

Notes from a diary

I saw him again today as I was coming out of Next. He was waiting at the door. The minute he saw I had seen him he turned away and fiddled with his phone.

My face felt clammy and I could feel my heart beating faster. This was no coincidence. It was the third time this week that he had turned up in the same place as me.

When mum phoned this evening, I told her what had happened. You've got to report it to the police, she said.

I sighed wearily.

It's no good mum. I've tried and they're just not interested. To have your ex following you around is par for the course to them. One of them joked to me that he must be really smitten. They don't seem to consider it as stalking. He'll have to kill me before they sit up and take notice!

Come home for a bit, mum suggested.

How can I? I need to be in Watford for my job. I've only been at Next for a few weeks and I really love it there. I said I'd see her at the weekend and left it at that.

Aside from that one time when I spoke to the police, I haven't told anyone other than mum. I can't help feeling it's my fault somehow that he's following me. One of the young coppers asked, had I done anything to encourage him? As if. It's not as if we had been going out for that long. I only knew him for a few months. It was fine at first. I liked the fact that he was very attentive. It was flattering that he wanted to spend every spare moment with me.

After he moved in, that's when he became more controlling, even to the point of taking away my phone. It all became too much and I tried to break it off a number of times. He went crazy, threatening to kill himself if I kicked him out. I didn't know what to do.

In the end I just didn't go home. I told him mum was ill and that I was going to see her. But instead, I went for the Next interview and got this job at Watford. One of the girls there is letting me stay at hers for a while. But now, somehow or other, he's tracked me down. Maybe he's hacked into my Facebook account? I'm so scared. I just don't know what to do. I can't live my life like this forever looking over my shoulder.

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How old was she?

Only 23, poor thing.

These notes we've found aren't very helpful. I'm going round to her mother's again to see if she has a photo of the lad. The name we were given turned out to be false.

I wouldn't be at all surprised if he's done this kind of thing before. We need to find him before he does it again.