

THE CONFLICTS AND STRUGGLES

of Donni-Jay

SYNOPSIS.

Mine has been an incredible life filled with grief, loss, disasters, physical pain and many escapes! Becoming a minor celebrity. Meeting Prince Charles and Lady Di face to face, by accident on their side of the red carpet! Many Supernatural encounters. Exorcism; the story being put on the front page of 'The News of the World.' Involvement with the Soho Mafia. Mainly I hope that I shall be pointing out that no-one owes us anything. It is up to ourselves to make the most out of life and get through the bad parts. So, sometimes we get taken in. Well, we just have to jolly well get up and try again and be more careful.

There have been four husbands. (amongst them, two impotent ones,) - a witch who behind my back amassed himself over £1million and a half in properties, while I was suffering all the symptoms of long term poisoning; a vicious karate expert and thug/cum alcoholic father of my second child; a self confessed assassinator, 'Paul Bruce,' who wrote the worldwide best selling book, 'The Nemesis File,' his autobiography about being in the British Army in one of the 'SAS Execution Squads.' Paul had almost conquered the problems of being an alcoholic, but the nature of one can never be hidden for long, and he just seemed to have set out to con me out of my remaining money.

Then there were also the seven common-law-husbands - one who is the father of my first daughter and the son of a heart consultant; one who moved from town to town just to be with me, and who got murdered in an argument over me; one who married my sister after our very volatile daily argumentative relationship; one who is still a great friend of mine to this day; one who was the best friend of the married man, with 6 children that I fell for; one called Lambo, who was a millionaire and looked after me for five years; and one gorgeous, young looking 47 year old body building man, drummer and businessman. I met and came to live with him in America, at the age of 55 years. I hope to marry him very soon, and be with him for the rest of my life. I see success and happiness at last, as I am being hugely launched early next year 2005. All thanks to him and his faith in me!

INTRODUCTION:

THE CONFLICTS AND STRUGGLES IN MY LIFE

This book will be an eye opener, and I hope to show people that it is possible to keep on overcoming adversities, though they are thrown regularly and sometimes all at once! It depends on the way one looks at it. I took everything as a challenge, and played life as if it were a 'chess game.' I think it's best if I explain that I have lived the kind of life that might have driven some people crazy, as it has been filled with non-stop action, emotions, trauma, disasters, physical and mental abuse, illnesses, operations (and not only mine) guilt, grief, loss, being blamed for things I never did, but sometimes had to lay claim to. Then there is my determination not to be 'put down' by the bad luck that life, (or whatever) throws at you, well maybe you too, but I meant me.

My optimistic nature has prevented the death of me shall I say, even though I tried to cause the death of me, several times! I was blown up in a gas explosion once! I would love to go deeper but here and now is not the time. I shall soon be telling the world all about my life in as much detail as I can remember and through the memories of other's whose lives have touched mine.

You might understand if I say that I have moved home 116 times (I have ALL the addresses written down and there is a story to each and every one of them) I had to keep starting afresh in so many different towns, and mostly on my own. (My reasons will be very understandable once I tell you why I had to keep moving) My main theme in life seemed to be surviving it, but throughout, every time a door was closed it wasn't long before I had a choice of a few others and each was a gamble. It was mostly a choice of which was the best of the worst ones. Many did not pay off.

-

Chapter One.

I was born on 21st July 1949 in 'Millionaires Row', Bishop's Avenue, Finchley, London, United Kingdom.

My Grandparents were ex-colonials and had lived a very wealthy life with a huge house, Rolls Royce car and servants. My Papa even had his own train. Now they lived in London, England, along with my parents. Soon, children arrived, first me, and then my two brothers. (One more brother and two sisters were born after we moved to Swindon, out in the country.)

Now, I shall try to introduce you to my life. My late mother, was part Polynesian/ British. She was a nurse and dressmaker/designer, and she taught me to read and write. By the time I was four years old I was able to read out aloud from newspapers, write letters and keep diaries. I loved to write stories, make little books and sell them to my school friends! (I thought this made me a REAL writer!) I remember the books were mainly about my thoughts and insights into adult behaviour. I thought that they understood little about the things that I said to them. I knew, they only 'pretended' to understand.

I also wrote about incidents that happened around me, or to me. My Granny, who the whole family lived with from the time of my birth until I was 10 years old, spent the most time with me. She was able to really interact with me, and we sat together for hours while I listened enthralled to her stories of her past Colonial life. She spoke of all the entertaining she did, and the 'social events' thrown at the 'big house' my relatives used to live in with Granny and my grandfather, known as Papa. He was with the British Government, as a Commissioner, and he held a very high position with the Great Indian Railway in India, until they (the British) got thrown out due to the 1947 uprising.

Granny and Papa had many servants, maids, cooks and nurses for each of their four children. As far as I could tell the servants were treated well, (I was very concerned by this as a child after I had read a book on slavery, which upset me very much indeed.) Granny, poor soul, listened to me for hours also, as I constantly bombarded her with questions. I constantly told her that I wanted to be a writer of books, so that I could tell everyone about the things I had learned. I innocently thought that no one else might know about these things. Just one of the things my Granny told me about was how her and Papa went out to socialize one evening, and when she got back home, she found out that her youngest baby son, had died.

His Ayiah (nurse) was distraught, as well she might be. She frequently, without my Granny's knowledge, put a little sleeping draught on cotton wool, under the nose of her little 'charge' to help the child go to sleep and give her (the Ayiah) some peace. The child, William, (who would have been my uncle) had been given too much on this occasion, and he had gone deeply unconscious and died. I knew Granny was very upset when she told me this story, but my questions were, "I hope you were able to console the Ayiah, she didn't mean for that to happen. How will she be able to live with herself? What happened to her?" I had just started school, so I must have been about five years old at the time.

Granny stared at me, and tears streamed down her cheeks while she hugged me. She then took my chin in her hands, stared straight into my eyes and said, "Child, you have the spirit of an old woman!" Her words are still very clear to me, though at the time I didn't know what she meant or if she was cross with me. But she hugged me again tight to herself and we both cried and cried. I knew we cried for William, the Ayiah and for Granny.

Eventually, I started school, where I was disliked and ridiculed because I was the only child there who was colored (although my mother was much darker than me, my father was white, part Spanish/English). The priest from the Church next door to the school, across the road from Granny's house, used to take me into the Church at playtimes. As I was tiny for my age, he would carry me around and we would light the candles. He would tell me that Jesus loved me and would

always stand by me no matter what the other children said, or did. So I was to never think that I was alone. This priest, 'Father Jarrott' had christened me, and he was also a friend of my Granny (who was very religious) and my Papa. I remember Father Jarrott mostly as he was my first friend. Rev Davey, who was a much younger man, (and who I am still very closely in contact with) was also a friend of Father Jarrott and my Grandparents. We three, though mostly Father Jarrott and myself, daily lit those candles in his church for the rest of the five years I was at that school.

I was about seven years old when my mother got very angry with me, and it was the first time I saw her cry (apart from when I fell into the fire off of my hobby horse and burnt my forearm). She could smell the bleach in my bath water where I had tried to bleach myself a lighter color. Mum later tried to explain something to me. She showed me two pairs of shoes, one brown pair and one pair black. She held them both up to her face and demonstrated the difference in the colors. I remember that I was definitely not black, and neither was my mother. She was not even as brown as the color of the brown shoe. I just had to accept that children could not tell the difference between colors very well. Either that or they were just plain ignorant.

Generally I was very happy with life there with all my family around me. My mother had lost both her parents when she was 18 years old, lost her inheritance to her uncle when she left the country before she was of an age to collect. She did not have any brothers or sisters, but my father had two sisters and one brother. They all lived in apartments in Granny's house, and they were all trained musicians (as were Granny and Papa). It was great fun, as we always seemed to have parties, and everyone would play and sing. Christmas's were truly magical for me. I also remember everyone would jive to the rock and roll records. As small as I was I joined in and never realized that I would grow up to be a professional solo dancer. It wasn't any wish of mine. I was just a natural, and it happened.

Things are starting to get worse now.

Chapter Two.

My parents took me away from my Granny when I was 10 years old and I was heartbroken. This was due to one of my brothers, Steve, having breathing troubles and our doctor saying to my parents that it would be much better for that brother to be healthier and a life out in the country, instead of living in the smog filled air which London was so full of, back then. Even at that age I loved living in North London. I soon made it my business to come back when I was older!

Up to date I have lived in one hundred and fourteen places. Including my parents home where I ran away two days before my seventeenth birthday, which was the very last time I got a beating from my father. From leaving Granny's house at ten years old my life changed drastically. Mum was catholic and ended up having six children. I was called upon to do so much work in the house and had the children to look after as both Mum and Dad alternated with night shifts, Mum being a nurse and Dad a toolmaker. I was not being allowed to go out with friends or have any time to myself. (A total prisoner) Mum hated Dad's cruelty to us children and stood up for us when she could, but he got his own back when we were alone with him. His warnings in public were pinches, where he twisted the skin of our arms and looked straight at us, daring us to cry out or move away. It was actually very good training for life and in a way I thank him for this. His other technique when we were really noisy or broke something, was to make us stand in the middle of the room with our arms held level to our armpits, and for them not to drop at all. If our arms went down, he would hit us around the legs with his belt.

This training actually made us quite muscular in the arms. It seemed we were always made to do this, but I can not remember anyone being naughty enough to warrant even half as much of our punishment as we all got.

Though my father could be kind when we were ill or, when I had my migraines and got sick in the sink. (He used to hold my forehead tightly for me which helped a lot.) He used to change so rapidly from one extreme to another. We were all scared to let ourselves have a good time in his company, as suddenly we would do something that tried his patience and he'd hit any part of us that he could reach. He had been brought up so strictly and had been beaten, so thought it alright to beat his children.

Mum told us that Dad was like this because he used to be a boxer in the Royal Air Force where he was a pilot, and also for a few years when he was in civvy street. He was a semi professional boxer, as he got paid for his fights at Harringay Stadium, London. Mum said he was a bit punch drunk. He certainly could not be patient, I knew that much.

Both my brothers, Doug and Steve (there was three years difference between them.) were enlisted in a youth boxing club, where they were taught to box and then later at home also when Dad trained them. I used to 'practice box' with my brothers and they never held their punches back as they thought I was tough enough to take it. I would love to have been a boxer and each day I wished I had been born a boy.

Although I tried so hard to do my best with the housework and somehow I never had my mother's skill. I often made more of a mess by tipping things over, and having even more to clean up than when I started. But then I suppose with changing baby's diapers, feeding babies, taking them to bed, bringing them down again, it did interrupt me quite a bit! I would have loved to have had

company with my school friends, but I never seemed to get my work done to get any spare time, and what time I did have free, I was using up by going to college in the evenings for a couple of hours.

My father made it even worse when he was around. He would call me in from the kitchen to pick up his tobacco which was about two inches away from him, on the table. He would never put himself out in the slightest, when one of us children could fetch something to him. He had been so used to having servants doing his complete bidding, that I tried my hardest not to think badly of him for this. When my mother caught him wasting our time like this she used to have a go, and call him Sir Vyvan. Often I heard her say that breeding counted for nothing anymore unless you had the money to back it up. I knew they were both having terrible troubles with these drastic changes in their lives.

I was able to work for a bit. I had some hilarious times, working in shops, offices and even a factory making cigarettes! I seemed to cause ructions wherever I went. I had some fun times and made many friends! Still keeping up college, as I desperately wanted my certificates of education. After a while of this Mum needed me to stay home, full-time to look after the children for her, so she could step up her hours. Of course I agreed although I knew that would be the end of my freedom as it was. (Going to college was not social, it was a lot of cramming.)

Gradually the beatings got more and more. It seemed to be my will against his. Dad would keep striking with his belt until I cried. Most of the time he said he was hitting me for the look I had in my eyes which was of defiance, so he said. He would hit me until I was writhing about in so much pain, that it was well past the crying stage. It was so hard to catch my breath. All I could do was screw my face up in agony and wriggle as fast as possible to stop the burning feelings. At the end of this, he would do one of two things. Either; pick me up from the floor and hug me to him tightly telling me that he was only beating me because he loved me, and he wanted me to turn out to be a proper, decent lady. (He always beat me when news flashes came on television of the girls sobbing hysterically for the Beatles!) He did not want me to turn out like that. Or, he would sneer down at me, saying, "Now don't you forget why you got that beating!" I was terrified that he might ask, "Do you remember why I beat you?" As he some times did. There was no logical reason I could give to him. This ridiculed me so much, and made things far worse. Sometimes, he would get so angry again if I could not make up a valid excuse for his cruelty, that he would start beating me all over again.

I had tried to tell Mum about this, especially when she had noticed my bruises. Dad had said that I was trying to cause trouble between them and poor Mum did not know what to believe. Especially, when Dad would say that I had fallen and hurt myself or, bumped into something.

Sometimes his punches caught my breasts and once I developed a huge abscess in one of them. The abscess had to be removed and was left to drain for a few days afterwards. Although I had already had my tonsils, adenoids and appendix removed, along with a ganglion that was on the back of my wrist, the pain of the abscess was terrible, and I can still remember it today. I am ashamed to admit that I used to pray every night, that one morning when I took his cup of tea into him and woke him for breakfast, that he would be dead.

There was something else despicable which he used to do to me, while I was having my bath. He used to say it was my fault for looking sexy and as he had helped to make me, I was not to deny him. I can not say any more than that right now.

After seven years of this treatment I could take no more and I ran away from home, two days before my seventeenth birthday with someone I barely knew, through a school friend. This chap was on drugs and homeless, and had persuaded me that it was better than putting up with the cruelty. I ended up begging on the streets for food, and living in a squat. A derelict house in Bow, East London, with junkies on Heroin. I had very frightening experiences, for one who had never

been allowed out socially on her own. After two dreadful weeks I got a family friend to take me back home to face the music.

I had been pining for my Mum and now when she saw me, at her front door, her face became twisted as she said that a coloured girl had been found cut up in bits, and found dead in a sack. Mum then said that she had said to my father, she hoped it was me, as I deserved it for running away.

All I needed was a hug, I felt so hurt and unloved. Then she said "I hope your children hurt you far more than you've hurt me!" (It turned out they certainly did.) And then she said, "Everything you have in that handbag is what you own. All the things you left behind will be dispersed amongst your sisters, and the rest given away." I pleaded with her, as I at least wanted to keep the gifts my Granny had given to me. I was not able to take them all when I left, only taking one bag with me. My mother refused saying, that as I didn't need them enough before to stay at home, so I didn't need them now. Even my explanations about the beatings, and why I had to leave, made no difference, and she had said that I should have stayed for her sake. How long was that going to carry on for anyway? she had asked. I could not believe she expected me to just take this kind of treatment.

I later worked out what was the problem. My parents were unable to adjust to their new lives and had found it so difficult, especially with six children to bring up too. My mother not having had any brothers or home life, having been brought up in an Irish Convent with very strict Nuns teaching her as well as having her faithful Aiyah by her side, from the age of 3 years until 18 years. Just did not know how to cope or how to respond to situations. I wish I had understood that then, instead of just feeling so unloved and commiserating with myself.

My main wish in life had become to be a mother myself, so I would have the love of my own children and also, to be an Author. I would only want to work from home, and not have to leave my children for someone else to look after.

During the time I had run away from home one of my brothers, Doug, who is 18 months younger than I am, had been getting into serious trouble. He had a little gang that used to steal sweets from the shop just inside a boating/fishing park we had near our home. This particular time, the police were ready for my brother and his lot. The police closed in as the boys took their haul of sweets, candy, biscuits and chocolates, away with them in boxes. Suddenly there was blue uniforms everywhere. All the boys dropped their booty and ran for their lives. All, that is except Doug! He had tried to run with his big box of goodies held tightly in front of his chest. As the police were catching him up and they had a German Shepherd dog, he decided to climb a tree. He still never dropped his box so this inhibited him some. Doug struggled to get up the tree which meant freedom, as the other side had a drop and he could have gone down there and outran the police. They would have had to go around to get to him. But, a dog had caught hold of his trouser leg and was pulling like mad. Eventually they got him out of the tree and took his booty off of him.

After interrogating Doug and finally managing to get his real name and address, they took him home and searched the house. My father had evidently gone berserk at Doug for humiliating him, by getting into trouble with the police and having the neighbours watching what was happening. He was in for a bigger shock. A sawn-off shotgun was retrieved from the cistern in a plastic bag! My poor brother was in so much trouble. And all this time I had just been thinking about my own problems.

Doug had to go to court, which heard that he had been shooting at the back of peoples legs, as they walked down the road. He had done this through the holes in our fence. My very first friend ever who lived at the back of our house, was always getting involved in things like this too, so I expect she had a part to play in it. This girl now happened to be a man and has undergone the operation too. (We had always thought her too adventurous and naughty to have been a girl.)

Well, the plight of my brother Doug, was such; he could either go to a 'Borstal' (home for delinquent boys which was extremely strict on them.) Or, go into the Army.

Doug was only fifteen years old and he hated the thought of either place, but it was decided for him, as they thought his attitude and the fact that he was the leader of the gang, and would not give up the names of his accomplices, that he would be best placed in the British Army. So that is how it happened that Doug was working in a factory, while waiting for his date to come up for recruitment.

So when Mum let me live back in the house, I got a job in this factory with my brother Doug, while I wasted time there, until my date came for moving into the Nurses Home, and I could begin studying as a trainee nurse at Savernake Forest, Cottage Hospital near Marlborough, Wilts., (This is what Dad told me I had to do if I wanted Mum to speak to me again.)

Here my antics in the nurses home, almost got me thrown out. I scared the other live-in nurses with stories of ghosts in the nurses home, and at night lead them down the darkened corridors of the home, following the noises of footsteps, whilst 'protecting' them, when they had to go to the toilets.

But I left on my own accord, after almost completing my training, because I was coming out in hives, as I was far too emotional to be a nurse. I got too involved in the terrible things I saw happening to the patients. I have seen some terrible pain and suffering in hospitals, just through my short time of being a nurse. The first time I saw a person die was in the men's ward when I was seventeen years and left on my own, on duty while the other three nurses including the sister, went for tea break. I thought it was very unfair that this was done to me, as there was a dying man along with three patients who had had their operations that day, for me to watch. I was terrified, but tried to look brave as I sat at the desk filling out the records. This was a daily information chart on all the patients and how they had been that day. For instance, how well they were doing after surgery, if they had eaten, gone to toilet, things like that.

In between I kept checking on the progress of the post ops, and kept popping in on dying man, whose breathing was very laboured. Sister told me that he would not last long. I chose to sit with him and sat there praying for his soul. Sometimes his breathing would stop and when I put my face close to listen, he would suddenly whoosh a big breath out and frighten the life out of me! My heart nearly stopped on several of these occasions. My timing had been right, for about ten minutes after me being, there he died. He also did the death rattle and then was quiet. I prayed right over him this time and then went to find sister. Eventually I did, she was in Matron's office and I disturbed them to give the news. I was asked what time he had died and I said about five minutes ago, and that I had prayed for him. I was told that the definite time was more important than praying for him.

Another patient I experienced sadness with was, Mr Moore and his very sweet wife. Mr Moore had been diagnosed with stomach problems and had been given antacids for years, but now he was going down for an exploratory operation. When I got back on duty the following day, his wife was crying and Mr Moore was looking dreadful. I took her to the side and she told me the bad news. They had opened him up and found he was saturated with cancer, so had just been sewn up again. She was so upset that he had not been taken seriously years ago.

Later that day, the doctors had done their rounds and had come out from his curtains actually laughing! As they walked past and then in front of me, I heard them laughing about not catching him before it got this bad, and that Mr. Moore looked as if someone had puffed white flour all around his insides. One of the doctors, called Dr Tim, who we all knew had stomach cancer, had obviously stopped taking his oath seriously.

Mr Moore only lasted two weeks, once they had opened him up. I was so sad as I knew if they had handled this differently, he would have had more time with his wife, at least enough for his wife to learn to cope with her upcoming loss. There are many stories to add and to tell.

On leaving the hospital and coming home my mother could hardly bear to look at me let alone talk to me. As I was already engaged to Ken, (who looked very much like Robert Redford,) I decided to go ahead and get married. I had met him previously at the factory I worked in, waiting for the time to start my training. Ken had taken me to a judo lesson one evening, back then. On

the way home he kissed me. The next time we went to the Judo lesson and he brought me back, he said he loved me and asked me to marry him. (I was so innocent I assumed I must love him, as I had already let him kiss me and I wanted to leave home, so I said yes.)

Meanwhile, on returning home I worked in a fashion shop, where I was very popular with the manageress, Mrs Scutts. She gave Ken and I an open cheque to spend on anything we wanted, but we only got ourselves a dinner each out of it.

My mother would not come to the wedding, as she believed I was getting married just to get out of living at home. I guess it was half and half. It was a sad occasion. On that last day when I was getting ready for my wedding, Mum came down dressed in her nurses uniform as she was going on duty. She got to the door and turned back. I hoped she would say something nice. She said, "Best of luck and all that!" Went out shutting the door leaving me sobbing. People were at the Registry office, on behalf of my husband but there was no-one to support me. It spoiled my day and I believe my marriage too. It was a very bad start to married life. It was at least three months before my mother spoke to me again. Every time I would go home to visit she would go into another room, or into her bedroom and close the door.

Just a few months after being married I was raped for the first time, by a chap who had a kitten on his shoulder. He asked me for a drink for his kitten, when I was just going into my front door, after I had been shopping. He started the sexual attack almost immediately on walking past me into the house.

After this, I fell for a dashing young man called Nick, who was the son of a heart surgeon. My husband and I met him while we were applying for the job of selling encyclopedias. This man and myself found ourselves thrown together, on the same patches when we went out selling. Our crush on each other was mutual, and there was hell to pay with my marriage break up, through this. He was the father of my first daughter. His father a heart surgeon, had offered money for me to have an abortion, so that it would free Nick up to pursue his career, which was to be a surgeon. His father even approached my mother to get her to make me see sense.

The beginning part of us getting together was so difficult and eventually we got a house, just in time for me to go into hospital to have the baby. Childbirth proved very hard for me, and my daughter was born so weak. I had not been taken proper care of and had been left too long in labour, so she had been born with breathing problems. A few hours after I had fallen asleep, I was woken up to the words that my daughter had about an hour left to live, and there was nothing else that they could do for her. She was given the last rites and christened.

As I watched that tiny brown body which weighed just 4 lbs with thick black hair on her head. Wearing ice blue diapers about three inches wide, and her tiny body loaded down with tubes fighting for her life. I wondered why this was happening to her. My only little child, something that was mine at last. Something that was so helpless, tiny, precious and beautiful. Happening to someone who would grow to love me as much as I loved her. All I ever needed was someone who would really love and need me, so that I could return the huge amount of love I had stored up. I needed this little baby so much that I felt tremendous pain in my body, that physically hurt me in an unbearable way.

As I continued to try and stare some life into my daughter, her face turned and she opened her eyes and looked straight into mine. Her eyes were very blue and I was amazed at them being so bright. I tried to let her know how much I loved her and for her not to leave me, that I was sobbing hysterically, which made it difficult to see this precious little bundle. I was so scared for my baby's life, that I demanded the doctors allow me to get her father to bring in a healer that we knew casually, who lived close to us.

They allowed it just to shut me up. While Nick had gone to pick this man up I stayed outside that glass partition, watching the life draining out of my little flesh and blood. It wasn't too long before Nick came back with Mr. Smith the Healer. He was the reason for her survival. He knew exactly

how many hours old she was, and told me that his spiritual guide, Dr John, was in there with her, and he stated most assuredly that she was going to live.

Apart from my telling everyone not to worry, she was going to live, I do not remember anything more, except waking up two days later. I had fallen unconscious after standing next to Mr. Smith. I remember the strange sensation of feeling his arm resting against mine, and that is all. Coincidence or not, it was so, and two days later I woke up. My strength had been taken for her. The doctors thought I must have caught a virus, but their tests came up with nothing.

(Afterthought here: My little Donna had been saved, but only for me to lose her again on and off, in the first place, due to her being adopted by my parents, who sent me away to be a nurse again, but in Reading, Berks., until things went wrong between Mum and Dad because of Donna. Mum told me to come and get her, which I did, but it got me thrown out of the flat I was living in, as children were not accepted in rental accommodation hardly at all. Donna was often taken into foster care, while I was sent off homeless and sobbing my heart out. When I married my second husband, I was supposed to be adopting her back off my parents, as this was the only legal way to do it. But this new marriage with a violent alcoholic and an unplanned pregnancy, caused me to lose Donna when she was four years old, as well as having to give the baby up at birth. This lasted completely for twenty whole years, until I eventually managed to find Donna again, when she was twenty-four years old, married and with a 15 month old son. My grandchild. Two years after the baby, Teresa, had managed to find me and we all had a volatile time getting to know each other. We were loving for a while and then we all fell out with each other, through nothing more than insecurities and mis-understandings, and us all being ultra sensitive towards each other,)

On returning home with Nick, he did not seem very attentive and as yet again, my parents were not around me. I felt so scared and alone, with this tremendous responsibility. Sadly, Nick could not handle having a child, or maybe could not share me with the child. His jealousy caused us to have many fights, some turning physical. He would take our daughter Donna out of my arms, throwing her onto the settee, where I would run to pick her up and console her. He got so annoyed, as she would always cry when he went to pick her up. After about six months I was particularly depressed, though I never knew about this postnatal depression then. I just felt so bad, as Nick did not like my parents to come over, and I needed other company, especially a woman, my Mum, to talk to about my baby. I think I said something like I wanted to sleep and never wake up. Nick got the bottle of aspirin and started handing them to me one at a time, so I kept swallowing them seeing how far he would go. He kept it up, so I did too. After taking almost the whole large bottle I was going in and out of consciousness. Nick called an ambulance.

The woman next door in the Post Office and Grocery shop, Mrs Williams, took Donna in, and Nick got into the ambulance that took me to the hospital. Once there I was in a terrible state and very frightened. They used a stomach pump on me which made my throat so sore. I found out that my Mum was on duty when she walked in and saw me. I was in the intensive ward which meant this was the ward run by Nick's father, the heart surgeon. Nick was being given cups of teas, while I was laying there, with the worlds worst thumping headache you can possibly imagine. They could not give me any headache pills due to the aspirin still in my system. Mum came in, but my happiness to see her did not last. She was so cold as she said to me, "Can't you do anything properly? Do you always have to do things by halves?" And then she walked off, just like that! I tried to tell her I had only wanted to sleep, as I hadn't got any for ages. She would not listen to me.

Back home a few days later and after seeing a psychiatrist, it was obvious that Nick and I were on a downward spiral, as we just did not feel the same about each other any more. I was completely deaf for a week and can still remember what it was like. When my hearing came back I screamed as loudly as I could, just to be able to hear my voice again. But, this was the beginning of the end for Nick and me.