Mandy



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Chapter 1
Mary

It was the summer of 1945, and she was going to be married. Mary was twenty-four years of age……

Born into a Christian family, with a sister two years older, her mother did what mothers did and looked after the home and her father worked at a local iron works. He worked long, tiring hours and when he came home, he expected everything to be right. Food on the table, house clean. Sam's life was uncomplicated. Things were either right or wrong. No in between, no shades, no nuances. In his spare time, he grew Chrysanthemums in his greenhouse, winning Best in Class at the local Flower Show every year, and played his small pedal organ in the lounge. And so Mary's life, whilst looked after in every practical sense, was emotionally severe. You were either right or wrong, but you had better be right. And she wanted to escape that, whatever that was. She didn't really know anything else, but she knew this little house, with these little people, their little rules and their little horizons were not for her. She needed to escape. But how? She wasn't that bright. Didn't have influential friends. Didn't have anything really except a nice smile and a nice body which, at that point, unused as it was, it hadn't dawned on her was an entrée to anything.

She went to a Church dance on a winter's evening with her sister and friends from work at the battery factory. She was seventeen. Seven until ten and you had better be back at ten past. Not fifteen minutes past. You were either right or wrong.
Her sister Alice was quite pretty, well Alice thought so and, apparently, so did some of the pathetic boys. One of them, a very good looking, some thought, boy had caught her eye a few months earlier and they had kissed and that was that. Pathetic.

Halfway through the evening she met Kenneth. Not exactly met, encountered really. She was with her friends, talking to him and his friends and when he moved closer to her, she felt his hand go up her skirt to her pants. She instantly pulled away and glared at him, but he just smiled a leering smile. Upset, she left and went home. Telling her parents she had an upset tummy she went to bed. Later that night, struggling to sleep, as she revisited what had happened, she realised that his touch had started something. She didn't know what but as she put her hand between her legs, she felt sensations that she hadn't known existed….

She went back the next week and when she saw him, she smiled. When he stood by her and put his hand up her skirt she didn't move. And when he slipped it inside her knickers and put his finger in her, she still didn't …..

Chapter 2
Going out

Kenneth, Ken, her man, wasn't exactly what she would have chosen. A bit short, spectacled, premature greying hair, a quick temper that seemed to arrive from nowhere, and certain needs that she had never encountered with her enclosed upbringing. Peculiar needs, but those needs made it even better. He liked inflicting pain, degrading her physically, put his dick in anything where it would go and, quite often, not just his dick. There was something about this physical agony and ecstasy that held her like a willing captive. They did it anywhere, everywhere. And the more dangerous it felt, the more she loved it….

But what he gave her, in the small town where she lived, was a status she wanted, indeed craved. She wanted to be better, to be noticed. To be somebody.

Harold Kenneth White, Ken's father, was a butcher, with a butcher's shop left to him by his farming father-in-law. But he had a certain prestige within the small community. The shop was on the ground floor of a three storey building that also had a kitchen and dining room and upstairs were bedrooms and 'spare rooms'. And a basement where materials for the shop were stored.

Harold owned the butcher's shop, was Governor of the local Church of England School, the family had their own widened bench at the church to show his status within the Christian community, was Chairman of the Bowls Club, Chairman of the Flower Society, Chairman of the Snooker Club.
Ken's mother had died two years earlier, but his sister Bea, after his mother Beatrice, although seven years older than Ken, still lived there.

When the war came Ken went off to the Middle East to serve his country and they managed to get the occasional letter to each other. Mary stayed faithful to Ken throughout their long separation, excluding the occasional night when her needs surpassed her love for Ken and someone else got in her pants.

In 1944, Ken had written from his platoon in Egypt where he was a dispatch rider, with a marriage proposal and she had accepted…..
Ken came back and worked in his dad's shop.
She had arrived….

Chapter 3
Married

They married in 1945 and the house she assumed would be provided by her father-in-law was not mentioned and they ended up living with her parents. Luckily, her sister had moved out a year earlier to marry the ‘heartthrob’, although Mary knew it wouldn’t last. He liked women too much and, it was said, could get in anybody’s knickers. Pathetic.

Sam and Ken didn’t really get on and it was a strained time. Ken easily fit in with Sam’s right or wrong regime, he understood that, but he wanted to fuck Mary whenever he could and, in a small house, with paper walls, that was difficult. The slightest sound from their bedroom and Sam would bang on the wall.

After a few months of fucking Mary, and everything else he wanted, anywhere but in bed, Ken was getting pissed off and his temper getting shorter and shorter. Mary had to make sure she hid the bruises at home so that Sam didn’t kill him.
And then Ken’s father, who owned three rented houses, had a tenant give notice and so he gave it to the couple. ‘Gave’ was a bit of a misnomer as he took the rent out of Ken’s pay.
The little terraced house sat round the edge of a courtyard with other houses and, bizarrely, a

‘slaughterhouse’ at the end, where Harold took the livestock that he bought at the cattle market to be slaughtered or the abattoir to be cut up ready for the shop.
At the open end of the courtyard a garden provided tiny allotments for the occupiers of the fifteen houses to grow vegetables.
The one up one down house was tiny. The front door, from the living room, opened up on the street. The back door led into a small corridor which housed a sink and a cooker. It then led into a tiny living room with an open fire. From that the stairs went to a small landing and then their bedroom.
The washing was done in an outhouse. A big, communal tub to put the clothes in and a mangle to squeeze the water out after you had pummelled them to death. Then up to the garden area and hang them out on the line.

Chapter 4
Death

Ken enjoyed going to the slaughterhouse and slaughtering the cattle.

He had been introduced to it at an early age when his father would drag him out of bed early on a Monday morning and take him to the large abattoir twenty miles away to pick out the carcases to be delivered to the shop that week. He would watch as cattle had a pistol put to their head and a bolt screamed into their skull, pigs would go down a water filled trough and tongs put on their heads and they would squeal and scream as the electricity fried their brains, and sheep would be hung up and their throats slashed, leaving the blood to gush out as they writhed about until death took them.

And, at some point, Ken would be taken into the office where three or four men would be chatting and they would have a whisky, give some to Ken, and then take turns….

Chapter 5
Bea

Although they weren't bothered, parental pressure to have children dictated you had a child. So they tried, quite happily they tried. Ken fucked her at any opportunity, but it didn't work. She just couldn't get pregnant.
Three years after their marriage, when Ken assumed, hoped, it would never happen, she went to the doctors for confirmation. She was pregnant. Her parents were happy. Ken cared less, as did his father. Bea was ecstatic.

Bea wanted children. Bea wanted a man. Not any man, she wanted Frank who owned the paper shop at the bottom of the high street. That man. From the day she had seen him she had adored him. She wanted him. She wanted to be his wife. She wanted his children. Unfortunately Frank, unknown to her, had described her to his mates as being like 'the arse end of a bus'.
Bea didn't work, had never worked, just stayed at home and looked after her father. She cooked, cleaned, washed, whatever was needed. And whatever Harold wanted.
Harold had certain needs that he expected to be filled anytime night or day. Bea had catered to those needs since she was eight years old and was quite accomplished. Occasionally she also catered for

Harold and some of his snooker friends when he had had a few too many and he brought them home.

Bea knew that Mary didn't want the child, couldn't care less about the child; but she could. She wanted a child. She could have Mary's…..

Chapter 6
The baby

Nine months later a baby boy arrived. Ken didn't go to the hospital, but he did pick her up in his dad's car when she was ready to go home.
"He looks like us," she said in their house.
"Which bits look like me?"
"His eyes and cheek bones"
"If you say so"
"Isn't he pretty?"
"Pretty?"
"Handsome"
Ken thought he looked like something from the black lagoon but kept it to himself. What he did know for sure, was that he loathed and detested this aberration which, by the way, looked nothing like him. This thing that was clinging on to his wife. This thing that was going to suck her tits. This thing that she was making stupid noises at.
The rage within him was getting more and more explosive but even he knew now was not the time. Not now. Soon, but not now.
"I'll take the car back" and he turned and left.
Outside a cat went in front of him so he kicked it as hard as he could and it flew through the air, hit a wall and slid down, leaving a bloody mark as it went. Charlie smashed his boot down on to its head, heard the cracking of its skull and jaw, and kept walking.

In his head he thought how wonderful it would be if that could be the little bastard he had just left.

The child was named James. Ken wanted it named after his father but Sam would be mad. She wanted it named Sam but then Harold would be mad. How about Harold Sam White. No. How about Sam Harold White. No.
In the end he was James Harold Samuel White or, as Ken called him, Jemimah. And also, when he wanted to be particularly vicious, 'super'. It was his own little joke as it was short for superfluous…..

James had a cot on the landing, just outside their bedroom. He should have been with them, in their bed, cocooned, safe, but he was in his cot.
On the third night when they were in bed James started crying. Ken's anger mounted and he leapt out of bed.
"You noisy little bastard!" screamed Ken, "Shut up!"
James continued ever louder and Ken grabbed his little throat and started to squeeze.
"Ken!" she shouted from the door 'No! Go back to bed. Now!"
With one slight increase in pressure, he let go and, fuming, went back to bed. After a little while, with James calmer, she went back to bed. She looked at him and knew what was coming next. He grabbed her throat and squeezed and squeezed until she started to glaze over and then, panting heavily, he

let go. As she gasped for air, he turned her over, put it up her once and then as far as he could up her arse…

Chapter 7
Family

The next day as she cooked him a bacon and egg sandwich before work she said “You have to be careful”
“Why must I be careful?”
“Because you may go too far.”
“How far is too far?”
“The far that gets you locked up.”
“I’m a White, nobody locks up a White.”
“Ok. But again, be careful. I know you get angry and you like violence and, as you know, I don’t mind that. But be careful with the child. If anything happens to it, it could spoil everything and I don’t think Harold would like…..us doing that”

The child started crying upstairs and Ken turned and walked to the stairs.
“Remember…” She shouted after him…
He looked down at the tiny thing and his whole being loathed this thing that had invaded his life. He was disgusted to be in its presence. He put his hand around its throat. “I’m not allowed to strangle you,” he whispered. “I’m not allowed to break your arms or smash your skull in. But I can do this” He flicked his finger in the baby’s eye and it screamed with pain. Mary came running up the stairs. “What have you done?”

“Nothing. Promise.” He pointed to the child’s eye. “It looks like he’s got an eye infection or something….”

Chapter 8
The Start

Mary had to work out how to keep Jimmy and Ken apart. Not only that she also had to work out how to keep Jimmy and Mary apart as she was sick of the wanting, bawling little bastard. Want, want, want.... Cry, cry, cry.... Fuck off with your crying.
And then Bea, with her well-rehearsed plan, offered to have James in the day while Mary was resting and again when she started work. It would help Mary….

Mary leapt at the chance. To be rid of this burden for most of the time would be wonderful. Ken could relax more, and they could do what they liked doing best without the interruptions.
They arranged to have a trial run the next day when Mary would take Jimmy to the shop at lunch time, it was half day closing, and Bea would take him in his pram to the park. Ken went bowling straight from work on half days so Mary could have the afternoon to herself.
The following day she took Jimmy to the shop. Bea went to the park, Mary kissed Ken goodbye, he went bowling and she made Harold a cup of tea.
Harold sat across from her. “I like those,” he said “You still breast feeding?”
“Pardon?”
“I said,” he emphasised “I like those tits. Are you still breast feeding?”

“Err…yes”
“Give me some”
“You?”
“Yes, me”
“But I’m married. To Ken. You’re my father-in-law.”
“Why does that stop you?”
“I can’t. It wouldn’t be right”
“You can and you will. You have a choice. I employ your husband and I provide you with a home. You can either give me what I want, or I take it all away”
“But….what about Ken?”
“Don’t worry about Ken. Ken understands family”
Harold was a powerful man. About six foot one, way above the average male, and big. Not fat, but big. He’d spent many years carrying heavy carcases and it had given him a powerful body. Not athletic, powerful. And he feared no one. No one, male or female crossed him. If you did you paid, one way or another. He stood up, moved to her and took her arm tightly. “Come with me”
He led her upstairs to his bedroom. “Get undressed”
“Undressed?”
He glared at her and started undoing his trouser buttons. “Do it. Don’t make me angry”
She undressed and waited. “Get on the bed”
She did as she was told, and he got on top of her.
“Open your legs”
“No, Harold no,” she pleaded, “it’s too soon, too soon”
Harold paused for a moment. He moved up the bed.
“Open your mouth and suck my cock”

She opened her mouth and guided his cock in with her hand. He tried hard to get it down her throat, choking her, but she was used to Ken who did the same thing, so she managed. He pumped for several minutes and then, when she thought he was close, he got off her, rolled her over, and put it up her arse. A few moments later he clung to her tightly, sunk his teeth into her shoulder, let out a low scream and filled her up.

She lay there, quite still. Not knowing what to do or what to say. Harold got off her and did up his trousers. “You got shopping to do or something?”
“No…it’s half day closing”
“Oh yes, so it is. Ah well, get dressed and go and get some air. Oh, and by the way, I didn’t get to suck those big tits, so come back next week and we’ll do it properly”
“Next week?”
“Next week. Same time” It wasn’t a question. He left the room, and she heard him going downstairs. She dressed slowly, still not comprehending what had happened? She had been raped by her father-in-law. Raped by her father-in-law…..? How could that be? One minute she had never had sex with anyone, then along comes Ken and gives her everything imaginable and unimaginable, and now she’s had her father-in-law In her mouth and up her arse. Her father-in-law…?

She finished dressing, went downstairs and when she got to the kitchen which housed the back door, she was ready for an awkward moment. But Harold was just reading his paper in his chair and said in a matter-of-fact way “See you next week” without looking up.

She wandered down the High Street, looking into windows of shops that were closed. She could still taste him in her mouth and feel him up her arse.
She was revolted! No….no, she wasn’t.
He had raped her! No…no, he hadn’t.
She had hardly been willing, but there was no fight. But he had threatened her with no job for Ken and no house for them! She had to. Did she….have to? But would he have done it? He needed Ken in the shop. She could have called his bluff, but she didn’t. She went upstairs with a powerful man, and she let him fuck her. And, if she was honest, after the initial shock of what was happening and who with, she quite liked it. No, like wasn’t the word. It turned her on. It made her heart pump and her cunt wet. It was dangerous and she liked danger… God, she liked danger.

But what now? Harold wanted her back next week. Next week? Every week? What about Ken? What would happen if Ken found out? And Bea? What about Bea? Her beloved father, who she would think was still mourning the loss of his wife, with her

brother's wife? And Sam? Heaven forbid if Sam found out. And the locals? The chattering, gossip mongering, dumb locals. Fuck them!
So, Ken and Sam. Well Sam was unlikely to find out anything unless it all blew up and became public. So, just Ken then. What to do about Ken? What could you do?
"Excuse me Ken, your dads just fucked my arse"
"Oh, ok. What's for tea?"
And what about Harold? Harold wanted to fuck her and, truth be told, she wouldn't mind that, but….her mind slowly changed direction....what was in it for her? Yes, what about her? If Harold wanted a good fuck with his daughter in law then Harold should pay. One way or another Harold should pay.
In fact, looking at this differently, it put Harold in a difficult position. Pillar of society, church governor, etcetera, he actually had a lot to lose. She started with nothing, but he started with everything. There could only be one loser; Harold…..
She smiled to herself, her body relaxed; she imagined the weight of Harold's body on her and what he was going to do to her, and, while he was fucking her, she would get more turned on deciding what she wanted in return….

Chapter 9
Bea

In the park, the thirty-six years old Bea was in her element. She strolled around with the pram and, to people who didn't know, she was the proud mother of a new born child. She leaned into the pram and with a loving motherly smile, caressed Jimmy's cheek and cooed so he would coo back. In fact, Bea was the mother of a newborn; it was just that Mary and Ken didn't know it yet…

Later in the afternoon she took Jimmy to Mary and Ken's house to drop him off. After Mary gave her a cup of tea and they sat in the tiny sitting room Bea said 'You two need some rest. Little Jimmy is lovely, but he must be quite a handful day in, day out. Why don't you let me have him for the evening? He can sleep with me, and you can have a nice quiet night?' She watched their eyes flicker between each other, and she knew the answer. A quiet night? No. She knew what Ken liked and a quiet night wasn't one of them. One night, a while back she had dad and Ken and it wasn't quiet. She could hardly walk for days….

"Are you sure you don't mind?" said Mary in a voice they both new was quite false.

"Not at all. When do you want him back?"

"Let's not worry about that now," said Ken, "we can sort that out tomorrow"

She took Jimmy home in time to get her dad's tea. Jimmy was quite content in his pram in the kitchen and Bea, rocked it and cooed as often as her duties allowed.
"Mary was here today," said Harold.
"I know"
"She stayed a while"
Bea knew what that was code for. He fucked Mary? Well fancy that, dad fucked the stuck up bitch. I wonder what Ken will think? Who cares. And anyhow what did she expect, she was family now.
Surprisingly Harold was quite good with babies. He had no use for them until they were older and so he did the occasional coo as well.
"Why did they call him Jimmy? James?"
"I'm not sure but I think after James Stewart"
"She's got more taste than I thought. Ken would have called him King Kong or Quasimodo or something"
He laughed to himself and started to fill the bowl of his pipe. Tamping it down he struck a match and Bea heard the tobacco crackle as it ignited. She loved that sound….

Later in the evening Bea went up to bed with little Jimmy. Harold wouldn't want her tonight as he'd had Mary, and he wasn't going to the pub or snooker as he had decided to listen to the radio and smoke.
She put the bottle of warm milk on the bedside drawer, undressed but didn't put on her nightie. She carried Jimmy into bed with her and cuddled him.

“Bea loves Jimmy,” she said softly, “and Jimmy loves Bea”
She put his mouth next to her nipple and he sucked away quite happily, oblivious to the fact that Bea was offering breasts with no milk, whereas his mother had milk and breasts but wasn’t offering either.
Mary did feed him just after he was born but Ken came home unexpectedly one day and caught her doing it. He almost ran across the tiny sitting room, ripped the child from her breast and threw it across the room, hitting the wall bottom first and falling on to a chair.
He put a fist in her face. “Never again!” he screamed, covering her face with spit “Never again! You do that again and I’ll kill you!” He backed away and she went towards the sobbing child, looked at Ken, who raised his fist, thought better of it and went into the kitchen to make him a cup of tea. She picked up the dish cloth and cleaned her face….

But Bea would feed him. After a short time, she gave him the warm milk and then, when he paused, she gave him her breast. She alternated until he had finished the milk and then left him to suck her as long as he wanted.

Bea loves Jimmy and Jimmy loves Bea…..

Chapter 10
More

.....Mary had no idea how to tell Ken about her afternoon with his father. He would more than likely kill her but how could she keep it a secret? She waited until he was digging up some veg in the allotment. She thought that she would have a greater chance to escape there.
“After you had gone fishing the other day I err stayed at the shop for a few minutes and err talked to your dad”
“Oh yeah”
“Yes’
He continued digging. Mary didn’t know how to proceed.
“What did you talk about?”
“This and that”
“What else did you do?”
“Do?”
‘Yes, what….else…..did…..you…..do?” He turned and looked at her intently.
“He….made….me….”
“Did he fuck you?”
“No…no…” she said weakly.
“In your mouth, up your arse?”
“Ken……he made me”
“He likes you. You’re family now”
“You…don’t mind?”
“You’re family”

“But….he wants me again”
“Look, let me put it this way. He is a very dangerous man. He is capable of anything and so you keep him happy, I keep him happy, the world keeps him happy. If he’s happy, we are happy…..”
“It’s ok if he has me again?”
“It isn’t ok with me, but I have no option. What about you?”
“If that’s what we have to do to keep your job and our house, I can put up with it. And when I’m having him, I can be thinking of you…” The thought of Harold’s large body on top of her was already making her wet. And this conversation, the danger of the conversation was amazing.
“And every so often he will want a threesome”
“Me, you and him?”
“It’s not a threesome without him. It’s a twosome”
“If that’s what you want Ken?”
He started to dig again.
“Ken”
“Yes”
“Did you know…about Harold?”
“Yes”
“How?”
“I saw the mark on your shoulder. He bites everybody that’s new”.
“Everybody that’s new? What do you mean, everybody that’s new…?”

“If he has them from behind, which is most, he likes biting. Only once. It’s like laying a scent, marking his territory”
“Most…..? How many does he have?”
“It depends what he feels like. If he goes fishing or to snooker, or to the barn. And then there’s the women in his rented property, and other women. And Bea of course if he can’t be bothered to get off his arse’’
“Bea? Fishing? Snooker? The barn? What do you mean?”
“Mary, for fucks sake lay off the questions when I’m trying to get us something for tea. I’ll tell you another time, now fuck off and leave me to it”
“But..?”
“Mary….”
“Ok….”

Chapter 11
And so….

And so, life carried on and settled into an order.

Two years after Jimmy was born Mary had left her job at the battery factory and went to the shop to help out with the things that didn't need sharp knives.
Harold was still head of the local paedophile ring that encompassed the local area of towns and villages and had, for some reason, centred around butcher's shops.
Ken worked hard for his father, shared his wife and his sister with his father, and still went out on occasional nights with his father to sample the delights of little children.

Bea....
Had Jimmy every day except Sunday. She took him to the park, took him shopping, took him everywhere. She cooed, Jimmy cooed.
Bea had always had a habit of cooking Harold's lunch and then retiring to bed for a couple of hours for a nap. Occasionally Harold would pop up for five minutes and stick his dick in her mouth, but he was considerate enough to do it just after she got in bed so that it didn't spoil her nap.
But now little Jimmy would go with her, and he would suck away at her breasts and cling on to her. He also did it quite happily while Bea was sucking Harold off.

Bea loves Jimmy, Jimmy loves Bea……

Harold….
Nothing ever changed for Harold. He worked in the shop for as many hours a day that he felt he wanted to, leaving the rest to Ken. He thought Ken was a financial disaster but as long as he checked the till at the end of the day he was fine. And having Mary there meant he could feel her any time he wanted. It pleased him that he could take her upstairs while Ken looked after the shop. Ken would do anything he was told…
He went across the road to the snooker hall where, before opening, someone would arrive with a little boy or two and Harold and his friends would fuck them.
He would go fishing where, before they settled down, someone would arrive with a little boy or two and Harold and his friends would fuck them.
And, one night a month, he would go to the barn, where men would arrive with little children, usually their sons, to be dispersed in little cubicles made from stacked hay bales, and the men would move round to each in succession and fuck, or whatever pleased them, the terrified little child.
One night a quarter was daughters' night….
Harold liked abusing little children which was why he was The Governor of the local Church of England School. The Vicar who lived in the school grounds, would pick out vulnerable children and Harold and

his friends would befriend them, give them presents and then abuse them. It was professionally done, and no one ever found out. Occasionally a little child would say something, but Harold was a Governor, the vicar was a vicar, and the local police sergeant, who enjoyed his nights at the barn, would calm troubled waters……
And he made sure there were mothers with children in his three rented houses as they could never afford all the rent. So, they paid in kind. If they didn't, he chucked them out.

Ken....
Was a clone of his father without the brains or the innate force of character. His face was a mask. Continually smiling, flirting with the lady customers, telling dirty schoolboy jokes.
But Ken was a grenade waiting to explode. His father treated him with contempt, talked to him like a dog, and there was nothing he could do about it. So, Ken took it out on the little children that were abused at the same places as Harold went to. And at the abattoir early on the Monday mornings.
He would hurt them. Did them with his knuckles, pinch them where it wouldn't show, anything that caused the already terrified little children distress. And he would do it at home to little Jimmy. Anything to make little Jimmy cry with pain made Ken happy. It pissed off his wife but who cares? He also gave her a slapping as well, but she saw that as part of

the job, being part of the family. And he could be rough having sex. Bang into her cunt and arse as hard as he could. Force her head down when he was in her mouth so that she struggled to breathe. But he only went so far.

One night, when he was drunk, he brought two drunken mates back with him to ‘give her a good fucking’. She smashed one over the head with a saucepan and kneed the other in the balls.

“I’ll decide,” she said, “who’s going to fuck me. Me! I’ll decide! Not you!” She bundled the three drunken men out of the back door and turned the key. Ken slept in the outhouse that night and learned a lesson. You can only go so far with Mary, only so far…..

Chapter 12
James

James was an emotional and psychological wreck, but he didn't know it. Two years old and already he was ill equipped for the world he was going to inhabit. His little body was numb from the pain that his father inflicted, and his mind had already learned to dissociate from the emotional cruelty he suffered.

He lived in two worlds….

At home he suffered physical brutality off his father that knew no bounds. Someone had to pay for Ken's life of servitude, and it was Jimmy. Every few weeks Jimmy would be at the doctors due to some daft thing that he had done. Like how often he fell downstairs or, put another way, how often Ken pushed or threw him down. Or the cuts to his hands when Jimmy cut him for fun. Or the hair loss when Ken yanked it out.
Jimmy knew that when he held his arms out Bea would lift him up and cuddle him. When he did it at home his mother ignored him. Not only ignore him but tell him, in a voice dripping with acid, teeth bared, to 'fuck off with your whining and your clinging'.
His little heart felt the pain of a thousand needles as the rejection overpowered his mind and body. He had no idea what was wrong with him, that annoyed

her so much, as he loved her completely and all he wanted was her love….?

Jimmy was powerless. The only thing Jimmy could do was shut off his mind and body and try to survive. He was two years old and his whole being was already fighting to survive.

And then, of course, he went to Beas.
Bea, and especially her bed, was an oasis in a daily storm. He alternated between sucking her nipple and the warm milk in the bottle that she took to bed with them.
Bea loves Jimmy, Jimmy loves Bea.
And Bea would kiss Jimmy, touch Jimmy, stroke Jimmy. Do all the things that she wanted to do with Frank. And she had taught him to get between her legs and put his little arm up her vagina. With her two hands she held his arm and pulled it in and out, in and out until she had an orgasm.
She would smile and coo at him and he would smile back. And then she would start again……
Bea loves Jimmy, Jimmy loves Bea

At about this time, when Harold was getting into bed to fuck Bea, he said to little Jimmy “Do you like this, Jimmy? It’s big, isn’t it? Why don’t you hold it for a minute? That’s it, it’s nice, isn’t it? Bea likes it don’t you Bea? Bea likes kissing it. Watch Bea kiss it” and

he guided her head down. She kissed it lovingly, licking it with her tongue.

“Would you like to kiss it Jimmy…..?’ he said ‘If you did you could have some cake after. You’d like some cake wouldn’t you……”

Chapter 13
School

When Jimmy was nearly five it was time to start school.
Jimmy had never really been on his own before as he was either with Bea or at home. And he had no friends to go to school with as he was either with Bea or at home…..

Life had changed for Jimmy.
He had grown upwards but had not filled out and was small compared to other kids. He wore a permanent smile as he found that attracted less violence from Ken and less screaming and snarling from his mother.
Only less…..

He was a terrified, introverted little boy, more so since Ken, several months earlier had started abusing him anally and orally. The pain in his bum had been overwhelming but now his body had become numb.
Ken had started taking him to the abattoir early on Monday mornings. Ken enjoyed seeing Jimmy cry and shake with fear as the animals were slaughtered in front of him and knowing what was going to happen next in the office.....
And it wasn't just Ken who terrified him, it was Mary.

Mary loathed this child. He was a nuisance who got in the way of her, her life, her happiness. If he cried at home, or did anything wrong, she would say “Just wait till your dad comes home!”
And he would wait, and wait, and wait; terrified until his dad did come home. And Ken would lay into him with gusto. Screaming and slapping and throwing him around like a rag doll. And Ken, to increase the pleasure, had recently bought a cane. A nice, flexible, biting cane that he hung up on the wall at the bottom of the stairs. And when Jimmy was ordered to his little bed on the landing for some transgression or other, Ken would follow him up, caning his thighs. And when Jimmy frantically tried to disappear beneath the sheets Ken would lash the bottom of his feet before they disappeared.

And most evenings when Ken went to bed and passed Jimmy’s bed on the landing he would jab a knuckle in his ribs…..

Bea took him to school, but Jimmy refused to stay. He screamed and cried and no amount of soothing would do the trick. Even the kindly Headmaster who, to Jimmy, was just somebody else that was going to hurt him, couldn’t help.
Bea took him back to the shop where Ken grabbed him by the throat and screamed “You are going to fucking school you little arsehole!” and squeezed

until Mary shouted “Ken! Stop! For Christ’s sake stop!”
Ken came out of his overwhelming desire to kill this little runt and let his throat go. “You” he pointed to Mary “take this fucking little bastard, and make sure he stays there. Don’t come back with him!”
Mary dragged him to school, went to the office and literally threw him in.
“He’s back. Just a bit scared about something new. No doubt you know how to deal with these things” and she shut the door behind her and left.
Jimmy ran to the door, but he couldn’t open it and he became more hysterical. The lady in the office rushed over and tried to soothe him but he wouldn’t listen. She tried to pick him up, but he just kicked and flailed “No, no, no…” he kept shouting.
At that point the Deputy Headmistress opened the door to find out what was happening. After the explanation she asked the office lady to leave her alone for a few minutes. When she had gone, she sat on the floor behind the door. She had seen this before and one thing, perhaps two, tended to help. She softened her voice and smiled. “It’s hot today eh Jimmy?”
Through his crying Jimmy heard the voice. A soft voice. It wasn’t shouting at him. He looked at her through streaming eyes. She was sitting down, she was smiling, so maybe she wasn’t going to hit him…? He watched her suspiciously.

“Jimmy, I’ve got a lolly in my pocket, shall we have one?”
He said nothing. She took two lollies out and rolled one over to him.
“There you are, it’s all yours”
He watched her unwrap hers and start licking and so, slowly, watching her intently, he did the same.
After his first lick she said “Jimmy, I know you are scared, it’s new to you and you don’t know what’s going to happen. So, I tell you what, have a look through that window over there. You’ll see lots of little boys and girls, like you, in the playground and they are having fun. Go on, have a look”.
Jimmy went and had a look.
“That’s not so bad, is it?”
Jimmy saw the boys and girls of all ages and noticed something about them. Most were having fun playing with others around them.
He didn’t understand that…..?
She stood up and went slowly to him. Reaching out to touch him, he recoiled from her, a look of fear on his face. She backed off a little. “What are we going to do with you Jimmy? You can’t stay in the office all day and you certainly don’t want to be here, so….”
She went to the door “Mabel…”
Mabel came in. “Mabel, take him home. In fact, he’s Harold’s grandson so take him to the shop, it’s less than a mile away. Tell him it’s better the lad stays at home today, to calm down, and bring him back tomorrow…..”

Mabel took him to the shop and explained.
“He’s a little scamp, aren’t you Jimmy, eh? We’ll have a quiet chat with him, and he’ll be there tomorrow. Here” said Ken “a couple of pork pies for school”
Ken picked up Jimmy and gave him an affectionate squeeze. “Come on son, say tata to Mabel. Thanks Mabel…”
Mabel left and Kens smile turned to anger and then hate. He took Jimmy into the kitchen where his father was reading the paper. Throwing Jimmy down on a chair he bunched his fists and bared his teeth. “You little arsehole”
As he started to throw the punch he was suddenly catapulted across the room. He hit the wall badly with his arm in the wrong position and yelped. He looked up to see Harold standing over him. Grabbing his shirt lapels, he dragged Ken up.
“I know you’re not bright, even titsy next door knows you are not bright, but she wants the status, the whole fucking world knows you’re not bright and you never stop proving them right, you fucking moron. What are you going to do, beat him to death? Eh moron? What are you going to do? And when he can’t go back tomorrow because you and that temper of yours have crippled him, what are you going to do then eh? You fucking moron!”
Bea came in and he screamed at her to get out.

“What are we going to do with you eh?” and he put his hand round Ken’s throat. “What are we going to do with you?” He squeezed harder. “What….?” And he squeezed until Ken struggled to breathe. It hadn’t occurred to Ken to protest or stick up for himself. There was no point. Harold was omnipotent. And…Harold would happily kill him. As ken slowly passed out, Harold slowly let go…..
“Bea!”
Bea came in, apprehensively.
“Take Jimmy a walk. Calm him down. Have him for the day. Go. Now”
Bea grabbed little Jimmy who was huddled in a ball, shaking and wide eyed at what he had seen. He didn’t understand how his father, Ken, could be so beaten. Like he was by Ken. How could that be? What he did know, was that Ken would make someone suffer, and he knew who that would be.
Harold left the kitchen to see if there was anyone in the shop. There wasn’t. “Mary!” And he went back into the kitchen. She followed a moment later. He stared at her, not knowing what she was or who she was? She, like Ken, were chameleons. To the world outside they were sweetness and light. The customers, everyone they met, thought they were the perfect loving couple. They had radiant smiles, laughed easily and mixed. But….who the fuck was this woman? If you looked into her eyes there was nothing there except, perhaps, evil. Pure evil.
Mary and Ken suited each other.

Harold thought that one day Ken would stick a knife in his back. Accidentally, in the shop. Or maybe an accident with an axe. Yes, Harold could see that. But her? What the hell was her game? What did she want? It was obvious she married Ken to move up the ladder, but there was more to it than that. What was it? What went on behind those nice tits?
Ken stirred on the floor and started gasping for breath. Mary ignored him and just looked at Harold.
“You,” he said to Mary, “had better start reining in this fucking animal”.
“He’s your son”
Her head rotated as he slapped her viciously. He slapped her again as hard as he could. “Don’t you ever talk back to me!”
She sunk to the floor on her knees. Her jaw hurt, her head dizzy as it spun around, and stars were flashing in her eyes.
Harold looked at her again intently. Understand her Harold, because one day she won’t stab you in the back, but she will be standing behind the person that does, urging them on….. Ken was just a dupe. Mary, with her holier than thou countenance, was a manipulator, an instigator, a bullet feeder. He would have to watch Mary. Like a hawk.
He grabbed her hair and pulled her towards Ken and then he stood back.
“Let me explain something once, only once. I don’t care what you two do behind closed doors. I don’t care what you do to Jimmy, to each other, to other

people. But when what you do starts to go into the outside world, starts to become visible, starts to impinge on my life and what I built up, then I have a problem which means you have a problem. So, make sure that the world sees you as the happy little family that you aren't. Make sure the school sees you as the happy little family that you aren't. The school, by that way where I am Head of Governors. Do you understand?"
Ken nodded but Mary was too slow. Before Harold had time to do anything a voice came from the shop.
"Anybody there?"
"You," he said, pointing at Ken, "Go."
Ken got up as best he could, put himself straight and, without looking at anyone, left the room.
Mary looked at Harold, pleading and lust in her eyes.
"Harold, it's not me, it's Ken. I'll do anything you want, anything. I'll protect you and your family. Anything Harold, anything…."
She opened her mouth wide and pulled up her skirt.
"See Harold. Anything, anything you want, anytime"
"What I want Mary, is an easy life. All those things you are offering, I can take. You have to give me a life where your problems are not in it. In a way, Mary, I admire you. I admire your vision, your deviousness, your duplicity, your ability to deceive. But don't be fooled into thinking that makes me in any way part of your little coterie who believe your every word, because I'm not. In fact, to demonstrate the point, if I think you will give me problems, I will have you

killed. Quite simple….” He lowered his voice. “Do you understand that Mary? You will die. And I will make sure you suffer before you die, so that you take it to your grave. Do we understand each other, Mary?”
Mary, for all her brashness, was shaking with fear.
“Do you understand Mary, what will happen to you?”
“’Yes, yes, I understand”
Harold would have liked to have ripped her blouse open and fucked her mouth, but he didn’t. Harold understood power and control. If he had done that, she would have known she had a worth…
“Get out”
When she got home later, she found a little pocket dictionary and looked up ‘coterie’…..

Chapter 14
Confusion

Bea and Jimmy had walked all over the place, Jimmy clinging to her hand, looking up at her continually for reassurance. They had been to the park which, coincidentally was across the road from his school, wandered over the filled in pit mounds, wending their way through the tiny trails in the rough heather, and down to a pool that glistened in the sunlight. They sat on a fallen tree, and she looked around. “Do you want feeding Jimmy?”
He nodded. She sat him on her lap, took out her right breast and Jimmy started sucking….

They got back to the shop around lunch time. Jimmy was apprehensive about going in, but Bea knew it would be ok. She knew Harold.
Mary came from around the counter “Are you ok now Jimmy?” she said kindly. “You had a good walk with Bea?” He nodded.
“That’s good, isn’t it Ken?”
Ken saw his father looking at him “That’s good. Yes, that’s good”

Bea took him into the kitchen, made him cheese sandwiches with homemade pickle and then she led him to bed. She undressed, undressed Jimmy and then cuddled him in bed. “That’s better eh Jimmy”
“Yes,” he said softly.

“Everything will be fine now, and I’ll take you to school tomorrow and collect you after”
Jimmy’s face didn’t reflect complete approval.
“It will be ok. Give Bea a nice kiss”
He kissed her lips lovingly as he had been taught. He even put his tongue in her mouth. “Now….” She said, “Give Bea a really, really nice kiss….”
He pulled himself down the bed and put his head between her wide legs and started licking.
“That’s nice Jimmy,” she said, “Do it a little more and then put your hand up… As far as you can”
He did as he was told. He knew what to do. Put your hand up until it would go no farther and then open and close your hand. Then she made a noise. You do that a few times and then she says, “In and out Jimmy, in and out”. You do that and she makes more noises and then she says “Lovely…..come to me Jimmy”
And he goes back up the bed and, if she indicates, he kneels over her, and she puts his little prick in her mouth and sucks. And Jimmy gets hard.
When all that is over Bea lies on her tummy, Jimmy kneels to the side and spends the next fifteen minutes gently stroking her back….

But life is difficult for Jimmy.
He is constantly terrified. Day after day nothing changes.
He dreads going home for what he is going to endure. He dreads going out for what he is going to

endure. But it is now the norm and his mind and body have adapted to allow him to function, but that adaptation means he no longer lives in this world.
His body, that has been racked with pain from anal abuse and violence is becoming isolated from his head. He feels little and his brain is like concrete.
The anal violence has made it very difficult for him to go to the loo and he goes days, sometimes a week or two without defecating. His need to hang on, to keep everything in, to keep what is happening to him and around him a secret, takes all his strength. He is powerless, in continual pain, under continual threat of violence and abuse, and with no one and nowhere to turn to for help he is slowly dying through despair.
And there is a contradiction that his little mind cannot work out. He is continually told to ‘keep his mouth shut’ but then he is told to ‘open his mouth’.
And, because he is little, he also takes it literally and his mouth and face aches from keeping it continually shut.

His only oasis in a sea of abuse and pain is Bea…..

Unfortunately, that oasis is also misunderstood by Jimmy.
Jimmy knows that he has to do things to Bea and she will love him.
When he goes home and tries to do them to his mother, to please her, to get her affection, to get her love, she slaps him violently. Her face goes to his

and he can see her bared teeth and the hatred on her face.
“Don’t touch me! Don’t ever touch me!” she screams.
And when Ken comes home, she tells Ken and the terrified little Jimmy runs upstairs, pursued by a lashing cane and then, as Ken has been warned by Harold about his violence, he rips down Jimmy’s trousers and sticks his prick up him as far as it will go and until Jimmy screams in agony. And Ken keeps going until he runs out of steam, runs out of anger, and because there is no one to stop him.
He goes downstairs and leaves little Jimmy terrified, in dreadful pain and huddled in the foetal position.
It isn’t teatime yet, but it makes no difference to Jimmy, he isn’t given any.

Jimmy desperately wanted to go to Bea, to escape this misery, but paradoxically when he does, he wants to be at home with his mom. The mom who slaps, scratches and bites him. When she does that, he wants to be with Bea. And in the middle of whatever Bea wants him to do to her, he wants to be with his mom.
They are chalk and cheese, and Jimmy has to adapt to each world. They want different things, have different needs, different demands. And so Jimmy has to be what that person wants him to be. That also applied to his dad and his grandad and the men. Jimmy no longer exists as a little boy, as a person, as an individual in his own right. Jimmy is now a little

robot, programmed to perform what each master or mistress wishes. And because they all want something different, when he is performing for someone, servicing someone, he caters for them exclusively. He caters for them and hates everyone else.
And when that is over, he hates them and caters to the next.....

Chapter 15
Fitting in

Jimmy didn't like school. For the first three days Bea would drop him off and ten minutes later he would make a dash for the classroom door, through the school hall, out of the big entrance doors and run back to the shop. She would take him back and he would do it again.
Mary wanted to slap him hard for showing her up, Ken wanted to kill him for being alive, but Harold didn't need any of that and so it was up to Bea to sort it out. The fourth day she took him to school and stayed, sitting in the back of the class where she would nod approvingly every time he looked back to see if she was still there.
The next day she just stayed the morning and Jimmy got through it although he was mightily relieved to see her waiting for him at end of day.
The following Monday she just stayed an hour, and he was ok.

But he didn't fit in. He was quiet. Rarely spoke. Wouldn't answer questions. Didn't mix with the other children and so they teased him. Some hit him……
Towards the end of the second week the teacher looked up from her desk to see what the commotion was and at the same time she smelt an obvious smell. The class were pointing at Jimmy and holding

their noses while Jimmy was sobbing silently with his head down.
Jimmy had been too scared to say he wanted to go to the toilet, too scared to stand out and so, eight days of waste had spilled into his pants. The teacher took his hand and led him to the outside toilets where she did her best to clean him up, but he stunk. Mabel, again, was assigned to take him to the shop.

She took him down the side entrance to the shop and handed him over to Bea who undressed him and put all his clothes in hot, soapy water. She took Jimmy outside, where there is a tap and a small hosepipe and hoses him down until he is clean and then back indoors where she dries him, wraps him in a warm towel….and takes him to bed to calm down…..

The next day it is back to school where his classmates have been told not to mention what happened previously and not to make fun of him. As he walks through the school gates he is greeted with cries of “Smelly, smelly…” and he runs back up the road to catch up with Bea who takes him back home.

Later that afternoon, just before the Headmistress shuts up for the day, Harold arrives unannounced and walks into her office.
“Gloria”
“Hello Mr White,” she said, masking the immediate concern she felt, almost a feeling of fear whenever

she was in his presence. She had no idea why as he had always treated her with respect, but there was something. Something beneath the surface. And, of course, he was Chairman of Governors, and her job was in his hands.
“Are you here about James?”
“I am Gloria. Perhaps you could help me with something?” Harold was heading the Indians off at the pass….
“Jimmy, my grandson, a shy little boy as you know, comes here and he is ridiculed. He, unfortunately, messes his pants, which any little child can do when stressed. He comes home, we clean him up, soothe his nerves, buy him an ice cream or two, get a good night’s sleep, bring him back the next morning and then…..”
She was even more uneasy now. Harold was a big, big man to the five-foot nothing Gloria and he made her wince. He was smiling softly, inviting her to help but, again, beneath it all….was what?
“And then,” he said softly, “he is made fun of. Why would that be Gloria?”
“It’s just little children Harold, you know what they are like”
“I do Gloria, I was just talking about one. So, how are you going to address this so that I don’t have to come and have another chat? I’m sure your time is important to you…?”
“We’ve already had some thoughts on this Harold” she lied “It seems to us that little James just needs

some extra help in these early stages so I suggest, in class, he sits at the front where the teachers can make sure he is ok but also give him the extra tuition and support to bring him along and give him confidence”
“That sounds good Gloria. Now, outside, in the playground, how, for now, will you help him there?”
“Already sorted Harold. We have arranged that the teacher on playground duty will keep a watchful eye on him to make sure he is ok and to give him time to integrate”
Harold smiled. Ah, he thought, you lying cow, you lie so well, but nevertheless he had
got what he wanted.

On his walk back to the shop Harold pondered little Jimmy. Would everything be ok with little Jimmy? It needed to be ok as there was a lot riding on little Jimmy. Little Jimmy knew everything, even if he didn’t know he did.
Little Jimmy was being fucked all over the place; the family, the snooker club, the fishing club, the abattoir, the barn, over the clothes shop where the owner also took photos....
Little Jimmy knew lots.
But Harold also knew that little children didn’t talk; they were too scared, too programmed, too coerced, too loyal, too trusting, blamed themselves and sometimes, sometimes, just too fucking dim. And should one occasionally, just occasionally, say

something, they weren't believed. And should they be believed, and they went to the police, that didn't work either as the man standing in front of them was more than likely one of the men fucking their little boy, but he had taken steps not to be recognised. By either fucking him from behind or wearing a mask when he was getting sucked off. And keeping quiet. Voices were such giveaways….

A few days later, passing a pet shop, Bea bought Jimmy a little cage with several white mice in. He took it home and was allowed to keep it in a corner of the abattoir. He gave them bits of food and water and milk and watched them as they scurried around. Two weeks later he went to feed them, and they were all dead.....

Chapter 16
Life

Life carried on its inexorable path.
When Jimmy was seven, most days he was hurt or abused by somebody. His father, grandfather and their friends and associates abused him. Some just fucked him, some were incredibly cruel, some gave him sweets, some were kind and soothing. But all had only one thing in mind; the rape, in at least one of his orifices, of little Jimmy.
And Jimmy wasn't alone. In some of the places they took him he heard the squeals of little boys, occasionally little girls, as they were used and abused by people who revelled in the fear and misery they were causing.
And he was still being abused by Bea although he didn't see it that way. He wasn't keen on licking Bea's cunt, he wasn't that keen on having his arm up her, but that made her happy and if she was happy and smiling and making sounds then he was safe. Bea loved him and kept him safe.
And he did quite like her sucking him…..

Around that time Jimmy was playing with a toy on the floor when Ken came from work, angry with something as usual, and marched into the lounge without seeing Jimmy in front of him. He tripped over, nearly fell, lashed out with his foot, and caught Jimmy in the mouth with his boot. Jimmy screamed

and blood gushed from his mouth. Ken grabbed him by the throat, lifted him up, put his face next to his and screamed at him. “Shut….fucking….up!”
He threw him back down, leaned over him and made a fist as his rage increased. He drew back his foot, aimed at Jimmy’s head.
“Ken!” Mary screamed. “Ken! Don’t.”
He looked at her, his face a mask of anger, hate and a need to get every slight, every criticism, every jibe, every humiliation, every minute of his time with his father, out…
Out, in the open. Where it could be seen and felt by someone. This little fucker!
“Ken!”
She saw his face change slightly. She knew he was going to kill Jimmy but…. For a moment she wondered whether she had acted too quickly. Ken kills Jimmy, Ken goes to jail, Mary is the mistress of Harold, get in his good books and get in the Will. Fuck!
Mary watched Ken deflate, like a balloon, turn and leave the room. She heard the door open and close and then he was gone. So, she was left with the bleeding little bastard. She knew the lady up the road was a nurse. She pointed a finger at Jimmy. “You fell over ok”
Jimmy just kept crying. She grabbed his bloody shirt. “You fell over, running to the door. You hit the bolt. Got it?”
He nodded….

He was not very good at playing football at school as his feet had packed up, numb from the caning they took one or two evenings a week. His toes didn't wriggle, his foot didn't bend at the ankle, and he walked like a marionette, leaning forward at the waist so that his leg followed.
He didn't go to the loo often as his bum was traumatised from the pain of being raped and also the punches that they gave him in his kidneys to make him bend lower.
His face continually ached from the forced smile he had to keep on display. This was so as not to upset anyone and also to show the outside world he was happy. "Smile you little bastard!"
It also ached from keeping his mouth firmly shut. "Keep your mouth shut you little bastard and don't say a word to anyone!".

Occasionally he would end up at the doctors, or at the Hospital due to an overzealous moment by Ken. One of Kens habits was to push Jimmy downstairs. Ken liked that. There were three possible outcomes. Jimmy would either be ok, be hurt, or get killed. Ken was praying for the latter but usually had to settle for the former, occasionally the middle.

Another painful ritual for Jimmy, was when Ken was ready to shave. He would pick Jimmy up and rub his rasp like chin against Jimmy's soft face. Or at tea

time, Ken would leave his spoon in his hot tea and then put it on Jimmy's hand.
One day, in the shop Jimmy was given a balloon by a customer, the type that floated due to helium. Once Jimmy was sure he wasn't going to get abused by taking it, it filled him with great joy to bounce it up and down. Later, when they were at home and Jimmy was playing with the balloon, Ken led Jimmy outside. He took the balloon from his hand and let the balloon go up to the sky and be taken away by the wind. The pain in Jimmy's heart was like being stabbed with a hot needle. An act by his grinning father that was so painful, so cruel, so inhuman that Jimmy struggled to contain it. He had got used to pushing pain down to a place even he couldn't find it, but this, this…..was unbearable.

Jimmy wanted to grow up. He was desperate to grow up. Not be a child. Not be a child!

In his seventh year the slaughterhouse closed due to a tightening of Health Regulations and Mary and Ken were awarded a council house, having been on the waiting list for several years.
And Harold, now in his seventieth year, was ailing. He wasn't ill as such, he could still get about, sort of, but he was always tired. He stopped working in the shop entirely and left that to Ken and Mary, although he still checked the daily takings. His days of going

out and fucking little boys were over and so Jimmy was required to provide an in-house service..…

Jimmy lived in a state of fear. It wasn't the abuse or the violence although they terrified him, it was the waiting for the abuse and violence, especially the violence.
"Wait til your dad gets home…"
And he would have to wait, and wait, and wait until the door opened and then….
Jimmy realised that he could get round this waiting, waiting, waiting. In the shop, in the middle of where the customers stood, was a pole, from floor to ceiling. Jimmy used to hang on to it with one arm and revolve around it. It infuriated his dad and so he had stopped it. But then he realised that if he did it when the customers were there his dad could do nothing…until they left and there was a lull. And then Ken beat the crap out of him. But there was no waiting. Jimmy had taken control.
And something else had happened. When Ken started beating him, Jimmy's mind and body went to another place. The pain was so bad that his body flooded with endorphins, making him feel almost trancelike, soporific and at times almost euphoric. It was quite nice.
And when he hit the floor, he felt very little……
He looked forward, in a perverted way, to winding his father up. It achieved several things; first and foremost, it wound his father up. Jimmy wanted so

much for the world to see this evil man in his true colours, but they never did. And maybe Jimmy could wind him up so much that one day, one day, he would lose it and the world would see him as he truly was. A thick, inarticulate, devious, duplicitous sadist.

Ken did lose it once, in public. The family had gone to a stretch of the river called sandy beach. People went there on a sunny day for a picnic. On that particular day the weather had changed quickly. The rain lashed down, with thunder and lightning and the car, with others, got stuck in the muddy field. Jimmy was terrified by the enormous bangs of the overhead thunder, and the jagged flashes that lit up the inside of the car. Ken was angry the car was stuck, Ken was angry with the weather, Ken was angry with the idiots stuck in front of him, Ken was angry with the world, but more than that, much more than that, Ken was livid with the yelping, crying little bastard on the back seat. His door flew open, and he went into the pouring rain, opened the back door and dragged Jimmy out and started beating him against the car. He laid into him ferociously until a man appeared and told him to stop. Ken was too far in his own world and carried on, so the man pushed him away and Ken fell in the mud.
“I’ll….” Started Ken, but the man was a big man and his voice tailed off.

“Don’t hit the boy,” said the man. He pointed at Ken “Don’t…..” He let that sink in. “Got it…..?” He stared at Ken and then walked away….
Aware that he could be being watched, Ken adopted a smile, picked Jimmy up and put him in the car. Still smiling he said, “I’ll finish you off at home….”

Chapter 17
Ken

Now that Harold no longer wandered in and out of the shop it allowed Ken to be Ken. With the dirty schoolboy jokes, the flirting, the bum pinching, the breast staring. Mary shrugged it off. It was Ken. What did you expect?
Ken was also, when he could, fucking one of the bar staff at one of the local pubs. It was hardly romantic, Ken didn't do romantic, he just took her behind the pub, leaned her face forward against the wall and stuck it up her cunt and then her arse.
She was quite happy with that. She wasn't getting anything close to it at home. Just on, off and goodnight….
Ken still took Jimmy to the abattoir when he could, but Jimmy was getting very good at wasting time, or being poorly, or…or…and Ken didn't have the time to hang about otherwise the good cuts would be gone and he would be late back.
And Harold wouldn't like that.
But Ken still took him fishing occasionally and they fucked him down by the river in the bushes and then to the pub for a pint or two and a Vimto and crisps for Jimmy. And across to the snooker room on one of the tables when it was shut on Sundays. That was after the family went to church and Jimmy had been to Sunday School to learn how The Lord loved little children.

On rare occasions as it was difficult to organise, the vicar and Ken, to show Jimmy how much the Lord loved him, had him in the vestry. They bent him over and Ken went up his arse and the vicar in his mouth. They tried to synchronise the end result.

They had settled into their new house and now, two years on, Ken had put an aviary and a fishpond in the back garden. His life was now quite demanding. He worked, fished, bowled, drank, fucked the pub lady, tended to the birds in his aviary and fed the fish. Anything other than be in the house with his cow of a wife and the little bastard.
Ken had always hated the bastard, especially since someone had pointed out how much his face looked like the husband of her sister, and one of their children.
“Did he fuck you?” he had screamed at her. He grabbed her throat “Did he?!”
“Of course not. Where the hell could I do anything like that and why the hell would I risk this marriage? For one fuck? Don’t be fucking stupid”
He waved a fist at her and then went, banging the door, to the pub.
She hadn’t realised Jimmy would come out looking like her sister’s husband. That was close…..

Everything had changed between them.

Mary had what she wanted. She had the name, the status, a new home, albeit a council house and they now had a little car.
But in reality, she had nothing.
Ken ruled now. He ruled the shop, he ruled the house and he decided where they went which wasn't anywhere. He had become an obnoxious pig, or maybe he always had been. Just a pathetic pig. At the old house, with the communal loo miles up the garden, they used to use a pot under the bed at night and empty it in the morning. In their new house, with all the amenities, including a loo just outside their bedroom on the landing, and Ken still used the pot. He couldn't walk four steps to the loo, he pissed in the pot. Dirty, common pig! Ken could quite happily use the loo but he knew how much she hated him using the pot and so he also made sure the steaming urine made as much noise as it could.

Sex, which had always been good was now infrequent to say the least and was just Ken having an orgasm as quickly as he could. And then he would sleep, usually in a drunken stupor. And she couldn't use Harold as a weapon. Harold cared less. As long as the shop run relatively well to give him an income and she sucked him off occasionally, he was happy. So, no help off Harold.
Married to and living with Ken, became a nightmare. Her days were spent working, watching Ken salivate over customers and tell bawdy jokes, doing

housework, getting screamed at and hearing Jimmy get screamed at.
It was all Jimmy's fault. If he didn't piss Ken off so much life would be a lot better. She wished it would end. She wished it had never started. But this was her life now and it would not change. This realisation, a little while ago, had changed her. It made her bitter. The unfairness of it all ate her inside. She became run down, lethargic and acquired illnesses like passing buses, which made Ken even worse. She did all the things she was supposed to do but at a slow rate. A rate that screwed Ken up and sent him into a rage….
And so, he hated her,
and she hated him,
and they both hated Jimmy.

Chapter 18
Jimmy

Jimmy did the best he could to survive. His mind and body had now completely adapted to his life of abuse. His mind was numb, and he lived in a now state. He didn't look forward as there was nothing to look forward to except pain and suffering and he didn't look back as what had just happened, he didn't want to remember.

Jimmy was doing well at school. It had taken him several years to sort out how to do it but now he was ok. He was good at most subjects except History and Geography. He couldn't do those as it meant using your memory. You either knew what 1066 meant or you didn't, and Jimmy's memory was no good for that. He liked subjects where you could work things out. Jimmy, although he didn't know it, had worked out how to survive.

Jimmy had worked out when to talk, how to soften his voice, how to smile, how to mitigate punches, how to land softly when he fell or was thrown downstairs, how to deaden pain, physical and emotional, how not to remember anything that happened to him in detail….and those same brain cells helped him in his lessons.

But it did mean little Jimmy was dead. Physically and emotionally dead. He functioned, but he lived in a world where he was a spectator. Everything around him was unconnected to him. He just watched and

functioned as needed to survive. Reacting to events as they happened around him or using his survival abilities to work out what was going to happen. Jimmy was becoming a strategic thinker.....

When he was out Jimmy looked at women's faces intently. If they had a soft, smiley face he loved them instantly. His body changed and he wanted to go with them.
'Would you love me' he thought, 'would you? I would love you'.
And he stared at cleavages. Cleavages in blouses. He wanted to know what was in there? The excitement of thinking about going in there was overwhelming.

Jimmy was popular with the little girls as he was nice, polite, kind and always smiled. Unlike the oafish other boys.
Jimmy had worked out that all you had to do to be safe with women who, from his point of view were the cruellest creatures in the whole world, was be nice. Do anything they want. Don't upset them. Never upset them. Be nice, smile, soften voice, relax body, be pliable…..
Many years earlier he had learned that not everyone wanted what Bea did. Firstly, his mother who screamed at him when he reached between her legs and she slapped him as hard as she could, teeth

bared, eyes full of hatred. And then later she told Ken who also laid into him.
And one day in the street, with Bea, she had met some friends and one patted Jimmy on the head, smiled and said, “Nice Jimmy” and so he had put his hand up her skirt. She went into the type of dance that you do when a dog is trying to hump your leg.
Jimmy didn’t know why? Bea likes it. Mom doesn’t? The lady in the street doesn’t? It made no sense...
Women were the cruellest, he had worked out, as their rejection, their withholding of love, their abandonment when you needed them most was the most painful feeling in the world. Nothing was more painful than that. The men fucked you and beat you but that was your body. The women killed your soul, broke your heart……
There was nothing worse than when his dad was getting ready to take him somewhere to be fucked, and he looked at his mother and saw the look of disinterest in her eyes. Help me, please help me, please…..
But…. nothing.
Disinterest was the wrong word. She was happy to see him gone out of the house, no matter what they did to him.
That was cruel.
That was so cruel. The pain used to be overwhelming, but he had learned to control it, push it down, bury it deep and don’t let her see your pain.

You, the woman over there who brought me in to this world and who is supposed to love and protect me. Yes, you….
He didn't show his pain as it infuriated her and made her angry and it turned Ken on.
Jimmy just smiled. Although one day, as he played in the garden, a cat came to him to be stroked. Jimmy stroked it and then gently put his hands round its neck and squeezed until it moved no more. He breathed deeply, gasping for air and looked around him but there was no one. He looked at the dead cat and felt an incredible feeling that he had never felt before. He wanted to do that, feel that, again. He grabbed its back legs and swung it in an arc and brought its head down on the little wall divider for the allotments. He heard the vicious crack as its skull cracked and the blood spurt out of the wound. He did it again. And again. The cat's head was just pulp and he sat, gasping, looking at it.
He was overcome by mixed emotions. He was consumed by anger, hate, fear, joy, freedom, power, control; and then he started crying. A little cat. He had killed a little cat. And then his mind kicked in and the horror and the cat meant nothing.
And the next day it would be forgotten…..

Chapter 19
Mandy

When Jimmy was ten years old his life was pretty much sewn up. Get up, may or may not get hurt or abused. Go to school, good chance of getting bullied as thin, weedy little kids usually do. Back to shop where Bea may or may not take him to bed. Go to shop where Harold may or may not want him to minister his services. Go home where he may or may not get abused by either Mary or Ken or both. Nothing to look forward to, nothing to look back on. A now, desolate life with no hope, no happiness, no feeling, nothing….

Jimmy used to walk to the pools that were about three miles from his home. For some reason he took a different lane and came across a farmhouse with dog kennels at the side. Inside were collies, the lassie type of dog. Lovely colours, long hair and long noses. He looked around but could see no one about. He walked to the kennels and tried to open one.
“What are you doing?” shouted a man’s voice from the house
“Nothing”
“Why are you down here?”
“It’s the school holidays, I was just walking”
The farmer walked towards him “Why are you opening the kennel?”

Jimmy automatically smiled and lowered his voice. He also looked around to see where the best place to fall was.
“I just wanted to stroke a dog”
“Ok, but next time don’t enter premises that don’t belong to you”
“Ok”
That was a bit of a joke. Giggled the man “Premises that don’t belong to you. Get it? How old are you?”
“Nearly eleven”
“Nearly eleven-year-olds don’t own premises. See?”
“Not really”
“Do you like dogs?”
“I don’t know”

He opened the door of the kennel run and the dog started jumping up to say hello. Jimmy stroked the dog for a moment or two.
“Can I stroke the next one, please?”
He repeated the process four times and then came to an empty run. “Where’s the dog?”
“She’s quite ill I’m afraid. She’s lying in there.”
“Is she going to die?”
“She may”
“Can I see her?”
“You can but she may not move much”
“That’s ok”
The man opened the run and Jimmy went to the door of the kennel. Inside a dog was lying on straw and she looked at him forlornly.

“I’ll be back in a minute. Her name’s Mandy by the way”
Jimmy went in the kennel and sat on the straw by the dog. He looked at her for a while and then started to stroke her head. Moving his hand to her neck, he started to slowly tighten and she whimpered. He looked at her face, saw the look in the dog’s eyes that he recognised, and his hand loosened its grip.
“Are you in pain Mandy?”
Mandy moved slightly and rested her head on his leg.
“I get a lot of pain Mandy.” Tears started rolling down his cheeks. He cuddled Mandy and put his head next to hers and then he started sobbing. After several minutes he wiped his eyes with a handkerchief and stroked Mandy tenderly.
The man came back and poked his head in. “Ready to go now?”
“Can I stay longer please?”
“And play with the dogs?”
“No, in here. In here with Mandy.”
“She won’t be able to play. I doubt she’ll even go in the run”
“That’s ok”
“Well, it’s not a problem for me, and Mandy would love the company I would think. Ok, just knock on the house door so we know when you leave. Ok?”
“Ok”

The man left and Jimmy hugged Mandy, who licked his face, and he started sobbing again. She nuzzled him and he stroked her tenderly.
“Mandy, Mandy, Mandy….” he kept repeating, and he hugged her tightly.

A while later he heard a lady’s voice calling “Hello.” Her head poked into the kennel.
“Hello. Are you all right in here? You’ve been in here two hours you know.”
“That’s ok”
“I’ve brought you a cup of tea and a piece of cake”
“Thank you”
She went out for a moment and reappeared with the refreshments.
“You sure” she sounded concerned “you’re ok in here?”
“Yes, thank you”
“Ok, if you say so. When you’re ready to go just call at the house and let us know, ok?”
“Ok”
“When her footsteps had receded to nothing he sipped at the tea and started giving Mandy the cake.

Jimmy looked at the approaching dusk.
“I have to go now Mandy” and he started crying again. “I’ll be back tomorrow, I promise. Please don’t die Mandy” he sobbed “please don’t die. I’ll be back tomorrow, I promise”.

She licked his face and, with what strength she had, she wagged her tail.

He went to the door, knocked, and moved back several paces. The door opened and the man said
“We thought you were going to stay the night, you’ve been in there nearly six hours”
“I’m sorry but I have to go home”
“You don’t really do jokes, do you?” he said, smiling
“Take things a bit literal, eh?”
“Can I come back?”
“If you want. Just let us know when you’re here, ok?”
“We don’t know your name?”
“I’ll see you tomorrow” and he turned and ran for home.

Chapter 20
Telling secrets

The next day there was a knock on the door and the lady opened it.
“Well, hello” she looked at her watch “It’s only eight o’clock”
“You said I could come back and be with Mandy”
“Of course you can” She smiled warmly.
“Thank you”
He turned and started walking to the kennels.
“Do you want a cup of tea?”
“No thank you,” he shouted back without turning round as he broke into a run to the kennels. As he stooped to get in the small door to her kennel, Mandy barked and wagged her tail.
“Mandy, Mandy, Mandy” and he started to cry.
He curled up by Mandy and they both settled down with Jimmy gently stroking Mandy.

“Mandy, can I tell you a secret?” He looked out of the kennel but there was no one around. He opened his shirt, and his chest was badly bruised.
“If I tell anyone, he is going to kill me” He started shaking with fear and then clung to Mandy and cried.
“Mandy, what am I going to do?”
Mandy licked his face.
“Don’t die Mandy, please don’t die.” He buried his head into her neck. “What would I do now, without you Mandy? What would I do…..?”

He sobbed until he could cry no more.
“If you die Mandy, I will kill myself and be with you. Me and you Mandy, just me and you. And I will stroke you and love you forever….”

A little later the wife popped her head in the kennel.
“How are you doing in there?”
“Ok, thank you”
“Would you like some lunch?”
“No thank you”
“Have you got any food?”
“No”
“Then come and have some lunch with us”
“In your house?”
“Yes”
“No thank you”
“You’re a funny little thing. Would you like me to bring you some sandwiches and a piece of cake? Nice ham and tomato? Jam sponge?”
“Yes please”

Four days later, Jimmy arrived at the kennels, to see the farmer and his wife, and another man, in Mandy’s kennel run. He started running.
“Mandy, Mandy!” he shouted frantically. When he got to them, he was in tears. “Has Mandy died?”
“It’s ok, its ok. She’ll be alright.” Said the farmer reassuringly “This is the vet. He came for one of the cows and he looked at Mandy while he was here.

She had a dead pup in her and it was killing her. So, he took her to his surgery and now she's back."
His wife held Jimmy tightly. "It's ok, go on in with Mandy"
Inside the kennel Mandy was bandaged but she wagged her tail, started licking him and got as close as she could to him, making doggy noises of pleasure.

Chapter 21
The Farmer

Two weeks later the farmer and his wife were having breakfast. Jimmy had already arrived and had taken a now recovered Mandy out for a walk. With him were also three of Mandy's pups.
"He has been down here every day for three weeks. Every day" she said.
"I know"
"Every day," she emphasised.
He nodded. "I don't know whether that's wonderful or incredibly sad"
"What do you mean?"
"Doesn't he have any friends to play with? It's his holidays. Doesn't he have anywhere to go? Don't his family take him anywhere?"
"Have you asked him?"
"I have. All he says is 'everything's ok thank you'"
"What is everything? What is ok? What does that mean?" she asked exasperatedly.
"I don't know. He comes, he goes, like a ghost in the night. He says little or nothing, but the joy on his face when he sees Mandy…..well, it's unbelievable"
"I have a thought," she said tentatively.
"Go on"
"You know the dog can't have any pups now that her womb has been taken out?"
"Yes"

“We have been together a long time; you know what I’m going to say”
“Give Mandy to the boy”
“To the boy whose name we don’t even know. He has never mentioned his name and avoids giving it. And yet there he is, every day, all day, and sometimes a lot of the night.”
“I agree with you. He should have Mandy. They enjoy being with each other and he will obviously look after her. But we know nothing about his family or anything. Shouldn’t we know a bit about that first?”
“When he comes back, let’s have a word with him…”

Chapter 22
War

“Can I have a dog please?” he asked at teatime.
“No!” said Ken instantly
“Why not?”
“Because I say so!”
Jimmy was scared of his dad, but he wasn’t. He knew he was going to get beaten so what did it matter? If you were wrong you got beaten, if you right you got beaten, if you existed you got beaten. And anyhow, Jimmy felt better when he was controlling events. Time to stick in the knife.
“Shall I ask grandad if he could stay there?”
Ken erupted. His chair flew from under him, and the table rocked as he stood up and grabbed Jimmy by the throat. He marched him backwards and smacked his head against the wall. He pulled back his fist….
“Ken! Leave him alone, your dad will kill you! Come and sit down” she soothed “Come and finish your tea. Jimmy go out to play or go to bed. I don’t care which”.
Ken struggled to let go of Jimmy’s throat but with a big breath, he did. Jimmy ran to the back door with blood oozing from the back of his head.

Not only had Jimmy moved on but so had Mary. Mary had given up. This life, this status, this man, this marriage, this everything, had destroyed her. She had wanted it so badly, been fucked by Ken to

get it, had a child to legitimise it and fucked by Harold to keep it. But it had ground her down and now she was always complaining of this aliment or that ailment. Her need for sex had diminished, which infuriated Ken who still demanded it from the less than responsive woman underneath him.

Now she hated her husband, who felt the same; hated Harold who felt the same; hated Jimmy who felt the same although, unknown to her, he also loved her with every fibre of his being; hated Bea who felt the same.

It was now a family at war and the only two that got on were Harold and Bea.
Ken wanted everyone to get killed in a horrendous car crash. And then he would own the shop, get drunk every night, go fishing, play bowls and fuck anybody who would let him.
Mary wanted Ken to die in a horrendous car crash so she could move on and find another man; preferably one who washed and with a brain.
Jimmy wanted everyone to die, which included all those that abused him and hurt him outside of the family, except Bea. She still gave him the haven of her bed and breasts.
Harold preferred them all to live. The subservient Ken was needed in the shop to provide an income. Mary was also needed in the shop, and she still sucked him off occasionally although she didn't

enjoy it anymore, but Harold cared less what she enjoyed. Bea looked after Harold, and she would still do anything he asked and smiled while she did it. Bea wanted Ken and Mary to die in a hideous car crash so she could keep her little boy, Jimmy.

Chapter 23
A new home

“We’re glad,” said the farmer to Ken “that Mandy is going to a good home. I didn’t realise that Jimmy was part of the White family otherwise we wouldn’t have asked to meet his parents”.
“We’re just pleased that Jimmy is happy, and we’ll obviously make sure the dog is looked after”
They shook hands, Jimmy coaxed Mandy into the back seat of the estate car, and they drove away.
Ken looked at Jimmy. “You think you won Jimmy eh? Think you got one over on me, eh?”
He leaned over and punched Mandy and she yelped.
“See, you didn’t win anything, you just given me more to play with. And do you know what will happen if you give me any problems now, eh?”
Jimmy, crying, staring at his beloved dog, said “You will kill me”
“No, I won’t kill you, I’ll kill the dog”
“No” pleaded Jimmy “please don’t hurt Mandy. I’ll do anything, anything. Don’t hurt Mandy. Please..” he sobbed “don’t hurt Mandy”
“Then just remember that, when I, or any of my friends want something, you give it, right?”
“Yes”
“Or I will make the dog suffer before she dies, and it will all be your fault. Got it? If she dies it will be because you killed her...”

Jimmy crawled over the seat to hug and protect his dog...

The next week Jimmy started his new school, and he left Mandy at the shop where Bea looked after him. She also, as they were butchers, made sure he ate well.
On the first day of school the Head Teacher addressed the assembled throng and told them what they had to do, where to go and a summation of the school. And then he said “And so to conclude. A French philosopher, Jean-Paul Sartre, once said that ‘Freedom is all about having choices’; and education and knowledge give you that. So, enjoy your time here, work hard, learn much and take advantage of all our sports and hobby activities after school.”
‘Education and knowledge give you freedom’ thought Jimmy. He hadn’t known that. But how could they? How could education and knowledge give you freedom? How....?
When he went back to the shop that afternoon, he asked Bea. ‘How do education and knowledge give you freedom auntie?’
She thought for a moment. “I’m not sure Jimmy, dad will know”
They went into the kitchen. “Ask your grandad”
“Grandad. They said at school that education and knowledge give you freedom. How do they do that?”

Harold may have been a bully, abuser, womaniser and drunkard but he was smart. Harold also liked intelligent people, unlike Bea and Ken who were quite thick, and so he warmed to the subject.
“It’s a bit difficult to explain Jimmy, but it’s a bit like this. If you have knowledge, if you have an education, it helps you to make choices. If you can make choices, it allows you to make better decisions.” He saw Jimmy look a bit blank. “Let me give you an example. Would you go and put your hand into a fire?”
“No”
“Why not?”
“Because I would burn my hand”
“Quite right Jimmy, you would burn your hand. And you know that because you have been taught it is a dangerous thing to do and you may also have seen someone get burnt in a small way and you know it hurts. So, knowing about something helps you make choices. The more you know about anything and everything, helps you make choices. Helps you have a better life.”
“So, if I work hard at school and learn, my life would be better?”
“Yes, more than likely. When you get older”.

Chapter 24
Knowledge

At the end of the first school week Jimmy took Mandy back to the farmhouse. He was greeted warmly.
“I wanted you to see her”
“Why?”
“So you know she is alright and I am looking after her”
“We knew you would,” said the wife
“Some people wouldn’t, some would hurt her”
“What kind of people?”
“Nasty people”
“Do you know people like that Jimmy?” asked the farmer.
They noticed the pause and the breath.
“No....”
“Would you like to come in for a cup of tea or something?”
“No thank you, I’ll go now”
“Have you started your new school?”
“Yes”
“Are you enjoying it?”
“I am. I am going to learn everything”
“Everything?” Asked the farmer.
“Yes”
“Why?”
Jimmy thought for a moment “John Paul Sarter said ‘freedom is having choices. And knowledge gives you choices.’”

“That’s very true,” said the farmer “I’ve got some old encyclopaedias if you want them?”
“I don’t know what that is?”
“They are books full of knowledge. Come in and have a look”
Jimmy didn’t move.
The farmer motioned to the door “It’s ok Jimmy.” He thought if was funny calling him Jimmy, as they hadn’t known his name until his father had picked up Mandy.
Jimmy still didn’t move.
“Would you like me to get you one to show you?”
“Yes please”
The farmer brought out several books in a carrier bag. “There you are. There’s science, biology, the arts, loads of subjects...”. He held then out for Jimmy, but he didn’t move.
“You have them” continued the farmer “Take them home and read them”
Jimmy still didn’t move.
His wife took the books and bent down in front of Jimmy. “Jimmy,” She said softly, “you have to trust someone, trust us. Remember, we loved Mandy like you do”
Jimmy thought for a few moments then took the carrier back and moved back a little.
“Thank you. I have to go now. Come on Mandy” and he turned and walked away.
The farmer saw tears start to well in his wife’s eyes.
“I still think,” she said, “what I thought before. It’s his

eyes. Unless he is with Mandy they lack life, they lack..... love"
"I know. But what can we do? He never complains, we've never seen anything to suggest he's not looked after. His father appeared nice and kind. Should we say something to someone?"
"What could we say? We know a lad who is not as happy as we think he should be, and you should investigate? George, I know there's nothing wrong but.....somethings wrong." and she gripped his hand tightly.

Several weeks later, at the start of a class, a new teacher walked in.
"Good morning children. Mister Walker is not too well today so I will be taking your class. My name's Bennett and I help out when a school needs a teacher for a short time. Right, lets...." and he started the lesson. He gave them work and walked up and down the aisles and looked to see what the children were doing. He leaned over Jimmy and Jimmy looked up. For a moment Bennett froze.... and then moved on. He went back to the front of the class, started to write something on the board but surreptitiously looked back at Jimmy who just got on with his work.
When the bell rang and they all filed out Bennett hunted in his briefcase for a small notebook, found what he was looking for and went to the payphone in

the hall. The phone went in the butcher's shop and Ken answered. "Whites butchers."
"You fucking idiot" shouted Bennett as softly as he could "Why didn't you tell me what school your son went to?"
"I don't remember you asking" said Ken sarcastically.
"You fucking smart arse. I've just been teaching him, for fucks sake"
"And what happened?"
"Nothing. He didn't seem to recognise me"
"I doubt whether he would"
"Why? I've fucked him enough times"
"Yeah, but from the back. And in the dark you prat"
"Are you fucking sure?"
"Did he remember you?"
"Not that I could tell, no."
"There you go then"
"Fucking hell, I was scared"
"Just think what would have happened if he screamed 'That's Bennett, he sticks his prick up my arse'. What would you have done then eh?"
"Fuck off" and he slammed the phone down. He realised he had let his facade drop and looked around, but no one was watching, thank God. He wouldn't want to lose a job that let him be close to all the pretty little boys....

Chapter 25
Change

Surprisingly, over the coming months, Ken was quite good with the dog. He stroked it occasionally, allowed it to lie by him when he was sitting up the garden watching the fish in the pond and had no problem with the dog integrating into the household. Part of it, the part Ken didn't show, was that he liked the affection the dog gave him, and it allowed him to show affection although he kept it hidden. However, he convinced himself it was less affection the boy could give the dog.
He did kick it occasionally when he came home late and drunk, and the dog got in his way, but the next day he always patted the dog and said "Sorry".
Mary could work none of it out....?

Several months into his first year he was sitting on a bottom step, reading a book, and a girl came and stood in front of him.
"Hello," she said
"Hello"
"What are you reading?"
"It's a science book from the library"
"Oh. Do you have a girlfriend?"
"No"
"Would you like one?"
He thought for a moment. His mother would give him hell and Bea would kill him. Bea had told him

categorically that he should only love her. Bea loves Jimmy and Jimmy loves Bea. For a moment fear swept through him.
“No, not really”
“Why?”
“I’ve got Mandy”
“Who’s she?”
“My dog”
“You prefer a dog to a proper girl?”
“Yes, I love Mandy”
“Weirdo” and she left.

A few minutes later she was back with her two, older brothers.
“She says you’ve insulted her. Said a dog looks better than she does”
Jimmy said nothing. The boy kicked him.
“I’m talking to you”
“I’ve done nothing”
The boy slapped him across the face and Jimmy leapt up and started ferociously hitting him as hard as he could. When the boy went down Jimmy kicked him in the head, the stomach, the groin. The attack was quick and vicious. The boys brother grabbed Jimmy but Jimmy kneed him as hard as he could and when he went down, crying in pain, Jimmy started kicking him and he carried on kicking them both until a Teacher dragged him away.....
They were sent home. Separately.

The next day in the Headmaster's study each of the children was given a chance to say their piece. The brothers and sisters account was roughly the same but obviously concocted. Jimmy's account was just that. An account of what happened. Delivered in a fairly monotone voice. He didn't blame anyone, just recounted what had happened.
The Headmaster and the two other teachers in attendance were quite happy to forget it as the three siblings were from a common, pain in the arse family. They tentatively agreed that Susan, the sister, would more than likely grow up and make a lot of money on the game. They didn't quite understand how Jimmy, little Jimmy, had made such a good job of destroying the bigger brothers? The teacher who had pulled him off had said he was almost maniacal when he was fighting, but moments later he was quite calm....
They had the children back in together and made them promise not to fight again and shake hands.

Chapter 26
Outward Bound

In his second year his class were given the opportunity to go away for a week to an Outward Bound Camp on the coast. Jimmy went home and discussed it with Mandy as they walked and played their games. One of the games involved Jimmy telling Mandy to sit and then he runs off and hides. He leaves it a minute and shouts “Mandy” and she has to find him, which she always does. He gives her a biscuit which he puts on her paw. She waits until ‘good girl’ and then she eats it.
“Mand, I’ve got a chance to go to a sort of adventure week at the coast. What do you think? It would be nice to have an adventure, but it would be better if you and I had one, wouldn’t it. Together, just you and me. What do you think?”
She barked at his words.

Jimmy told his parents who had no objections, primarily because he would be out of their hair for a week, with luck he would fall down a cliff and break his neck, and also Harold would have made them. It was six weeks away and the cost was thirty pounds and the children had to take five pounds to school each week.
Jimmy told Bea that a friend at school would have Mandy as he had a dog and it would be company for

them both, and Bea was a little relieved at not having to exercise and worry about the dog.

He went to school early on the Monday with a little rucksack over his shoulder, and Mandy on a lead. He also had a little carrier bag with Mandy's food in it. They waved him goodbye for the neighbours benefit and went in, had a cup of tea, and Mary went along with being fucked as a celebration.

Jimmy took Mandy to the farm. He made her wait out of sight and then, without being seen, put an envelope through the letter box. From there he went to a bus stop and then to the train station.

Two days later Mabel, from school, rang the shop enquiring about Jimmy. Was he ill? Was he ok? Mary explained that he had gone on the Outward Bound course and obviously wouldn't be at school. Mabel said she would check and ring them back.
A few minutes later the phone rang, and it was Mabel. 'Jimmy didn't go on that trip. He didn't put his name down...'

At the farmhouse they had found his letter.

Please find £5 for the books you let me have.
As education and knowledge equal freedom, I have read them all. Freedom, here I come
Thank you - Jimmy

Chapter 27
Adventure

In his pocket he had sixty pounds. The thirty for the trip and the rest saved from pocket money and money he had been given by men. He bought a ticket for London Euston, a name he had seen on a railway map in the library. Because of the time of day, the kind lady at the kiosk let Mandy go for nothing as long as Jimmy didn't take up an extra seat. He was going to London as he knew the Queen lived there and if the Queen liked it, it must be a nice place.
The journey was uneventful with Mandy having a great time being stroked by all and sundry.

He stood on the large platform. A thirteen year old boy with a collie. Jimmy hadn't planned for this stage as he had no idea what the next stage would be, so he went to a kiosk for something to eat and bought a Mars Bar. He sat on an empty chair and ate and looked around him..... A lady sat by him.
"That's a nice dog"
"It's Mandy"
"Hello Mandy. Are you waiting for someone?"
"No"
"So you just bring Mandy and sit around and watch?"
"I've never been here before"
"You don't give much away, do you?"

“Have you got a dog?”
“No, afraid not. Difficult to have a dog in London”
“Oh”
“Do you live in London?”
“No”
“Where do you live?”
“Nowhere at the moment. I’ve got to find somewhere”
“What’s your name?”
“Do you know anywhere I can stay so I can get a new school?”
The lady heard that her train was coming in. She looked around and saw a policeman. “Wait there, I won’t be a minute”
She went quickly to the officer and explained that she thought the boy over there was a runaway. She pointed, but Jimmy had gone....

After leaving the station he asked directions to where the Queen lived and then they wandered the capital for several days, living on Mars bars, washing in public toilets, and sleeping where he could find a little shelter and keeping out of the way of other homeless people who scared him.
Jimmy was constantly scared, at times terrified. He didn’t have the knowledge, confidence, or street savvy to exist on the streets and everything was scary. People rushed here and there, and he felt overwhelmed by the pace and complexity of life there. He wanted to go home where he knew about

things. But he didn't want to go home. But he didn't want to be alone, so completely alone and abandoned. Home seemed a much safer place from London....

He walked through a neighbourhood with large, three storey, terraced houses that towered above him and sat on a step. Taking a bite of a Mars bar he gave Mandy a little of the remaining food that he had left for her. A door opened behind him, and he shot up.

"I'm sorry," he said "I'll move"

"Don't worry," said the elderly man, "you're not doing any harm. That's a nice collie"

"It's my dog. Her name is Mandy"

"And what's your name?"

The man was relaxed and smiling. Jimmy was outside so he could always run. He took a chance.

"It's Jimmy..... Really, it's James"

"Hello James, and what are you doing here?"

Jimmy had spent thirteen years trying to survive. Alone, with no one to turn to. For some inexplicable reason, he said to this man he didn't know.

"I've run away from home"

"Why have you done that?"

Jimmy's body shook as it so desperately wanted to share his torment. To share the burden. To connect to another human being.

"They hurt me" and started sobbing uncontrollably. Mandy came closer to him and whined softly in

concern. The man sat down by Jimmy and put his arm round him. He rocked him gently.
“It’s ok, it’s ok. You’re safe now”
James clung on to the man and then looked at him.
“Please don’t hurt me,” he pleaded, “please don’t.....”
“I won’t”
James continued sobbing. A lifetimes reservoir of withheld grief overflowing.
“James, I’m going to take you in to the house for a cup of tea and a sit down. So that you are comfortable with that I am going to leave the door open. Ok? If you feel unsafe the door is open and you can go. You are not trapped. Ok?”
James’s head bobbed up and down. “Can Mandy come?”
“Of course, Mandy can come.”
He led James and Mandy into the grand, high-ceilinged hall and shouted “Darling, put the kettle on, we have a guest”.

Chapter 28
Home town

In the dining room at the shop, Harold, Ken, Bea and Mary were sitting round the table.
“It’s been a week,” said Harold, sipping a mug of tea “and nothing. We know he went to London as the police checked and the ticket office remembered the dog. We also know that it is now in the local papers. On top of that we know” he looked at Ken “that you are a complete fucking idiot”
“Why me? I didn’t tell him to go”
“No, you didn’t. But you obviously didn’t make it possible for him to stay either. How many times have I told you to rein in that temper of yours? I bet wherever he is now they’re wondering what the bruises are eh? Eh?” He shook his head. “If he talks, my friend in the police will be of no help whatsoever as he’ll be behind his own bars. Jesus what a mess.”
“Maybe he’ll get run over, or killed for some reason” offered Ken.
Harold despaired of this intellectual mine shaft that was his son....

Vera and George had read the local paper and read about Jimmy.
“It’s dreadful,” said Vera “Poor little thing has run away with Mandy. Whatever drove him to that?”
“I don’t know, but I think we do really. He wouldn’t talk, wouldn’t come in the house, spent all his time

with Mandy and the dogs. That doesn't sound like a happy family life...."
"It doesn't sound like any kind of life"
"And the letter; he was going to find freedom. Freedom from what? Why would a child be searching for freedom? A child?"
She started to cry, and he held her.
"Vera, it seems to me, and you, that his home life was a mess. Maybe he was being hit or abused, I don't know. But whatever it was it took away his childhood to the extent that he ran away. He ran away from something so difficult that he couldn't take it any more."
"What do we do?"
"I don't know. At the moment I suppose we do nothing. If they never find him there is nothing to discuss. We actually know nothing. Everything may be fine, and he is, maybe, mentally damaged and not being abused at all. Let's wait and see what happens..." He cradled her head and kissed her gently.

Chapter 29
Judged

Henry Willcox. Ex Judge Henry Willcox. Ex High Court Judge Henry Willcox sat on an opposing sofa to James. His wife Phillipa fed cakes to James and Mandy.
“How’s that?” she said softly. “Better?”
Phillipa was smiling. A beautiful, radiant smile and James suddenly grabbed her and clung to her and cried. She cuddled and soothed him. Mandy put her head on her knee, and she stroked Mandy at the same time.
“You poor little thing,” she said softly. “You poor little thing”. Out of James eyeline she raised a fist and mouthed ‘Bastards’.

Phillipa decided he should have a bath and then a good meal.
“I’ll take you up the bathroom,” Henry said and then watched as James shrank back and started shaking. He could have cried. You saw this with animals that had been beaten regularly, but this was a child. A child for Christ’s sake.
He clung to Phillipa whilst staring at the face of Henry.
“James,” said Henry “I’m not going to hurt you, but would you like Phillipa to take you upstairs to the bathroom? She will run the bath, then give you some towels and then come back down here and you can

get undressed and have a bath? What do you think? Is that all right with you?"
It wasn't really all right with James. He didn't want to go upstairs with anyone. But he needed a bath.
"What about Mandy?"
Phillipa looked at Henry and then laughed. A bloody big collie, with all that long hair, maybe fleas, upstairs...?
"James," said Henry "let me show you our garden. It's a big garden, so why don't you let Mandy play in there for a bit while you have a bath. I bet she needs to go to the loo..?"
"Ok"
Henry showed James the garden and James approved. Mandy would like that garden with its lawns and bushes. Phillipa led him by his hand, upstairs to the bathroom. She ran the bath and gave him two huge towels. She turned to leave.
"Please don't go"
"You have to bathe on your own James"
"Please...." he said softly.
His vulnerability tore her apart.
"I tell you what. You have to bathe alone, but I'll sit outside the door, and we can talk to each other. How's that?"
"Ok. But you won't leave me?"
"No James, I won't"
She left and James started undressing. "Are you there?" he called.
"I am James, don't worry, I'm not going anywhere"

He undressed, went to the loo and then got in the bath. The bathroom, he thought, was bigger than their house. When he thought of their house, their house, he started crying.....
She heard him crying and didn't know what to do. If he had been abused to the extent that his personality and actions suggested, she could not go in and help as God knows what he had been trained to do. "Are you ok James?" She asked tentatively.
After a long pause a faint "Yes thank you" and then she heard him splashing away.

Later, they sat in the kitchen, around a large island. Mandy had been given water and food and was asleep by the warm Aga.
"Where do you live James?" asked Phillipa.
James hestitated.
"It's ok. Tell us what town you live in?"
"Fawley"
"Where's that?"
"I don't know. But it's a long way on a train."
Henry found his RAC map book and found Fawley, a small town in Shropshire.
"And what does your dad do?" asked Henry.
"I can't tell you"
"You can if you want James, just tell me what your dad does?"
James, misunderstanding, started crying, got slowly off the chair and bent over. Then he turned round and opened his mouth wide. His body was in agony

and he slumped to the floor with the pain. He wailed and wailed in torment.
Phillipa went down to him, sobbing her eyes out, and Henry..... Henry had tears in his eyes, but his face was thunder. Henry had been to a private school and he knew a little about what James has suffered. Not on this scale, not with this severity, but enough that he had never told a soul. And enough to make him break the law when the Master concerned, years later, went before a Judge for the same reason, and Henry had a quiet word with his friend and made sure the sentence more than matched the crime. The defence barrister had assured the Master it would more than likely be at the most two years, possibly even parole with a lenient judge. The ten years he got shocked everybody....
James sobbing woke Mandy and she came over, nuzzled her way between them and licked his face.....

That night James stayed at their home. He slept on one of the sofas and Mandy slept by him on the floor where he could reach her and stroke her. At the back of the room, they left a small table light aglow.

In bed they discussed what to do?
He was a runaway who should be given to the police to return him to home.

He should be given to the police, but after hearing his story, be satisfied that he was just a little storyteller, and returned home
He should be given to the police, but after hearing his story, he wouldn't be returned home
He should be given to the police, but after hearing his story, what bit he would tell, he wouldn't be returned home. And then where would he go. In Care....?
Henry was an ex Judge and Phillipa an ex Barrister, who were used to doing things right, but Henry could see another bit of unlawful jiggery pokery coming up. They agreed he was not going home. They agreed the Authorities should be told. They agreed, if James's story was anything near true, that it was about time that somebody stuck up for him. And who better than an ex High Court Judge and an ex Barrister....?

Henry rang Stephen, a long-time friend who happened to be Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police. After the pleasantries, they arranged to meet early evening at their Club.
Henry told him everything they knew. Although vague, James had given them a lot of information.
'What do you want me to do? I can hardly put the Met at the disposal of a runaway child'.
"You can stop being the hardnosed Met Commissioner for a minute and help a traumatised child who, from all the information we have, has had

abuse all his life from his family and others, and you can help a friend, two friends including Phillipa, who are asking you for help”
Stephen smiled “What do you want me to do?”
“I’m not sure, but maybe between us, we can come up with something”. Henry winked.
Stephen shook his head in mock despair and they both giggled like errant schoolboys.

They agreed that James would stay with Henry at the moment and then in a few days he would be ‘found’ and his parents informed. However, if necessary, they would also be told that he was poorly, and it would be a few days before he would be home. It was lame, but it was a start. And Stephen would do a bit of checking with the resources he had at his command.

Stephen rang Michael, the Head of the Shropshire Constabulary who he had met on quite a few occasions and got on well with. He explained the problem and how, perhaps, he could help. They mulled it over and Michael took over.
Michael rang the head of CID and said ‘I want you to find me the youngest, innocent looking and best CID officer we have, and I want you both in my office at three this afternoon. Michael thought that innocent looking, and CID was asking a lot but...

Chapter 30
The Station

Late in the afternoon the small police station just off the High Street in Fawley received a phone call from HQ, basically asking a favour. They had a recruit, potential officer material, who needed three or four weeks in a small Police Station to learn the ropes. No problem.

The next day the fresh-faced recruit, Gerry, arrived and was seconded to one of the Constables on the beat. They wandered around, down the High Street, meandering into the small off streets, through the housing estates, anywhere the constable felt like going. He said ‘hello’ to some, chatted to others and occasionally pointed out ‘bad uns’, but otherwise it was uneventful.
“Not much happens, does it?”
“It’s Fawley mate, what do you expect? Bank robberies?”
“I was hoping for a bit of excitement”
“Not here. Occasional shop lifter, bit of poaching maybe, a punch up outside the pubs at chucking out time but that’s about it.” He saw a pretty girl. “I would” he whispered.
“And me. Maybe she’s got a mate?”
“Like girls then eh?”
“Yeh...sort of”
“What’s ‘sort of’ mean?”

“I’m not saying”
‘Please yourself’
They spent the first week together and became more and more profane when it came to commenting on young ladies, or younger girls. Quite young....
They discussed what they would do with all parts of the girl’s anatomy and what they could do in return....

On the second day of the next week they had just seen a girl, maybe eleven or twelve, but who was quite well developed.
“Fucking hell,” said the new recruit in a voice that sounded more like a rapist on heat.
“You’d like her eh?”
“Well, you know.....”
“Ah, I see. Well, I saw last week but now I know. The younger the better eh?”
“Possibly”
“You can tell me. You had many?”
“I don’t know you; how can I trust you?”
“I’m a copper. We stick together. And what did someone once say, ‘There’s just a sliver of paper between a copper and a criminal”.
“I’ve always thought that. How can you catch crims if you can’t think like one? And if you can think like one, well....”
“There you go. So, you like little girls, eh? Boys as well?”
“Not really. Tried one once but not for me. If that was all that was available, I’d go along but, you know....”

“You’re a bit of a lad eh? Well, don’t tell too many people what you like. The church goers and do gooders get quite arsey about the little children thing. Hey, that was good, arsey. Get it? Arsey.”
“Good one”
They dropped the subject and carried on walking and talking until their shift ended.

The next day he was with a different copper. They walked and talked and did plenty of ‘hello’s’, helped old ladies across the streets and other selfless acts of coppery.
On a quiet path the copper said “I hear you like little girls”
“You shouldn’t believe everything you hear”
“Don’t worry, your secrets safe with me”
“I hope so”
“How long are you with us?”
“I’m not sure but no longer than another two or three weeks I think”
“Early next week we have girlie night. Interested?”
“It depends on what you mean by girlie night, but yes, I am”
“It’s a sort of get together of like-minded men. Most take a girl and those that can’t, pay £20. What do you think?”
“How old?”
“Take your pick. But from about eight to thirteen”
“Eight to ten would be magic. Bloody hell. Can you really do that?”

“I can do lots of things. This is usually about every month or two, but there are other things if we can pull them off and make sure it’s kept quiet”
“How do get away with it?”
“The people involved have a lot to lose if it gets out and so it’s invite only”
“So, they’re important?”
“Local worthies, businessmen.....we even see the vicar occasionally but he’s got his own supply. And anyhow he prefers little boys. Which is another night entirely. Fancy one of them?”
“Not really.”
“Where is it?”
“I’ll give you the location the day it’s happening. It’s about thirty five miles from here and it’s up a winding lane to get to it. You won’t find it so I’ll meet you close by, and you can follow me”
“Ok. I really appreciate it as I struggle to get these....needs filled”
“You can fill what you want pal. Just bring your twenty-five pounds and you’ll have a whale of a night”
“You said twenty”
“Twenty for the night, five for me for setting it up. Ok?”
“Ok, but I hope it will be worth it?”
“Believe me, it will be worth it. The best money you’ve ever spent...”

Chapter 31
The Barn

He was given the directions a few hours earlier and they met in a small layby just off the main road. He pulled in behind the copper and followed him for about two miles and then they pulled off up a long lane for about a mile. At the top he saw a large barn in the darkness. Parking their cars the copper went round the back, opened what looked like a letter box and put something in. After a few moments the door opened, they were let in, and it was quickly shut.
“You sure he’s ok?” asked the large man who had opened the door.
“He’s fine. An upstanding copper.” They giggled.
“Upstanding. Good one,” said the large man.
“Everybody in here is upstanding”

Gerry was led in by the copper and shown around. There were straw bales stacked to form cubicles and in the cubicles, he saw men abusing little girls. Little girls. Very little girls. Girls that should have been tucked up at home in bed. He saw the look on their faces, and he felt sick as he watched, but he needed a few more minutes. Just a few more. He wanted to kill the men in there. How could they? He was getting angry to the point of it overtaking him. Calm down, calm down. Just a minute or two more....
“Seen anything you like?” asked the large man.
“Anything you prefer...?”

‘Anything’ he thought ‘anything?’ They meant nothing. Little pieces of human flesh to fuck...

Thirty of the elite of the Metropolitan police were assembled outside, some armed. Two smashed the door in and half of them poured inside. The others waited outside in case the rats had other ways out. Ironically Ken was the first they handcuffed....

Chapter 32
Caught

Stephen rang Henry.
“It went like a Rolls Royce,” he said, “couldn’t have been any better”
“Really? What happened”
“They were in a barn and the Mets finest swooped down like winged avengers and got the lot. Lock, stock and barrel as they say”
“The Mets finest?”
“The best way of keeping it a secret. Use our lot”
“Well, it least it corroborates James’s story.”
“It’s better than that, much better than that....” He left it hanging. “His dad was there.”
Henry didn’t know what to say. He was glad, more than glad, that the bastard would now be dealt with, but what of James....?
“There were about twenty men there. They took them to the local HQ. By the way one of them was a copper. Great publicity I don’t think. Anyhow they took them in handcuffs to HQ and one or two reporters had somehow, don’t know how, been alerted and now their faces will be known everywhere.”
“Anyone of note?”
“Not really. We’re talking about Shropshire, not London. But a Magistrate, shopkeepers, local businessmen, councillor, two teachers, that sort of thing. Quite a bag really.”

“Good”
“Oh, and one or two of them, shit scared, offered information for a bit of leniency”
“Yes?”
“James’s grandfather, it would appear, although old now, was the prime mover in all this stuff. Organised it for years and, believe or not, is a Governor of the local Church of England School and, you won’t believe this, he has his own special pew in church”
“Special pew?”
“From what I gather its twice as deep as everyone else’s”.
“Hypocritical bastard”
Henry thanked him and arranged to meet later at the Club where he could hear it all in detail.

Chapter 33
All gone

In Shropshire things were moving fast. All the men were kept in cells overnight and the next day, after giving statements, or not as the savvy ones wanted their solicitors present, they went before a Magistrate who refused them bail. When he refused bail to one of his own, standing in front of him, he glared at him with a contempt that he wished he could have expressed. In fact, he would have given him a long sentence there and then but.... innocent until guilty and all that crap.

The police were given lots of other names by the whimpering men in their cells, who didn't see the contradiction in ratting on their mates and pleading their innocence at the same time. Some were just 'passing by and looked in'; others had been told it was a 'Masons meeting'; another had 'got lost trying to find a distant relative'. The copper suggested he was there as he had set it all up for the police to make a raid and should really be 'promoted for his initiative'.
They went to Harold's shop and arrested him and led him away in handcuffs. Bea was taken with him but without the handcuffs.
Ken, as he no longer liked her and if he was going down, so was she, ratted on Mary and so the arrested her and took her away in handcuffs.

They went to a shop in the middle of the street and his wife let them in. They searched the premises and found the photos that James had mentioned.
Photos. And in a place where you could find them. Unbelievable. These were hardly criminal masterminds. Just men whose pricks cut off their blood supply to their brains. They left his wife sobbing her eyes out and insisting there must be some mistake. Her sixty-three years old husband wouldn't do anything like that....
And the vicar kicked up quite a fuss as they dragged him off.

Fawley had never seen anything like it.
Harold White, of all people. And Ken and Mary? Surely not. There were such a lovely couple.
But, of course, the little boy had run away. And from what? Well now we know.....
And when they looked back, there were signs. Yes, they could see the signs now. Harold and the Church of England School; the vicar, and the way he would greet the little boys in church in what now seemed an overly 'touchy' way. A lot seemed to centre round the Church and its activities...? And Harry, at the clothes shop, who would happily show a child who needed the loo, where it was, and took them, and helped them.....
Of course, these thoughts only applied to those who could think. After all it was Fawley and the local industries were mining and iron founding. Not

exactly jobs for intellectuals. And so they didn’t believe, or didn’t care, or didn’t understand, or thought the kids more than likely deserved it anyhow for some reason. Like little Janice down the road who wore low tops. They could understand why she would deserve it...

Chapter 34
H & P

Henry and Phillipa still had James. He should be back in Shropshire, but it had been agreed he wasn't needed to help the police at this stage and where would he go? His parents were being held on remand, as was Harold. They had let Bea go but the police knew about her relationship with James, although it could be difficult to prove, and so he couldn't go there.

So he was still with Henry and Phillipa.
They had discussed in great detail the possibility of giving him a home, maybe adopting him through the Courts if his parents ended up in jail, but it didn't work. Much as they wanted to help this little child, they lived in different worlds and they were in their late sixties, too old for James. He needed someone younger to grow up with. And they wanted to help sort it if they could as they knew, if they didn't, he would be taken into the Care system, and they both knew that could be the frying pan into the fire. The Care system, they knew from experience, was rife with paedophiles.....
What the hell to do? James had another grandparent called Sam. The police had been to Sam's house, whose wife had died, but he had hardly ever met James and, although offering general help, didn't want the responsibility of a child.

Although it could be a big mistake, they decided to explain the situation to James. They explained about his parents being locked up for what they had done to him and other little boys and girls, and his grandad as well.
“I can live with Auntie Bea. She treats me.... nice.....”
They watched his mind wander; his head shook imperceptibly.
“Can I stay with you please?” His face lit up. “Can I? You like Mandy”
This was the mistake. They had allowed him to go down a road which led nowhere. They explained, as gently as they could, why that wasn’t possible. Was there anyone else? Another Aunty or....
James face lit up again. “Mr and Mrs Chetwood! I’ll go there”
“Who are they?” they asked in unison.
“Farmers. They’re farmers. They gave me Mandy. They would have me and they are really nice. They used to give me cake and Mister Chetwood gave me some encycl...”
“Encyclopaedias?”
“Yes. ‘John Paul Sarter said ‘freedom is having choices. And knowledge gives you choices.”
Phillipa smiled and said “I’ll make us some tea” and went to the kitchen, where she cried silently.....

Chapter 35
The Farmers

Three days later Vera and George Chetwood received an envelope with a Kensington and Chelsea postmark on it. The envelope was heavy, elegant and obviously high quality. The letter inside was embossed with the senders address and the writing was almost calligraphic. They had style. The letter explained how they met James and laid out in detail the subsequent events that followed on from it.
Following from that they arrived at James predicament, and could they help, if only for an interim period, so that a suitable home could be found for James. Being in that locale would also mean he could get back to school....

They had, like everyone else locally, read about the paedophile ring that preyed on little boys and girls and also the role of the Whites in it. Poor Jimmy. Day after day Jimmy had visited Mandy and gone back to that abuse...and they had done nothing. Nothing. Even though everything about him gave rise for concern, they hadn't questioned Jimmy, they hadn't raised concerns with others, not a quiet word in someone's ear, they hadn't done anything.....nothing.

And now this.

Could Jimmy stay with them for a while? The obvious answer was no. They were farmers, with about four hundred acres of land mostly theirs, the rest rented. They had cattle, sheep and arable and it was hard work. True, the men they employed did the hard work but, on a farm, a large farm, there were always problems. Always problems. That was the nature of farming. Or, put another way, if you go into business with nature, you have to expect problems.
But a child? They were in their forties and had never really considered children. They were always busy, busy, busy and, occasionally, when the subject came up, it wasn't that important and so it went away again.

"Do we owe him this?" Vera asked.
"We owe him nothing, as that suggests a debt to be repaid on our part, and that is not the case." George sounded more like Henry in Court, but that was merely a front he was hiding behind. Vera had heard this voice before at his beloved father's funeral. "But having said that" his voice came back softer, quieter "can I say something?"
She saw he was struggling and she didn't know why? This man, her man, this strong, independent, decisive man was struggling.
"After I read about it in the paper, I did a bit of research about paedophiles and paedophilia. Do you know" he said quietly "what they do? What they do to little children? I had no idea. I just thought

children got smacked or beaten or, at worst beaten up. But that's not the case." He gasped for breath. "I can't believe there are people like that, who would do that, but I know it is true. And Jimmy, Jimmy who took such good care of Mandy, was a victim. A bloody daily victim. Jesus Christ. How do they survive that? How do they function?"
He held out his arms and his wife went to him, and she soothed him as he shhok his head silently and tears filled his eyes. She had rarely seen him cry, except on the rare occasions where a vicious dog had got in with the lambs and there were ripped carcases everywhere... They clung together, united as they always had been, until he said "Let's sit and talk. I'll make a cup of tea"
He washed a couple of used cups and made the tea. "What do you think?" he asked, "what do you really think? No bullshit, no guilt, no coercion, no responsibility, nothing. What do you think? In there..." he pointed to her heart.
"It's easy for me. He comes here."
"Just like that?"
"Just like that"
"Why?"
"Because I am a human being and I care. And he, little James, deserves some care. I had good parents, you had good parents. He deserves good parents"
"Are you saying we should have him for good? Adopt him?"

“No, I’m not saying that. He may not fit in here. He’s more than likely traumatised. He may do things that we will disapprove of, not because he’s bad, but because that’s what he thinks is normal. It may be too difficult for us; it may be too difficult for him. But what I’m saying is, let’s give it a try. Let’s, say....give it three months. If that works, give it another three months. And if that works, he can stay with us...”
“But how is that fair on him? We don’t like him after a while and chuck him out? How is that right? Wouldn’t it be fairer for him to go somewhere and stay?”
“Of course it would. But he is looking for love, for compassion, for understanding; not long-term accommodation”
“Bloody hell Vera...”
“What?”
There was a long silence as he looked at her. “I am so glad I married a woman that talks so much sense”

They rang the number on the headed notepaper and talked to Phillipa. After a long chat Phillipa said they would deliver James to them in.... “She looked at Henry, who help up three fingers, “.... three days”

Henry rang Stephen, the boss of the Met, told him what was happening, and asked him if he could just get the Chetwoods checked out. James was going nowhere where he could be in more trouble.

Two days later Stephen rang back and said nothing untoward had been found. Henry waited for the kicker. “Of course, at such short notice, I can’t guarantee that, but it looks ok at the moment”.

Chapter 36
The Farm

Henry and Phillipa, and James, and Mandy, were going to take the train but decided on the car. Henry had a well looked after 1990 Bentley and so they arrived in style. Mandy sitting on a rug on the back seat with her head out of the window. When they turned into the yard of the farm Mandy barked excitedly at the familiar smells. One of her pups was still there for breeding and she barked back in recognition.

They met them at the car. Mandy jumped up and down with excitement, Vera cuddled James and the others shook hands.
“Tea?” asked George.
As they walked in Vera realised James wasn’t with them, but she knew where he would be. He and Mandy had gone to be with the dogs.

Vera made cups of tea and they sat down and chatted. Henry and Phillipa were natural chatterers, and the flow of conversation was easy. Even the conversations about James, what he had gone through, and where he should go from here, were easy.
George suggested they should stay the night and travel next day, which they accepted so, before tea, George took them out for a mini tour of the farm...

After tea James took all the dogs for a run on the fields and the grown ups, happy with what they had decided, just made sure they could put it in a way that James would be able to handle it.
When he came in, tired after running around for an hour and putting all the dogs in their kennels, except Mandy who stood by his side, they asked him to sit down. The job of explaining had been given to Vera. She was going to be his prospective mother so she should be ‘motherish’.
“James,” she said, “As you know, you can’t go home again, and you have to live somewhere else....”
“Here,” he said. “I’ll live here.”
She took a breath. “It’s not that simple James. What if you live here and you don’t like it?”
“I will”
“Ok....what if you turn out to be a very naughty child and we don’t want you to stay”
“I won’t”
“But what if you do?”
It went silent. They waited for him to answer, but how does a child answer a question that involves looking into the future, when that child never had a future to look into other than one of pain?
“Are you going to hurt me?”
“Of course not James”
“Then why would I be naughty?”
“Err...”
He looked at George “Will you teach me things?”

“Of course, I will. Anything you want to know or should know”
“Education and knowledge give you freedom. If I am free, why would I be naughty?”
It was too profound for a child but, there it was. Phillipa thought he’d make a good witness for the defence. This was not the way they had rehearsed it. Somehow the child had taken control.
“Ok,” she continued, “how about we give it a try for three months and see how it goes?”
“All right, but if I’m not naughty, you don’t send me away?”
“No,” said George, “we won’t send you away.”
James yawned. It had been a long day.
“Can we go to bed now please?” and he stood up and so did Mandy.
“Of course” and Vera took him and Mandy up to bed.
“This will be your bedroom from now on. What do you think?”
“It’s nice. I can see the fields and the trees”
“Freedom...?” she asked
“Yes...” He looked at her and started to cry “Thank you”
She held him tight and rocked him until they both stopped crying and then left him looking out of the window while he gently stroked Mandy.

Chapter 37
Home

James found a home and Vera and George found a child. It worked well.
In the early stages it became obvious that James needed psychological help to undo much of what he had been taught was normal. They found a nice man called Chris, a specialist in child abuse, who saw him weekly and led him gently through the nightmare he had lived.
After a year Chris suggested to the Chetwoods that they allow him to learn Tai Chi. James body did not function well due to the abuse as it was unfeeling and disconnected. James had done everything with his mind, and his body was a separate entity entirely. James needed to liberate his body and find a way for his mind and body to work together. That way he had a much better chance of functioning as a feeling, connected human being. He recommended a Tai Chi Master he knew, an Englishman named Craig, who initially turned them down when they explained they didn't really want him to teach him Tai Chi, they wanted him to use Tai Chi as a tool to unlock James. In the end he agreed and changed the way he taught so that he could connect with James and James to the world around him. James mind was an open door to this as he instinctively wanted to be 'whole'. In just over three years James had progressed to the point

where his body was feeling, and he could take energy from trees.....

And, in due course, with the love of Mandy, his new parents, Henry and Phillipa who kept in touch, Chris and Craig, and many others along the way, he had a nice, normal, happy life.....

Addendum

This book is mainly a work of fact although the ending is different. Jimmy didn't go to London and his parents and their friends were never held accountable for their crimes against him or the other little children.

I changed the ending as I wanted the child to have a chance in life and be himself, rather than what they made him into.

Most abused children suffer forever.....

My thanks to

Vera and George Chetwood who gave me (when I was about 10)

Mandy (who lived a long life)

Hazel Mahoney – Masseuse (2001) – introduced me to

Paul Sweitz (2003) – who got my feet to work, and to

Chris Purnell (2006) – who helped me for many years to become a human being and kept me alive. And who persuaded me to try Tai Chi

Craig Swinnerton (2019) – Tai Chi Master who helped my body feel and get energy from trees

David - September 2022 (age 75)