

39. Because of what was going on and the guilt, shame & confusion that I felt, I didn't know what to do and was absolutely desperate. I was lying and keeping massive secrets from family, friends and everyone I knew, which was destroying me. For all those years, and since, because of this being kept so hidden I felt like I was only half living.
40. Until the police dealt with it, I was just living in a vacuum out of reach of others. I thought that if I died, people would just think it was **Sensitive** that had got too much for me, which people knew had been tough. Although most people didn't know a fraction of my life they knew enough to think that I was probably too screwed up to cope, and they would just feel sorry for my family and probably think it for the best that I had gone.
41. 1989: At breaking point and wracked with guilt, I decided to go to **DPA** for a year, thinking that would create the break that was needed. I had been wheelchair bound throughout all that happened with **RC-F80** although by the end was walking with considerable difficulty with crutches. I wanted to use any mobility and mental strength I had to get away and just leave those who had hurt, failed and let me down.
42. Spring 1990: Last encounter with **RC-F80** telling him I was leaving the country and would not see him again. This was the end of all sexual abuse, but the psychological effects have continued ever since, resulting in years of unbearable guilt, depression, nightmares, anxiety and PTSD symptoms, with me hiding as much of it as I could, too ashamed to seek help or admit to what had gone on, until I had a breakdown in 2009. I have remained single, feeling too damaged to ever think I could or should have a normal healthy intimate relationship with anyone.
43. Sept 1990 – Sept 1991: I was in **DPA**. Although it was physically and mentally very difficult for me, I felt happier and safer than I had in my whole life. For the first