

This book is wrighten about me from the age of 14 yrs old its about my life in care and my life after i came out of care. The way it afected me and the way i changed me. i feel it was an important part of my life. If you should read it please dont feel sorry for me but understand it cos im glad i had all of the following experiences.
Syd

Chapter 1

The year was 1979, i was 14 year old my parant had just moved to a town called Colchester it was pritty normal as towns go. I was a quiet boy at this stage in my life, very ordernery. We had moved to Colchester becaus my dad was a civil servant and he had moved down here to start a new job. i wasn't to happy about the move because i had left all my friends behind but i had no say in the matter.

I was to start at a new school called St Hellena's secondary modern school. At this new school i found i hard to make friends i felt so alone i felt lick an alien from another planet. This is when my hatred of the Education system started and i decided not to go to school. i began to hang around in cafe's.

Soon i got to know a few people who were also bunking school. Around this time my crimanel carrer began. The person that introduced me to crim was a boy called Mark Parkin. He was about the same age as me, about 5 ft 5 tall with short brown hair. We used to go into town and do some shop lifting we would steal anything just because we got a kick out of it.

About tow or three months latir i was arrested for the first time. Because it was my first time i was given a casion and let go. This is when the trouble started at home. my parant begain to give me a hard time. Thay began to moan about my friends saying things like "Thay arn't real friends, thay are just using you." This used to get me very angry and we would have big argument.

Thing started to get on top of me and i began to get very angry. The only way i could get any peace was to run away from home. Unfortunately this only added to the problems. About six month latter i was arrested for stealing some moter bickes and also breaking and entering. I was taken to court for these offences. The courts decided that my parent couldn't controle me, So i was put into care of Essex County Concile. I was shiped off to a place called Chafford Park School for young offenders.

Chapter 2

This is when my life realy began to change i was sent to Chafford on a 28 day care order. The place in itself wasn't to bad, you had decent food, a nice bed, and the member's of staff were very plesen people. One person at Chafford was to play a very imortant role in my life. His name was Steven Babbage he was soon to become me best friends.

I managed to get through the 28 days without much trouble and was allowed to go back home to my parents. but the old trouble soon flared up again. i was taken back to Court for running away from home and put back in Care.

I was once again sent to Chafford wher i was to spend Three years of my life. At Chafford i was introduced to the joys of glue sniffing by Steven Babbage. He tolled me all about it and from there on the rest is history. The first sniff i ever had was in a park in Colchester. I had brought a tub of glue and a Crisp bag, put the glue in the bag and inhaled it. Soon i began to sniff glue every day spending all my money on it. Although i didn't know it i was addicted to the stuff. Many times i was arrested for glue sniffing Stev and me used to spend all day in a daze just wandering around town stoned. He was one of the most exsiting people i've ever meet.

When i came out of care my parents had decided to move to plymouth and i allso decided to move down with them. Plymouth was to be my new start in life.

Chapter 3

life in plymouth for the first six months was much the same as Colchester. I would spend all day up the

end of union street sniffing glue. I then became friends with a boy called Kev Gell. I met him when my parents decided to have Central heating installed. I asked him if he had ever sniffed glue and he said "yes". So we used to go out at weekends to sniff we had a lot of fun. A few months later Kev lost his job so we began to do it every day.

One of my favorite places to sniff was in Freedom Fields Park. A gang of about 15 to 20 people would go up there. Half would be sniffing and half would be drinking it became a meeting place. Tom Vosper who was later to become my best friend was one of the many sniffers hooked on glue.

After about a year a small gang of friends began to drift apart some moved away some got bored. I am very sad that this happened because we had such fun causing chaos.

Tom and me began to hang around together we would go off on sniffing trips all over the place. A favorite place to sniff became Saltram Woods because it was so peaceful. Life became very quiet and Tom found himself a girl friend and we stopped glue sniffing. At this stage I began smoking TEA (Dope) I would buy #8 worth for the week.

Not long after this someone asked me if I would like some Acid (LSD) and being the person I am I said yes why not. Since that day life has become one big trip.

After many years of ups and downs I've found true happiness. I feel so alive within myself.

I'm glad I decided to rebel against the system because I would probably be married with 2.4 kids a mortgage and feeling very depressed. I'm not a zombie for the people in power to push around coz I've got a free mind.

Forgotten Corpse

glue sniffer, glue sniffer, sitting the park, not bothering any one, just sniffing your bag, getting stoned out of your head, your mind runs wild, your on a different planet, just to get away from reality.

someone calls the pigs, they take you away, your mates shout and holler, laugh and look away, you spend hours in a cell, till you come down, then they let you out, and it's back up town,

the very next day, your back on the glue, sniffing away like you always do, you've got the habit, but you don't care, your clothes are a mess, you've got green hair, waking along with your bag, will people stare,

one day you'll be dead, and at your funeral people will mourn, news paper reporters will write, about your sorrowful death, but you'll soon be forgotten, just another rotting corpse!

by Syd.

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Glue

[sitting in my bed site stoned out of my mind I felt like writing this silly song]

Red hair green shoes leather jacket
Blue jeans walk down the street
Stumbles past stranger who stare
and shake their heads and
say they care but soon as you
go they'll forget

Dreaming in a grave yard lying
in the grass the hot summer sun
beating down on your face the world
starts spinning strange things happen
in your head but you don't care
coz you'll soon be dead

Your case gets worse your soon sniffing
every day selling all you own to buy
the glue your friends have died but
still carry on because your bored, to
get away from reality

lying in the hospital all sips and
dead the look on your face is just
a blank stare your brain is dead
your lick a large cabbage
unable to do anything on your
own.