

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

- 1 You shall have no other gods before Me.
- 2 You shall not make idols.
- 3 You shall not misuse the name of the LORD your God.
- 4 Remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy.
- 5 Honour your father and your mother.
- 6 You shall not murder.
- 7 You shall not commit adultery.
- 8 You shall not steal.
- 9 You shall not give false testimony against your neighbour.
- 10 You shall not covet anything that belongs to your neighbour.

WHERE TO FIND HELP

- **NAPAC (National Association for People Abused in Childhood)**
Support for adult survivors.
napac.org.uk 0808 801 0331
- **Samaritans**
24 hours a day, 365 days a year.
116 123 (free) samaritans.org
- **Childline**
For anyone under 19.
0800 1111 childline.org.uk
- **NSPCC**
Help for children, for adults worried about a child.
0808 800 5000 nspcc.org.uk
- **Stop It Now!**
Advice on preventing child sexual abuse.
0808 1000 900 stopitnow.org.uk
- **FACT (Families Against Child Trafficking)**
Support for allegations.
factuk.org and false-allegations.org.uk

More about my story

My website, with letters and recordings mentioned in this book:
childadvocacy.info

THE CHILDREN **NOBODY HEARD** The State Was Supposed to Protect Us D J INGALL

THE CHILDREN NOBODY HEARD

The State Was Supposed to Protect Us

A Memoir of Childhood Abuse, Institutional Failure
and a Lifetime of Consequences



Mr. Morris and the School Motto:

'The only rights you have here are to eat and breathe'

D J INGALL

Originally titled *Life After Child Abuse*

THE CHILD NOBODY HEARD

I refer to letters in this book and they are in the last chapter. I refer to covert recordings too, they can be found on the website <http://www.childadvocacy.info>

The State Was Supposed to Protect Us

My mother wrote to the authorities when they blanked her complaint with a story. ‘This can’t be the cause of his disappearance...’ Then my stepfather wrote ‘Please take this complaint seriously. It is not in Darren’s best interest to return...’

A Memoir of Childhood Abuse, Institutional Failure and a Lifetime of Consequences. Some people have asked why I have put my name on this book. Ultimately, it comes down to the commandments by which I try to live, particularly the commandment against bearing false witness. I see it as false witness to use a made up or fake name.

D J INGALL

****WARNING****

Please, very important! If you are triggered by child abuse stories don't read this on your own without support nearby. I'm 56 now but when I was 37 I was triggered every other day for months with very little support. I so wanted to hear a story or read a book where the victim came out the other side and I don't mean getting even with the world but survived hopefully a better person. My first book 'Life After Child Abuse' was written when I was still pretty ill and angry with the world.

This book was written with the help of chatgpt and is what I needed at that time. If you think or have any idea it is augmented or exaggerated to sell a book it's not, it's written by me Darren Ingall from Guildford a victim to maybe help other victims. If you have any doubt about me or the book Google Berrow Wood School as there are many of us who spent time there coming out of the woodwork as of today and many convictions of abusive staff. My abuser was eventually convicted and died 2 years later in jail.

PREFACE

Mr Morris the school head and the School Motto: 'The only rights you have here are to eat and breathe' Being a child is about learning to be an adult and it can't be a vulnerable child's fault if they are led into making mistakes by an adult authority figure can it?

By: D J Ingall

Berrow Wood, a special needs boarding school for troubled children seemingly by design for the abuse of vulnerable children from the outset. Take a damaged child and damage him further. Take little notice of the complaints and then deny all

liability when you get called on it. Childhood sexual abuse does not just end when you turn 18. it's a life sentence of painful memories and erroneous assumptions about others that can in the right circumstances lead to serious mental problems.

The last thing a victim generally wants to do is talk about it so without the right support things in later life can become a living nightmare. Think about that for a minute. You might jump when you hear a gunshot. What if that gunshot was anything to do with a school, schoolteacher or social worker and you felt one of them who refused time and time again to phone your only support was falsely accusing you of abusing your own child?

my 5th request of my son's new school after a few problems and nearly 2 months after my first "Has anyone contacted my son's scout leader yet?" My sons special needs teacher, Mrs Morris "That's not our job speak to the social worker there has been an abuse allegation." as she tried to walk away. I asked myself "Is that not a direct child abuse allegation directed towards the child's father?" Social worker, "I won't do that somebody in the office will."

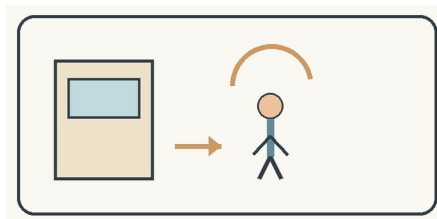
Then 6 weeks later "CAMHS (who had not even met the child) are suggesting foster care." This 2 weeks after the social worker told me there was nothing to worry about and that she was going to close her case. This came about after I confronted her with respect to my being accused of abusing young Daniel by a school teacher. Kind of sent me over the edge really. I had all the help my son needed on the end of the phone but then we had a bloody useless social worker and an overworked work to rule school teacher with tunnel vision getting in the way, and then I twigged my wife's affair...

"We think your son might have mental problems, we think your son might be being abused, I have run the case past CAMHS who

have suggested foster-care appropriate.” Why? Because Daniel has a touch of autism or as others put it delayed development. Hardly a surprise as he had a troubled birth and came with an education statement from the day he started school. Think about that for a minute this is your son or daughter who clearly has special needs as prior to this I had made no less than 6 requests of anybody in authority to just make this simple phone call for the lad.

The shrink I felt forced to take my son to see. “They have got the wrong idea and run with it. I’ll have a chat with my boss and take it on as a case.” Daniel’s scout leader. “TELL THEM I WANT CONTACT WITH ANYBODY CONCERNED WITH YOUR SON BEFORE SOMEBODY MAKES A BIG MISTAKE.” it’s a crying shame mum’s answer to the problem was to jump into bed with her boss. “Walk out on your kids with a text message and come and live with me, it’s an easier life over here without your stressed out husband or kids.”

CHAPTER 1 — The Warning Signs



When I was a teenager I never understood why I get really bad vibes anywhere near anybody who sounds like a window salesman or people who smile or scowl out of place. By the time I did understand it was simply too late to change the vibes I get from some people. Everybody who knows me knows I have an issue with people who sound like pushy window salesmen. You know too many positives and affirmations of things that just don't sound quite right.

Like telling people they have done well when they have clearly done far from well. It all comes down to one line this smiling paedophile told me as he was grooming me for things when I was a child. "I'm not gay because I'm married with a daughter." It was obvious to me that this man who was in a position of trust over me was, A gay and, B wanted to take things a lot further than he did. I was a small 15 year old boy and did not have a clue what was really going on until I found myself in his room in his bed.

Once I understood where things were going I became really frightened at the potential of catching aids and they don't tell you about the physical pain either. As a 15 year old child in 1985 I knew aids as a gay disease leading to a painful death like some of the children I had seen on the television from Ethiopia. I was equally frightened of telling others what this house-master, Mr Hastings was doing as the head of the school would routinely punch children who caused a fuss.

Not only that Mr Hastings was pally with a lot of the hard nuts in the school so I did not want to get on the wrong side of him.

When ever I in later life heard anything that sounded similar and by that I mean just not quite right or saw people who try hard to be friends or if I saw a smile that was out of place it set up in my head the same warning vibe I had when I was a 15 year old child. You might say a big alarm bell and deep down as a child I believed all men were the same.

As a result I just kept away from anybody who did it. That will be about 90 % of people who I later met especially smiling school staff and people who try hard to be friends. It led to my later finding it really hard to talk to let alone be friendly towards other people. It led to a situation in my head where I felt it wrong to even know a child's Christian name let alone to be seen talking to even my own children."

I knew recording a meeting at one school and taking it to the head of another school would put an end to my marriage but after my wife Linda went chasing after an affair rather than help me with our child I felt I could trust nobody else apart from my son's prior school head and his scout leader. I felt the social worker forced on the family was less than qualified (that's the public version) especially when she like the school refused to make this simple phone call.

She, Judith was the 3rd social worker as the prior 2 could find nothing wrong but the school just kept calling them out. It really felt to me like my son sneezes and they call out a social worker. Daniel was playing up to the favorable attention for all it was worth. He would and the school should have known this as in his prior school report he was described as 'eager to please.' but the new school called it attention seeking and made out like Daniel had a problem.

If you tell a child he has got a problem and can't do something, give him licence to be late for class then tell staff to reward him by telling them not to set him any homework you will give them a problem! I told them it was a bad idea when they insisted on putting these 4" fluorescent what they called help cards on Daniel's school diary advertising he had a problem and telling staff not to set him any homework. Talk about give him an idea of how to get an easy life.

The school spoke about 'individual education plans' so I rather assumed Daniel would be set possibly different homework owing to the fact he was a little behind but there was no unique homework rather no homework. When I challenged the school as to why he was not being set homework I was simply told "Children in the lower sets don't get homework." When I took a folder of work Daniel had been doing for me into school (as he was not being set any homework) I was told "It looks like a different child" but nothing came of it.

When I told the school I had extra funding and the possibility of outside teaching staff being involved in helping him the school did not get back to me about it. I seriously thought I was talking to a wall but had spent getting on to 50K moving home to get the lad into this school. Daniel even sent into school a letter requesting more homework but nothing came of it. As you can see this child needed just a bit of help with at least his writing.

The school were being paid a lot of extra money to support Daniel because he came with an education statement which they used for teaching assistance but nobody could take the time to set him individual homework tailored to his needs. Very soon Daniel learned that because he had a problem the reward was less work and more free time so he played up to it and got into trouble. I seriously thought it was a formula designed to cause a problem from the outset and encourage me to remove him from the

school and to make it clear I don't believe I was wrong today either.

Now don't get me wrong by this time I knew I was having run away thoughts but nobody would contact the only support I had, the local scout movement and very soon Linda My wife who had little thought for the children was well into and making it obvious she was having an affair. Then as you might expect from Daniel came the stories "don't tell my dad he will beat me with a stick." and they were stories Daniel had taken from the little he knew about and then exaggerated from my childhood led on by these people who were rewarding him for having a problem.

The social worker told me after nearly 2 months of bumbling around and getting in the way that CAMHS who had not met the lad and had only heard whatever she or the school told them were of the opinion he should be in foster care. In a fit of desperation and right on the edge I went back to the school and asked them again to make this phone call now my 5th request and the teacher, Mrs Morris a trigger name from my own childhood replied with "That's not our job speak to the social worker there has been an abuse allegation" as she turned and tried to walk away.

It was only a request for the school to make a phone call! What with my own childhood memories getting in the way I after this just went from one panic attack to the next and sent Linda right into the arms of Robert the guy she had been chasing after at work. Well he offered her an easier life without me or the children and knew exactly what he was doing. Walk out on your kids with a text message after your partner susses out your affair and you are never going to get custody no matter what stories you might later invent.

It was clear to me knowing my wife that there would be a story of some sort. Now I know I have an issue trusting school staff and I just can't help it. I knew at the time I did not have all the information but all I could ask myself was. "If you wanted to encourage a parent to remove their under achieving child from your school how might you go about doing it? You know like in the real world." I had convinced myself maybe wrongly that it really was all about school league tables and how to get rid of a child they did not want.

I just could not get past why the school would not make a phone call for a child they were being paid a lot of extra money to support and who was when using their own words clearly in need of help. They described it as an urgent issue but they would not even make a phone call for him. It just did not compute, nothing made any sense. All they did was give it to this useless social worker and shut the door on me." The worst thing the state ever did for my children was when they forced me to deal with an incompetent social worker who did not listen and just followed the lead of school staff.

The tipping point came when some idiot wrote the number for Childline in the front of Daniel's school diary an instruction from another social worker who had not even met the lad. I saw that and seriously thought what are you people trying to do? It was like we won't make a phone call for your son but he can call Childline. Daniel seriously thought it was a game. "HEY LOOK AT THIS DAD!"

Just think what your reaction to that might be if you had been asking over and over again for your son's school to just make a simple phone call for your son and they refused accused you of child abuse then you find somebody has written this in your son's school diary. Daniel was simply an easily led autistic spectrum child who had no idea what was going on. If the school

had like the head stated in his pre school speech contacted the prior school after the first few problems they would have known this.

my position and authority as a parent was totally undermined and being falsely accused of abusing my own child what with my own childhood memories getting in the way really sent me over the edge. The school head in reply to my complaint 'At no time did the school make a child abuse allegation.' Plausible deniability. Well nothing was in print but the social worker was going to close the case 2 weeks earlier. Fact: nobody had ever suggested abuse before the school did and nobody has since.

My kids are now in their 30s. All they did was lead a vulnerable autistic 11 year old child into telling and exaggerating various stories. They then refused to make a phone call to sort things out and gave it all to this social worker without a clue. The scout movement had this child sussed out the day they met him with a quick conversation. "It's because of ideas that have been put to him, he is a child who likes to shock people...

it's caused by negative attention and Daniel feeds off attention." The school were being paid a lot of extra money for this child as he had an education statement and they would not even make a phone call for him. And then the head when I complain states he is unsure what he would be apologising for. Social worker, script 101: Lets talk about foster care and see if that gets a reaction. Did it set a firework off in my head.

All I saw was my own childhood, danger for my son, divorce and not any help. By the time somebody used the word abuse I was in a really bad way nearly 2 months after my 1st of 6 requests for anybody in authority to just make a simple phone call for my son. I was sexually abused when I was a child in Berrow Wood School near Gloucester and ran away missing all my childhood

examinations so knows better than most what child abuse is all about.

Don't apologies for anything it might imply we have done something wrong. Let's just tell a pack of lies and make out like he gave us the wrong number. Come on he won't be able to do anything about it will he. "100 to 1 they did not even try to make this phone call before they with their false allegations and talk of taking one of my children into care drove me to a nervous breakdown nearly 2 months after my first request.

After I went running to an MP and got to view Daniel's social care file (They refused me a copy of it, hardly a surprise) there was no mention of it and the hand written note I gave the social worker with the scout leaders phone number on it was nowhere to be found." I complain and they just blank me. Some people suggested I was wrong to covertly record various meetings but this kind of explains why I did it. Years ago when I was a child in Berrow Wood and my mother complained to Surrey County Council refusing to send me back they just threatened to get legal and did not answer her complaint.

When her boyfriend directly challenged them to look at the whole picture they just broke off communications. 1/2 the staff in this place were eventually jailed for offences against children, more than 1/2 now. Despite the complaints nothing was done until a parent witnessed a child being assaulted by the school head and the police made an investigation. It was a private school and we only sent the children there. We might have been told but it's not our fault is it?

Not if we can sidestep the complaint, pass the blame off to somebody else or just blame the poor procedures in place at the time! There are seemingly 100s of people like me in the country and all we want is an apology. The problem for the state offering

us an apology is that it would open things up for us to litigate and it's really a giggle reading letters from the state that don't admit any wrongdoing or make an apology. I've been through court and seen my abuser convicted and jailed. it's nothing like what you see on TV but the letters you get back from the authorities are. If Surrey County Council had followed up the complaints made by my mother and boyfriend to the point they actually visited me when I was a child no doubt other children could have been saved from the same pain I experienced. The defence from Surrey county council, they followed the procedures in place at the time.... Not sorry the whole system was broken and flawed....

The pain of having childhood memories of abuse is something few, most of all the victim really want to talk about. "Get over it, it happened years ago!" It's not a switch that you can just turn off! It would be better called a mental issue with so many triggers and it lives with you just waiting for a trigger. Let me be blunt. "Do you have any idea what it is like for a small frightened 15 year old child to be 150 miles away from the only person he trusts, his mother while his only other would be adult friend is plying him with cigarettes and sexually abusing him.

Can you get anywhere close to understanding the fear of a 15 year old boy who finds himself in bed with an adult while the adult tries to stick his thing up the child's behind? This in a boarding school full of a number of troubled children made worse by the system in place and a great deal of the staff who were abusing them. It was quite a simple formula, military school, physical punishments for speaking out let alone doing anything wrong.

Treating the children like they were worthless, telling them they had no rights and their parents were powerless to help them. That's before the children turned on each other. Then a friendly hard nut member of staff offering protection, giving out free

cigarettes and inviting children into his room for a smoke." From this point on I saw people who were nice or even any man who just called me by my first name as dangerous so 9 out of 10 times I just walked away. Maybe think about that when you meet an angry confrontational child.

As you might expect my trust in social workers, adult men and the school system was shattered and I am very careful about who I call a friend or who I let near my own children. Nobody thought to actually talk to me the child about things. Food for thought, If my mother had sent me back like the law apparently required she knowing only some of what I experienced would have been committing child abuse by today's standards."

Just think about that for a minute would you send your child to a boarding school where you knew he was being abused because some shirt in an office told you they could find no evidence of a problem? The fact they did not send out a social worker to visit me when I was a child just shows how interested they were in looking for the problem. Sometimes when children get bitten by a dog they may spend the rest of their life living in fear of dogs.

They may think inside their head that all dogs are bad and want to bite them. They may spend their time looking for dogs just so they can keep away from them. They may fear being in the same building as a dog let alone the same room. When older they may teach their own children to fear dogs. Few people will understand their fear of dogs and how they can get paranoid about having to face up to even the friendliest of dogs.

They may never be able to truly trust a dog. If they ever have to face up to a pack of growling dogs they may become really scared and in some cases suffer a nervous breakdown. Some dogs will pick up on this fear and bite because they see somebody with this fear not as a threat but moreover an easy target. Some really

nasty people may set things up so they are left alone with a pack of dogs knowing their fear and the effect it will have on them.

The same goes for a child that has suffered child abuse at the hands of school staff. It's a shame as no matter how the cookie crumbles school staff would have to ask themselves why this child now a father with his own children looked like he was bricking it every time he came into school. Without the support of my wife it could only ever end up in tears, I knew it and it made me an easy target. it's so easy to kick somebody who is already on the floor and that is simply what a lot of people will do.

A lot of children come from a broken family where mum and dad get divorced. Sometimes dad may have done a runner never to be seen again and in this case the child may well go off the rails. Sometimes the state suggests a child who has gone off the rails is put into care and suggests a special school away from their only remaining parent. They sell it as the best thing for the child to support them but in my and a number of other children's places it was one of the worst things that could have happened to is in our childhood.

Personally I don't understand how some people simply fall for a bit of manipulative talk. If it sounds too good to be true believe me 99 times out of 100 it is. It's really easy for a privately run school to abuse children placed into their care. A child in this situation who grows up to have children of their own may like I did really fear divorce not to mention the fear of ever having their own children taken into care. The school head Mr Morris with his fists and school motto 'The only rights you have here are to eat and breathe.' kind of says it all really.

I understand some people can be nasty but cruel to children, where if you are of that mindset is the challenge? A lot of people

would not believe what you can manipulate a child into doing and how using fear, you can sometimes keep them quiet for years after the event even when they become an adult. People who have never been there will not be able to understand this fear and how it can live with a child for years after the event.

People who have not experienced it won't have the capability to understand how a child can grow up thinking everything was really their fault. Most people should be able to understand how a man's wife may be the only person to know all the details about how he was abused as a child. Ask yourself if it were you would you want to tell others about it? No matter how many shrinks you saw or what counselling you had would you ever be able to truly get over it?

You can't ever remove a memory the best you can do is to learn to live with it, understand things were not your fault and hope the memory or emotion that goes with it does not take over your life. Speaking from experience unless you are at the top of your game it really is not that easy. There is no worse crime than being an adult in a position of authority frightening and then sexually abusing a child, Then being this child with nowhere to turn.

Just imagine being this child as I was, now a parent doing your best for your own children while your wife is out chasing after an affair. Then being subjectively accused of abusing one of your children by a teacher who won't even pick the phone up for him. "Has anybody phoned my son's scout leader yet?" "That's not our job speak to the social worker there has been an abuse allegation." Social worker "No I won't do that, somebody in the office will" nearly 2 months later and still not having made the phone call.

"I have run the case past CAMHS who have suggested foster care appropriate." The muck had to hit the fan eventually and I rightly or not went 100% hell for leather for broke. Life is what you make it and if you don't look after your children SHAME ON YOU! And you too may just end up living in a one bedroom council bungalow in a retirement area with nothing. Linda, my wife text message: 'sorry I'm not coming back I'm with somebody else now.'

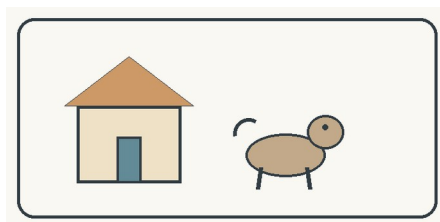
If you abuse a child don't forget one day they will be an adult have memories of the abuse and people who abused them. Everybody is different and what any child in this situation will do with their memories is anybody's guess. The first and most important people a child should be able to turn to in the event of a problem are mum and dad. Who do mum and dad turn to when they need help? Well I turned to the church, the scout movement, my employer, my parents and eventually when the state refused to hear me a children's ambassador and the prior school head. You see by this time I had been covertly recording conversations and That made them jump!

Mum turned to her boss, a manipulative old man who saw an opportunity and talked her into walking out with a text message. He is welcome to her! After the divorce they got married without even telling the children. You have to see it from the mother's perspective. Life was not that easy with a challenging child, I was normally a confident man but was getting stressed and frightened when the school called in the social workers and even more so when they all refused to make a simple phone call and started talk of taking the lad into care.

As Linda had been chasing after her boss looking for an easier life the fuse was lit when the social worker arrived.

Now put yourself in my mind as a child, my worst mistake was keeping quiet about things because the bastards used fear and systematic emotional as well as physical abuse that left me fearful of school staff and seriously emotionally damaged. That was until I got all religious and turned to God or my interpretation of God. Maybe there is something in John 8:32 "Then you will know the truth, and the truth will set you free."

CHAPTER 2 — A Childhood Before Everything Changed



It was 1977 and I was a happy young lad age 7 who had a small group of friends in the local neighbourhood. my mother and father Kate and Clive had a number of pedigree dogs as Kate used to breed dogs and show them in the various dog shows they attended. We lived in a small bungalow but there was enough room to hold various dog shows that mum organised. I would spend a great deal of my time outside of school accompanying my mother walking the various dogs in the local woods.

I have so many fond memories of being a young lad trying to keep up with my mother in the woods as well as picnics we would take with us. I would with my mother plait various ribbons together to make up the rosettes given out in the dog shows and my mother would hold maybe 3 or 4 each year. A great deal of people would bring their dogs in an attempt to win a show. There were various prizes best in show, longest stand and longest sit, stay as well as various other doggy agility tasks.

The family had its own pedigree name and was well known by other collie breeders. I would at my mother's dislike often have one of the dogs sleeping with me in my bedroom normally snuggled up with me on my bed. Now I get it some people don't like that but I think its great thing for a child. I simply loved dogs and the dogs loved me. There was an old man Ernie who lived in the next street and when I was not playing around at home with

the family pets or round my childhood friend Debra's house you would often find me with Ernie.

Ernie was a lovely old man who enjoyed the company of young me and would spend a lot of his time teaching me about push bikes and small electrical gadgets. Ernie really was a big part of my young life. There was a nasty woman who lived next door but 1 to us who had a right bully for a son who would look out for me when I walked to school and would tease me about just about anything he could. I took it all on the chin and was not really phased by this unwanted intrusion into my young life.

One day this nasty woman was speaking to me as she did like I was worthless and not worth her time. She told me about how my parents were going to get a divorce. I knew divorce was where mum and dad did not live in the same house but I knew nothing about my parents getting a divorce.

I simply took it that she was telling stories being nasty as that was her way but as the family all sat down to dinner I asked my mother. "Marline told me you and dad are going to get divorced?" mum stuttered in shock as she looked at me and it was instantly clear to me that this story was far more factual than i ever considered possible. All of a sudden my world was blown apart. I had seen mum and dad arguing every now and again but I just saw 2 people arguing and did not understand what it all really meant. In an instant my face went from bewilderment to very sad as I broke down crying.

Mum explained how she and I would be moving to a house further down the road by the gypsy site and dad would be moving to Aldershot a town about 10 miles away. The plan was that I would live with mum and spend my weekends with dad. Dad was still going to play a big part in my life. Saturday came along with the rental truck used to pack up all of the family

belongings. Dad helped mum to move into this new house, well I saw it as a house but it was really another bungalow.

This end of the street was different to where we had lived before. Now there was junk just about everywhere and lots of broken glass. There was rubbish strewn all throughout the neighbourhood and everything seemed to be so dirty. The people who lived this end of the street were not nasty but they used a lot of words that I knew were bad words. These were words that if I used them I knew it would get me in trouble.

I would walk to school generally with Debra my friend from where we used to live at the other end of the road but now things were different as I would walk to school on my own and would have to walk past the Smiths house and the Brothers house. I was really frightened of the Brothers as they were thought of as violent people but as I was friendly with the Smiths they generally left me alone. For a few months I would see dad every weekend and would sometimes with Debra accompany dad to work where he would be doing all sort of carpentry and rewiring jobs at the local national trust resort in Dorking.

It was great as Debra's dad worked there too so each weekend was like an outing. Although not with dad Debra and I would fly kites and play with the toy plains kids put together out of balsa wood. And there was always a free 99 ice cream in it for both of us. All of a sudden and quite out of the blue things were different and Clive, my dad did not want me at the weekend any more. I had dad's telephone number but it now did not work when I called.

This was the last I was to see of my dad until I was 21 years old and dad referred to his stepson as 'my number 1 son.' As you might understand I have no time for my father any more. I blamed mum for dad leaving and became really angry about

things picking fights with anybody I could at school. I would watch other children in school looking for reasons to be angry with them and before long was getting into trouble. Things for mum with her dogs and now very little money coming in were becoming rather tight financially and the outings here and there that I had been used to became far less frequent.

It was coming up to my 8th birthday and Mr Smith our next door neighbor

promised me a push bike for my birthday. Talk about excited as I had never received such a present in the past and I knew mum was going to buy me an etch a sketch which still a nice toy could not hold a light to a new push bike. It was going to be like the best present anybody had ever bought me ever. I was daydreaming about this bike was it going to be a chopper with the small front wheel and a gear stick that looked rather like a car gear stick or was it going to be a Raleigh with lots of different gears?

I can't tell you how excited I was about it but on a scale of 1 to 10 it got up to like 25. I would tease my friends at school "I'm going to get a push bike of my own for my birthday next month so there." It was about now I called in to see Ernie and his daughter was there. This poor girl who had just lost her dad the night before had the difficult job of telling me who no doubt she saw as a snotty faced child that his friend and her dad had died but I never knew Ernie was ill.

I was as sad as I had ever been because this was the first time I had experienced anybody I knew dying so ran home crying my eyes out as any child might in that situation. I spent the rest of my childhood hoarding bits of old rubbish and making things from junk that I found down the local tip just like I remembered Ernie doing. my birthday came and I was not too bothered by the

fact there was no present from dad parceled up by the television in the front room with all my other presents as all I wanted was this push bike.

I tried to look excited about the other presents I received a torch, another puzzle, mum's etch a sketch and some clothes that did not fit very well. I was desperate to call on Mr Smith next door for my push bike. Mum explained to I it would be rude to call on the neighbours before 10 o'clock on a Saturday morning after I was up at 6 like any child on their birthday might be. 10 o'clock came and mum told me I could go round next door.

As I walked up the drive and saw a lot of rubbish strewn around I thought what a mess but I knew I should keep these thoughts to myself. I knocked on the door rather timidly and Mrs smith came to the door, she opened the door and I could not believe my eyes as outside things were so messy but in their house it was spotless like maybe I should remove my shoes before I walked in. Mr Smith was sitting on the chair in the corner of the room watching television and what a television big speakers and the sound was so real not like the little tinny Sony television in mum's house.

Mrs Smith beckoned me into the house after telling me as I looked at my shoes that removing them was not necessary. I wonder where the bike is? I thought. Maybe it's around the back. As I asked I felt maybe I was being rude as you are supposed to wait for a present to be offered not to go asking for it but Mr Smith told me he was going to get me a bike so maybe it was not being rude in this case. "I have come for that bike you promised me?"

I asked in a sheepish voice not really sure if I was being rude by asking for it. To my horror Mr smith dropped his trousers and pants exposing himself to me stating "If you want to ride a bike you will have to sit on that." Now as an adult or even an older

teenager you might understand what that means but as a 7 year old child brought up like a snob living near a gypsy site I did not have a clue but I knew this was as wrong as it gets.

And why was it so big? Mr Smith had a full erection and sat there looking at me. I knew there was a time when it was OK to use the F word and I added every expletive I knew to the F word as I did an about turn and bolted towards the front door. In my head I was running for my life. This was danger get away stay away then shout and scream so the whole bloody world could hear you. It was clear to me there was no push bike but I had no way of understanding why this neighbor had such a big thingy and was suggesting I sat on it.

I knew this was wrong as I had never even seen my dad's thingy let alone anybody else's and why was it so big? I decided I should keep quiet about this but mum knew in an instant something pretty bad had happened to put the fear of God into me and for this polite child to be using so much bad language. There is no push bike I told her but it was clear to mum my reaction was way over the top for not getting the present I had been promised.

“Tell me exactly what happened” she said. “There was no push bike and he wanted me to sit on his lap.” After further inquiries mum found out what had happened as I broke down crying “I should not have seen his thingy and he showed it to me not only that he said if I wanted to ride a bike I should sit on it.” Mum phoned dad because she had the new number but he did not want to know anything about it. Mum did the right thing and phoned the police who phoned the social workers who phoned the council.

Within a fortnight mum and me had moved into a new house about 10 miles away in a small village called Clandon. We now lived in the middle of 12 cottages but were only allowed to keep 3

of our 8 dogs. Today if an adult did that they would be for the high jump but in 1977 it was not quite the same crime. Talk about all mixed up as I did not understand why if Mr Smith had done a bad thing it was mum and me having to move home.

And what was my dad doing, he was looking after another ladies children. dad was not to be seen or heard from and I had lost trust in about everybody only now I had to make some new friends in a new school. Now I can't tell you how hard it is for an angry child who feels they have been wronged on so many levels to make friends with new people. I did not want to talk about things as it was nobody else's business why we had moved to Clandon.

Within a week one of the dogs got out of the garden and was hit and killed by a car on the main road outside the new house. As you might imagine I soon found trouble at school and with my new neighbours only now I was so angry about so many things I started using some of those words that would get me into trouble but I really did not care. There were some school teachers who I would just not play up for but they had a mothering quality about them.

Some of the other teachers seemed to me to be cold and heartless so I reflected back to them what I felt I received. The school head Miss Woodie was a prime example of somebody who was cold and heartless poking various children who were brought to her attention and she never listened to a child or asked them what they thought about things rather she told them how they should feel about things. Before long I had made a few although not many friends and I was the child you would see with the BIC Biro tube utilised as a pea shooter playing up in class.

You see I wanted, needed anything as a break from the pain I felt No dad few friends and mum was struggling with me by this

point. I was really quite angry with myself taking on in my own head a great deal of the blame for everything. As a distraction as I grew up in middle school I would play with fountain pens as they could be used to do some fancy writing that looked all rather grown up. The expensive ones made by Parker would have an ink bottle and you would squeeze the back of the pen to suck the ink into it from the bottle.

I simply had to have one of these pens and I went about swapping various toys for the next model somebody had on offer. It was a Thursday morning when I was in a bit of a fight with Jason in class. Jason was the school bully and I had had enough of his attentions trying to hide my pen set. Jason and I were removed from class and sent to Miss Woodie's office where I was kept behind and told to finish my work sitting up to the back of the school piano outside reception.

It was morning break so I closed my books, put the lid back on my ink pot and parceled all my pens and bits in a pencil case leaving the whole lot on the piano. I was walking from the toilets where there was a water fountain outside for the children who did not bring their own drink into school to have a drink. As I bent over to take a drink from this fountain I could hear Miss Woodie and I knew it was Miss Woodie as she walked in a very deliberate way clonking her shoes as she scuttled around the school.

Darren she exclaimed as she got toward me. It turned out Jason (or maybe someone else) as a bit of a get you back had tipped all my ink over the school piano and Miss Woodie thought it was me. I tried to be polite "I put the lid back on the pot and screwed it on tightly, honest Miss." Then came from Miss Woodie the poke and it was a really hard nasty poke that hurt. I lost it and started telling Miss Woodie in as many expletives as I knew exactly what I thought of her and her school.

I was excluded from school instantly and mum was called in to collect me. Now I as I saw the world I had many different things to be angry about. There were some people who simply had a way with me, some people who I respected and these were people who did not try and enforce their ideas and opinions on me. If you asked me to do something I would do it but if you told me I would resist. only my mum by this point could order me around.

For example there was a social worker I really did not like and it was all down to the way she spoke to me. She would say things like "I bet you love football." and I would take exception to this form of communication trying to as I saw things tell me what to think. "No I can't stand the game now go away and leave me alone." Now the social worker was trying to be friendly just making conversation but I saw somebody trying to influence me and tell me how to think so I resisted. There are very few people in the world who can influence how I think and what I believe.

The school refused to have me back and the social workers suggested to mum a special needs boarding school for children with behavioural difficulties in Gloucester. Now put yourself say 25 years old with a troubled child being told by people in authority they can help your troubled child by doing a, b, c. Now some people simply don't question what they are told by others in authority, they are qualified they must know best and so forth.

Others like me first ask their motives. each to their own. sometimes, often I might suggest If it sound like a sales pitch for something it benefits the seller and not the purchaser. you know like when a politician sells themselves as no new taxes, then makes a pig's ear of things costing millions in extra tax to put right. Talk about out of the frying pan into the fire as now I was as good as locked up with 60 other children some of whom were

far more trouble than me only now we fed off each other in what was to all intense borstal.

I was a pretty small fish in this new pond mixed up with petty criminals and arsonists. Berrow Wood School was a really nasty place where you had to be really careful about who you made eye contact with, especially the school head who was deputy head when I started and kept under control by the prior head. 'The only rights you have here are to eat and breathe.' really was the school motto. Talk about a recipe if not a design for abusing children but the name of the game was to keep out of grade 5 the punishment grade.

Straight up they had a grading system where they played one child against another or a child against a member of staff to progress up this grading system. It was as bent as it gets and we all knew it. It was just a way of keeping the children silent. So they were the rules don't make eye contact with any other students who were bigger than you. Don't be seen to be causing a fuss or looking certain members of staff in the eye especially The school head. I remember there was one child who made it into grade 1 in like 2 or 3 weeks. Today I wonder how that happened.

If you accidentally made eye contact with the wrong person make sure you look away pretty quick. This school was described as a special school that catered for children with 'emotional needs.' I soon learned as others have written on the Internet it would be better described as a 'paedophiles wet dream.' Seriously it was by design to take advantage of and abuse children and the authorities could not give a hoot. Maybe my experiences have poisoned my reasoning skills but I believe there is a paedophile on every street corner.

Even the terminology 'Maladjusted Children' used by the head was flawed a child is not maladjusted they are just reacting to the

people, teachings, their diet and things happening around them. If you went into this place with a problem measuring 5 on a scale of 1 to 10 you stood a good chance of coming out with a problem measuring 10. I ran away 3 months before my 16th birthday just before my exams because of what Mr Hastings was trying to do to me.

I felt betrayed as the head Mr Morris, deputy when I started told the children the school motto he made up as soon as they started in the place. "The only rights you have here are to eat and breathe." It really was the school motto repeated regularly. The guy was a nasty piece of work who enjoyed playing the big guy to children and would take delight in frightening them. Seriously, I have never met such a nasty man when it comes to looking after children in my life.

Whoever was on the payroll and allowed him to become head of a school should be ashamed of themselves. Most of the staff were frightened of this man too and he loved it. All the children understood as soon as the odd snorting noises he made started it was time to get out of the way as they were normally followed by a fist. This guy enjoyed dishing out punishments to the children and trying to put the fear of god in others by doing it in front of the class.

By the time I had been in this place for a couple of years I understood all the rules but the most important were to be careful which staff you look in the eye and not to look other students in the eye. The best option was to look at the floor and not to speak to anybody unless you had to or unless they were a friend you had sussed out. All the children had problems and ideas of how to get even with the world, their parents and just fed off each others hatred of everything.

That was by far the least of my problems as I was to learn by the time I reached 13 or 14 years old. The communal showers were a peep show for some of the house masters who would pick fault with children about their bodies in front of other children. There were a couple who would get the floor mop out and try to wash the children like they were animals, yes still sexual abuse however you want to look at things. Some of the bigger children picked up on this and one day one of them shouted out so the whole lot could hear "Hey he has got a hard on" as he pointed towards me.

It was a dare or more to the point if others were looking at me (or could have been anybody else, I don't think I was singled out) and having a laugh at me or them they were not looking at who you might call the accuser. Just like a magicians act using slight of hand and speech now using body language and bullying. The whole teaching in this place was to put others down and to look for faults in them. A number of the staff were now holding out their little finger and jeering at me when they saw me and some of the older children picked up on this as well.

All of a sudden this house master who was only friendly with the hard nut kids was offering me cigarettes, by the time I was 14 the only thing I had to look forward to was the next cigarette and by now I was smoking between 5 and 10 cigarettes a day. A week's pocket money would buy you 1 packet of cigarettes and you were lucky if somebody else did not steal them. I would do anything for a packet of cigarettes, well almost anything.

Back in the early 80s you could find dog ends on most street corners and I would collect them up so I could squeeze out the little bit of un-smoked tobacco and using rolling paper make a full cigarette. If I could dry it out I would stick it in a roll up and smoke it in an effort to get that tobacco high. I felt Mr Hastings was a friend and in the beginning I as good as clung onto him for

all it was worth. I was one of the smaller children in this place and so long as I did not try to pick a fight with or answer back to some of the hard nuts I got by.

Out of about 60 children who were there I was only friends with about 3 or 4 of them. I felt good to have an adult friend someone I could confide in who would treat me like one of the lads and give me a bit of a hug every now and again. I was looking for that Ernie character a father figure or just somebody I could trust. I had no idea where things were going as this was a man he should have been able to respect and trust.

I would be let out on my own when he would take the children into town on a Saturday. It was just an excuse to go about stealing cigarettes from various shops. Back in those days CCTV did not really exist so as long as you could make a run for it when you were caught nobody could do anything about it. It was out of place as all the children were graded owing to their behaviour from 1 for the creeps to 5 the punishment grade.

The punishment grade was just that as you would have to spend your weekends digging these infernal holes in the ground. Likened to digging your own grave by my shrink. I had it sussed as the staff did a pocket search when you got back to school so I would wedge my cigarettes under the chassis of the van and collect them in the dead of night. Most children had a hidden stash of cigarettes in the woods so you had to be very careful nobody saw where yours were.

The only thing it really taught the children was to look after themselves, steal and trust very few people. Today they talk about positive encouragement but really I did not have a clue how to implement it with my own children as all I did was look for problems so I could confront them and no matter how the cookie crumbles I failed in that respect with my own children. I

rarely made it above grade 3 and had no idea what this house master wanted in return until a few times during the night I would be woken up for a midnight smoke in his room.

I found myself sitting on Mr Hastings bed as he got closer and was talking about sex, it was like I was one of the lads. I kind of thought he might take me to see a lady to teach me the act. It was good to be teacher's pet and get the free cigarettes and it was good to have the odd hug but very soon he Mr Hastings had his hand down my pyjamas. I knew this was wrong, it was not what I was expecting at all but as I always got a couple of cigarettes out of it I tolerated it.

All of a sudden I started going up the grading system but I had no idea why. In my head I knew it was wrong but there was nobody in the place I could talk to about it and Mr Hastings would repeat he was not gay because he was married with a daughter. I felt I could not phone home and tell mum asking for help as the school head had told all of us that we had been sent there by the state and there was nothing our parents could do about it.

In my head I felt my mum was a really small person in the big picture and most of the children thought Mr Hastings was ex. SAS. I met X army people later in my life and found them to be nothing like these people. I felt trapped after the first time Mr Hastings had his hands down my pants. How could I say no if I had not said anything the first time.

I was frightened of what would happen if all of a sudden Mr Hastings was not my friend as he was friendly with the hard nut kids in the school so it was I thought better to have him as a friend. Of all the staff in the place there were only 2 staff I ever really trusted Mr Griffiths and Mr Crompton. Not before he left Mr Crompton who was one of the few people in my childhood I

ever really looked up to managed to leave me with the 10 commandments and it was so simple.

10 rules and that's it! Mr Griffiths was one of those few teachers who really had a way with children. The guy was a small man thought of as a bit of a wimp but nobody ever played up for him because of all the staff there he was one of the most genuine people you might have the pleasure to meet. If you ever misbehaved in this teachers class the whole school would likely turn on you. In an all boys boarding school the last thing you want to be is gay so there was no way I could tell any of my friends what was going on.

In my head I just thought nobody in authority would ever believe me let alone want to help. I felt I might be if I spoke up left alone with Mr Hastings with him knowing I had snitched on him. I felt I would be at the hands of the school thugs encouraged by this Mr Hastings if I said anything. As I thought of Mr Griffiths as a bit of a wimp and by this time he was the only member of staff who had my trust I felt I could not go to him for help.

Today being gay is acceptable and if that's your way that's your choice but in this place you did not want to be gay or thought of as gay. I tolerated what Mr Hastings was doing because I got a few cigarettes out of it. I convinced myself it was really not that bad as Mr Hasting told me everybody did it. Well it turns out he abused loads of the kids so maybe there is reasoning in his words. I knew it was wrong and I did not want to be gay so in my head I would repeat one man one woman.

Eventually Mr Hasting took things a stage further as he got I into his bed and masturbated over me. It was not until Mr Hastings told me, "I'm not gay because I'm married with a daughter the second or third time it suddenly dawned on me how bad things were getting and where they were going. I don't want to be crude

in print but it hurt. I found myself in the only dormitory in the building that had only 2 beds. It was great to be in this dormitory as it gave me more privacy.

After a while Mr Hastings would get me out of bed for the midnight smoke every time he was on night watch. I felt if I told anybody I would have to explain why I had not said anything the first time? I felt that this made it my idea (it was not but I had a child's underdeveloped brain trying to reason things out) and therefore I thought it was my doing and my fault and this kept me silent for years. As a teenager my head started spinning with what if scenarios.

Was it your idea? Had you led him on? Are you gay? Has he got Aids? What will other people think if they ever find out especially as it happened more than once? I decided it had to be my fault as no normal child would allow this to happen. I could put up with it as I always got a few cigarettes out of it but there was no way I was going to let Mr Hasting penetrate me and that I knew was the way things were going as Mr Hastings tried harder and things began to hurt.

He would get closer and closer to doing it each time and about now in the news were stories of aids reported as a gay disease and a painful death sentence apparently caught from people making out with African monkeys. How could I say no after I had allowed it to go on for so long? In my head I had no choice but to run away which at age 15 is what I did missing all my childhood examinations. as a child and young adult I felt I could not tell anyone who would believe me,?

I was taught I was a teenage delinquent. I was so ashamed of what I felt I had allowed to happen and was just glad to be out of the place so I felt I just had to keep quiet. I was taught I had no rights. I was taught the state would not help me. I was told my

parents could not help me. I was really confused was I gay? my childhood left me with a total distrust of anything in the schooling system, most adult men not to mention the social workers who sent me there. I was one of only a few children to abscond never to return, most of the other children were caught either by staff or the police and returned generally to a beating (Google Berrow Wood School) and you will find many stories.

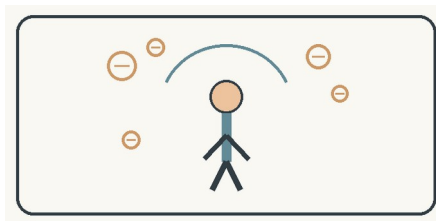
Maybe not so much today but as a child and up to my 40s In my head I felt any man who smiles too much or praises a child for the little things any normal man might is up to no good. Today you would probably get caught on CCTV and have a mugshot in front of a police officer should you go stealing from a shop today but back in 1985 when I was in my early teens things were different. I would get caught maybe 1 in 5 times and in my head a 14 or 15 year old child I used this formula to judge what danger I was in at the hands of Mr Hastings.

I would reason 1 in 10 Gay people had AIDS or the lesser HIV which so far as I was concerned was the same thing. I reasoned there was a good 50% chance of my catching AIDS from Mr Hastings if he had it especially as I reasoned I was not the only child. AIDS was a painful death sentence that I likened to starving children in Ethiopia. I reasoned even if I was the only child I knew of there must be another 5 or 10 I did not know of.

I had to ask myself why he was pally with the hard nut kids, was this happening to them too? As I worked things out in my head with my mind in overload I became convinced there was a 50% chance of this house master having the disease. If he let him go all the way I would more than surely catch it. And they don't tell you how much it hurts when you read about these things in the news either. The bottom line is that I was simply shit scared and felt I would never be able to tell anybody.

I reasoned after watching the news that HIV had a 3 month life before you saw symptoms and as Mr Hastings did not get as far as he might 6 months after I ran away I felt I was definitely in the clear. I boxed the whole experience away in my head I was going to do better than that for any children I ever had and that is not a dig at my mother or stepfather. They did not know what had been going on but they tried to get the authorities to take an interest.

CHAPTER 3 — When the Past Came Back



Memories come back from nowhere.

Life was going great when I had children of my own and to my relief there were just so few issues. That was until some teacher in a new school who would not make a phone call for my eldest child used the word abuse. It really was like a firework in my head. How could these people who would not even make a phone-call for my son possibly get to abuse on my part? All of a sudden and quite out of the blue it was like all my childhood had all happened just the day before. To say a firework in my thought patterns really is an understatement.

It was so fresh and I could not silence the memories. I could all of a sudden remember names of other students from my time in the boarding school and various conversations. I just could not stop the memories in my head surfacing with such clarity. I knew I needed help but my wife the only other person who knew everything about my time in care was running for the hills by this point and making it obvious.

I have in some parts failed as a parent because I did not praise my own children for the little things most parents might as I had been conditioned to feel it as wrong always asking myself when I saw others doing it 'what are they really after.'

I found it hard to cuddle my own children and behaved like a Victorian, I would shake my children by the hand and I could

scruff their hair, later after the counselling I could pick them up and give them a hug but beforehand when they were younger it just felt so wrong, dirty even. In my head at the time only somebody who was up to no good would pick a child up and give them a hug. I could be affectionate with my children when they were in the family home but in the outside world I just could not be the father I wanted to be as I was judging everybody including myself by my own experiences.

That is the real damage of child abuse. After I realised I was never going to be sent back to Berrow Wood I decided I was going to tell my story but as the place was closed down a couple of years after I ran away I just bottled the experience away. 6 of the 13 staff were jailed for offences against children and even if it was not sexual abuse (it was systematic physical and emotional abuse) I felt justified trying to forget about things. They knew about the sexual abuse and just brushed it under the carpet.

I felt it was OK to forget about things as no other children would be suffering. At 15 I was really lucky as I walked straight into a job on the local farm after telling them I was 16. As it was cash in hand work no checks were ever done. When I turned 16 it was all change as I could go after my dream to be like dad or Ernie. I walked straight into a job doing similar things I remembered dad as doing, I lied about my qualifications and nobody ever checked so that was my first real break.

When the place was closed down owing to the death of the owner I walked into my last job prior to self employment and was there for over 30 years. I found the Ernie character I had spent most of my life looking for in the owners of these businesses and really got my head down to make something of it. There was an old boy Rolland who really spent some quality time with me teaching me the ropes in the first job. I felt this guy and the owner of the

business were great; they would spend their time on me wanting nothing in return.

All of a sudden i had learned not only respect but respect from a stranger who wanted nothing for it. I was 16 doing a lot of the work on my own and was quite often left in charge. They respected me and I respected them. It was great and I thought I would be there for all time. I knew a quality job was hard to find but felt I had found it with these people until the owner died. I had another break as other people had learned about me and I walked straight into another job on the strength of a 5 minute interview and stayed for 30 years+.

This old boy really had employed me over the phone. After I had been in this second job for about 5 years I was offered another job in another company and felt it was the best thing to do as they were keen for me to work with them. This job came with a vehicle and more money. I was there for 3 months when the boss Andrew called me into the office for his appraisal after spending a day out with him.

I really felt as the day went well as I had got all my work done without any problems but the first thing Andrew said to me whilst smiling was "I was not happy with what I saw today as you did not make enough eye contact with the customers." It came as a shock as I was not expecting it. I was rather expecting well done, you got everything done but he went on about how I did not speak enough to the customers and show them why I had done the things I had done.

In my head I thought you employ me to do a job not talk to people and sell why I am doing it. Why the hell are you smiling at the same time? It really threw me and gave me bad vibes. What he is saying does not match his body language and as you might expect I totally lost trust in the man. he spent about 20 minutes

trying to teach me some life skills but all I saw was somebody teaching me to make myself out to be something I was not.

I'm sure there is a term for it but anybody trying to sell me something too hard will get nowhere. I missed all the positive things he said about me and my work as I find it hard to take a compliment and not assume the person giving it is up to no good. In the past I looked for the worst in everything I saw and I just could not help it. I found it hard to give a compliment to others as I associated it with my time in care and this house master.

The truth be known the criticism Andrew gave me left me with a really good lesson, to ask all my customers as I leave if they are happy and if there is anything else they require. To genuinely show an interest probably one of the best lessons in business anybody has ever taught me. At about 21 I did not understand and only saw that I had got everything done and the guy was still complaining. But the alarm bell for me (although I could not articulate it into words at the time) was that his body language did not match what he was saying.

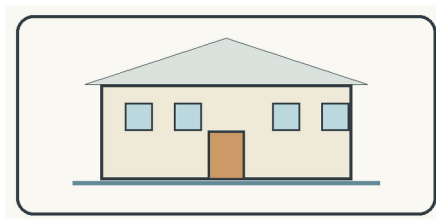
Andrew went on about how you can't use the word fault in an invoice and in my head this felt so wrong. How could he say all that whilst smiling? A product does not work, it's faulty and you trace fault to and... Apparently not. I handed in my notice the following day, this guy just gave me bad vibes. Andrew refused to accept it and told me to think about it over the weekend. I left the following weekend and went back to my prior job as it left me with people who I trusted and gave off good vibes but now I was better conditioned to deal with talking to customers and as I saw it selling myself.

Today I deal with the general public all day every day and whilst I still do not make enough eye contact I am left alone to do my job, well I'm self-employed today so I am left alone to do my job.

There is no selling anything and I feel I can be honest with the people I serve. There was whilst still employed the odd mistake and I still got on the wrong side of the odd customer but as long as I was honest with the people I served and did my best to put things right when there was a mistake the wheels kept turning.

I retired during the COVID pandemic just about when I paid off the mortgage age 50.

CHAPTER 4 — Growing Up with Fear



When I reached 16 I was genuinely frightened of girls and really did not have a clue, do you touch them. when do you touch them, how do you talk to them etc... I could talk to my male friends about cars, work and could hold a long conversation about life, the world and everything but girls it was just a mental block. This today I feel this was caused by my spending 3 of my most formative years in a single sex community in boarding school.

Please if you are a parent think long and hard if you are thinking the same for your child/children, look for the alarm bells and don't just believe what those in authority tell you. Some people are no different to politicians who promise no new taxes and then later invent some.

I was driving cars quite regularly by the time I was 16 fortunately I was never caught by the police and I did not crash any of them with the exception of the odd ditch or tree. At 17 I found out about motorbikes and wrapped one of them around a car nearly killing myself. I spent nearly a month in hospital and they read mum the last act as they did not expect me to make it. The people at work were great and brought me a TV into hospital as this was before the days the hospitals saw TV's as a service they could charge for.

They paid me for all the time I had off, like full pay. I was surprised by this as I rather expected to be sacked but as I later

learned this really was company policy 'Look after your staff'. While I was in hospital my mum came in to see me and she told me about my best friend Graham the guy who taught me to drive, he had died apparently of a heart attack. Graham was my only real friend at the time the only person I had confided in about my time in care.

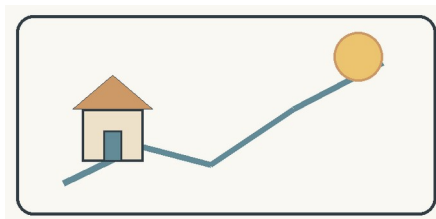
To say Graham was like a big brother really is an understatement, even today it still brings a tear to my eye to think about his passing. Graham was about 4 years older than me and whilst some people even to the point they suggested it to my mum thought he was up to no good he was not. As people go he was the best friend I ever had as a child. By the time I was 20 I was really still not sure being this house master was the only sexual experience I had ever had, was I gay?

I did not want to even contemplate the idea but had no experience dating girls or even talking to them. Where do you meet them? I did not drink, did not like nightclubs or going out. Every time I went out all I could see were people probably having a good time but in my head anybody having a good time in one of these establishments was up to no good. Everywhere I saw people having fun or in a party I saw this house master with his leading statements picking fun at children so I just kept away from them.

I would spend all my time playing with the various old bangers I put together and scraped through their MOT. By this time I had a new friend Daniel who I spent my time doing up cars with. He was such a good friend I even named my first son in memory of him. Daniel dabbled in drugs and whilst I would smoke anything there was no way I would touch a needle. Daniel had issues at home with his parents and was basically put into rehab for his drug problem.

6 months he was off drugs just doing up the odd car and driving round till all hours with me. He got himself a night job driving HGV vehicles after he passed his test and really looked like he was going to make it in life. It was fun as sometimes he would take me out in his truck and allow me to drive it round in the car parks of the various motorway service stations he was delivering goods to. The first time I drove his truck Daniel did not explain to me that the brakes take about a second to engage so I ended up locking all the wheels on this truck and all the stock in the back went flying.

CHAPTER 5 — Trying to Build a Life



Daniel was stressed about something and was staying in a London flat one weekend. He was found dead in the bath the following morning after taking drugs. Some people think of drug addicts as thugs who steal to fund their habit but I know better as Daniel really was the kind of person who would help somebody in need without wanting anything in return. Because he had been off the drugs so long he basically gave himself an overdose taking the same dose he had been used to.

So there I was 21 no friends apart from people at work and the odd neighbor, I understood I needed some life skills that were really missing. I did not think life skills but just wanted some guidance to do the right thing and found myself joining in with the God squad as mum called it. Most of these people were great and most of them so genuine. I remembered back to my time in care and Mr Crompton who really was a good teacher and sold God quite hard.

I began to not forget but put away my memories about my childhood and became attracted to people who flew the cross. So there I was 21 and decided I was going to do the right thing. I had watched 2 of my best friends die from as I remembered it drug related activities. In my head I decided if everything I did could fall within the 10 commandments I would not go too far wrong. It was great because I felt I could still swear and whilst it may have

said keep the Sabbath holy it did not to my understanding say you had to attend church and it still does not to this day.

Mum by this time had got remarried and Geoff, my step father was quite strict. I had tried to pick a fight With him a few times and came off second best but he taught me respect something I was seriously lacking as a child. He was not an affectionate step father but I was 15 when he came on the scene and a bit of a thug so that was never going to happen. He did look out for me and tried to involve me in family activities and boy did I test him before he got my trust.

Out of the 150 or so people I had spent time with or knew as a child especially in care I knew at least 3 or 4 who I thought of as kiddie fiddlers. I as a result went through life trusting very few people until I had the chance to suss them out and read their reaction to various ideas. I would find myself leading people this way and that just to gauge their reaction to different things. (I still do it now, all the time until I trust someone.) In my head I feel 1 in 50 men are looking to do things with children the same as this house master had done to me.

OK maybe not 1 in 50 but Ill put money it's more than 1 in 100. I, in my head treat everybody especially men who work with children with the greatest suspicion always looking for anything out of place just a smile or scowl out of place is enough. As I later found out teachers generally the good ones who take time love to smile at the children they teach. Nothing like most of the staff at Berrow wood school. The problem for me at the time was that I did not see a teacher being nice or going the extra mile I was really messed up for a number of years and just saw danger.

I found it really hard to accept that somebody could hug a child that was not their own if they did I thought they were up to no good. It was different if I knew the person and had sussed them

out or if they were a woman but if they were a man and if I did not know them it rang all the alarm bells. As I had watched mum struggle to make ends meet I decided the most important thing in life was to buy a house. If I owned a house I would have the ability to rent a room and this could pay for things.

I spent every day looking for things that reminded me about my childhood and the people there just so I could keep away from them. This left me with very few friends but the friends I do have are well trusted and tested friends who I really would do anything for. For me it really is all or nothing when it comes to my friends. I found myself looking at children who seemed uncomfortable or miserable or even worse jumpy and confrontational and would assume they were the one in 50 I reasoned as being abused in a similar way to how I was.

There is only one thing worse than child abuse and that is being falsely accused of it so I always keep my ideas to myself as I know a child can be miserable and jumpy for a number of reasons. Few people understand the time these thought processes take up because all the time they are going round in your head you are not doing the normal things others do in making connections with people. This manifests itself in my case of never remembering peoples especially children's names.

In my head it feels it wrong to even know a child's Christian name as that is where the abuse started when I was a child. I've had the counselling I understand that it's normal to call a child by their name and maybe rude not to but it makes me feel dirty. That was caused my Mr Hastings being friendly and calling me by my Christian name. You have to understand nobody ever called anyone by their Christian name in Berrow Wood. I was a number (58) and all the other children had their numbers too and few will forget their number.

Eventually I quite a bit late went on the dating scene having no end of blind dates. I felt as if I could suss out if a woman was good or not normally within 90 seconds and I met some very nice girls but as I had few good life experiences. I had little to offer and most dates were short lived. I met a number of girls just after one thing which was odd to me as I always thought it was men looking for that. I met Linda on one of these dates and just could not stop talking from the car she drove to life.

political issues and motor cycles. When Linda told me she had also had a motorcycle accident in which she smashed her knee and was apparently run over by another car I became very attracted to her. Linda had so many God squad friends and was child friendly because she was leading the local guide group. To me it was like she was the missing link and we seemed to like the same music and films etc... After about 2 or 3 months of dating the conversation got more serious and I proposed.

well it was like a pre proposal game both Linda and I were playing. In my head I really thought I had done it and got over my childhood experiences and really fell in love with Linda. Or looking back to be more accurate this was proof I was not gay and that's what I fell in love with and Linda was my proof so I loved her for what she could do for me. She was as I remembers attractive, interested and would as I saw things make a good mother.

I can't really put the language in print to describe how wrong I was about that bit. I told Linda all about my childhood well before we got married as it seemed the right thing to do. Linda was insistent we got married about 6 months later on her birthday in July. It was great she had a little sister, her mother was keen and everything was looking like it should. Linda's mother decided it was to be done the traditional way and she

paid for the wedding, full church wedding with horse drawn carriage etc...

Linda wanted to try for a family straight away but I was having none of it. There was no way I was going to bring a child into the world until I was sure things were going to work out. About a year later I was sure and Linda fell pregnant very quickly. Then the problems started as now she had this bump, eventually a baby and could use him as a tool to get out of doing anything.

Now don't get me wrong having a baby is no walk in the park for a woman and I understand emotions and body physics, metabolism etc all go west for some mothers but she had the energy to do all the things she wanted to do but not anything in the house like cleaning or loading the dishwasher. I did not realise she was using the child in this way until I spoke to other parents years later. I felt I had to look after my wife and family so I found myself doing more things round the house to the point Linda became a total couch potato.

The more I did the less she did and more she expected me to do. I kind of accepted it as the way things go when women have children. After Linda who was a stay at home mum had a child she never made dinner for me after work and never cleaned the house. I put my foot down about the automatic car Linda insisted on driving owing to her bad knee that she had me believe she had been waiting over 7 years for an operation to put right.

She managed the manual car I purchased after I told her it's that or nothing. When Daniel our first child was very young he was really slow at walking and talking so I developed a system I knew as the smile method. The idea was the child could do anything so long as the people around him were not scowling. It was simple as soon as there was a scowl he knew he was to stop what he was doing. It was odd as he grew up because he and I communicated

a great deal in body language, not deliberately it just happened and Linda just did not have a clue.

This developed as he got older and started talking but all the time he was looking for the facial cues or the finger pointing or tone of voice from me his father. In reflection it would be better called the scowl method. If I looked like an elephant that had swallowed a wasp Daniel would understand he was in trouble. If I or just about anybody else verbally told him off for doing something wrong he simply would not understand so as he grew up he was looking for the facial expressions or body language of others all the time and just as most children do developed his behaviour around what he saw.

I deliberately turned everything into a laugh and a joke as it meant I was smiling most of the time. I still do it now, I just can't help myself. If I am in the middle of a job for a customer I might just say 'Whoops' or 'O Dear' as a bit of a giggle to get a reaction. Most customers take it in good humour. Personally if people don't like the way I do things I will not make it my problem and they are free to find somebody else.

I'm not rude or anything like that, I just find security in doing it. I would use words like 'beating' 'brat' 'broken nose' and 'thug' in fun as I went about teaching my children about the potential dangers in the world. I really enjoyed playing with my children having a laugh and joke with them so long as it was behind closed doors and not in the street. Linda would often call me childish for playing with the children and maybe I was but I did not care about being called names or what anyone thought about me.

These were my children and I was going to play with them whether she liked it or not. This was the childhood banter I missed out on so I was making up for lost time and I still am it to

this day. The more time I spent with the children the wider the cracks in my relationship with Linda grew but my first priority then and my first priority today is my children period. I feel I brought them into the world and I unlike my own father I was going to be there for them no matter what.

I probably overstepped the mark when Linda had a dig as I was playing with the children and started to refer to her as 'Dragon Lady.' Whilst it was not my idea my father in law suggested allowing him to take the children to church on Sundays and I had no objections in fact as I looked over my life I thought it a good idea. Later when everything fell apart I found myself spending a year at this church looking for some guidance.

They were all nice enough people in this church but my idea of Christianity starts with and whilst I believe there was a man called Jesus Christ who was the son of God etc it ends with the 10 commandments. After Linda and I got married I was in not that well paid but a good job with really nice people who gave me experience and knew how to treat others. I fluked it and with the help of other family members managed to purchase a repossessed and squatted run down x council house.

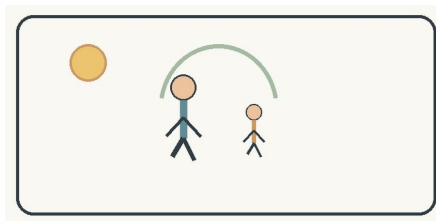
I had borrowed more than I should but it was far cheaper than renting. Now to put that in perspective I was the one earning money and Linda, well she was perfectly happy sitting on her behind being waited on. I spent the next few years doing the house up and built a large 2 story extension all on my own. It really was DIY building from a book. Every night after work I would spend 3 or 4 hours in the rain under a tarpaulin sheet laying bricks in the rain.

It was pretty messy brickwork but the building inspector told me it was better than some he had passed from proper brick layers. The steel beams were a giggle as I got a number of people in

from work to help lift them into place. I like to think of myself as strong but whilst there were about 4 people lifting this beam into place one guy lifted one end up and above his head as good as on his own. Some people are just hard and don't act it or show it and this guy was one of them.

I fitted a new kitchen and my boss donated his old gas boiler about the only thing I paid somebody else to check after I fitted it. This was before it was a requirement for gas to be installed only by qualified people but it seemed like a good £60 well spent. It was more of a case that if there was an issue it might have had the house insurance invalid. It was great as we had a room with en suit shower and toilet that we rented out for a while using the money to catch up with the mortgage.

CHAPTER 6 — Becoming a Father



Daniel had a very hard birth going over about 2 days followed by a cesarean. He had problems growing and by the time he started school he already had a statement which gave the school extra money as he was likely to be time consuming. Everything went to plan. things were tight but we wanted for little. Linda a couple of years down the line became pregnant again and had another child. That makes it sound like an accident, it was not.

This child was born by cesarean straight away with no labour. Everything was ticking over for the next few years. 2 cheap holidays a year going out to see various family just like it was supposed to be. I really by now had put all my childhood stuff away and rarely fell out with anybody. I did not see all the problems with other people I had seen in the past and I just kept away from the school. I never forgot and was normally on the lookout for a sting but it never came.

That was until my 15 year old 'little' sister in law came round as she had many times before and told me how her mother had been interrogating her about having an affair with me. She thought it was funny, well she might as she swings the other way. I always thought she had a leaning the other way but was livid that her mother thought I could not only be cheating on my wife but with her sister a girl who was under-age and I lost it for a while.

Little sister as I like to think of her was feeling pushed out by her new stepfather and I saw it as the right and correct thing to do to play brother to her in the same way Graham had to me years earlier. All I had done was to put my arm round her shoulder and take her for a walk to listen to her problems. I tried to do my part as she was just as important to me as my childhood friend Graham, she was to me my little sister and I not only wanted to but I had to look out for her.

Sometime earlier she had a party in which one of her friend's cars had the windscreen smashed after it got gate crashed by some thugs. This friend had just been bought this car for her 17th birthday. This poor girl was bricking it because of what mum and dad would do if they ever found out. I took a day off work went to a scrap yard, got a replacement windscreen and replaced it for her as a favour to my little sister.

That as I understood things was my place. Back to the point, it turned out little sisters soon to be step father had seen me put my arm round her and put it to her mum that I was up to no good. This guy had just got his foot in the door, did not have a clue and was trying to score some points. I decided I was not going to leave this to go unanswered as the guy had also had a dig about my stepfather suggesting some work he had done or had arranged to have done on mother-in-law's house was a lot cheaper than he had charged her.

I wrote both my mother in law and her new husband a separate letter. It was exactly the same letter in which I defended my stepfather and expressly stated 'I am not having sexual relations with your younger daughter.' I put it to them that only an arsehole would suggest such a thing as she was feeling left out and pushed to one side. I never had a another problem with them again and had the stepfather on the run when we all sat down to talk about things.

This guy had brought his car to my house one evening on the back of an AA truck as the AA could not get it going. I spent all weekend stripping down the car to replace a heater matrix and serviced it to get it running. That's a dashboard out job and not exactly easy. I was quite put out when the stepfather spent the next few weeks having a dig to other family members about how I bodged it up as the automatic boot release did not fire correctly.

I offered to sort the car out as a favour. He knew I was no mechanic and at no time was I told about this fault. The car came on the back of an AA truck because they could not get it started. I was really annoyed as I had done as I saw things my bit to welcome this man into the family. I kind of imagined one day he would get his own back after I showed him to be a trouble maker to everybody. It was a close thing taking up smoking again but I had been off the weed for about 2 years by now as I thought as soon as we started talking about a family it was the right thing to do.

I found the head of my son's junior school really child friendly. It was a small school and although I did not like to go into the school and kept away whenever possible I managed the various school meetings and children's plays in which my younger son eventually played a lead role. There was simply never a problem there. All the staff as I remember were women and nobody ever rang any alarm bells for me, not once. That said I liken being in the building as a walk to the gallows. The head just really did it for me, I mean like a mile away you could see her focus was the children in her care.

By this time I had all the family finances in order no credit cards as I really do view them as the modern day devils tool. I had a good credit rating and was a couple of years ahead of the mortgage. I felt really secure but in the post I noticed a number of letters addressed to Linda from Barclay's bank, this was odd as

we had no accounts there. Linda told me they were junk mail but the regularity of them was of a concern.

One day I found one of these letters lying around so I opened it to find Linda had run up a credit card bill of nearly 2 grand, a lot of money at the time. She was making the minimum payment and the debt was getting bigger. The Devil had as I saw things got a hold of my wife but I had little idea how hard a grip he had on her. I was a bit stupid as I never questioned what she had been spending the money on. I thought you were supposed to stand by your wife so as the family could also use a new car I extended the mortgage to buy a new car.

This was the only new car we had ever purchased and I paid off Linda's credit card at the same time. Like most parents I wanted to give my children the best that I could and I knew the secondary school that our children were due to attend had about the worst reputation in town so about a year earlier before the school change the family had moved to the other side of town. I was convinced this was the right thing to do even if Linda was not really that interested but it got the children nearer schools with better reputations.

We spent in total about £50,000 doing it and were now living in a smaller house with a tiny garden. we had lost the income from our rented room but I was convinced it was the best and correct thing to do. Linda who was a stay at home mum had to go out to work part time to fund it but this was for our children and to me nothing else mattered. The children were my top priority and I rather assumed they would be mum's top priority too.

As Daniel had an education statement owing to the difficulties he had we went to a number of schools to learn about their support for special needs. I was forced by Linda to make just about all the important decisions and had decided on a school in town where

the children wore green uniforms. It was great as the staff seemed genuine and had the right idea but the school looked run down and at the very least in need of a paint job and new computers.

Word of advice, don't ever judge a school by its appearance. Judge it by talking to staff and looking for red flags. I could be wrong but how often have you bought a packet of crisps with flashy packaging, only to open it and find it half full, the rest taken up by air? Then comes the story explaining why they do it. Meanwhile, the cheaper brand, with its less attractive packaging, is packed full of crisps and needs no excuse or explanation. Funny how that works, isn't it?

Back to the point, I weighed this up against another school that had about the best reputation in town and their computers looked state of the art. After reading the exam results of each school I decided on the latter school. Today I think my problem was that I was brainwashed by a corporate system I did not understand, a salesman who told lies. The school heads speech and had my guard well down.

I spoke to the head more interested in their attitude towards problem children and asked him how many children had been excluded the prior year. Only one I was told. 2000 students, only 1 exclusion and good results in the league tables I rather thought it was a no-brainer. I discussed problems as I knew I would be taking my child from a school where he knew everybody to a school where he knew nobody and the head told me about the buddy system that was in place for children who came from outside of the area.

I rather expected Daniel to be put into one of these groups the day he started. He had a statement and a special needs teacher but the buddy group took over 2 months! In a child's life 2

months is a year! The head told me about how they had more staff in year 7 to work with feeder schools in the event of a problem. In my head it all seemed far too much like a sales pitch from a second hand car salesman because it all seemed too good to be true but as this was the school I missed out on when I was a child I dismissed my vibes and decided to go with it. More fool me maybe?

In the pre school meeting a member of staff came from the new school to the junior school and I heard them make the statement "Oh shit he is only level 2 we'll lose him next year" as they first looked over Daniel's school file. The attitude that went with it gave me really bad vibes and said everything about this woman, my son's new special needs teacher. Looking back I so wish I had acted on these vibes there and then.

It really came across as why have I bothered to come out here for this and she, the woman who said it had a key name (Morris) from my own childhood that spelt danger. She looked really annoyed about it and did not realise I was standing in the room watching her, then came the fake smile. My heart sank, the vibes were just so loud. We were mortgaged up to the limit and really struggling to get Daniel into this school and make ends meet.

I can't articulate it in clean language but I asked myself 'what mistake have I made here and why did I not listen to my vibes?' Many people have asked me since "Why did you not say something" but whilst I did as a young child at this time it really was not my way to go looking for a fight with school staff. The truth be known I was seriously frightened of what this woman could do to my child but decided not to rock the boat and to block this attitude and keep quiet and to just watch things.

Maybe this teacher was just having a bad day but I assumed it had something to do with the education statement that Daniel

had just about grown out of owing to the progress he made in the prior few years. I convinced myself this person was just having a bad day and that I was reading too much into it but in my head I decided they did not value my child and were treating him like a number or a commodity. I tried to discuss it with Linda but for some reason she had just switched off to everything and I had no idea why.

Every request for some support was met with “I don't know what do you think” or “What ever you think best.” I know I have issues reading things into things so I just file it all away in my head. I had no idea why but on the first day of school I had to take time off from work to take Daniel in. Now I worked 6 days a week and Linda only worked 2 or 3, 4 hour nights shifts a week but she could not take him?

Now I'm very ashamed of this but it is Daniel's first day at secondary school, he is 11 years old and he is bricking it as some kids do on their first day of Big school. I parked the car in the bus stop and just froze like a deer in lights. He was bricking it, I was bricking it and I made him walk all the way down to the school from the end of the road. I watched him cross the road and even 20 + years later it brings me to tears to replay that memory in my head. He looked at me like a dog when you take them to be put down at the vet and they know what's coming.

I knew something was not quite right but could not put a finger on it. About a week later I work it out, Linda is chasing after her boss at work. This just like her mother did when she was a child. This was why she refused to take her son to his first day of secondary school, she had a meeting with her boyfriend. It was Robert this and Robert that she even asked I what he thought of Robert when I finally got to meet him.

As he was so old I kind of dismissed my vibes thinking no he is just trying to play dad to the new understudy. I did not know what to do as I had children to consider and knew if I went looking too hard I would find out she was having an affair. I decide the best thing is to ignore it and hope Linda grows out of it as I thought it was the best option to hold the family together as a unit at all costs. The house soon became a tip as absolutely nothing was being done so I would spend my one day a week off trying to get the cleaning done.

This left me with no time to play with the children or take them out so I kind of left Linda to do it. What I did not understand until I came home early a few times was that Linda was leaving the children home alone while she went out. It was not just the 10 minute overlap between Linda going to work and my getting home from work but she was collecting the children from school and leaving them home alone to make their own dinner.

I am very much of the attitude that children should be made to pull their weight from a young age but this really caused me annoyance that my 8 year old child was left alone to make his own dinner. By this time every conversation between me and my eldest son Daniel or about 9 out of 10 were in relation to a problem I had been given to sort out. As I was never told where the problems originated I had no idea what was really going on.

As it was always a problem I was dealing with I was normally scowling and my children very quickly like me became miserable. Earlier when the family moved house I had heard very good things about the local scout group, it was run by a guy who nobody I ever spoke to had a bad word for. Some people told me they were a bit strict but this really fell within my view of what was correct with children. I knew Linda was a poor mother and thought these people would be a good thing for our children and they really were.

I knew Linda could tell stories better than Pinocchio and would often play the victim for a bit of sympathy. In the past I just accepted it as 'she tells stories' lived with it and dealt with things on my own. To be quiet honest I felt better about dealing with things myself rather than leaving Linda to do things. I was not a control freak or anything like that but Linda was just a drip who could not make any decisions for herself.

Every time I tried to encourage her to take the lead she would reply with something like "I don't know what do you think?" It really was a bit of a punch line within the family. I had to make a decision what was more important Linda or my kids after there was one problem after another at Daniel's new school. This I felt was our kids and it was about what was best for them I was not going to bury my head in the sand any longer.

Now I had no choice but to face my worst fear getting involved in school stuff dealing with a teacher who I did not trust with a key trigger name from my own childhood and for whom I had the greatest fear of. I was not frightened for myself but rather for my children. Looking back I just simply did not trust the school system period. I knew I was having irrational thoughts about this woman but no matter how hard I tried I could not shut them up.

Not only that she was the woman who later refused to make a phone call for Daniel. She was the woman who I heard make the statement "Oh shit he is only level 2 we'll loose him next year" the first time she looked through Daniel's school file. As Daniel's behaviour got worse I started giving him a hard time telling him how things would have been for me as a child. "In my day I would have got a cold shower and a beating for that..."

I had purchased a new mobile phone for Daniel and had put a number of emergency numbers in it. The first bill for one month was in the region of £80 so I gave him a telling off and took the

phone away from him. It turned out he had been sending a number of nuisance texts and leaving rude messages on other peoples answer phone systems. He had sent a number of text messages and made a number of phone calls to his aunt.

I did not understand Daniel was feeling distanced from me and his mother as she was not talking to him and I was giving him a hard time for misbehaving. All I saw was my son going off the rails and the only support I had came by way of Daniel's scout leader, a grown man with teenage children of his own. In my head I made the mistake of blaming Linda's actions on Daniel's misbehaving and was under the impression if I sorted out my son she would soon come to her senses.

I was so very wrong! I seriously believed it was in our children's best interest to ignore my vibes and just hope for the best and that I was wrong (Today I understand it was as a result of Linda's abandonment that he was making all these telephone calls and playing up in the first place.) I understand why I became the focus of Daniel's stories as I took away Daniel's only access to his aunt by now his only mother figure who he had been calling out to. I am so ashamed that because I was so mixed up with my own issues I totally missed that.

If he could not get attention from his parents he was going to play up at school to get it. This as to a child any attention is better than no attention and there is no better way for a child to get attention than making themselves out to be a victim. Daniel by now has learned he can get ahead like mum has taught him to with a bunch of lies and boy does he tell a few to staff at the new school and I am giving him all the ideas he needs as he tells the school dad is beating him and giving him cold showers etc...

No doubt they are smiling from ear to ear leading him on as they are listening to these stories. It just rockets over the next few

weeks as it's getting him the motherly attention from school staff he was missing at home. Just for the record I have never hit either of my children with the exception of a smack maybe 5 times in the case of Daniel in his life. As the stories he is telling are about dad and how dad treats him the school don't repeat them to me.

I am not really sure if it's normal childhood stuff or something else but I know something is just not right about things. Daniel seems as happy as normal at home with me but his new school are telling me my son is miserable and they have concerns. I turned to the scout movement and the church for help as Linda was showing as little interest as possible. The more problems at school the more overtime she took. I knew it was not overtime as the hours worked did not by a long way match the money coming in by now.

I did not know it but the school do the only thing they can and ask Linda if dad is getting angry and hitting the children but she does not put them straight. "I don't know what do you think?" about Linda's answer to every question was seemingly her reply to the idea. It was obvious when she opened another bank account and sent her wages to it that something was going on that she did not want me to know about. I know there is something at school that I am not being told but I just can't get a handle on it. The body language and attitude from his special needs teacher was poison.

Cause and effect it simply did not make sense. I politely requested the school contact Daniel's scout leader as by now I had been keeping him as well as other family members informed of events at school but they told me "no somebody else will do that." I knew my son was playing the fool at school but there was nobody as I saw things disciplining him. To me it seemed as if they were encouraging it by their as I saw it not confronting it.

It did not make sense as staff were telling Daniel about things he had been doing wrong but all the time grinning from ear to ear. This was so alien to me and no doubt Daniel too, I really felt like they by having this expression when confronting Daniel about things he had been doing wrong they were encouraging it. I got it into my head that staff at the school were playing mind games with my son. Now don't get me wrong I know I speak with bias but I really don't think to this day that I was wrong.

I did not understand they had been keeping his mother in the picture but I always got a watered down version of any of what had been going on. I thought it was about time to lay down some evidence after the 3rd request for the school to make this phone call went nowhere so I wrote in Daniel's school diary. 'If his inappropriate behaviour towards other students continues the school were to call his dad into school from work as Daniel had been told it will stop.'

Nobody took any notice of the note rather they put what they called a help card on Daniel's school diary with a note that he was to only get core homework. Talk about give him an idea now Daniel is really playing games like he was unable to do the simplest task and played up to it a treat calling himself stupid something he picked up also from his mother. By this time I was getting really bad vibes from not only Linda but also most of the school staff.

To me it was like an invitation to Daniel to play up and sure enough but unknown to me the invitation was met with Daniel refusing to take part in various lessons. Nobody thought it appropriate to tell me and let's not forget I was Daniel's father especially as Daniel was now painting me as a monster. He knew if they did not tell dad he would get away with anything as by now his mother just could not care a hoot. The detentions given as a deterrent to him for misbehaving were a joke, he looked

forward to them as it put him into a small group with more 1 to 1 with the teachers where he could tell his stories.

They did not as you might expect have him writing lines about how he should behave and why he was in detention. Rather than doing that they ask him what his mum will do if she finds out "Mum will be embarrassed" what will dad do if he finds out "Dad will get angry." All of a sudden dad became the focus of his stories. My dad this, my dad that and so on. It was about my worst nightmare when the school called in the social workers after I made it clear I did not want them rather than make this phone call to Daniel's scout leader. What I did not really know at the time until I spoke to my son's shrink is very often a school simply calls in the social workers when they have given up on a child. This to me at the time kind of explained the statement out of the blue from a year head, "We think this might not be the correct school for you child"

I remembered the stories from my own childhood where the children were not believed when some of them reported Berrow Wood to the council as they could not prove anything. In my head I had a real trust thing going on with this school about now. Looking back I was wrong and the trust I should have been more clearly questioning was with Linda my wife. I decided it must be in my head as it to me all seemed too obvious to be true. I decided it was wrong to remove Daniel from the school based on my feelings about the way they were dealing with things.

I felt that I was no teacher and it was not my place to tell the school they did not have a clue where they were leading Daniel. I could not get anybody at Daniel's school despite asking 5 times over nearly 2 months to contact his scout leader about the only person who understood my son. All the time Daniel's behaviour and stories getting worse. I decided I could not keep looking the

other way after Matthew his younger brother told me like I was stupid that mum was carrying on with somebody at work.

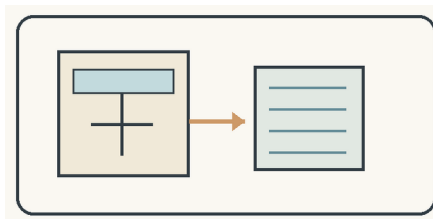
I tried to lie to him that there was nothing to worry about but bright kids just see things so clearly and this kid was as good as top of the class. In my head I decided to bring things to a conclusion as I asked Linda about the overtime and she told me she has to work unpaid overtime in lieu of a promotion and would soon be earning £30K a year. I was stupid and tried to convince myself she could be telling the truth and to go along with it as I found myself leaving work early so she could make an early start.

Without being crude it was obvious she was sleeping with somebody else. Just to make sure I left a trail and told a couple of people. Finally I confront her is she sleeping with the boss at work? And I could not believe the reply "Don't be stupid he would squash me if he got on top" as she tried to laugh it off but in my head this reply confirmed there was something in it. I asked a simple question why was she not shocked or angered by the question?

If you were to hear the recording where she opened up and told everything I even got the date right as she did not start sleeping with Robert until February. Even 5 years later on she is earning so little that she only has to pay £100 a month in child maintenance for 2 children. Now you have to have my mindset to understand why I did the things I did and why I refused to believe what was really obvious looking back.

My childhood went west after my parents divorced and mum and I went to live by the gypsy site. That so far as I see things was the trigger that caused my own childhood issues. So facing the affair would ultimately lead to divorce and then the way I saw things my children would run the risk of suffering as a result.

CHAPTER 7 — The System That Wouldn't Listen



By this time I was so concerned about things I was quietly and covertly recording various conversations at Daniel's school something I learned was needed after reading reports about the reform school I had attended. I viewed the social worker as a bumbling idiot who talked to me like I was thick. I seriously thought she was a trainee out on her first case but had no choice but to try and work with her as the school were blanking me at every opportunity.

The problem as I saw things was with Daniel in school and this social worker whilst quiet a nice lady was as I saw things just an obstacle getting in the way of sorting out a problem and making a bad situation worse. Child does something wrong on a Monday, Tuesday the social worker finds out about it. Thursday the social worker runs it past other people in the office, they have a discussion over coffee. Friday she decides what to do so by the following Tuesday the child is confronted about something he did over a week earlier. Really think about it what is the point? A week to a child is maybe like 2 months to an adult.

The child has forgotten what it was all about so talking to him about it is pointless. By this time he is up to his next stunt or telling his next story. I asked this social worker to make my phone call to Daniel's scout leader but she refuses telling me somebody else will do it. By this time I am really angry but can't show or voice it to anybody. I knew I needed help but had no

idea what help I needed. Should I help Daniel or try and save the marriage.

I asked myself will trying to save the marriage help the children as my own childhood issues started after my parents got divorced. The school told me there has been an abuse allegation against Daniel after I made my 5th request for them to contact Daniel's scout leader. It was used like a reason not to do it. The exact words that are imprinted in my head are. " THAT'S NOT OUR JOB SPEAK TO THE SOCIAL WORKER THERE HAS BEEN AN ABUSE ALLEGATION."

I decided my marriage was finished as Linda just could not care a hoot about any of it. By this time I am really bricking it and I know I probably looks guilty of something as a result. Life is falling apart and all I could see were problems. Now Daniel was about the smallest child in year 7 and a member of staff told me if his behaviour did not improve he would be excluded for the benefit of other children. It simply did not make sense as nobody ever told me what Daniel had done to generate this response.

Then the mental problems really kicked in as I got myself into a mental loop whereby I became frightened of looking frightened because I knew they were looking at me trying to gauge who and what I was. I was reliving memories of my own childhood all the time. I was looking ahead what would happen if they excluded my child? my mind is racing and now I'm having nightmares about Daniel growing up in borstal taking drugs and being sexually abused.

I have worked out by now for sure it was me they were looking at. I was going without sleep waiting for Linda to come in from work to try and discuss things but she was simply not interested. Linda was earning less than £300 a month but staying out until the early hours almost every night. It was obvious when she

started taking money out of the joint account and sending it to her own account calling it a housekeeping account.

I was making one mistake after another at work and crashed one of the company's vehicles. I would wake up in the night crying like a baby could they be accusing me of child sexual abuse against my son? I just kept asking myself the same questions Why was Linda not helping me? Why would the school not make a simple phone call? Why would the social worker not make the same phone call? Why was my mother telling me not to worry about things?

Think about that tell somebody not to worry about something and what is the first thing they do? It was like my mother did not understand as she calmly states "Social worker should not have said that" like it really did not matter. Why was Linda's answer to everything "I don't know what do you think." It was like some sort of mental torture as she was no help and was forcing me to come to my own conclusions without all the information.

I was desperate to be in another place not thinking about things as I found myself taking alternating hot and cold showers. Eventually I was reasoning things out loud (Talking to myself) Proper nutter mode and I knew it. I was grinding my teeth to the point my dentist prescribed an appliance for me to wear like false teeth during the night. By this time I have taken up smoking like 40 a day, I smells like a dirty ashtray and I know it.

I have been going without sleep. I knew I was heading for a big breakdown but there was nothing I could do about it without a lot of support and the best support I had nobody would talk to. I knew I had to help Daniel and I could not tell anybody why I needed help as I felt that if I did it would fuel this false child abuse allegation. (Abused becomes an abuser. A statement used

by some who really don't have a clue.) I had been in and out of the doctors and as doctors go she really is a good one.

(retired now) She had prescribed me with some antidepressants a very mild dose. I called in to see the doctor who was good enough to see me the same day and she prescribed a higher dose of the medication I had been taking. I lost it with her. "I did not feel like this before I started taking your bloody pills did I?" and refused to take the prescription with me. I have never been a pill popper but by this time I really was not thinking straight and had lost trust in just about everybody except myself, my mother and of all people my son's prior school head.

I felt this woman just had a natural way about her that said she was in it for the children before the school or her reputation. In my head I felt I had to tell as many people as possible about what was going on surely if enough people heard eventually somebody who knew what they were doing would get involved. In my head it really was by now a case of safety in numbers. I really was out of my tree by now repeating to everybody I had been falsely accused of abusing my child.

I would rush through the day at work just so I could get home early and have more time to write everything out as I was taught by my mother if you write things down often the answer will come through as you read it afterwards. There had to be a simple answer that fitted everything together but I just could not see it. The same answers kept coming through the school were looking to cause problems in order to have me remove Daniel from the school as he was hard work.

This was a top school who had only excluded one pupil the previous year so nothing made any sense. I got it into my head that it was a simple case of the school did not want a child from the wrong side of town. I never understood it was as a result of

Daniel's mother being disinterested in the problems. I got it into my head this is how a top school get rid of kids they don't want but nothing told me why Linda was not worried about any of it.

It simply did not compute as I assumed wrongly that every mother loved their children in the same way my mother loved me. An affair is one thing but this was our child. I caught up with the social worker and asked her. "We were told of an abuse allegation?" she replied "Nothing to worry about dad is a bit strict but done him no harm. Everything sorted out just settling in problems, Ill run it past my superiors in the office and close the case."

This confirmed to me that it was me they were looking at but I was not a strict parent at all. A bit of Bible stuff and a few simple rules that were set in stone and that was about it. I booked a family holiday in an attempt to put things back on track. I had over reacted it was all just a bad dream and now it was over. I knew I was over reacting owing to my own childhood memories but now it was over and I felt I could put it all away.

What a relief and I really began to relax. Linda was all over me in the bedroom one night which is not her way and I thought at last it's all over. I knew she had had her eye on somebody at work but now I assumed she had made up her mind and I decided I could live with it. I was called into school again another problem. Daniel was found in the wrong part of school by an un-named student talking about jumping off the school roof.

This report I thought was total fiction no mention of where Daniel should have been. No mention of which teacher missed him in class or what class he should have been in. The whole report seemed to me to be made up and I to this day think it was exaggerated if not total fiction. When I spoke to Daniel about it later that day Daniel was genuinely shocked by the idea. "Don't

be silly, how could I get on the roof without a ladder?" He said like I was stupid. I knew I was having run away thoughts about how the school were trying to push my child out but I simply could not find anything to contradict the idea and I could not understand why Linda was just so by the way about the whole thing. I just boxed this idea away in my head and look for evidence to back it up. This was followed by a meeting with the social worker who handed me a file about Daniel a great deal of which I did not know as nobody had taken the time to tell me.

This woman is scowling at I like I am a piece of dirt. When I read this file I realise it's a month old, she then tells me she has run the case past CAMHS who have suggested my child is taken into care. Now CAMHS had not even met the child and only knew what she and the school was reporting.

Mental problems

I knew I was suffering from serious mental problems by now and so did just about everybody else who knew me. I refused to see what was plainly obvious looking back and that was that I simply did not have all the information. I made a few key assumptions, firstly both I and Linda had the same information. I continued my thought processes making the assumption everything Linda told me about things was the truth. It was not until I sussed out Linda's affair at work it came into my mind that Linda might be lying to me about more than just being faithful, maybe Linda was leading the school on but why would she do this?. This fed my fear for my children as my own childhood problems started after my parents got divorced and I went off the rails after having to move house. I decided I had to find out what was going on so I started writing things out on an a4 pad. If this is true and that is true then why did I get a foul look from this member of school staff then? I have pages and pages of information with various things I had heard or seen that just look out of place starting with

the first impression from the school "Oh shit he is only level 2 we'll loose him next year." I started with the principle that the school wanted to push my child out as he was only level 2 and not worth a lot of money and can't find anything to contradict the idea. I got it into my head that the social worker told the school she was going to close the case and then the school made up this fictional story about the roof jump to force her not to. When I spoke to my son about it he seemed genuinely shocked by the idea and his exact words were "Don't be silly how could I get on the roof without a ladder." He seemingly did not have a clue what it was all about and did not have to think about this response. It seemed to me a genuine flinch reaction to the idea. I knew I was now suffering potential delusions about how the school were trying to cause my child problems to get me remove Daniel from the school at any cost. How much of this file is fiction or augmented I thought. My son would never say that. Are the school trying to push him out? This thought process is reinforced when a member of staff tells me out of the blue "We think this might not be the correct school for your child." Just the way it was said was enough to ring alarm bells. No suggestion of how they might help him or what other school might be more suitable. In my head I think it's a simple case of the school don't want a child who might be hard work and they are looking for an easy life. I fear what will happen to my son if he is taken into care as it wrecked my childhood. I really have lost the plot by this point and I know it as I start writing on the kitchen wall when I run out of paper. On the wall 8 foot by 6 foot I am writing out all my thoughts trying to corroborate one thought with another looking for things that don't fit. Looking back I clearly saw somebody doing this in a film when I was a child. No matter how I think things through as I assumed Linda had told me the truth I came to the conclusion a great deal of what the school had told me about things was simply fiction. The only possible reason for

this was an attempt to encourage me to remove Daniel from the school. Nothing else could possibly fit the facts as I saw them and nothing told me why Linda was so by the way about the whole thing. I was having nightmares about Daniel being taken into care and being sexually abused. In my dreams I was looking down on Daniel as if he was in care with nobody to turn to for help being sexually abused. Not only that I felt they were trying to finger me for child abuse because it was easier than taking 5 minutes to make a phone call. Anybody who was a child abuse victim would understand why about now I totally lost the plot and suffered a full on nervous breakdown. My mind starts racing what about the term abused becomes abuser? what exactly are they accusing me of and why? What ever the school said to the social worker in the space of 14 days took her from closing the case to foster care but the file the social worker showed me was a month old. It simply did not make any sense and I kept asking myself why had they kept this information from me? I do not dislike this social worker but just think she is totally useless and now I am totally convinced that the school are just pushing her buttons. I came to the conclusion they won't make my phone call because they have me labelled as not guilty of abusing Daniel but were trying to use the idea to scare me into removing Daniel from the school. I still think that today. I felt at the time if that was the case they were playing a very dangerous game at the expense of my son as the social worker was just following as I saw things the schools lead. Why else would the social worker refuse to make this phone call if she did not think I was the problem? I decided if I took Daniel out of the school at this point it would be an admission of child abuse so I decided I had to face it and wipe the floor with the allegation. I took Daniel to my step brother (Well technically.) He was a qualified children's counsellor then told the school they have got it all wrong and this guy was going to take it on as a case. I was convinced the school

are trying any game to encourage me to remove Daniel from the school but now I have no choice but to face them and play happy smiles. The advice I was given was to "open up and tell the school everything requesting a statement review." my own children's counsellors exact words were "They have got the wrong idea and run with it...They think you are hiding something. Daniel is playing up because he is lonely." This guy got to that within 20 minutes of talking to Daniel. He might have been my step brother but I had only met him maybe 15 times in my life. He knew a little about my childhood but had like most people little to no idea what was going on in my head. That word lonely sets another firework off in my head as that was just about how I felt both about now and when I was a child. I think up a plan, in my head it was now a case of safety in numbers as I decided to get as many people as possible involved. I think to myself 'I'll lay the whole lot out on a table' This also meant I would have to tell them I was a child abuse victim something I really did not want to do and only Linda and my counsellor whom of all people my employer arranged and paid for knew about. I felt I could not tell them I was sexually abused as I could not face the memory let alone telling a bunch of strangers looking for a problem in a school meeting. Not only that I felt they might well run with abused becomes abuser if I did and I knew Daniel had by this time been acting out in some sort of sexualised way. This was none of their business but it was about what was best for Daniel so I felt I had to go through with it as by now I had no other choice. In my head I can remember how in the school heads speech he told everybody of how the school work with feeder schools and parents in the event of problems with new students but for me they would not even pick up the telephone. I bottled it telling them Linda was now having an affair as I convinced myself it was possible I could be wrong and if I was it would be my fault if the family were to break apart. I bluff it just before I

blurt it out, "No I'm not going to repeat that bit." (maybe listen to the recording on <http://www.childadvocacy.info>) I had spent a couple of days writing it all out going over notes and recordings. I really expected Linda to be in this meeting with me but she left me to do it on my own! Just think about that for a minute. I had expected to blurt out in front of a number of school staff that Linda was now having an affair with her sitting next to me for added punch as I blamed the affair on the school problems. I really had it so wrong in my head and could not see the affair was the cause of the school problems and my reaction to the word abuse and foster care made it as bad as it could get for Daniel. I can't quite make out the look of shock on the faces of school staff after I repeat what the social worker had said. It really threw me at the time. All of a sudden it comes into my head that maybe the school was not the enemy I saw them as but later that day I convinced myself this look of shock on a number of the faces of school staff was fake. This in response to my reporting the social worker told me CAMHS without meeting my son were of the opinion he should be in care. I told them "my son's scout leader has been waiting for a phone call and has asked me to tell you he wants contact with anybody concerned with my child before somebody makes a big mistake." That one line was about the best support Daniel and I got from anybody. my heart was racing like I had taken something illegal and I was breathing like I had run a marathon tripping over my words and stuttering. Mentally I had run a marathon and I knew I was now on the final straight. I pulled the stunt of typing out Daniel's scout leaders phone number on 2 sheets of A4 paper and gave a copy to the school and social worker who was far too quick to say "That's not the number we have in the office." Bang and a few things make sense. I knew the social worker had the correct number because I gave it to her in a letter and I knew school staff were now going to have words with this social worker. There was this

teacher in school who gives nothing away in the form of body language, she fakes it a bit here and there but when she does it's obvious. She was clearly shocked or it was a very good act. I told the lot of them either they apologise and arrange a school meeting with the scout leader in order to sort things out or I "will take it all above their heads and make a lot of noise." Well they never apologised (until a few years later) as they saw that they could make out they had done nothing wrong and I knew the social worker was telling lies. I rather assumed the social worker would not be hiding things from me but she clearly was. I re-evaluated everything who do I know like 100% has been lying versus who do I think has been lying. By this time I'm convinced Linda has been sleeping with somebody else at work like I am 100% convinced. To be blunt and crude if you have not touched your partner for a week and then you do, it's obvious. I know the social worker had told me at least one lie but I only had suspicions about the school. All I had there was just a lot of circumstantial things that did not quite add up. I have worked out in my own head my marriage is over but there was a possibility I could be wrong although the odds were getting shorter by the hour. Now it was a case of drawing the battle lines as I intended to take on the social worker, school and Linda with only the help of a church leader and a scout leader who did not really understand what all the fuss was about. They also by now knew I had a kiddie shrink of my own on the case. Advice to anybody in a similar position. Getting your own qualified kiddie shrink on the case really makes them jump. It meant something to me, like life important as I was trying to protect my children from as I saw things the state but to everybody else it was formulas, statistics and patterns. They had not at this point even contact the feeder school for some background. A member of school staff took me to one side and put their arm round my shoulder and said "It's a good job you spoke up when you did."

This really threw me, I had not really had a lot of interaction with this year head and she was one of a few staff who felt to me like she was in it for the children first, you know like instinct and not just following procedures. By this time I was convinced the school were trying to push Daniel out as he was going to be hard work. As I recorded the meeting I took it to the prior school head for help as by this time she was the only person I trusted in the whole school system and I felt sure she had a soft spot for Daniel. "They have not got a clue what they are doing, they have been pushing buttons and now found one that hurts, child abuse and they are talking about taking Daniel into care. Please play this recording to his prior teacher and help me." Funny that, I was comfortable with this prior teacher getting involved but I did not really know her. She must have been good as 2 years or so later she became the head of the school. They arranged for this lady to attend the statement review that I requested. I had given the social worker an A4 sheet of paper with a phone number on it and she still had to phone me up the following night to get the number again. Even today I am convinced this was a ploy to shed doubt about my writing the correct number down in an attempt to hide her incompetence. The school arrange for the statement review but first they arrange for a meeting with the school head and a number of other staff. This was done within 72 hours which I really did not expect. I unfairly no doubt viewed this school head in the same way I viewed Mr Morris the head from my time in care. He was far too keen on moving forward and not commenting on the earlier things. It was to me in my head like I was going up to the heads office for a beating. I was a 37 year old man and shit scared of going up against my son's head master. In this meeting I am convinced somebody has had a stiff word with this social worker as she was bricking it and said almost nothing. During this meeting with the scout leader it is demonstrated I had been on my own trying to sort things out for Daniel. I told

the head "we call it bumbling and you turn it into child abuse"... "You call it attention seeking, we call it eager to please and it's one hell of a powerful tool..." "You call them social workers and we call them the plague." Really that in my head is exactly how I view social workers. I know that is an unfair thought to have to the majority of them but for me it's fixed. I then played my trump card and asked the head what the statement "Oh shit he is only level 2 we'll loose him next year" meant said by a member of his staff who looked like a child having a tantrum and throwing toys the first time they read Daniel's school file. I put it to the head after going on for a while about the church and church leaders that Daniel never stood a chance in his school. (Maybe visit the site <http://www.childadvocacy.info> and have a listen.) Now I had faced any abuse allegation against me and showed it a load of rubbish but had inadvertently shown Linda for what she is. This was because I made it clear without knowing it that she had not told me why the school had concerns. It had little to do with the stories Daniel had been telling, children often tell stories for attention it was something far more sinister he did seemingly for a dare from an older student after he was apparently offered money. An older student who should have been nowhere near him. If I had known I would have understood why the school called in the social workers. I might have even supported the idea. I would have had something to say about the situation getting so far out of hand that Daniel thought he could get away with flashing to another student. The sad part is that I know full well why Linda did not tell me. I thought to myself if they don't want my child I will have to take him out of the school as I offered to the school head to remove him to the school down the road with the green uniforms. The scout leader had it sussed as he told the head "he is way way less stupid than he thinks he is... The child feeds off attention and likes to shock people." He gave an example of the first time he met Daniel and how he asked for

a drink as to use Daniel's words he had not had a drink for 3 days. The scout leader explained how with a quick conversation he worked out that Daniel was a very unique individual who clearly had not been mistreated. I was supposed to think he was talking about Daniel when he said "He is way way less stupid than he thinks he is" but I think really he was talking to the head of the school about me. It's all change now as the school head reels off a speech about how good his school is and how they have to call in social workers when they have concerns. A typically rehearsed speech that means nothing. As I put things together I come to the conclusion it was actually in the schools interest for Daniel to have a problem as they could pass it all off to a social worker and get on with something else. This reinforces my idea that the roof jump incident was just a story given to the social worker to stop her from closing her case. Not my job if I can find a reason to pass it off to somebody else. I have learned anything that sounds like a speech is normally worthless so take it all with a pinch of salt. It's not my way but I so really wanted to smack this man in the head for everything that had gone wrong in my life. He in my head at the time was Mr Morris from my own childhood. I knew I had misplaced anger but it was all focused on this man who as people go is not a bad school head even if he was far to smiley about things. The head assures me it was not in Daniel's interest to change schools and Daniel after this never missed a day of school with the exception of doctors appointments. I felt like the school head was not taking my complaint seriously enough as he tried to play things down a few notches. Later after I wrote to him suggesting he write an apology he wrote back stating he is 'unsure what he would be apologising for.' It might have been a bit unfair of me to do this as by now the school really had jumped to try and sort things out but I saw red and decided I was going to write about my experiences. This was not the right place or time to do anything

about it as I was by now on my own with 2 pre teen children who needed their dad to be there for them. In my head I can't make out if this guy is genuine or a good salesman but I had to listen to somebody at some point and why not this guy as he was although I did not trust him well qualified. I knew I simply had to calm down as emotionally I really was up in a tree. All I wanted was "Sorry we despite 5 clear and polite reasonable requests refused to make a phone call for your son. Sorry when in reply to your 5th request you were met with a false child abuse allegation." but the school were never going to apologise all the time this guy was head. He really was in no way emotionally involved. He knew as well as the social workers an apology would be published and that would not be good publicity. I realised in this school meeting what I have done as now I had wrecked any chance of saving my marriage and I found myself in hospital. For all her faults as I saw them I even after 15 years and no support really did by this time genuinely love Linda. I had a computer and the Internet in hospital. There was somebody in the corridor outside the room I was in and I was convinced they were watching what was going on while I was surfing the Internet. I found a picture of Berrow Wood the establishment I attended in Gloucester in my childhood and all the memories came flooding back. It was like being awash with water as the hair on my back stood up in a similar way to how people sometimes say their grave has been walked over. I always remembered what went on there but now in my head I was like a frightened 15 year old child and all the emotions all came out in my head, the fear. shame and disgust of one of the house masters. The head and his fist to a child causing a fuss. I was pumped up on pills and not thinking straight so when mum came in I spent about 2 hours and just blurted the whole lot out like a child asking for help. Whilst mum knew it was not a very nice place hence she never sent me back she had little idea what went on there. She had no idea of the fear I experienced as she

told me it could have been worse as penetration did not take place and asked me why I did not tell her. Advice if you are ever in this position, Never ask a victim that question! As it forces the victim to in their head justify being frightened and to relive everything in like a flash questioning everything. I explained the establishment seemed to me as a child so much bigger than her and as a child I was just so glad to be outside of it. Up until this time apart from Graham, my childhood friend Linda was the only person aside from my shrink who knew anything about it. I felt so guilty running that on my mother as it was like I was blaming her for something she could do nothing about as she never knew. I really never wanted my mother to know anything about it.

I felt you were supposed to stand by your wife but how could I stand by a woman who allowed this to happen. When Linda came to see me in hospital it was obvious it was all over but I kind of hoped my vibes were false. Now I had the support of others and they know I covertly record important meetings. I was not surprised I never saw the social worker again. I was surprised now everything was sorted out the social workers and CAMHS closed their cases as soon as they could. A couple of weeks later after I came out of hospital I found out other members of the family had been looking after our children because Linda refused to take time off from work not only that she went on holiday with Robert her boss telling everybody it was training for work. I grabbed Linda by the arm and told her to think about what she was doing. A few days later she did me what I see today as the favour of walking out with a text message after emptying the bank account. It was almost a relief as I could now put it all together all those little things that looked or were said out of place. I knew (Occam's razor) As I am a Trekkie I like this version "If you eliminate the impossible. Whatever remains- however improbable- must be the truth." would get in there

somewhere. Even the lazy man's version works "All things being equal the most obvious answer is normally correct." works. I felt such a fool as I thought an affair was really something that would only happen only to other people. I was wrong and it was so obvious in the end. Everybody in the family was surprised it was Robert one of her bosses at work a man more than old enough to be her father who I had dismissed earlier. They should not have been surprised as everybody knew Linda's mother left her father for her boss a man old enough to be her father when Linda was a child. Today I and a number of others understand a lot of it came down to Linda being a lazy pathological liar and Robert thinking he had hit the jackpot. Linda in the divorce tried to turn the incident into an assault whereby I pinned her against the sofa. So many people told me after I explained things to them that Robert was a 'home wrecking dirty old man.' " You don't know what stories Linda told him" others suggested to me. "Maybe he is also a victim..." others suggested. I find it hard to believe a 61 year old man who takes a 36 year old woman away from her children with a text message can be by anybody's definition considered a victim. He should have been telling her to look after her children. Not giving her ideas about how to walk out on them. There was one guy who I had to calm down a bit of a hard nut who wanted to go and sort Robert out but I told him "What's the point I'm never going to get back with Linda or for that matter trust a woman in that way again so that won't help." After I went through my diary I found the entry where Linda told me about how her boss Robert was moving into a 2 bedroom council house after doing an exchange with his father. I should have worked things out then. I surmise today this was an idea Robert fed Linda in order for her to think she would be able to keep the children but it was as a powerful a statement as a member of School staff can make in print 'mother seems disinterested.' I can see it now as the school really did jump about now and arranged with a

charity for me to attend with Daniel a 12 week evening course all about social interaction and team building designed to aid autistic spectrum children. This because CAMHS have suggested Daniel might warrant a diagnosis as being on the autistic spectrum. I thought it was just a get out clause for people who made a mistake, "Blame the child." The truth be known it did both of us a good turn as it became a barrier building activity for my son and me. It was really good to speak to other parents who had various different issues with their children. I started reading up on autism and the possibly different ways autistic children view the world and process information. Now so many things fit Autism is not mentally nuts it just describes how some people have difficulty processing information. I really did not want to believe any of it but it was almost the missing part of the puzzle. I still dragged my children to church every Sunday until they were 16 I felt who cares if they chose or not to believe in all this God stuff it was just good to have them around other children and adults I felt I could trust. I had a dilemma did I open mail sent to my wife? I decided that might be wrong so I kept it but I did open a letter from a children's holiday club that was addressed to Linda. It was about the best thing I could have done at the time as there was an offer for a weeks holiday on an activity park designed for children ran by teaching type staff who knew all about autistic spectrum children. This place is designed for school excursions but in the summer holidays they open it up to parents. Kids go free was the offer, I phoned them up and explained I was a single parent with 2 children and asked "will you offer me the same deal?" I got a 7 day holiday in the UK full board with all these various team building activities supervised by qualified instructors who knew how to treat children for less than £450. Not only that they offered me the same holiday the following year. I knew things were tight but booked it anyway. I had to sell the family car purchased 18 months earlier just to

make ends meet feed the children and pay the mortgage. Now I am pretty strict with my finances to the point my friends call me 'tight wad' but saw it as a better option than borrowing money my employer offered me or going overdrawn. Linda sent me a text message to send her money as her wages went into the wrong account. I thought it might be a lie so did not do it and sure enough it was a lie. Being a Christian I found myself in front of a vicar trying to interpret my side of the marriage vows and 'thou shalt not commit adultery' in the 10 commandments. I do not advertise it but I am one of them on the quiet and do my best to live by 10 simple rules. I did not understand how you might interpret this if your wife had committed adultery, could you really keep within the 10 commandments and get divorced at the same time? The vicar led me to a passage in the bible. I decided Divorce is OK and filled out the papers. I did not know where Linda was living as she had not been seen or heard from for 2 months so had no idea where to have the papers served. Finally another family member finds out so I set things in motion. I and Linda were 2 weeks away from exchange on a new bigger house with a wood behind it but I had to call it all off costing me hundreds of pounds right at the last minute. This really hurts as it was a bit of a dump that would have left us with no mortgage that I intended on doing up with my children during their teenage years. The children start fighting so I split their shared bedroom up to give them a room each and keep them apart. In my head I still have not put it all together so had been speaking to other people and found out this document shown to me by the social worker was part of a school pastoral log. This is basically a teachers' notes file where they can express their opinions in print. I have a good idea that as it was in a computer file they would struggle to refuse me a copy of it. Still there were things that just did not make sense and the only way I felt I was ever going to be able to see past things was if I saw this file. Did they

really believe I had been abusing my son or was it just a poor choice of words from an overworked teacher? In my head I was trying to blame the school for everything but really they were just the trigger for a loaded gun. By that the word 'abuse' which was a trigger for everything that later followed. The problems were already there in my relationship with Linda as her mind was clearly somewhere else leading to our son playing up in the first place. She might have started sleeping with him after the teacher used the word abuse but she had clearly been chasing him no doubt with a few stories of woe beforehand and everybody knows it. My shrink had already led me to this conclusion as in my discussions about the most intimate things in my relationship with Linda. It was clear Linda wanted out for about a year. Just about when we moved house and Linda had to do some work. Linda simply fell in love with her pensioner boss just like her mother before her and it's that simple. (Occam's Razor, all things being equal the shortest formula is normally correct.) I wrote to the social workers again calling them incompetent and accusing them of clearly hiding something when they refused me a copy of their file. In my head I thought surely if they had done even a reasonable job they would be only too keen to show me how they had been providing their services with reasonable care and skill. The social workers allow me to go into their office to view their file eventually after I went whining to an MP and I was shocked to find there is missing information I can demonstrate the school gave them. I understand I will never get an apology from the social workers but it's a really hard lesson to learn. The only thing I ever asked anybody to do was make a simple phone call and this request is not even shown in the child's social care file but there is nothing I can do about it. This because I am just a little man and they are a powerful organisation who have to answer to nobody except themselves and the press. They seemingly only responded to me after I

started publishing stuff on a dedicated website. Not only that Linda's actions gave them a get out of jail card. They have a system in place to make it really difficult for you to complain. I feel the whole system is fixed so when they have to answer for something they all talk to each other and alter their files in an attempt to get their stories straight and when that won't work they refuse a copy of their documentation so you can't prove anything. They soon run a mile when they know you have been recording conversations with them and start publishing stuff. If I had to do it all again I would explain from the outset I covertly record conversations with social workers because I simply don't think owing to my own experiences they can be trusted. Now don't get me wrong some of them are very good. I do not understand how if you are the child's father and have seen a copy of their documentation how they can possibly refuse you a copy of it? I seriously believe seeing this file would have been a different story if they did not realise I had covertly recorded a number of meetings. Once they worked that out they all closed their cases within 3 weeks.

When I finally got hold of Linda to discuss terms of the divorce the deal was adultery on Linda's part and I was to keep the children and family home. I covertly recorded the meeting as I knew there would as soon as Linda was given an idea be a story. I had been discussing it with others as I knew many people lose everything because they can't deal with the stress of divorce. Linda refused to have the sit down talk with the children where you explain nothing is their fault. I really can't understand how and why Linda took my childhood nightmare turned the the whole lot around made herself the victim and threatened to cry anal rape to save a few quid. I'm sure this was not her own idea. We were a married couple and had tried it a few times but it was Linda's idea she even purchased some kinky underwear with an opening in the rear for the act. I knew something was coming

after she told me "If I let you petition me and I don't defend I'll have to pay all my costs, all your costs and I will be made almost bankrupt." I covertly recorded that too. (You can find that recording on <http://www.childadvocacy.info> I had no idea she was going to try and play that card and assumed it must have been Robert's idea. In my recordings I had not covered it, not 100% but why should I as it was total fiction and I was not expecting anything like it. In all the time I knew Linda she never referred to the children as 'kids' it was always 'boys' so to me it was like somebody else sent the text messages. These were text messages that went out to various family members suggesting I had hurt Linda. 'Kids' is distancing language you use to talk about other peoples children but your own children, boys or girls, kids was just so wrong. I'm sure Robert sent them. Kids is what you call other peoples children maybe playing in the park but nobody I spoke to could see this, I saw it a mile away, it was so obvious. Linda's story had to be a story about something in the bedroom as there was no way I could disprove it not 100%. I by this time just could not deal with things and found myself having serious suicidal thoughts. My employer picks up on this and spends a great deal of time telling me to think about my children. I pose the question over and over again in my head 'Would my children be better off without me? Am I an incapable parent? What would happen to them if I was not here? Who would look after them and so on. I knew I simply had to discuss things with somebody just so I could get my head around why I felt the way I did. I felt I had to find somebody I could trust like 100%. Of all the people I could pick to blurt my life story out to it was my sister in law by this time a 30 year old woman with as I saw things the right idea. She will always be a 15 year old child in my head and she repaid any debt for my actions when she was a child many times as she became my counsellor as I spent a great deal of time going through my problems, actions and feelings. I was in a really bad

way and responsible for 2 children, her nephews who she made it clear were her main concern. As time went on she was counselling both the children and me for months. I spoke to the neighbours and they were great support, They slept in the room backing onto ours and told me they never heard a whisper from their house and given the way noise passes through the walls were shocked by Linda's allegations. They told me if it ever came to court they would come into court as character witnesses on my behalf. Quiet a few people offered me this support including my employer who had known me since I was 16. In my head I think what about the term 'Abused becomes abuser' as I question myself 'did I ever mistreat my wife?' 'was it because I over reacted to this child abuse allegation? Did I over react to it? they were talking about taking one of our children into care and this before they even met him.' 'Was everything really all my fault?' In my head I can't believe anybody could write something like Linda did unless there was at least something in it, did she not understand what it meant? As I knew Linda was a lazy pathological liar although not having the correct terminology for it I kept her recorded confession, really it was only security and I told nobody about it. Now I felt I had no choice but play it to and explain things to everybody. All my family and friends now know about my childhood nightmare. As I had been seeing a counsellor for a few months by now it was a lot easier telling them than it might have been. I realised the letters I was getting from the solicitors were just standard drafts. To them it was never going to be about who was in the right or wrong it was going to be about how they could manipulate things to get their client a better deal. Honesty really does for some take a back seat when it comes to divorce papers. Clearly Linda's solicitor led her to believe she had to say something to frighten me into a better deal but there is a line you don't cross. After her discussions with Robert he put it to her that she could play the victim and after hearing about what

had been going on suggested to Linda she should use an allegation that matched my worst fear. To my horror I received a letter from Linda's solicitor alleging I had been forcing her to have anal sex. It was quite graphic where she had written I would do it while she was asleep. In my head it was a choice crawl under a rock or face it. If I had to face it I felt I had to go for broke and tell everybody and as I saw things take my chances. I was under the impression my covert recordings would be inadmissible in court and if they were inadmissible I would not have a leg to stand on. I thought everybody like me would never believe a woman could write things like that if there was nothing in it. I got another letter from her solicitor suggesting I keep the children until they are 18 and then sell the family home giving Linda 1/2 the money. Seemingly making the children homeless on their 18th birthday. If I agreed to this they would not bring their cross into court. For the solicitors it was a business, a game but for me it was about my children and nothing else mattered. I went in to see my solicitor and was really bricking it "Look what the bitch has written, I never did anything like that, I may have been a bit keener in the bedroom but I never forced her to do anything and the anal sex was her bloody idea. You know why she has written 2 – 3 years, because that was how long I was in care." my solicitor laughed and replied with "You would not go to jail for that" It was like he thought there might be something in it too. By this time I had been in and out of hospital, had been seeing a counsellor for months and had now taken up smoking.

When I finally got hold of the school file and teachers' notes after writing another letter and directly calling the head's bluff about child protection I was surprised it says amongst other things 'Mother seems disinterested.' I was surprised it said 'mother did not seem too concerned' when the child was talking about suicide. I was surprised the school had to ask permission from the social workers prior to sending me this file. I knew this was a

loaded gun for my divorce and any custody battle but thought it was better for the moment to keep it to myself. I understand where the school were coming from when it says 'mother would not confirm or deny dad gets angry and hits the child.' Bang and all of a sudden so many things make sense. When Daniel confronted mum about it a few years later she told him "I was so shocked by the question I could not say anything" He gave me a copy of the covert recording he made where Robert told him it "was not out of order for us to marry without telling her children because it was what we wanted." kind of sizes the guy up really. I now understand why the school refused to make my phone call and gave it all to a social worker as they requested the social worker do it. Now put yourself in the mind of this teacher, it was the social workers job, the school had made it the social workers job earlier, I had made it the social workers job. She, the teacher was possibly a bit annoyed the social worker had not made the phone call? It was 6 weeks after the school in print suggested it on my behalf. I was surprised the social workers lied about it. I was surprised to see a report where they describe Daniel as autistic. I was not surprised the social care team refused me a copy of their file that is missing information I can demonstrate the school gave them. If you can't prove it you can't do anything about it, no wonder their files are confidential. I was surprised in the school file almost the same entry appears twice saying slightly different things but only one showing my request for some feedback re my request for the school to make a phone call for Daniel. In my head I apply the Occam's razor principle to things and surmise the earlier entry was added after I went off on one at school. It was about this time some idiot wrote the number for Childline (0800 1111) in the school diary giving Daniel the idea he should contact Childline. I could not believe it when I read the entry in Daniel's school diary. It was to me like the school were really looking to cause problems. We won't make

a phone call for you but you can call Childline yourself. Daniel was so proud the night he showed me this entry in his diary. He was an 11 year old child standing up to dad in the way any 11 year old might but now he had seemingly the school behind him giving him ideas. I did not understand this was an instruction given by a social worker who had not even met the lad. Everything that is all the concerns started in October but I did not find out about it until the following year when I demanded a copy of the school file and teachers' notes. I knew I had not been told why they had concerns and nobody thought it appropriate to tell me the truth until I was given a copy of this file. "Before we give you this file are you aware..." I eventually made up a website with my story on it and a copy of various letters and recordings both with Linda and at school. I gave my solicitor a link to my website as I felt I had caught Linda out in about the worst lie a woman can make! (The recordings are a bit tacky as I was pretty ill but maybe visit <http://www.childadvocacy.info> Of course I won the divorce and everything that goes with it. How could Linda tell me over and over again I had never mistreated her and she was positive I had never hurt her yet in divorce papers state I forced her to have anal sex apparently for between 2 and 3 years waking her up in the night doing it? She wrote about how I had dropped a fridge on her apparently breaking her ribs but the way it was worded it could be dated and we were both in the doctors surgery the following day. Even the doctor exclaimed she was not in any pain that day. You don't get more qualified than that. How could she describe the things going on with Daniel as just school problems and suggest I was over reacting to them? Especially after I told her I did not care what lies she told as I was prepared to bring the whole lot into court as I gave her a link to my website. Then I told her I had sent a copy of her cross petition into court for her, boy was she bricking it. (well so was I but I was going for broke by this point.) I asked Robert child abuse

comes in many different forms, did he think he was guilty of it? He told me not to be so stupid, clearly my interpretation of child abuse and his differ. I was surprised by all the different people some I had never met on the estate who had learned about my situation and offered help and support. I was surprised by all the different people who told me for support of their own personal stories and it was great to find out I was not all alone. This another reason I wrote this book. I was surprised by the support Linda's family gave me. I was surprised by the support I got from both children's schools and my doctor. I was grateful to the person who I sold the family car to who just gifted it back to me a year after the divorce. "Here you are buddy, a gift for you have your car back." Everybody was shocked when Linda ran off to Gretna Green and married Robert without even telling the children. Robert told Daniel it was not out of order for he and Linda to marry without telling her children because it was "what we wanted." Few people believe Robert when he told the children he wanted to get the family home so he could give it to them. (See <http://www.childadvocacy.info>) Daniel covertly recorded the conversation. I understand now I have read the description for a lazy pathological liar and wonder what stories Linda might have told her husband or for that matter what lies he might have told her. I approached the mortgage company (First Direct really a very good bank, Ive been with then since the 90's) and explained my situation. I was pretty straight with them. They change my mortgage so I could afford to live, another 10 years on the mortgage at about 6%, 2 years interest only until I got back on my feet. Linda's stepmother offers me 10 grand to help out but I refused it as I felt it would be wrong to accept it, she left it to me in her will a few years later. I knew Linda was working but not paying any child maintenance so I go running to an MP as the CSA did not sort it out. Every time I phoned up the CSA they assumed I was the one paying maintenance to Linda. I

can't tell you how annoying that assumption is! Robert threatened to cause me hassle with the council seemingly if I caused Linda hassle with the CSA all the more reason to do it I thought. Now don't get me wrong it's always the better option to walk away from trouble and a fight where possible but if forced into a corner, I generally go for broke. I received a letter from the CSA stating Linda was claiming some sort of benefit that precluded her from paying child maintenance. This seemed odd as Linda was working. Linda after they sorted things out was 9 months behind in child maintenance. It turned out they should not have awarded this benefit or it should have ended a year earlier. Robert was swearing calling me a tosser and a bum boy in the street after this. I might have understood why he did it if I had read the description of a pathological liar. I really want to hit this guy and everybody knows it but I as well as Robert knows I can't touch him unless it's in self defence and even then I can only use reasonable force. Something to do with the law. And if I had I would probably end up in hot water and my kids would ultimately suffer as a result. "Go on I dare you to hit me" I told him but Robert is not stupid and knows I would flatten him without any problems. Linda knows this as well as she calls Robert back into the car. He drives away swearing out of the car window. I wave to him "THANK YOU FOR YOUR TIME, HAVE A NICE DAY." I came to the conclusion the best thing you can do with a cheating wife is to let the other guy keep her as I a couple of years later actually shook Robert by the hand and thanked him for taking her off my hands. Robert knew exactly what I meant by it, I'm told he has dementia now. Karma can be cruel. I spent lots of time trying to get Linda to see the children as I thought it was the right thing to do. Eventually I got her to see one of the children for about 3 hours once a fortnight. That is unless they phone her up and request a visit. It really hurts but there is nothing I can do about it. Eventually I begin to give up. I was

surprised after Daniel confronted mum about the vicious rumours she spread about me she told him after Robert tried to deny it that it was unimportant and in the past. (maybe visit <http://www.childadvocacy.info> and listen to the recording) I might have understood if I had read the description for a pathological liar. I sent a copy of the letter I received from the CSA to Linda. I was not shocked to find out that HMRC had information I was living with a Sarah V Smith and should not have been claiming single persons tax credits as a result when I was living on my own. Even the name Sarah V Smith gave it away as a hoax but nobody else could see it. I might have understood if I had read the description for a pathological liar. I suggested when I contacted the nice people at HMRC (and honestly, they are human like everybody else and very helpful if you don't go in on the war path being rude) it was like whoever gave them this idea were sticking 2 fingers up at me. I sent a copy of this letter to Linda and Robert informing them it was a misguided stunt. That would have gone past Linda but Roger would possibly have understood. In my head I just want to understand. It's not enough that Linda has decided she does not love me and our children. OK she wants to move on and I had to let her go but what a way to do it with a text message after 15 years. In the real world only a real worm would do it like that and only a bigger worm would encourage a woman to do something like that to her children. I'm not the brightest light on the tree but I found the description for a pathological liar and boy does it fit so much about Linda just like Autism fits so much I know about Daniel. I was invited into a police station to make my statement of historic child abuse. I kept well and true to the facts only reporting things I could clearly remember. To my horror or maybe relief I was not the only child this house master interfered with. Seemingly there are now more than 4 other adults making similar allegations against the same man and the police were

already months into an investigation with relation to somebody else. Apparently Berrow Wood was not the only school in which allegations were made about this man. When Berrow Wood was investigated in the late 80s other children had made similar allegations about this house master. Nobody at this time thought to go through the records and find out why I did not return in 1985. I was told I would be called to give evidence in court subject to the CPS following up with the police investigation. I have suffered with years of depression, have been on a number of different pills and most of it was down to the fact I was so frightened of being the only person to make this allegation against the house master from Berrow Wood. Berrow Wood's insurance company have said that I can't make a claim for compensation until there is a conviction and I will then seemingly have to give up 25% of any claim to a solicitor. Sounds like your average con and easy money for a solicitor. As bad as it might sound the paedophile was not the problem, the problem was with the Mr Morris who set up a system that allowed him to exist and get away with it. 'The only rights you have here are to eat and breathe' every time a child spoke out or caused a fuss, not to mention his fist and choke hold where he would pick a child up by the throat and pin them against the wall. Get this the schools insurance policy seemingly according to a news report found on the internet did not cover violence inflicted on the children by staff, maybe I'm stupid but I would have thought that was like a legal requirement. Nobody mentioned it when the council placed me in the school. Quote from Surrey County Council: 'The knowledge of the institutional abuse has grown over the past 30 years and our awareness is much better. As outlined above, we now have LADO service, which is a statutory team and an NMIS Group, which is a specific Surrey response to deal more effectively in dealing with such complaints.' Some might say that is an admission they did not do things correctly in

1985 and if that is the case ask yourself do you not agree they owe me as well as a number of others a written apology? I put that question to the CEO of Surrey County Council but she did not even reply. Seemingly after reading various web pages and blogs on the Internet nothing was done about the institution I was placed in until a parent witnessed a child being punched by Mr Morris. He was apparently later jailed along with a number of other key staff. I have not identified everybody and have changed some names because it was a suggestion from somebody important at Surrey County Council. A lot of this is from my memory so there may well be some inaccuracies. It was for me all about looking out for children and that is in my opinion the purpose of life. A good counsellor can be of more help than you might hope for if you are affected by childhood memories of abuse. Having a chat with a professional who knows what they are doing can really give you a new perspective on everything. Something that I could not really understand, no that's wrong feel is a better word until I spoke to a counsellor was that it CANT! ever be a child's fault if they have been sexually abused by an adult. It's the adult's fault every single time." Check out the quite simple pants rule if you have any doubt. Obvious to an adult but a child might need a little help. Few things in life are black and white. If your pants cover it and if you are a child an adult should not be touching it! If they do its the adult's fault every single time. Even a doctor would ask first and have a parent in the room on the rare time they might need to be there. The problems come later in life as so much of your time is spent trying to reason things you later see and hear to a safe place." By my experience PGL is just a really good place to take kids on holiday.

Fact 1 in 20 people can share something with me. 1 in 10 families have a parent who can share something with me. Fact the vast majority of child abuse victims will not go on to abuse other

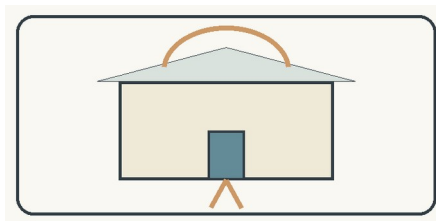
children but a lot of them live in fear of ever being accused. I am livid that Surrey County Council think they don't owe me an apology! (Read the letters.) When you go to bed and shut your eyes what's the first thing that comes into your mind? I hope it's not being a small 15 year old boy underneath a paedophile trying to stick his thing up your behind. Or seeing in your dreams your own child being sodomised by an adult while you can only watch. OK not every night but right in the middle of this for me it did. I was waking up crying like a baby. Not only that I was convinced the same would happen to my son if they ever took him into care. I hope that is blunt enough for you because childhood sexual abuse is a nightmare just waiting to be reawakened and it lives with you for the rest of your life! Think about it for a few days, maybe tell a few friends or an MP and give them a link to the site <http://www.childadvocacy.info> Point out the letter from the social workers that states 'the social worker has confirmed that at no time did she agree to contact a scout leader.' Then point out the letter that states 'there is clear evidence on file that the social worker did attempt to make contact on the number you provided.' Why can't they just tell the truth and apologise? Maybe point out the letter sent by my mother in 1985 after I absconded from Berrow Wood that states 'This could not have been the cause of his disappearance.' or maybe the letter that requests a constructive reply in a few days. Then decide for yourself if Surrey County Council and Daniel's school owe my son's and me a written apology that starts with 'We unreservedly apologise for...' Either way consider Childline and finding the donate button. Go on if you can afford it make it a monthly donation and help the next child, Daniel or Matthew. Most of all look after kids because no child or for that matter parent should live in fear. 'abused becomes abuser?' No! abused just spends the rest of their life living in fear with unresolved mental issues frightened of anybody ever finding out and judging

them as a result. "You could have walked away, you were not forced to get into bed with him by gunpoint were you? Why did you not say anything the first time? It was your idea wasn't it? You led him on. You did it because he offered you protection, it's your fault and you know it. You best not tell anybody because you will have to explain why it happened more than once. You misbehaved and got kicked out of school so what do you expect?" Then you grow up and see things differently. "You best not tell anybody as they will see you as a threat to your own children. You have to protect your children at all costs. Don't be seen to be friendly towards children as people will think you are one of them. You will be considered guilty until proven innocent. Don't tell anybody it will only lead to problems for your own children. Remember most people think abused becomes abuser so they won't listen to you anyway. If they ever take your kids into care the same will happen to them and it will be your fault. You have to protect your children so don't ever tell anybody. If you did tell anybody they would not believe you. What if you told others, it went to court and they did not believe you?" If you understand that you know what it is like to have a childhood grown mental problem. Finally after my work colleagues see me in difficulty my employer sorts things out. I get to see a shrink and my doctor puts me on medication. No I am not a nutter I am simply suffering with the after effects of 'childhood trauma.' it's hardly a surprise as when my child was in difficulty I could not get anybody to just make a simple phone call for him. When there were blind allegations of abuse being bantered around it's hardly a surprise that things drove me to a nervous breakdown. I still expect an apology from the social workers but it won't happen. Just a passing thought: Being a child is about learning to be an adult and you can't expect to learn how to do something without making mistakes especially if you are led into making mistakes by an adult authority figure. As you can tell I was in a pretty bad

way when I made these recordings on <http://www.childadvocacy.info> but it was clear to me I may later need to prove I had never mistreated my wife or my children as I knew she could and would tell a fictional story of woe. Looking back it's not surprising I suffered a mental breakdown trying to defend what I saw as a false child abuse allegation directed towards me. The apology from Daniel's school some 8 years later after they along with Surrey County Council and the Police were given a preview of the first incarnation of the website lifeafterchildabuse.com, later childadvocacy.info

What Surrey County Council had to say about things after I demanded an apology. Hey we all make mistakes and I'm no saint but some of us apologise for our mistakes. You see like some people would apologise for not following up a parents complaint about a school that was clearly abusing their son to the point they actually interview the child. To better understand the impact of what Mr Hasting did to me and the effect it had on me you really have to log onto <http://www.childadvocacy.info> and find the recordings.

CHAPTER 8 — Living With the Truth



What follows is some evidence, make of it what you will. I hope it might help others in difficulty.

The letters sent by my mother and stepfather in 1985 / 6 and the councils replies.

I absconded from the school at 9pm the night before not 9am when they realised I was missing. This guy in a new JAG gave me a lift all the way to my home town. He even bought me a takeaway in one of those motorway service stations. Who knows if he swallowed my story about being on a sponsored hitch-hike to raise money for a local children's home. Honestly, thank you sir I knew you were worried about it but I did not throw up in your new car.” Now to put this in better perspective my mother was so concerned with the mental state of her son that she removed me from the school and did the only thing she could in reporting the school to the authorities.

Remember childline (0800 1111) did not exist when I was a child. All the authorities did was threaten her with legal action if she did not send me back. They were so interested in the problem they even got the name of the principle of the school wrong. Like anybody Kate, my mother did the only thing she could and asked for support from her boyfriend (who was later to become my stepfather) and he wrote a letter. They were doing the only thing

they could at the time and seeking support from a higher body than the school.

my step father knowing the state I was in wrote again to Surrey County Council in an attempt to get them to take the matter more seriously but they did not even reply. That was almost the last communication from Surrey County Council the only people at the time my mother and her partner could turn to for help. They knew I had been seriously damaged by my time in Berrow Wood but at 15 years old feeling dirty and thinking it was all my own fault I could not explain or tell them what had happened to me. I think I deserve an apology for this!

Years later after I had issues with one of my own children the school forced against my clear wishes social workers on the family rather than speaking to a professional body (The scout movement) who knew my son. "That's not our job" in my opinion just shows the attitude of some people in authority when you ask them for help. It really does, not my job unless I actually have to do it. Word of advice, if you need to force them to do just the minimum, you know like if you have tried to be reasonable, polite and calm about things and made a similar request more than twice. Start again, be like a snob, polite and ask a few questions recording the conversation covertly and then send it to their boss, or their bosses boss or an MP then point them to the website <http://www.childadvocacy.info> and ask them "My buddy Darren suggested..." do you think think this is good advice.

5 times over nearly 2 months I requested the school call my son's scout leader but they just point blank refused, this a child they were being paid by the state a lot of extra money to support. I after I saw the social worker making a total mess of things asked her but like the school she refused. The whole situation drove a big wedge between my wife and me because she could not care a

hoo if our child was placed into care and was chasing after her boss at work.

Eventually I after things were sorted out started complaining as I (maybe wrongly) blamed the school with their false allegation of abuse (which they deny) on sending me round the bend and causing my marriage to fail. I found the heads reply quite an insult you know like he was laughing at me. The school speech was a well choreographed speech where the head sold his school as the best thing going. He made a big deal about working with parents and feeder schools in the event of issues with new students.

He rattled on about how the school have more staff in year 7 to liaise with feeder schools following issues with new students. He rattled on about buddy groups for students with few friends and after school activities to help students. Maybe I was a bit thick but I expected these things to come as standard not to have to fight to get them." If you had an 11 year old child who exposed himself to a girl in school all be it for a dare would you not expect the school to mention it to his father at some point like before he demands a copy of the school file?

There had been a social worker on the scene for 2 months and nobody mentioned it other than in a phone call to Linda, my wife who was by this time more interested in Robert her pensioner boss at the DIY store. The lesson here is if a parent asks a school teacher and or a social worker to make a phone call for a troubled child there is probably a very good reason for it!

After the mental healthcare people spent time with Daniel they came out with this.

Certainly not his father abusing him or a reason to suggest taking the child into care! After I, using the freedom of information act got hold of a copy of the teachers' notes file I found these entries

rather odd. This especially so as my first request of the school to phone Daniel's scout leader was in November. I'll bet they were altered after the fact.

The last letter was in reply to these letters sent out shortly after Matthew, my youngest child finished his last GCSE examination. I simply felt unable to make the allegation prior to my children having finished their examinations. This was because I really do not trust social workers and felt they would run with abused becomes abuser if I did. The prior letter got me a meeting with somebody important at Surrey County Council where I simply asked them for an apology for their not following up my mother's complaint of 1985 to the point they actually interviewed me when I was a child.

I also had a few things to say about Daniel's school and their refusal to make a phone call for Daniel. I was now to believe the social worker tried to make the phone call but could not get through. This seemingly in total contradiction to a letter received from the social workers that states 'The social worker has confirmed that at no time did she agree to contact a scout leader.' I wanted an apology from Surrey County Council for not even sending out a social worker to interview me when I was a child following my mother's refusal to send me back to Berrow Wood.

I wanted an apology for Daniel's school's refusal to make a simple phone call for him a child who was clearly in difficulty and who they were being paid a lot of extra money to support. I also wanted an apology from the social workers for their refusal to make the same phone call for my son. This leading to my being falsely accused of abusing the lad leading to my suffering a nervous breakdown when the social worker suggested to me others who were further up the tree and who had not met my son were of the opinion the lad should be in care.

The shrink I took Daniel to see had it spot on when he said "They have got the wrong idea and run with it." It was clear things could only end in divorce after Linda walked out with a text message. What few people realised was that I had been covertly recording conversations not only at school but also with my wife for weeks prior to her leaving. I saw a big red flag back in November when Linda was more interested in Robert at work than looking after her children.

It was obvious and beyond repair when she started sleeping with him." Of course Linda found a way out of paying child support until I started kicking up a fuss.

This is what a divorce looks like when you name the other guy. Think what you will but I have a story to tell and I'm going to tell it if it kills me because as I see things it may help other people and Surrey County Council owe me and my children an apology.

"Has anybody phoned my son's scout leader yet?" "That's not our job speak to the social worker, there has been an abuse allegation." Just shows the attitude of the people I was forced to deal with "I won't do that somebody in the office will. Oh and CAMHS are suggesting Daniel should be placed into foster care as he may be being abused." I should never have been placed in Berrow Wood School a so called school as I was not a would be criminal I was a frightened angry child and had never been in trouble with the police but this was all Surrey County Council would offer. Yes I might well have handled things a lot better if I was not so emotionally involved but I ask you looking at my childhood and having my experiences how might you have dealt with things?

Farm the difficult children out to a private company and forget about them. Berrow Wood School described as a paedophiles wet dream by some of the adults who spent time there as children.

(The state) send a frightened and damaged child here and they damage him further.” Whose fault is it when you do little about the complaints and end up with a criminal adult? my latest CRB check as not every child who attended Berrow Wood turned out to be criminal. You see lucky for me my mother and stepfather put me in line. He never laid a hand on me either.

The Trial

After waiting for the best part of 2 years everything finally went to trial. Barry Hastings was called before Worcester magistrates court on the 7th December 2017 charged with 5 offences against me. I had been advised that it was not necessary for me to attend but I was by this time on a roll and saw it as part of the healing process. Many people were worried about my reaction to seeing Mr Hastings again after so much time but I knew I was ready thanks to my boss and the shrink.

My employer was worried I would flip again and get ill which just before Christmas would not be a good thing at work. My mother was worried about my reaction to seeing Mr Hastings again but none of them got it. The reason I flipped and got ill was because I was worried about my own children experiencing the same and now things were different and they had both grown up and were no longer 8 and 11 years old. It was anticipated that Mr Hastings would not attend so I arrived at 10 o clock to match the time Mr Hastings was to appear and the copper who had been dealing with things was there to receive me, she really was great and requested I not use her name in my book. A shame really because as people go she really deserves a good plug.

There was like a public bar at the end of court where seemingly anybody could view a trial in progress. I sat down in the corner listening to the various cases that went before Mr Hastings and To say we have a child abuse problem in this country really is an

understatement. I am not alone by a long shot. There were various cases run one after another with various men charged with hurting children in one way or another and none of them admitted to things, so every case I heard went to the crown court for trial.

I could not get over how the various people in court and by that, I mean the officials just read the charges with a blank and by the way expression about things. For example, there was one guy who had been charged with raping a 12 year old girl, what a bastard! and there was both on his face as well as the faces of just about every member of staff in court no emotion what so ever. I knew Mr Hastings had arrived in court as he sat outside the court room in a chair not 20 feet away from me and I clocked him as soon as he walked in.

30 years had passed and I was not sure if I would recognise him but I did. "What a relief" he had tried to commit suicide before an earlier hearing. Half a day on a train not to mention £45 the cost of the ticket and the guy actually showed up. Just like all the other cases Mr Hastings pleaded not guilty and just like all the other cases things were sent up to crown court for trial. After waiting so long I was shocked with the speed of which things went up to the next court.

It was the 8th December but now things were to be heard proper on the 5th January. Mr Hastings looked rather stuffed and would not even look at anybody He was now an old man with hardly any hair walking with a stick a far cry from the would-be X SAS soldier we all thought he was as children. It turns out before Berrow Wood he had been unemployed for some time. Odd that as he worked apparently for another school prior to Berrow Wood where similar allegations were apparently made.

When you go to bed and shut your eyes what's the first thing that comes into your mind? I hope it's not being a small 15 year old boy underneath a paedophile trying to stick his thing up your behind.

OK not every night but right in the middle of this for me it did. Not only that I was convinced the same would happen to my son if they ever took him into care. I hope that is blunt enough for you because childhood sexual abuse is a nightmare just waiting to be reawakened. You might think you have got over it but in the right circumstance with the right triggers, bang and you are right there reliving the whole thing and like me you might not even see it coming until it's too late.

In the right circumstance it can take over all your thought processes and it lives with you for the rest of your life! Not only that it's hardly the sort of thing you really want to go talking about in later life. This is because if you worry like me you will assume others will see you as a threat to other children for having experienced it. Now put yourself in my head as a teenager "You could have walked away, you were not forced to get into bed with him by gunpoint were you?

Why did you not say anything the first time? It was your idea wasn't it? You led him on. You did it because he offered you protection, it's your fault and you know it. You best not tell anybody because you will have to explain why it happened more than once. You misbehaved and got kicked out of school so what do you expect?" Then you grow up and see things differently. "You best not tell anybody as they will see you as a threat to your own children.

You have to protect your children at all costs. Don't be seen to be friendly towards children as people will think you are one of them. You will be considered guilty until proven innocent. Don't

tell anybody it will only lead to problems for your own children. Remember most people think abused becomes abuser so they won't listen to you anyway. If they ever take your kids into care the same will happen to them and it will be all your fault.

You have to protect your children at all costs so don't ever tell anybody. If you did tell anybody they would not believe you. What if you told others, it went to court and they did not believe you?"

Honestly unless you have been there you really would have no idea what it is like for an innocent, shy, possibly a little disturbed child to put into a boarding school full of a number of troubled children and thug staff. Then to have an adult who he thinks is an X SAS soldier with possibly aids try to stick his thing up the child's behind.

10 years after my breakdown in 2018 and I really have landed on my feet. The compensation was a joke but that's life. The state paid it in the end. Do you remember my making the statement earlier? Not our job unless we have to do it. Well I've yet to meet anybody at the top of the tree who is what I call straight save small family business. £5000 of which the solicitors took over £1000 but it was never about the compensation, it was about telling my story. I just put my head down and took one day at a time. I even found myself involved with the local scout group and whilst I still struggle to call the various children by their Christian name it's far better than sitting in front of the telly on a Friday evening.

I found myself involved with the local church as I took over doing the projector and sound system they use for their Sunday service. I found myself getting involved in local activities with the church as I found myself joining in with various groups helping others. Before I knew where I was my children were young men,

both employed and doing well. It was a sad day my stepfather died but it gave me the kick I needed as I had by this time built a large loft conversion and was renting it out.

So I adjusted the family home into 2 flats and 2 bedsits although by definition it's a shared house. I get away with the HMO definition because my children are living there and I only rent to 2 other people. 10 years ago I was overdrawn with a mortgage payment due, really very ill and responsible for 2 pre teen children and a nightmare that was my childhood very fresh in my thought processes. I had to sell the family car to make ends meet. Looking back my boss and his wife were so good to me.

Today I've paid off the mortgage and I have £3,000 a month coming in. I've moved in with my mother and I have built her a large extension. Things could have been a lot worse for example if I had crumbled at my x wife's false rape allegation rather than recording her confession, waiting for her as she does, tell a story and then calling her bluff telling just about everybody. Well I like the way it's written

I wish you all the best in life and would like to offer you this in the way of some guidance. Being a child is about learning to be an adult and it can't be a vulnerable child's fault if they are led into making mistakes if led by an adult authority figure can it? You can be sure if the child is anything like me they will go through the rest of their life keeping quiet thinking it was. JUST THINK ABOUT THAT BEFORE YOU ASK A CHILD OR LATER AN ADULT WHY THEY ALLOWED IT TO HAPPEN OR WHY THEY DID NOT SPEAK UP BECAUSE I SPENT 30 YEARS BLAMING MYSELF ASKING THE SAME QUESTION.

IT COST ME 2 NERVOUS BREAKDOWNS A NUMBER OF POTENTIAL FRIENDS AND A FAILED MARRIAGE! I would like to thank a few people for their support and they know who they

are. Not least my own children and Mr Crompton who left me with the best childhood lesson I have ever received the 10 commandments believed by a lot of people to be words from our creator God and an instruction as to how we might live and interact with other people.

Memories that can in the right circumstances take over all your thought processes and make a victim in later life become very ill. Unless you have been there in my case a frightened 15 year old boy underneath a 40 something year old man you simply would not have the capability to understand. For others who have genuinely been there, have had their childhood destroyed by a paedophile and have felt the pain of keeping things all bottled up for years frightened of what others might say or think you are not alone and this small book is for you because you are as important as the King in Gods eyes, worth something and your not alone. :-) Mr Hastings was convicted and died 2 years later in jail but that is not what this book is really about.

EVIDENCE

The following pages contain the scanned letters and documentary evidence referred to in the text. I did consider putting these images throughout the text above but when I did and read the book myself it just did not work for me.

My mother's first letter to Surrey County Council in 1985

Mrs. S. [redacted]
Surrey County Council,
Special Education Department,
County Hall,
KINGSTON UPON THAMES,
Surrey

26th November 1985.

mentioned, I am most disappointed and
reaction which has now come to me. I regret to
advise you that I consider it necessary to remove [redacted] from [redacted]
School. This decision has not been made lightly and the reasons are as
follows:-

Dear Mrs. [redacted] is. I very much regret I can see no alternative
other than to take this action.

[redacted] had been missing from school at 9 a.m. on Thursday and I was advised
of this at 5 p.m. I was "stunned" by the apparent lack of concern and was
told by Mrs. Gorton "Don't worry, it's a very cold day and he can't stay out
much longer". Mrs Gorton also advised me that [redacted] was "subject to
depression" of which I was unaware.

I asked Mrs. Gorton if the disappearance had anything to do with the breakage
of a window at the school for which 5 children, including [redacted] had been
accused and each ordered to pay the sum of £60 toward the cost of replacement.
I suggested the school claimed from their Insurance Company but was told the
windows were not insured.

4 During the course of conversation, Mrs. Gorton informed me that [redacted] had
acquired an old television set and whilst repairing it had short circuited
all the electricity at the school. As he was in no way reprimanded for this
incident it could not have been the cause of his disappearance.

[redacted] arrived home at approximately 11 p.m. Thursday evening at which time
I advised both the school and the police.

Having discussed the above points with [redacted] I now find the cost of the
replacement window has been increased to £120 per child. They have been
told by Mr. Gorton, that this is to be repaid from their pocket money, until
such times as they leave the school. The balance outstanding will then be
charged to their parents. This also applies to a Fire Extinguisher which had
apparently been tampered with and the cost of replacement has been divided
between 10 children at a sum of £2.60 per child.

On the subject of the short circuiting of the electricity, [redacted]
emphatically denies any such knowledge and I myself, am astounded that this
incident was not made known to me at the time, or to [redacted] for that matter.

There was also a matter of two television sets and a computer which were
stolen from the school in September when [redacted] was suspected and was told
he would be interviewed by the police. Again I was notified of this by
[redacted] and not the school. When questioning the school, I was told, once
again, "not to worry" we hope the police will drop it". This is very
settling for [redacted] who, as far as he is concerned, is still waiting to
be interviewed.

Contd.

Please address correspondence to County Education Officer

In addition to the aforementioned, I am most dissatisfied and appalled by further information which has now come to light, via [redacted], concerning the treatment not only to him, but to other boys in the school. It seems the use of "four letter words" by certain members of the staff, to the boys is not uncommon and certain points of hygiene leave a lot to be desired.

In view of this, I very much regret I can see no alternative other than to take this action.

I await your comments.

Yours sincerely,

Cared. SSN/SS

Date 28 February 1966

01-01: 0574
02-01: 0574

Ms. [redacted]

Mrs. Smith

Dear Sir,

EASTER HOLIDAYS 1966

I have been informed by Barrow Wood School that the forthcoming Easter holiday will be from Thursday 27 March until Monday 28 April 1966.

On Thursday 27 March an escorted party will travel by minibus stopping at either Barrow airport at 1.00 pm or Guildford Railway Station at 2.30 pm.

Please could you contact the school by return of my letter to inform them which school you will be meeting your son at on Thursday 27 March.

On his return, Friday 28 April, your son should be returned direct to school.

Should I hear anything to the contrary I shall assume that you will be making the necessary arrangements to collect and return your son on the dates stated above.

Yours faithfully,

Pp^{cc}

Head Officer

The reply

 **SURREY**
COUNTY COUNCIL

Education Department
County Hall
Kingston upon Thames
KT1 2DJ

M.C. Pinchin B.Sc.
County Education Officer

Telex 263312
DX 31509 KINGSTON

Your ref: _____ Our ref: SSN/SCM Date: 3 December 1985

If telephoning please ask for: Mrs. _____

01-541-9576
Switchboard 01-541 8911

Dear Ms. _____

I was sorry to learn from your letter of 26 November of your intention
not to return to _____ School.

No doubt, you are aware that _____ does not reach statutory school-
leaving age until 23 May 1986 and, as such, it is your parental
obligation to ensure that he receives full-time education until that
time. However, under the circumstances, the points raised in your
letter will be investigated and during that time I suggest
remains at home.

I will write to you in the near future.

Yours sincerely _____

County Education Officer

cmj

tes

isw

Please address correspondence to County Education Officer

Please address correspondence to _____



SURREY
COUNTY COUNCIL

Education Department
County Hall
Kingston upon Thames
KT1 2DJ

M.C. Pinchin & Co.
County Education Officer

Telex 263312
DX 31509 KINGSTON

Your ref:

Our ref: **SSN/SCM**

Date: **8 January 1986**

If telephoning please ask for: **Mrs**

01-541 **9576**

Switchboard 01-541 8911

Received 14.1.86

Dear Ms

Further to our correspondence of November and December regarding your decision not to return to the school has now been visited by my Inspector for Special Needs and the points raised in your letter have been discussed in depth with members of the staff.

It is felt that continues to meet special educational needs and he should, therefore, return immediately. As mentioned in my earlier letter does not reach statutory school leaving age until May and, in the meantime, it is your duty, as a parent, to ensure that your son receives full-time education. Failure to comply may result in prosecution.

If you were to find it beneficial, I would be happy to arrange a meeting between yourself, Mr Gant, Principal of GORTON, and Mr R. Collett, Assistant County Education Officer (Special Needs) here at County Hall.

Yours sincerely

for
County Education Officer

jh

Please address correspondence to County Education Officer

It's 1985, there is no Childline, few have the internet so I ask you
what else could they do?

Please reply to:

County Education Officer,
Surrey County Council,
Education Department,
County Hall,
KINGSTON-UPON-THAMES,
Surrey
KT1 2DJ

17th January 1986.

Dear Sir,

I spoke to you on the telephone on 14th January. I now write, with Mrs. [redacted]'s authority, to complain.

First of all, thank you for your letter of the 8th January, received on 14th January.

p.1. You eventually told me that your Inspector for Special Needs could find "nothing untoward" and that there was "no undue cause for concern" following his visit to [redacted] School. However, in your reply you make no reference whatsoever to the points raised by Mrs. [redacted]. Only on the telephone did you say that the various matters should have been taken up direct with the school. This does not alter the fact that you did not say so in your letter; you made no comment or constructive suggestion. You ignore, and constructively refute, all the points made by Mrs. [redacted].

p.2 You then slap Mrs. [redacted] wrist, for daring to complain, and order [redacted]'s immediate return to school with a threat of a possible prosecution for non compliance.

p.3 To contradict p.2. you suggest a meeting. You assuredly did not visualise the overall circumstances - not a meeting after [redacted] has been bundled off to school? That would have put him in an invidious position and not have been in his best interests. That is my main concern. Please be good enough to re-appraise the situation.

To summarise: the Education Department of Surrey County Council, with all its expertise, power and influence, at considerable cost, has produced nothing detrimental against [redacted] School. Given that, I fail to see how Mrs. [redacted], on her own, could effectively extract any information from Mr. Gorton. e.g. Mrs. Gorton is involved.

Contd.

- 2 -



SURREY
COUNTY COUNCIL

Education Department
County Hall
Kingston upon Thames
M21 2J3

This all behoves me to protect Mrs. [redacted] and her son. Your constructive reply, in a few days, would be appreciated. A perfectly valid complaint should be answered and not met with a threat of possible prosecution.

DX 31569 KINGSTON

You are requested not to divulge this letter to [redacted] School.

Yours

Order 188/826

Date: 8 January 1986

Yours faithfully, [redacted] Mackay

01-541 9576

Southdown 01-541 8211

Received 14.1.86

D.A. [redacted]

DARREN (30.5.70)

Further to our correspondence of November and December regarding your decision not to return Darren to Barrow Wood, the school has now been visited by my Inspector for Special Needs and the points raised in your letter have been discussed in depth with members of the staff.

It is felt that Barrow Wood continues to meet Darren's special educational needs and he should, therefore, return immediately. As mentioned in my earlier letter Darren does not reach statutory school leaving age until May and, in the meantime, it is your duty, as a parent, to ensure that your son receives full-time education. Failure to comply may result in prosecution.

GORTON

If you were to find it beneficial, I would be happy to arrange a meeting between yourself, Mr Cant, Principal of Barrow Wood, and Mr B. Collett, Assistant County Education Officer (Special Needs) here at County Hall.

Yours sincerely

[Signature]

County Education Officer

jm

It's 20 days since they asked the authorities for help and they
have not even interviewed me!

 **SURREY**
COUNTY COUNCIL

Education Department
County Hall
Kingston upon Thames
KT1 2DJ

M.C. Pinchin s.c.
County Education Officer

Telex 263312
DX 31509 KINGSTON

Your ref: _____ Our ref: **RJC/MS** Date: **27 January 1986**

If telephoning please ask for: **Mr R J** 01-541 9562
Switchboard 01-541 8911

Dear Mr _____

Thank you for the letter of the 17 January which you wrote on Ms. :
behalf. I am sorry that _____ has not been allowed to return to
_____ since the school had, and would still have, high hopes of him securing
some good CSE results. That, of course, is rather more important than
Ms. _____ parental duty, but since it exists in law it was clearly
right to remind her of that.

In her letter Ms. _____ complains about the delay in informing her of
_____ absence. The school's policy is to inform the police and the
parents within the hour if a pupil absconds, but, as I think you will
appreciate, it is not always easy to contact parents. With regard to
the theft of the television sets and the computer, the school has assured
me that they did in fact notify Ms. _____ that _____ was under suspicion. //
There appears to be some misunderstanding regarding the broken windows:
my information is that the intention was to levy a charge of 50p per week
until the end of term, but that there was some prospect of this being
reimbursed. // Regarding the four-letter words, which of course _____ himself
has been known to use, Ms. _____ allegation is difficult to disprove,
but it is of course the school's policy that staff should be careful in
their use of language.

I must re-iterate my hope that _____ returns to _____ in his own
interests, as soon as possible. If Ms. _____ cannot comply with that,
then I must ask that she, and you if you so wish, meet with me and the
Principal of _____ on Friday 21 February at 11.45. I will be grateful
if you could let me know of your intentions as soon as possible.

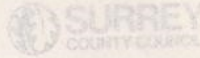
Yours sincerely

Assistant County Education Officer (Special Needs)

Please address correspondence to County Education Officer

XXXXXXXXXX
XXXXXX

Please reply to:



Education Department
County Hall
Wokingham, Wokingham, Wokingham
Wokingham

M.C. Department

7th February 1986

R.J. [redacted], Esq.,
Surrey County Council,
Education Department,
County Hall,
WINGSTON-UPON-THAMES,
Surrey.

Dear Sir,

Capt. [redacted]

Date: 27 January 1986

Re: R.J. [redacted]

Ref: [redacted]

Thank you for your letter of the 27th January.

With regard to your comments:

P.1 I must again say that [redacted] School has made [redacted] position untenable. The school, by its actions, has made it virtually impossible for him to sit the CSE examinations. With regard to the last sentence: will you please be good enough to explain this statement.

P.2 (i) The school telephoned about 5 p.m. To the best of our recollection the telephone was manned virtually all day.

(ii) [redacted] first telephoned his mother to say that he had been told the police wished to interview him. Mrs. [redacted] subsequently rang the school and spoke to Mr. Morris.

(iii) On the window subject, your reference to payments of 50p per week is the first time we have heard this version.

(iv) Your comments on the staff are wholly negative.

Mrs. [redacted] will not be attending any meeting.

When we spoke on the telephone on 28th January you frankly admitted your reply was not an exhaustive one, e.g. did not refer to paragraphs 4 and 7 of Mrs. [redacted] letter of as long ago as 26th November last.

In particular, comment on your paragraph 1 is awaited with interest. Yours faithfully,

[redacted]

[redacted]

[redacted]

Not a clue I was not there!



SURREY
COUNTY COUNCIL

Education Department
County Hall
Kingston upon Thames
KT1 2DJ

M.C. Pinchin a.s.c.
County Education Officer

Telex 263312
DX 31509 KINGSTON

Your ref:

Our ref: SSM/SS

Date: 28 February 1986

If telephoning please ask for: Mrs

01-541 9574
Switchboard 01-541 8911

Dear Parent

EASTER HOLIDAY 1986

I have been informed by School that the forthcoming Easter holiday will be from Thursday 27 March until Monday 28 April 1986.

On Thursday 27 March an escorted party will travel by minibus stopping at either Heathrow Airport at 1.00 pm or Guildford Railway Station at 2.30 pm.

Please could you contact the school on receipt of my letter to inform them which point you will be meeting your son at on Thursday 27 March.

For the return journey on Monday 28 April your son should be returned direct to school.

Unless I hear from you to the contrary I shall assume that you will be making the necessary travelling arrangements to collect and return your son on the dates stated above.

Yours sincerely

p County Education Officer

dsw

Please address correspondence to County Education Officer

Yes I'm going off on one here. Would you not complain?

Mr,
Headmaster

4/7/2008

School

Dear Mr, **headmaster**

I'm one really annoyed parent! Thinking back to your school speech.

If your school had implemented a buddy group with relation to child if your staff had taken any notice of what was written by me in his school book on the 7th November, if the school had contacted the scout leader on any of the five times I requested, if the school had not insisted on calling in the social services so many times, if the social worker had not written down the wrong telephone number, if the social worker had bothered to tell us she had the wrong phone number, if you had worked with us the parents, if the report given to the social services was not a month out of date, if our son was not caught by a 6th or 7th form student and apparently offered money to do some of the things he was doing, if the school had not taken the line that's not our job social services will do that, the problems might well not have been so serious. You saw first hand the state it got me into let alone the effect on **child** and the rest of my family.

If anybody had taken the time to read his previous school reports I feel it would have been obvious that the problems were something in school and so do countless other people!

Now remember **child** came to you with what amounted to a help me card in the form of a statement it would seem to me he did not get all of the help he should have received until I took the drastic action of recording a meeting and taking it to the head of the last school asking for help, not to mention having to get a children's man involved.

Now put yourself in our shoes 15th December Social services telling us everything ok nothing to worry about dismissing the abuse allegation one of your staff told us about followed by another on or about the 3rd January where we were given the report you had been compiling, we were allowed to read it for 10 minutes then it was taken away and a clear child abuse allegation was made against dad judging by what was written in the report. Would it not surprise you to find this dad in hospital suffering a nervous breakdown?

Now **child** has been discharged from CAMHS and the social services there is no good reason for you not to make available to me a copy of this report and any other reports that may be in existence with relation to **child** I will quote the freedom of information act 2005 I'm sure you know more about it than I do.

I'm sure I don't have to tell you how serious it is to make a false abuse allegation in relation to a child and as the first person I heard this from was a member of your staff I have the right to know where it came from!

Whilst you don't hold a duty of care to **child** family I feel it appropriate for you to apologise in writing.

I believe you have something like 15 days from receipt of this letter to reply failing which I will take the matter to Kingston.

Yours sincerely

Kind of side stepped the complaint I think here.

11 July 2008

Mr D

Dear Mr

I was more than a little surprised to receive your letter of 4 July reference your son

It seems to me he did not read the letter

My colleagues have worked tirelessly in support of child since he joined the school. Indeed, on the same day that you wrote to me you sent a letter of thanks to Mrs staff for her support of child irrelevant letter

In direct response to some of the issues you raised in your letter, please be aware that:

- Buddy systems have been put into place. This child came with a statement, was from outside the area and this took 3 months
- The contact with Children's Services followed a meeting with and approval of child Mum. I made it clear I did not want them and asked the school to make a phone call
- The contact led to an almost immediate response from Children's Services with the involvement of a Social Worker. 10/1 she has not got kids
- At no time were allegations of abuse made by the school, but the sexual issues were part of the concern. Nobody ever used the word abuse before the school did and
- Dr Crutchley (CAMHS) believed there to be some issues that had led to nobody has since. child's sexualised behaviour. That will be the older student who should have been nowhere near him?
- The school received advice that we should not share all incidents with parents That's handy as now they can take a back seat
- Advice was sought from Childs primary school and his teachers attended his Review. That might have something to do with the recording of a meeting I took to the prior school asking for help.

I assume that when you refer to getting access to reports about child you mean getting access to child's school file which, of course, have always been available to parents on request. I really don't think he read the letter 'any other reports in existence'

You also refer, towards the end of your letter to it being appropriate for me to apologise to you in writing, but I am not quite sure what I am supposed to be apologising for. Of course not that would mean admitting they had done something less than correct and imagine what I could do with that.

It has to be said after I repeated what the social worker had said the school dealt with it just like they should have done in the first place

I think this was the lady who gave me a bit of a hug when I went off on one, Child friendly. Told me it was a good job I spoke up when I did.

Mrs

4th July 2008

Re:

Dear Mrs **Staff**

Thanks for dealing with **childs** trousers; I will get him a new belt in due course.

Re: Progress monitoring. I have a meeting with Mrs **staff** on the 14/7/2008 at 12.05 pm and was under the impression re letter from Mrs **staff** 16/6/2008 that it was not necessary to attend and anything that needed to be discussed would be undertaken during this time.

Assuming **childs** point's card is anything to go by it would seem things are a lot better than they have been.

Should there be anything that we should know please advise us on the 14th

Yours sincerely

PA

Date	05/10/2007	Reporting Staff	KEB
Time	Period 4		
Location	Gym		
Description of Incident	This is where it all started and nobody told Daniels father until February 2008		
Emotional health			
SPORTS HALL CHANGING ROOMS.			
Action Taken			
Other			
Staff	phoned mum		

Now this is what a teachers pastoral log looks like. All things being equal, the most obvious answer is normally correct? Look at the dates and ask yourself, what are the probabilities the second entry was added after I went of on one in the school. No mention of the other 4 requests anywhere in the log and this kind of tells the whole story?

Date	05/11/2007	Reporting Staff	
Time	After School		
Location	Block		
Description of Incident			
Emotional health			
Jonathan (social services) phoned at 4.45p.m. Regarding <u>child</u> Referral to CAMHS.Mr refused permission for the referral.Mr says "its all attention seeking behaviour" the more attention we give him the more he plays up to it..Mr has requested that social services speak to <u>child</u> "Scout master" who he says knows <u>child</u> very well.Only after this he may change his mind about the referral.Jonathan put it to him that he was concerned about <u>child</u> behaviour.Mr says that <u>child</u> trying to strangle himself was not abnormal behaviour Jonathan clearly stated that he disagrees with this.Jonathan has passed all this information on to the locality team today.			
Action Taken			
Other			
Jonathan feels that we should speak to left her a message at 8.45a.m on 5.12.2007 regarding this urgent issue and informed SPM 5.12.07			

Date	04/12/2007	Reporting Staff	
Time	After School		
Location			
Description of Incident			
Child Protection			
Phone call from Jonathan (social services) at 4.45p.m.Mr refused permission for <u>child</u> to be referred to CAMHS .Mr says that this is attention seeking behaviour. If that we need to know more about <u>child</u> we should contact his scout leader who knows him very well.Mr would like some feed back on this .He may then give his permission.He doesn't think that <u>child</u> strangling himself is abnormal behaviour.Jonathan disagrees.Jonathan has passed on all the information on to the locality team today.Jonathan wants us to contact Colette who will try to contact Mr and Mrs			
Action Taken			
Other			
and Spoke to left a message at 8.45a.m for			

A bit sarcastic maybe but I'm going for it now.

Tel: [REDACTED]
Fax: [REDACTED]
Email: [REDACTED]@surreycc.gov.uk



Mr [REDACTED]

Our Ref: JM/JC

20 August 2008

Dear Mr

I wrote to you on the 15th August acknowledging your letter of the 12th August and agreed to reply in full this week. I will take each point separately.

1. *I want to understand how within 2 months of starting a new school with a good reputation my son's behavior can go from what most people would have termed A1 to D-.*

You will need to discuss this point with your son's school.

2. *I want to understand how Social worker can use words like foster Care, Mental Problem and abused whilst looking at the family home with relation to a problem clearly at school.*

The Social Worker informed me that in discussion with CAMHS they informed her that it was difficult to work with your son whilst there were so many concerns at home, hence her discussion around foster care, the other words were in relation to the concerns highlighted already around allegations of physical and care of your son.

3. *I want to understand why it took 6 attempts for anybody to contact a scout leader who was of great help if nothing else than defending the family against an implied false allegation of abuse that from memory was based on other students who had something to gain by telling tales on the little [REDACTED] boy in year 7.*

The Social Worker confirmed that at no time did she agree to contact a scout leader.

This does not show that I requested it, the school requested it on my behalf and it is shown the same in the school file.

It does not show when the school were made aware they took over and it would seem the social worker was told to keep quiet

4. *I want to understand how on December the 15th we were told "THERE IS NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT" "Everything has been sorted out". "Just settling in problems".*

On this point you will need to discuss with the school. **Why the social worker said it**

5. *I want to understand why a report that was shown to us was a month from memory out of date, with lots of information that we did not know about in relation to our son's behavior.*



INVESTOR IN PEOPLE

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The Social Worker informed me that the core Assessment was completed on the 28th January and shared with you on the 29th February. The delay was due to you not allowing the Social Worker to visit your home. **Rubbish!**

6. *I want to understand and I want to know why and who told the school to keep information from us. This was an instruction given by the social services.*

Again on this point you need to discuss with the school

7. *I want to understand why my son is talking about a 6th form student offering him money.*

You need to discuss this with the school. **Staff knew about it but called it fiction**

8. *The last paragraph in your letter states 'a parental responsibility should only be granted access to information about a child when the authority is satisfied that the action is child's and not the parents interest. Well it is in my son's interest for his dad to understand why he had a nervous breakdown and his parents are getting a divorce.*

I have explained to you that this is our policy

If you make a mistake in life you would normally put your hands up to it and apologise rather than hide behind a bit of self made policy designed to protect children. I can prove the date and the time they were asked to make a simple phone call for this child. Rather than doing that they went chasing a false abuse allegation and refused the father the opportunity to even defend it as nobody even put it to him! They cost the father a nervous breakdown when they started talk of taking this child into care.

This now completes stage one of the complaints procedure. I hope that you are satisfied that your complaint has been properly responded to. If you have any questions or concerns about this response please contact me direct and I will be happy to discuss them with you. (Your complaints will be recorded as being upheld/not upheld/partly upheld.)

If you remain dissatisfied you have the right to request your complaint is progressed to stage two of the procedure. Information about how to do this is contained in the leaflet Comments, Compliments and Complaints which I have enclosed for your information. Please contact the customer Relations Team on [phone number] for further advice on the complaints procedure. You also have the right to refer complaints to the Local Government Ombudsman and I have enclosed a copy of their leaflet for your information.

Lets put this in perspective, The social worker who is talking about taking a parents child into care it would seem did not even discuss it with her manager as the manager was unaware!

Thank you for bringing this matter to my attention and for giving me the opportunity to respond to you. I wish you and your family all the best for the future.

Yours sincerely,

Local Authority Team Manager

By this time I've written to the world and his wife, published stuff on the internet and asked the top person at Surrey County Council for an apology. They offer me a meeting with this guy. a nice enough guy but not really interested in anything other than defending

Surrey County Council

Dear Mr. [REDACTED]

Many thanks for your letter of the 31st July. I will be attending the meeting at Woking on Tuesday 18th August. I will be happy to discuss my experiences both in [REDACTED] in 84/85 and the various letters that passed between my mother and her then boyfriend re the little they knew about the abuse I experienced in this establishment. I would be happy to discuss how seemingly Surrey County Council totally blanked my mother's complaints to the point her then boyfriend had to help her in trying to deal with Surrey County Council. I would be happy to discuss how Surrey County Council broke off communications when they were challenged by my mother's then boyfriend, now my step father. I would be happy to discuss some of my life challenges as a result of not having the opportunity of taking any examinations.

I would be happy to discuss how when there was an issue at [REDACTED] school and I made 5 polite requests over nearly 2 months I could not get a member of staff to make a phone call for my child [REDACTED] who was clearly a child in need. I would be happy to discuss how in reply to my 5th request I was met with a child abuse allegation. Whilst maybe not fact I would be happy to discuss how I felt the school were looking to cause problems in an attempt to have us remove [REDACTED] from the school. I would be happy to discuss how this way of thinking was further reinforced when a member of staff told me "We think this might not be the correct school for your child." We could discuss that statement in detail. I would be happy to discuss how the first thing I heard from a member of staff as they looked over [REDACTED] school file was "Oh, shit he is only level 2 we'll lose him next year" and how I took this to mean what have I come out here for this for.

I would be happy to play you a recording of my having a nervous breakdown in [REDACTED] school after the social worker who would not make the same phone call told me CAMHS who had not met [REDACTED] were of the opinion he should be in care. I would be happy to discuss with you the pain of having a mental breakdown and being in hospital having lost your trust in everybody after my wife walked out with a text message. I would be happy to discuss how to use her words it was as a result of "The way you were." And that I had never mistreated her.

I would be happy to discuss how when I wrote a complaint to the social services with respect to their refusal to make a phone call for my son they refused to uphold my complaint. I would be happy to discuss how the then head of [REDACTED] School wrote to me expressing shock at my complaint and how he was unsure of what he would be apologising for. I would be happy to discuss how a report shown to me was a month old and I would really like to know why. Either [REDACTED] School gave it to the social worker a month earlier or they did not. I would be happy to discuss how when I raised this with the head of [REDACTED] school he did not answer it. I would be happy to discuss with you the definition of 'plausible deniability.'

I would be happy to discuss the way schools use 'teaching assistance' with the funding from special needs students and how by definition this is to aid schools and not necessarily the child or children who are to all intense paying for it. I would be happy to discuss how I took a folder of work [REDACTED] had been doing for me and how a year head told me as it was so far removed from his school books it "looks like a different child." I would be happy to discuss how after this I got no further interaction from the school re the potential of us working together. I would be happy to discuss how I told the school I had extra funding by way of [REDACTED] bunt and the potential of teaching staff being involved to aid his education and how nobody ever came back to me about it.

I would be happy to discuss how my employer arranged and paid for all the counselling I needed. I would be happy to discuss how seemingly more than 4 other children have made the same or similar allegations against the housemaster from [REDACTED] School and how he was seemingly already under investigation prior to my making my allegations. We could discuss the

Like we did things wrong back then , so what it means we don't owe you an apology? That said we will keep you waiting and just see if you drop the matter?

[RESTRICTED]


SURREY

Safeguarding Children Unit

Mr 



Your ref: Our ref: JGW/RM Date: 5th October 2015

If telephoning please ask for:

Dear Mr 

Please accept my apologies for the delay in writing to you formally following our meeting.

Unfortunately, owing to the length of time that has passed since the incidents to which you refer happened; it has been difficult to track down the details of the procedures that would have been operational at the time.

I have now had an opportunity to investigate what would have been the usual process officers would have followed in 1985.

The legislation regarding complaints raised about Schools was very limited at the time and the powers of local education authorities few when intervening in such matters. This has changed and there are now much clearer guidelines for the investigation of complaints, with governors having far greater authority to look into concerns raised by parents. In addition, the concerns your Mother raised would now be referred to the Local Authority Designated Officer (LADO) and the councils Non-Maintained Independent Schools Group (NMIS)

Both the LADO and NMIS Group will independently look into allegations in the first case ensuring that Schools carry out an investigation thoroughly and with due diligence; whilst the NMIS Group will arrange an education and safeguarding inspection. Unfortunately, neither of the above were in operation at the time of your Mother's complaint.

Having reviewed the content of your Mother and Step-Father's letters and having consulted with colleagues in education, I am satisfied that the LEA followed due processes at the time and did not fail in their duties.

I know it is likely to be of limited comfort to you, but I can reassure you that the local authority would act very differently should we receive a similar letter today.

The knowledge of the institutional abuse has grown over the past 30 years and our awareness is much better. As outlined above, we now have the LADO service, which is a statutory team and an NMIS Group, which is a specific Surrey response to deal more effectively in dealing with such complaints.

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In relation to your complaint in respect of the handling of your Son's case by the Social Worker and [REDACTED] I can confirm my comments when we met on 18th August 2015. I do not find that either the Social Worker or School staff acted inappropriately or in breach of their duty. As you acknowledged when we met the support and services your Son needed were provided and the outcomes good. In respect of the failure to contact your friend; there is clear evidence on the file that the Social Worker did attempt to make contact on the number you provided. Furthermore, had the Social Worker been able to speak to him sooner I do not believe it would have affected the outcome for your Son, which you agreed was appropriate.

~~The scout movement~~

I appreciate how hard it must have been for you to speak about your experiences and that these were so distressing for you. Please accept my sincerest regrets for the abuse you suffered whilst placed at [REDACTED] School.

If you would like to discuss this further, please do not hesitate to contact me again.

Yours Sincerely,

[REDACTED]

Head of Safeguarding

The police really were great after I sent this letter.

Chief Police Officer, Historic child abuse allegations.
Surrey Police

14/06/2015
ref: Surrey police 1

Dear Sir/Madam,

When I was 19 or 20 in 1989/90 I tried to write about some of my life experiences probably looking back in an attempt as a young man to understand them but every time I did it came across to me as an instruction in how to manipulate, abuse and confuse a child. I had discovered girls and was in a good job so just got on with life and kind of shelved the idea.

Once I had children of my own it just seemed the wrong thing to do and I learnt not all people were like some of the adults I had met in [redacted] School, [redacted].

In 2007 my eldest child started secondary school and all of a sudden not a day would pass when I was not reminded of my time in [redacted]. My doctor had me on pills. My employer sorted out the counselling I needed but I still suffered a nervous breakdown. My wife had an affair with her boss ran out with a text message and that was that.

Now my youngest child has finished his last exam and left school there is little to stop me from telling my story. You might call it a victim's story but I hate the expression victim as a victim is somebody who blindly copies bad things they learnt in childhood. I have stripped out any identifying information in my story and put it on the internet in a genuine attempt to help others who like me may have painful memories.

The allegation I am making is that a housemaster known as [redacted] sexually abused me when I was late 14 until early 15 for a period of about 3 months. He did not get as far as he wanted to as I was a small child and ran away from the establishment shortly before taking my first exam in 1985.

The establishment is known to the authorities as it was closed down in I think the late 80's following a police investigation and I know a number of staff jailed. [redacted] School, [redacted] Near Gloucester. The head at the time I ran away was Ronald Morris a really nasty piece of work who should have been nowhere near children and certainly not a man I as a 15 year old child could turn to for help. Most of the staff were or pretended to be X army types and Mr [redacted] was thought by the children to be an X SAS soldier.

Now unless somebody can put forward a good argument it's illegal, immoral or just wrong I intend on removing the password from this site and promoting it in about 3 months.

<http://www.lifeafterchildabuse.com> user 'ilovemykids123' password 'ilovemykids123'.

[redacted]
Co Head: [redacted] School. Head: [redacted] Primary School. Surrey County Council, Children's Rights Service. My X wife.

Well that got me a meeting at least. Only because I put it all on a website and like called their bluff.

20th July 2015

My ref: scc [REDACTED]

Dear Mrs [REDACTED]

Please excuse me for dropping this on your doorstep but as head or seemingly head of Surrey County Council to me you seem the person to write to.

In 1985 my mother sent a complaint to Surrey County Council reference some of the abuse I experienced in [REDACTED] School' Near Gloucester. [REDACTED] was one of the state funded boarding schools done for child abuse in the late 80's. It was a place where the councils sent children with issues in the 70's and 80's. Surrey County Council did not take my mothers complaint seriously and nobody thought to see me the child she was refusing to send back to ascertain what might really be the problem. Following some really nasty abuse I ran away from this establishment just prior to taking my examinations.

The abuse I experienced in this establishment seriously affected me for the rest of my life mainly because I did not get the counselling I needed until my employer saw me in difficulty with one of my own children when I was 38. All I wanted was for somebody to make a phone call for my own autistic child who was in difficulty in a new school and despite near on 2 months of interfering social workers I could not get anybody to do it. After I complained the social worker told a pack of lies and they refused to even uphold my complaint. That is that that they refused to along with [REDACTED] School to make a simple phone call for my child. It was the final straw for my marriage as it put me in hospital when the social worker told me people who had not even met my son were already of the opinion he should be placed into care. I have never abused a child in my life and how dare they use words like abuse and talk about taking one of my children into care when they would not even make a phone call for him! How dare they then refuse to apologise for their mistake! Looking after a child is far more important than how a cowboy mechanic might bodge up a repair to a car!

I have written about my experiences (The final draft) on my site <http://www.lifeafterchildabuse.com> (user [REDACTED] password: [REDACTED]) I wondered if you as seemingly head of Surrey County Council had any comments about what I have written prior to my removing the password and potentially advertising the site in a High Street newspaper. You might say my giving Surrey County Council the right of reply.

I have made historic allegations against the housemaster who sexually abused me to the police and An [REDACTED] s the officer seemingly most involved with the case. I simply felt unable to do this while I had children in school. Of course once my youngest child finished his last exam I one again lost the plot for a while. Mental illness you might want to try it. You see if Surrey County Council had followed up my mother's complaint or even asked the question why is this child not attending school? I might have got the help I needed when I was a teenager and I might have a few qualifications. Not to mention I would not have had a few lingering mental issues as a result.

Today is the 20th of July 2015 I will not publish the site until either I hear from somebody important at Surrey County Council by letter with an apology and admission of the council's liability and or the 20th August comes around. Failing that I will when the 20th August 2015 comes round place a copy of this letter on the site and remove the password. I will then potentially advertise the site in a high street newspaper in an attempt to help others struggling with painful childhood memories.

Yours sincerely

[REDACTED]

statement I overheard "It's not in the schools interest to antagonise a parent" and what that really means. By that I mean we could discuss the principle of a school heads first priority i.e. the student or the school.

I would be happy to discuss my shock at reading the local paper to find [redacted] school had a caretaker working for them who was convicted of hurting some young girls. We could then discuss the odds of him not having touched any children at [redacted] school. This as the housemaster who caused me to feel it necessary as a 15 year old child to run had already according to the police been under suspicion from a prior school.

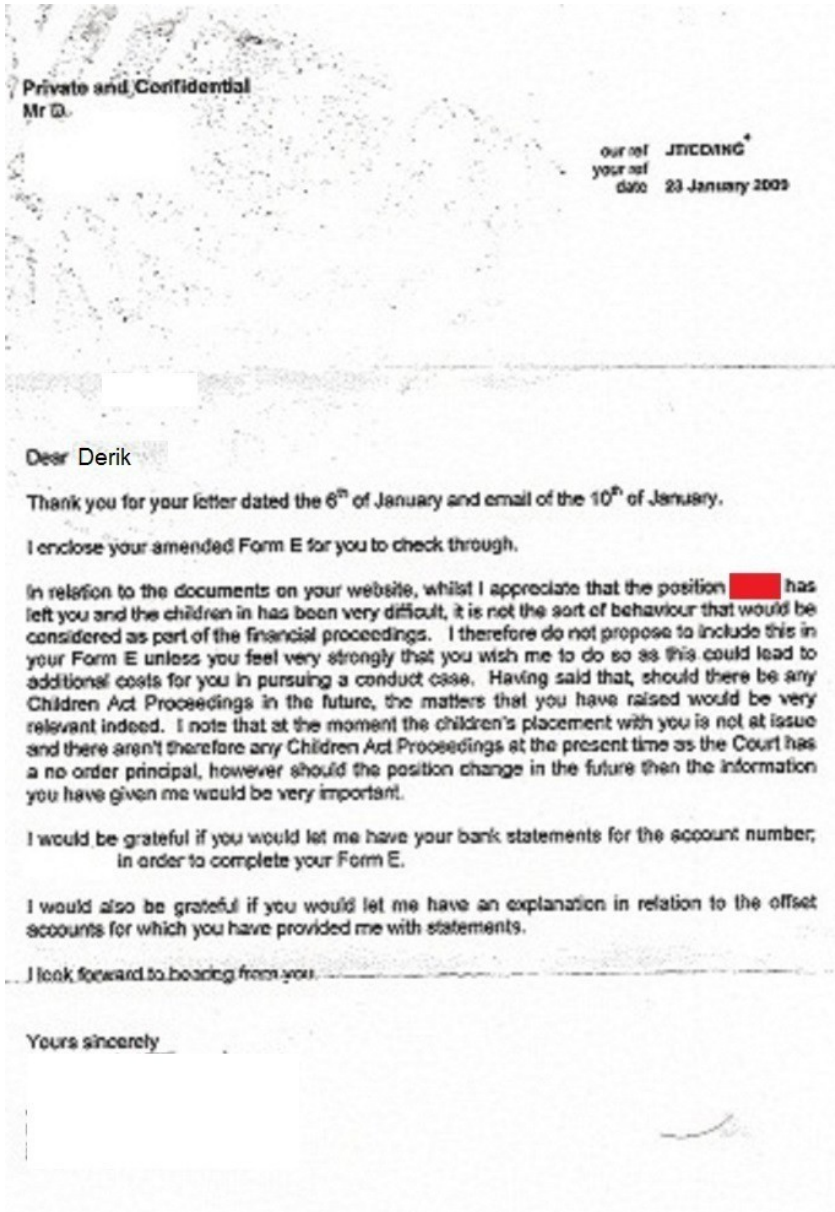
As for addressing my concerns and supporting me I think a written apology on headed paper from somebody pretty important at Surrey County Council would be a start. Something I could publish on my website. "We unreservedly apologise for..." As for my intentions I am going to publish my website lifeafterchildabuse.com (helpfulderrick, derrick123) either with or without A: a letter of apology and or B compensation for the abuse I experienced in my childhood. As for the CPS they might or might not proceed with the case. If they do and if the guy is convicted I will rewrite my story and name a few people. This including an insurance company for [redacted] School who told me I can't make a claim until the guy is convicted and then how I would seemingly have to give up 25% of the claim to a solicitor.

I have a complaint against Surrey County Council as after [redacted] school came out with a fictional story about my blowing the electrics in the school my mother directly challenged it. "This can't be the cause of his disappearance" or similar and they blanked it threatening legal action if she did not send me back. Then we could discuss the fear of a 15 year old boy speaking out and the fear of catching HIV that I likened as a child to Ethiopian children dying in Ethiopia. We could discuss how for the past 8 years I have been in and out of the doctors and have been on anti-depressants.

All that said I am interested in the rights and wrongs of others with respect to my publishing my website so maybe you would be kind enough to view it prior to our meeting. I have no argument with you and I am generally pretty well behaved. Nobody is going to brush this under the carpet because be under no illusion I am LIVID and not a day has gone past 30 years that I have not reflected on my childhood! It's a life sentence and I'll bet if they convict the guy he will only get 6 years.

Yours sincerely

The divorce papers. My solicitor no messing around and no long essay where you present black as white. I mean straight to the meat with as few words as possible. She has seen my website by now



Call her bluff, we have the confession and I want to by this time
go to court and use it.

Tanner & Taylor LLP
DX 50113 ALDERSHOT

RP/mv
PT/mvING015-1
07.07.2003

Dear Sirs

Re: Your Client: [REDACTED]
Our Client: [REDACTED]

We refer to your letter of 24 June 2008 upon which we have now taken our client's instructions.

You have not commented on the fact that the parties agreed that our client would petition on your client's adultery. Does your client now deny there was such an agreement?

Our instructions are that your client has committed adultery. If that is the case, the only effect of defending our client's petition and cross petitioning, would be to prolong the divorce proceedings and incur unnecessary costs. Our client would also have sufficient to petition on your client's unreasonable behaviour. Our client's costs will be [REDACTED] plus v.a.t totalling [REDACTED]

Our client will continue to look after the children. Until such time as there has been full financial disclosure we cannot comment on the sort of settlement that would be appropriate in the circumstances, save that our client will retain the matrimonial home as a home for himself and the children.

Yours faithfully

CRISP & CO

The CSA are a nightmare, nice enough people I'm sure.

child support agency

Our ref: [redacted]
Case ref: [redacted]
NI no: [redacted]

Our address: Child Support Agency
PO Box 43
PLYMOUTH
PL95 8DL

3 April 2012

House of Commons
LONDON
SW1A 0AA

Telephone: 08456 [redacted]
Fax: 01752 [redacted]
If you have a
text phone: 08457 [redacted]

Dear **MP**

Mr. Derik

Thank you for your email of 14 March to our MP hotline.

Mr **parent** says Mrs **parent** the non-resident parent of **child1** and **child2** is not paying the correct level of child maintenance, and believes we would not have investigated the matter if he had not contacted us in December last year. He is also unhappy with the time it is taking us to bring the case up to date. You ask that we look into his case and let you know what action is being taken.

On 28 and 30 March, Steve **CSA** a Complaint Resolution Manager, spoke to Mr **parent** about his case. The amount that Mrs **parent** currently has to pay is a flat rate of £5 a week, effective from 30 December 2010, and is based on her wage slips for January and February 2011, which show an average net weekly income of £59.07. The flat rate applies to non-resident parents who have a net income of less than £100 a week. It also applies if a non-resident parent or their partner receives certain types of benefit, which Mrs **parent** was also in receipt of at the time. This latter point is salient because in July 2011, when she told us that her hours had increased, her records showed she was still in receipt of benefit, so the amount of child maintenance payable did not change.

In November, Mrs **parent** told us that her hours had increased further, and this time when we checked her records, they showed her entitlement for benefit had ended on 22 August 2011. We asked her to provide us with August, September and October's wage slip, so we could review the amount she should pay from August. Soon after, on 5 December, we received an email from Mr **parent** about Mrs **parent** maintenance level.

In early January this year, we told Mr **parent** it would take about three weeks to review the case, but we did not take into account it would take until 20 January to receive Mrs **parent** wage slips, which we explained to Mr **parent** on 25 January. That aside, I do accept that we have given Mr **parent** differing timescales of when his case will be brought up to date, and I apologise for this.

Matters have altered significantly by recent developments, in that the Department for Work and Pensions has now made a decision that Mrs **parent** entitlement for benefit should have ended from 30 January 2011, which requires us to carry out a series of reviews on the case. On 30 March, Mr **CSA** told Mr **parent** that the first of these had been carried out with the calculation of £5 a week, backdated to 3 September 2009 when Mrs **parent** claim for benefit began, and that he is currently waiting for further information from her so he can review the case from January, July and November 2011. Mrs **parent** has until 13 April to provide Mr **CSA** with the information he needs, and if it is not received by then, he will obtain it direct from her employer instead. Mr **CSA** has promised to keep Mr **parent** updated, and will contact him again by 20 April.

In the meantime, if Mr **parent** requires any further information, he can contact Mr **CSA** on 08456 [redacted] extension 6817 on Monday and Tuesday between 9.30am and 6pm, on Wednesday between 5pm and 8pm, and on Thursday and Friday between 9.30am and 8pm. Outside those times, one of Mr **CSA** colleagues will be pleased to help. Mr **parent** will need his National Insurance number to hand when he calls.

If you require any further information, please feel free to contact me or call your local MP hotline.

Yours sincerely,

[Signature]

[Redacted]

Well if you ever get divorced this is what it looks like.

NO:

IN THE County Court

BETWEEN Mr [REDACTED]
AND Mrs [REDACTED]
AND **Robert** [REDACTED]

Petitioner
Respondent
Co-Respondent

COUNTY COURT

Referring to the decree made in this cause on the 4th January 2010, whereby it was decreed that the marriage solemnised on the 24th July 1993

at THE CHURCH OF SAINT PATER AND SAINT PAUL IN THE PARISH OF [REDACTED] IN THE COUNTY [REDACTED]

between Mr [REDACTED] the Petitioner
and Mrs [REDACTED] the Respondent

be dissolved unless sufficient cause be shown to the Court within six weeks from the making thereof why the said decree should not be made absolute, and no such cause having been shown, it is hereby certified that the said decree was on the 15th June 2010, made final and absolute and that the said marriage was thereby dissolved.

Dated: 15th June 2010

Notes:

1. Divorce affects inheritance under a will
Where a will has already been made by either party to the marriage then, by virtue of section 18A of the Wills Act 1837:
(a) any provisions of the will appointing the former spouse executor or trustee or conferring a power of appointment on the former spouse shall take effect as if the former spouse had died on the date on which the marriage is dissolved unless a contrary intention appears in the will;
(b) any property which, or an interest in which, is devised or bequeathed to the former spouse shall pass as if the former spouse had died on the date on which the marriage is dissolved unless a contrary intention appears in the will.

2. Divorce affects the appointment of a guardian
Unless a contrary intention is shown in the instrument of appointment, any appointment under section 5(3) or 5(4) of the Children Act 1989 by one spouse of his or her former spouse as guardian is, by virtue of section 6 of that Act, deemed to have been revoked at the date of the dissolution of the marriage.

The court office at Colchester County Court, The Law Courts, West Street, Colchester, Essex. SS1 1PS is open from 10.00am until 4.00pm on Mondays to Fridays. Tel 02061 456300 Please address all correspondence to the Court Manager giving the number at the top right hand corner of this form.
Printed by FRANKS

D01 Decree of Absolute Divorcement

You see the authorities knew all the time, back in 1991!

Education

Abused pupil's damages claim blocked



The case was heard at the High Court in London

A man who suffered abuse at the hands of teachers has been told by a judge that he cannot sue the education secretary or his local authority for damages.

_____ was seeking hundreds of thousands of pounds in damages for treatment which he claims has left him psychologically damaged and unable to earn a proper living.

But at the High Court in London, Mr Justice Jackson ruled that only _____ claim against the now defunct _____ near Worcester, can go ahead.

His lawyers will now have to await the outcome of a hearing next month involving the school and its insurers, Sun Alliance, which is saying the school's policies are not valid for claims involving violence by teachers.

If Sun Alliance wins the action, Mr Gallagher will not be able to pursue his claim against the school, which is in receivership.

Robert _____ representing _____ told the judge during the six-day hearing that the case arose out of "the systematic physical and emotional abuse of pupils" who had been placed by local authorities at the independent school - which catered for children with special behavioural difficulties.

Assault and cruelty

_____ was a pupil at the school from 1984 to 1987 and although complaints were made to Hereford and Worcester County Council, no action was taken until police made an investigation in 1991.

Six teachers at the school received various jail terms for offences including assault and cruelty.

The court was told that _____ was sent to _____ when he was 16 and, during his three and a half years at the school, was violently assaulted by Alan Gorton, the school's owner and principal, headmaster Ronald Morris and head of care Philip Gray.

Since leaving school, _____ had had a series of jobs and served a prison sentence for robbery.

He told the judge in evidence that he did not think about making a claim against the school until he gave evidence during the police investigation into the school in 1991.

_____ said he was not told by lawyers that he could sue the local education authority or the Department for Education until years later.

But the judge ruled that both had no duty of care to Mr _____ personally and that his claim against them was too late to be valid in law.

However, he added that _____ could go ahead with his claim against the school - which could arguably be held liable for his treatment by the teachers.

'No rights'

_____ who lives in south London, said in a statement after the hearing: "Whilst I was at the school and suffering under the regime of violence I complained and said I have rights. I was told by the principal of the school that 'The only rights you have here are to eat and breathe'.

"The difficulty I have with the decision today is, yet again, I am being told by the system of justice that I have no rights. In particular, no rights against the local authority and Department of Education who knew that the school was assaulting pupils.

"I cannot accept that it is in the interest of public policy that they had no duty to take any action. It might be in the interest of the legal system to prevent claims of this nature.

"Can it really be said by the judge alone that it is in the public interest that such public bodies who know of the abuse and have the power to prevent it are not obliged to prevent it?"

_____ solicitor, Chris _____, said: "We are deeply disturbed by this decision and will be exploring avenues of appeal either to the Court of Appeal or the European Court of Human Rights.

"It cannot be right that a local authority owes one duty to those children who it places in their own schools and a different duty to those it places in independent schools."

Just in case you might think I'm dodgy.

Enhanced Certificate		 Disclosure & Barring Service
Page 1 of 2		
No DBS Fee Charged	Certificate Number 001542 [REDACTED]	
	Date of Issue: 28 AUGUST 2016	
Applicant Personal Details	Employment Details	
Surname: [REDACTED]	Position applied for: [REDACTED]	
Forename(s): D [REDACTED]	Name of Employer: [REDACTED]	
Other Names: WARNETT [REDACTED]		
Date of Birth: [REDACTED] 1970	Countersignatory Details	
Place of Birth: CARSHALTON SUTTON	Registered Person/Body: [REDACTED]	
Gender: MALE	Countersignatory: [REDACTED]	
Police Records of Convictions, Cautions, Reprimands and Warnings		
NONE RECORDED		
Information from the list held under Section 142 of the Education Act 2002		
NONE RECORDED		
DBS Children's Barred List information		
NONE RECORDED		
DBS Adults' Barred List information		
NOT REQUESTED		
Other relevant information disclosed at the Chief Police Officer(s) discretion		
NONE RECORDED		
Enhanced Certificate		
This document is an Enhanced Criminal Record Certificate within the meaning of sections 113B and 116 of the Police Act 1997.		
THIS CERTIFICATE IS NOT EVIDENCE OF IDENTITY		Continued on page 2
 Disclosure and Barring Service, PO Box 165, Liverpool, L69 3JD Helpline: 03000 200 190		© Crown Copyright



GUILDFORD BOROUGH COUNCIL

MAYOR'S AWARD FOR SERVICE
TO THE COMMUNITY
2025

This award is in recognition of your
exceptional work in the community.

Darren John Ingall

26 April 2025

Dated

Sallie Paulson

Signed

Mayor of Guildford

My son writing to the school head asking for homework.
He did not even get a reply.
Working tirelessly with your son since the day he started. The head
wrote



You have asked 5 times for the school to make a phone call to sort things out . You have been falsely accused of abuse and you find this in your child's diary.

I ask you what if he were your son might your reaction to that be?

www.mynk 03/ [redacted] /1996

Headteacher: [redacted] GU [redacted]

~~CORE HOME~~ ~~WORK~~ EH T90

School Times

8.45 ~ Registration, form period, Assembly

9.10 ~ Period 1

10.10 ~ Movement break

10.15 ~ Period 2

11.15 ~ BREAK

11.35 ~ Period 3

12.35 ~ LUNCH

1.30 ~ Registration, Period 4

2.35 ~ Movement break

2.40 ~ Period 5

3.40 ~ End of day

Tuesday P3 T90

School

GROUP: CE/ME/1

Name: [redacted]

Form: 7 [redacted]

Tutor: Mrs. [redacted]

(LH) 613 = 6904

Locker key no: 99

Telephone: [redacted]

(24 Hour Answering Service)

Fax: [redacted]

Web Address: http: [redacted]

E Mail Address: [redacted]

Locker 69.4

[redacted] promotes excellence, personal achievement and the realisation of every student's potential in a school culture of continuous improvement".

arts colleges

INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL JEWELL 2000-2001

Training School

SPORT ENGLAND

SURREY COUNTY COUNCIL

Specialist Schools Trust

Childline 0800 11111 15777

Mr Hastings did a lot of damage. The gypsy did a lot of damage. My biological father did a lot of damage. My ex-wife did a lot of damage.

The State, the social workers and my son's new school are a machine. Its first priority is, and always will be, itself. It did a lot of damage too.

The real problem, for me, was a sadistic Mr Morris, the head of Berrow Wood School. He took delight in playing the big man, hurting children, and making sure they had nowhere to turn to for help.

You see, as I went through life, I judged everybody by my own experiences, Mr Morris and Mr Hastings. I had learned, from the people and institutions around me, that those who were supposed to protect you were the people who hurt you. And when that happens often enough, it becomes very difficult not to see it everywhere and not expect it from everyone.

Things are different for children today.

In the UK, a child can pick up a phone and call Childline on **0800 1111**. There is somebody outside their immediate world who will listen to them. They don't have to rely on the very adults who may be causing the problem.

They did not exist when I was a child.

Both my children are now well into adulthood, I see or speak to them almost every day and both are doing well.

That is thanks, in no small part, to my mother, the Scout movement, the Church, my employer, both schools, the psychologist my employer paid for and whose wife arranged My doctor, the police, my children's aunt. And not to forget, Mr Griffiths and Mr Crompton—from of all places my 3 years in Berrow Wood School.

And then there were the many people who seemed to come out of the woodwork and share their own personal stories with me. People who, in doing so, helped me understand that I was not alone.

Thanks to every one of you:

Darren Ingall