



Thank you for taking the time to answer the feature questions below.

Please, tell us about yourself?

I was born in Namibia, South West Africa. Without writing a book, my mother found a true gentleman after breaking free from a horrendous entrapment with a madman, that despite he being a madman, I'd never have been born, both my mother and I share the split view on that subject, though he was short lived after meeting my mother's new gentleman. Thanks to the wonders of knowledge her gentleman, my step dad, had in the engineering realm of life, he landed a job with one of the first computer companies globally, my mother, he and I ended up living in Ireland for some months, Indonesia for a year, then Sydney Australia for a year, then Brisbane Australia for six years. The education I had amounted at the age of 13, being back in England, had covered schooling in Africa, England, Ireland, Indonesia, and Australia. Language was easy, though simple differences of sounds. Objects held more fascination with me than communication. I wasn't really a talkative child for many years, also due to being a single child with no brothers or sisters. My parents seemed through most of my life till 13, to create an environment around me of peace and freedom at every turn. My step dad was a workaholic, unfortunately I never had as much time with him as I me wanted, though years later I've realised that he cared for my mother and I so much that the business he established with my mother, that was worth after 4 years a total if sold, of 1 million Australian dollars, in 1990. It all went wrong somehow, and after a year of private high schooling, we had to move back to England and Portsmouth was where they choose due to warmer weather. Here, I were placed into a public school, were due to the level of education being oddly beneath me, my focus was simply on getting enough grades to please my parents. Then college came... studying part time course of photography, full time... politics, German, and economics. I were 17 at that point of after one year of college and not only had I become so bored of new people and education that I cared none for, led me into an inspiring colourful joyfully world of psychedelic drugs that helped me break free from the tormenting memories of a unwanted serial advance from a male when I were five years old, who was the same age as me. It became that regular to me that it was every weekend non-stop for about 3 months. I dealt drugs, used drugs, and loved the imagination that it opened up in me that I had once as a child. A meeting was called with me, the principal, the politics teacher, the economics teacher and the home room teacher. They asked me to leave college which I did considering I had a part time job as a waiter which turned into a full time job of 56 hours a week. My parents soon after, wanted to move to Spain, so I was left to decide to go with them or stay. I could not afford to stay so I left with them, though I only stayed for about six months due to my step father asking me to leave when I turned 18. I returned to Portsmouth, found a room in a house and claimed benefit, while engrossed in protesting and drugs, both of which helped keep my mind focused and off all the sadness of losing friends in the other countries and the torment in my life. Soon after, when I was 19, I began to break down. I left the relationship I were in, and walked off out of Portsmouth with only my clothes, and months later, unable to carry on, I found myself in Airedale general hospital being told that they were putting me on watch for six weeks as a detox. The six weeks over, they escorted me to the train station and sent me back to Portsmouth, when I arrived; I walked all the way back. They put me in a hospital near Airedale which was full of



heroin addicts. I asked someone if they could help me find somewhere else to stay, though that person took me to their home, spiked me with heroin in a roll up, then took advantage of me securely, then left me on the floor naked till the morning. He gave me some clothes, some money, a bag to put the clothes into and after I got dressed in my clothes again, I walked off from his being nice so that I did not attack him otherwise I would have killed him and probably have ended up in jail for murder even though he were the one that attacked me. So I left with a smile, got back to the hostel, phoned telephone enquiries to find my grandmothers number, not knowing where my parents were. I found my grandmothers



number, phoned her, she gave me my mother's number and I called my mother explaining everything. She called her brother, and next I was told to get a bus to Worthing. I stayed with my uncle for about a month, and left to come back to Portsmouth, due to difficulties in a job in Worthing. I went to a hostel, we're given a room, and after about a month, I tried to throw myself off a large building, I shocked myself not knowing why I were trying to commit suicide, so I walked to the psychiatric hospital in Portsmouth and broke down in front of them and even cried. They kept me in the hospital for a few weeks then I phoned my mother again. I told her what was happening and she told me they were in France. I went to London, got another passport, and vanished from the hospital one morning close after, got on a ferry to France and spat at England off the ferry. My parents were selling and buying from a mobile home across France Germany and Spain. I found a job in Spain after the medication had worn off a few months later from the hospital that my parents saw me dribbling tired and a wreck from that they understood why I wanted to get away from everything on England. I stayed in Spain as a waiter for 2 and a half years, then started breaking down again due to being accused of a rape which left me getting up packing and moving in anger back to Portsmouth, the vibes at work were angering me so much due to being accused of something I never did nor ever would do due to knowing how I were conceived... I were very upset and wanted to hurt the person that accused me that to keep



myself calm, I felt I had no choice than to move back to England so I spoke to my mother who spoke to another one of her brothers in Liverpool which I stayed with for a few months. My mum warned me about her brother, and he even did turn his back on me after some months, stole some of my money and threw me out of his house. So yet again, I came back to Portsmouth, found a place in a hostel that just have talked to doctors about me or they found my name pop-up on machines, I were taken to the psychiatric hospital again, and after six months, I were given a large flat. I then began my drawings and designs that I created when I worked in Spain. It took a long time to open up to the doctors as I conditioned myself to not trust anyone and to gain from the doctors more benefit and comfort to deal with everything from the past, I was now 22 years old.



Do you have any coping strategies that you use?

I have learnt that keeping the part of my brain responsible for allowing the imagination to work, has been the most persistent and continuous method enabling my recovery over 16 years, whether using drugs to counter effect wrong medications, or alcohol to elevate stress, or drawing and creating pieces of art, all of which helped me greatly to focus with joy and keeping me in a happy mood. The persistent evasive and invasive methods the mental health team use and have used, only opens old scars which created in me, emotional upsets and fits of anger both constantly leading to being held as a captive, in the psychiatric hospital. It was only a few years ago now, that they finally contacted my mother, who was able to verify that yes I were conceived from a gang rape, which only opened old scars for her, though the doctors finally knowing that everything I had said over 15 or so years was true, that they started to treat me with dignity and respect and started giving me a different course of medications and now I finally have medications that work and I'm happy to take. I've always been artistic since my grandad gave me a camera at the age of three, and I have



constantly battled the stigma that art is not a male or straight thing to do. Drawing a heart to give to a girl... is simply natural to me.



What projects are you currently working on?

I am currently creating multi levelled board games that are educational and hopefully will be playable for young people. I am also creating sketch works that are letters in a word, shown as pictures that fit what the word is. I also from time to time create illustrations of female clothing that do not provoke the states of mind of males that lead to being followed or harassed or such, that are still seductive, though not, sleazy. While also talking to doctors about how to restructure the mental health service, to help other patients, though not solely with art, though with aromatherapy, acupuncture, sounds, such like to re spark a patients imagination and happiness so they don't fall into a downward spiral from constantly being reminded of the past and help them focus of a future that would include prosperity.

The future...

I am uncertain about the future, though I am getting close to a full recovery, therefore I am looking to possibly moving to Amsterdam to pursue work as an artist or fashion illustrator, or game created. It would be easier there than here, though I am still trying to find suitable work here as well in the UK.

Favourite quote?

"...As the world grows smaller, our dreams get closer..."
- my own quote