

My Fearful Situation: Dan Coyle

I was out with my friends having a few beers at the end of the evening. I went to get a taxi. The date was 31st of March 1992 at 5 to midnight. I was stood waiting when I heard someone shouting 'help me' so I ran to the aid of this chap who was being attacked by three men. I got to the man and being six foot four and 18 stone got all three of them off, and the chap being attacked escaped. The next thing was a pain in my side which felt like a punch , it's then I realised there was a fourth man and he had stabbed me. He proceeded to stab me another five times as I fought back and managed to hurt him enough to get him to run away. Then I must have collapsed and don't remember much until I saw a light . I then felt a thud and heard voices. Apparently my heart had stopped and they were giving me CPR and used a defibrillator to get my heart going again. The thing is I had no fear going to this chaps aid, the fear set in when I was conscious again. My fear was about my wife being widowed and my 3 year old son with no Dad. So in hospital, everyone in my family feared the worst, but after twenty weeks and thirteen operations later I was put back together and lived to tell the tale. The chap being attacked, which I found out later was being mugged, had only a broken nose. But 31 years on I still have a fear of knives and bear the scars every day.