

## An introduction by the author (February 2021)

I would like to explain very briefly what this book is about and also the different ways you can read it. I guess the explanation below is the synopsis. This book (or series of books) is my story. The story of my life. I happen to believe that it's a story that needs to be heard. Not just because of its uniqueness, because *every* story is unique, but because of its *Extra-Ordinariness*. I've attempted to remove all sense of self-pity. The story is written with each event or series of events presented as chapters and it doesn't follow the traditional pattern of a novel because my life didn't follow a traditional pattern of a 'life'.

Thank God. Though I was not thanking God throughout my life, quite the opposite. I was always screaming 'WHY?!'

My life follows an even more un-traditional pattern nowadays, especially considering I'm over 50 years old. You can read the book from chapter one *in order*, or you can dip in and out randomly. For whilst the story follows a chronological frame, which was something I imposed to make sense of the many memories and images and ideas that swirl around my mind when I look back on my very fragmented life, each chapter is a story in itself.

It's hard to tell the story of a chronically abused person who decides to go through all the millions of broken pieces and attempt to put them together. It's a bit like using the Japanese art of Kintsugi to create something far more beautiful out of the wreckage. The putting together of it requires the use of gold - the thoughts and emotions made manifest by my own use of words, these words being the *gold*, and because of the gold holding all the fragmented memories together, something altogether greater is created.

So yes you may read any chapter and dip in and out. The last chapter - or the afterword is a reflection on what I've learned on the journey through my life and a deeper explanation of how I became a beautiful put together

again golden vase. Well, almost. It's my ambition to be whole. I now just need to add water and then flowers and allow the fragrance of those flowers to touch upon the senses of others who need to hear my words.

For others who have struggled and suffered to read my story. To know there *is a way out*. We can ALL survive terrible things. (Remember the definition of #terrible things" is relative and personal.) Forgiveness is possible. Learning to love and accept yourself is possible. Living a more peaceful timeless and wholesome life is possible.

### **A word about words.**

The English language is a language of spells. Which is why we must 'learn our spellings'. I was always irritated by grammatical 'rules' and somehow had a natural inborn streak that wanted to ignore them. So when I discovered wordsmiths such as Dylan Thomas and James Joyce etc, I became enchanted and fascinated with the art of using language in ways to evoke an even greater emotion than individual words can portray. (There is a secret hidden way to use language, a way that has been hidden from us.) I think it is this secret way I am half trying to discover when I write. And so I wax lyrical and I am all about the drama! I am a Libra and do love a bit of embellishment! So yes, words...I love them. And at the same time I am fully aware of how powerful they are and how much destruction they can cause. I try to be careful with my words. Especially the ones I speak to others. As Don Miguel Ruiz says in his book 'The Four Agreements', "*Be impeccable with your word.*"

And also, remember, the pen is mightier than the sword - which is why the only real war we are in on this plane, is a war for our minds - using **SWORDS** *s(words)/words* - you can see it now right? 'Tis not an accident or a coincidence!

And so, before we get underway, a brief summary to guide you through what follows.

I don't really know what happened to me as a very small child. All I have are a bunch of random disjointed memories. I *do* know *bad* things happened. Or should I say *lots* of bad things. A never ending catalogue of just awful 'events'. And I know a lot of it to be absolutely soul shatteringly true. And that some people got away with murdering childhoods and dreams. Got away with terrible things. And that they roam free and in denial whilst people like my sister and I (and our half sisters and brothers) are the ones who carry the burning burden of shame and darkness, like some kind of internal beacon emitting a frequency so that the world can point at their 'mental deformities' and at their 'differences' as they struggle to fit in with a society that only laughs at them for their oddness.

The innocent and the victims are ridiculed and persecuted because of the silence that surrounds child abuse.

Because nothing will ever be acknowledged out in the open.

The abused are judged by self as well as by others because of the 'not fully *knowing*' what was *#wrong*'. There is so much self-doubt. All that others would ever see of the abused would be the outward manifestation of their twisted, broken, searching minds; because we were pale grey ghosts of ourselves, suspended just above the plane of other people; never fully integrated into life because of the need to escape it all the time. The escaping saved us but set us apart and kept us at the edges of society.

This is the story of my sister and I and how we were brought up in working class England (well, worse than working class). We lived 'off the government' during the 70s and 80s. This is a story of abuse and neglect. Of emotional and spiritual pain and torture. Of enduring. Of *doom* and never fucking ending *gloom*. Of moving 22 times before age 11. Going to 5 different schools. Of insanity and rage. Of deception and manipulation *of*

*the most insidious nature*. But this is also the story of the *overcoming* of all that. Of learning to see things in a different way and to transcend, and then blossom and bloom.

With a little bit of *fuck you* for good measure. And as only a northern lass can do.

Nothing would ever stop me believing there had to be good in the world though. Nothing ever.

And so we grew up and then stumbled out into the world quite unprepared for society and without the safety net of any semblance of a family structure to support us as we navigated our way round our crazy lives. Just two orphans - all the more fucked up because we weren't actually orphans. For a long time I was under the illusion that this place called *#home*, well the one we finally settled into when I was eleven and where my mother's frequency fizzed and sparked from, was a place of safety. That, even though I was mostly terrified and bursting out of my own skin whilst I was there (and oh god I was always so very unhappy and drifting dangerously close to ceasing to exist), that I was in a weird way somehow *bound* to it. In truth the only thing that made it a home was the fact it was a House. A very cheap and tiny house made of government bricks and government glass and a government shit-coloured brown front door with two little patches of grass, one at the front and one at the back. The house was set in the midst of a council estate which was really rather nicely designed compared to many others in England, and yet whose inmates frightened me endlessly.

(And as for the social experiments carried out in these 'estates', well that is a whole other book.)

Eventually I came to leave that place (and my mother's desperate claws) and earned a place at Leeds University. I

studied English and Philosophy. (Well, I was supposed to.) I ended up teaching English and coming back to the philosophy much later in life. Something must have seeped in during the classes at university. I especially remember completely and utterly understanding Emmanuel Kant's reasoning of why time and space don't exist, though I wouldn't be able to tell you now how he came to that conclusion. Just that I sat enraptured for a full 10 seconds in the lecture hall one day as I fully grasped the meaning, nay the *feeling* of there being no time or space. I may have been coming down from an E from the night before (I only did drugs rarely at uni as they brought out too much of the emotionally worrisome worms of my childhood, it wasn't good to be me on acid or weed or to come down from the joyful freedom of ecstasy) and so that was why I was in a receptive enough state to get that the time-space illusion was just that. My time at university was a blur of sunrises and sunsets and walking and alternative music and finding anything to do apart from actually studying. Anything that would not find me alone.

And so I trudged on through an unbearable state of existence - looking always for ways (in all ways) to make this life I had with its dark destructive shadows and all the hard to contain and almost psychotic #emotions" even just slightly bearable. Alcohol was a great way to escape. As was sex, which was really just me trying to get any man to see me and love me and pay any kind of attention to me to make up for the lack of any from my father, though I had no idea of this at the time. There were also occasional drugs, lots of music and lots of clubs. I found loud noise a perfect way to drown out the terror. And I was an amazing, but probably super irritating, prankster. Anything to take me away or out of my janglingly-nerve-raw self. I was always escaping the **now**. Never wanting to sit with myself for too long, because that was the scariest thing to do in the whole entire world. I'd have preferred to crawl under the bed to face any monster other than the one inside me.

I began a pattern of running away from myself, from my life. Everything was dangerous. I couldn't settle. Like a wild abused dog, friendly yet ferocious, I lurched beautifully through life and always had a story to tell. My story was my way of connecting. Of getting others to bond with me emotionally. But then my story would get too much. Too intense. My

emotions would start to escape, their smoky dark sticky fingers whirling out of so many different parts of me. And people would then turn away, afraid of what they saw and not realising we are all mirrors of each other in the end anyway.

I was never free. Never. Even whilst at university I would feel a huge responsibility to go home most weekends to that cardboard box house in Grange Park, which was thick with the swirling energy of my mother's devastating despair. I went to keep my mother company, as she sat very Jabba-the-Hutt-like in her chair, watching whatever rubbish was being spewed from the TV Set (the Egyptian God of chaos and deceit) each evening, after an afternoon at bingo. Oh how I loathed having to be her partner in the ridiculous routine.

And she was pretty much always just fucking miserable. She hated everyone. Hated everything. She seethed with it. And the seething sowed dark seeds within myself and my sister. I would listen to her sob stories and nod and agree - all the while knowing it was all just *WRONG*, and I would wrangle with an ugly conflict within me that ranged from love to hate and back to love before finally settling for a very long while on absolute hate.

Though I never showed that to her. I never told her I hated her. Not once. And so through the osmosis effect of my mother's poisonous words, we too tended towards a negative view of the world. Especially when we were in her company. I swear each time I drove away from the brooding bubble that was Blackpool, my heart would pump happy hormones round my body to tell me I was doing the *exact right thing* by leaving that black and fucking horrific hole of a place. I hated Blackpool with a vengeance. I even used to say I was from Manchester rather than have to speak the other name. It is only now that I understand you can never escape a place, because *you can never escape yourself*. And wherever you *are...is* where you *are*. The place itself doesn't matter, only your *perception* of the place. But, we tell stories and we cling to them and we define ourselves within them, blaming everything and anyone outside of ourselves for any misery or suffering that we might be enduring. And we *all* do that. Even those of

us with silver spoons lodged firmly in our mouths. Some have silver spoons, some rusty daggers and some have mouths full of heavy aching chains or worse.

I went on to teach. And I was good at it. Then I decided subconsciously to fuck that up. Or maybe there was something dark and evil afoot there too. (Long story. See Book 3.)

My sister all the while had stayed with my mother. For we had been indoctrinated very early on that children do NOT leave their poor old helpless mothers alone. That is the most terrible thing a human can do. Just by virtue of being the oldest, I escaped. (My sister didn't, and she's still a prisoner today and that tore me apart for a long time until I realised I wasn't responsible for her life or choices). And it seemed that escaping to a place a forty five minute drive away wasn't enough. I'd have to go further away. Much further. Which is how I ended up in Malaysia, 6572 miles away from #home". Though even that would not be enough. It would take me another fourteen years to cut the millions of invisible ties that had been spun between her heart and mine.

In Asia, I encountered spirits and people beyond what I'd seen in England, which by most standards, was a LOT.

I had my two daughters there.

I went through dark night after dark dank demented night of the soul, helped along the way with a whole concoction from the pharmacy shelves. I was given every diagnosis by 'health care experts' from ADHD to Bipolar to Disassociative Personality Disorder. (All CIA inventions to further degrade and humiliate 'victims' of dysfunctional families.) Most of these visits to the so-called experts of the mind (which really isn't very progressive in Malaysia, sorry, but mental health is something that needs to be taken way more seriously there, as does their integration of

handicapped children into society etc) failed to help me to fall in line or be happy or perform my duties as a supportive wife and mother #properly”.

I felt such shame and despair that I couldn't be a happy present mother to my beautiful daughters. I was less concerned about not being seen to be the dutiful wife (though I *did try*, and I was totally and madly in love with my husband when we first met, my God I was, though I was also trained to respond to such people this way.) Yes I struggled being a #wife” for I knew not what one was. I didn't have the faintest idea. I suppose I hoped it would be something like having a best friend with you all the time, one you could have babies with. And I was all about having babies, had been since I was sixteen or so.

I guess subconsciously when we met I knew deep down that he would never be able to understand me or accept me, though he loved me in his way and gave me a sense of financial stability that I desperately needed. I needed an escape at the time and I wanted it to work between us just because I didn't want to fail at yet *something else* and I really believed motherhood was my calling and that I'd be the best mother ever because I would *never* make the errors my mother made; but for various reasons, and after seventeen years, I just couldn't pretend any longer. I needed to find a way out.

I'd been looking all my life for 'the light', for a sign of the escape hatch, for something, anything to help me make sense of the world. Since the day I was found half a mile away from my house across a motorway flyover to the very now. I'm much closer to it now though. And that is only through acceptance and some sort of *surrender*. I got there through reading and reading and **reading** and writing and writing and **writing**; and scores of self-help books, and a few fabulous friends who had the courage and heart to listen to me, and *thousands* of daily battles with my self and with my soul.

I got there through learning certain therapies to practice on myself and others. Anything that would alleviate the pain. Then I finally came to realise that I must embrace and face the pain. That I must crawl underneath the bed and face my broken oozing mess of a self. And instead of screaming in terror or running away, I must take a slow and steadying breath and reach out a tender loving hand and stroke the unbearably terrifying face of my inner self, and choose to see the beauty as well as the beast. I choose to allow my heart, which had tight tall walls all around it, to crack open and the emotions to free themselves. And I must look upon the face of my self and *feel love*. And I take my self in my arms, which are my soul's arms and I must hold my self dear - like a child - and love and cherish my self in a way no one else ever can.

This is where I am right now. In the process of finally falling in love with myself and slowly opening my eyes to the wonder of who I am.

I am a beautiful soul.

As are we all.

I am not my story. My story is not me. I exist in the now. Not the pains of the past or the fears of the future. I'm just here, now, safe in this moment because I learned how to love and respect myself and how finally to protect myself. It's the most liberating and joyful feeling. I still deal with little burning bubbles of fear and doubt but I just allow them *to be* these days. These emotions are like little toddlers and so I smile and watch them as they throw their little tantrums, and, as I watch, the bubbles disappear. Yes, I am becoming whole. I have another lifetime ahead of me, but this one will be lived differently. From a place of love - not fear, joy - not misery, acceptance - not resistance.

From a place of freedom.

*AS IS EVERY BEING'S RIGHT.*

Post script

(May 2023)

*Now I know why I called the book 'From a Place of Freedom', after all that has happened the past three years. How amazing, that there is prophecy for myself in my words written 13 years ago.*

*Now I can see all the SRA information and the murder and abuse of our children is coming into the light.*

*Now I know who I am and why I am here.  
I have never felt more alive or more sure of who I am.*

*Sure, I am still working on the programming and that is heavy work indeed, but I am getting stronger each day and I am so grateful to be alive at this moment in 'time'.*

*This 'record' is for all the children who have no voice . WE WILL BE  
HEARD AND SEEN.*