

The Collective Thoughts of a Schizophrenic

(Some Call it Madness)

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Part One- A Farewell to Innocence

Mental illness, a subject that we know little about although it has increased dramatically in recent times due to the stress and strain of modern living. I would like to take you on a journey into it, my journey in fact. Hopefully from it you may grow in understanding and perhaps who knows gain some insight into its actual cause. Before I continue though I have to say that a lot of what I went through can not be related and the things that I do remember might be out of sequence. A lot of the time I was on medication and under Psychosis and so not fully aware of what was going on. So with that said let the journey begin. I started on a Pre-Nursing course at college when I had just turned seventeen. I guess that I was looking for a purpose to serve and as my mother had been a Nurse I was attracted to the Care industry. From there I went on a placement which I really enjoyed finding it fulfilling in a vocational kind of way. The Manager there even said that they would employ me if ever a job came up and as I had my heart set on this place that made me very happy. Eventually when a job did come up and I got it I was overjoyed. I worked in a Respite Unit which basically is a place that disabled people go for a break or to give their Carers a break. It was a large two storey Victorian building set in its own piece of land that had an upstairs where 7 people lived permanently and a downstairs where 10 people came in for short term care going back at weekends. It also had a day service for non residential care situated downstairs. I worked on the ground floor of the building On my shift there were always three Staff members on our floor and we all got on well as too we did with the Staff on the upstairs level. We were very protective of each other as we had Clients with us that had challenging behaviour. They could be quite aggressive so we had to look out for one another. We were a pretty good team all with a genuine concern for our Clients welfare and happiness. We also got on well on a personal level and we would often go for a drink after work and sometimes we went out at weekends too. I would spend a lot of time with one of the qualified Nurses there as we were very good friends and worked well together. There was occasionally bitching with some of the people on the other shift but I think generally that's the case between different shifts all over. Yes, overall it was a good atmosphere and though sometimes the work could be quite physically demanding it was generally speaking a happy place to work. (We had to get some of the clients out of bed as they had physical disabilities and when I started work there in the late 1980's we did not use hoists)

Our job was to take care of the Clients and by that I mean both their physical and mental needs. Basically we used to look after them and keep them entertained. We would sometimes take the Clients out into the community and hopefully give them a taste of life. We would either go into town shopping and maybe stop off for dinner or go to some local landmarks, sometimes we would even take them on holidays. We would sometimes have Disco's and the parents could attend them, these were always enjoyable for all concerned. I worked under that Management for around 13 years and on the whole it was a good place. We did have a couple of issues when I was there though. The first one was over the degrading of our contracts where our Employers to try and save money were trying to cut our wages. We were actually looking at going on strike but decided on a work to rule so the clients would not suffer as much. The other issue was when our clothing allowances were taken off us but to be honest that was not a major issue.

As a footnote I have a sister with a learning disability who also had to access the day service facility in the unit due to me working and needing support after our mother had died. She will appear quite a lot in my journey, this footnote being her first step.

Things were to change slightly though when we got transferred to another Trust. (This Trust is still part of the NHS and it actually runs one of the units I access in mental health). They decided to close down our building moving some of the Clients to two houses and the rest to a seven bedded Respite Unit. This Trust to save money actually pulled out the Cleaners of the original building a couple of months before the big move and the place became disgustingly dirty. The new building was nice though and we soon got back to normality. I would often make them a proper roast dinner where I always used to use fresh food and never frozen and I would always have the Clients in there helping as they enjoyed doing it. I did have an issue with a Manager there however. I put in a complaint about him when he swore at me. The complaint was upheld and he apologised and I became a bit of a hero to some of the other Staff. Apart from that things ran pretty well the five years we were under their management. And then a private company took over. The new takeover was quite difficult (they always are from NHS to Private) as it had been agreed that we would keep our same Human Resources Policies (contracts) though the new Company saw things differently once the takeover was complete. Our contracts were protected under TUPE (Transfer of Undertakings (Protection of Employment) regulations) though anyone starting after the takeover would be on the new Company's contracts. It was a two tier system that would eventually evolve through time and natural wastage into Company only contracted work. Well normally but the Company was not that patient and they were obsessed with us reading and signing their handbook. This would have meant to us agreeing to things which went against our Contract. They were adamant about this so I wrote that I agreed that I have read the hand book but did not agree with what it said which did not go down too well at all. (Before I continue looking more deeply into the situation I would just like to say that I was there for five years in all and my decline into mental illness was not a rapid thing but a gradual erosion.)

Now when the Company first took over there were lots of different kinds of meetings and they were very enthusiastic about how wonderful they (the Company) were. Within months they were on about having people with different needs coming to the Unit. These people would have come with a lot of extra money behind them. By this I mean that the Company could charge more for their services. The Staff would need to be trained to deal with these special needs and so the Company would charge extra for this and the extra work that would be involved in their care. This building was not actually equipped for people with the type of needs the Company were trying to secure though so the idea eventually fell from grace. By then we had three new members of Staff that had been sent over by the Company. They had all worked together before and were good friends. One was to later fall out with me. I had seen him upset another member of Staff in a meeting and the Staff member told me she was unhappy about it though she did not take the matter any further. I had told the Manager that I was not happy about the incident though and as the Manager was another one of the three new comers it meant I was marked out as a trouble maker. Another common topic of these meetings was shift changes. They were not happy with me and another member of Staff working long days. We would have constant meetings about it until eventually we agreed to a weekend shift. I think they thought this would stress me out but as I was not in a relationship at that time I could make any day a weekend, (I also got more money so it actually worked in my favour).

Split shifts were bought in not long after that though as they were looking for an even more flexible workforce. This would cause a bit of a divide between the TUPE Staff when it first came out. We had been used to working a straight seven and a half hour shift but they wanted us to work from 7-10am in the morning and then come back later. These were a pain to do and also costly. (It would cost more in petrol if you drove though as I had to depend on local transport e.g. buses and taxis it proved even costlier). There was one member of Staff, due to medical reasons, who did not have to do them. Her so called friends were horrible to her because of this I liked her a lot and was heartbroken when she later died a very painful death due to this illness.

On the subject of the difference between TUPE and regular contracts you would go to training at their head office and the office Staff would not acknowledge you yet if you were on their contracts you were treated a lot better. This did actually change years later though when the regulars were starting to get treated badly too. By then all TUPE Staff were on Company contracts so there was no difference between them. Any contractual change called for a lot of what they would call consultations where you meet with Managers and for these you could have your Union Rep.

There were other Contractual changes that did affect our money too. For example being told to work on the Community with no extra pay (We also noticed a change in buying habits. They started using lower cost things like cheaper foodstuffs and less expensive equipment yet it would appear on the outside things were better, it was all about show to them). They wanted us to do more jobs, not on our job description and sometimes not even legal. There was one time I was asked to take a Client out although he had no Care Plans nor Risk Assessments which is actually illegal. (I worked in a Respite Unit so this was not a person's home and as it was Registered it had certain compliances it would have to meet to). I refused at first so the Manager wrote out on a piece of paper that the client had been assessed and told me it was all done now so I had to relent.

Though it was not in my Job Description to be a senior this seemed to be my presumed role. I had had the chance to be on higher pay with a senior title though I had turned it down. I never wanted to give out the medication perceiving it as too much responsibility. Now I had actually gone on their medication training though not through choice. You would have 3hrs reading about medication then they would leave the room so people just copied from the book in front of them. As mentioned before I loved taking Clients out as they used to really enjoy it but the Company turned mean when I refused to give out medication. They said that I could no longer take the Clients out. I asked "Even the Clients that do not take medication?" and they just said no one. By this time the new stress put onto the job by the Company had gone too far and was starting to effect my mental health. There were certain Staff that would creep around the Management and I was becoming too paranoid to work with them as I kept thinking they were setting me up for a fall. We got through quite a few Managers in my time there and my general opinion of them was that they were not very professional come to service but intensely loyal to the Company's philosophy of profit over all. Another thing about them is when I would question them they had a habit of being nice to you at first though would very quickly turn nasty on you. Anything to enforce their own Manager's will.

A final thing about them was that they would send recorded delivery letters to us. They generally came on a Friday when I was at work and were always about a planned new change. The Post Office depot was only open half a day on a Saturday and there was no bus route near me to get

there. I never knew what was in the letter all weekend so sometimes this caused feelings of dread.

The meetings were always at their base which to me was a train ride away. They did not want Union Reps involved in a lot of them and I would be told they were not necessary. I was always in meetings as I would stick to the NHS Job Description though the stress of the situation did take its toll. I was constantly getting physically and mentally worn out, panic attacks came each time I took the train journeys to go through grievances I had made. These Grievances were labeled 1 to 5 in intensity and the higher the level the more stressful the situation was to me. A Grievance would generally be when you raise concerns about the running of the place though a lot of mine were about the erosion of my TUPE contract. They were usually asking me why I could not do other roles that other people were doing. (Once you start chipping into your job description though it could be disputed that you have now lost your original transferred one). Also I often raised concerns about my then Manager which was a hard thing to go through. In an ideal world our manager should be approachable and a Grievance would be a last resort. You have tried the amicable route with the people concerned and this has got you no where so now you go to the next level. When I was dealing with these people they are of course not going to want me to be the person who gets them to admit that their working practices are not working so it was quite a futile effort. This particular manager was quite up himself and was a bit of a bully if the truth be known. I think he had made it his job to break me down and so took every opportunity to try and humiliate me. There was one incident when he asked me to do a piece of work and then asked somebody else to do the same. Theirs of course was more showy where mine was more substance and Client orientated. (Another time a fellow worker told me that a worker in another Unit that the company owned had killed himself and actually left a suicide note blaming it on the Company. The motive behind him divulging such a statement played heavily on my mind for quite a while afterwards).

Generally I would not get the Minutes back until after the meeting. When I read them they were nothing like the meeting that I had just had. They never actually dealt with the issues I was raising. Therefore I had to raise them again and prepare for the next meeting. This had to be done in my very scarce free time. You also had to pay for your train fare and then get it back a month later. So not only were the wages often wrong (Another difference between the two contracts was that we got paid overtime rates. The Company did not have to pay them to the other workers so it confused them. They would often mess up the wages and cause even more stress.) you did not get transport costs on time either. The Company did not have a healthy work to life balance and you would often have to attend on your days off and get time in lieu. This you would take back when they could cover your shifts which was not always at a time convenient especially as we worked with low Staffing levels. The Staffing levels were quite a problem as there were Clients that had to be supervised at all times though this was not possible as you sometimes only had two members of Staff on. We had Clients with epilepsy who could need both Staff upstairs leaving all Clients downstairs unsupervised. The CQC (Care Quality Commission) were actually monitoring them as I had informed them of the situation there. I started sending them information after I had been advised how to write it in a confidential manner by CQC. I was phoning one person frequently and sending her information. (This took time and money as it had to be recorded delivery.) Also I once had a meeting where Human Resources were actually meant to be supporting me but they could not get one of the Senior Managers over to sign for the Minutes. This was surprising as they never seemed to be that busy. In fact a few more Care-Workers employed instead would have helped the

Clients and Staff a lot more than a top heavy Managerial system.

Over time and with the build-up of pressure from the Company it all got too much for me. What would seem trivial to a lot of people became absolutely massive to me in my new found state of mind. I used to hate getting up in the mornings where before I would spring out of bed with great expectations for the day ahead. The thought of work, well more the Company involvement in the situation would fill me full of dread. I was drinking heavily to try and mask all the negative thoughts that had took over my mind. Instead of masking it though it just enhanced it.

I went off sick but had no comprehension of why I was feeling that way. It wasn't until I met somebody I knew in town and told her how I felt and what had been happening to me that things became a little clearer. She said that I was being bullied and gave me a book to read. It was only when I started reading the book that I realised I was. Relief came over me at that surprisingly enough as up until then I was well in the dark.

Now onto the subject of Sick Pay. As mentioned earlier I was on NHS Policies and one of these was the Sickness Policy. With the NHS policy you could have six months of full pay and then go to three months half pay. This was never abused by myself or other people that I worked with as we all enjoyed our jobs and had a good sense of team spirit. It was far better I feel to have this than the few days that the Staff on the Firm's contract had. They would come in with colds and not feeling well due to only then getting Statutory Sick Pay and not being able to afford to go off sick. This does not allow for a healthy environment and can spread germs quickly through a workforce and most importantly be passed on to the Clients. I had very rarely been off sick until this happened and we are talking over many years. I say this to emphasis the seriousness of the effects of this greedy profiteering and the bullying methods that are used to uphold it.

During my time off sick I was supposed to have Occupational Health Therapy though the Company would not pay for it. Whenever they wanted to threaten me with how much sick time I had off I would ask to see Occupational Health and they would leave me alone. Eventually they did pay for me to go to an Occupational Health Therapist. It was concluded that my Stress at Work could be less stressful if the Company resolved and concluded meetings quicker as these were taking far too long a time.

When I got back from my sick leave to my surprise I found out that the Manager had been suspended (for an unrelated incident) and we then had a new Manager though only acting for four months until the first one's return. When he came back his attitude to me was a lot less bullying though the stress that had caused my fall from good health was still there in abundance.

The Company's attitude was still the same though and I still had to deal a lot with Area Managers that used the same tactics. Work itself was not too bad as I was mainly placed on shifts with a good friend who I had worked with for many years. Without her being on days I do not think I would have got as far as I did. A few months after his return I injured my back when I had to go under a bed to retrieve a plug. The hoist that was next to the bed had a plug that I had to take out of the wall so you could move the bed. It was a disabled bed on wheels and quite difficult to scramble under. I was the one who usually did it when I was on sleep over there. I woke up the following morning in absolute agony and could hardly move with the pain. I informed my Union a few days later and

they advised me to pursue it as I had a good case though even this was to add to the stress at a later date.

I also had a Client accidentally get spit in my eye, this is what in the NHS would call a Needle-stick injury. I asked the senior of the shift where the policy of this was as I had forgotten what the procedure was. There was no policy on the premises I was told and so I phoned the NHS Occupational Health to seek advice. They told me that I had a low immunity to Hepatitis C and I needed a course of injections to keep me safe and to phone my doctors. I phoned my doctors and they said they did not have any and advised me to go to Accident and Emergency. So being all stressed I caught a bus and went there and was told to go to the Geno-urinary (clap clinic). I tried there and they did treat me but said my Employer should be paying into an Occupational Health Scheme and not to send anybody else. They treated me though because they said I had been through enough stress.

As time moved on they started to change my shifts without consultation adding even more to my stress. This is one of the main things I could have raised at a Constructive Dismissal I was thinking of pursuing, This then led me to having even more meetings further increasing my already high stress levels. (How I got through the shifts during this time I do not know. All I wanted to do was cry, I usually would take a Taxi home from work and would always be dropped off at the local shop. Here I would buy a few cans of lager and go home. At home I would just put some music on and go into the kitchen, drink the alcohol and start crying.) These meeting were always quite a distance away and could be all over the country as the Company was a large American one with many offices here and in many other Countries. Sometimes it would take two train journeys to get to my destination which always took up a lot of time. When you plan your journey route you do not always go straight from one train to another and a lot of time can be spent just waiting to connect to the next one. When I got really poorly it became very traumatic to travel on public transport as paranoia was always with me. I would often meet up with a Union Rep after having panic attacks on the train on my journey over. I would then try to attend a meeting showing myself to be calm and composed. I would always try to act in a professional manner when dealing with the Company to show them what it was like. I also felt that they were trying to break my Will and I was showing that they had not. I think it used to get to them seeing me calm.

Eventually I had to go back on the sick as on top of all the usual stress I was having problems with other Staff members due mainly to my paranoia it must be admitted. In fact on my very last day one of the female Managers actually took me into a room and informed me that nobody there liked me. I wanted to tell her that nobody liked her either but to be honest I did not think it would bother her and she probably knew it anyway. Another and perhaps the main reason I went off sick was that I had become too ill to actually do the job. I was worried in case I put a client at risk by not being able to concentrate on my job and actually felt guilty for being there in that state.

The initial few days after I left were one of euphoria. It was sort of like a great release that is hard to explain as it had to be experienced. It was like Atlas had had the weight of the world taken off his shoulders and was truly free. I was even thinking more clearly than I had been in a long time. Once the euphoria died down though and with the clarity of thought I now possessed I saw how much I had grown to hate the Company. Another thought I also started to dwell on was the fact that I would

have to go back eventually. I knew how the stress had effected me and it filled me full of dread to think that I would have to go through that again.

(Up until this point the effects that the stress of the situation had had on me were still quite mild. It had made me both physically and mentally drained all the time, I had been subject to panic attacks and constantly falling to tears. I was also having black outs and walking around the streets in just my nightclothes though this was told later to me by my neighbours as I was not aware of it at the time. It seems that I was actually talking to a different neighbour whilst under its spell though she neglected to mention it).

After that my drinking increased significantly and this aggravated my mental condition no end. As mentioned earlier I had been thinking of going for a Constructive Dismissal and so had been collecting a lot of information to put together a case. (I had always kept records of the events anyway so it was no real ordeal. In fact I could have used them in this section of the book but unfortunately I had to burn them at a later date as they were sending me suicidal. That will be dealt with further on in this tale so I will not dwell on it here only apologise for the lack of real detail because of it.).

I thought that I had more than enough information to win as there had been quite a few changes to my contract without my permission. I could actually be entitled to quite a lot of compensation. Now under the influence of alcohol paranoia grew from just 'everyone hated me' to 'they were out to get me' which believe me is a whole new level of fear. I reasoned, well if that's the right word to use, that the Company did not like spending money. I had seen through my experience that they would do anything to save money and I meant anything. I could end up as another 'suicide' if I was not careful.

Entwined with this thought was that the Company knew about my help with CQC in their monitoring of Staffing levels and had me marked out as a 'whistle-blower.' My imagination had turned these thoughts into reality so I was living under a very heavy veil of paranoia. I was defensive yet at the same time aggressive, meek yet confrontational and thinking back I probably blacked out more than I cared not to remember. This was probably a good thing as I am guessing some things are best forgotten.

I was being monitored on my condition at my Doctors. Now although I really like my Doctor visits to him filled me full of dread. I lived under the fear that I would not be given a sick note. Why I thought this I do not know as just looking at me you could see I was not fit for work. Maybe it was the fear of going back to work that brought on the panic and this would override my logic. I was always in such a state by the time I got there that I would be crying and having panic attacks whilst I was waiting to be seen by him. I was that scared of having to go back it was unbelievable looking back at it now. Also I had mistakenly given the Company permission to E Mail me whilst I was off sick. This really was a bad move on my behalf as I was constantly getting letters from them about further Consultations about future changes to my job description. I also genuinely lived in fear of the next phone call from them asking when I was coming back so there was no real chance of getting my mind in order as the level of stress the company put upon was just as bad as when I was actually at work. In the end I had no choice really but to resign my post as my mental health was still deteriorating and I could never see myself going back.

Part Two – Psycho Sis

My neighbour came with me when I finally went to hand my resignation in. When we got there there was a tea and cake day on but I just rang the doorbell and the Manager came out. I told her that I was resigning and passed her the notice of Resignation to which she made some catty remark that to be honest was not that memorable so I cannot repeat it. I did not care though as I was filled with relief that I was well away from the situation. I phoned a few friends and happily told them that I had left and then settled down to drink a few beers and relax. After a while though I started to get really upset as the impact of what I had done finally hit home. I realised what a huge thing this was to do and started to cry. This was a job I used to love, it was my purpose, it gave me meaning to my life. We were told years ago that if you had a job with the NHS it was one for life and this is what I believed. The security this brought was a big part of my life and I had had my future all mapped out according to it. A friend of mine was working on my next door neighbour's roof at the time I was thinking this. He was working late as it was 8 o'clock. I thought he was there to make sure I was okay and took great comfort from it. Obviously my mind was still thinking bizarre things. I was still being monitored by my Doctor at this time but as I had started drinking very heavily again quite a lot of what happened was vague. Here are a couple of things that I do remember though to give you some idea of my state of mind at the time. I remember once before going to an appointment with him thinking that my neighbour was going to be killed. I had gathered so much evidence on the Company that they wanted me and anyone else involved with it silenced. I had hidden some of my files in my neighbour's bed for safe keeping before I went to the doctors (much to their surprise when they went to bed and found it later). I also remember that I even thought a local hairdressing shop was in on Company's plan. There was quite a few black people that went in the shop as it was a bit of a meeting place. There was a pool table in there so it was sort of a mini community centre. In my madness I thought they were going to kill me. A Community Policewoman had gone to see me at my neighbour's house about another matter and I raised this as a concern. She went and spoke to them and when she came back she reassured me that they were not and made me promise to go and see a Doctor. I went later to the shop and apologised for sending her around. I told them that I suffered with paranoia and the Owner of the shop said that he did too and that I was more than welcome to come to the shop anytime.

Thoughts of going to do a Constructive Dismissal at work fell out of favour not too long after I resigned as reality hit home. Although I had actually managed to find a solicitor a friend of mine told me to cancel him. It seemed I would need to take some sort of insurance out in case I lost. Up until then I had believed that I was going to win a massive Court Case in London against my former firm. I would have had enough money to make my town fantastic after I won. I could get rid of all the poverty and make the town a much better place. My mental health took quite a hammering with this news, my one piece of hope dissipated and despair crept back in. My mind started telling me through voices that I was going to have my house burnt down one night when I slept as I was a failure. I did not really like to stay in the house a lot at that time so sometimes I just used to sit in the local pub expecting to find somebody who would take me to a place of safety and hopefully find a new purpose for me to pursue.

I even used to follow people around hoping they would help me as I needed guidance. With my chance to help the town now gone I needed a new purpose. I would always end up crying when nobody stopped to help. I felt empty and devoid of hope I would send my friends' texts telling them I was going to commit suicide. (That along with my behaviour towards them alienated quite a few).

There was a place that I used to feel safe at though. It was my local Convenience Store. I used to get on well with the owner and I used to chat to the people that worked there quite a lot. One of them I believed was a freedom fighter who was going to rid the world of the greedy corruption that has engulfed it and set the people free from the tyranny of modern life. He featured in my psychosis quite a lot.

Psychosis is a severe mental disorder in which thought and emotions are so impaired that contact is lost with external reality. During a psychotic episode an individual may experience hallucinations and/or delusions. They may see or hear things that don't exist.

It was around this time that I started to hear music, it just seemed to engulf the house. I was sleeping in the spare bedroom at the time that I heard it. Much to my surprise I found that it was coming from the radiator in there. Although it was only a snippet of one song (Bananarama Na, Na, Na, Na. Na, Na, Na, Na. Hey, Hey, Hey. Goodbye.) it was played again and again continuously till it became more like a drone. It made it virtually impossible for me to get to sleep at night and I was getting that little I was constantly tired during the day. (On the subject of psychosis I had been told to give all my money to people and a lot of people took great pleasure in taking it. In the area that I lived in like most places I guess there were a few addicts who felt that Christmas had come early. I do not know how they knew but they seemed to just home in on me like they had some sixth sense that knew I was a sucker for a sob story. Also on psychosis I often had suicidal thoughts when I came down from it. To me everything looked different, shiny almost technicolor when I was psychotic but quickly turned drab when I came out of an episode. I used to see some normal people as being heroes e.g. bodyguards or under cover Policemen and yet ironically these were usually the ones who were abusing me and taking my money. When I was manic I would see these men as being unbelievably attractive but when I came out of an episode, they looked just like normal people and nowhere near as attractive as I had first perceived them to be).

I was back to my old routine of following people around when somebody from across the road called me over and asked if I wanted to have a drink. I thought he was the one I was meant to be going with so I invited him round my house. He was a Jamaican man in his late fifties and in my madness I thought that he had been sent to protect me..I shall call him Twat from now on, you shall see why later. My house was unkempt at the time which usually is the case when the illness gets too strong Sometimes in my worst moments I used to tape newspaper to the windows to block out the light as the darkness seemed to be my friend. Unusually I had quite a lot of money in the house which I threw up in the air as I was extremely happy feeling that now I was safe. I put some reggae music on and we got talking. He told me his landlord wanted him to leave and he was in desperate need of a place to stay. Now although I was due to go to Gloucester the following day (To see a friend who ran a charity that I was involved with) I said that he could stay at mine as a lodger.

I was still mentally unstable at the time and later that day went with him twice to A&E. I got frustrated with the time it was taking to see me though so I just shouted and left both times.

When we came back he ran me a bath and made me some Tomato Soup to try and calm me down. As I was sitting in the living room he told me that he wanted to marry me. I considered this very strange even in my madness and was about to ask him to leave when I felt that I couldn't breathe.

I went back to A&E on my own this time and sat there sobbing to myself and trying to breathe. After a while when I had calmed down slightly I realised that I had come out without my keys. I asked if I could go home for them as I needed them but was told that I could not as I had been booked in. My panic attack resurrected at that as did my paranoia increase when I saw three men in there and they said "Shes getting everything she deserves". Then thoughts of impending doom came as I saw someone who looked like a worker from my previous company. He smiled at me and this made me even more uneasy. I was watching the news at the time and the item was about troubles in another country and I panicked thinking that my friend, the freedom fighter had been captured by his country. All these things fighting for my attention made me blank out and I must have been in a right state as my next memory was of being asked the question "What day is it?" I did not know whether I was to say the following day or not, as I thought that I was on witness protection and it was a test. A little later as I sat in reception with a member of Staff I thought that I had just come from home so I asked her if that was true. She said I had been there all night. She then sat me in front of the TV and I went back to watching the news.

Later I wanted to go out for a cigarette but thought that a woman was shadowing me so the idea fell from grace. I also saw a police car outside which was the final coup de grace. (To be fair though unbeknownst to me at the time I was about to be sectioned and the woman was there, as with the Police, to make sure that I did not try to escape) I returned to my seat and remember being sat with an elderly woman in front of me who I thought was my long dead mother. A few moments later I saw a woman who looked like someone who worked in the Human Resources department where I used to work. From then on I kept looking at the monitors and thinking that everything and everybody appeared to be from my former Company.

Eventually a woman came over and took me to an off room. I remember asking her for a solicitor and she asking me why I wanted one but I could not answer. There was another door in the room and it was open. Behind it there were metal cages and my paranoia resurfaced once again. I got very scared as my mind was telling me that my former Company was going to put my family and work friends in these cages and take us out to be hung. I was taken through to another back room where five people were waiting. One of them was a doctor from the local psychiatric unit that was near to where I used to work. I used to also see him in my local shop so he was quite well known to me. I was told I was going to be sectioned. Of course I did not want to be but had no choice in the matter so I was very submissive. I was actually very scared at the time as I had two separate fears competing for my attention. The first was that I thought that my friends were going to be taken along with me and hung in some foreign land. The other was that I believed the Staff were all going to take me to another room and all the people that I used to work with were going to watch me being raped and call it the The Show. The next memory was at the Secure Unit I was sent to not long after I arrived. (I did not remember how I was actually transported there). There was a pool table on the Unit and lots of people were standing around it. I believed I was going to be raped here by them and the people in my mind were warming up to it, just watching me and saying "Are you ready?"

The next thing I remember was waking up in Orange Pajamas with my Dolce and Gabbana necklace on the side table. I must have spent a lot of time in the room with the Pool Table though as I remember another time in there when there was a man dressed in black lying on a sofa. I was just staring at him as I thought we were communicating through our minds. Maybe we actually were telepathically talking to each other as who really knows what Psychosis can do to the mind.

This was the first time I had been sectioned so I was pretty much in the dark as to what was going on. I remember my mind once saying to me that I was going to live there forever though I would be allowed out during the day. It told me that I was going to have to sign my house over to them. I could hear a voice say 'Get the cat,' and they were going to microwave it unless I did so. I was talking to a Service User (S/U) (fellow client) at the time about something else and she said 'Don't forget' just afterwards so from then on I was scared of her. I thought that she was in with the Company. Later on when I sat next to a visitor I asked them "When am I going to be taken to town?" I thought that they were taking me to the solicitor to sell my house.

The Company still had a mental hold on me as I asked a Staff Member there once if it was my former Company and she said that it was ran by the NHS. Yet every thing was blue like my former Company so I did not believe her though kept that quiet. I definitely was very scared a lot of the time I was in there. I thought that once I had signed my house over the Company would have me disappear. I remember one night about five visitors came wearing Red Emirates T shirts. I was scared thinking they were sent by the Company to abduct me and I was going to be taken to Pakistan. Also whilst I was there I saw my mother once again. Well I thought it was, it might actually have been someone who looked like her I was not sure.

A couple of things happened at home whilst I was away. The Police had contacted one of my brothers about my situation as he was the named next of kin. They wanted him to check the house over and make sure that it was secure. My brother though lived over a hundred miles away but as luck would have it my other brother who had also been living away had returned home after twenty years so he informed him. He went down with his partner and found Twat there (he was upstairs in my bedroom at the time) who told him that he was my boyfriend. As we had lost contact he did not actually know my situation and so phoned the other brother to find out. I had told my other brother earlier that I had a boyfriend so he confirmed it and so my brother went away content that the house would be secure. And my next door neighbours went round on another occasion and saw Twat as they were concerned about me, having not seeing me around for a while. They asked him where I was, he would not say at first so they said they would call the police as I was a vulnerable adult. It was only then when he told them, They came up later and bought me some cigarettes out of my £100 that I had saved at their house. Twat told me later that I was so drugged up in there that I was saying the Gambian President was going to kill me.

(I had, for a long time wanted to go to Africa. I spoke to my friend from Gloucester who with her partner had been out to The Gambia and they said how nice it was. (She actually ran a charity that used to sponsor children in the poorer parts of Africa. I used to sponsor one myself.) Myself and another friend went out there. We stayed in a hotel and when we first arrived there we were shown to our small apartment which was near the back of the Complex. You could see the people and chat to them on the outside of the hotel.

We had been told by the hotel in our group meeting not to leave the hotel alone yet I had read in a Rough Guide Book that the people outside the hotel also needed some kind of work and would take you around for a fraction of the price. We found two people to meet the next day and they took us around. We fell out with one of the people but when I started to carry on going to The Gambia I remained in contact with the other Gambian until he moved out of the area. We also made friends with another Gambian and his English wife in the hotel and met up with people we had met on the plane. The couple showed us around and took me to see a friend of theirs who was working in a school there. She would spend her time between The Gambia and England. I wanted to go out there again as I had loved it. I stayed with her on the next visit in an area called Bakaou. She took me out to the local market though I think my exuberance shocked her a little. I would greet the people with "Hello Darling". She told me that I really should not do that to people but the people were smiling and seemed happy about it.

On the Monday I was completely on my own and a bit scared but decided that I did not want to stay there all alone in the compound so I went for a walk. I got chatting to people and everybody was nice to me. I had stayed friends with a stall holder from my first holiday and would meet up with him. We would go to an English bar whose owner had a Gambian wife. We would do karaoke and sometimes play pool. His name was Musa. I then met with another friend in Bakaou who later became my boyfriend, his name was Lamin.

I had also made friends with a Gambian lady who had married her husband. He was English and she came back to England on the same flight as me to start a new life with him. I bought back Musa to England myself on a sponsored holiday once. To do this I had to go to the Gambian Embassy where I was interviewed and had to provide wage slips to prove I could fund him. I did not tell Lamin as I knew he wanted to come to England but had no money for his plane tickets and I had no money to buy them. I was not interested in Musa in a sexual way I just wanted him to have the freedom to travel just like I had. A short time after he arrived Musa did a runner, he did not even take his clothes with him when he went. I was so angry to be betrayed by him that I phoned the police and they came around. One of the Policemen said that he had not dealt with anything like this before. I did receive a phone call from him around a year later though. He got as far as his name but I was still angry with him and started shouting so he put the phone down. Lamin did not say much about this when I told him about it. I had started to have doubts about my relationship with Lamin too as I had heard he was seen with a female eating out. Then when I arrived one time I found out that he had purchased a car. He had said he had savings but I believed a female had bought this for him. Our relationship seemed to be failing though as I was losing my trust.

I used to go out there twice a year bringing him gifts and helping him as much as I could and would phone him often when I was back in England. We never really had that much to say in conversation though. On my very last trip to The Gambia I heard that Lamin was ill so I spent most of my spending money on hospital visits with him. I was to stop going to Gambia after that though when my Charity worker friend that I used to go with sometimes fell out with her Gambian boyfriend. I went to other places in Africa with her and her new boyfriend who was Ghanaian after that. (Since I have issues with Mental Health now though I will never go abroad again. I could never take the risk of being psychotic over there).

A lot later on, in fact when I was resigning work my Charity worker friend phoned me and told me a Gambian was on the internet exposing bad things that were happening in The Gambia. I never did look at it but as she told me the man had left the country due to paranoia straight away I presumed it was Musa. (The reason I have gone into such detail about The Gambia is because the voices in my head scared me a lot in my psychosis about The Gambia. This had a massive effect on my mental health).

Back at the Unit they changed me to another bedroom and all I could hear was Gambian music and a voice saying Lamin over and over again. I was not sure if the music was real or just in my mind like the voices. Whilst there a fellow patient said that her mum was taking her out of there as men and women should not be mixed together because people had been raped there. When you are in these Units you cannot take everything as true though as she might have been as deluded as me.

I moved to another Unit afterwards though I have even fewer memories of it. Some person coming from a different Unit and a fellow S/U saying that he shouldn't be there leading me to think that he was a reporter.

I finally went to a more local Unit (as the years carried on this unit was used by me a lot) where my memories were good mainly although I was still psychotic. I remember one of the S/U's giving me lots of cigarettes. In my ignorance I thought they were being supplied to him for me so I thought they were free. We got on pretty well really and used to spend a lot of time just chatting. He used to have to spit quite a lot I remember and also that I used to massage his back for him. I remember promising him a Dancing on the Ceiling C/D as he said that he really wanted one. I bought it but never got round to actually giving it to him which is something I regret. I phoned the Unit and spoke to him once after I left but after that he moved on.

I rang Twat whilst I was in there and in our conversation he told me to start calling him his boyfriend from now on. I thought it romantic at the time but looking back and now knowing that my brother had been round he was just covering himself.

There were another three S/U's I saw frequently whilst I was in there. One was a male that used to access the unit a lot and we would always chat. He would help me with my Blackberry Phone which a Union Rep had advised me to get. It was actually a pleasure at first but became a pain within the last year of dealing with my former Company. Another was a S/U who said she was in charge of the place and had loads of things in her bedroom, I remember buying Christmas presents and wanting to give them early as I was due to leave before Christmas Day. She said I couldn't but I did anyway. There was finally this S/U who was a lady that used to fall asleep at the drop of a hat. She used to run a lot to keep in shape as she wanted to find a man. (When I left the unit I was still psychotic and still had a stranger in my house yet they allowed her to come home with me). We spent a lot of time together she was hilarious. At the time I still thought that I was a whistle-blower for my former company in there and believe me I found many issues to raise on Health and Safety and S/U rights, When you have worked in the job for as long as me its hard not to! When I was raising health and safety I could be quite disruptive to the Unit as my illness made me abrupt and forthright. Strange thing was that I used to think I had to raise an issue every time Candy Girl or Trouble Maker came on the TV. I remember too that I also used to play Adele and Jesse J, 'Not About The Money' on my Blackberry in response to some of the things that I was hearing.

My neighbours picked me up to take me home when it was time to be discharged. On arriving back Twat informed me the money that I had thrown in the air (that he had put away for safekeeping) had been robbed out of the house. He said that he could not lock the doors as he had no keys but eventually he had managed to get some spare keys from one of my neighbours so the place was now secure. I had to draw some of my money from my savings out as my bank account was now overdrawn. I found out later that transactions had been taken out of my account that I was not aware of when I had been sectioned.

He told me that he had worked in a garage until somebody had insulted him so he left but he would look for another job soon. I cannot remember how but my savings soon seemed to disappear quite quickly afterwards..

Twat said he would look after my money for me as I was not in the right mind and that was that. He also used to open my post all the time for me. He said it was to keep me safe when I asked him about it. I had phoned Unison to ask advice on debt and they said they would send me out some info. I found this under my chair in an open envelope. I used to just stay in all day laughing at things on the TV. If quiz shows came on I would think they was asking me the questions and if points were scored or money made it would send me into hysterics. The TV had told me this money was going to help people. My next door neighbours would say what are you laughing at and I would say Deal or No Deal.

My neighbours on both sides used to get on really well with me. I used to go out occasionally with the single neighbour for a meal and he would come to mine at Christmas time for dinner. We would often sit down in my garden relaxing and he would help me with its maintenance. He actually died whilst I was in the unit. When they told me about the funeral I was advised not to go as I was laughing hysterically. I believed he was somewhere on a beach on witness protection for my court case. My other neighbours were fantastic, we used to chat in the back yard whilst they were doing the garden. The husband was always doing jobs for me. (I couldn't even change a light bulb). They have done so much over the years for me and I deeply regret how my mental health has affected them. They were too kind to say it did not as my illness carried on. I remember that in my madness of going to be famous and rich I thought that I was going to buy them a bungalow as a thank you.

At that time too I used to think that the radio was communicating with me. I used to think it was guiding me and if certain things were said I would follow it. It would decide how many eggs I would cook or answer questions that I had pondered on. I would also do exercises indoors as I did not leave the house that much. Twat insisted that he would sleep on the sofa for my protection even though I had a spare bedroom!

The money eventually went and of course he had none as he never managed to get a job so in the winter he would stay in the house with the fire on. He always made sure that he was there when my CPN (Community Psychiatric Nurse) came round. and as I was drinking at the time he would say to them how he wanted me to stop. (though he himself smoked and took a lot of drugs of various sorts and all illegal.). (The CPN knew I had met this person on the night of my sectioning and I should not have been seen with him present all the time. In fact with the state of mind I was in he should not have been allowed in the house at all.)

With all my money gone it was now time for him to sell my possessions. I was gently persuaded to sell my CD's and DVDs to a second hand shop and got £10 for a massive bagful. After that I started to take my jewelry in to Cash Counters and anything else I could find knowing I could never buy it back. He used to talk to a lot to his friends on the phone about gambling on the horses. He would talk quite quick in a Jamaican dialect but as I used to socialise with Jamaicans years ago I could understand most of it. At first I thought that he was funny but when you are psychotic people appear much more attractive. He cooked fantastic food (all Jamaican) though and would mop up and wash all the pots and as I watched him I adored him, I thought he was my protector.

Two friends who had come to see me in hospital rang me when I got home to ask him to leave. They said that he could do anything to me as I did not know him and was vulnerable. They wanted me to stay with them for a week in the hope of me coming back to my senses. I thought I had to stay with him but he said I could go for two days instead of a week.

At this time I also remember believing I had been raped by a local person who had been forced to drug rape me by a friend of mine. My mind could come up with some very frightening scenarios. The scarier the idea put into my head the more I would get a throbbing and nearly orgasm to it. Yet I would be crying my eyes out and sobbing uncontrollably. I thought the offender lived in my attic and I would always look up at it thinking he would come down. I began to believe that Twat was not my bodyguard but an undercover Policeman after that. This came about after I believed he was talking to a brother of a friend of mine who I thought was in the Police Force.

I had saved up before I had met him and bought all my sister's and other peoples presents for Christmas though I ended up giving these all to Twat for his family. He also took money from me telling me that he would be killed or beaten up by the local Jamaican food shop owners as he owed them money and needed to repay it. I was not in clear mind remember so I was very pliable to his stories. I thought one night after hearing him on the phone I had to clean all the cupboards out and did so. He said "Yes, my girl is into health and safety". He had asked my permission to call me his girl and I said that this was okay. He definitely had a lot of control over me I could not visit my sister until he said I could.

My sister is the most precious thing in the world to me. She has a learning disability and I helped look after her from a young age as my mum was disabled. My mum died when I was twenty and my dad a couple of years later. She went to stay at a small community home and then she moved to a residential where she has been for the last seventeen years. She has been greatly affected by my mental health. This of course I regret and feel guilty about. I always promised her I would look after her. This I did greatly until my health deteriorated.

At Christmas we had no money so Twat told me to ring people up and ask for some much to my embarrassment. Both my brothers have been a great help to me and one of them sent me £200. Twat gave me £10 out of it and then phoned me later to say he had been robbed of the rest, a likely story now I think. I saw my sister on Christmas Day and I just had my 30th birthday present which was a teddy bear to give her. I would not normally walk in the snow but I had no money for a Taxi and I have never missed spending Christmas Day with her. It was a bad enough just having a teddy bear as a present for her as I would normally buy her lots of things for her to play with and occupy her mind.

Her residence had got her lots of presents though and had even supplied me with wrapping paper to wrap mine up in. She was the only person apart from the neighbours who I was allowed to see as he liked to keep me in isolation.. Twat controlled my money, my mail and basically my life. He even had ideas to get me into more debt. Here are things he tried to get me to do. He would do this by the power of suggestion and manipulation and making me feel sorry for him basically taking advantage of my caring nature. He would also keep my cigarettes from me until I agreed. You have to remember I could not roll cigarettes and he had to do it for me (we never had enough money for normal cigarettes). If you are a smoker you will understand how this addiction gets you. He was not really that clever just devious. .

He once thought it would be good idea to sell my back garden (at back of neighbours) so I got the landlords phone number and arranged a time. I was actually meant to go to a CPN meeting at the same time. He punched me on the arm and said that I should go and meet the landlord. He said that it was more important to sell land. The Landlord offered me £1000 which thankfully I considered far too low but under pressure as Twat was desperate I rang back but luckily got no reply. To save money I had convinced myself that I could live on the bathroom flat roof with a recliner and a veranda.

Another one of his ideas was that it would be good to rent the empty shop near us and turn it into an Off License. He had spoken to the landlord of the property about it and said that it was cheap rent. He then convinced me that I should have a change of career and to take out a business loan. (He would shout at me sometimes if I disagreed, sometimes I would laugh but other times this scared me. He also had this habit of pushing me out of the living room and making me stay in the kitchen.) We tried this loan number he gave me. I had to fax my deeds over to him and so we went to the solicitors to get them. As we walked into town he was shouting and swearing and telling me to look alert, I think he was nervous about what we were doing. It all came down to nothing though as thankfully the man did not lend any money to me. In fact the whole idea of renting the shop fell from grace not long afterwards. We had been doing a business plan for the bank but thankfully I did not think I knew enough about buying stock so this was canceled. My brother (who lived 100 miles away) had agreed to be a guarantor though he informed me after I came out of psychosis he would not have seen it through. Another thing about Twat was that he would always tell me to call everyone Sir and Maam, he had some very strange ideas. I remember one night sitting on the floor filling in a benefits form and an Asian man came round to see him. There was an exchange of something and I remember Twat saying whatever you need come to me. When he left I was shouted at for not addressing him right and standing up to greet him.

He was still looking for money though and so we then went to a bank that even though they knew I was on benefits (I had to show Bank Statements) gave me a credit card and a £1000 Overdraft. He had a son and wanted to get him a nice phone and treat himself to one also so the overdraft was quickly reached..

. He had no ID himself just an ID badge with his mother on and he tried to get me to open a post office account for him with it. I went down but they said no. He also promised he would pay me each month if I opened a couple of direct debits for him. Looking back I cannot fathom out how this could possibly have happened to me.

Before I had been very independent and though I would always help people out I always made sure that I had savings and most of this money went on holidays. This is what psychosis has done to me. He had all the money though I would be allowed some cigarettes and beer occasionally. I was once allowed a Visa Card and I remember being so excited when it came. Around that time Twat began to work in a garage well so he said as I never saw any money come from it and the Visa Card was to pay for restocking up on tools for his garage work. He let me have it to go shopping though and I bought my sister a toy, her tea out and lots of bamberclad food as he used to call it (in other words not Jamaican food). Once I bought some cigarettes and hid them in the tumbler dryer and used to smoke them out of the window. He said he knew that I had some and could find them if he wanted. Another time he was going to Birmingham to visit a friend and I had decided to go out for the night to two local pubs. I was chatting and had a good time but the news came on and it was about Parliament and I remember kneeling on the floor and kissing the ground in the Pub. I also remember throwing his slippers out the window when I returned as I thought how dare he leave me for the night he was supposed to be protecting me.

When the money ran out he would stop rolling me cigarettes saying that he was not my slave. When we had money though we had Sky and he would take out the football and porno channel on subscription. One night the porno channel was on and I was on the sofa fully dressed. He was on the chair first but then he just got on top of me and had sex with me. I just let him as I was not sure of what was happening. While I was psychotic we had sex twice when he asked for it.

There was a point where I thought the TV was talking to me even though it was not switched on. I asked Twat if the TV could talk to you and he said that it could, even when the TV was not on. The next day I asked him if he worked for my former company. He said that I had asked him this before and that he worked at a garage.

When I had come out of my manic stage of psychosis I realised that I did not know this man I had allowed into my house. I had asked him not to put the fire on as there was no money to pay the bills yet he carried on regardless. My boiler had also broken down and I had no hot water nor heating and he did nothing about it. I was finding to my cost that he was good for nothing. I would open the oven door for heat when it got too cold, that's how bad it got.

He was just a parasite, a worthless waste of time. I found out later that he was a crackhead and looking back with a clearer head I should have seen the symptoms. I was scared of him though and did not know what to do. I had asked him to leave before when a friend came round to help with trying to sort my finances out. It was snowing though and I felt guilty, well he made me feel guilty. Another time when I asked him to leave he said he wouldn't as I said he could stay until he had somewhere else to live. He used to say that he had a house back in Jamaica sometimes but I guess that he was as delusional as me. In my time with him if I watched a certain Rihanna song I would hear a friend's name from a voice in the house and think that my town would be giving me a send off. I would open the door and people would be gathered outside cheering, I was going to put money into my home town. I was going to London to do a Court Case and win a lot of money as that idea had been resurrected once again. I once remember putting my coat and shoes on one time after I heard this song as Twat had said 'Get the car' to someone on the phone he was ringing at the time. I would get so frustrated and upset when nothing ever came of it.

After a couple of days it came from within me to ask him to leave and an argument ensued when I did. During this argument he threw a remote control unit at me when I told him that he had got me in debt. His reply after was that I could pay back £1 a month. When I said that he had had all my money he replied that if I hadn't have given it to him I would have given it someone else. Eventually he left, his parting shot was saying that I looked like a boy and he would be back to pick up his clothes. (He put his clothes in a black bag and left them in my neighbour's shed) I went to the Police Station not long after and told them about him. I told them that my Visa Card was empty and showed them a bill that had been sent to me, it had loads of transactions on it. They said that they could not look into anything except the Birmingham transactions though as I could prove I was not in Birmingham.

The next day there was a knock on door. It was Twat wanting to get his phone charger. He was trying to force the door open but I found the energy to force it shut. I had been advised to tell the police when I saw him again so when he came to next doors house to get his clothes I called 999. They told me off for dialing the emergency number and did not come out.

Later on I spoke to the owner at the hairdressers that I had made the complaint about. He asked me if Twat (he used his real name) was my boyfriend. I told him what had happened and he said he used to help him when he was homeless.(I think he was actually homeless when I met him and the Landlord he mentioned was probably a friend's house where he slept on the floor). Twat had told me earlier that some of his customers were criminals from London and the owner was a pimp. He said a lot of things though most of it was not true. I think he was trying to scare me in to not going there as the owner seemed to know a lot about him. I just know that the owner was always polite and kind to me and unlike Twat was a genuine person.

As you can imagine it was a massive shock to the system to realise that the last few months had been real. With the nightmare over though now it was time to evaluate. I had hardly any possessions as anything of value had been sold for next to nothing. All my savings had gone, my cushion in life was threadbare. Worse than that though I was up to my eyes in debt and it was still increasing as the bills came in. Twat had kept the new phones of course but the yearly contracts were in my name and that needed sorting out. He had also been phoning Jamaica on my landline which I found out after he had gone. So my phone bill along with my electric bill was massive. I owed my local shop for cheques that had bounced but as I knew the owner well he was understanding and nice about it. He told me to just give what I could but make sure that I paid the bills and had enough money to eat. Other people would tell me that I should just have to pay £1 a month as if you do not have it you can't pay it. The fear of my benefits not going in took on new heights as did my level of stress.

I still had my CPN there to help me, the same one who had been seeing me with Twat present. She had asked to look into my situation but could not help me. I had also asked the union if they could help me with a case now as I was extremely ill (from stress at work from when they were representing me) and I had the sectioning papers to prove it. That too fell on deaf ears. I was also seeing the local MP's Secretary regarding my workplace situation hoping he could act on it. I did not meet with him personally though and nothing came of it. So basically I just wasted hours gathering information that was never used and probably never read. In fact the only thing that did come out of it was a lot of stress.

On the plus side though I did have an advocate I was seeing and she was very helpful with regards to a complaint about the Police. I was also accessing a nice lady from the Mental Health side of Citizens Advice Bureau for the bills. We worked out a budget to see how much I could pay off the debt in installments. (I would go there with a friend but would hardly talk as I was very low and depressed. My weight dropped off and I felt suicidal. I wanted to die in the state of mind I was in but I was not that brave and did not like pain. I even asked my CPN if it would be painful as when people die on television it looks so peaceful) Eventually though I got a Criminal Reference Number for the incident so I got the money that I owed completely wiped out which took quite a weight off my mind. I had been advised to deal with the Ombudsman regarding what I owed to the banks. He got all the bank debts wiped out too and life started to look a little better. The phone contracts, with the help of my brother and quite a few letters, were also sorted. My brother was fantastic he helped me a lot. I would meet with me once a week at the library. And finally I paid my friend at the local shop back and everything was clear. (I was raised to not have debt around me so this was one thing I could not cope with).

During my time in debt I used to go to the church for tea and coffee mornings sometimes to meet up with people and perhaps make some new friends. I never used to talk a lot though but it was good to get out once in a while. Before I move on I would like to thank the Church Parishes and their volunteers for their tea and company. When you are lonely they are good places to go. It's sad to see so many of them are closing in my hometown now. I had worked voluntary for one escorting the elderly on their transport bus from home to their luncheon club which I greatly enjoyed.

So to continue with all the debts I found it hard living on the money that I had so I also went to a Soup Kitchens to eat. Another place I used to go in the hope of meeting new friends was the local Mental Health group though I used to dread the long walk there as I had no energy. You could make yourself snacks there. The food was donated by kind people and also a company would donate croissants sometimes for breakfast. I still had no hot water at home as the boiler had not been fixed so I was having cold showers and my radiators did not work. I was kept warm at these places and I enjoyed chatting to people or should I say listening as I did not talk a lot (though I had got slightly better). I made a friend there and one day I told him that I did not feel too well and he said you need a hug, this felt so nice. I spent a lot of time with these people. Sometimes he and his friend would meet up with me at a Church drop in and occasionally I would cook them something simple at my house. They fixed my boiler which turned out quite easy to fix as it was just the settings. It was so nice to have a shower that was hot. I also met someone else through the Mental Health group who was stopping not far from me so we became inseparable and kept each other company. He would use my washer sometimes as where he was did not have one. Around then I started drinking again which was not a good idea as my inseparable friend was an alcoholic in recovery that often relapsed. After a few months we had a drunken kiss and became boyfriend and girlfriend. After a while things were not going well with us and my boyfriend started drinking more. He would switch off his phone and disappear for weekends and this was making me ill. One time he even ended up getting off with one of my friends. I coped with this well, surprisingly as I think by then I had turned into his carer. I did love him but eventually we had to split as I thought that he would only have pulled me back into Hell. A part time cleaning job materialised just as the debts were being sorted out.

I had started seeing a nice lady who worked for a group who was helping to get people back into work. She took me to a job fair where there was a lady advertising for Cleaners. She said she liked the fact I had stayed in my previous job for 23 years and took my number. She came round days later and gave me an interview and was very happy to see a washing machine there (for washing my cloths and uniform). She gave me a job and the offices I was cleaning were only a five minute walk for me from my home which was handy. I was very slow at first and I was lacking in confidence but as time went on I improved. She gave me another small time office cleaning job not long after. Somebody was on my side as this job was only a twenty minute walk from my home.

I started to take my sister out more often as her Day Service had shut and so she had a lot more time that needed filling. She was always a pleasure to take out. I would take her out all day and always treat her to something out my wages whilst we were out. It was great help having a cleaning job and like my previous cleaning job I took pride in making the place look nice.

Things were looking up. When I was working there I was even invited to a convention in Prague and so had some time off. It was a nice weekend. I resigned from my job not long after though. My boss did not understand my condition and even though I liked the people I worked with I could not go back.

It had been raised that the Unit should have done a safeguarding on me regarding the stranger that had moved into my house. It was proved this person should have been checked out. I received an apology but no compensation. They say it is hard to sue the NHS and as there is now not much chance of legal aid I went to the Parliamentary Ombudsman but got no compensation there either. It felt worse to get an apology and then no justice. To admit you are wrong and then not make amends felt like rubbing it in my face, that's not justice. At the time I was still trying to get a case for the Parliamentary Ombudsman on work regarding malpractices I had perceived that CQC were investigating but I lost that case too. By this time I had had enough. Work used to do this to me all the time. I would be raising concerns etc and it would be all meetings and paperwork. This would be tiring, tedious and costly and nothing good would ever come from it.

Around this time I was on the computer and looking for a solicitor to do a case for whistle blowers when I heard two voices from the TV. They said loud and clearly "Can she hear us, yes she can". I just froze then slammed the computer lid down. I was quite shaken when I made my way to work later.

The next time I heard the TV talk to me I smashed it up and then threw it out. How many things have been left smashed up in my entry and how many TV's I have smashed over the following years I would not like to guess. I asked at my Mental Health group when I was quite ill if my TV could talk to me and if so was it just my TV?. The person I asked said that all TVs worked the same and they cannot talk to you. I then saw my doctor as they then made me an appointment. After being told by him that it couldn't do that I felt happier. I remember saying "I thought the TV was talking to me, so guess what I did, I smashed the thing up" I went out and bought another later though as I really liked listening to the music channel on Freeview. I used to dance to the music, I felt really happy when I was dancing. I believed in my head that I had discovered that Will I Am was Nelson Mandela's long lost son. I actually spent two whole days in my bed because I believed he was in there with me.

The other thing I did use to watch was the Parliament at 2am and normally shout abuse at it. I once brought all my Nelson Mandela books down and placed them around the room as the TV I believed was watching me.

(For a long time now I have had a fondness almost an obsession for Africa and its people. It started off I think with the Free Nelson Mandela movement and quickly moved to Anti Apartheid. I was around 18 at the time and joined a charity about it. I would buy a lot of books and paraphernalia on the subject and really took it to my heart. (From there it spread to anything African). Later on after Apartheid had finished I went to South Africa and visited a Museum about it. I saw information about Steve Biko but noticed it didn't show anything about Donald Woods who was a good friend of his. I had read Donald Woods book Cry Freedom several times and also watched the film). I was still giving my money away as around that time I had befriended two homeless men both of whom were alcoholics. I was in the bank one day and I remember a loud voice saying to me "I am Mrs Mandela give her all the money she wants." I took a lot of money, all my savings in fact, out and put it in an envelope. I gave it to one of the homeless men and told him to give some to his friend as I was being told to do this. When I say a lot of money I think it was about three thousand pounds as I could quickly save money in my frugal lifestyle

I was still looking for guidance too as I remember being told to go to MacDonalds and order a drink and wait as somebody was going to pick me up, I waited in there for what seemed like hours. People appeared to be talking about me and I thought yet again they were people from my former Company and I was going to be beat up by them. There was nobody in there that I knew and nobody even said anything to me whilst I was there. Eventually I got frustrated in waiting again and just stood outside crying.

I would often go out at night time as I was being told to come into town and to dance around tables and chairs. I would dance around chairs provocatively (well I thought so anyway). I remember on one occasion I was dancing near two lads they had made it clear they did not want to dance. The next minute this bouncer who must have been around 17 stone pushed me over and went on top of me. How I had the strength I do not know but I pushed him back up. I made my way out and went to the floor outside and lay down. I thought somebody would help me but no body came. I got a Taxi home eventually though it took some time as nobody wanted to take me home in the state I was in.

When I got in, I looked outside and through the window of a neighbours house at the back of my house I saw my ex boyfriend Lamin with another of my Gambian friends. They were like ghosts in white robes just staring out the window. (Although this was just an hallucination it seemed very real to me at the time)

Now I had been told after I came out of hospital after my first illness that I had had a mental breakdown and it was not likely to be seen again as it was an alcohol induced psychosis so my medication was stopped. It was never drilled into my head to not drink. I never drank on medication but when I came off it three months after I left the Hospital I slowly started to drink alcohol again. I think it was always hard to keep off it due to not working full time again as you have too much time on your hands. Later on I was diagnosed with Bi-Polar and told that it was unusual to see somebody so late going into Mental Health services, mine had been controlled with alcohol though.

At Christmas I went to my brother and his partner for a few days. I remember watching the television and just laughing at one program as I believed it was talking to me. I left after three days as psychotic as I had arrived. I had put tobacco in my my brothers partner's jacket as I believed there were two sides to her. A nice person and a not so nice former Company one as she had once been a Nurse. I also saw a piece of blue soft roll on an Ottoman, it was just a cover but I thought I was going to be examined on it. To be honest I just remember being very scared and most of it is a blank to me now. Around that time I believed that Em and Em and Will I Am were living in my house, I would leave cigarettes and open cans of lager for them. I heard voices at the time coming out of the radio telling me to give them Tenants Super as it was stronger than Carling and telling me to drink it myself.

I would also walk up and down my road with books balanced on my head and this would amuse me for hours. Yes they were strange times. I would even go into each shop in my neighbourhood and buy an item of food thinking that it had to be equal. I used to mainly live on takeaways around that time as cooking seemed too much an ordeal. I also used to shop for Mrs Mandela when I was out and buy her bottles of wine and leave them on my neighbour's bench in his yard as I believed she would pick them up. And finally I believed there were Gambian people living in the big house behind my house, strange times indeed.

They could also be dangerous. Once when I was out one afternoon with her I left my sister in a club. The voices had told me that Will I Am was looking after her and I could come back later for her as she would be safe. I came back in the evening to pick her up and waited around for a while but could not see her so I asked where she was. I was told that she had gone home so I remained there to closing time. If I was in sound mind though alarms bells would have rang. My sister was not capable of saying where she lived and to my knowledge no one in the club knew where either. This did not really register at the time though as neither did the next day when the Staff where she lived told me about the seriousness of the situation.

Now I am fully aware of the severity and am actually very surprised that they let me take her out again. No in my mind things were going well with our journeys into town though I was told later that I used to give a lot of my money away when I was out. I do remember once buying all the people in this one pub food and drink just trying to be friendly.

I was also told about when I took my sister to a New Year's party in a pub which my brother used to go into. (It was also a music venue as well). This in itself was bad enough as it was long past her bed time finishing in the early hours of the morning. I kept leaving her in the company of strangers each time I had to go out for cigarettes and I actually nearly got into a fight in there which was totally out of character.

The Staff and the Manager of my sister's residence have always been fantastic to me over the years. They were even feeding me after my first bout of illness when my finances were virtually non existent. My sister had been there a long time and I liked the fact there was not a big turnover of Staff as I think this calls for happy Staff and therefore happy Clients. My voices though had other ideas. A voice had told me that my sister was being hurt by this new member of Staff and I had seen a rounders bat in her bedroom. I mentioned the bat to the Manager who agreed that it was unusual but said it was not concerning.

Another time I was at my sister's residence and I was doing a kind of chat with the Residents asking them what they wanted in their residence, just keeping them occupied really. A little later I had tea with them. One of the Residents passed me their knife and fork and I saw that it had been bent. I took it into the kitchen to show a member of Staff and I also told her they should buy a curved edge one. (the knife had a pointed tip so it was more for safety) The next minute she left the room and went to the office. The Manager then came out and asked me to leave and told me that the Police had been called. I was stopped from seeing her and told that there was a Safeguarding done regarding me leaving her at the club where she was vulnerable and at risk..

I still had my sense of injustice and I used to go to meetings about services in the area. I would ask a lot of questions and say how bad the cuts were. I was at this meeting in early 2014 when I was approached afterwards by two UKIP Reps. They asked me if I would join in with them, canvassing and things. I said "Aren't you racist". They assured me they were not. I did not help them though as I was not sure. I had asked around and was assured by some people they were and others that they weren't. My crusade against all the cutbacks continued and once when I was in the Drop In club which helped with mental health I found a leaflet in a book that was about somewhere closing. I thought it had not been publicised enough so I got a petition done to be signed and went round the Library and some of the local pubs. It did not go down well with some people as I was disturbing peoples free time trying to 'help them'. Sometimes when I went out on my own I would take a notepad with me to write in notes that might help people. One evening as I sat in a pub I was writing in my note-pad when the manager, who was on a day off and had been drinking, came over started shouting at me and told me to leave. I heard a voice telling me to stay and saying that it was Nigel Farage so I refused. Eventually I got banned.

With my state of mind the way it was and the trouble I was causing it meant that a sectioning would soon be coming my way. I was due to go into the Safeguarding meeting about my sister and my long distant brother had come down for it so I was excited. I was preparing a meal (a Roast Beef dinner) when there was a knock on my door. Two doctors and a social worker were outside it seemed that I was going to be sectioned. I could not comprehend this as I was just cooking a dinner. I phoned my brother and shortly afterwards he came round. He then went upstairs and put some clothes in a case for me. There were also two Policeman that came into the house and I remember the next minute being in an ambulance. They were very nice. I thought I was there to ask them how they were treated at work as I still thought that I was a whistle-blower. We got to the unit to find out that my brother had not packed my tobacco. I started to cry as I had no money either. The man in charge was kind though and fetched me some cigarettes after his shift. He also managed to get me my money over which was a relief. (Section 2's are hard, you can be just taken off the street and so when you get there have no access to money or tobacco and unless there is enough Staff on it can take a long time to get back home to remedy the matter)

For some reason the voices in my head were telling me that I was a Muslim even though I was a Catholic who had never converted. The Staff would give me Muslim food as I had requested it even though I wore no Muslim clothes. (Why they would encourage my psychosis is beyond me!) My CPN should have known this. During my short time there I was very manic and laughed a lot. I was still hearing voices and they told me to start helping people.

I was then transferred to the usual unit I was sent to. I was told that you could have a solicitor for free there so I told others to be of help. One person was moved to another Unit but his solicitor was not informed about it. I informed her when she phoned up looking for him and she was pleased with this. We actually got on pretty well as I had used her myself before. I had the choice of two but picked her as the other one had a short skirt on which I did not deem appropriate.

Whilst I was there I was having things taken out of my bedroom and so wanted a key for the door. I was told that to copy a key for me would be too expensive. From then on I walked around with my suitcase with all my belongings in for fear of losing everything. I had also heard that people could trick you into losing your house to them so I was always on my guard as my paranoia had a lot to feed on. It surfaced one time when I met up with a resident in there who I once knew. She used to work with me in the Company I worked with just before the takeover. We had a fall out in the Unit because she was phoning people up and trying to get them to talk to me which I did not want as I did not want people to know about me.

There were not many Staff that would talk to us when I was there, nothing personal it was just that they were always busy in the office and so we rarely got a chance to speak to them. I used to help an old lady S/U by giving her her food and cleaning up her room occasionally as there was never anyone around to do it.

When I had got back home realisation hit me hard as I looked around the poverty of my surroundings. I had given away my computer (well sold it for a fiver) and my I Pod with all my music on. I had sold or lost everything once again just like when I was with Twat. My music was one of the worst things to lose as I loved music. I even went back to the shop not long afterwards and asked the man if he wanted me to buy my I Pod back hoping that he would say yes but he said he was more than happy with it. I sat in my living room that night and I came out of psychosis. Everything just looked drab when reality takes over. The reality was that all my savings had gone, all my belongings, everything that I cherished. I got very depressed.

On the plus side though I was now seeing a Social Worker and I had also started to go to an AA group too by then. I was advised to by an old work friend. I was determined not to drink as I was now on medication and lots of nice people were there. It was there where I met Frank once again, an old friend that I had not seen in 30years. After a couple of weeks we met up on a Sunday and we would go out for trips in his car. Sometimes he took me to AA groups out of town and others just out into the countryside. We were both lonely people who became good friends. I never spoke that much but would enjoy to listen to him. I would also love sitting on the sofa and having a cuddle with him. This was never inappropriate and always therapeutic. I was taught in mental health that a cuddle or a hug can really help you at your lowest times. I didn't cry anymore though that was more to do with the medication numbing my emotions than anything else. I was genuinely happy when I was with him. My finances though were very sad. I had lost everything and would now have to rebuild them again. I was now on benefits and with all my savings gone I lived in fear of something that may need fixing, I would be very sensible with money but I was still constantly worried in case benefits had not gone in or been stopped for some reason. I had heard that this happened quite a lot. I am grateful to have benefits and have been lucky with them although every time I receive another assessment I end up ill and then in a Unit usually!

After a bit I was advised to look for work so I took some C.V.'s and got accepted working for a job in elderly care. The CRB (Criminal Records Bureau) check was taking a long time and I was beginning to get very stressed in fact I was even feeling suicidal. (Frank had actually advised me earlier that it was too early to look for work). My brother had said if I was getting that stressed to cancel it which I did.

(My brother had also suggested on another occasion a couple of months earlier that I wrote a book about my experiences as he felt it might be therapeutic. He said that as I still had the notes from my time at the Company it should be quite straight forward. I was to write out the letters along with conversations that I remembered and then put my reactions to them. This was to try and build up a picture of how my fall into madness happened. It actually evolved from another idea which was to write it all down and then burn it in the hope of purifying the negative memories. I have heard that this is effective for some people although it never worked for me. I read also about another way which was to imagine the situation as a snapshot. Picture it in your mind and then from one of the corners imagine that it catches fire and the picture burns releasing all the emotional pain. I did try this and feel a slight lift and release.

The idea of the book did not appeal to me then though and so like the mantra he also suggested I say was not acted upon. I was to burn all my notes around this time as I felt they were now detrimental to my state of mind. It was quite beneficial for a few days as my mind seemed to be at peace but eventually it returned back to its usual state.)

That night from nowhere came a feeling of wanting to smash the Company I had applied to join's windows in. I phoned the Crisis Team up and they assured me that they would be round first thing the next day. I had to assure them that I would stay in the house in the meantime. (I would never want to hurt another person in my life and have never even been in a fight before). Then I phoned Frank and he said that he would be there when they came around. Frank was fantastic he would always keep his phone on and help me. Often I would ring up all hours of the night so I don't think he had much sleep. I think that it had got to a stage where I could not walk outside without holding Franks hand.

Frank came around the following day and so did the professionals. They had got a bed for me somewhere although they would not escort me as I had threatened to harm somebody. They insisted on Frank taking me though! This time I had time to pack properly and clean up. I could never settle anywhere if my house was not clean and in order.

There were only three people in there as it was more of a holding place really. I settled in quite well there. One of them was a lady who I am sure was on the news months later though I do not know what for.

We were then transferred to another Unit and basically all hell was let loose. Behind this Unit was a bigger Unit and I used to go there quite a lot. One day over there I shared a long rolled up cigarette with some man there (I asked for a drag) and felt really happy afterwards. I asked if it was Cannabis and the man I had got it off said that it could be although he did not think so. This sent me paranoid and I reported him and got one of the the Staff to test my urine 10mins afterwards. Since then I have found out it would not have shown for 24 hours.

An effect of me reporting him was that I was marked out as a grass and things got rather uncomfortable. I remember one guy saying "Lets go to the Gambia. All white people should go there as well as Uganda and Kenya with guns and shoot everybody". I became paranoid for as he was talking about the Gambia I thought he had seen my file. Everybody was talking about all going there on a plane. I heard one lady telling another lady that if she didn't do what they told her to do she would be killed. She then asked this one man who I would chat to sometimes if she was okay. He said "Yes we are family here". Another woman said to me "A man has left you something on the table." When I looked it was a long piece of green string. This shouldn't have been in the room, it was enough to hang you. People seemed to be coming in staring at me and giving me dirty looks. I believed somebody in there was going to kill me so I had told the Staff at my sister's residence that I may die and how to tell my sister. I remember later on hearing screams from the Time Out room. People were crying for help and it sounded like they were being tortured. I mentioned it to a member of Staff but she told me to leave it and said no more. When Frank came to visit me I was too scared to travel in his car as I thought I would jump out and kill myself. Yet again Frank was kind caring and very patient. He eventually persuaded me that I would be alright and I came back home with him once on a visit on day release. I noticed that there was some soil in my window. I cleared it up and then told Frank. When I came back another time Frank noticed that my mirror was all crooked. I thought that someone must have been in and this played on my mind quite a bit.

A member of Staff had also said I was racist whilst I was there and I think it might have been because the man I had reported was black.. I asked another member of Staff (one I remembered from the other Unit) if it was true and they said it was not. Whilst I was in there the African Staff Members used to shine their torch into my room and wake me up. (I think they were just checking on me to make sure that I was alright but my mind saw things differently). They did not appear to like me but this I put down to the member of Staff had told them I was racist. At that time also I thought I was going to burn the curtains in my bedroom down and this made me scared so I handed in my lighter for safe keeping.

I was only in there for a short time and when I came out of the unit I was extremely psychotic. In hindsight I was probably even iller then when I came in. I was too scared to leave the house when I first came back as I thought some of the people that had been in the Unit were going to get me. Mixed liberally with this was my fear of staying in as I thought people had been in my house. I had told people where I lived in there and I was sure they did not like me. I was filled with paranoia. Eventually though I did go out. I was very quiet and did not talk a lot but it was a step forward. Often though coming home would fill me full of dread. Things started to be moved around my house. I just knew people had been in there. Of course nobody believed me as nothing had actually been taken. By then I had joined a place for people with Mental Health needs and drink and drug addiction. The Manager and a Client in there had come back and changed my locks for me but that night on my return from a meeting the back door was open. I was still being visited so I got in contact with my local brother who came round to have a look at it. He noticed that the handles had been changed round and swapped them back again. (The handle on the inside is normally screwed to the door and so has screw holes in it. This was on the outside though leaving it easy to unscrew and then it is only a matter of taking the lock out). Still though I never felt settled so in the end I got a burglar alarm.

Within a few months of the burglar alarm being fitted I was going everywhere with Frank. I still did not say a lot but we would hang around with each other and sometimes also take my sister out with us. She would love it. We would go to Garden Centres, out for meals and things like that. I also spent time on my own with my sister too so she did not feel jealous.

I had never been so much in love and that night when I kissed Frank it just got better. At night we would watch TV and cuddle up on the sofa but I was still quiet with other people. Frank was still married but he had split up with his wife two years before me and due to my mental health and being sixty, I am forty eight, he would say that we were in our early years of courtship. He is a funny man who without him I would not survive. Frank would come with me to the drop in as I was so reliant on him. I was getting crazy little obsessions for instance, on odd days I could walk there but not walk back. Frank and my brother were very understanding and helped as much as humanly possible. The year went on and I would still listen more to people than chat. The only person I could really talk to was Frank. I thought this was due to me being back on medication, Depakote. Once at the Drop In I did a course about getting back into work. I never really properly did the course though as I was far too ill. I would just sit and listen and still get a certificate.

Apart from the Drop In there was another place that I used to go to. I was asked to start running the meetings there. I wasn't really capable of doing it but agreed to it anyway. The stress involved with it had a massive effect on me and I did not know how to deal with it. I had to break one of their rules on confidentiality and it effected my mental health in a very bad way. This had a real detrimental effect on me and when I was standing next to somebody trying to explain my actions I saw his face change. I had had an hallucination and to make it worse it happened in front of a Catholic Church's altar. I then came back home and went upstairs. The carpet looked different, it was all shredded up as I had kept pulling bits of it off. I went to bed and started to hallucinate. Luckily Frank was there as I could see flashy white cars with Black people dressed up in R&B clothes outside. Things then started moving on the wall, it was very scary. I stopped going there not long afterwards.

At the Drop In I did a talk about my holidays in Africa and generally helped out with the charity. I was supposed to do a project on Africa but could not work a computer and you had to use one for your display. One of the people there put my photos on a projector for me and asked if he could put them on the Service's Site. I allowed him as he said it was a protected site and seemed to know all about computers. This actually would come back and haunt me. It threw up all sorts of situations that my illness could feed on and to such an extent that it would lead to my fourth sectioning though I will come back to that as the story unfolds.

Around the same time my PIP (Personal Independence Payment) Form had to be filled in and filling out fifty pages and then waiting to see if you were still eligible always sent me ill. I had to wait for a mandatory decision and whilst this was happening I started getting paranoid about the photos though I had been assured they were fine on the computer (The photos were of the beautiful sites in South Africa and some of the children I was raising money for). The voice had told me I was spreading paraphernalia. Now in reality photos like this are often on the internet. My friend the founder of the charity puts photos on the computer all the time. I was also advised by her to raise money by advertising in the papers. Yet again this was The Gambia featuring in my psychosis I

thought that I would be in trouble as I had heard on the television that you could not post pictures on the internet. I won the appeal as Frank had come with me. I could not think of even going there without him in the frame of mind I was in. That night Frank told me not to tell anybody about winning my PIP as I am a very soft touch and have been taken advantage off a lot because of it. (I was so happy with Frank, he had a way with me that would make me feel safe) I said I would not. Later that night I phoned a good friend and it came out in conversation that I had won it. I felt bad for telling her when being asked not to. After the phone conversation some reggae music came on the TV and I got up and danced. The next day I saw Frank and I just remember lying in bed with him, my head snapping and saying awful things to him. They were so hurtful that it shames me to think about it. I also told him that I did not like Gambian children (this is ridiculous I loved the kids and raised a lot of money for them because I cared so much) and two terrible things that I had done at work. (I know now I did not do these things and it was my mind playing tricks on me). Frank was upset by what I had said, he said that he thought he knew me. I felt guilty for what I had said about him and this affected me. I started to go paranoid again. (The TV also appeared to be talking to me again, I remember watching a Cookery Show that was on and someone on it saying "Well what can we say after hearing that". I thought they were talking about me after what I had said to Frank. These things are too personal and untrue so I will not write about them and upset other people). I went very ill and withdrawn once more. Frank started to have to support me with getting my food.

After I had said all those nasty things to Frank I remember going to my usual cafe, it appeared that people seemed to dislike me and Frank. I remember two people coming in that I knew from a group I used to go to and saying that they liked it when I was talking about my past. This made me very ill for some reason that I cannot explain. We always went to the Bookmakers and I felt like the people there were going to beat me up for the things that I had said to Frank. When I was at my groups I thought people knew what I said. It felt like the whole of my town knew. I continued to withdraw and lose a lot of weight and need even more support from Frank. I had a worry that had been put back in my head that I was being filmed. Frank got that concerned that he got in contact with the relevant people and then took me to my local Unit once again. Before I arrived I had had a very clear hallucination outside my bedroom window. There were a couple of tall ladders with a standing platform between them.. This had been very scary to me so I told someone about it in the Unit. She said "How do you know it was an hallucination?" I thought this was a strange response at the time. Often I was very confused and very disoriented. Once I heard Frank's voice, it said that when he found me he thought I would spend the rest of my life with him, he was upset and crying. This voice seemed to be coming from all around me. I was checked over by my Consultant and a Nurse who was with him. I remember being very scared as both of them seemed unfriendly and when my reflexes were checked, I thought I was going to be hurt. Another time I sat in my usual place where I always used to sit and I remember being very scared. Next I heard a voice saying "Take your clothes off, I am going to rape you" I just got undressed and sat there naked. Another patient had come in not long after I did this and saw me sitting there naked. She told me to go to my bedroom and I dutifully obeyed.

These memories may not be all in order but these are the things I heard whilst in psychosis there. Once I had a voice that told me a Patient in there had come over from another country as he had been killing people over there. It said that if they sent him back to his own country he would do it again. He was actually sitting directly opposite me when it happened so from then on I was very

wary of him.

A lot of the time I had to answer questions about Frank (to the voices) and say all sorts of things about him. A lot of these things were not nice and I deeply regret even thinking them. Then the voices would move on and start asking questions about work. I tried not to answer them and switch them off in my mind but eventually I always succumbed. I then went into the TV room and heard a voice on the TV saying "What was that it was disgusting." It was actually on a sports channel and one of the Commentators so it was not in my head but I thought he were talking about me.

I was also hearing a black man's voice that told me he was Musa (the person I had bought back from The Gambia) This voice was saying lots of very frightening things to me which sadly I cannot remember. I can remember all the patients in the other room talking to him and then being horrible to me as they had been ordered to by Musa. I would just lay on the sofa scared yet again. People would keep coming in and seeing if I was awake.

The most vivid memory was when I heard a woman's voice. She told me that Musa was now in The Houses Of Parliament and then asked me if I wanted to be a Member of Parliament. I replied that I thought everybody should just have one car and she said I was common, well words to that effect, and my offer no longer valid.

I remember too buying a Rupert Bear for my sister, a friend ordered it off the internet for me. It had come securely wrapped in brown paper, This was a Christmas present and I did not open and re-wrap it, there seemed no point. I had wanted my sister to have it on Christmas Day so Frank took it to her residence. A voice in my head had told me this was drugs, I phoned Frank after he had dropped it off and he calmed my fears.

Twice I heard the voice of Lady Diana saying she had been murdered and she wanted to say hello to William and Harry, this was very moving and she also said I was a good person well words to that effect. I had many voices talking to me. There was people from other Countries talking to me (apparently I called Mugabe a bastard, I was not talking to him though. The Queen I think had praised me for this) and telling me that all the countries with weapons were going to sell them. They were going to give the money to the government to help the poor and there would be no more wars.

(Let me explain when I say "Talk" I mean this would be in my mind, I was instructed to do things by the voices in my head. The voices would also have conversations with me in my head. In Psychosis you are always told to not say things out loud but just think them. These talks can be very scary or just appear normal but with big ideas behind them because these people would not be talking to you in normal reality. I was just a Care Worker who became a Cleaner and now due to my illness I lived on Benefits).

In my mind I had talks with representatives from other Countries and there was always the Queen or a member of the Government who represented England there. These voices would introduce themselves to me and I was always put in my place if I had offended anybody. Once I had a talk and Musa was there. It was about helping the poor but other Countries would not listen. There was a person from South Africa listening though but he could not understand the conversation. It was agreed that we would talk later. I was told by all the leaders of the Countries that I could visit them

as they liked me. I said that I would and was then told that I should not go to the Muslim Countries I should leave them to themselves due to dress and religion.

Though when I was in the car with Frank once I had a conversation with a leader from Pakistan so they were very mixed messages I was receiving. We talked about when I was over in Africa and I had said that I wanted to have sex with Nelson Mandela. We had all been drinking and some people there were being a bit racist so I said it as a joke. This offended the voice though and it said that it would kill me. I explained that I had read his books and respected him a great deal and that of course I did not mean it. He also looked similar to a friend of mine. The voice forgave me and apologised to me and then said that I was welcome in its country. The voice straight afterwards said that my brother had tried to commit suicide because he thought I was going to be killed. He was safe though and I was told Staff were sitting outside his room to make sure he could come to no harm.

A very scary time was when I was being told that my mother had sexually abused me and some disgusting images which I was told were me as a child appeared in my mind. I had to force these mental scenes away from me and it took all of my will power to do this. I was then told she had taken me to other people within the church to be abused. (Not long before that it had emerged that one of the Altar boys at the Church I used to go to had been abused by a Priest there. Later on I spoke to one of his parents about it. They said that although they still had faith in God they had lost their faith in the Church). This was hard to take in and I was asked if I forgave her and I said I did and that I could not remember anything about it but still loved her anyway. I then went outside and had a cigarette and somebody asked me a question. I thought that they had heard my conversation because it was about forgiving somebody. I said that I would forgive the person but the other person said they would not.

When I was in here I bought a television for all of us to have a look at and had been instructed on what films to buy and watch. They were mostly about Africa with one on India bought for a change of scenery. I had even bought Pizzas for everybody but said we should eat them in the other room and not when the film was on out of respect for the subject. On one particular night we were watching Cry Freedom. I went to the toilet after the film had finished and returned to find that the DVD had been stolen. I went to take the DVD out of the TV and found that it was not there. I was told that an African member of Staff had taken it out of the bag of the person who had stolen it and that it was going to go back to Africa. (Quite a while later when I was going to a Pentecostal church the same thing happened only this time with the book Cry Freedom. Life is full of strange coincidences that really do not want looking too deeply into when you think about it.) There were a lot of African Staff working there and in my head I was saying to them (I thought they worked for my former Company) that if they wrote their concerns I would help them after my court case. (I had recently heard from a friend who had been told by somebody who worked at our former Company that it had been raided. A lot of black people who worked for them illegally were sent back by immigration to their own Country. The Company were not charged for this though). I generally got on well with them as I had a fascination for all things African but sometimes this could be misunderstood. I remember one incident that actually made me very frightened. One of the African Staff had said he liked me and said he was going to have sex with me. I said that I did not want this and a voice inside my head explained that this was rape and said that he did not know the

difference. Now I'm not sure if this actually happened in reality as in there my mind was creating its own reality.

I remember one black male member of Staff talking telepathically to me saying that I was racist (I have helped a lot of Black people out and they always have appeared to think I am racist. I remember being in The Gambia and a Gambian had asked me to chat though I declined as I did not have time He called me Racist so I replied that if I was a racist I would not be there. He agreed with me).

I had also heard voices say that we would all live there forever and would be very happy. Frank would come in every day and we would generally just sit there in silence. Sometimes he brought friends up. When I was having a cigarette with one of them I was told by the voices not to mention peoples names that I knew but they would always come out. I said in my head my friend's partners name and she said out loud "Cheers." I was heavily psychotic at this point.

Now onto what I saw. I had heard some one say that there was a war on and people were looking out of the windows. I could hear bangs and then heard there were people in the bushes surrounding the building. I was also seeing people move in the bushes and from the window I saw in a hospital opposite the doors open and heard shots being fired. I saw the flashes of light and I froze. The doors shut then and everything seemed fine. I asked Frank if he had seen anything but he said no.

Another time two Staff members and two Clients I was with were sitting looking up at the skylight. My voice told me that we were about to be bombed. I said out loud that it was my fault for going to The Gambia. One of the people with me said, "Why, you didn't do anything wrong out there?" I had not but when I had gone to Africa I could have helped more.

Frank and myself, I thought, were both being threatened to be hung and most of the time I was scared about this being put in my head. One occasion in there we were watching The Lion King and Frank was explaining it to me. He told me that Scar had to be killed as he was evil. Me in my state of mind thought I was evil and got paranoid that I was going to be killed in Africa.

On a cheerier note I was told by Frank's voice in my head that we were going to get 58 million pounds for the film was now finished. When I first came in to the Unit I had heard somebody say "Are we still getting paid for this." This made me believe that I was doing a film, well the voices did anyway. Everybody was smiling and happy because of this but then a new admission came in and I spoke to her. Then everybody looked disappointed for with me doing that we lost the film payment I also was told there was a whistle blower in there who was a member of Staff so I felt a little safer if not richer. I was still dancing to the Hits Channel thinking that Usher and all the Stars I danced to fancied me and wanted me to be with them (as if!). I would always tell them that my partner was better looking and look at a photo of Frank on my phone. Frank and I often used to go for a ride to the local Bookies as they allowed me out during the day and I was told in my mind that Frank and myself were going to be Patrons of the Unit. Apparently too in the town where the Unit was the residents had chased the Paparazzi away so they would not bother us. On my morning of Discharge I remember seeing Blackbirds flying over the Unit and thinking it was too early for them as I thought they were migrating. The most mysterious thing though was a Palm Tree that had been very small suddenly shooting right up and this scared me.

I did not unpack my clothes away when I got home as I thought they had been contaminated. I had been told I had been raped and masturbated on whilst I was in there by two different people at two different times. Apparently the Staff whistle blower had caught the Masturbator in the act (I was asleep at the time).

Not long after I came out I heard a voice that said it was Nigel Farage. Let me just say I have never studied politics nor do not I watch the news when I am psychotic. I do not know much about Nigel Farage having only seen him twice on the television. I liked him because once I saw him have a drink on the TV in a pub and thought he seemed down to earth. He had told me that he was an alcoholic and that was coloured water in the glass. I thought Frank could hear these voices too. (I also had a voice that told me my medication and tobacco was drugged so I left my tobacco and medication upstairs with the clothes from the hospital). Nigel had told me that he wanted me and Frank to be MP's and represent the town. Then I started to hear voices saying that Frank was going to come with me to London and these voices were getting stronger. I was instructed to pack my case with clothes to go to London and leave my phone in it and not to answer it. When I had done this I was told that Frank had gone to have surgery and his son was going to be a whistle blower so the trip was postponed. I was devastated when I heard this and took to my bed. For three days I just lay there and I lost a lot of weight as apart from smoking I did nothing at all. I did eventually answer the phone and it was a friend who then told Frank that I was in the house. Frank came straight around crying his eyes out thinking that I wanted to leave him and asking why hadn't I answered his calls. I told him I had not charged the phone up and told him that I still loved him. He said I had been in town and I assured him I had not. Apparently a mutual friend had told him this so I gave this man a dirty look when I next saw him.

As time went on the voices became stronger and seemed to get a lot of their inspiration from the TV. I remember watching it and being told that the R&B stars did not have citizenship in America but they would get it if I packed all my documents into the boot of Frank's car. I was also told that Barack Obama was of Ghanaian background and he wanted all of my wooden statues out of my garden. This would prove that the wood was good wood. He wanted me to come and see him and bring them as presents so these were also put in the boot of Frank's car.

Another day my voices told me that there was a bomb in my house and my former Company had put it there. It said that there were good people and bad people there and one of the good people would come round and diffuse it. We were parked outside my house at the time and I saw a man walking down the street and I thought it was him. Musa's voices had started to return too and I was told that he used to work for my ex Company. He was now living homeless though as he had been told to set me up by them but he then decided to set them up instead and become a whistle blower. He told me that he was meeting up with Frank to take money from my savings as he needed it. I left my cash card in Frank's boot after that to make it easier for him.

There was another person called Max (he had once been sectioned in the unit I go to) who knew Frank and said he needed money so I gave him some. This was to become quite a habit. We actually ended up going around the pubs a lot together. In my mind he was my protector and in his I was just a soft touch. At this time I had started to give my money away like there was no tomorrow so was very popular with him.

I would often go to a restaurant which was run by an addiction centre and as I knew the people who worked there shared the tips I started to leave £100 for them. Eventually the owner came and said that £5 would be more than enough and after that and a little later my CPN came to see me. The owner had informed her which I was not happy about. I wrote a letter of complaint and went to my MP's Secretary but nothing came of it. I never told Frank about giving away all my money as I knew that he would have told me not to do it. I was also being told that I was talking to Nelson Mandela and he was at London. Frank and I were to go there. Frank had been given the directions to his Head quarters. All my Company bullies would have their pictures there so I could identify them and also the people who had raped me and they would all be dealt with. After that we were to have a joint wedding with Nelson Mandela and a Pop Concert would be held in our honour Leaders from every Country of the world would be coming including the Gambian President. Some celebrities would be paying a lot to attend whilst others would get in free. (The TV had told me not to like certain celebrities even though I did used to actually like them quite a lot). All the people from my town would get in free and would be brought down on trains. A lot of American singers (mainly R&B) would be here. We would walk in with everybody seated and be seated at the bottom of the stage as it was also Nelson Mandela's birthday. On another occasion I was told that Nelson Mandela was in my town. He was with Frank and Musa who were walking down the street with him so he could meet me at my house. He needed all the books that I had about him. He did not come in the end though because Musa had shouted at people in the street on the way to my house. He also said that he did not feel good enough in his looks to meet me. During this time Frank was driving me for miles as everyday I would demand to go out. The voice had told me Frank had the directions to the Headquarters though he did not know that. He thought it was just a ride out into the Countryside to calm me down. It must have been confusing to him as I would get all stressed out and argumentative at nighttime as I was frustrated that we kept returning home.

My health was deteriorating even more as I had stopped taking my medication and I was now becoming even more manic. I had started to attend different types of Church (mainly Pentecostal where a lot of Africans would go) and bring my photos and all the African books I had in my house with me to show them to them. It was on one of these occasions that the book I mentioned earlier went missing. (These were also kept in the Frank's car boot so as you can imagine it was quite packed). I would also buy gifts for the people in there and though I had no intention of being a Pastor I said that I wanted to be one. I was really there more for the singing of songs and the uplift that came with it. (Though I could be quite disruptive sometimes, singing too loud and shouting "we are blessed" a few too many times).

One day I had an argument with Frank believing that he owed me money. He didn't but by this time my mind was very confused. We fell out and we did not talk again for a while. Around this time I had been befriended by someone named Robert who called himself a healer. I have no recollection of how we met but apparently he approached me. I was told by this healer that I had Knots and needed this expensive treatment. I started trying the treatment now Frank had gone believing that he was a healer when in reality I think he was just after an easy living. His shop was on the street around the corner from me and it also sold food. I would buy his Jamaican ginger cake and his tinned milk. He was open all night which was very handy for me as I used to be awake at strange hours.

The treatment to this day I cannot really remember, it was about drawing out heat from you but without touching you. I was sure I could feel something. I was not into this treatment or any treatments like this but he said I had Knots in me. To be honest Frank had gone and I was manic and needed to chat to people. What we spoke about, well, I would tell him about my day and too much about myself probably. I had savings at this point. I had also met another new friend. A Gambian called Sam and I had started to see him quite regularly. I used to give him £10 every few days to buy ingredients to cook African food for me but we would always eat out that day instead. We would go to a cafe where I thought the Staff were horrible and I would purposely spill tea out the pot onto their tablecloths. Yes it seemed that I had came out of my shell with a vengeance I would always find somebody to chat to and I was generally very polite too. It was only when my voices told me to be horrible that I was horrible.

I was also starting to take my sister out once more. We would go into town and have a drink at a cafe and watch the world go by. She loved people watching so was very happy to do this. One thing I feel really guilty about is not listening to Frank regarding finances around her. He had said always get receipts for her and claim for any expense that was incurred whilst I was out with her. In sound mind I would have knew this already but when I was ill I would often treat her and by that I mean buy her loads of things. (Though with my condition as it was I took it too far and ended up buying for others around her and not for her). She never asked for anything and was so appreciative when I treated her it was very humbling for me. I was not drinking at this point so when my sister was out with me I was not having alcohol and would never leave her with anybody else, I had learned my lesson from the last time. Sometimes we would go out with Frank although there was not much to do regarding Activities in the area. We would go to the library and go on the internet but we would mainly sit and chat with whoever was nearby. They were always friendly and they always treated her right. She would stop quite late some nights though we never went out to the Pubs just stopped in instead. We never had the TV on as I thought I heard it say her name once. Instead we would just look through magazines she had chosen earlier when we were out.

These were generally activity ones as she used to like trying them out. She was always very chatty with me as I was too her. So it was very hard for her to see me withdrawn as I would hardly say much and this would confuse her.

I had also stopped going out with Max (the man I met in the Unit who knew Frank) at this time as my voice had told me that he had taken money from my handbag. So instead at the weekend I would go out alone and dance at a Pub near to me that used to have discos. Everyone would be dressed up and I would have my day clothes with my winter coat on so probably looked quite a sight. I would literally dance all night and if people were obstructing me I would bang them with my bottom out the way. I nearly got into some fights but as I have never liked fighting I would just not react and move away. The main types of music I would dance to was R&B and reggae which I loved. I would just dance on the spot like I had learned from watching The Hits Channel and practicing at home. There was another place I used to go where I believed the videos on the TV on the wall were actually singing to me and the people on them were present in the pub. This was quite a rowdy Pub but I had lost my sense of fear and so was not disturbed by it. In other words I did not see danger so often left myself vulnerable to it.

On a Wednesday and Thursday I started going to an Afro-Caribbean Community Centre for my dinner (it was the same place I had left my sister in). It was only a small place but I loved it there as I really liked the Jamaican sense of humour. I knew people in there from years ago so it was good to catch up and reminisce on happier times. When I first went there I was hearing how it could not get funding and might even be closed down so I became "passionate" about trying to help. The County Council were using rooms there and not paying rent which was unfair as this Centre was also a Registered Charity. I wrote to them saying that I wanted to see the list of accounts relevant to the Club. I wrote it out as a letter of concern as I had worked out that when you wrote a letter of complaint it is a very lengthy process but a letter of concern would need answering straight away. I later on was put in charge of looking after and filling the Notice Board and would often go to other Venues just to gather information that might be beneficial or relevant to the Club to put on the board.

I was still being plagued by voices whilst all this was going on. I remember going to Sam's house once and he was watching on his telephone a film about a gathering of African people. It appeared to be in my mind an important meeting. A voice was saying they had to stop the meeting though because they were laughing too much at me. Another time I took him out one night to a club but he said he did not like going out anymore after that due to the scariness of night time. Then one day my voice told me he was trying to food poison me. I saw him not long afterwards with three children at the hospital and insulted him and after that never saw him again.

Things took a bizarre turn with Robert too as before long I started to believe he was a Policeman who was whistle blowing on Managers from his job. I had also fell in love (psychotically) with him and was seeing him as a handsome person. I was head over heels but the voices would tell me that he was a jealous person and also he would work in the Company office and I was to be careful during the day making sure I was safe. Most importantly he was the one who was going to take me to London as he had a car. Well of course I still had other delusions to contend with.

At that time I was being instructed to look in alleyways and chat to people on buses to find out what things they liked and didn't like. I do not think I was given a reason for this though by then the impulse was that strong I just went along with it. I was also accessing toilets to see what they were like and looking for cleanliness. I had gone into one Pub and was shocked to see two toilets in the same cubicle. Not only that the disabled toilet was not working. I had gone to a certain coffee shop as I had been told that the water they used for the toilets was being used for the coffees. I had also been instructed to go my local cafe and walk into the toilets (both male and female) and check them for anything that was out of character. I spent over £150 on books, guide books explaining things about different Countries because I was instructed to.

I had been told to buy Brut aftershave too as this was worth a lot of money as Nigel Farage's father had the business but it had failed. I was told to give my next door neighbour one and to put another in this bag of things to take to London. This was going to be worth a lot of money after we had got there as the business would be back up and running. I was instructed to look in bins at the back of Churches where I found a Child's shoe which I took home to add to the growing pile of rubbish I was accumulating. There were that many bags in the corner of my bedroom that it was getting dangerous.

One day in my mind Nigel asked me for something after I had just woke up. I went to the bags and stumbling over one of them banged my head on the wall. I had to sit down it was so painful and I thought I was going to die. I could hear someone say that they were mad with Nigel as he had caused it. I had to have an ambulance out as I thought I was going to collapse and I was checked over but I was alright. I had an issue about signing on the electric pad with the pen for some reason. I was totally paranoid but I cannot remember why.

Throughout all my psychosis I believed the inside of my house was being filmed. I believed my neighbours were too (the ones I had known for years). I believed when I was in there I was being recorded and also that the TV was communicating with me. We were under its protection and my neighbours were going to be well rewarded with a bungalow. I was told now that the film was being made with Robert not Frank. They said they preferred Robert though I do not know why as they had said he was a very jealous person and I was not allowed to dance with other people or talk to certain people. I would in my mind hear him say come to the shop or phone him as he would want to show me he was not happy. I used to find this funny. Robert would also come around to my house to see me. Sometimes he would come just to visit and others to help me out when I was ill with hunger by bringing me some Jamaican ginger cake. I would wait up to see him in between his treatments of people and he was often late. He would also try and get cigarettes rolled for me by asking someone for me. I gave him money to give this person to do it but he was let down so we gave up on that one. I was later told (by the voices) that he was a retired Policeman and he was trying to make a living in the shop until he won a case he was pursuing. I was told he was stuck in a contract with a man that had sold him this Healing and that it was just a con. I would buy his treatments to help him out. I also bought him poly pockets and labels so he could do his Tax returns. He always used to say 'Keep your receipts'. As time went on the voices said that he knew my mother as a child and that a lady I had met was his mother though he was not happy with her so had been adopted by a teacher I knew. (His mum was a social worker and I was giving her advice regarding a Safeguarding on a person I had met that she was a friend off.) The adoption had gone through the Missionaries though and he was treated badly by them. He fell out with his mum for a while and ended up staying at his dads to help him. Apparently I met him too.

They went on later to say that he was starting to give advice to the Police again to help them as they were finding it too much to do. I was instructed to keep banging his shop window as that would distract him so he could get away from having sex with people. Definitely some bizarre thoughts that were going through my head around that time. I still used to go to the Caribbean Centre, helping out as it gave me something to do during the day. I had met up with a long time older friend and we would often chat together in there. He would sometimes bring in an music box with him and would sit and play it in there. I thought I was communicating telepathically with him sometimes and once said to him by this means that I would buy him a house. Unfortunately as I got poorer I thought the music had told me to fall out with him so I did. I really regret this now. Often when I was in there I would hear a voice telling me when I had to go home as Robert would want to see me. My voices were telling me other things too like certain women in the club were going to his shop and were making him have sex with them so I was always on my guard around them. I was also told in my mind by Robert that as a undercover Policeman he would have to sleep with people as part of his job. This he said he did not enjoy.

I was having lots of imaginary conversations with Robert and some of them were very strange. I was told to lie on my bed and flash naked as he could see me even when he was not there. I was later told that MP's (Members of Parliament) had made him do this and it was them watching me really. The same voice told me that I had been raped by many different men in the Club too so I guess lechery was a big part of its make up. There was a nice DJ who used to work at the Club at night. He would always play reggae songs and as I loved reggae I started to go there at night too. I would go on evenings that were generally themed (Bob Marley evenings and that kind of thing) or Parties and I would help clean up afterwards but of course I would be giving the orders. I knew some of the men there from years ago but as I had not seen them in 20 years they were strangers to me. I would talk about the past too much though as my conversation was quite limited. They did not really like this as I guess it got too boring for them. There was one person there who I could talk to though. He was trying to get more people to attend the night time events and I would often chat to him. We got on pretty well and he would phone me up sometimes and see how I was doing. His wife did not get on with me though, well rather I did not get on with her as I used to be rude to her under the voices control. Another time there was one lady who helped out and when I was in the library the voices said she was wanted in lots of different countries so I guess it didn't like the women in there. Along with the Clubs I had also started going back to the Pubs as I was limited in choice as to where I could actually go.(I only used to drink tea or tonic water there though I hasten to add.) My town is a small town and after being banned from the Mental Health group for being too manic and also being banned from the Addiction Centre Restaurant for being too argumentative I was running out of places to go.

I was still falling for the sob stories of other people too. A ex friend's ex husband had arranged for me to see him as he needed some money to pay a bar tab off. I met him in a Weatherpersons Bar to give him some money so he could buy his daughter a birthday present. Well that was what he had said though he was an alcoholic so I knew where the money was really going. I had gone to his wedding to my friend who was an alcoholic too. (My voices had told me not to like her anymore not long before this and so we fell out.. People had told her that I said I wanted to kill her but I know I would never have said this). I had got to the pub before he arrived and was well laden. I had been shopping at Dunhelms for some Laundry Baskets so had these with me. I had been playing pool and giving money away to some lads at the bar before I met with him. I was talking with him about his marriage and he had asked to have sex with me. I was with Robert though so knew this would never happen. We were joined by a friend of his and a voice told me that she was an M.P. She invited me to her husband's forthcoming birthday party. The voices then told me to get some condoms from the toilet and for some strange reason put them in my bag full of things (amongst letters of complaints) which I had been instructed to gather. My ex mates ex was starting to get really drunk and I was getting bored so I rang for a Taxi. (The reason I was using Taxi's was because my shoes were slipping everywhere on the pavement and every pair I had I could not walk in. I also bought new ones and had the same problem with them. It was like somebody had greased my soles. I was instructed to leave the shoes on top of the bin outside and they would be taken away and cleaned. This seemed to work for a few minutes but in the end I was walking in socks everywhere during the day and night. People told me later that this had been raised to Mental Health but yet again nothing was done. My voice would also tell me if I was with a good Taxi Driver or a bad one and I would be chatty or not depending on what it said.)

The same voice told me after I had got back and whilst in my local shop that the MP I had met wanted to talk to me. It seemed that all the MPs were over from other areas and I would know who they were as they were dyeing their hair and having Swinger Parties and they wanted Robert and me to join them. I made polite excuses and she told me I had balls in my vaginal area which had been used on me and to sit quietly whilst she dissolved them. These bizarre kind of voices seemed to becoming more normal to me and I would often fall to them. Robert would look at me strangely if it happened when he was there as I would go quiet and behave oddly when I was in this manic stage.

We did not see each other that often as he was busy and was always two or three hours late when he did arrive. I could be up until very late waiting for him to arrive. He was good as sometimes my sugars would drop as I would be hungry and he would sell me some food, If I had gone to bed earlier this probably would not of happened though. I was also told I had to get to his shop at certain times of the night to save his life,well,more early hours of the morning. I would have to hold on to ledges to stop myself from falling. I did not see him though as he never actually answered my knock. I would stay in mainly during the weeknights and watch TV and I used to enjoy watching Mock the Week and Reality Shows as they were the main things on. A lot of filth too but I am too old for all that. Some of these shows I thought were communicating with me and visa versa. Now throughout all these psychosis's I would always be watching The Houses Of Parliament probably because I would shout abuse at it and it was something to watch. I would also watch other Political programs as I would find these topics interesting. This time it was different though, I was being asked to read out aloud subtitles and say who was standing behind who in the room especially if somebody walked in..The voice would keep me occupied like this for a long time, they even had me turn my big fan on as this was to go into the chamber of the House of Parliament to keep the M.P's cold. (Another strange thing was that I started to be told that there were bombs being set but that Irish people were diffusing them before they could go off. I had one voice of an Irish man and we were laughing about things but then because he was busy I spoke to his wife,we got on well. I always did when I was chatting with the Irish. One time when I was sitting in a Pub I was told to be on watchout. There were a lot of people walking outside as I was close to a Takeaway eating place and also many cars coming and going. They were obviously picking up their pre-ordered meals and as I was also within the town centre it was pretty busy. I sat outside and I was told that I had to stop saying certain things as I was making them laugh too much. I sat there for a few hours and after a while was told that I might have to stay the night there. I thought the barman could hear all this as he was nearby at the time. Eventually I was told that I could go so I ordered a takeaway meal and then went home. When I got in and as I was eating the meal I was told some distressing news about The Gambia regarding the Charity I helped. I will not relate what the news was as it was not true just that depraved that I thought I would never speak again. I was frozen that much with horror with what the voice had said then Robert phoned to see how I was. I managed to answer but said that I had to go. I was then told that my food had been poisoned but I was apparently treated for it so now I was fine and that the situation with the bombs was now over.)

I had also been instructed to buy certain DVD'S to watch on the TV. Some were my old African ones though these were now too sad for me. The voices said that I could put them on and go to bed as my house would be recording them and the appropriate people would watch them later. Why, I do not really know but I was doing everything as instructed.

My sister watched Bob the Cat and Ab Fab when she came round and for some reason I was to take these to London. I was told that something had been discovered in the extra parts in the DVDs which would help the Writers. I had also been told to buy certain CDs. Akon who I believe I saw in a Jewelers in town, R Kelly who I saw at the Community Centre (I gave him money to help him out, well he said he was him anyway) Em and Em, Will I Am, and Pink I had to read the back of their inserts out loud (Producers etc) as the artists were being conned by them. I had gone to Currys and spent £200 on things as I believed Will I Am had produced them. I let Robert choose what he wanted too and then would buy them him as presents. I took them back before I gave them him though as for some reason I was told not to like him (though this soon changed after they had been returned). Voices told me also that I was talking to Elton John and Em and Em would have long discussions with me. He told me about his life and all this was done by hearing it through the music. The more time went on I was being instructed to say where people were standing on my TV. Say what was going on around them, read subtitles and say out loud when people were fiddling with their Phones in Parliaments and America.

I would do the same in a couple of local Asian shops though but this time on an Asian Channel. I then started to believe that God, Bob Marley and Sly (a Gambian friend who I thought was alive but had "apparently" died, so the voices had told me) were each talking to me on different occasions. We would spend a lot of time just laughing and joking about. There was also work to be done as on one day I was told by God to stop people in the street from getting their guns out and shooting each other. I had to bump into them to put them off. There was another time I was told that by putting my hands on people they would die as they were bad people. Apparently in my new diagnosis it is often believed you are talking to God.

As I was being told to do things via the TV I was also being told to do things on the phone. I had to phone the non-emergency line and keep the Police on the line to save them from being held hostage. I was told that the community police wanted to take over and leave the fully trained police there just answering the calls. This made me very popular with the Police.

Things started to go missing once again too. Money, all my documents Passport, Birth Certificate, National Insurance Number, School Qualifications and then also strangely my Mother's and Father's too and all their information. Basically all my memories of both mine and my dead parents lives were going missing from the house. My guess was that they would end up as new identities for some nefarious activities, Things were also being constantly taken out of my rucksack whilst I was out.

I had the Police visit me after a complaint by a couple of neighbours about me shouting and saying false accusations but my mind in its condition believed them to be true. I was reporting people too as I had acquired a short temper for bikes just being thrown on the pavement so you had to step over them. Also people too lazy to not let their garden grow over yours or not accept responsibility for doing a shared path. This was my neighbour on the other side. He was actually renting the house as when my previous neighbour had died the house was sold onto someone who just wanted it to rent. Around that time too I had fallen out with the people from the Pentecostal Church over some keys that had been left in the door so I guess I was not too popular in either Heaven or Earth around that time.

The subject of bombs came back in force and I was now being told that they were in the Road Crossing Lights and I had to keep pressing all the buttons to a certain timing to stop them exploding. I also had to take registration numbers of cars and stop some of them which I would do by offering people pieces of pizza. I would be up all night doing this.

Now throughout my time of psychosis, I was told that I was meeting the Gambian President who was ruling when I used to go on my holidays there. I would phone up The Gambian Experience Holidays and order a catalogue though I had no intention of going. I would then read things out about it for him to hear and he also had me order £10 worth of their money for him. He had invited me to stay with him at his home and we would laugh about a lot of things. When I used to go round Sainsbury's I could hear him talk and we would be having conversations. My sister would come with me sometimes and we would buy her food to cook at my house when we got back. He was looking after a couple of Gambian friends I knew there and he would bring them with him to London he told me. He also said that Musa was going to be President in The Gambia when he retired.

After a while my money was all gone once again and I was back in line at the Soup Kitchen. I went to the Job Centre pleading for help but got nowhere again. I was only after a temporary loan until my benefits went in but it never materialised. My neighbours would help me out in times like these and yet again they were fantastic. I could become very nasty towards them though as there were times I would be told in my mind that they could give more. It said that they had already been given money to pass onto me. I would throw it back in their face and mention the presents I had bought them for their kindness towards me. I must admit they were very patient people to put up with me.

At around that time too I had my bag stolen when I was out in town with my sister (a couple of days before whilst in town some perspex had fell on her. The Manager of the Precinct refused to take this matter seriously and the Police had witnessed the ensuing conversation about it. They had not logged it down though and I was going to complain about the situation on my sister's behalf. All I had to do was post a recorded letter and pick up an item of clothing to put in the bag to take to London. I picked up a pair of flip flops which along with the letter were in the bag at the time).

My bag had everything I needed in it. My bank card, my notepad, my money, Bus Pass everything. I had given Robert a couple of phones so I had to use my neighbour's phone to contact him and ask for help. He told me that he had sold them already and spent the money. Typical, you give so much and receive nothing back when you have nothing yourself. My local brother came to my rescue (even though his Partner's Mother who he had been helping to look after for the last two years died that day) and this helped me until my benefits went in and then I was OK. I had phoned my sister's home to tell them and also tried to log it with the Police but got frustrated going through the non emergency line. I decided to wait and sort it on benefits day.

Whilst all this was going on I had gone around town saying some horrible things about Frank and his family I had even gone into his daughter's shop to insult him to her. I had just received a benefits form to fill in which sent me over the edge. I phoned Frank as I was told to and basically I was told to say as much shit to him as possible. I was absolutely disgusting and then I was told to go and take some mugs and throw them at certain cars.

I did say that I did not want to do this but I was told I had to. The people in the cars were bad people they said. I was then told to stop cars so I moved the wheelie bins into the road. I had one next door neighbour who had been aggressive and dodgy with me so I had previously reported him to the police. (I thought he was in my loft access at one point) He found the whole thing hilarious and decided to record me on his phone laughing his head off. I did shout it was illegal to record me but he just carried on. He was from Poland so I wonder if it got on his Facebook all over Poland. Often I had been asked to take down numbers of cars (although never Taxi's for some reason) and I was told their lights would spray something in my eyes. I would have to come back and have my eyes mentally cleaned by my Irish voice and then put some sunglasses on. I could not use my hands as these were contaminated so I had to wear Marigolds. I would then have to strip in my house and leave them somewhere and God would clean them then do the same process again. This was usually done in the early hours. I was also told it was very important to put dents in the cars so they can be recognized later. I remember once hearing on the radio that the traffic was moving quicker now and this made me even more paranoid if that was possible. Now there was a white van further up the road and it was just staying there. I ran after it even though I had no shoes on. I was told make sure you get that van it is very important. I threw a mug at it but missed. The next minute a Police man came and restrained me pinning me to the floor. He handcuffed me and then five Police appeared from nowhere. I was then put in a police car and taken to a cell. This is my first experience of a Police Station. I was watched all night and two Doctors saw me in the morning. There was a man who was chatting to me with a volunteer though much of what they said was a blur. I was chatting away and oblivious to what was around me but the weird thing was they handed me a sealed envelope. I was going to the usual Unit they informed me. I was told the man in the white van was trying to give the envelope to me. (I did not open it for a week and then found it was my assessment that the Doctors had done on me.)

I was taken from the Police Station to a waiting ambulance and from there to the Unit. The Police Officer that had restrained me then went back to my house to lock it up and make sure it was secure. I had asked if I could go back with him and pack some things to take with me but was told that it was not allowed. I then asked if he would bring me my cigarettes which I also never got. (Luckily I met some wonderful people that all helped me and kept me in cigarettes for the first week until I got an escorted home leave a week later.) When I got in the unit I wanted a body check straight away as I believed that I was there to be protected against police brutality. (When I was being handcuffed my head hit the floor very hard and I felt my back go. I actually thought the policeman was going to perform a sexual act on me when he pinned my arms back on the floor). I started to get upset virtually straight away as nobody would check my body for injuries. (Some of the Staff had said that the handcuffs had been put on too tightly though). There was a female doctor in there who kept promising to do a body check with another member of Staff but it never happened. This was of course very frustrating as people were just saying it to try and appease me. They obviously had no intention of doing one as one was never done. (Whilst I was under all these sections it was always tiring as I became fed up with people saying that if I complained about any issue (or anything that I did not see fair) in a loud aggressive voice I would need a medication review. My mother was deaf so I had to speak in a loud voice when I was young so I guess it carried on from that. I think my aggression came from the fact that I had spent a lot of time in meetings regarding social services when I was younger which was always very frustrating.

They never did support me much for saying I was only twenty years old looking after my sister. (Although I hasten to add she was always a pleasure and was great for someone that had just lost her mum at the time). I still get frustrated even now twenty eight years later as the services keep getting cut. I have spent most of my life fighting some cause or another.)

I have spent a lot of time with Irish people over the years either through Church or the Catholic schools that I used to attend as a child. I had even decided to search for my Irish Roots but got no joy with it as all contact with my relatives in Ireland had been lost many years before. As I had thought Robert was moving in with me (I am sure this is what he had me believe) I had cleared out all my wardrobe and had been in contact with a friend from school to give all my clothes to an Irish charity. There were a couple of Irish people in there who would talk to me a lot. We got on well until my voices started to tell me that they were not good people as they were not helping their Irish mothers. Myself and this one girl in there used to have big arguments and were asked to stay out of each others way which was very hard to do in the unit. There was yet again a lot of African bank Staff so as you can imagine we would chat about Africa quite a lot which made me very happy..

I got hold of my solicitor once again and informed her that I was back then started asking everybody if they had a solicitor and yet again was on my crusade to help people again. Before I left I was also helping people get ESA (Employment and Support Allowance) and PIP (Personal Independence Payment). I was also complaining to CQC a lot regarding matters at the Unit.

Later on I was told that a big boss in the NHS was coming to a BBQ there so I took it upon myself to clean the Unit to help the cleaners out. It didn't though as I actually upset them. I wanted everybody to come so I phoned up some Hospitals and also phoned his Secretary. (I was actually not that keen on him though after an incident where he was making a speech to NHS Staff some years ago. All the Staff there were told to turn their phones off but I needed advice on something that had happened that day and could contact no one). He never showed up for the BBQ though so I entertained the Mayor and Mayoress instead. There was also a lady who had recently written a book who used to be a Consultant there too so I was in good company. It was a good day and I was dancing and singing a lot and basically having a good time. I was put in charge of sorting out the laundry room afterwards and believe me when I do a job I do it quickly and take it extremely seriously.

There was one lady sectioned there who would say to me that she was rich.(though whether she was or not I would not like to say) One time she was lying on a sofa and she looked like she was actually dead, it was scary to look at I can tell you. I also had a feeling that there were ghosts in there and you could feel them leaving the building. This was a feeling that I cannot really explain as it has to be experienced.

I have not mentioned Robert for quite a long time so I will remedy this. I had only seen him once after I had lost my bag and that was to give him my new number. I was texting him a lot whilst I was in there about the things that I did not feel right about in the unit. I had it in my head that a couple of Staff were knocking him off and one of them was an undercover police woman. Some Staff would talk to you a lot whilst others did not. This one lady did not talk and I was for some reason scared of her.

I thought I was protecting certain Staff members so I would stay up at night thinking I was helping them as I did not trust her. I never did get through to Robert but I later had an answer from somebody on the phone asking who I was as he was receiving all these messages. I got worried about Robert so I phoned the Police as I believed this person was doing wrong by him. You might have to go back and remember that I was there to help the Police and believed some were good and some were bad. I was still hearing from one of the members of the Community Centre so I was texting him what I was texting to Robert. I was also phoning my solicitor constantly about things I did not like, medication being late, fellow Service Users spitting in the cups, that kind of thing so I guess I kept her busy

We generally all got on and after a while I was allowed to go out on day leave. It was funny because the Consultant had said it was because I had calmed down. I remember saying "Well I have made all my complaints now". They had put me back on my medication and I was now having injections replacing one of the tablets (this was to make sure that I took them as it was administered to me and not by me). Now I do not know what all the people in there were actually there for as we did not really ask those sort of questions.

We generally would just sit and complain to each other about things we were not happy with. We used to moan about the Chubb locks being just on the outside of bathroom doors as with no inside locks there was no privacy. Things had changed a little since my last time there too. The Time Out room was now an office and had a new back door exit put in. This led to an open area with a lovely green archway further on though I do not know where that went to. The toilets were also upgraded and to me looked like airport toilets. I was convinced they were closing it to make an airport out of it.

I knew one person in there from a Turf Accountant in my town and got on well with his mother. She was nice to talk to as was he. When I am psychotically manic I react very differently to being sectioned I usually have a good time chatting with people. This can also be a frustrating time too as I never realise why I am there. They had started to give me day leave so I could go and see my sister. I would catch a train (now I had been too scared to catch trains for the last four years so I was definitely psychotic) though I was always wary of the gap between the platform and train when you got off as it was quite wide. Her home would kindly cook us both a meal and then we would walk to the paper shop to buy a magazine. This was a slow walk as I was walking with a crutch. (My feet had got slightly better but my back was in a lot of pain)

I spent the following days in there reading a couple of books. I was reading one on Rastafarian. (This was to see if any of this would be beneficial to the Community Centre. This then was going to be passed on to Robert) and the other was a book on Indian culture. This just happened to be on the table in there. (I finished it in one day). My consultant was impressed too and wanted me to show him the book but it had disappeared. He was amazed that I could read a book in one day. I loved reading about other cultures.

Now one day I had decided I did not want to go to my sister's. I do not mean I did not want to see her. I became scared of the gap on the train. A voice, loud and clear had said that it was the Irish and of course I could go and see my sister. I was not afraid of the train after that as they gave me encouragement. With that I made the journey and I had a nice time. I was glad of that voice.

It did not seem that I was in there that long really and most of the time I just saw it as a waiting game but I waited and shortly afterwards was discharged. The only other voice was when the television was on. It was the news programme and a newscaster had instructed me to say who was walking behind him. Then a politician said he wanted me to join them for a meeting.(In my head of course).

I had gone to see Robert after I got out and I was laughing about the whole situation. I was still believing that I had been in there to protect me from Police brutality. I also owed him some money. This was owed for treatments I had had. It was about £250. I do not like debt so I paid it off. I had previously gone to the market and saw some Bob Marley T-shirts and bought him one for his birthday. I got his correct phone number whilst I was there. The phone number I thought I was sending him messages on was one digit different which seemed odd. I sent one to it before I was sectioned which was completely untrue. Who knows what a sane person would have made of it if they had read it. The next day I was sitting watching television and suddenly I realised that the voices had stopped. I phoned up my Care Co-ordinator and informed her that when I left the hospital I was still psychotic. She said she knew this and that I would probably go into psychosis again. I phoned up Robert after that as I realised the extent of damage I had done and how much it had hurt other people. I had pestered him a lot too. He answered the phone and I told him that I had been hearing voices the day before. That was why I had not taken what I had done as serious and I would be apologising to all the people concerned. He said that he was shocked how I had behaved. I never saw him after that day. I had bought him a card and tried his shop so many times. He would always say that I was a nightmare so the card said I would not be a nightmare again. He never had a post box so he never got the card. I phoned up my brother to get advice on whether to phone Frank or not. I owed him a massive apology. My brother had said that I should contact him and that Frank had realised it was my mental health. Frank accepted my apology and we arranged to meet. I apologised at the Turf Accountants once again to Frank and we had a chat. (Frank had wanted the first meeting in a public place. Then we went on to an AA meeting and I apologised to the people in there). He forgave me straight away but obviously things were not quite the same. We started to go places again but I also used to walk to a few places on my own. I was racked with guilt about what I had done and this was on my mind a lot. One day I was out walking and this girl gave me a dirty look. I thought she must have been from the local pub I used to go in until I was barred. (I had apologised at all the local places often more than once). I was so mortified but most people appeared fine though you never know what people are really thinking. One day I was walking down the street and a black man looked at me with hatred in his eyes and then spat on the floor. This really scared me as the look had gone straight through me. I went to meet Frank and told him but he said I was being paranoid. From then on I seemed to see a lot of people who were giving me dirty looks but weirder still were the Taxi's on the road and Asians walking on the streets. Now I come from a multi-cultural town but there was as I perceived it anyway a lot of more Asian people and Taxi's than usual. The Taxi's were mainly coming from a local firm and I used to meet up with some of the drivers in my usual pub. They used to play cards and would often invite me to join them. I had met the owner in there whilst psychotic but I once was not happy that he had taken a photo of me in this state. I was with a taxi driver I had known for years. We were sitting very close and nothing was happening but I was not sure if this had gone on Facebook. I saw one of the younger ones of the group going into Robert's one day and they looked like friends.

I had told Frank this as he was with me at the time but he had not noticed. I told my Care-Coordinator (these seem to have replaced Community Psychiatrist Nurses and are Occupational Therapists). The Community Psychiatrist Nurse that I had had for the last two years was apparently not trained in psychosis even though I was often in it whilst she was seeing me. My Care-Coordinator had told me when I had said I was seeing people that looked angry at me that I was being paranoid. She had also said that I had been aggressive to people and that mental health affects everyone. It is hard when your mental health affects you and turns you into something you are not. I did not mention the Asians to her though as I thought it wise not to.

I was going out with Frank but was withdrawn as I still found it hard to forgive myself for my earlier actions. To make matters worse some people had told lies about me. They were saying that I was in different parts of town with other people drinking and some people even thought I was on drugs. A Taxi firm I had apologised to for an earlier incident (I was rude to the person who delegated the drivers), asked me why I had called their boss a terrorist. I never did this I had told them it was my next door neighbour who was a terrorist as confirmed by the police. (I had asked them if I could put up a poster warning the neighbours about it and they said that that would be alright)

There was a lot of people that were phoning up the mental health services to say I needed help, one of whom was my partner Frank. I had been so nasty to him and did not deserve his kindness. Yet again he was there. I hope to make it up to him one day. These calls were never acted upon which to be honest is quite disgraceful. It just shows how Mental Health has let me and my family, my neighbours and the people of my town down. How much damage could have been prevented. It would have saved all of us from being put in such dangerous situations. Frank had told me how he worried all the time about my safety and the people that were around me abusing my vulnerability. One night when I was in on my own I heard a loud voice that appeared to be coming from outside. It was saying "If they cannot put her in prison in this country then we can". I froze when I heard it. When I used to take my sister out I was seeing people spit all the time and could not concentrate due to paranoia. I did not want her hurt due to me having an accident. From then on I just went to her house though I still believed I was going to be hurt. I was being scared in to becoming a prisoner in my own home. (I thought that this was what my voices was trying to make me do.)

I had made my apologies at the Community Centre and wanted to face the people and bring them some flowers and chocolate to make amends. The club was hardly open now though due to lack of funding. I had gone up twice before but it was shut on both occasions. (I had gone there once when I was on leave from the unit for a Salsa night. I was very respectful and quiet there and did some dancing with some people. I usually would not have had the confidence to do this. The member who had been ringing me said he was grateful for any information on members there. I was heavily psychotic and would not have done this in a sane mind. I was not one for gossip nor had I seen these people for years. I gave him some information about someone called Stephen that I used to know. I had it kept hidden for a long time but my voices had insisted that I was to tell people about him. Later on I wanted to tell this member that what I had said had not happened but I was advised by Frank to leave it. As I was deciding what to do somebody walked past my window and I heard a voice say "What about Stephen?".

On another occasion I said to Frank that all the Muslim's have gone. A short while later after he had gone a voice said "How many more lies" I was scared and went to the back door to have a cigarette. Here I heard loud and clearly coming from the street around the corner "Now the Africans can take over". Frank happened to come around later and whilst he was there I looked out the window and saw that all the Taxis had gone. I became scared. "All the Taxi's had gone," I said "whats going to happen to the Muslims." Frank nipped out to the shop not long after and as I was lying on the sofa I saw that a black man was staring into my house. This scared me until Frank assured me when he got back that it was nothing. I had a restless night that night and heard a voice saying something that meant lets make it harder for her. I came down the following morning to see a spider in my toilet on a piece of dry toilet roll (Spiders had always scared me). I was due to go and try out a Mental Health group that day. It was a place where you could go and try different activities. I was not going to go at first but Frank encouraged me. They sent me a text at 7am to remind me of the meeting. When I got to the Bus Stop I saw a woman holding a child's hand. She was wearing a Burka and was carrying a long knife in her other hand. I saw a black man walk past and as I sat there I thought I was going to be killed. A few other people came and we waited for the bus. I knew a couple of people on the bus through mental health places I had attended. I was distressed that there were no seat belts but I said nothing. I got to the place and was told of things we could do like sand tables down to make them smooth and feed animals. They also went around doing up places in the community. The members there had practically done out the owners of the farm building where it was hardly habitable before. You had to fill out a form and that was sent to the Council as they funded it. I stayed for the day but I was so stressed about letting the person at the Club know about Stephen. I had tried to ring him but nobody answered. Some people were saying they had access to helicopters and could fly them. I became paranoid at that and thought I was going to be taken to a foreign country by them. Do not forget I was still paranoid that some of the people in Mental Health did not like me. I was extremely ill once again, I had no energy and sat there shaking. People were friendly to me but I could not cope so I had to go home. On my journey back the streets seemed very quiet and cars appeared to be going faster on the roads. As all the Taxis had gone for some reason I did not feel safe. I came home still worrying about the Stephen matter and as I was sitting there fretting a girl walked past my window. She appeared to say "What about Stephen". I rang up the Centre then and got in touch with my friend and told him that the situation did not happen but before I could explain it all he had to go. I felt frustrated as in my mind there was a good reason for what I wanted to say. Stephen was a taxi driver and I believed he had taken all the Taxis off the road as he now owned them. A voice from outside said "Go outside and make an appearance." I was scared if the truth be known but went outside anyway. There were a few people about but I ignored them and just went to fetch my prescription. I went to visit my sister later after having asked if I could have my dinner with her. They said it was alright so I took my normal route extremely scared of what could happen. I heard shouts of there's that mad woman but just walked past. When I got there my sister appeared withdrawn and just seemed different. I was not good company as I was quiet but I stayed the day dreading the walk home. Another time I came to visit her I just lay on the sofa and thought that my visits were having a detrimental effect on her. One of the clients had said at tea time are you going now so I went. I was starting to see machinery like cranes on the road on the back of lorries and skips full of bricks on the back of lorries. Now I was telling myself I was going to be stoned. I was still seeing Frank but I did not tell him anything of what voices were saying to me.

A few days later I had heard a voice that appeared to be coming from a car "This is getting dangerous". Things seemed to get weirder after this. There used to be a bus that went past my house that was always empty and this sent me paranoid. It also appeared that fundamentalist groups were now my voices and I had to get rid of them. It seemed by talking to them I could do this. One day a voice asked me for my address and I gave it. It then said that now they were international and then informed me that the Government was closing off the area as terrorists were controlling it but now we were safer. The Government did not care but now help could come in. From then on the bus had people on it and I was told that Stephen had been showing pictures of me on face book. The voices were asking me lots of questions just badgering me really. I cannot make much sense of it now but I was living in fear everyday and was very ill.

They were also telling me that some people were now going to run my town apparently there were Gambians (Muslim country) who had been fighting other Muslims (from Pakistan) and there were even I was told children running it.

One night though I heard a voice saying "Now, Africa can fight (well words to that effect) and the Queen will not intervene" and then there were shouts of celebration. I believed that after this I heard a voice shout at a woman and child telling them "Get back in the house or I will shoot." The worst time that I can remember was being told that I was responsible for a lot of Muslims being killed. I was told to stand outside as I was going to be beaten up because of it. I was scared but I went and did it anyway. I heard a voice saying shall we get the baseball bats and not long after that I saw the man from the takeaway shop in a car. He rode past and stuck a finger up at me. I had been rude to him at times as my voices had told me to. He had grown a beard and his face looked massive and there was something about this scared me. I never have liked facial hair on a person.

Robert then came into my voices once again. I was told he was a Gambian who took children from England to Africa (There were photos of him with a lot of children on the wall in his shop) and that he ate them once they were there. I was told that I had been cursed by Africa and started to see hallucinations on my wall. They were always dangerous animals like snakes that could easily kill me. (Frank had watched some nature programmes and yet again I thought the television was mapping out my future). Basically I was believing that the Africans were going to take me to be killed by crocodiles in Gambia in a sacred crocodile pool. The cartoon series Family Guy was also being used to scare me. The voices said that the dad was going to be taken into different Countries abroad because a white person could be set up to do criminal things a lot easier in them. I watched Two and a Half Men once and they were talking about cannibalism. I would have thought nothing of this in a rational mind as these used to be programmes I liked. My voice was telling me it was going to happen to me so I was petrified. I was still hearing voices from outside of my head too as on another occasion I heard from a voice outside (this appeared to be outside my front door) that Max had hung himself.

I was asked by the voices to take registration numbers of cars once again and was told somebody was coming to see me as their husband had died in one of the cars I had taken the Registration number off. She was going to be a whistle blower for Mental Health. I actually knew her from the Drop in Centre where I used to go. She was really nice to me and I used to spend a lot of time with her. She needed my support. This is what the voice told me anyway.

Another day when Frank had gone to an AA meeting I remember seeing hallucinations of black men in my house that were I was told Zombie's. I was seeing so many scary things, I actually believed that this was down to my tobacco being poisoned. I was seeing hallucinations of old white Zombies too with long fingers. They were from the Devil I had heard. They were all around me. They said they were going to eat me. Scared is an understatement I can tell you.

I had heard Stephen as a voice and he said he was going to rape me. He said that I had been talking to the Jamaican authorities. They had banned him from entry as Stephen had said that he was going to take me by plane out there. (I had heard quite often that the plane was ready from other voices too.). He was going to take me through different areas of the country and have me raped and have acid thrown on me after they had done. They had also said that Robert was a dodgy cop who was working with Stephen. From my upstairs bedroom I could hear two voices saying "Yes we can make sandwiches next time we come in downstairs". I sneaked downstairs and looked around the place but I could see no one.

Now I was having certain Mental Health teams that were visiting me as I was now only having home visits due to not leaving the house. They were good but you can imagine with these scenarios going on I was pretty messed up. I was still seeing Frank but I now would not let him have the television on. I was not speaking once again so I was not much fun to be with. He was bringing me in my food as I had stopped eating too. (I now have to ask Frank about what was going on as I cannot remember it all). I also believed people were taking things out my house and turning my oven switches on. This would happen in the nighttime. I had got to the point where I was just lying in the bed unless Frank came around. I would then come downstairs just wearing a jumper and lie on the sofa.

One early evening my voices told me to take all the tablets in my house and then lie on the sofa and I would be put on a plane to go to Africa to be killed.

I took about 32 Sertraline 28 Depakote and 7 Diazepam. The Diazepam were prescribed by my Doctor at my surgery when I first came out of hospital. I lay on the sofa for a couple of hours but then went upstairs lay on my bed and was meant to fall asleep but instead stayed awake all night. The tablets had no effect on me whatsoever but I also believed the Diazepam had been swapped by someone for something lighter. This was done by someone who had gained access to my house.

Another weird thing was that sometimes I thought the tobacco that Frank had got for me had drugs in it. Now this could not be possible as they were sealed and from my local shop. I thought they made me feel funny but Frank had said how could they be. So I carried on smoking them. I had thrown away a lot of tobacco as I have thought this over my illness so many times. It had become quite expensive for Frank.

I did not tell Frank about the overdose until around thirty six hours later when I woke up and panicked because the tablets hadn't worked and I did not want them to do any internal damage. I thought they would have to pump my stomach out. Frank had made the same mistake years before so he knew the tablets wouldn't harm me. He decided though that I needed help as it was a serious suicide attempt.

He spoke to my brother and he agreed so they decided Frank was to take me to A&E where he hoped they would call out the Crisis Team. That came down to nothing as they just discharged me four hours later and I went home. Eventually though the support team came out to see me. They were aware I had no medication as I had told them I had taken it all. They did not give me any more medication though.

The following day they come around the house but could not find me. They contacted Frank as they were concerned for my welfare. Frank went round and found me lying on the sofa in my house fully dressed. Frank suspected that I had been to see Robert and that he had taken £1000 or more of me when I was psychotic. I told him that I had not but later I admitted that I had. He reported this to the support worker. They were not coming out that day but would arrange to come another day. At that moment it was acceptable as I seemed alright. Frank asked me if I had eaten and I said no so we agreed to have a pizza. We both left the house together as I wanted to come out as I needed to stretch my legs.

(These are now Frank's words as I cannot remember a lot of it. I have used the name Jackie for this.)

After 60 yards she appeared to have a massive mood swing and wanted to go home. I gave her the key and waited for the pizza. She came back within a minute demanding a drink. As she is known in the shop due to her psychosis related behaviour I knew the shopkeepers would not like a scene. Quickly I asked her "what flavour" and read out all the flavours. Jackie became shy and confused and nervously said she didn't know and didn't want a drink. Again noticing the mood swing she set off for home. She came back within a couple of minutes again saying she wanted chocolate. I thought this was a bad idea and luckily the pizza came out. We went and bought the chocolate with no problems.

In order to get to Jackie's house there is a crossing that beeps when on green. Jackie when previously in psychosis has thought this was a bomb and kept pressing it. She proceeded to do this on this occasion. I had to move her away and she became abusive and threatening. When she was safely home I rang Mental Health and demanded a full psychiatric assessment and to get her sectioned. They eventually rang back and said someone would be there much later. I made it clear that I was in fear of my safety and her own as I feared that she would self harm. Three people arrived around four hours later (10pm). They had a chat with Jackie and I told them about her suicide attempt and pointed out she needed help. I also stated I was in fear of her. They left around 1030 after deciding Jackie was okay. Jackie demanded I leave at 1130 within this time and stated that if I didn't leave she would call the police.

Frank phoned up Mental Health when we got back from getting a pizza as he was worried about my state of mind as I was very erratic in my moods. Three doctors came to have a look at me a few hours later. One of these was a doctor who had been present at my last sectioning when I had been throwing mugs at passing traffic so he had a good idea of my history. My voice told me that he was a terrorist but he was in this country as a person who was going to stop his country from terrorising this country so I would be safe. I said in my mind that I did not really want to be sectioned as I believed that someone was going to send someone else to beat me up when I got in there. If I could help anyone in there though I would go in. The doctors left after around 15 minutes and I heard a

voice say 'awesome'.

Now I was not happy about Frank trying to get me sectioned for in the state of mind that I was in I did not see the danger I was in. To make matters worse a voice that said it was Robert came into my head and asked me if I wanted to be with him once again. I was very angry with Frank and so I said "Yes." The voice then told me that I had to go upstairs and put my pajamas on and that I was not to let Frank touch me.

I went upstairs as I had been told and the voice claiming to be Robert came back and said that he was not happy that Frank had his arm around me earlier and not to let him do it again. I told him that this was not fair on Frank but obeyed when I went downstairs again. When Frank tried I refused but could only give him some silly excuse. I am presuming Frank would have put my actions down to him trying to get me sectioned.

I also told Frank that I had seen Robert earlier which did not please him as he could see him for what he was. I then heard a loud voice saying "This is Stephen. Frank rape her" I thought that Frank was in danger as I knew that he would never want to rape me so I demanded that he leave the house. I am not completely sure of everything that happened afterwards but I remember moving around my bedroom in the darkness and seeing false walls and a white camera in there.

I had been told by voices from right back in 2012 that my house was being filmed and my first psychosis was going to be made into a film. It would be for all the leaders of the world to see but only the women leaders would be allowed see my female parts. It was then said it was going to be classed as a Muslim film. The next thing that I heard was a chipping noise that sounded like the plaster on the walls around me was being taken off.

This sounded like it was also happening in my next door neighbours house as it seemed I could hear it from the other side of my bedroom wall too. Obviously these noises were not really happening but I thought that they were real as I stumbled around my room in the darkness looking for the light switch. The voice had said to me what it actually was but I have forgotten what it said. I think they said it was something like sound proofing the bedroom.

A little afterwards I remember thinking about Robert as it had been couple of hours since I had thrown Frank out and he had not made his appearance. I looked out the window but could see no sign of him. In fact the street was very quiet which was to be expected I suppose as it was now the early hours of the morning. I thought back to the numerous times that it had happened before and there had been quite a few.

Strange thing is that it did not seem to bother me the way he had treated me I mean in general too not just the late night let downs that I had grown accustomed too. I still thought that he was an undercover Policeman though so it went with the territory, the nature of the job kind of thing. It was like I had just accepted it was to be that way and that was that. My thoughts then went onto Frank and how I had been earlier towards him. It was like when I threw him out it was not actually me that did it if that makes any sense. I had no control over my actions.

(In fact something inside me was crying out that he should stay but it was not strong enough to make an impression. This realisation came afterwards though for at the time the force was too

powerful for it even to register).

The next thing I remember was being told that I was now talking to God and He said that I had done nothing wrong in answering the questions. He said that the voices had asked me as that was His will. He also said that I was basically a good person and so had nothing to fear. He said that if I jumped out the window now that I would go straight to heaven as I had led a good life. He then said I could talk to my mother when I got there as she would be pleased to see me as she had been missing me. On hearing this I started to cry heavily. I said that I had wanted to talk to her so much whilst she was still alive. I then said I had been embarrassed of her when I used to go to school (I think most teenagers are if the truth be known).

God went angry at that as He said He had not told my mother that and said that I would have to face her in heaven and she would not be too pleased with me. He said I could have some cigarettes first though to calm myself down before I jumped.

In hand with this I was still finding it difficult coping with the guilt that I had got from causing other people and especially Frank so much pain. I felt that I needed to feel some pain too to compensate for what I had done to them all. I guess that it was some sort of perverse view on Karma really (What you sow so shall you reap kind of thing) but at the time it was a genuinely held belief to me and actually made perfect sense to my disjointed mind.

My thoughts drifted back to the things I had said to other people and the deeds I had done to them (well what I could remember of them anyway as my memory was not too strong) as if to build up my strength for the journey that I was about to undertake. I smoked a cigarette as I looked around the darkened room having long given up on finding the light switch and dwelt more on my actions. I was not even sure if I could get to heaven as the deeds I had done were more akin to receiving a ticket to hell. God had said that I would be alright though I said to myself aloud and dismissing the thought straight away as the thought of hell left me in terror. Thinking back I guess this was my Catholic guilt coming to the fore though I was not really brought up in the fire and brimstone way.

I smoked another cigarette as I looked out my window debating on my next move and gathering strength for what I believed I had to do. The bedroom window had a bottom opening light with the hinges at the top. It was quite small and very restrictive, I would have to go out head first as there was not enough room to do it any other way. I opened it up as wide as I could and looked out along the street once again. I stopped a while then as I saw a lad in a black sweatshirt cardigan walking past the house. There was nobody else about as it was in the early hours of the morning as I said earlier. I waited for him to go and then had a final look around to make sure there was no one else about. After that I leaned as much as I could out of the window and then I closed my eyes. I said to myself that I would be safe and go straight to heaven as a final act of reassurance, held my breath and then I jumped.

A footnote to this section is that though I have no real memory of the actual event I do remember that I had an out of body experience. I remember sitting up afterwards (although I could not as I was actually paralysed) and talking to the man that found me. I remember him asking me why I did it but I had no answer. I actually knew him as he worked at the local takeaway that I often used to

frequent. Frank found out later that it was actually him that found me sort of confirming it for at the time I was unsure.

Part Three- A Return to Inner Sense?

My first memory was being on a hospital bed and having a white tube in both nostrils. I kept pulling it out even though they told me not to do this. (I have spoken to Frank about certain things as my memory of the time was not too good due to the pain and medication). I had a lot of strange dreams as well around that time. There were too many to go into and to be honest most of them were irrelevant so I will not dwell on them just say that I thought they were real at that time. I do remember being scared of the nurses that were in there though.

Before I continue I had better relate the damage I had actually done to myself. My head had to be stitched up as it had been badly cut. My left shoulder was damaged and the ligaments torn. (I was told that in the long term they might have to operate on it). This injury actually had quite a heavy detrimental effect on my rehabilitation as my arm was never at full strength. I found the exercises and the techniques that I had to learn to make my life a little easier on the outside a lot more difficult than they should have been. And finally a fractured spine (between no3.and 5. on the lower back) that did major damage to my spinal cord. I was told by all the specialists there that I would never walk again.

My next memory was being in a room in the hospital and not settling in as I used to scream all through the night. I remember a nice nurse sitting with me and chatting with me to calm me down but then she would have to go. Then I would just start screaming again. I was inconsolable and would often phone Frank who would ring the Staff nurses private line (which he should not really have had the number of) and someone would come to me as soon as they were available. All my bedroom's they put me in were off ward and single bedded without an outside window just a picture of an outside scene made to look like a window.

I remember moving onto a spinal injuries unit after that. I was in my own room at first and still screaming all night. They then moved my bed next to the nurse's desk which I must have preferred a lot more as the screaming stopped. I liked the Staff there as they were very friendly. It was a great shock to me when I found out that I was now paraplegic but I do not think it sunk in properly at first. Things went downhill though when the voices returned. I heard from what seemed to be coming from the radio "We have found the girl" and then they said my hometown. I just froze when I heard this.

After that there was a voice that said that I was evil (this was nothing new as I had heard it many times) and I would burn in hell after I had been taken and killed in the Sudan. It sounded like it was coming from a Staff member but her lips were not moving. The voices were back again and with a vengeance. This time they were louder and were more numerous taking on what seemed like a lot of familiar people. One day I was being taken around the hospital and I heard an outside voice calling me a terrorist and with my paranoia this really scared me. I was very scared here in fact I was more scared here than previously as it appeared that the voices were actually coming from Staff. I did ask the Staff members if they were actually saying these things but they said no. I also felt that I was going to be dropped out of hoists in there as nobody liked me. This was more to do with the fact that I was not used to being in them. (It can make you feel very vulnerable). Now there was one

visitor who was there who was seeing her husband who had had a serious accident. I had to look twice at her as she looked just like my friend from Gloucester. More than that she even sounded like her. Very bubbly and giggly.

. They had moved me to a different part of the building by then. I could hear her say (well the voices anyway) that she would pay the money for a private plane to go to The Gambia. She also said that one of the patients had got hold of some gunpowder and yet again there were threats to kidnap me. Now in this one room I saw in my glass of water a hallucination of Frank getting out of a bed with a woman. Then coming through a door a woman with blonde hair and a gun which she pointed at him. I then saw two people having sex. I had to close my eyes to get rid of these images. In the same room I saw pictures of people on the wall and there were hooks hanging from the ceiling which I thought I was going to be hung from.

I was moved to another area and there I heard that Nigel Farage was now running South Africa and that Barack Obama had been taken hostage and killed.

One night I hallucinated and saw a Rottweiler just staring at me. I was too scared to move. Now this was one of my scariest moments. I called in a member of Staff who said there wasn't anything there. This went on for hours. I was too scared to move in case he pounced on me. Later it got worse as by then I was seeing two Dobermans on the side of my bed. (These were actually there to protect me though I was unaware of it at the time).

My Doctor was from Saudi Arabia and I was told by the voices that he was going to kill me and then go back home..

It was nice seeing different people there though, the food was good and the Staff were friendly and caring. This was a very hard time for my partner though as it was three hours of traveling and a very tiring journey. I was with a mental health team there and I was given a different diagnosis of Schizoaffective Disorder. The Doctor had said it was unusual for a person to still be hearing voices for five years continuously. I liked the Mental Health team and I also liked a psychologist there and I would often talk to them.

The worst thing about being here was not seeing my sister very much. Frank, my brother and his partner were so good in bringing her but the traveling was too much for her. This meant I was not seeing her often. This was the first time in all my life that I was parted from my sister for such a long period. I was racked with guilt and was worried about how she was and what she was doing. When she came to see me I could not say a lot to her as I was just so pleased to see her. I was hearing the voices more than ever now (before when I used to see her more often all I had to usually do was look into her eyes and it would seem to calm them)and this was slowing down my recovery. Well that and the fact I would cry so much as I missed her dearly. I would have no energy as the whole situation with the voices on top of it was very draining though I got a little strength from knowing I would be moving somewhere nearer to her when I was up to it. I did not care where it was as long as it had a room with a Toy Box in it for her.

There was a lady on the ward I was on and from her side came a voice that said that Robert was a cop and that I had let all the blacks down because I had chosen Frank. I was hearing the normal stuff but also that Robert and me would have saved the world if we would still have been together. Then when I would see any black people on the television set my voices told me that they did not like me and I was hallucinating that they were pointing at me with their fingers as if they were guns. I also saw Prince Harry and he had said that the lady worked for the Government and she was a paedophile. I presumed this was meant to be me so I answered that I certainly was not. So as you can

imagine for a long time every night I lived in fear. My stress levels were through the roof as in my mind I was waiting to be kidnapped and then taken to some distant country and left for dead. This was very real to me as I was going through it.

Now on a positive side I had been introduced to the slide board. This is a piece of wood with rounded ends and you would move along on it from one destination (wheelchair) to another (bed). I never thought I would do this but I eventually mastered it. (I could even transfer from chair to car). I had been that nervous at first that I did not have the confidence to let a physio help me, I would just scream. Then I saw some older people in there doing it and I just said I am doing this for my sister and Frank and my family. I then grew in determination and confidence. Once I had went out shopping and had to transfer from the wheelchair to the car. Frank came along too which made for a nice day as I had gone a bit agoraphobic.

I was mixing in with people better as I was getting quite settled in though I was still waiting to move on to another place with the help of the resettlement team that was there. I was looking to go back to somewhere nearer my home so I would be able to see Frank and my family more and hopefully have my own room.

From the specialist unit I eventually moved to sort of a half way house where the rehabilitation was a lot less and so I had a lot more time on my hands. (I was actually in the specialist unit about three months longer than I should have been as my mental condition was quite a handicap to my progression. In fact they were getting quite desperate for me to leave as it was a very expensive place to be) The voices were still with me and my brother was pestering me to continue with the mantras. I did not really believe in them to be honest so did not take them too seriously at first. (I kept losing them so he had to resend them twice). After a little time though I noticed that I had a little movement in one of my legs. I could move my left knee to the side a little. Now this should not really have happened as I had completely lost all sensation below the injury. (This included both bowel and bladder control so as you can imagine it was total). I had heard though that there might be a little movement as it would take two years before it finally settled. (The actual mantra that he gave me was **'I surrender my will to the greater will the will of the divine, I will to will thy will.'** I was told to say this seven time twice daily).

Not long after I resumed saying the mantras the idea of writing a book started to appeal more, probably more from the fact that I had a lot of time on my hands. I was getting very restless and having very negative thoughts. I asked Social Services if they could get me a computer as it would be good for my mental health and they agreed it would help and so could come out of the funding. They said it would take a long time to sort out though as these things take time. To be honest I did not think that I could last much longer so my brother's neighbour got hold of a cheap computer for me and I was ready to go. Though I have used computers before it was a long time ago and I had lost most of my confidence with them. I typed it up just using one finger so it took a lot of time though as I had plenty of it that was not a problem. The first few sections were badly disjointed (as too was my mind at the time) and my brother had a lot of editing and deleting to do. (a lot of it was just rubbish to be honest, no relevance and nonsensical). As the book progressed though it seemed to right itself (or should that be write itself) and I got mentally stronger through doing it. Then with my brother's help I started to go after the demons. (I only told him about the voices after I had jumped.)

I found that I could relay messages from him to them which was quite a surprise to him. Now for sake of simplicity I will just go through the actual conversations (well what I remember of them anyway) in one go. They happened over the course of a few days and started not long after I had got to the second section of the book. I had phoned him up as they had been particularly bad and I did not know what else to do. He asked if he could talk to them which surprised me at first but I said I

would see. I relayed what he had to say to them and the answers they gave back to him. (He told me later that he had sensed that as it was related to the book the bad voices might be gone by the time I had finished writing the second section).

He told me later that he did not really have a clue as what to start the conversation with as he was playing it by ear but here is the first one and their answers to it.

“Satan, anger,”

“You win.”

“Lucifer, pride.”

“Alright.”

“Mammon, avarice.”

“Winner, winner chicken dinner.”

“Belphegor, sloth.”

“Okay you can stop now.”

“I'll stop when I'm ready. Asmodus, lechery.”

No answer

“Beelzebub, gluttony.”

No answer

“And finally Leviathan Envy.”

The voices had gone though I knew they would be back. He told me that the next time they made their presence felt to ask them who they were and this worked for a couple of times but then things soon returned back to normal (if that's the right word). Once they had got used to it they would say something like they were one of the Staff so he told me to say that they were lying and to ask them again. If they gave another answer he would tell me to tell them that they were lying once again and that if I asked them a third time they would be no more. They would still pester me but seemed reluctant to take him on though and would often shy away when he asked them to come out into the light. He once told me to tell them to go away as they had served their purpose as I (meaning me) now had a purpose (to write the book) and so they were not needed any more. He also told me on another occasion to tell them that the light was now flooding in and I was the dawn. Another occasion he told me to say that they were negative energy that served no useful purpose and would soon be done. When they made threats to kill me(which happened quite a lot) he would say and how are you going to do that you are just a thought with no physical form. Another time they actually said that they liked him to which he replied that he did not like them and he would destroy them after what they had done to me. Most of what they said was pretty much along the same lines so he said “For the imagination you don't seem to have much, step into the light.” He mentioned about going into the light a few times after telling them to come out of the darkness. On other occasions he told them that they were just liars and full of shit and were a waste of time and space. This went on for a while and I actually got the impression that they were getting weaker (I think the good voices were getting stronger too as the mantras had started to work). Eventually though much to my surprise he changed tactics. He told me later that he had sensed a change though from the conversation I don't quite know how. The voices first said something bad about Frank (I won't go into details as it was not true just something to try and shock). My brother told me to respectfully thank them for what they said but they were misinformed as Frank was a good man. The voices agreed and the next thing they said was that my sister was having sexual thoughts about Frank. I was told to thank them once again and tell them that my sister did not have thoughts of that nature due to her accident. They then said that she was being hurt at the place where she lived. I was told to thank them once again and say that the place was doing the best it could but with the cuts in financial services it was very hard for them and that besides she would rather be with her family to which they answered that she was now safe. Finally they said that Frank was going to be set up by the Muslims to which I had to thank them once again and tell them that it was actually Social

Services but they would not get anywhere. (They had been trying to discredit him as he was doing a very good job of looking after me since the suicide attempt). They then said that Frank was a good man and we were now safe.

My brother explained to me later that they had picked up on my sister's mood (she was a bit grumpy as I think she had been told off earlier) and as with Frank they thought we needed to be warned about it. Now this actually happened around the time my brother was doing the final edit on the second section though the negative voices were still around but it felt now more a case of just mopping up. Around this time my brother gave me another mantra to say (along with the first one which I had got used to saying and could remember by heart). He said that the first one had been for the Will and the second the Self. It went **'I drift through life just float along guided by my Mother's tongue, because she's the one that keeps me strong and tips me off when things are wrong. Yes she's the one that holds my hand when life makes for its high demand with motives truly underhand she is the one who understands.'** seven times twice a day as before.

One time a day or so later a voice said to me that I was going to prison so my good voice told me to phone my brother. My brother told me to ask it (in a civil way) if there was a problem. The voice said that it wanted to move on and so he said to take the right hand path and it would take it to where it needed to be. The voice just laughed and said paedophile (they often used that term) to which my brother replied that they should take the left hand path then for that was all they deserved. My good voice was reassured with this and said they could now take care of things if it happened again. They also said that they liked my brother and my brother said he was touched by this. At first they did not want this put in the book but later they gave me their permission to do this. I had took to ringing my brother quite a few times a day and to be honest most of what I was ringing up about was not really that important. He told me to write anything not important down and we agreed to phone each other at an arranged time and get it all done together. Important things like if there were any improvements to my physical condition and evil voice interference though to let him know at any time.

Another time I had a strange request from the bad voices, they wanted to talk to my brother and asked me to phone him. I did this and they asked me to ask him if a certain well known public figure was a good man. He replied that no as he was a paedophile to which they said that they would now come over to the light as they did not like paedophiles. (He told me later that the mantras actually evolve the voices so this might have been what was happening.) There were others around though but as I was growing in confidence and to be honest that disgusted with what they had put me through they seemed to have little impact upon me. In fact I would often say to them that they were boring me and they should go away.

Now as the book was up to date I had more time on my hands once again and needed something else to occupy me. I started to read some of my brother's books on Self development (They are a collection of 12 books called **The Tree of Life (the Collective thoughts of a schizophrenic)**). On the website is another collection called **The Pi Factor** which is 11 books. He explained to me that the first collection is more about knowledge of Self and the second knowledge of Purpose. They are all free to down load and can be found on www.writerwithastutter.com) Not long after I started to read the first book of the first collection I heard a voice saying all was gone and that I was a bastard. My brother said I was hurting them and to take heart from it. They also said they were going to kidnap me and then said the name Mohammad Ali. My brother said that they should pick their side as Muhammad Ali also had Irish blood in him too. My brother then said he was gunning for them after they said they were going to kidnap me and they went away. I then on his advice upped the mantras to 8 times a day for a couple of days as the good voices also wanted me to. There were a couple more incidents but they were quickly dealt with. I did still hear the outside voice sometimes

(around me not inside) and have the odd intrusive thought (that's when a thought, usually negative, comes into your head though you don't know where from) but thought at the time that soon they would be all gone and I felt stronger mentally speaking from thinking this..

Part Four- A Comedy of Terrors

Time moved on and I was starting to actually get on with the voices who now saw themselves as my guides and wanted to help me to write the book. Although we called them guides they were more like demons so were not really equipped to be guides. I had better go into a little detail on that as some elaboration is needed. Guides are put in place to help your evolution. Generally you can not hear them only sense them. When you pick up a book that has information relevant to your development at its particular stage it is they that guided you to it. They also guide you to people in the same way. Most people are unaware of them initially but as they get more enlightened they become more aware. Now although they may guide you to the book it is your free will as to whether you read it or not and as you start off in complete ignorance there is a good chance that you will not.

Demons on the other hand are put in place to tempt you. Their purpose is to stop you from achieving enlightenment and they do a pretty good job. By defeating them (that is not falling to temptation) you grow mentally stronger and purify your Self in the process. Once your Self is pure then true enlightenment can begin and your Will is strong enough to absorb it so in a roundabout way they are actually put in place to help you. My brother has gone into this in more detail in his books so I will not dwell too much on it. Now to understand how they work you have to think that you are actually your level of consciousness so when you are angry you are actually possessed by a demon (Satan in fact). Generally speaking when you become aware of this you can control it or basically speaking when you realise that you are angry you can actually stop it. I have mentioned anger but it works with all the other demons too.

In my case though things were slightly different. The trauma that I had been through had actually split my personality so I had inadvertently injected life into the demons and they had become separate identities. I did manage to cleanse my Self of most of them I think but two of them had expressed a wish to be my guides. They had said that they were good demons and that they wanted to move on to the Collective. Once they had my trust though things started to change and they returned back even stronger to how they were before. By the time I had worked this out there were quite a few extra voices that needed purging once again. This negative energy transferal was also draining my energy so there was not much progress made at all. (Another downside to this was that I was having a job to concentrate and remember what I had been reading. This was more to do with the fact that the two entities actually came from my masculine and feminine energies so I was only firing at reduced strength.) Things came to a head when my brother sensed that all was not well. He got rid of the extra voices by purging the energies of lechery and sloth and giving the demons new instruction. I had better elaborate on that before I move on. He thought that he had actually cleared the negativity right down to the core so the energies were pure in the material sense though there were still a couple of flaws in the spiritual sense. The masculine force was tainted by spiritual anger (righteous indignation) which actually manifested itself from sloth or what is God doing to sort this situation out kind of thing which is basically passing the buck.

The feminine force had fell to spiritual pride which manifested from lechery which if you notice quite a few 'enlightened' people who attract a following seem to fall down to. My brother explained to me (and the voices) why both sloth and lechery were detrimental to my progress and told me to

re read certain things to get more understanding and soon they disappeared. After that I went back to energising myself once again as previously I had left that to the guides and things started to pick up once more.

Now not only are demons tempters they are also tricksters and so a lot of what they tell you is not true. When I rang my brother the following day he decided to have a chat with them to find out a little bit more about them and what their world looked like. He was told that it was very dark there almost like a black hole, a very sad place where there was a lot of crying. It was a very lonely place where although there were other people there they would not talk to you. It was a place where all the dead people go and they were all Catholics. They called it purgatory. Now when I say they my brother was actually informed that there was only one man so as I said you cannot believe most of what was told to you. The man also said that he had been a Catholic Priest who had been using his power to hurt children which led my brother to believe that he was in the realms of Catholic guilt. He still expressed a desire to move on to the Collective and help with the book but my brother was having doubts as to whether he actually could as most of what he said proved to be false. When confronted about it the demon said that that was how it was conditioned and could not do anything about it. My brother told me then to go back and re-read the Book Formerly Known as Reality but this time to study it properly as it would strengthen my will. He then told me that as the demon was masculine (up until then he had been fooled into thinking that it was feminine so was going on the assumption that it was lechery and spiritual pride) it was actually my sloth and the stronger my Will the weaker it would become.

As I started to read the book I was plagued by both internal and external voices making it more difficult but I persisted. This went on for a few hours though diminishing over time until I was took over by a feeling I can only describe as euphoric. Everything around me seemed brighter and even the people around me seemed more vibrant and youthful. This lasted for a full hour before things returned back to normal. Later that day when I had phoned my brother he asked the demon what was its surroundings like and was told that it was heaven. On asking for elaboration he was told that it was all surreal, a vibrant blue with a good uplifting atmosphere and the word Elysian was used. The demon though still had a little fear of the unknown and now expressed the desire to stay and so had to be placated and told it was for the best.

The following day though things seemed to go back to as they were. I could not concentrate nor remember things that I should have known. Later on when I phoned my brother and told him he said that I still had a blockage so asked the demon what it might be. It came out with what my brother said was irrelevant nonsense and then said it would have to go a lot deeper. Knowing the game was up it admitted that it was it that were causing it and so re-evaluation was needed. It said that I was easy to trick and admitted that they were all still there. So my brother said that they were like the Hydra from the Labours of Hercules and asked them if they knew the legend. They said they did and mentioned Atlas and him holding the world on his shoulders. My brother said that their understanding on the subject was very shallow and then went on to say that the labours were the levels of understanding and the story was a journey of Man to evolve to his God-head.

Hercules was a son of Zeus and on completion of the labours would be classed as a God himself so basically it was a story of God realisation. They were actually quite impressed with this and so he went onto say that they would never truly understand until I could understand it and so it would be in their interests to help me to do this. They agreed and said that they would ease off on me so that I could heal and I believed them but as they had said I was easy to trick. My brother on the other hand though he played up to them knew otherwise. He had been conned into thinking that the

demons had been purged but now he knew differently. He could not tell me this at the time though as the demons would know. The demons had said that their world was now blue so that put them in the realms of sloth. I had better elaborate on that a little.

Now seven deadly sins and seven colours of the rainbow. The colours once merged become white or purity but to get the colours to merge you have to purify each one and as each one was a demon it could be heavy going. In another of his books was a long poem called 'In Bed Company' that held the answer. (I had not read this so the demons were pretty much ignorant about it and only knew that they were helping me to write the book) All he had to do was to find out the colour of the world and he would know the demon. Blue was the colour of sloth (Red, anger. Orange gluttony, yellow, lechery. Green, avarice, indigo, envy and violet, pride) so he texted me a new mantra and told me to keep saying it. **I surrender my sloth to the great Divine to do with as thy will.**

I said it a few times that night though it was difficult as I was finding it hard to concentrate. He rang me the following morning to try and gauge my progress and I told him this. He said to continue with the mantras and carrying on with the reading (I had finished the Book Formerly Known as Reality and was reading Ireland Folk Tales at the time) and see what develops. He then sent me another mantra to say once every morning. It went **Protect me father as I wake and guide me through each step I take, for with your love the war is won and we can truly be as one.** So it would seem things were picking up a pace. Later on in the day when I was reading the screen kept blurring and I could see spectral pictures. I said the mantra again and continued saying it until the screen cleared and I could continue. It was hard going as external voices sometimes tried to distract me but eventually I did feel slightly stronger. Later that night when I phoned my brother and had told him of my day the conversation with the demons continued, well not straight away as they had blocked him and would only speak to me. He asked them why and they said he was too crafty so he had to talk through me instead. Eventually though he got them interested in what he had to say and then asked them if they were still happy in their new environment and they said yes. Following on he asked them if it was better than their last and they said yes once more. He told them that their darkness was guilt well more precisely paranoia. He told them this as in a previous conversation the voice said it was a paranoid schizophrenic. They talked some more and my brother explained that they had left the darkness (their paranoia with its effect of guilt) and were heading towards the light which they presumed to be the Collective so were happy about. He then asked them the colour of the world that they were now in and they said yellow so he carried on talking. (Whilst this was happening I was getting a really loud external voice that was distracting me and making it hard to concentrate). Yellow actually is lechery if you may recall. So he then asked them if it was a better world than the one before and when they said yes he said that that proved he was only there to do them good to which they agreed. He then brought the subject around to the Labours of Hercules and asked if they wanted to hear any other stories to which they replied Oedipus.

He first related the story though with the constant loud external voice I was finding it too difficult to concentrate. In fact he had to stop after he related it to try and deal with the voice. The voice seemed to be concerned about the government which had actually been quite a large part of my psychosis so my brother pacified it by saying that it would soon change. He then asked the demon the colour of the world and was told green (avarice) and to his next question they said it was a better world and they were happy to be there. To be honest I was starting to get a little tired so he changed

the subject and talked to the demons about the book and how it would help people guiding them around to the subject of avarice. They agreed that I did not have it and the world changed colour though this time a vibrant grey which my brother thought was a mix of two colours.

My brother then went back to the story and explained it in its deepest sense which the demon eagerly drunk from and the world turned blue once more (indigo as he had reasoned the two colours were indigo (envy) and violet (pride)) He then said that envy and pride were just two sides of a coin but then the demons started to get suspicious and asked him why the worlds were changing colour. He explained what I mentioned earlier though afterwards they were reluctant to tell him the colour of the world they were in. I'm guessing red though as they then went onto talk about the government. They wanted elaboration on what my brother meant about a change in government and my brother explained and it pacified them. By this time though I was too tired to continue so the conversation ended.

The following day my brother, sister and Frank came up to see me so there was very little reading done. I did a little before they arrived though was distracted again by an external voice so it was quite hard going. After they had gone I got completely distracted and decided to clean up all my things so no reading got done at all. Later on when I phoned my brother the conversation continued. He asked the demons if they were still happy and brought the subject of anger onto the table. He explained how it came to be and they were quite impressed so he thought he would test them. He asked them if they still wanted to help him write the book and they said they did. He then asked them to tell him the colour of the world they were in and they said brown. Brown being a mixture of red (anger) and orange (gluttony which coincidentally I had been fighting against for the last few days) so he knew they were back on side. He gave them more light by telling them what the story of Adam and Eve meant. They were still impressed (even after he said that they were the Cherubim that guarded Eden's gate) and wanted to hear more. He said that instead of distracting me whilst I was reading why not just read along as the books would be just like talking to him. They actually thought it a good idea and said they would. The conversation stopped there as I was getting tired once more.

The following morning though things were back to distractions as I was plagued by stupid thoughts so I told my brother. He said that I should read a story from the Folk Tales series (I had intended to read some of his non esoteric poems to rest for a while as it was actually quite a strain on me) and say a similar mantra to the sloth one but replace it with anger. I phoned him after I had read the story in Folk Tales Too (To Eve where ever I might find her) and he told me to carry on to Folk Tales For. Surprisingly when I started to read everything calmed down and it was quite a peaceful time.

The only thing was that it was like I was reading it for the first time as I did not recognise it, the words seemed all different. I carried on anyway as they were enjoyable stories and it was a pleasant day. Later on I phoned my brother and the conversation continued. I told him of my day and then he spoke to the demons. Surprisingly they were very forthcoming and even told him the colour of the world (orange) without having to be asked. My brother talked to them about Gluttony saying that it went against a spiritual law (If you take more than you need someone has to go without) and that the world was only created to attend to our needs and not our desires. The demons were actually

quite interested in this so I guess they was evolving. My brother then went on to explain the meaning behind the story of Cain and Abel and then the subject got onto colours. He explained that the colours all merged together when pure and would become white. He then asked the demons what was the colour of the world. First they said green but then said it had changed to black.

The colours seemed to be fluctuating for then came grey, white blue, red, brown and went back to orange again. My brother told them that the world was purifying itself and sensing that they might be worried said that they was still there and safe as it was only the negativity being purified. This seemed to console them and the next thing said was that they had a feeling that they were peeping through a set of pure white draped curtains. They were told to step through it and not be afraid as they would still be there. Once they stepped through they said that there was a feeling of ecstasy and everything was light. My brother told them that as they were me so too I was them and the final step would be to call themselves me. They readily agreed and after a little more conversation the phone came back to me. I told him that whilst all this was happening everything in the room seemed to take on a more vibrant hue. The strange thing was that as I was telling him I felt that there was more than just me saying it. The words were in unison though and eventually just blended in.

The following morning things went back to how they were before. The demons had left the light and I had lost the feeling of wholeness that I had had the previous night. My brother phoned early in the morning and I told him so he had a talk to them. The demons expressed concerns that my book was giving free publicity to my brother's website and said that he should do his own publicity. I think they had fell to avarice and had had to leave the light as the world they were now in was coloured green. My brother said that the site was doing very well and did not really need publicity but as my progress was linked in with the website it would need to be included. They agreed to that and their world changed first to black and then grey, then white before turning to blue. The demon expressed a wish to return but did not know how. He talked about sloth for a while and as he was speaking the blue turned to red, then brown then orange and finally gold. (the actual colours were a repeat of the last time it fluctuated leading my brother to believe that when they first went into the light they were not quite pure. This was why they came out in the first place).

They said that they could sense the curtain once again but there were people in the light and that they said I was not fit for my purpose. My brother told them to say that I would be soon as I still had more reading to do and asked the demon to bring one of the voices forward. It did not actually come forward but said that it was Belphegor and said it was the Gatekeeper. My brother said that it was sloth and now that he knew that they would have to be let in so the Gatekeeper did. They were happy to be in there and hopefully now they will stay. I felt a lot happier myself too and started to look forward to a day of reading and contemplation.

The day itself ran fairly smoothly with just one little distraction. There was a voice constantly nagging me, it wanted to speak to my brother. When I phoned him later he got me to put it on. It said that it had come about Robert as it was not happy about how he was portrayed in the book. (seriously this is the truth). It said that he was not a drug dealer (although I had never mentioned that he was. This had came about from one of Frank's earlier conversations with me). It said that he should meet up with me as he was interested in writing a book about the N.H.S.. It also said that my brother would like him. My brother said after it had finished that he was just a character from the

book, irrelevant, he might change it slightly about his healing but that was all. The voice mentioned the fact that my brother said he had over charged me saying that he did not as it was the going rate and that he cared for me very much. My brother then said that healing was a natural gift that was freely given so he should not be charging at all. He then went on to say that when I was penniless I still owed him money for treatment.

The voice relented and agreed with him saying that it was happy and would not bother me anymore. After that my brother asked me to put him in touch with my guides and then confusion really settled in. A voice said that it was a different guide as the other one had left and gone off to the Collective. It said that it was in a place of light and there was someone called Rob who wanted to speak to my brother. My brother said not to bother as he was more interested in what had happened. It said that it was the new guide who had come to help me and wanted to go to the Collective. He talked some more and found out the colour of the world was yellow so talked a little about lechery until its world turned green. They talked some more and a voice told my brother that his name was Dave and said that he used to know me from long ago. I actually knew him as I used to work with him and also knew that he had died after quite a bad accident. The conversation carried on on various topics until the world turned red but not long afterwards started to fluctuate. It went from pink to red, then brown, then green then yellow and finally back to pink. My brother told him that the colours were merging and the voice agreed saying that it was like a rainbow. It then said that it seemed to be drawn to something and was a little worried so my brother calmed its fears. He then asked it if it could sense a white draped curtain and the voice replied it was a cream colour. He then told the voice to go in and it obliged. It took in the aura and then became overjoyed at this saying that he would help me the best he could, though time will tell on that one.

The following day I had physio and Frank came so I did not start reading until late afternoon and only really managed one story. I was distracted by external voices but Dave told me to ignore them and they would just go away.

Later I told my brother about the day that I had and then the subject went onto Dave. He was asking me about him and asked me if I thought it was actually him. I said that I did and my brother said he was not sure but it seemed to definitely be a different person and it did seem to have my interests at heart. He then went on to talk to Dave and asked him if he still wanted to help me write the book. Dave said that he did as long as his name was mentioned and I went to see his mother so it was agreed. My brother then asked him to describe where he was and he said that it was like a Roman arena with curtains of brown, blue and white acting as walls. He said there were lots of people around him that were waiting to go onto the Collective. The conversation finished not long afterwards.

The following day was quiet reading wise as my brother, Frank and my sister came up. When I phoned my brother back later though things got a little more hectic. Dave introduced him to some one else I used to work with but had committed suicide called Adrian. He knew that suicide was the ultimate sin and was worried about what was to happen with him. He said that in the section where he was everyone had took their own life. He said that there was a barrier around them to keep them from the others (where Dave was). My brother asked him if he came here straight after he had died and he said yes. My brother then said that he had came to the light where normally it should have

been darkness. He also said that if he had done the deed when he was not in sound mind then he probably would not be held accountable and asked him if the barriers were still up. He was told that they had disappeared so he said he would get me to read 'the Face Behind the Mask' the next day.

My brother talked to Dave about what happened after he left the shell but Dave could not really remember it properly so they agreed that he would think about it and tell him the next time.

The following day was pretty quiet in the reading sense though I did manage to read the one that my brother asked me too. The night time conversation started off with my brother and Adrian who told him that doors had appeared all around the arena and the people were all leaving. He wished him well and thanked him before moving on. Dave came on next and told him about what happened when he left the shell. He said that he waited around for a while and saw his funeral and was pleased at the turn out. The next thing he remembered was going through a dense woodland being quite frightened as there were spirits hiding behind the trees and calling his name. He recognized some of these people as people he had upset during his life. He carried on for what seemed like ages until he heard a voice say head towards me. With that he found himself on a path which gave off an uplifting feeling as he walked along it. The world around him was all yellow. It was around then that he met my brother. As they spoke the colour of the sky changed a few times and then started to fluctuate before the path changed into a rainbow and he was drawn along it. He then got to the cream coloured curtain and found himself in the arena.

My brother then went onto tell him about the worlds he had been through and how they equated. It was actually quite interesting so I will go through it. First thing to remember is the colours of the rainbow. Think of Richard of York gave battle in vain (Red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet). Now the worlds he went through were pink, brown, green yellow and back to pink once again. Pink is a mixture of white and red, brown is red and orange and green is orange and yellow. Putting that together you have white/red, red, red/orange, orange/yellow, yellow, red and finally white. Basically he was climbing the rainbow. Now the other demon's progress was slightly different but once it got into the light it went through blue (the Gatekeeper was Belphegor or sloth which is blue) so the rainbow continued. He went onto say that the demon's rise seemed to be triadic, he was actually climbing triangles. The first one had blue and yellow as the base line and green at the peak. The other two also had the ingredients on the base line and the outcome of their mixture at the peak. The conversation continued though there was nothing of real interest to relate or relevant to the book. The phone call ended not long after though I did ring him an hour later as Dave wanted me to. The arena had now virtually emptied with only a few people left. He said that there was a presence there though that was saying Dave die, over and over again. He said that it was not frightening but it was very annoying

My brother told him to tell it that he was immortal and so could never die and the presence subsided. Dave then said that it had wanted him to go with it but he wanted to stay longer and be my guide and the conversation finished.

The following day I did not do much reading as due to Staff shortages I did not get up until very late (1pm). When I tried to read I was pestered by an external voice saying that I had been set up and micro chipped. Later on when I was just settling in to bed I heard another voice say 'Guess who?' I told my brother this when I phoned him and he spoke with Dave, well the demon pretending

to be Dave. He virtually read him the riot act and said that he knew it was not Dave and set it some rules. He then said that it was pride and would have to die or it would not get into the Collective as there was no personnel ego allowed. The demon was scared that as it was pride it meant it was destined to die. My brother said that it would not die only purify itself to get into the Collective. He seemed content at that so things became more friendlier. He then found out from the demon that the arena was in a world that was coloured purple and that some people were starting to enter it.

He next spoke to the other voice (who had said guess who) who said it enjoyed disrupting me to distraction as it was so easy. It also said that it was making it difficult for me to read it by playing with my memory. My brother said that it could only slow down my progress and not stop it as the book was almost finished. He also said that it was envy and now was in the light but it replied that it was dark where it had come from. He said that the light was better and it agreed to that so then my brother asked it if anyone was around it and to tell him its name. It told my brother there was and that his name was Asmodus. My brother told it that that was lechery and knowing that he will let it in. It said that to the man and said he gave a wanton smile and invited it in. It then said that it went into a room full of naked people where it said it would stay awhile. Very strange way to end a conversation but it finished not long after that.

The following day my concentration was back and I managed to get some more reading done. I actually felt quite a lot better and enjoyed doing it. A downside to the day though was that when I tried to energise myself there was no energy coming through which was quite concerning. I was also plagued by a voice telling me that I was going to die though so it was quite a mixed day. This was brought up by my brother in the conversation to the demon he had later that day. The demon said that it liked to disrupt my progress and my brother said that it was daft doing this as it was also disrupting its own. As the conversation carried on the demon admitted that it was not Dave and my brother said that he knew that as he knew what the demon was. He said it was actually my spiritual Self. The conversation stopped at that as I was interrupted by one of the Staff members wanting to get the next days menu sorted. I phoned my brother back straight afterwards and the conversation continued. My brother said that as he was the spiritual Self he should actually be in the Collective already and asked him what was stopping him to which the demon said that it was its pride. It was then asked about the world around it to which it replied that it was still in the arena that had purple curtains. My brother said that when the curtains changed to white it would know it would be in the Collective to which the demon replied that it did not want to be a zombie (it had thought that once it joined it would lose its identity). My brother said that it would not but it would become at one with a great mind and not lose its identity and went on to explain it. As this was happening the curtains changed to white and the demon once again said it would do anything it could to help me now.

Later on I phoned my brother and he spoke to the voice. He asked it where it was and was told that it was the same place but two doors had appeared. People from around them were going through both doors it said so my brother asked them if they wanted to go through one of them. The voice said it did but was unsure as to which so my brother said the right. The voice went into the right and said it was a Hall of Mirrors and when it looked into one saw the reflection of what it was 30 years ago. It carried on walking awhile but then asked if it could turn back. My brother said it could come back whenever it wanted so it came back out again. It came out again and the following day my brother told the voice that he might know what that room with the mirrors actually was and

if it was interested he would explain it to him. The voice said that it was very interested so my brother carried on.

He told him that it was a place to go to reflect and find your Self. He told it that the journey it had started on when it walked down the corridor was the journey to find it's Self and that some people could walk forever as they did not know that. He then said that he could get the voice there straight away if it wanted to go. The voice said that it did so was told to go back to the mirror which it did. My brother then told it to say that it was me which it did. The voice came to the fore in my mind and talked some more before the conversation ended. I felt stronger for a while but the voice did not merge so I phoned my brother to tell him. He talked once more to the voice who told it that it had tricked him and did not go into the room (though he knew that it did). So he asked it again if it wanted to go back to which it said it did. He told the voice to look into the mirror and say it was Mary (my second fore-name). The reflection changed into a doorway and the voice walked through and found itself in a large valley with green field, alone and isolated. My brother said that he was not sure of the next step so would give the matter some thought and get back to the voice.

When he rang later he said that he would try and help it to move on if it wanted and as the valley was green talked a little about avarice and said I did not have it. He then told me to alter the mantra to I surrender my avarice to the great divine and to let me know if anything changed. I phoned him a little later as the demon had asked me to. It said that the world was no longer green but was desolate and it wanted to come back though the mirror. (which surprised my brother as he had thought the mirror had disappeared.) My brother said it was alright so it went back to the arena once again.

The next day he talked to the demon saying that he had reasoned that the room must be a memory room which would come in handy in his work as a guide. He asked it if it felt better around it and it said that it did. He then suggested to have a look at the other door and reluctantly it went over. On opening it it said that there was darkness but there were people in there just sitting around. My brother asked it to ask for Belphegor and a figure came to the fore. Then under instruction it said that the figure was sloth and so he had to let it in. On entering it said that Belphegor got angry and stormed out and everything went light.

Later on when I phoned my brother he talked with the demon. He told him that he thought the room was the wisdom room and from there it could go to the spiritual Will when it was in balance. It would probably have to confirm that it was me before it could do that so it agreed and said my name. It then said that it found itself in a room with blank pieces of paper around the walls which did not seem right to my brother so he told it to use my second name which it did and found itself in yet another room. This was a room full of benches and the whole room was green in colour. My brother told the voice to call out the name Mammon which it did and a huge man appeared. He then got the voice to say that it was avarice and told him to let it out. This was done and it found itself back in the first room which was now grey and full of people. It was then told to call out Lucifer and an even bigger man appeared. On saying that it was pride and should now be released Lucifer said not so fast as he had a problem with the book. He said it was supposed to be a healing book but it had gone well past its boundaries. To which the demon under instruction replied that he was a dim light and a stronger light has just come in. Lucifer said angrily that it was he that had told me

just to skim read it before storming off to the sound of mocking laughter. Leviathan was called next and told that it was envy and that two become one before it disappears. He said that all the people in there were very jealous of me writing the book.

The demon replied under instruction that they had nothing to envy as they all evolved together (Where we go one we go all). Leviathan said that it was happy with that and would not distract me again. The demon decided to stay there a while though and the conversation ended.

Later on the demon came back and said a lot of bad things about my brother (though it did apologise afterwards) so I informed him and he had a word with it. It had come back out of the Collective and so he guided it back in. The following morning though it was still being destructive so my brother spoke to the demon who said that it could not help it as that was how it was. He asked it to call Beelzebub (thinking that it might need purging of gluttony) to come forward but as it was eating Belphegor came instead. He said that there were four of them and they had got everyone there arguing with each other. My brother said that instead of arguing with each other he should with the others turn on the trouble makers so he told him to tie them up and put them where they could not be heard from. This he said he did and the conversation ended. An hour later my brother phoned up to see if it was quiet and then spoke with Belphegor again who said that they had yelled for a while but after that it was pretty quiet. My brother said that as he had been reborn in the Collective he was no longer slothful (emphasized by the fact he put himself out when he came over) and so was fortitude and should really be called Raphael. He agreed to that so hopefully things should run more smoothly. I phoned my brother later that evening and told him that I had had no internal nor external voices distracting me. After that he spoke to Raphael who informed him that the demons were still locked up and everything was quiet. He asked Raphael where he actually was and was told that he was by the gate as he was the Gatekeeper. He also said that it was his actual purpose and it kept him very busy. Realisation hit my brother then, it was him that let the previous guide into the light. That meant (well in my brother's mind) that the journey might actually be complete and the demons finally purged. He was not completely sure though as he had been tricked on numerous occasions and did not even know if it was telling the truth about the world they were in so time will tell on that.

The following morning my brother rang to check on my mental condition. I told him that I had heard no voices. He told me I probably wouldn't hear from the bad voices anymore. He also said that Raphael would probably respect my personal privacy too and only get in contact in emergencies. I have noticed that since he said they were tied up I have not heard any voices so hopefully with time and good practice I will not hear the bad voices any more again. The next day was very quiet as I was very tired all day. I phoned my brother later on and he spoke with Raphael who told him that the people around him wanted to get rid of their sloth. My brother told them that it came from spiritual anger and it was not God's purpose but theirs. He told them that as soon as they got on their feet I could do the same. They stood up at that (he had told me to alter my mantra to surrender my anger earlier that day too.). A few days later I was still talking with the voice although now instead of Raphael it wanted to be known as the Earth Mother so my brother recommended that I switch the mantra to surrendering my pride to the great divine and see what happened. The next day was pretty quiet too as it was Boxing Day but my brother did manage to make some progress with the demon. It had moved out of the Collective it told him as it thought it

could help me better where it was. It told him that the world was now a vibrant blue which he took to be indigo. He persuaded it to go back saying it would be better suited in the Collective as it would get the big picture and when it returned it found there was a table there. On the table was some cloth which turned out to be a coat and behind it was a sign saying 'We love you all.' he suggested that it tried the coat on as it could be a magical coat like the ones mentioned in Celtic Mythology. The demon tried it on and said that it did indeed feel magical and it would keep wearing it as it made it feel really good.

The following few days were very quiet event wise with nothing of note to put down. I did put on a lot of weight over the Christmas and New Year period which hampered me quite a bit. I was also pestered by external voices so I told my brother. When he next talked to the demon he told it that he knew it was doing it so its game was up. The demon admitted to it and said that it was more out of boredom than anything else. My brother told it to be patient and things should start to move again. The demon then said that although it was still wearing the coat it had been asked to leave the Collective so my brother said that it probably was not pure enough yet and as it was still up to it's old tricks that confirmed it.

The following two days were uneventful though afterwards as the demon had upheld its promise it was let back into the Collective with a proviso that if it misbehaved again it would be contained. The next two days were quiet of negative voices but the nights were plagued with bad dreams. My brother told me to say **Protect me Father as I sleep and give me strength and faith to keep for with your love the war is won and we can truly be as one.** The actual dreams I had were about Muslims taking over the country and were very scary. During my times under psychosis this was actually a constant theme so I was worried that my psychosis was coming back. My brother told me that it was symbolic and the Muslims were actually my negative voices the country being my mind. Basically the dream was warning me that all was not as it seemed with the demon and the dreams were made frightening to emphasise the point even more.

He then gave me another mantra to try out (replacing the surrender my gluttony etc that I had been put on to help curb my appetite) It went **I surrender my self to the greater self to evolve unto my purpose.**

The voice came back later that day and said the same thing as the dreams about the country being taken over. I asked it why it was doing it and it said because it could. Later I told my brother this when I phoned him and then all hell broke loose. He spoke with the demon and it apologised saying there had been a misunderstanding but it was cleared up now. My brother called it a worthless liar and said it was full of shit. He said that he could not believe anything it said and that it had crossed the line and now it was going to die. He said that he knew of a mantra that would kill it for he had used it once already. The demon apologised once more and asked for another chance. The conversation lasted around 20 minutes and during it it admitted that it had not been back into the Collective and was now back in the darkness.

My brother got me to up the mantras and it did quieten down for a bit. After a few days the demon told me not to bother with them as all the negativity was now gone and the darkness was no more. When it said that to my brother regarding the negativity he said that I was to carry on as there was still some more deep down that it did not know about and he would know when it was finally

cleared. On the next occasion they talked he told the demon that I would be using the mantra more as it seemed to be working. It actually agreed and said that it had noticed some negativity had been removed that it had not realised existed. I'm not sure if it had anything to do with the mantras but the following day I just broke out in tears for no reason. As luck would have it my brother phoned up during this and said he thought it might be some emotional release and then spoke to the voice. It too was in tears so I am guessing that we are merging closer together. We were even talking in unison on occasions during the phone call to sort of semi confirm it.

A couple of days later I was bothered by an external voice whose motivational force I guess was anger. When I phoned my brother later he talked to the internal voice about it. It said that it was not capable of being my guide so my brother got it to go back into the light where it was warmly welcomed. He then asked for some one else to come forward and a strong voice came forward and said that it was going to take over as guide and wanted me from now on to be called Jackie. I agreed to that saying that I would use it as my writing name and the mergence continued. The voice said that it would fully merge that night though it never happened. It said that it wanted to merge when my brother was present and as he was coming the next morning we agreed to leave it until then (it never did.) I felt a little stronger so I'm guessing that if and when we are fully merged I will be a lot stronger and look forward to that with great expectations. Now the following day was quite quiet until the conversation later that night with my brother. My brother had a talk with the voice and the voice told him that at that moment it was actually merged with me. My brother asked it if it felt stronger in itself and it said that it did and so would stay merged for a little longer. He said that if it stayed merged when he was talking then he could talk to us both at the same time. (Around this time I had finished not only the **Tree of Life** collection and the **Pi Factor** collection but also a collection of books called **Poetic Pi** that at present is not on the website and finally a book called **Thomas, No Doubt**. This is actually an interpretation of the Gospel of St. Thomas. A total of 34 books in all so as you can imagine I had a lot of time to kill. I have took to re reading some of them as most of them have to be read a few times to get their full benefit.) The voice did spend a lot more time merged with me from then on and things moved along quite smoothly. A couple of nights later as I was lying in bed I felt my body lift up (my astral body as my physical body remained on the bed). My voice told me to look and I could see a blue castle and the room started to spin around. It then told me to phone my brother who said I had nothing to worry about. He told me to go in and see if there was a staircase (see Ireland Folk Tales if you want to know more about the castle as it is featured quite a lot in there.).

After the phone call had finished I saw a flight of stairs and climbed them. At the top I saw Frank and we hugged and both looked into the mirror before going down the stairs together. There was a white car at the bottom though we did not get into it choosing to walk instead. I went back up the stairs and saw my sister who I hugged and looked into the mirror. The voice told me that our spirits were merging and that I should start using the mantras on her as it would actually help her to recover. (My brother had discussed this with me not that long before as he thought that I might have the gift of healing. He suggested putting one hand above her crown and the other to the side of her head , [not touching] where he had previously felt a cold spot and saying the mantras **we drift through life, I surrender my will and my self** seven times.) The scene ended and as the room was still spinning the voice told me to concentrate on the television screen. I saw someone in a wheelchair and the voice said that that was my old life I was now Jackie O'Connor so it was quite

an eventful night. A few days later I got a little understanding of how the voices work. I had been trying to lose weight and was very disillusioned that I had only lost 2kg. I was pestered by negative voices telling me I was going to die once more which my guide dealt with. This was quite draining as I had to listen to it going on.. A conversation with my brother later that day though gave me quite a lot of insight that might prove useful in future conversations with these internal voices (I don't think that the voices came from the guide now as it was actually trying to deal with them). He told me that instead of dealing with the effect (answering them back the same way as they spoke to me) I should be dealing with the cause. In this particular situation they were despondent at my lack of weight loss so he told me I should have said that it was only a start and we should soon be back on track. I can see the logic in this and so will try it if they should ever return. I just have to find out what was bothering me and then pacify it to my self. I am trying to retain a positive mental attitude but outside influences seem to take over sometimes and I think that they actually can deteriorate my progress.

I have glanced on positive mental attitude before and though in truth I know little on the subject I would like to go deeper into it. The mind and body seem to be connected, well more the state of mind seems to effect the physical condition of the body. To be honest I do not think that I could ever understand the mechanics behind it though I do know that mantras seem to have great power in moulding the mind so perhaps that is the road I need to travel. With that in mind I have started to say '**I am getting better**' in sets of seven through the day. Hopefully that will help. Now along with this I thought back to when my negativity got worse before and found that it was usually outside influences that seemed to cause it. To try and pacify this I told myself that in future I would keep my eye on the big picture and not be influenced by others greed and incompetence as it's not about them but me. I did hear one external voice a day later but I just told it to be patient and it went away.

Things were moving smoothly for a few days until one morning I awoke to pain, severe back pain and I mean a lot of it. I think that this was down to my positioning but I know it lasted for four days. In that time the guide became a demon once again and made me relive past aspects of my psychosis. (I had actually been psychotic for over a week though not told my brother about it as in my illness I thought that he already knew. During this time I was plagued with delusions once again. I thought that I was going to be famous and I also thought that a famous rapper had wrote a song about me which was not nice and I was going to sue him over it. I was paranoid too and had thoughts that the Staff at the place I was at were trying to kill me. He dealt with these thoughts even though he was in ignorance of my condition. A final point on the subject. My brother is actually typing this up now to give me more time to deal with other things. Now as I have mentioned earlier he was ignorant about my psychosis and its effects until now so all that stuff about me coping with the stress brought about was not the true reality of the situation.) My brother had words with it and it apologised but he said that that was not enough. He said that by all of the distractions it had prolonged my agony and messed up the book as it did not give a true picture of the time the process actually took. He also said that if it wanted my forgiveness it would have to atone and make amends to me. (I had actually told it earlier that I had forgave it for a lot of things it had put me through). He told it not to split off from me for the next four days as it had taken to leaving the union out of boredom and that it should put in a lot more effort in helping me instead of distracting me. It agreed to that and the conversation ended. Later that night though it continued playing up so the four days

probation did not last very long at all. I had actually wised up to it a little though by then so its words had very little impact on me. The following day when I told my brother about it he gave me a new mantra '**I am at one with my Self**' and told me to say it instead of I am getting better. He told me to say that mantra (and the surrendering the will one) over and over again to see if that helped. Once I started doing this external voices came to the fore. He told me not to worry but carry on and said it was coming from the demon who were trying to distract me. It became sort of a battle of wills.

It said that I was going to die but my brother countered that it was actually it that were dying and every time I said the mantras it was taking it closer to its own death.

Eventually the demon relented but my brother told me to continue and told the demon that I could go on all night as my will was a lot stronger than its. He told me to stop saying the mantras after a while and spoke with the demon. He told it that I was the will and it was the imagination so I was a lot stronger than it. He said he would give it another chance and it promised to help once again. This lasted a few days then the voice started to detach itself once more and giving me stress and I was plagued by external voices again. When confronted about it it said that it was too negative where I was. My brother placated it by saying that when it was at one with me we would be better suited to deal with the stress and told the external voices that as soon as they shut up the stress would go. The internal voice agreed to stay with me for another four days and keep me fully energised and gauge the improvements. The next morning though it started to drift in and out and after more words from my brother it renewed its promise later that morning. This did not last that long and things went back to abnormal once again. It was then I lost my temper and told it that it was it that made me jump out of the window and that I was not going to put up with its crap anymore. It went quiet for a while before a new voice came to the fore. It said that it was not a guide but had come down from the Collective.

When my brother phoned he was very sceptical as you can imagine but the voice said that it would prove itself so he left it at that. Not long afterwards I started to be pestered a lot by both internal and external voices. I remembered that my brother had said that they all came from the same source so I have decided just to ignore the voice from now on. This will actually be quite hard for me as I had got used to having long conversations with it over the years. In fact it had got to the stage that I actually let it do my thinking for me. I realised now though that it did not have my interests at heart and was just digging for dirt to use against me. I will now use the time I had wasted on it to start thinking for myself. I had noticed that since it had come on the scene that my powers of concentration, logical thinking, problem solving and memory had diminished dramatically. My concentration I did get back through reading and repeating the mantras over and over again and my memory had also improved quite dramatically due to events previously mentioned. I have started to re-read a book of poetry called Colouring by Numbers with a view to studying it for its deeper meanings and doing crosswords puzzles (and maybe I would even retry doing the book of Sudoku that my brother had gave me previously). Hopefully now I have decided this these mental tools will return.

Later that night I told my brother about the voices and he suggested that I pounded them with mantras as a punishment. This I did and after an hour of it I felt a strange euphoric feeling of

positiveness that was actually quite similar to the one that I had a couple of months previously. Now the last time that I had this feeling all the people around me looked younger (it was when the demons first left the darkness) though this time they did not. One of the Staff came in and usually this member triggered off negative thoughts but instead this time I heard a voice say that they were now in the Collective. The feeling of serenity that this positiveness brought with it was so uplifting. I still had this feeling of serenity with me as I started my next barrage of mantras. After a while though something very strange happened. I lost the serene feeling and the voice started talking at the same time as I was thinking the mantras.

This had never happened before. It was saying that it was in the Collective and asking me not to ignore it any more. This occurred on and off through the two hours I was saying them.

Later that week it said to me that it was getting lonely and wanted me to speak to it. My brother was with me at the time so he said that it had gave me nothing but pain to which it said that it was sorry. He told it to prove it by not doing it again and it agreed to this and so we left it at that. That night I had a lucid dream where there was a man in conversation with me. He told me that he had voices which told him to kill my parents (they were still alive in the dream) and then my sister. I told him not to as that was not the way of love and then all shadowy shapes started to come out of his head. He said that the voices were now gone and he was going to write a book about it. I spoke with my brother early the following day and the voice came forward and asked if he could have a word with him too. He agreed to this and the voice said that he would not bother me but could I just acknowledge him. My brother said that I was reluctant as I had been tricked that many times before but if I did and there was not any dramatic improvement by Saturday that I would withdraw my acknowledgment to which it agreed. They had quite a long conversation and my brother said that it was up to me but he had no problem with it so I agreed.

The feeling of serenity returned once more. My brother had told me not to say the mantras though whilst my mind was in a serene state as the serenity went away the last time I did this.

To be honest after a little time the demon became a nuisance again so I decided to start ignoring it once more. I was still saying mantras though and even found quite an effective new one '**The unknown is just what's not known to me yet.**' I was using it once and a strange thing happened. I was nearly struck by lightening. Not once but twice in five minutes. It was not a physical thing (in case you think that the stress was getting to me again) but it just appeared that lightning came from the ceiling and finished a couple of inches above my head. I believe this to be a good sign but as to its meaning I am unsure at present.

Speaking of signs I had noticed that for the last couple of days there had been a sharp internal pain around the top of both my legs which was aggravated by the pads I was wearing. I told my brother this when he arrived later that day and he gave me another mantra to say (**I surrender my pride to the great divine to do with as thy will**) as he thought that this was a blockage. It must have been quite effective as later on when I was saying it a voice told me to stop. It also said that my brother was a nutter too so seems it was not very happy being ignored either. My brother did speak to it later on though where it apologised to him and said that it did not like the mantra. He replied that it was only a little fear and it would be safe as he was just cleansing the thing that was controlling it. He told it that that was what was causing the blockage and talked a while to give it more

understanding. (He even retold them the story and meaning of Oedipus to give it more light.) It came around to that and said that it would help him to remove the blockage as it did not like to see me in pain and actually felt guilty about some of the things that it had done to me. (Another thing that I neglected to mention was that my brother had told me to say “that's not the way of love” every time I had a negative internal comment or intrusive thought which seemed to keep them under control a little.) My brother rang me up the next day and asked if he could speak to the demon. He suggested that if it too said the mantras then the process would happen a lot quicker and so I would have less pain to suffer. It agreed with him and said that it would and started saying it.

I carried on with the conversation and after it finished it continued doing the mantra for around another five minutes before stopping. The next day my brother tried to get the demon to say the mantras alongside me when I phoned him later that night. He told it that it was just its fear that was stopping it. He said that the demon was afraid of losing its identity if it merged permanently. The demon agreed with this so was told it had nothing to worry about as it could leave whenever it wanted to. It agreed to try again but it had said that previously so I did not hold too much hope. It had a nasty habit of telling you what it thought you wanted to hear and then carrying on regardless. It actually lasted for 10 minutes this time so it is getting better. I am still carrying on with the pride mantra myself though as it seems to be helping me. It has been three days of me constantly saying it so it must be getting quite tedious for the demon. I have also been doing reading and some more puzzles so it has been pretty busy as I'm also putting the finishing touches to the house

After a while the demon actually started to do the mantras alongside me (though not merged) for a while. In conversation with my brother later on it told him that it was blocking the progress though. It said that it did not want mental illness included in this book so it was halting my progress until it was taken out. My brother told it that it did not have any say in the matter as it was destined to be. My brother then suggested trying some of the other deadly sins the next day and sticking with the ones that gave the most strength. I started this the next day and stopped on avarice. I changed the mantra to anger after a few days as it felt right.

Now during the last few days I have neglected to tell you about the voices. To be honest they were actually few and far between so more of a minor inconvenience than anything else. (One thing that the demon had said stuck in my mind though and that was that God was on my side. My brother in conversation with it later said that if that was the case then it would be subject to Spiritual laws and one in particular 'what you sow so shall you reap'. The demon even agreed with him and started saying the mantra too. Could be another trick or a change of heart time will tell on that). He had also talked with it about writing another book at this time and I had even made a start on it. It was to be about conversations we had had between us. Also during the last few day I had considerable back pain which I put down to bad positioning when I was turned over during the night. During the day I had started having thoughts making bad comments about people and felt very guilty afterwards. I told my brother later and he said that I had nothing to feel guilty about as it was the demon actually doing it. He said that it fed of guilt and gave me a mantra to say (**I have nothing to feel guilty about**) to see if that would help. I tried it alongside the anger one he had told me after he had rang off. A couple of days later he did gave me another mantra to say (**I have nothing to fear but fear itself.**) though it did not do any good. He told me to carry on with it though as it was more for self development so I did.

After a few days I had a few negative thoughts and voices so my brother had a few words with the demon. He said that he knew it was it as it could be no one else. He also said that he knew it could not control it and did not like doing it so he asked it if it knew a mantra that might help. The demon then suggested **'I surrender my negativity to the great divine to do with as thy will.'** I tried it after he had rang off and I actually got some good energies for around 20 minutes before they went down to nothing. The demon complained about it a couple of days later and in conversation with my brother said that it made it feel tired. This confused my brother as he thought that it could never get tired so he assumed that it must be the mantras doing it.

The demon said that it had felt tired before when doing some of the mantras though admitted that it felt better afterwards and so was pacified somewhat by that. The next few days I continued saying the negativity, guilt and fear mantras continuously and quite a few voices were brought out into the open and hopefully their demise through this. My brother too was getting into the demon's head and realising that it was controlled by fear started to play on its. (The conversations took place over a few days but I will give you the highlights.) He said that there was a great vortex coming to take it away as it had served its purpose. He also said that it would be judged on its actions towards me which would include trying to kill me, pretending it was God and numerous other things. He even said that the book I was writing would be its judgment book as all the actions had been recorded there. The demon got quite frightened at that as he left it there and told it to think about its actions.

On the next occasion they talked he said that it maybe able to atone but he was not sure how and suggested that it took a journey back to the light and see if anyone there would be any the wiser. The demon said it would though my brother did not really believe it. The following day my brother was proved right as the demon admitted it had not been back to the light. To be honest it is now getting to the stage that I see it as a waste of time and I could not even bother to speak to it. My brother though continued baiting the demon. I had had a few voices when I said my mantras so he said that it was wasting its time and energy as it had no effect. He said it must be getting very weak as it was taking from its strength so it was welcome to continue.

He also started to talk about evil to it and said that it was an anagram of two things and asked the demon what they were. The demon said veil was one and my brother said it was not one he had in mind but as it had said it he would lift the veil of ignorance. He said it could either be vile or live and the choice was up to it. As he was talking I started energising so the demon told him. He answered that the word was a powerful thing and asked it if it knew what a curse was. The demon answered yes so he said he would put one on it. (I won't mention it but you can find it in Path of Shadows). He said it and the demon asked him to repeat it but my brother said he did not need too as it had already been cast. He said that it could find it in one of his books though was not sure how it would manage to do this unless I read it. I am not sure if it will work but it might give the demon something to occupy its mind and keep it from pestering me. I am getting to the stage that I want to be out of this place as soon as possible and do not need anything to distract me.

A couple more days saw me carrying on with the mantras and the voice telling me to stop saying them as it was driving it mad so I continued with renewed vigour. (My brother has stopped talking to the demon a couple of days previously as he saw it as a waste of time so it was pretty much alone and isolated.) After a day or so I was back in conversation with the demon. It agreed to merge with

me when I said the mantras once again to make them have a stronger impact.

My brother too was back talking with it once more and he said that it would be a good idea. It agreed and came in sporadically during the day for around 5 minutes each time. Over the next few days the mergence times grew longer (45minutes) but also it would merge when I was in conversation with other people. I felt a lot stronger when I was at one and my memory and concentration improved. I am now getting on a lot better with the demon as I think the self development mantras did their job. (I surrendered all my deadly sins individually spending a couple of days solidly on each.) I got this from a dream I had that told me it had reformed.

I won't go into the symbolism of the dream but I would recommend that you try and interpret your dreams as they could be very useful to you to do this, not just in healing but every day life. Over time the megences got even longer and it even stayed merged whilst I was asleep sometime. My brother had asked them to join me as they had complained about being tired.

I had been having trouble saying the mantras of late so decided to try it in verse to see if it was any easier. My brother sent me this one over **'Lechery is not part of me and pride does no longer chide.'** I found it a lot easier and I think it did help me mentally. My brother had cleared it with the demon first. He told it that although he knew it was not it that was doing it he thought that a new mantra would help. He told me to add this to the one he had sent me earlier in the day. **'Anger and sloth to them I am loath I have to admit that I hate them both.'** The demon actually joined in saying this so it must have liked it. Later that day when I was on the phone to my brother the demon merged with me and for the first time ever I felt no turbulence at all. My brother had a word with the demon and it told him that it had now lost its fear so it looks like the mantra did the trick. After the conversation finished it merged back

Later that night I had a dream that I was apologising and making amends for the things that I did under psychosis. I believe this is a rebalancing of my mind so perceive as a good dream. On the subject of dreams I had a change in mantra because of them. I had a dream that told me that Africa was still in my mind and wanted cleansing. I started to say **'Africa has no effect on me'** over and over again.

After I had finished and a few hours later I was pestered by external voices. One said that I had won this time but it would be back and much worse. Others said later through the day that they would kill me. I told my brother this and he said that I must have hit a nerve. He suggested that I said a different mantra replacing Africa with another thing that had been a big part of my psychosis. He also said that it might actually be the final cleansing so saw it as a good sign.

Now in hand with this he suggested that I might want to start saying another mantra. This was **'All those that try and get in my way please oh Great Spirit keep them at bay.'** This was to keep the voices in check on one hand but it might hopefully have an external effect too. Not long afterwards I had a strange and lucid dream in which I went back to Robert's shop and saw him once again. The shop was doing very well and I could even smell the oils that were being used. He looked a little older and had got a bit more fatter in the face. He wished me well and told me that my mind seemed a lot better now. He said that he had not actually realised that I had mental problems until about a fortnight before I jumped. I will not put any mental perception into the

dream but leave that up to you. A couple of days of mantras saw a plague of voices so I changed the mantra which quietened them down. My brother had a word with the demon later and told me to ignore it and just carry on with the mantras. It seems that you never know where you stand with it. You think that it's finally on your side and it starts playing games distracting you from your purpose. I started saying the mantras after the conversation finished until I fell to sleep.

As the weeks went past the voice merged more often and for a lot longer. It said that before it had been painful to be merged for too long as it was too negative. Now though it said with the mantras it felt a lot more positive and actually preferred to be merged now. I even got it to tell me its side of the story (you'll find it in the next chapter Friend or Fiend)

It has got to the stage now that it rarely comes out of the mergence only to talk to my brother when he asked it though even that is becoming less and less now. I believe that in time I will hear no more from them. In fact I would say at the moment if I don't call them they would be content to leave me in peace. I have no more obtrusive thoughts nor one way conversations with the T.V. and radio and perceive myself to be now back in balance, probably more balanced than I had ever been in my life in fact. I have started to wean off my medication too much to my Psychiatrist's dismay as he thinks that I might relapse (He actually believed that the medication was doing me good). To be honest though he did not have much contact with me in all the time that I was unbalanced (seen him once every three months and only for a short time) so his judgement is not sound.

Footnote

Time passed by and things remained quiet with the voice. Outside influences though were still around with the negativity that went with them. I won't go into too many details but will just say they left me quite negative and took my mind away from the big picture. I think that they were actually holding me back from my healing as progress was slow and painful. My brother on seeing this told me to resurrect an earlier mantra (Nothing nor no one will stand in my way I'm getting better at the end of the day.) in the hope of rectifying the situation.

I took to the mantra with gusto that very evening and the following day something very strange happened. I woke up with a feeling of sadness that had never had before and this lasted all day. I do not think that this feeling was provoked by a thought or anything in particular, it just was there. To be honest I was not sure if it was caused by an outside influence as I had been waking up in pain for quite a long time and I was also having problems with the Carers. I told my brother and it was he that thought it might be an internal loss. He told me to continue with the mantras as he had noticed that I was actually starting to sound a little more positive in general not only in my thoughts but the tone of my voice as well. He even called the voice forward (which he had not done in quite a while) to ask its impression on the matter. The voice thought it was just the outside influences too but was not really sure. He then asked if it was still happy where it was to which it replied that it was and the conversation ended.

I continued with the mantra as I did feel better doing it and a couple of days later when I was talking to my brother he asked to speak with the voice once again. I was actually a little reluctant at first as I was more than content to leave it where it was. He told me though that he wanted to apologise to it for thinking that it had been trying to mess up the healing process when it now

looked more likely that it was down to my feet having dropped. (I had started to wear splints not long before in the hope of it straightening them and noticed that the movements had started to get a little stronger). He told me that he had been rereading the book and had saw that the voice had actually been quite a help to me and thought that it now had my interests at heart.

I relented eventually and called the voice to come forward but there was no answer. Now this was very unusual as the voice actually liked talking with my brother and was always pleased when he did. It did return later when I called it after the call had finished though and the following morning came back to accept my brother's apology. I think I will be saying that mantra from now on as I do not want to fall down to negativity once more. With things like this and knowing what it can do if it gets too strong it would be a good idea to nip it in the bud so to speak

Part Five-The Voice-Friend or fiend

I remained with you as a whole in your mind for a long time and I lived within peacefully but the trauma at work that followed caused me unrest. I became overtaken with negativity which took me out of my security and I remained fearful which sunk us into the darkness that some call paranoia. An example of this would be when you (Though I was still actually with you at the time not having split yet) were working nights and worried that they would say that you not working but going to sleep. You took photographs of yourself every 15 minutes to prove that you were awake.

Let me start from the beginning and go through what happened. Now we actually split on the day that you resigned. It was when the realisation of it sank in and the implications of losing your security hit home and you started to cry. I started to hate you for crying about it for you had a constructive dismissal case but did not pursue it. Along side this I thought back to all the crap they had put you through and you putting up with it and making me put up with it too. I found myself in a darkened place that was flooded and I felt that I was drowning (I do not remember how I got there.) but then I managed to come back up and there was a light like a channel that led back to you. I latched onto you although I still kept my separate identity. I became part of the madness that you were already falling to. Maybe I was the next stage, the madness manifesting as an entity, I am not sure for I just saw my hatred towards you and this sort of comforted me. (As the madness got stronger more entities joined me so to save confusion I will just talk about my part in the affair for the time being.)

I took a great delight in the fact that whatever I told you you would believe no matter how outrageous it was. It gave me a powerful sense of control. I could make you believe that you were going to be kidnapped and hanged in a foreign country along with your friends and family members. I also had you following people around the community as you believed they would help you. You got frustrated and scared as nobody would stop. I also made you believe that your house was going to be burned down. There were too many things to be mentioned and most have been covered already anyway but it used to make me happy to see you downhearted and under a lot of stress. Your stress seemed to feed me. I liked it when you were watching the TV as it was a fertile place for me to sow discord. You were seeing things that happened to be there but my influence

over your mind made them even more negative than they actually were. There is always a lot of negativity on the television and I fed on this and from this got my strength. I kept you in fear but this was me being scared too as I was now living in darkness and needed to be kept active to keep my mind from falling into fear. When you watched competitions on the TV I had told you that you had to give me as much information as possible regarding your previous work situation. When the winnings got higher you would perceive this as you had given enough information. I had told you that the money would go to help your community. I had you hallucinate and so you saw a brighter town. This was euphoria. I was not telling you what to say to me simply planting the seeds so that you would say what I wanted you to say. (Also though the information gave to me on more personal issues when we used to converse would be used against you.) I only had you watching programmes on politics or comedy quizzes so you would get your views from this limited pool.

Finally with the TV I could make you think that it was saying things that it actually was not. I would just say it and make you believe it had come from it.

Now onto the subject of giving you have always had a giving nature I just capitalised on it. Some of the actions were not down to me but to other people for they have their demons too. I could have warned you about them but I was not in charge of your health and safety. In fact they were actually helping me and I was getting stronger through it so I did what I could to encourage it. You were kept not only in poverty but a lot of the time in debt just to bring forth situations of stress that I could feed upon.

As time went by and your condition deteriorated more I was joined by other entities. I am not sure how many but there were quite a few. They were formless shapes and we were of the same mind. Where once there was just me now there were a multitude of voices, every race and creed imaginable. Now when I say we were all the same mind that was not strictly true. There was one who was on your side and told us to leave you alone. We ignored him though and as we were many he made no impression. He just stuck around for a while and then left. With all the extra negativity you were actually weak enough to be completely taken over which happened on a few occasions. When I say take over I could always take you over to some extent (Your hearing when it came to the T.V. and your balance as it was me that made you think that you could not walk in shoes.) but as I was joined by others we could make you see things that were not there and then finally a wholesale takeover. I actually became quite lost within all these and they even started to be very threatening to me. I wanted them gone as I now longed to be alone. I had lost my power. Before this I was more in control but the entities were swallowing me up. I desired light but everywhere was chaos. As more time went by I fell deeper into despair and decided to end it all. It was getting darker in here and we were clambering for light. We began to want peace from this turmoil and you had to go. We had you waiting outside your house for people, we told you these people were about to kill you. We give you credit for waiting a long time but we got bored of that game so we told you that you were to go back in the house and wait on the sofa. You did this and awaited our next instruction. This was to get all the tablets that you had and take them all, everyone one of them. You had a lot. We scared you by telling you that you were going to be taken away, to be killed. Taking the tablets were to make you fall asleep so that the aircraft could come and you were then going to be transported to Africa. You could not sleep and you were of course restless so yet again it never happened. You just remained in the house not telling Frank about it until a few days afterwards

which made him take you to the hospital.

On the next occasion Frank had insisted on the mental health services to assess/section you as he could see that you were not well. (You had been told that yet again you were needed to diffuse bombs. This you did by pressing the button on the traffic lights in various different patterns). Three Psychiatrists came out to see you and you believed (as you were told by us) that one of them was a terrorist that had come here for protection from his own country. We had taken over you and we told you he was telepathic and could hear you thinking so we would do the talking as you did not need to talk. You had said in your mind (to him) that you would be sectioned if there was a need to help people, but if not, you would rather not. They left and not long after we got you to put Frank out and then lay on the bed.

Then we said "This is God (this wasn't the first time we had you believing that we were God and you also believed you had seen Jesus in your living room once.) I forgive you for everything you have done you were poorly at the time. I did not know how ill you were but now I do and know that nothing was your fault. If you jump out of the window now you will go straight to heaven as you are good. Your mother is up there and will talk to you when you get there" You cried as you wanted to see your mother in your living room again as we had tricked you into believing before that you had. Then you made your move. You watched to make sure nobody was walking past and then you stumbled out your window.

It was in the Spinal Unit that we became strong enough to appear that we were talking directly to you through others and this petrified you. To have people saying things to you, for example "You will be killed in Sudan" You even asked people if they had said it. You were in a lost world. You had not spoken to your family about this and you were being threatened all the time. We also insulted people around you which would make you feel ill through guilt as it was not in your nature to be nasty. This was causing more stress and it was even more real to you than it had been before. You believed you were being heard all over the world, all your past actions and all your personal information was being relayed. You would be told by us that somebody was having an affair. You thought about this next time you saw him on the ward. Just thinking would make you believe you had given this information to the whole world and you had never said anything out loud. (You believed you had a microphone in your mind that transmitted all the thoughts.)

We were actually building you up for another suicide attempt but then your brother got involved. He gave you mantras to say which gave me a slightly more positive outlook and though you were not saying that many at first it left an impact clearing a few of the entities around me. Later on when he had you writing this book I got even more positive the initial hope inspired by the mantras increased quite a lot. As the book progressed more entities disappeared and by the end of the first chapter things were going well. It was around about then that you told your brother about us and he started to converse. His initial conversation (re the demons and their mental attributes) cleansed a lot of the entities in one go. The place became a lot less cramped. As the book progressed and with other conversations we had the entities got even less. After the book was up to date you started to read the books from his website we (including some of the few that were left) actually got interested in what you were reading and this kept us occupied and happy. There were still bad ones about who would surface sometimes but with your new strength of mind and saying mantras they

were cleansed as soon as they appeared. With the negativity diminished and your brother telling us about the darkness we left it and moved into the twilight. Though there was still negativity our world was a brighter place. For the first part of the journey I was just a mere bystander as another aspect had taken over the level of consciousness. I could feel that it was not my time yet so I let it happen. I saw the world change colour and with each change one of the more powerful entities evolved. This was an amazing sight to see. Where once it was just a thin string of wavy energy it transformed into a mushroom like shape through absorbing the colour around it and flew off into the light. I am afraid after that there is a gap in my memory for the next thing I knew I was in a forest as related in an earlier section of the book. I was taken to the light but I was afraid as there was still negativity within me. This was cleansed through mantras and then instead of going back I decided to merge full time with you. Now although I can come and go I decided to stay as with the mantras also taking away my fear it was a good place once again.

Part Six-Anal(ly) sis

Looking back at my time in Hell with slightly clearer vision I see that I should have probably resigned from the Company long before I did. To be honest though the thought of resigning did not even enter my head until I was mentally incapable of doing my job. My loyalty lay with the Clients and making sure they were happy as their welfare was my main motivation for being there. I would do everything I could to protect them from the erosion of their care and had quite a few meetings with the Manager on the subject. This may have been naive of me as in truth going against the Company was much akin to trying to push water uphill. I did not have the power to change nor the power to endure. Like the immovable object that met up with the irresistible force I was destined to just erode away.

The second mistake I made was letting the Company control my life. They seemed to think that I had sold my Soul when in reality I had just sold them a few hours of my time. A subtle distinction but one that is worth remembering. I am not saying that when you clock off switch off but don't let the pendulum swing to the other extreme and it take over every waking hour. When I worked directly under the NHS my out of work time thoughts when dwelling on work were based around Clients welfare. These could be thinking up new ways to amuse them or new places to go. Maybe new things to cook or hobbies, generally speaking anything to stop their boredom. They did not take up much time and actually gave me an uplifting feeling so it was not time wasted. With the new Company though it was more about their negative aspects and the perceived (and real) injustices brought about by their work ethos. This took up quite a lot of time and with the constant preparation needed for all the meetings and with the extra time I worked in lieu there was very little time left to actually have a life.

With that said onto the analysis itself. The Company, like many more I'll wager, had an almost militaristic attitude towards the people that worked for it. Even the term Managing Director (MD) now seems to have been replaced by the term Chief Executive Officer (CEO) I have noticed. Now just like the Military they wanted to break the spirit in order to make you more pliable to their will. Another thing was that they would not tolerate insubordination as it would set a bad example to other members of the Staff. Although they rarely used naked brutality to try and intimidate you the effects of their actions cut deep into the psyche. It was more psychological warfare than traditional. Humiliation aimed at demoralization was a big part of the process though they would also try and

establish an environment of fear. Fear of losing your job being one of the main spurs and though this was not my fear as I was financially stable I have seen it a few times on various occasions.

The Company itself was geared up for profit over all and had no real idea about caring. Their main motivation was just making money and its impulse was that strong that they were not adverse to cutting corners. Their training was sparse and inadequate as everything was cut to the bone to save money. This was very demoralizing to those who had been in the profession many years as they knew how it used to be and were shocked by the changes. Not only was the quality of care falling though all the other standards were too. The food they were given was cheap and nasty with very little nutritional value. Most of it would not have passed the "Would you eat this yourself?" test. (The Staff too felt the cuts. As a treat to the Staff it had been arranged long before that every Friday we would have Pizza. (This arrangement had been in place long before the takeover). The Company carried it on though instead of Take away Pizza we got supermarket Pizza. A trivial aside you might think but it does illustrate the finesse and attention to detail that the Company had when it came to cost cutting).

The Clients were taken out less often as there were never really enough Staff to cover them. In fact their whole life got a lot less happier when the Company took over. For the original Staff to have to watch it all evolve was quite Soul destroying and I think it did effect a lot of them though not perhaps to the same degree as me.

Another bone of contention with the original Staff, well me anyway, was the Company's actual competence to do the job. Their methods were slip shod and they thought that rules were just guidelines that if too costly were best avoided. Now I was very Health and Safety conscious and some of their short cuts appalled me. I went to many meetings about this which always proved futile and a waste of time. I even had a Union Rep. with me at one of the meetings when my Manager said that he could do what he wanted as he was the manager. Much to my surprise, well horror the Union man agreed with him. In truth their level of competence was that bad that I thought there was actually sinister motives behind it. It definitely gave my paranoia something to feed on. Their capabilities in saving money was supreme whilst their capabilities in doing the actual job with the vocational quality of care that it needed was suspect.

That was just a bit of extra background information to expand a little on what I've already mentioned. So back to the Company. When they first arrived I knew little about the Private Sector so I was actually looked forward to the change. I suppose that you could say a new broom to sweep things clean kind of thing. Their initial meetings with us to explain the Company view on care and service went pretty well as they were pretty good at selling themselves. After a time and with the arrival of new Staff that had been sent over by the Company though things started to change. The whole attitude towards the Staff for one thing. Where once there was mutual respect now it became more of a master servant relationship.

When they first came the Company had designs on more lucrative Care Contracts but with that falling from grace their main concern was now what they would call 'trimming the fat'. I have mentioned some of the ways earlier so now I move on to methods used to obtain their goals. Meetings. These meeting were basically just a waste of time as the Management were not there to negotiate just to implement. They might go through the motions but nothing would ever come of it well if you discount the stress that it generated. Now in hand with that by then I had been marked out as a trouble maker and the Manager had got it into his head that I needed putting in my place. He would try and humiliate me at every opportunity and denigrate my work which was ironic really as I was doing it properly and he wanted me not to. I found that the zest I used to wake up with in the morning was diminishing and I was actually starting not to look forward to going into work

some of the days dreading the meetings ahead. The situation was actually draining me looking back with hind sight but at the time I was unaware as I was inside looking out. As time went by the zest completely went and it became quite an ordeal just to get up. I think I might have started drinking a little heavier around then, more to console myself than anything else. My thoughts did start to get slightly erratic at that time too as I had started to demonize the Manager in my mind though as that was what he were trying to do to me I guess it was only natural. I do not think there was one particular thing that pushed me over it was more of an erosion than anything else but I do know that when I first went off sick I had moved onto panic attacks and blackouts.

Meeting my friend and her enlightening me about being bullied at work deflected a lot of the negativity about the Manager onto the Company where it rightly belonged. I had read the book that she had given me and found out that it went deeper than just some arrogant Manager on an ego trip. It was actually part of some of the Companies managerial training. (By that I am talking about the psychological side of the game play and not the actual aggressive bullying as I think that came more from power delusion).

When I thought back I remembered that all the Managers there had a similar approach though to less of a degree to the one that had bullied me. With more thought I saw that all the meetings that I had had about him were just a waste of time The people I had complained about him to were in fact actually just like him. I should have realised that a long time before really as when I was at the meetings about it I felt like I was hitting my head against a solid brick wall. It was completely different to when I had raised a complaint before (under the National Health Service) The people I had complained to were a lot more fair minded and understanding. The actual realisation of this was a real shock to the system and made me feel quite ill. I had put a considerable amount of time and effort into building up my case but in the end it was pointless endeavour as the verdict had already been reached.

On my return to work and with this new realisation I looked around the place with fresh eyes though to be honest it did nothing to negate the stress. In fact if anything it might have actually added to it as before it was only one man and now it was a whole company of them. I was actually getting quite paranoid and as the stress built up so did the paranoia. It got to the stage that I could not function as I thought a lot of my work colleagues who had fallen in with the Company were out to make me look a fool to look good in Management eyes. (Also though I was losing concentration and worried that I was not able to do my job properly). This paranoia increased rapidly after I started collecting evidence against the Company for the constructive dismissal I was going to pursue. I knew that I had a very good case almost foolproof and I would be entitled to a lot of money when I won. The voices made their first appearance and they seemed to agree with me. (The first time I actually heard them was a couple of day after I had resigned.) They were even telling me what to do with the money once I had won it. As I said earlier I had been drinking far too much and far too often and was told later that this caused it.

With the idea of constructive dismissal falling from grace the voices turned nasty though and to add to it I started hearing music coming from the radiator. (My mental condition was deteriorating even more.) I had lost my last piece of hope and was looking for a purpose so I took to following people to see if they could guide me. I was in despair. My doctor was actually looking into having me sectioned although I did not know it at the time. I was alone and vulnerable and ripe for the picking and just before my sectioning I got plucked. To be honest I think that I left the Secure Unit no better in fact probably worse than when I went in. The voices had got stronger and now not only was I hearing things I was actually seeing them too. I think with hindsight that the disappointment of the dismissal case falling through actually accelerated my mental collapse. False hopes and shattered dreams lead to hanging ropes and primal screams. I have noticed that when I had my

hopes dashed there was always a marked deterioration in my mental health.

I am not sure if my time with Twat also accelerated my collapse or if it was just natural progression. In his time the TV had started to speak to me although not directly. I would be thinking about something and the TV would seem to have the answer. It could be somebody in a film talking and they said something that was relevant to what I was thinking at the time. I took it on board and used to follow what it said. (It actually started with the radio when I was sectioned so maybe it was more natural progression). I had also began to get quite agoraphobic although I perceived that there was a rapist living in my attic so as you can imagine I was very confused.

With the failure of the safe guarding inquiry to give me full justice I had another deterioration as the TV started to talk directly to me. The voices also got stronger and actually started to say that they were famous people (both living and dead) and I was going to change the world. In my illness I had always had delusions of grandeur though it started off as being just a whistle blower it was now evolving into world domination.

With my mind the way it was it was inevitable that I would be sectioned once more. It was at that time that things started to go missing from my room and I took to bringing all my possessions with me where ever I went when I was in there. When I got out things carried on much as normal (if that's the right word) until the next occasion I lapsed. This was actually brought about by me being pressured into going back to work by my Social Worker as she thought it would help me to recover. That was what she told me but I think it was policy to try and get people back to work to save money more than anything. I first felt suicidal and then after I had canceled it it developed into thoughts of violence against the Company that I had applied for the job with. Another section (well two actually) and this time the voices got a lot more prevalent and even more vicious in their attacks.

My hallucinations got stronger too and on visits home I started to notice that things were not quite right. It was like someone had been in there whilst I was away. I think my time in there actually made me worse not better as the situation I had put myself in (reporting the man regarding the smoking incident) had virtually alienated me and even made me paranoid when I left and got out of the situation. When I came out of both of these sections I was very quiet (I generally am when I come out of traumatic situations) and it took time before I came out of my shell. I had joined another drop in centre and was getting on with my life although stress was always there to try and disrupt me. I was asked to help out in another group I was with and though my mind was not really capable I agreed. Along with this I had to renew my benefits claim which is always an ordeal. Around this time the voices actually grew strong enough to take me over as it was not me that had said those nasty things to Frank when we were in bed together. (The evolution of the voices happened this way. First when I heard them I had a lot stronger Will and so could ignore what they told me to do if I wanted to. This rarely happened though as in the state of mind I was in it made perfect sense what they were saying. As they got stronger though my Will diminished to the stage that I could be compelled to do it. The final stage was when they became that strong that they could actually take me over) At this time too my delusions had grown significantly stronger and in my mind I was even more of a world figure than before. I guess it became my new purpose in life and I developed a Dick Whittington complex (I had to get to London so my purpose could truly begin) and each time the journey to London fell through my mental health seemed to deteriorate a little more.

In hand with this my love of Black Culture was still there to guide me as I started to go to Gospel Churches (It is a very uplifting experience that I would still recommend.) and attend the Caribbean Club even more. (I would like to dwell on this whilst I'm in my analytical mood if I may. I suppose

with both my Parents dying when I was so young I missed out on my family history. I knew very little about my Mother's Ireland nor my Father's family even though they lived only around 70 miles away. I guess I emotionally latched onto Black Culture as a replacement even though I do have an affinity for Ireland and its people as that's still in my blood. Now this emotional attachment gave me a black and white mentality that affected my judgment to quite an extent and to be honest made it a hot bed for pride as any attachment to things of that nature does. Enhanced by my psychosis with pride at the helm I was actually quite condescending when I cried freedom (You knew I wouldn't let it lie) whilst forcing myself on others freedom. The story is actually about the friendship of a Black Human Rights Activist and a White Journalist In my mind I guess I was the journalist, well not strictly true it was more of a case of being accepted. My disappointment of not seeing anything about Donald Woods at Steven Biko's Museum had a deeper effect on my psyche than I had actually realised. With the disappearance of both the book and the film it made it personal. (To be fair high jacking people's time to enforce my passion on them was going to cause ructions and they were both probably taken to spite and smite me as I was told on both occasions that they were going back to Africa)

Strange though at the time of the films disappearance it was not long after my experience with Twat and the book went missing not long before I met Robert. (that's probably over analyzed though). These two probably did more to destroy the Ivory Tower that my mind had created and give me the incentive to get back to my roots than anything else. Interestingly around the same time some of my voices started to develop an Irish lilt and the situations they threw up were based on my limited understanding of Ireland.)

With my temporary falling out with Frank I was in need of a new Chauffeur and Robert seemed to fit the bill. I thought that he was my new protector too which only meant one thing and that was I would be shortly penniless once again.

Around this time too it seemed that my body was even turning against me as I could not walk in shoes anymore. This actually came about after I had a fall in the house and hurt my ankle (it was a different fall to the one I had previously mentioned.) I could not wear shoes for a while as it would have been too painful so ended up going around with just my socks on. When the ankle eventually healed and I went back to wearing shoes it seemed that the floor was too slippery with them on. I am not really sure if this was part of my deteriorating Mental Health as I cannot really see how it would fit in. (Eventually though the situation cleared up of its own accord and I was walking normally with shoes on once again.)

With my constant barefoot journeys into town and my late night disruption of traffic that dared to go past my house it was inevitable that another sectioning was on its way. This was the fifth one so by now you could say I was an old hand at it. Like the other times I left the place as mad as I had came in and went back to my old life as if nothing had changed. My relationship with Robert, if that's what you could call it went on as normal (non existent just a financial drain) and the voices carried on unabated. The Irish voices were still there but they were weak in comparison to the nasty ones for looking back with clearer vision I could see that they were actually there to help me.

I eventually wised up and got in contact with Frank which was a good thing as the environment I was in was starting to get even more hostile. My words and actions had upset a lot of people and their patience was truly running out. I was actually getting quite well known in the area and not just for being a soft touch. By now I had realised the damage I had done and tried to make amends the best way that I could but it was too little too late for most of the people around me. My condition was getting worse as the guilt ate into my soul and suicide became a thought that gave a certain amount of comfort. My first attempt was a bit of a joke really and the second attempt left me

paralysed so I guess in the end I was not much good at it.

Before I continue I would like to dwell on the voices some more. There seemed to be two sets of them. One was there to help and the other there more to hinder. My brother (the one that is helping me to write this) is an Esoteric writer and sees the voices more as demons (the bad ones I mean) than anything else. Now before you put him down as some sort of religious nutter I had better elaborate on that a little. The demons in question are the seven deadly sins (pride, anger, envy etc) which he sees more as character flaws that need to be rectified in the pursuit of self development. Now these demons live in darkness and I was pretty much in the dark about things of that nature so he gave me some light. (He also gave me a mantra which just like the light I did not really take any notice of) He told me it was my shadow self, a negative imagination and told me what the sins actually were saying this is what it comprises of. He told me other things I suppose you would call them knowledge of Self but to be honest I have forgotten them as it was quite a long time ago. They must have gone into my psyche though as looking back I believe that that is when the good voices started to make their first appearance.

So back to the tale once again. My second attempt at suicide did major damage to my spinal chord and left me in great pain. For the first few weeks I literally could not move and had to lay on my side with the nurses turning me occasionally so I did not end up with bed sores. During that time I had two operations performed on me. The first one was to put pins in to strengthen my back and the other to make it easier for me to become a wheelchair user. After a few weeks (about four I think) I was moved to the specialist spinal unit about 150 miles away from the place I was first put. This was a bumpy ride and by the time I arrived I was in severe pain but had to tolerate it as I could not be treated for it until the following day. I phoned my brother but the best he could offer was remain still and say the mantras to hopefully take my mind off it. He sent them over and I did try them but I guess they did not work as I soon forgot them once the pain was sorted the following day. Once the pain subsided the voices reemerged too and this time a lot stronger.

I was moved once more but this time to a less specialist place so I did not get as much help with rehabilitation as I had had before. I had plenty of time on my hands and nothing to do with it so the old idea of writing a book was resurrected and I took to it with a vengeance. It actually helped me to get some sort of control on my erratic thoughts and I would recommend anyone who has similar problems as me to do it themselves. (also the mantras too). As I grew stronger (mentally speaking) and with help I faced my demons and I believe defeated them. Time will tell on that but I sincerely believe that I am now free.

I have only really glanced on my treatment at the hands of the Mental Health Services as the story was complicated enough as it was. Now though I will makes amends for this. A lot of what happened has been forgotten by me for various reasons including my condition, medication etc. Frank being on the outside looking in and with previous personal experience of them is better suited to this section so I will now hand it over to him.

'I had not long celebrated my first year free of alcohol when I bumped into Jackie at a Wednesday Alcoholics Anonymous meeting. I actually knew her from 1986 when we worked together at a Double Glazing Company. I remembered Jackie as a bubbly, bright young girl so all these years later it surprised me to see her there. We had a cup of tea and a chat together. For myself I was trying to build up a nucleus of friends as I had previously isolated myself through drink for years. Often with drink came mental health problems so I am known to the Mental Health Services. Anyway on with the story. We both agreed that we needed to fill in our time and it seemed like a good idea to hang around together. We used to

go for runs out into the countryside to just look around and admire nature with its great scenery. We would also go out for meals together and I introduced her to more AA meetings.

I did know about her mental problems as she had informed me so I was very surprised when she told me that she had a support worker who had decided that it would be a good idea for her to take on a job. I told Jackie that in my opinion it would be too much too soon and advised her to give it 12 months as she was not ready yet. The support worker won the day however and we got some copies of her C.V. printed out and dropped them off at several Care Homes. One place was looking for Staff and quickly interviewed her offering her job subject to security checks. This would take some time though and the wait for it to materialise kick started Jackie's mental health condition. Within a week she was so ill that I had to nurse and feed her continuously. It got to the stage that I had to call out the Crisis Team. They decided that she needed hospitalising and found her a bed in a town about 30 miles away.

They said though that it would be unsafe for them to take her as she might attack them so she would have to find her own way there. I took her in my car and they were more than happy to let me do this. A little while later Jackie was transferred to a Secure Unit a little closer (about 17 miles away) and I could see her on most days. All she wanted to do was lie with her head in my lap and for me to stroke her hair (this was all day long).

After five weeks Jackie was allowed to go out on Day Release and I started to pick her up and take her home for the day. She did not like traveling and was fearful that she would open the car door and jump out whilst we were in motion. I resolved this by driving slower and taking a more scenic route. She was still like this when she was released from her sectioning. For a short time she tried to keep her fears at bay but was soon overwhelmed by the voices. The poor woman was terrified to stay in the house and equally terrified to go out. I was almost permanently with her as she could not function. I kept begging Mental Health to help her but all they said was that she was alright. I even had words with the local M.P but they just gave him some cock and bull story about her being well. It got to the stage that I had to almost carry her into the Clinic and told her C.P.N. to look at her. Whilst I was in there I had a phone call from my son who had took ill at work and needed a lift home. So I sorted that out and raced back to the Clinic where I was asked if I would mind taking her back to the Mental Health Hospital. I gladly agreed to this and after telling the C.P.N that I had no confidence in her I left. After she had been there a while they started to let her out on day release and we would spend all day driving around. I did not understand why she wanted to do this but it seemed to pacify her for a while. When Jackie came out of hospital on this occasion (the fourth) they knew that she was not well. (A couple of aspects of Jackie's condition was that she was always writing letters of complaint and that she was always trying to help people which was actually quite antagonistic to quite a few of them. She had wrote a letter of complaint about the Unit and they had sent her a reply stating that they had had to step in between her and a few irate fellow patients who were after her blood. This was only a couple of days before they let her out so either she was not ready or she had had a remarkable recovery). Another aspect of her condition was that she would give all her money away. When I first heard about her doing this I reported it to my local Mental Health Clinic. They did not seem to want to know. One member of the Mental Health team said that at least it circulates

the money and everyone gets a bit. I replied that drug dealers end up with most of it as it was going to addicts. Then asked him if he was condoning it, he never replied.

To be honest with all that was going on it was effecting my health and I was constantly tired and losing my patience with Jackie. We fell out as the pressure of the situation and her increasingly outrageous behaviour got too much for me. We had a major argument and I told her that I wanted no more to do with her as nothing I was saying was getting through. I still had people on a daily basis telling me what she was getting up to though. She had started to walk barefoot into town and had given away I estimate around £10,000 in the short time I was with her. I continually rang the Mental Health Clinic informing them of what she was doing over the next couple of months. Then one morning I received a phone call and my son answered it. It was Jackie with a very short conversation. I cannot remember exactly what she said but it was a death threat. I told her to have a nice day and hung up but because it was a threat to my life I decided to go to Mental Health and complain.

I found out when I got there that Jackie had been sectioned (which it seemed that I had no right to know).

About two months later her brother rang and told me that she was out of hospital and could she talk to me. I said yes as long as she wasn't abusive. Jackie rang and apologised for everything she had done. I knew how ill she was so I forgave her instantly and arranged to go around to see her.

Now during the time that Jackie was in her manic stage I had received a lot of reports of what she had been up to. Most of these reports had been verified (though some made up) and I asked the ones that were interested in her welfare (these also included people on Mental Health themselves who I asked to tell their care workers) to phone the Clinic and try and get her help. Here are a few of the reports I was getting. She used to walk in the middle of the road stopping cars and trying to give them Pizza. One day she was stood naked with her door wide open wearing Mary gold gloves. The person who told me this said that they asked her to go in and close the door. They had got a lot of verbal abuse but she did what she was asked. Another time she went to the Y.M.C.A and told them that she had no food (she had given all her money away). They saw that she was qualified and offered her a food parcel which she said was just crap. She had also gone down to the Social Security Office and told them that she had no shoes, just prior to this she had been going down the street giving homeless people over £80 each. I was also told that she was putting wheelie bins into the middle of the road and obstructing the traffic.

I am a member of the fellowship of the AA and a fellow member (who was actually a Reverend) had an argument with me in a supermarket car park almost begging me to do more to help her. I told him that I was powerless and he then went on to say that everyone would blame me for not getting her the help that she needed. At length I asked him what I could do and he did not know.

Jackie was upsetting a lot of people who did not care that she was ill and I was getting more worried about her safety. Mental Health cannot say that they did not know as I was regularly

calling them and telling them what she was up to. Other people had also called them so they had no excuse. The Police had been called out to her I was told though I do not know what it was about. I was just hoping that they would get her into Hospital however she was seen back out on the street not long afterwards. It seemed to me anyway that every time she came out of Mental Hospitals she was always worse than when she had went in.

Her first suicide attempt has been covered except to say that when she was asked why she had taken the tablets she said that she wanted to go to sleep. This seemed acceptable to the Mental Health Service as they did not pursue the matter any further nor take it into account before her second.

Now onto the second, when the Doctors had made the decision that she would be alright and left I was somewhat bewildered. I had expected them to take her to a Mental Hospital for at least a few days to properly assess her. However I decided that they probably could not spare the beds as that was the only reason I could think of because she was obviously ill.

I had arranged earlier to stop the night there so comforted myself with the fact that I could keep an eye on her. Unfortunately from the good lady's perception here I was, her most trusted ally, who had just tried not once but twice to get her locked away. To my surprise she told me to leave the premises. The way she said it I knew she meant it and I would have provoked serious problems if I had refused. She may have attacked me or called the Police. It was her house and she had every right to tell me to go. Because of her unpredictability I decided it would be best if I did. (Bad decision but unfortunately it was the only option I could take at the time.)

I got into the car and put the radio on as I drove away. The song that came on the radio was 'Walkaway' by Cast which I took as a message from my higher power.

I decided to let Jackie sulk the next day so did not get in contact. Just after dinner time though a friend informed me that he had been past her house and the bedroom window was wide open. I took relief from this and thought that at least she was coming to her senses and giving the house some fresh air. (She had been just lying in her bed, lethargic and even smoking in her bedroom for weeks.) Dave (my friend) thought there was something wrong as he reiterated that the window was very wide open but I missed the point. As I had not heard from her after a while I thought that I ought to ring her up and try to sort something out. She did not answer my call. I thought she was still sulking in bed and couldn't be bothered to go downstairs to the phone. I rang her on numerous occasions but there was never an answer from her.

During this period I had a minor domestic crisis which took my time up and stopped me from going around to her house. About 2pm on the Friday (I last saw her on midnight between Tuesday and Wednesday) I received a call from a Policeman informing me that Mental Health had been round to see her and found that the window was open and the doors were unlocked and there was no sign of her. They were concerned for her well being. They had told the Police who I was and had got my number from Jackie's phone. (By that stage there was about 30 missed calls from me). So from the Tuesday night until Friday they had

not checked on her even though they knew her state of mind. I could not help the police but I then rang her brother who had been contacted by them. I asked him to keep me informed as I knew that they wouldn't tell me if they had found her. The following day I got a phone call from him telling me that they knew where she was and had been taken to a safe place. At that stage though she did not want anyone to know where she was. I was so relieved on hearing this thinking she was in a Mental Institution being treated for her illness. How wrong could I have been? On the Monday her brother rang me and said that he knew where she was and I sort of thought that she was in a Police Cell or something like that and wanted to be bailed out. When I was told what she had done I remember that my heart missed a beat, I felt so sick. All I could say was Silly,silly Girl. Then I made arrangements to take her other brother and myself to visit her in Hospital (about 30 miles away) where I was told the full extent of the damage. The following day Mental Health rang me and told me that they could now tell me where she was. I told them that I knew already and had visited her. The woman was surprised at this and asked how I could possibly know to which I replied that I had asked her next of kin and he had told me.

For myself with hindsight I often think that I should have done something different. I don't know what I actually could have done but I feel that I failed her and will have to live with that. It does get to me sometimes though. This woman has to spend the rest of her life crippled all because no one would listen. I even had said in the early stages that they had misdiagnosed her. I did not know what she was though I knew that she was not Bi-polar. When Jackie was in the specialist Spinal Unit they had a small team of Mental Health workers who re diagnosed her with Schizoaffective Disorder. I just wonder that if Mental Health had reassessed her when I told them that she was different to Bi-polar that there would have been a different outcome (I also often wonder did they care?)'

As my second suicide attempt was a major incident a report had to be made about it which was in due time sent to me. I will give you the first paragraph of the accompanying letter to start off.

“I am enclosing the report we have undertaken following the incident involving yourself. I hope that you find the report helpful in understanding the care that we provided for you. One aim of this review process is to identify if there are any lessons that we as a service can learn.”

This is probably a standard letter sent out many times with no real meaning, empty words that I will not dwell on. Instead I am going to go through the report (well the relevant things anyway as a lot of it is just padding) and pick out a few things that are not true. The first thing I noticed was a downright lie. It's dated 17/10/2017 at 21:29 and states that **“Jackie's friend stated that he did not want her to be admitted and believed that the community support provided was enough to manage Jackie's mental health needs effectively.”** (Jackie is really my second name, to preserve anonymity I have withheld my first.) Frank (my friend in the report) wanted me to be sectioned for he perceived (rightly as it turned out) that I would be a danger to myself. He had actually called them out for this reason. Now to be honest he would not have called them out otherwise I mean what else do you call them out for? What other possible motive could there be? This is actually supported at 18/10/2017 at 10:40 **“Telephone contact from Jackie's friend to the CRHT: Friend concerned about Jackie's mental health and felt that Jackie was “capable of fooling**

everyone.” Jackie’s friend recognised that she was “calm” during the MHA assessment but that after the assessment he felt at risk from Jackie and that she had ordered him to leave the house.” (These notes actually came out as a table. You will find this under the heading 'Details'. Two columns along the heading says 'Good Practice' and under this is put **“Responsiveness of CRHT (Crisis Resolution and Home Treatment) to risks raised”** (Nice to know that when they were patting each other on the back mine was actually broken but I digress) When Frank said that I was capable of fooling everyone he was talking about the Doctors who gave me a clean bill of health. He was not talking about himself as he knew that a few days before I had made a serious attempt on my life something I guess that the Doctors never. This contradicts him saying that he was happy about not having me sectioned. He was actually very concerned for my well being (with good reason I had actually jumped by then) and frustrated that they could not see the real situation. In hand with this the first piece said that he believed that the support provided was enough to manage her mental health needs effectively. I don't really think that he would have said this either after the amount of times he and quite a few other people had phoned up regarding my behaviour and nothing was done about it. No I take my hat off to a great fiction writer but if you want to learn lessons as was first stated you really need the truth to begin with, let that be your first lesson.

Now following on from the first statement made on 17/10/2017 about Frank being happy it goes on to say **“Jackie and her friend confirmed that she was compliant with prescribed medication.”** I might have done so but I was psychotic and did not want to be sectioned but Frank would have never said this. He knew that I had no medication to take as I had wolfed it all down in my first attempt at suicide. The CMHT also knew this as 16/10/2017 at 9:38 hours **“Telephone contact from Jackie’s brother who informed the CMHT that Jackie had taken “a minor overdose on Friday morning” 13/10/2017: the effects of which had decreased prior to attendance at A and E (Jackie did not disclose the overdose or attend A and E until the evening of 13/10/2017) CCO informed of the event”** (Care coordinator). Now in hand with this 16/10/2017 at 10:02 hours, **“Jackie took an overdose of all her prescribed medication: Sertraline and Depakote on the 13/10/2017: attended A and E where physical tests were undertaken and no treatment required. Jackie was discharged home after denying that this was an attempt to end her life. Jackie discussed her recent overdose and stressed that this was not a suicide attempt but that she “just wanted to sleep”.** Later on same section, **“CCO updated and informed that Jackie no longer had any prescribed medications.”** (I will not continue typing out the full transcripts of the flow of action as it will become quite tedious to anyone reading it. I will just give you times and dates and a rough idea of what was said) Later that same day 12:30 hours an urgent medical review was requested by CCO. This was “to discuss medication reinstatement following overdose” but it seems that in another column of the table called 'Care Delivery Problems' there was a “lack of clarity of medication reinstatement following the overdose.” This to me sounds like they were not clear as to what my actual medication was (confirmed on page 32 of the report under the section Care Delivery Problems where under the recommendations sections it said “Clinical notes to clearly state name, dose and date of recommencement of medication”) which is a different issue in itself but the real point is that I had no medication at that time.

At 12:30 on the same day they contacted my brother who was “aware of the recent overdose” (the one that he had informed them about 3 hours before) then stated that I was not answering his calls (which was unusual) but was aware that Frank was still in contact as he was keeping him updated.

They asked him to get Frank to contact the CCO to “provide the fullest picture of Jackie's current needs,” so it appears that they still did not know them a day before I jumped. Now onto the day itself. The first detail had no time to it but said “Presented with severe cognitive impairment. Jackie asked the CRHT to leave her house. Due to presentation Mental Health Act (MHA) assessment requested” In the same piece it said that the CRHT had returned to my address but got no answer so informed the MHA team about it also saying that they would keep trying. At 12:20 the CTHT informed the SW (social worker) that I had severe cognitive impairment and asked her to take the MHA assessment request forward. An Approved Mental Health Practitioner (AMHP) was provided with the relevant information and contact details. At 13:30 the same day the CCO did manage to get in touch with me by phone but I just said that I would call her back though never did. At 16:07 the social worker contacted Frank and asked him if he knew where I was. They contacted him again at 14:28 when he said that he was still unaware but would go around to my house to check. He also stated that “whilst he did not have any evidence, he thought that Jackie had hoped to end her life on the 13/10/3017” (I don't know what they meant about evidence unless they were talking about a suicide note or something but I thought that the empty tablet packets would have been evidence enough).

At 17:15 Frank contacted them to say that he had found me and I spoke to the Social Worker on the phone. Then at 18:27 he phoned again wanting an immediate MHA assessment and the circle was complete. There were a couple of things to glean from that. The first is that my medication was not replenished as they still did not know what it was nor had they been in physical contact with me long enough to actually give it to me if they had have known. The second was to their credit and that was they recognised that there was something wrong and wanted a MHA assessment which brings us onto the Doctors (I call them doctors more to do with the fact they doctored the report than any medical capabilities). They seemed to me to be very inexperienced as they thought that I would actually be telling the truth when I was talking to them as they had not recognised the fact that I was psychotic. I would like to give you my experience of psychosis so you might understand what I mean. When I am Psychotic it is not actually me that is talking my imagination has taken over. (I won't elaborate too much as it will make it complicated). I was still aware of what was going on but I had no control in its participation. (The true me was still in there and I actually thought that I was in contact with them through telepathic means telling them this and that I needed help). The same thing happened on both my suicide attempts and the reason I gave them the reason for the first. As for the first attempt I can only guess that they did not have the full details of it or did not recognise it as such if they did.

Speaking of the first attempt I'm afraid that it seems that I have to put my hat back on as even in fiction no self respecting writer would use such a term as a “minor overdose”. (Well unless they were saying that I had taken two tablets instead of the allotted one though my brother would not really have phoned them up to inform them of this.) When my brother phoned up to relate what had happened to me he just said overdose not minor as that makes no sense. A “minor” point but it distracts the reader from the truth of the matter which was that it was a serious suicide attempt. (Not by me but my psychotic me though the outcome would still be the same. I was a danger to myself) Looking back in the details section it said that I told them that when I took the tablets that I “just wanted to sleep,” which they believed daft as it sounded as they were not actually sleeping pills. I will not say any more on that.

At the time of the assessment I had no medication which to be honest did not really matter as having been sectioned 5 times already it did not seem to be working. My brother had expressed concerns as to if I had actually been diagnosed wrongly. Now before you dismiss that I would like to say that he is (well was as he is now retired) a highly qualified and highly regarded psychiatric nurse. (another reason why he would not say a minor overdose) He phoned up the Unit one time I was sectioned and asked the nurse there if that was the case. I had been diagnosed with Bi-polar Affective Disorder by then which he thought at my age (in my forties) I was too old to have as it was more of a teenager thing. Later on, after I had jumped, and in the Spinal Unit I was in I was re diagnosed as Schizo Affective Disorder (So I wasn't really BAD just SAD).

Frank also expressed concern with the diagnosis and though not medically trained he has wisdom through experience. He spent 12 years having to care for his brother who was a paranoid schizophrenic with delusions of grandeur. Frank personally suffers from Bi Polar himself and is on similar medication to myself. Now by virtue of the fact that I had a new diagnosis I would say that is was safe to say that I had actually been misdiagnosed so that's a point that does not need to be pursued.

I will say though what ever medication that I did receive I believe was ineffectual as it did not get rid of the voices. It could not treat the cause it just tried to null the effect with the vain hope that it would go away eventually.

So onto mental illness itself. I am afraid that for all that's been said and written about it seems we actually know very little about the subject. Sure we can put it into little boxes neatly labeled and tied up in a bow but when it comes to anything more we are pretty much in the dark. In fact a lot of things from a self development point of view should actually be classed as mental illness though they are not. Anything that dehumanises another human being in your mind should really be classed as such. Whether it be pride or avarice or any of the deadly sins it has no place in a balanced mind nor in the world we live in but that's another story.

Now I do not claim to be an expert but hopefully my personal experience may give insight and hopefully some understanding to some of you. First thing that I have to tell you is that it creeps up on you and also that it gets stronger as your Will diminishes. There were signs of its approach but I was too ignorant at the time and wrapped up in the situation I was in to recognise them. They are recorded in the book though so you can see them for yourself and not fall into my trap. Now every case is an individual I know but if you can recognise its approach you maybe able to take actions to avoid it and save yourself a lot of trouble. (Come to terms with the problem or if that is not possible get out of the situation that caused it.) Another thing about it is that it likes to live in darkness so I would recommend the books on the website (Don't let it get to the stage that I got to though before reading them,) and the mantras as well.

As I strengthened my Will my Imagination evolved out of darkness and became more positive as too did my state of mind. This weakened the voices quite a lot and so I managed to get control back in my mind. Remember that mental illness is actually like a cancer. It needs a negative environment (acidic mind) to live. It actually feeds of this negativity and through this it gets its strength and grows in strength. I realise that the environment around you does have an effect on your state of mind but always keep in mind the big picture and have a creative outlet as it does go a long way to nulling its effect.

Onto the voices themselves. You cannot actually kill them as they are part of you. You can evolve them though through light, mantras and actually coming to terms with them. This is quite hard as though you are bringing them into the light you are pretty much in the dark as to their progress. Many times you might think its done only to find out you've been tricked. (It was a steep learning curve for me I will admit and as I wrote the book in semi-diary form I was still evaluating and re-evaluating throughout. So sorry if it sounded confusing in places but it is difficult to put down the Collective thoughts of a schizophrenic).

Dreams are quite good to use when gauging your progress and even guiding you so I would recommend taking heed of what they say. This can be difficult as they rely heavily on symbols but understand them and you will be surprised at what they have to tell you. It might be advisable to buy a book on dream interpretation to give you a bit of background into it. Most of the symbols will be personal to you though but with some thought into it you will soon bring the meanings into the light. There are also other signs that let you know and so might be worth knowing. One thing to look out for would be the sense of elation you get after each one has been cleansed. Another thing would be the mergence of voices as when the negativity has been purified they come back into the fold. As I have mentioned before it is very difficult to gauge your progress and to make matter worse evolution actually occurs on two levels. It really is a mindfield you have to pick your way across

Well hopefully that will suffice and be of help. I have tried to keep the book upbeat and cheerful but sometimes the situations got too much for me and this is reflected in my writing so I apologise for that. This is not, well should not be anyway, a book about blame and shame but a book that will help people with mental illness to cope and perhaps even come to terms with. That was my purpose in writing it. I would recommend the mantras though and website www.writerwithastutter.com to everyone as I think that anyone can benefit from them and get the peace of mind that we all crave if not consciously then subconsciously.

I will leave you with an advertisement for the website as my brother has been accused in the book of trying to promote it I thought it might be fitting. It is loosely based on an advertisement that my brother used when he first started to promote it.

[Www.writerwithastutter.com](http://www.writerwithastutter.com)

Within each and everyone of you lies a god or goddess. Knowing this gives you confidence, understanding this gives you enlightenment and truly understanding this gives you divinity. Before you is two collections of books to help you to attain this state

of mind (for that is what it is). The first collection (The Tree of Life-the Collective Thoughts of a Schizophrenic) gives you knowledge of self and the second (The Pi Factor) gives you knowledge of purpose. These two branches of knowledge fall under the term esoteric and actually strengthen your mind through awareness of self and gives you confidence through awareness of purpose.