and near my father's land and now myself and Deane would spend a lot of our time around these areas.

I had been walking down the road where I surprisingly bumped into Deane where he had been in over a wall in one of the old men's field by himself.

He had been where the old man was growing rhubarb and was walking in it, quickly I got giddy and started to jump on the rhubarb breaking the stalks and Deane started to do the same.

We flattened all of the old man's rhubarb and we got spotted by a woman that lived in the area and she had come over giving out like crazy about what we had done to the old man's rhubarb. She called us tinkers and told us we had no respect for other people's property and then said she was going to tell the owner what had been done to his rhubarb.

As she hit off to tell the old man Deane got worried about getting in trouble and said, 'What are we going to do?' and we both quickly thought and agreed on saying that it wasn't us that did it.

Later that day my father came into the house and started shouting, "Which one of ye broke the rhubarb?" looking to my mother telling her that one of them knocked all of the rhubarb on the old man.

"Which one of ye don it!?" he shouted telling our mother that the old man was going cracked about what was done to his rhubarb.

My mother stayed silent as my father asked again to which one of us had done it when Deane said, 'Maurice done it.' and I quickly replied that Deane had and this had went over and back before Deane gave in and said that we both had done it.

When my father heard this and realised it wasn't just me and Deane had been involved he calmed down and left the house.

After that, trouble just followed and we had been still put on our knees in the evening for an hours saying prayers but now with myself and Deane made to put on our altar clothes like Declan, Colin and Philip had been doing.

We would start skitting all through with our father going mad with us and this continued in the church while I served mass with friends from school.

We were always skitting and poking each other and we would take bets to see who would ring the bell the longest after the priest gave the signal to stop and this would bring on more skitting that sometimes led to laughing uncontrollably out loud and became a regular thing for us during mass.

Trouble was now in every aspect of my life from school to mass, while hanging around the village to at home and in the surrounding areas.

On the weekend I had two friends from school stay over in the house overnight and during the day we hung around with other kids around the area and came up with the idea that it would be funny to come sneak out of the house later in the night and get a load of bales of

hay from one of the farmer's sheds and put them in his garden for him to wake and see this and go mad.

We all snuck out and met up at the place we decided on meeting and hit for the farmers shed with each one of us carrying a bale of hay each going up the road towards the farmers house in knots laughing, the bales were very heavy and we had to take breaks before carrying them again.

It was exciting and excitement carried us through the torture of carrying the heavy bales.

We threw the bales of hay over the wall and onto his garden and climbed over putting the bales of hay standing up in stacks in the middle of his garden and went home after a good laugh and to wait for the morning to hear about the farmer going mad about the bales in his garden.

The morning came and my two friends had gone home. I was laying on my bed tired from being out late and up to no good that night when I heard my father enter the house hearing the words, "Did you see what was done down at Mr. _____'s house? Well he is saying he's going to shoot whoever don it." he said to my mother. 'Who done what?' my mother asked him. "Come down the road now and you see what was don." he said where my mother asked again 'what was done.'

"Come down and ul see." he said again and with no reply from my mother he said, "There was a load of bales stacked in Mr. _____'s garden and they must have been brought up from Mr. _____'s shed."

'Who done that, I wonder?' said my mother to my father when he said, "Don't you know fucking well who done it, and when Mr. _____ finds out who it was they will be shot! He going mad down at the house. Now do you see what's going on?" he said. 'Sur none of our lads had anything to do with it.' my mother said, "Well that's where you are wrong." he said, "and they are going to get shot by Mr. _____"

'And who would have done it do you think?' my mother asked where my father said, "There was probably a few of them that done it, but sure it was probably Maurice that put them up to it and when Mr. _____ finds out it was him, he come up here with the gun and start shooting. Now can you see what he's caused?"

'Sur it might not have been Maurice at all.' said my mother to my father where he got angry and loud shouting at her that it was me and when I heard this I got up quickly and went into the sitting room and shouted to my father, 'It was me! Have you a problem with that?! And stop fucking shouting at my mother!' and turned around and went back to my room where I heard my father saying to my mother, "You better not let him treat me like that again."

I knew from that moment on if I ever confronted my father or talked down to him it would fall back on my mother. He had made a bigger deal of the situation than it really was just to talk bad about me and nobody got shot by the farmer and it was never mentioned again only in a funny manner by Colin who told me that my mother had walked down that day to see the pile of bales in Mr. _____'s garden and could not help but laugh at what she saw. My father looked for every opportunity to destroy me whether it was cursing at me or telling lies to people about me.

I had complained on several occasions to my mother about the lambs screeching in the sitting room where my father put the new-borns by the range to keep them warm until they were so many days old but the lambs had to be kept by the fire she told me nicely and I stopped complaining as I knew there was no choice in the matter.

It was hard to put up with it as my bedroom was the closest to the sitting room but I continued to put up with it and soon after that when it was time to sleep in on the weekends after a week of school I was woke by screeching sheep at the back of the house. I complained again to my mother about the noise of the sheep at the back of the house and she must have went to my father with the complaint where some time later in the morning when I had been up from bed for some time and I had been in my room. I seen from the window my father had brought a sledge hammer, stakes and some fencing and he started to put the stakes into the ground with the sledge hammer.

He worked away building the pen for the sheep directly behind my bedroom window and I knew that he was doing this after my mother told him that the noise of the sheep was driving me crazy in the mornings and he took advantage of this by making sure the noise continued with the sheep now stationary at the back of my window and I could not confront him about it as I knew he would make my mother suffer for me confronting him. Now that my father for whatever reason was still staying clear of me physically, he was always searching for other ways to get to me. My father loved to see people suffer in life and I was always his first target.

My father had brought a baby calf from the fields to the yard beside our house and left him there on the ground and I had seen that he was lying there motionless making some sort of strange noise and I knew that there was something wrong with him, I started to feel very sorry for him as I remembered back to the nights in the farmer's shed where the baby calf let me lay beside him taking his warmth and saving my life from the cold of the winter. I went to my mother and asked was the baby calf sick and when she said he was I went back into the yard and started to feed him with grass I pulled from the garden thinking if I fed him he might live.

The calf made an attempt but could not manage to swallow the grass and I stayed there for hours trying to get him to eat the grass but I failed as the calf resisted on each attempt I made to feed him. When I knew he would not eat I stayed there rubbing him and my mother had come out telling me that it might not be a good idea to touch the calf as nobody knew what was wrong with him and I might catch something by touching him and it would be best to not go near him.

I walked back a few steps from the calf and told my mother I would not go close to him again and I stood there for some time watching over the baby calf and for the rest of the day while doing other things I went to check on the calf hoping he would be better . The calf had still been sick as I checked on him for the last time before I went to bed. The following morning I got up and went out into the yard to check on the calf to see that he was not there and went to my mother to find out what had happened to the baby calf where she told me that the calf had died over night.

I asked her why did he die where she said he was sick from some illness when Philip said, 'Why don't you tell him the truth that it was him that killed the calf.' and turned to me telling me that, 'The auld fella said you killed him by feeding him all that grass.'

Although my father knew that the calf had died from illness he again took this opportunity to tell lies about me and make people believe that I had done something bad.

Although I was still staying away from him on every opportunity, staying out of the house at night and spending nights in friend's houses there was no escaping the lies he was telling about me when I was gone, and when I was there he was always giving out about the littlest things and this continued to get worse as the years went by and I was now some years older and had been old enough to do some work on the farm where my father had taught me to drive the tractor and had given out all the way through teaching me.

Being older I could recognise that my father was using the tractor lessons as a means to give out and knew that this was probably always going to be the way and my father was always going to be dysfunctional and I was still being dysfunctional in school often finding myself in some sort of trouble.

The teacher would beat me in class and from time to time he would bring me out of view of the class into his office and beat me more heavily but I continued to cause trouble and I had once again done something in the middle of class where the teacher had got up angrily from his desk and started to come down the class towards me and I waited for the usual beating from the teacher.

He started to punch me hard in the shoulder and I had seen this from him on so many occasions it didn't really bother me and I let him punch me without reacting. This frustrated the teacher so much that he went behind me and put his hands to my neck and started to choke me and it went to an extent when I was pulling myself forward to get his hands away from my neck the teacher was pulling me back and I ended up pulled back so far that my chair was resting only on the back legs. Then from the side I seen one of my friends who came from a tough family rush over and start to swing wildly punching the teacher as he choked me and as I tried to get the chair back on four legs again.

My friend kept punching, the teacher kept choking, and I tried to prevent myself from falling back off the chair but after some time of my friend swinging wildly at the teacher he stopped, took his hands away from my neck and my chair fell forward and back on all four legs. The teacher looked shocked, my friend stopped punching him and stood there until the teacher started to walk away. My friend made his way back to his table as the teacher left on his way back to the top of the class. On his way back to the top of the class he looked frightened but still very angry and turned to me on his way back telling me, 'u'd want to watch yourself because your father gave me permission to beat you.' and he continued back to the top of the class. I wasn't surprised at what I had heard but now I knew how serious my father's intent on destroying me really was, but I always held a lot of respect for what the boy had done for me.

In the coming days or weeks I had been taken out of school for the one of the weekly check-ups in the hospital and on the way home after having to drop my pants for the doctors to check where I had taken the hits from my father I began to think about what I had to do as a result of the abuse from my father.

I hated the doctors looking at my private parts in the hospital and I started to think about my father giving the principle of the school permission to beat me and that made me think everyone was out to destroy me and I became very depressed and angry with these thoughts and those thoughts led to me thinking about the night my mother nearly jumped out of the car while it was still moving to avoid getting hit by my father and the promise I made to myself that night, that when I could I would get my father, and while remembering all the bad things my father put me through I could not rest my mind, the more I thought about the past the more depressed I got and I was in a world of my own, thinking, 'Why did he do all of those things?' and 'Why is he still trying to destroy?' me and I felt like I had enough with this life and I did not want to go on anymore.

In the coming days in school I was very depressed in myself and very angry with my father and when the weekend had come I had still been in this state of mind and went to my father's room where he stored the shotgun.

The depressed and angry state was lodged in my mind as I took the gun and the box of cartridges from the cupboard and started to walk through the house.

I was very low in myself and extremely angry and those were the only thought I had as I came towards the sitting room door without the thought of what my mother would think if she seen me with the gun. I was just in a world of my own and when I entered the room she had been there and started to freak out when she seen the gun in my hands.

'What are you doing?' she said in a huge state of panic, putting her hands to her face saying 'Oh! my god what are you doing? Lord god! What are you doing?'

Although I worried about her and what she might have been thinking I was still going to carry out what I had to do no matter what and I said to her that I was fine and I knew what I was at but the panic still went on with her saying with her hands still clenched to her face, 'Oh my god! Oh lord in heaven! Where are you going with the gun?'

I was prepared to say anything to get away and out of the house with the gun and started to console her, calmly putting the words to her that I knew what I was at with the gun and I would be fine, I'm only going down the road to the Turlock for a while with the gun and I repeated these words until eventually she calmed some bit and then I just walked out of the house with the gun looking to the sheds thinking in deep thought about something for some time before turning and walking out on to the road and going in the direction of the Turlock.

The depressed and angry state of mind came quickly back as I lost all thought of what it had done to my mother seeing me with the gun and what way I had left her mind when I left the house.

My mind was so far gone I did not even think of trying to get myself out of it, what I thought of doing seemed the right thing to do.

When I got to the Turlock gate I could not open it so I reached over the wall putting the end of the gun on the ground on the other side and letting it rest against the wall as I climbed over.

I had looked to the house across the road while climbing over to see the neighbours staring out the window, they seemed to be watching carefully but I didn't care and carried on getting over the wall and taking the gun in my hands again.

I walked in some distance and stopped at a big rock, I lay the gun on the rock and took a cartridge from the box and left it on the flat piece of rock picking up the gun again and started looking to how I could open it to get the cartridge inside.

I found a small lever and I pushed it down and the barrel of the gun opened and I was somewhat surprised at how easy it was to get the gun open but that thought was short lived as my mind was filled with anger and I quickly put the cartridge in the barrel.

I had seen this done on many occasions by my grandfather when he would come to the house and shoot at the foxes in the fields beside the houses and I remembered to when my grandfather would be talking about guns to my older brothers telling them that you needed to put the butt of the gun against your shoulder when you are firing or it will pull back and break your arm so I closed the gun and put it against my shoulder bracing myself for some time thinking, 'I'm so young and small, will I be able to fire it without it braking my arm?' even though I had the butt of the gun against my shoulder.

'I am probably too young and weak to fire a gun and it might hurt me', I kept thinking but I was adamant on doing what I thought of doing and I was in a hurry in my mind thinking, 'If it breaks my arm, it breaks my arm.' and 'If it knocks me to the ground, it knocks me to the ground.'

I took a step forward with my right leg, and leant forward with the gun resting on my shoulder and pulled the trigger and fired the gun without it hurting me, thinking to myself this is easy.

In achieving this I felt somewhat complete now that I had managed the first part in being able to use the gun and I open the barrel of the gun and let the empty cartridge fall out and quickly took another cartridge from the box and put in down the barrel and closed up the gun.

I took the same position again putting my right leg forward and then my body and pulled the trigger to where the gun did not fire and I quickly got agitated as to why this time I could not get the gun to fire and I pulled the trigger again but nothing and then I started pulling the trigger many times in a short space of time but to my sheer disappointment the gun would not fire so I took it down from my shoulder and opened it up to where I looked with confusion as I could not see anything wrong, even though I didn't know what I was looking for, I wanted to see if there was anything different from the first time.

Everything looked the same and I got really confused and then I started to think I might be robbed of my plans but my mind was fixed solely on one thing and I justified things in my head telling myself that the gun was not broke and it probably did this from time to time and it will fire again and I blocked from my mind the thought of the gun never working for me again and closed the barrel of gun with the cartridge inside, made my way to the wall, on to the road and started to make my way up the road in the direction of the house

thinking I'm going to do it even if my mother and brothers were watching, I felt like I just didn't care and I could only think of one person and what I had to do.

There was only one thought in my mind and I could only feel anger, anger mixed with some kind of sadness and relief that it was going to be all over and I never gave a thought to the consequences of what I was about to do.

Walking up the road I didn't hesitate and my mind never veered, and when I got to the driveway I started to get a very strange feeling about how massive the destruction I was going to cause and the turmoil I was going to put my family under and this strange feeling that I can't fully describe made me feel somewhat sick. It was the thought of the massive change that was about to happen and the massive change it was going to be for my mother and brothers knowing that they would never be able to deal with it.

I knew I was going to destroy my whole family with my actions and I started to feel that I had become evil, about to do something very evil.

But I carried on knowing that people would not blame me for what I had to do, my father had put me through things that I would never be able to forget and he was continuing to try and destroy me and I was going to end it.

I got to the back door and walked in the house and when my mother heard me come in she turned quickly looking at me with delight in her face when she seen that I had returned with the gun without having an accident with the gun and I continued on past her in the kitchen knowing that I was going to make her delight very short lived and change the look on her face forever with what I was about to do.

Thinking about my mother was short lived in my mind as anger suddenly kicked back in again and took over my mind.

As I made my way to my bedroom I felt very strange in my mind, I was incredibly angry with a type of sadness at what I was going to do to my mother and brothers and how I was going to change all their lives but I felt very calm and ready.

I got into my room and stood near the window with the gun in my left hand resting the butt of it on the floor with all the feelings leaving my mind apart from the anger and I started to concentrate on what I had to do.

All of the thoughts of what it was going to do to my mother and brothers had totally left my mind and I was fully locked in on seeing this act through all the way.

I stood there very determined in my mind and not afraid of the terrible act I was about to commit knowing it was only a matter of time before my father appeared.

I was not nervous of what to do when I seen my father appear as I had thought and planned the act through just as I was taking the gun from the press in his room.

I was so caught up in this distorted and fixed way of thinking I never thought of my mother or brothers coming in my room and asking what I was doing with the gun in my hands looking out the window.

I stood there motionless for some time before seeing my father appear at the back of the house and I started to hope that everything would go to plan and he would go through the yard and to the back of the sheds.

I had got a bit anxious about things not going to plan as in my mind this had to happen no matter what but I was somewhat confident knowing my father did not spend much time in the house during the day and he was either in the fields or at the back of the sheds working. I heard him opening the back door and go into the kitchen, I was hoping my mother was not there, thinking that if she was and they started to talk that this might have prevented him from going to the back of the sheds.

My mind started to race thinking, 'This has to happen! This has to happen! Come on go to the sheds, go to the sheds.'

I could not hear any talk from the kitchen and suddenly he appeared walking past my window and into the yard.

Instantly I got a lot of adrenalin thinking it's time to move, I quickly went closer to the window to get full view of the sheds to make sure he went to the back of them.

He was walking quickly through the yard and when I seen him turn the corner and disappear out of sight I got another kick of adrenalin knowing I had to move and move quickly, seeing my father walk fast through the yard had me thinking that he was in a hurry to get something from the sheds and go back into the fields leaving me with very little time.

I got out of my room and quickly walked through the house with the adrenalin pumping, pushing me physically and mentally forward into the yard and ready to shoot my father. I kept thinking that I had to move really quickly and I became very anxious about the little time I had to play with knowing that my father could come back into the yard from the back of the sheds any second so I walked really quickly towards the shed before slowing down some distance from the corner knowing I would have to sneak to the corner with the gun not letting him hear me stepping on the stones before having him in view and ready to pull the trigger.

As I slowed into a full stop with the gun in my right hand I felt that my mother was looking out the kitchen window, knowing what I was intending to do. I had this feeling that she felt so sorry for me that she was going to let me continue in ending the abuse forever.

I stood there for some time thinking about how sad my mother would be feeling looking at her son having to take such desperate measures at such a young age to put a stop to the man that was supposed to be looking after me. I kept thinking about the things that was running through her mind and about her sadness. I wasn't a hundred percent sure that my mother was looking on but I really felt she was and thought about her coming out and putting a stop to it all but for some reason I thought she was just going to let me continue and I started to lift the gun, putting it to my shoulder, tensing up and fully into position to shoot.

I thought of the gun not firing for me at the Turlock and this worried me somewhat but I was very eager in taking the chance so I justifying things telling myself that it will more than likely fire. I quickly said to myself, 'I'll get to the corner. Hope his back is turned and the second I have him in sight I'm going to shoot and not leave him any chance of saving himself, catching me and then turning the gun on me!'

With the gun ready to fire I was ready to move but I started to think about the distance he might be at when I sneaked to the corner and had him in sight.

I thought that if he was where I wanted him to be at a close distance I would not hesitate for a second in shooting the second I had him in sight but I knew it was possible that he could be further into the back of the sheds and I would not be able to get far enough behind him to shoot without him seeing me and I started to think that maybe it was not going to be possible and if I was going to take a chance on him being at the right distance I needed to get to the corner and in a position to shoot quickly before he came back around the corner and seen me there with the gun in my hands.

'Will I take the chance?' I kept saying to myself as I got more and more anxious very quickly and with this anxious feeling after setting in, all the adrenalin had left my body and I didn't know if I wanted to take the chance or not.

I wanted to shoot him but I knew that if I got to the corner and he was too far away and had been looking ahead without his back turned he would see me, knowing that he would more than likely try and take the gun off me and shoot me and if not things would be a lot different living with my father after trying to shoot him.

Again I thought maybe he will be at a short distance but without his back turned and he would see me and I tried to quickly calculate if I would have enough time and be able to shoot him if he had been just around the corner without his back turned and seen me aim the gun at him.

As I calculated I pictured what could happen and I could see me having enough time but I could also see me not having enough time and my father being able to reach me and stop me and I knew in this time calculating and thinking he could come around the corner and see me there and I wondered if he did would he know what I was trying to do or would he think that I was just messing around with his gun.

All of a sudden I slowly started to take the gun down from my shoulder letting it rest on the ground to the left of me holding it with one hand and letting the other hand free with my body relaxing.

Something had stopped me and I stood there feeling very very sad at the greatly missed opportunity of breaking free from my father and that I was going to have to continue receiving abuse.

I thought of my mother looking and seeing that I had dropped the gun.

I pictured her standing there feeling so sad and although she was seeing me retreat I felt the sadness in her was so strong that it made no impact on retracting how bad she felt.

Something kept me standing there and I knew my father could come around the corner any second but I didn't care and now I think maybe I stood there and wanted him to see me to make a statement to him or I had stood there with still some thought of taking the chance.

After standing there for some time with this sadness that I didn't shoot my father and get free from him once and for all, I somewhat got rid of some of the sadness telling myself that I still have the option of shooting him at another point in time had the abuse got worse and I felt the need to do so and I turned around and started to walk to the house and to settle my mind I justified things telling myself maybe the gun might not have fired and everything would have back fired on me.

On approach to the house I didn't feel the need to hide from my intentions as I was convinced that my mother was looking at me and was not going to say anything, from this I felt calm, opened the door and started to walk through the kitchen, I looked straight ahead walking through as I did not want to look to the left where I thought my mother was as I did not want to see how she was.

I got past the kitchen without any call out from my mother and walked down the hallway into my father's room. I opened the cupboard and as I was about to put the gun back I thought, 'Did I do the right thing?' feeling like I threw away the chance of having a normal life.

That evening and the days and even weeks to come my mother had looked very sad and looked very low in herself without talking to anyone, with this I knew that she had witnessed it all from her kitchen window. I never seen her as bad as this and it took a lot out of me to see her like this, it split my heart in two. But I continued to bring the gun out of the house and to the Turlock any time my father was gone to learn to make the gun fire every time with the intention of being fully capable of shooting my father in the future if need be.

As I was pushing on in age my father's verbal abuse had eased significantly and I had left aside the thought of shooting him for now and I stayed away from him and he stayed away from me with him criticizing me on very rare occasions and I had been doing whatever I wanted around the house and outside the house.

The abuse was near an end but I had been suffering the consequence of it all with routine check-ups in the hospital twice a week which continued into my twenties and I was affected psychologically and had turned wild in school always getting in trouble, and at home I was taking the tractor onto the roads racing it up and down for hours with all the neighbours out looking at what I had been doing but I was living with two personalities living wildly but also in a peaceful way.

When my father had got a new puppy I started to bring him for walks and as he got older I was also feeding him as my father was purposely neglecting him when it came to feeding him.

I had put the abuse into my subconscious and I had started to slowly put it out of my conscious thinking and in the years to come I had been getting on with things and started to sleep at home at night again without my father coming into my room abusing me.

I had rarely thought about the abuse but when I would be out cycling my bike and I would be going past the farmer's shed where I spent the winters I would look into where I had spent my time with a happy feeling knowing that I had been treated well there by the big cow and the baby calf, where they in a way had saved my life and at least keeping me warm in the depths of the winters and sometimes I would purposely hop on my bike and cycle down the road with excitement and I could not wait to get to the farmer's shed to look in and when I would get there and passing I would always look carefully in at the small room at the back of the sheds in the hope to see the cow and baby calf.

To my disappointment I never seen them again.
Going past I would say in my head, 'That's where I used to sleep when I was young'.
Then and even now I look on that place as my childhood bedroom, the bedroom I never had because at home my bedroom was only a place of horror.

In the coming years I had been ten to eleven years and it was so long ago since the abuse, I was convinced and confident that it was fully over and my father would never lay his dirty hands on me again and when I would get in trouble whether it was in school or outside school I never worried about my father turning on me and going back to his old ways.

And that was strengthened after many times getting in trouble without my father saying a word and this enticed me to continue doing what I wanted and I also didn't care what he thought, I owed the man nothing in life and the trouble got worse and worse, I had been stealing whatever I could every chance I could get around the neighbourhood and this spread to where I was doing it in the local village myself and my friends had started to steal alcohol from the back of the local pubs in the village.

And even though my parents knew that when I was leaving the house it was going to result in some sort of trouble they never stopped me and I came and went whenever I pleased and I had got up on the morning of the weekend without a worry in the world while I fixed the buttons on my jacket as I stood at the mirror on the press.

Everything was quiet in the house, I could not hear a word or a noise from anyone while finishing closing my jacket and then the door in my room opened really quickly to where I seen my father standing looking at me in a rage with his two fists clenched and making small movements into the room and in my direction.

I was shocked but I didn't worry at all, I was really relaxed with the situation where I turned to him while it looked like he was thinking whether it would be a good or bad idea to attack me and quietly and confidently said to him, 'You can beat me if you want, but I'm getting older and when I do I'm going to murder ya.'

He turned around and left quietly and in the coming days when a neighbour came to the house my father purposely started talking about sons hitting their father and telling whatever neighbour it was that if any of his sons ever laid a hand on him that he would not hesitate in turning the gun on them and shooting them.

He brought this conversation up with the neighbours any time myself and my brothers were there to hear it being said just to let us know that there was very serious consequences if we ever went to hit him. The neighbours would always go quiet and not say a word wondering why he was talking like this all of the time and I would say to myself, 'One rule for one, and one rule for another.' thinking he can give it but he won't allow it to happen to him even though he would fully deserve it and more.

His speeches did not bother me and I knew with my father having to preach this to the neighbours that he was afraid of what I had said to him when he had come in my room the previous weeks and it was the last time my father had ever entered my room again and I had taken my first alcoholic drink which led to the next two decades abusing alcohol to

suppress the memories of the past and living a very dysfunctional and unhealthy life physically and psychologically from the effects of the abuse while living at home to protect my mother from my father before I turned things around in the latter years, stopping abusing alcohol and getting my physical and mental health together but in doing so it brought up things from the past.

I had suppressed the bad memories for more than twenty years with the alcohol and when the alcohol had left the system the memories were not being suppressed anymore and I had started to think about the horrendous things my father had put me through for years of my childhood and now that I had been sober all of the time I had begun to notice that my father had been controlling my mother and even my brothers to an extent all of this time while I lived under the same roof but was too out of it from alcohol to have any understanding of how things really were in the home and I had also come to realise that for the past two decades I had lived with the man that destroyed me as a child and behind my back he was still trying to destroy me by telling huge lies to the rest of my family about me and also to people in the village.

I had stood up to him and told him he would not be controlling my mother or anyone else in the family anymore, and in a bid not to lose control, my father made two serious attempts on my life, but I continued to stay in the house to protect my mother before something told me to get out of the house and away from my father.

I've been away from him now with zero contact for the past seven years and I have become healthier and happier now and realising how dysfunctional and dangerous it was living there. I have not seen any of my family in the seven years as my father still has control and has put a full stop to all contact between myself and the rest of my family.

My father was truly sadistic and abused his own son between the ages of four and six to get his pleasure and continues to destroy my name to this day to make me look the bad one and take the truth from peoples' eyes about the crimes he committed in the past and hide his true identity. I prayed to God a lot as a child and he has got me through so I continue to pray to God to this day.

I dedicate my story to victims of abuse.

There is light at the end of the tunnel. Get professional help.

Be strong and you will come through it and expose the perpetrators that prey on victims.

I also dedicate my story to friends that also went through child abuse and suffered the consequences of the unhealthy life it brings and are not with us today.

Everybody has a story, this is mine.

THE END