
Biography Extracts

1. **[1968]** Some people barely remember their childhood. In my twenties, what I still retained of my childhood was crystal clear. It was only much later I not so much discovered, because I knew, but learned the proper word for my memory 'type': **Eidetic**. My very earliest still held memory is of tipping my now middle sibling out of his pram when he was barely three months old. It was a Silver Cross pram; those reading this born around the Sixties will remember. They were kind of ornate, with two curved chrome bars rising from its undercarriage to quite high at the rear where a handlebar was, like a shopping cart. Meant only for pushing the pram and not for supporting the weight of a two and a half year old trying to lift himself up to see his baby brother.
2. The memories now are scattered. As I gain years, so the memories become more disorganised and harder to recall in a continuous timeline, but they are largely still there. Once in a while I will be sitting in reverie, my thoughts roving my mental landscape, and something I had been thinking of will trigger a memory. A mnemonic in the reverie I had been engaged in touched a chord somewhere far back in time in my mind, and there it is... A memory, not always from deep childhood, but something my unconscious felt critical to share...
3. **[Around 2022]** Another memory I have that only recently began surfacing is one that I had rarely had throughout life and usually only when my physical and mental states are both 'at peace' and tranquil. The reason it began surfacing again very vividly is because my father died on **6th February 2022**. I had not seen him since late 2016. The news was devastating. I think I knew the day he died before anyone told me. As the narrative progresses I will detail why I believe this and what the 'connection' was between us that was so deep.
4. **[After February 2022]** It was some time after he died that I made the trip from where I was living at the time back to my childhood home town. I had not been to the funeral, as when I learned that he had died it was sometime after the actual event. When I went back to my childhood home I found it had changed drastically. Clearly the property had been sold, and in fact later investigation of the land registry confirmed my suspicion: the entire property of **19 acres** with **5 acres** of man-made small lake was under new freehold ownership.
5. **[September 16, 2016]** Of course, I knew this was going to be a likelihood... My last conversation with my father on **16th September 2016** was an entire afternoon discussion. It was mostly me talking and him interjecting with a question or comment. The central core of the conversation was around his leading question of "What would you do with this place?"

Appendix

Last Conversation with Father - September 21, 2016

A father's words were never just advice; they were echoes of battles he'd already fought and a guide to paths he hoped you'd walk without the scars he carried.

On this day I had been up very early. I had a very long day planned that involved a 225-mile, four-and-a-half-hour trip to Cardiff to pick up a complete new interior for my car to replace the wreck of an interior in the Citroen C4 1.6L 16V Coupe I was using at the time. Complete leather interior in red and black, including gear shift boot and door cards, for £200—a steal at twice that.

I had, five weeks ago, had a collision with an American servicewoman from the nearby USAF Airbase, and the car had been written off as Category N non-structural body damage. I bought it back, repaired it, and put it back on the road. In hindsight, I should have just taken the money and bought another car. Hindsight is great at that...

There is dashcam footage on YouTube of what happened on the way back from Cardiff on the M4, but essentially, a Romanian White Van Man in his left-hand drive large panel van couldn't see me as he pulled into lane three right in my path. But for my experience and reactions, I would not be writing this. His offside rear quarter hit my nearside front quarter, pushing me into the central barrier. I still have nightmares...

Thirty minutes later, after a conversation with my insurer and a quick call to the police, I called my mum. I had intended to stop off there on the way back from Cardiff. From Cardiff to my mum's is roughly three and a half hours, give or take, and I planned to stop there, take a nap, etc., then drive home with my prize from Cardiff. Mum tried to dissuade me after I explained the incident on the M4. I was still stopped on the hard shoulder; Romanian White Van Man had gone. I told her I would think about it and decide when I came off the M4 at the M25.

I did go to my mum's, had tea, we talked a little, and I had maybe a 30-minute power nap. I timed my stay to avoid rush hour traffic on the approach to the M23 and M25. I wanted to be through the Dartford tunnel crossing and on the other side of the river by 5 pm. I had left at 4 am in the morning, so got to mum's about 11 am, and it was around 1pm when mum said:

"You should go see your dad."

I challenged her over this, but she would not elaborate and was insistent, even though I repeated the question several times, so when I left at around 1:15 pm-ish, I did go to see my dad; it was pretty much on the way. When I got there, he and his wife were sitting in collapsible chairs at the edge of the lake below the main house, looking like they had had a 'picnic day' by the water. His wife had a book which she was holding, and there were a couple of magazines and general picnic foods and drinks around them.

Narrative:

As I walked down the slope into the lawn and approached the lake, I called out hello, and dad turned and said hello back. His wife looked a moment later and also, quieter, said hello.

I asked how he was and said that mum suggested—insisted—I come see him. After what looked like becoming awkward silence, I told him about the incident on the M4, lamenting the fact I had only just repaired that exact same impact site. He stood up with "let's go have a look" and, in conversation, we walked back up the garden, up the slope across the front lawn to my car on the drive.

So, I know why he kept asking me to stay later on when we were in the house: he thought he could help me fix the car up and we could do it together after sleep and breakfast the next morning. The problem with that was that I had my companion parrot Geordie with me. She is like a support animal, and she

goes almost everywhere with me; she helps me with my PTSD-driven anxiety issues by keeping me 'grounded'. If you search YouTube for "Romanian White Van Man," the video of the M4 incident won't be far from the top; you will see her reaction to the incident.

So, we ended up indoors when dad suggested: "Let's have a coffee and see what we can work out."

I 'lost' that idea within minutes of getting indoors. A whole world of memories came flooding back. I hadn't been home often, perhaps eight, maybe nine times since leaving home on my sixteenth birthday, and most of those times never came in the house. So this, for me, was very surreal, especially being in the kitchen with my dad, flashbacks of him teaching me how to cook at 9 years old. Mum lost the custody battle in 1968 a year previously.

Dad, I can't have any kind of intelligent conversation with Lester. I'm sure you have seen the problem: Middle Sibling Syndrome (MSS).

We were talking about solar wind in the context of an argument I had with someone about what is actually IN space and the fact that it is not as 'empty' as people think. It was a digression from what we were talking about, which was how far apart the respective paradigms are between Lester and I, and an example of the difference between us. The person I had been talking to did have some understanding of what's 'out there' in space; she knew that the universe is unimaginably vast.

Dad: "How big?"

Well, we don't actually know for certain it even HAS a size, and the limits we are able to see are constrained by the universal constant: the speed of light.

This person I had been talking to knew this, understood that space isn't 'empty,' but what she didn't know was it isn't as empty as most people think. For example, the sun 'blows' out particles in all directions in what is called the solar wind. If you need a complete breakdown of its composition, you would need to look it up, but essentially hydrogen, helium, heavy metals, radioactive and non-radioactive particles, and all of this moving at 186,000 miles a second, the speed of light.

Yes, for the purposes of generalisation, space outside the farthest reaches of the Earth's atmosphere is essentially a vacuum. We are still within the 'atmosphere' of the sun, as extremely tenuous as that is the farther out you go. To reach hard vacuum, you would need to get out into intergalactic space. Now we go from the incredibly small particles that fill solar system space to the size of our galaxy. How many stars our galaxy contains is an ongoing debate, and the number ranges widely from 100 billion to 400 billion. This is largely due to the fact that we cannot see a large arc of the other side. The galaxy is revolving around a supermassive black hole (we think); the closer to the center, the more stars there are, and it's too bright to see anything beyond that central 'mass' of stars. It effectively 'blinds' us to at least two-thirds of the galaxy.

Our galaxy is estimated to be approximately 100,000 light-years across. To put that in perspective: Light travels at 186,000 miles a second, and 1 light day = 16,094,455,343 miles. So, 100,000 light-years is a very long distance.

Let's change metrics. There is a measure used in astronomy called an Astronomical Unit. It is based on the mean distance between the Earth and the Sun being 1 AU (Astronomical Unit), and we know this to

be roughly 96 million miles. The distance light travels in one day is 173.14 astronomical units, which will take you roughly five times the distance between the sun and Pluto.

One light day. And our galaxy is estimated to be 100,000 x 365 light days across. Even that number is stupidly large measured in astronomical units, with just 1 light-year being 63,196.1 AU from the sun: 63,195,100,000 AU. That's just one galaxy. From deep space studies involving pointing a telescope repeatedly at a 'dark' area in the night sky over a period of months, and as the Earth rotates each time that area is in view of the telescope, a series of images are taken. All those images are put together to give a composite image; you can find a number of them online. The Subaru Deep Field image is one; what to most astronomers 'appears' to be empty space is in fact filled with galaxies. Every single point of light you see in the Subaru Deep Field image is a galaxy...

The universe is unimaginably vast. You can picture the describing of it, but at some point in that description, you have to 'let go' of your normal perceptions of distance. To actually comprehend its vastness requires an understanding of the mathematics used to represent very large numbers if you want to count the miles.

Back to here and now...

Can you honestly say that Lester could have followed any of that and been able to engage on the subject matter on any level other than "You're talking shit!"? To him it is 'shit' because he does not have any understanding of the subject, which was what is actually IN space outside the Earth's atmosphere: solar wind. He can't sit back and let anyone else hear things he himself does not understand, and that is a constant source of frustration to him, the fact that he doesn't understand.

What I learned about his character and personality as a teenager runs contrary to the direction I wanted and did take. Here, now, we dug into physics, chemistry, biology, although to be fair to you, it's been more me talking and you listening, but that's what you wanted, I think. You wanted to explore how intelligent I was or wasn't, which was the whole point of you bringing me here. There is no possible other explanation for Mum saying to me "You should go see your Dad" other than you asked her to say it, and your question a little while ago "what would you do with this" supports that hypothesis.

Of course, you could have just wanted to see me; we don't see each other. Now you are looking for cause and blame for that, he's sitting right down there beside your wife at the water's edge. You still don't know why I left in 1976, and I have been trying to show you why. Lester had a problem in his head, and it's one that no amount of education, instruction, discipline, application of critical thought, and logic was going to change. It's just 'how he is'; learning is too difficult or too much work, or boring...

He doesn't like anything that contradicts his paradigm, and it starts with the fact that he is the 'tallest', making him the 'big brother'. Well, we already have a problem with that; being 'big brother' is not just about being taller; it comes with responsibility. As we have seen over the years, Lester and responsibility are two things that are about as far apart as they can get.

Lester goading Paul into stealing the money from Tim Holmwood's jacket left unattended in the workshop while you, Tim Holmwood, and I were in the house. An event that did not go very well at all for me, did it?

No, this isn't bitterness; it's simply stating history.

Here is another piece of our history; it was a formative series of events that began with my asking you what a word meant.

Causality is something that has a far-reaching impact, even though at the time it may seem insignificant. Here is one of those seemingly insignificant series of events that ultimately brought me to the realisation that 'home' was too 'small' for me. It wasn't the primary reason I left; Lester was.

This isn't where the initial 'shift' in my paradigm came, but it was a key point in the timeline. You recall we used a lot of old newsprint and magazines to mask up for spray painting the repairs, or more accurately, I used it (grins). It wasn't just paper for me; it was knowledge. It was information about what was going on outside of Shrublands, our home, and the more I read, the more I wanted to know. You will remember this key moment: as I was reading, I was finding words I did not understand, and a number of times I asked you. Each time I got an answer from you, I was thinking, "Cool, my dad knows stuff," with a little internal smile of pride.

Then one day, something was different. I asked you what a word meant. Something was going on because you almost snapped at me with "I don't know, ask at school next time you're there!"

That was when I started 'skipping' the classes I found most boring and spending my time in the library... Looking up those words.

The classes were boring because often the subject matter was something I was already very familiar with. I had read examples and metaphors in the magazines and newsprint that there was always a pile of in the workshop, something that rarely 'ran out'—we used so much of it. That 'snappiness' did have an impact on you eventually. Something of an apology came that Christmas in the shape of a dictionary and Parnell's Concise Encyclopedia. They became among my most prized possessions. Those were the first 'key' events; the next one was exponentially 'encouraging,' and it happened at school on one of the few occasions I was actually there and not 'homeschooling' in the workshop.

I was leaving the dining hall at lunchtime. The dining room double doors opened out into the main foyer of the school entrance and were right opposite the headmaster's offices, and standing at his office door was the headmaster and the deputy head (History tutor), and this is the conversation I overheard as I walked past:

DH: "I think he's skipping school. He's never in my class, or several others that I have heard."

HM: "You can find him in the library."

DH: "He should be in class."

HM: "Well, he's reading, which is more than 80% of the rest of the school does..."

Not that long after that, I realised I needed to expand my 'horizon,' and that involved leaving here once I had officially left state education...

My perspective on my life is it has a series of 'mental loops' in time, not physical and not actually 'traveling' anywhere except in my mind. I am going to give an example because today, now, here with you, is a 'loop' to close. An event in my past that I think about from childhood.

Whenever I 'get in trouble' with something, it is invariably because I did something for someone else, and they dropped the ball. That ball drop sometimes 'echoes' its way through time to a point in the future where an opportunity arises to make a 'correction'. It almost always involves some kind of trouble and often exposes a lot more than anyone expected. It is usually me that is either surprised or educated because I don't really 'lose'; I win or I learn something, which technically is still a 'win'.

This past event has facts that were not available to you at the time because, in doing something for someone else, I withheld one of those critical facts. A lie of omission.

You remember I shot an egg-bound pheasant out of season while out in the woods one day with Dave Critchley. Correction: I allegedly shot an egg-bound hen bird. I did not shoot it; Dave did, and I covered for him because I had urged him to shoot it. He hadn't wanted to because he, unlike me, was aware of 'in season out of season' rules. He started cleaning it and discovered it was egg-bound. I didn't understand then, but I knew terror when I saw it, and he was terrified of you finding out. He begged me to say I shot it and that it was a mistake.

So I did. I half suspected then what would have happened had he confessed to shooting it. You never let me go out with any gun after that incident. Bother me? No, not really... My weapons experience since then is actually quite extensive.

Dad: "Why did you do that?"

Dad, I never saw anyone that wasn't 'afraid' of you in some way... Everyone that I ever saw you with looked up to you. I have seen you have a high threshold for a lot of stuff but a very short fuse.

Something else that stays in my memory was an incident in the workshop with Nelson. I think you kicked him off the site soon after that. I never really knew or understood why, but now, sitting here with you talking about it, I think I know. The car stereo he gave me from one of the scrap cars. The same stereo that a customer walking through the yard convinced me to sell to him for a fiver that you later beat the shit out of me to tell you where the fiver was.

We were in the shop just a normal day, and Nelson had come in from the top yard. You walked out to greet him because I don't remember even hearing any conversation now; it was so long ago. I do remember it suddenly exploded into an angry one. The thing I remember is it ended with Nelson walking off, shouting back at you over his shoulder, and you picking up an acetylene gas bottle and throwing it at him.

Not clever, you could have killed him. Where would that have left us? Me carrying everything AND battling that twat down there (pointing at Lester sitting with dad's third wife at the side of the lake). It's not like I could have said, "The acetylene bottle fell off a shelf and landed on Nelson, killing him," is it? You were both outside...

I now think it might have had something to do with that stereo, and Nelson was defending me. I could be wrong...

[Silence for several minutes]

Dad, I have to close another 'loop,' for want of a better phrase. This one started way back, something I had all but forgotten until recently.

Dad: "What is it?"

Way back when I left here on my 16th Birthday, I went to stay with mum's parents in a two-bedroom flat in Crawley Down.

Dad: "So that's where you went!"

[Sidebar] I recognised my dad here was feigning surprise; he knew EXACTLY where I was and always did know. He was a very resourceful and resource-rich man and did not get to be who he was by not knowing everything he needed to know. [close bar]

Not initially. I was sleeping in John's car up at the Little White House, so I wasn't far away at all. I had got a job at Black Corner Garage in their paint shop.

Dad: "Why did you leave if that's what you wanted to do? You were doing that here!"

Dad, it wasn't about what I was doing; it was about what Lester was doing.

Yes, that's where I went. There is a lot that happened between me leaving here and joining the military. One of those things happened near the pub and shopping parade in Crawley Down. I ran into trouble in the form of the village antagonist, a man I then knew as *****.

***** was with a group of teenagers on the green, and I just happened to be walking past. I was a stranger in the village, and it was obvious; my 'country gait' and social awkwardness immediately attracted the village bully, Peter Sharples. It wasn't long before he pulled a knife and began threatening me because I wouldn't do what he wanted. I escaped that encounter, but only because I did not want to get injured, and not remotely from any sense of cowardice. He who runs away lives to fight another day, kind of thing.

Dad: "Why did he do that?!"

Dad, why do bullies do what they do? Why do some people abuse animals, children, other people?

Well, I met him again many years later. In fact, it was either late 2015 or earlier this year. I have a German friend who lived in Bury St Edmunds. We met after I left my wife, and we were both sleeping rough. He could speak very little English, so me knowing a little German took it upon myself to help him. He was born here, but his father was American, and he and his wife lived on base in East Anglia. When he was four, his father was reposted to Germany. Their marriage broke up, and his mother stayed in Germany but 'forgot' to naturalise him as German.

In early 2009, Germany decided that because his British birth certificate made him British, he had to return here (Brexit), and kicked him out of Germany. Eventually, like me, he was housed in Bury St Edmunds after rough sleeping through that summer. It was just coincidence that he landed on UK shore and had made his way to Bury St Edmunds, where his sister lived, and found himself at the same winter rough sleeping shelter, March 20th 2009, the same day I left my then wife. I took the bull by the horns and within a couple of weeks found myself a room to rent in Newmarket.

Because of our mutual interest in electronics and computers, we became friends. He had an amphetamine habit that was more serious than he actually let on. I saw the signs: he was like a beanpole with the

wood scraped away, and every once in a while, he'd start noticing sores on his forearms (scurvy?), and I would have to remind him to take vitamin C, and they would clear up.

So, after five years in the rented room I had in Newmarket, I was offered a bungalow out at Beck Row by the Mildenhall RAF airbase. Sometime late last year, my German friend was severely attacked in his home and almost killed. The housing association moved him to Thetford. I helped him move when he came out of hospital. During the moving, I was loading up my little black Citroen C4 Coupe with all the smaller items. I arrived the second trip at the new place and had all but fully unloaded when I heard a commotion outside. Somebody hammering on their horn and revving their engine. I go outside, and some guy in a Volvo V40 is yelling and shouting about me parking in front of his parking space. Very angry.

Anyway, it was brief but disturbing, so I reported it to the housing association, the same landlord I had. They asked if I would make a statement, so I did. I took it to their office. I was asked by reception to wait, and after a few minutes, this tall, muscular man comes out of a side door and approaches me. It only took a few steps, but I immediately knew who he was: **** ***.

So, I explained what happened and gave him the written statement of the events. Next thing I know, I'm in court listening to the housing association lawyer read out what was supposed to be my statement... It had been altered, very subtly, but altered.

I knew then my initial identification of this man was correct, and he had identified me also. I also know it's not going to end there, dad; he is an employee of my landlord with a position and the authority to make my life very difficult, with the willingness to do so.

Dad: "Come back here, stay here."

No dad, back in 1976, I left to protect my mental health from him (pointing to middle sibling sitting by the lake with dad's current wife). We already talked about the problems I had with him, the money stolen from Tim Holmwood's jacket. You remember that? You assumed that because I had been the only one in the workshop that it could 'only' have been me that took it, but I hadn't been the only one in the workshop, had I? Middle sibling had bullied youngest sibling into searching the jacket and stealing whatever they found; you know this...

Dad: "Why was your German friend attacked?"

Yeah, see, change the subject. I know, you need to know those circumstances because they are the context.

He had an amphetamine habit, and his social circle was, for want of a better expression, the 'dispossessed'—people with no permanent address, very often homeless, most because of their addictions, almost all with no access to a mobile phone, much less the internet, but where illegal narcotics are rife. Because of our mutual interests in electronics, both he and I would buy gadgets, modules, components, parts, supplies all online. His social circle became well aware of this and at some point persuaded my German friend to allow them to order some narcotics online, which he did. However, something was wrong with the drugs they had been sent, and it killed one of them. They blamed my German friend when the reality is, according to the subsequent police investigation and prosecutions, they got exactly what they ordered.

About a month after the dead guy's funeral, two of his friends determined that my German friend should die, and they tried to kill him.

End narrative:

[Sidebar] So, when the matter of the sex worker reporting someone stalking her and creeping around her house late at night came up in late 2017, and using my home security CCTV system and cellphone footage demonstrated the stalker was not in fact me, it bruised Peter Sharples' hubris and ego so badly his subsequent denigration and attacks on my character have now become something of an obsession for him. [close bar]

Dad, you know me better than anyone else in the family could, and you know I have always tried to offer ideas and suggestions that contribute to the estate... what has Lester ever offered that was in any way very much more profitable than the outlay?

My suggestion when you asked me what to do with that big empty space surrounded by woodland across the road on The Spiral: overflow long-term parking for the companies at Gatwick that do long-term car parking, enabling them to expand capacity without having to expand space of their own. That's going to crash soon.

Dad: "Why?"

The virus I have been talking about, the global virus that shuts everything down for months as the world goes into quarantine?

[Sidebar] History substantiated that argument just over three years later. [Close Sidebar]

Another couple of years, you need to 'dissolve' that. Anyway, I have something better, something that once 'in play,' you can sit back on the beach sipping moonshine, watching the cash flow meter spinning like a top.

The four fields over at the side of Majors Hill, take that farthest corner of the four. I bet you could get five thousand solar panels in there, and you would get the permissions that would be needed; it's lying fallow. You would still be harvesting a crop, only the crop is sunlight, and it 'ripens' all day. You'll need to be quick, though, because the Government is currently reviewing the ROC's legislation, and with the rise of EV's, that's going to change somewhat. The ROC changes will take effect in about six or seven months, in March 2017.

Dad: "Why haven't you done this before now?"

Technology wasn't quite 'there'; it still isn't, but it is very close, and we are in a 'crossroads' where Government is being lobbied by energy companies, and it's not looking good for the entrepreneur. The energy companies see the advances in solar PV and how readily available they are becoming, and they want a monopoly.

Dad: "How do you make money from it?"

Okay, let's look at two things: land and return. Let's say you had the resources to buy five thousand solar panels and put them in Majors Hill field. Get them from a manufacturer, in bulk, as close to cost as pos-

sible. Currently, the highest output of panel available is 350 watts, so five thousand of those would be 1.75 MW—that's per hour, not per day.

Next, we need the average daylight per year for this latitude. You will be using polycrystalline panels, which work more efficiently than monocrystalline panels in all light conditions. The output varies between cloudy and sunny, which is why we use 'daylight,' not 'sunshine,' in yearly averages and divide it down. In this case, having already done the research, I know the average daylight for 365 days at this latitude is around 9-ish hours.

Next, we take our array (solar panels) output and multiply that by 8 (rounded down from 9), which is 1.75 MW x 8 = 14 MW of electricity per day.

Some electricity companies will pay as much as £0.19 per kilowatt of electricity fed into the grid, and we have just done the maths, based on averages, so it may fluctuate up or down, but not by much. 14 MW / 1000 KW = 14,000 KW @ £0.19 per Kilowatt = £2,660 per day or £970,900 per year. Yes, the numbers 'add up' fast!

I want ten percent; put it in an escrow account I only get access to when I retire.

Dad, I know you would help. You ask me what you could do, and I say I don't know, what can you do?

Let's go back to what is for me still an unknown: the idea I gave you for Majors Hill field and my suggestion that if you have the resources... There is a way you could 'safeguard' me, but it's a long way off. If you have the resources and should you take up the idea for Majors Hill field, there is no reason to presume that you would not have the resources after the first couple of years' production.

One specific way you could 'safeguard' my liberty is providing a retainer for Geoff White. Nothing major, enough to cover a traffic matter. It won't be for murder; it will be for being over the limit for THC. I will have a prescription, and I will be ignored by the officers involved; ultimately, the case will be dismissed.

Dad: "How will you have a prescription?"

Well, I have information access that because of lack of awareness the general population does not have, and to explain that, we need to 'trip back in time' to when David Blunkett was Prime Minister. The then PM's top drugs advisor, Professor David Nutt, wrote a paper proposing the UK adopt the Netherlands model/approach to illicit drugs. He was sacked for it.

Prof Nutt took umbrage at the sacking and put together a small group of like-minded, highly intelligent, influential, and wealthy people and registered a company called Drug Science that is now deeply entrenched in changing the law. Their current 'projection' of when the law will be changed to allow for prescribing of cannabis as a medication is 2021, and their flagship trial, 'Project Twenty21,' is a study put together with the aim of building a patient-led database the government can use to determine the efficacy of cannabis as a medicine.

Because there is no general public awareness of the cannabis legislation issues, the actual changing of the law may or may not go unnoticed, but watch this space.

[Sidebar] History at this point can tell a better story, and since this is a retrospective conversation from memory, I am reluctant to 'inject' future events into. [Close Sidebar]