

Upbringing [first memories to 13]

My very first memory was that of being belly up on the floor, underneath an upside down clothes basket, poking my finger out of the rectangular shaped holes it had patterned into its walls. I was inside it of course. I have been reliably informed by my parents that this was at the age of about 1 and a half years old. I cannot specifically recall anything from this point up until the age of 3. I was born into a fairly unwealthy family, whereby my parents recall living something along the lines of a can of baked beans a day for some time. I also went through a short periods of something similar at university (the first time at Bristol), which was not so bad it turns out and demonstrated how resilient the body can be, but also how creative one can get when it comes to food selection. I mean, when there is a deal on, you are often only going to be able to afford these deals, and these foods are rarely of your first choice. Things have worked out pretty well in comparison to this for us all, mainly thanks to my parents hard work and commitment, and bringing us up to be quite highly motivated people.

I say people, I have a brother and a sister, both younger, by 2 and 4 years or there about. Their names are H and T. My sister follows me, and my brother her, in age. We had what I would say was a fairly strict childhood, but not one that I would wish any different of. It combined discipline with love in a very careful and skilled manner. Since I was a teen, I have said, if I were to do half as good a job at bringing up my children as they did me, I would be very pleased with myself. I now have 2 children, E and A, with 2 years between them too.

As a young child, I was brought up in a converted water tower – with house. We built this house, and as a 3 year old, I helped where I could, on the digger, whilst sat on my fathers lap. My room was initially shared with my sister and brother, from memory, and I was eventually promoted to the bottom floor of the water tower itself! A bright, square room, large enough to play on a road map rug with some toy cars whirling around. I enjoyed being in this room, as the window was large and south facing. The tower had 3 floors that were usable and the attic space for the water tank. The ground floor, was my room, the second floor was a bathroom, and the third another bedroom, my parents bedroom to be precise. They brought the land for £1000 with the tower, which was cheap even in those days. Once the house was completed, there was a large back garden with a stone driveway. It was during these times I started to learn to play by myself. I was not isolated from my brother and sister but cannot recall playing with them much away from the Sega Mega Drive. I would say I quite liked having my own room even at the age of 5, and although this might seem strange to suggest it, learning to play by yourself and to be by yourself is a useful tool to have, so for those kids with siblings, would gain skills from this.

I had a very good childhood, looked after very well by both of my parents, grandparents, and several other extended family, many of whom lived within an hour's drive, and others whom lived across the UK, around London mainly, and abroad. We used to regularly visit my cousins across Norfolk, grandparents on my fathers side, and would on a more annual basis, visit my mothers parents up in the north-west of England.

I was a keen navigator as an older child, and would help with the directions we took on the road. Looking back at it now, my mother probably knew the route quite well from memory, and could have probably found her way without much, if any help, but the point was that I was learning, and was given responsibility from an early age. The sense of ownership was important, and the feeling of success and helpfulness to a worthy cause was an important trend throughout my life. This sense

of being helpful is something that I endeavoured to give to my children. Letting them help, no, encouraging them to help, specifically not ordering them to, but to encourage it. Making it fun in any way possible, and if they don't want to, to leave it. It sounds like hard work, but it was programmed into me to be this way so comes naturally.

Schooling was fun. On my first day at school I was pressed up against the inside window of the front door crying my eyes out for my mother not to leave me with these two (very nice) ladies at the nursery. Once my mother was out of sight, they introduced me to the large room where a lot of other children were running around riotous. A cautious entry, but I was soon making friends. Rory, Stuart, and Hong Kow were two people I easily recall meeting from the earliest of ages.

Teen years [13-20]

School, light amount of bullying, for me, and for my sister, and for my brother, air cadets, school play, stu s, henry, drums, leadership/team competition in ATC with B Jones, fights, controlled aggression, 3 peaks, Gabriella. Leisure centre.

The WARMA marches held at RAF Cosford are a 2 day, 50 mile walking event that are often used as a pre-requisite to the Nijmegen marches, held in Holland each year. In my nineteenth year, I was team lead, as a CWO should be, and led the team to a glorious finish. This year was particularly memorable as I had the honour of sitting next to someone in the team who I had much respect for being quite petite and from what I noticed, was pushing out large strides to keep in step even though her natural pacing would be much shorter than the average person. Her name was Gabriella, and she was a cadet corporal in my walking team. We chatted the whole of the 4-5 hour bus journey back from RAF Cosford to RAF Honington, where our parents were picking us all up from, and shortly before departing the coach, I asked her for her number and recalled it all the way home, overnight, and then into the morning, when I messaged her for the first time.

RAF [20-25]

Lesson – stay in touch with family regularly, even if you don't see them often in person. Gabriella, Caitlyn, Rebecca, Victoria. SAS Mil skills cse,

Gabby and I spent over 3 years together before separating. It was not a great separation, we argued. I found myself driving from Norwich, where she lived, to RAF Shawbury, where I lived and did not return to the area for 2 weeks. She was my first for a lot of things, and this made the separation all that much more difficult especially as I could foresee us getting married and having children. However it was not meant to be. I cried to the song Spiegel im Spiegel as it played in my car after a 5 hour drive to Suffolk to see a friend (who wasn't at home). The release felt so good I played the song again, although I didn't cry all the way through this second time... That was the last time I saw Gabby.

At work, I recognised that I needed a bit of time before getting launched straight into multi-engined flying training at RAF Shawbury so I met with my flight commander, Flight Lieutenant Mike English, and asked to be deferred onto the next course. My ask was respectfully declined, so I pushed on, although not in the state of mind that I would have rather been. Multi-engined flying training went very well all in all. We learnt flying skills such as night vision, and flying under the national grid's electricity pylons. My most memorable flight was that of one we flew down the same route that the Dam-busters practised on, and then over the Thames in London before heading back to RAF Shawbury. While on 64 Squadron, I met Prince William, whom happened to be on the

senior course to mine. He was a very nice gentleman as you might imagine, with a bold voice and kind temperament. This was my view of him anyway. I didn't spend all that much time around him, but definitely felt like there was a kingliness about him, which is quite just as well considering his circumstances. I recall taking on his night duty on one occasion when asked, and he said he owed me a large drink for it. I did recall asking him if it would be possible to arrange a night in Buckingham Palace instead, which was turned down unfortunately. Also on the base at Shawbury was Prince Harry who I had the pleasure of sitting at lunch with and being called a tart for my antics that were well received by my female friends that were awaiting their lunch in the queue at the time. I gratefully received a holla from 3 female friends while sat opposite the prince, and I have them a holla back. For this, I was a tart, and a toasty one at that.

I was invited out to Ipswich for a night out with my 2 friends, Marc and Rob, and we sat outside in a busy bar at the harbour waterfront. It was a warm evening made warmer by a small tippie and we had some great laughs. It was during our discussions that we discovered that our mutual friend Rob was having his wedding party that evening up the road, and we 3 were evidently not invited! This was shocking in our tippled state and we discussed the appropriateness and justification as to why Rob, or his new wife, might have not wanted us there. After some more tippie we moved the conversation onto Marc's girlfriend who was out celebrating her birthday with her best friend Victoria that evening, and that they were coming to join us. When they arrived, I went to the bar and brought them a drink. We got on very well and I found Victoria to be very attractive so passively flirted the night away with smiles and laughter. As it was time to go, I offered to walk Victoria home, to which she positively responded. Having walked her home and having had a good night's sleep in a nearby hotel, I found a florists and brought her a bunch of roses in the morning. It was actually Victoria's mother that answered the door and she seemed to be quite thrilled at the prospect of being given some flowers by a strange young man which resulted with the exchange of some good humour. I was invited into the house, where I was respectfully welcomed by the family and their dog.

Victoria and I dated for about a year. It was a positive relationship that sadly ended with me becoming rather obsessed with getting a first in my degree. On day 2 of my arrival to university, I said to Victoria we should separate so I could focus on my degree and get my first. And that is exactly what I did.

I have since regretted to some extent leaving Victoria, as it was such a positive relationship and I think we suited each other quite well in many respects.

Undergraduate degree [25-28]

Max, Zara, Nacho, Luke, Ben, Supervisors,

PhD Candidacy and Army Reserve [28-35]

Emilia born

issues with Jan and her mother.

Scott's stag do, skiing trip (Josh's birthday),

Going out with the Army,

Family Chaos [33-present]

The opening chapter

This mainly deals with Jan leaving and the initial court reaction,

The move from PhD to PGCE.

On the morning of the 20th June 2019, a Thursday morning, I jumped into the shower and as I was washing myself down, I got an urgent call from Jan, who then opened the door to the bathroom and informed me that Emilia had a rash of some sort in her nappy area. I wrapped myself in my towel and followed Jan through to Emilia's bedroom who was so patiently yet delightfully lying there towards the foot end of her bed. I pulled down the waist of the nappy and saw some boils that I identified as a possible case of chicken-pox. Jan remained concerned and said I would have to take her to A&E. I declined as I did not think chicken pox was that serious. The worst case scenario would be her taking time off nursery. I said to myself that I was concerned that I would never get my PhD finished with the way things were going, taking so much time off to look after Emilia. Jan overheard me saying this and offered to ask Joy or her mother to look after Emilia. I responded by saying, "If you could that would be really helpful", and Jan's immediate response was, "Are you serious?" in a raised voice. She picked up Emilia and walked out. I did not see Emilia again for another 2 months. I never understood why she responded like that considering she offered the help in the first place.

I spent the next 2 days gardening as I came to the realisation that this family had ended. I had worked so hard to keep it together and make it grow stronger over the previous 2 years that it hurt a lot. I was devastated. Given what happened in February that year, I did not see it likely that Jan would return the children to me, and she had already taken Emilia out of nursery, so I considered taking Emilia from the property I believed she was most likely resident in. I was advised not to do so by the police, so decided not to. In hindsight, I should have done this. I then went to seek advice from a family solicitor. I was recommended a name by a policeman that now eludes me, and after quite some searching around the entirety of Liverpool's family law offices, I thought I had found her. A lady in a solicitors confirmed she could help me when she heard who I was looking for. After an hour's recorded meeting, it turned out it was not the lady. And a number of weeks down the line, it turned out the lady that portrayed herself as the solicitor I was looking for, was not actually a qualified solicitor herself, a legal advisor perhaps? A particular memory is that of her pointing out that she had a younger relative that was a sniper in the army after I pointed out that I was in the army reserve. She wrote a letter to Jan in my name stating that I would be happy to leave the property. What I had actually said, in our recorded conversation, was that I would be happy to leave after I had finished my PhD in the following February. I thought this was bad, but did not realise how bad it could have got. I received a copy of this letter. It was June. I recall having a phone conversation with HC from what was the MSB Solicitors HQ in Wavertree, Liverpool at the time in 2019, while I was at home, and it was particularly memorable that HC appeared confused that I was able to take the call from home, and vaguely suggested that I shouldn't be able to. I do not think she explained why she was confused, although do vaguely recall her asking if I had received any post.

In other news, my sister and her daughter came to visit the UK to attend a cousins wedding. They arrived on the 4th July, and I picked them up from Luton on my way down to the wedding venue. In summary, we had a great time and returned back up to my house in Whiston. After a day or two we received a knock at the door at 7:30am. This was quite unusual. I went downstairs and regrettably answered it. It was a bailiff sent out to serve court orders on me. The bailiff stated that he had been screamed at down the phone by "her" to have them served upon me. I opened them while at the door. One was a 'non-molestation order' stating that I must not go within 100 meters of Jan, or

communicate with her in any way whatsoever about anything. The other was an 'occupation order', that stated I cannot go within 100m of my own property as of the day previous. This letter also made a point on it, that the decision was made on the 4th July. How can this be, surely I would have been invited to such a hearing? I was stunned. This was surely illegal. How can it be possible that someone can wake up one day and without any warning, be evicted from their own house? The court must have fucked up, badly, and I needed answers, quickly. I now had a threat overhanging my head to imprison me for up to 5 years if I was within 100 metres of where I was currently standing, and I had my sister and her 7 year old daughter to think of. After some quick thought, I phoned up a friend and asked him if he might have a place. He said he had just moved out of his property and moved in with his partner leaving his house empty temporarily. Place found. Now to get there. I had a very bad gut feeling about the situation so opted to get a van large enough to take all of my stuff from the house and keep it with me. Later that day, we found ourselves in the Lake District, 2 hours north of Liverpool. Emptied the van, and enjoyed the peace of the Lake District. Another bonus, the bailiff won't be able to serve me with more illegal court orders while here. This was a slight oversight, as the courts started to serve orders on me via email from this point, with no bailiff required onwards. I don't know how the courts managed to just change this overnight, but they did. I had a lot going on over the coming years, and was not able to track everything the court did, but they seemed to be a rule unto themselves most of the time, changing rules ad hoc it appeared. I never really got to grips with the changes before it was over and as I said, I had 2 children I was missing and trying to get at least some contact with for the majority of the court process, as you will find out later. This world is not fit for children. I certainly would not have any more given what I know now. The world is extremely corrupt in a most hidden way, but when it rears its ugly head, you can see that it is a very ugly head indeed. It was the Columbian cartel leader Pablo Escobar that during his trial in the US, that said the UK is the most corrupt country in the world from his perspective. I do not know what experiences he had – other than the occasional shipment of drug seized in the UK and sold back to the cartels of course – yes, I have good reason to believe that the UK government do this.

While in the Lake District, early one morning, I received a text message from my sister, who was in the room upstairs, stating that Jan was in labour, and another inviting us to see my son. Straight in the vehicle and down to the Liverpool Women's hospital we went. Jan was waiting in a room around the corner, out of sight from the ward room where I met her sister who was with Arthur. After some time with Arthur, my sister joined Jan. It was a great experience to see my son for the first time, but a weird and slightly painful one that I was not at his birth because of the stupidity among adults. While I was alone with one of the nurses, she very strangely said to me words to the effect of, "why don't you get back with Jan?" Obviously this struck a chord given it was not my choice to separate. At least I didn't think it was. What did Jan think?! I was too dumbstruck to think what to say to this in response, regrettably. I should have stated the clear point that I had not decided to separate from Jan, and it was her idea, or so I thought. As I write this, the question raises its ugly head again, the answer to which I learnt the answer to a while back. It was at this point I first fleetingly questioned who's idea for us to separate it was. Fleetingly, because surely it was Jan's idea right? I mean, she walked out and took the children (one on the oven included), right? I did not consider other possibilities at this point. What was I possibly to imagine. Well, I could not have dreamt up what actually happened.

I started to unpick what had happened on the 4th July, and why I was not invited to the court hearing. I found that a bailiff failed to deliver the court hearing invitation which was attached to another

court order I was not even aware that had taken place. Jan had arranged an emergency non-molestation order hearing (they are deliberately done without notification) which occurred on the Sunday/Monday after she walked out (which was on a Thursday). I acquired the transcripts for each of these hearings during which Jan is heard to say, “”, and “”.

I ended up flying back to New Zealand to my family for 2 weeks. Took a bit of time out from the chaos that was unfolding back in the United Kingdom and did some more unpicking. My dad flew back with me and we were welcomed with our first court hearing. On the 16th August 2019, where my application was to have the previous orders set aside, varied or discharged (I was trying to have them removed from being effective, so I could resume living in my own house and see my children again). It might not be coincidental that the current set of orders although they do not say it, prevented me from seeing my children. I was not to go within 100 meters of Jan, or the house. That meant the only time I would be able to see the children was when they were over 100 meters from the house and not with Jan, times only known by Jan, whom was now on maternity leave and whom I was not allowed to communicate with in any way whatsoever, about anything, or risk 5 years of imprisonment.

I think it is safe to say, this hearing went pretty badly. I heard Jan scream from behind a barrier that “he’s got loads of money”. Still not sure why she said this. She knew how much I was paid for my student stipend and by the Army reserve. The judge didn’t react and simply pushed this discussion onto a later date with a different judge. I was essentially homeless, I missed my son’s birth, my children had been effectively taken away from me for no reason, and even though there was no record of me being served the invitation to attend court, there was to be no change. The judge actually protected their colleague by justifying their judgement due to that letter that Jan presented to the court from my fake solicitor. What made this so serious for me was the mothering quality of Jan and her mother was simply not up to scratch, and therefore I had been primary carer of Emilia since shortly after her birth. We had built up an incredible father-daughter relationship, where in terms of our communication and understanding of each other, we might as well have been telepathic. We had tonnes of laughs, giggling, she hated and loved to be tickled, read stories together, and all the other good things the best of parent-child relationships have. She was a dream I didn’t know I had, come true. I was sent a photo of her and for the first time in her life, I saw her looking very sad. She had always been very happy and smiley, but was looking withdrawn, sad, and it was clear she was missing me a lot. Jan used to say every time I went away that Emilia would make it clear she was missing me.

The next court hearing was estimate to last 3 hours. It lasted 6. During that time I was told that I was believed by the judge and Jan was not. This, I believe, was because I was so open about both sides of the story. I told objective facts, not subjective idealistic fantasies. I did however learn my lesson on this. It turns out that although it was beneficial that I was believed, it was a lesson to learn that the other side (in this case), does not tell the objective truth, but skews everything to be biased in their favour. This over time appeared to have the effect of the resulting orders not being centralised where the truth was, but also being skewed. I did sometimes wonder that had I been biased in what I said then the court orders might have been more fair as the apparent story would have been more centralised to both arguments. I do however in hindsight believe that the truth spoken objectively is the best way forwards as this meets my idealistic view on how the courtroom should be. At least if one person is prepared to tell the truth then the truth is then available for the judge to try pick apart. If it is the truth, it will be more difficult for the judge to do this. Six hours of

this trial hearing and the result was not good. The court orders were upheld and another date was set to discuss the child arrangements order. A week later to be precise.

At this hearing, which was quite brief in comparison, I was given care of my children. I got every day for a week, and then weekends until December, when there was to be another hearing.

Realising that I was in no state to carry on with my PhD effectively; I had 7 months to finish off some key work and write up the majority of the thesis, I decided to take on a PGCE. Slightly less stress, slightly less work (could/should replace the word 'less' with 'different' perhaps) but still progression towards something worthwhile and useable. I arranged to start with Chester University that September... and did.

The first 6 months

How the PGCE went,

how court proceedings went and

how I was expected to travel to see my 'children with no access to the house for 6 hours while I had E with me even though JB had a house a 5 minute walk around the corner from our house.

Talking with Jan.

Staying overnight.

Zoo.

Comment about 'if I knew where she [Emilia] was I should have come [to JayR's house] to see her'.

The child snatch in Dec by JB, and the social services involvement that started then, including their threat to take the kids that started my memory loss due to the stress of that threat.

Jan 2020 to Dec 2020

Why I left the PGCE,

moving within Chester,

running by the canal and bike path,

reading a lot of family law.

DTTT with the Army.

I could tell that Jan started dating again. I saw on her TV that most recently watched YouTube videos was a "how to start dating again" video. I cannot recall when it was that I first started to realise that she was using Tinder, to date people, but I certainly foresaw that being the case. I think I joined some dots later that year when I used Tinder to date a doctor that appeared to be quite familiar with some people that I would have thought to have been detached from my dating scene. I had already found out who had split us up by this point and this had been confirmed by a third party, so I joined the dots and thought if they were setting me up, they were probably setting JB up too. Then I came across the thought that they were likely deliberately matching and preventing

matches on Tinder to social engineer our partners. Why, I did not know, but I started to think on this. In summary, was orchestrating sex operations with Jan in the full knowledge that she and I were separated deliberately and trying to hide this from me. I later discovered that 'they' were planning on screwing my life up at some point once they had the money from my life's success. I believe that 'they' means government in this case. They hate the idea of someone trying to make the world a nicer place even though they have the capability to do so.

Plans to go on first operations with the Army, postponed due to personal circumstances not permissive (my personal view – nobody else's. Others were very keen to have me go on ops with them). Deciding to get a job, I wanted a chill job in a factory or warehouse for a time before moving to something more intellectually challenging because my stress was so high. I was asked if I want a different job to the one I applied for, one at Bernard Matthews – where people seemed to know about my family situation more than I did it seemed at times. Year long headache begins in Feb 2020. This had three different types over the course of the 12 months, with a 2 week period off in the summer while I happened to be celebrating with friends. These headaches seemed to be correlated with when I drank my milk. And only milk that had already been opened. I tested this on 2-3 occasions over weekends by buying in new milk and only drinking that without leaving it alone in the house. The headaches subsided each time until I came home after work on the Monday, drunk milk and the headaches came back with a vengeance.

Jan 2021 to Apr 2022

Visiting the house.

Started to connect the dots.

Army followed/chased me around Suffolk/Norfolk, and why. The note.

Boat situation, police come to rescue but funny situation regarding the boat sinking slowly even though no water was coming over the side. Professionals were preparing for a river rescue simultaneously with an inflatable raft – the type that looked like it was going to retrieve a dead body from the river. How I resolved that – by threatening to hurt the frogman that was under the water if he carried on trying to make my boat sink. I was regularly slashing away at the water with my oar to try keep him away from causing more damage to the boat. After some time threatening this, I saw one of the professionals at the side of the river talk quietly on his radio and the water level stopped rising in the boat.

During discussions with the professionals that were at the side of the river, as to why I was in the river, the conversation turned towards my children, and about the man who was imprisoned for lying about the paedophiles that abused him, based on him spending his compensation on a fast car and nice house. The professionals response was 'oh shit'.

I left the army because they manipulated the courts to give me a criminal record, were having sex with my ex partner having convinced her that I was sleeping around a lot, I had a couple of flings early on, and having used a bone microphone on Jan, meaning this whole time she had been told what to say and do to others at risk of being killed. This further means that she will have been a victim of modern slavery in the most heinous of ways.

SH told people that it was he that advised me to take some time out from the Army due to the stress. He lied to his friends about this, as leaving the army was fully my decision. I left 100% of my own

accord and without a discussion about it with anyone. I did not want to work with people that would do what they did to me. I.e. lie about me, to frame me, to set me up for a guilty plea in a court by coercing my solicitor, my barrister, and the judge and threatening me indirectly. They did this in vengeance for what they thought I was doing to them. They thought I was going to tell everyone what they were planning to do to JB. The fact is, is that he split us up in the first place. We were in a 2 way loving relationship prior to this manipulation. Her love was evident and her effort to improve the relationship regardless of the distrust that SH, RJ and EM were sowing was formidable. No matter how much they tried to make her think I was sleeping with others, she would be there to welcome me home, staying up to ensure I had a good time with her before we went to sleep. A rare trait in any partner and an improving relationship and strong family energy ruined in order to try shift my focus onto other things. I left Army in Aug 2021, when I had enough of what they were prepared to do to me (and one of their own). This is when the death threats started to happen, via linked in mainly as this was my only social media account. I strongly suspected this was done (in hindsight) because whoever selected me for a top government position did not want the money or power to leave the SAS, or him behind. I have been inundated with social media invites to join this or that group who claim they are doing a good job to help others. I suspect these are a ploy to gain my trust so I join this group and this guy gets his money back which he thinks I have stolen. I didn't steal anything, I was just a damn good citizen and found myself in that position. This is SH we are still talking about.

It was around this time that I also some how came across some information suggesting that I might have many more children out there than I thought. This occurred a few times and got me thinking. Was it possible that I do actually have more children in the world than I thought? How could this possible be. I had already been tipped off that 23 SAS had sold my DNA – probably from the police records, so maybe that was being used. Or maybe something more organic? Was it possible that when you slept with someone they stole your semen stored in the condoms, or puked up from a thorough blow job? Far out perhaps, but this would be one easy way of stealing DNA and the means to bare children from someone without their permission or knowledge.

Work with CMR Surgical from Apr 2021 to Apr 2022. Car journeys venting stress. Audio books inc the rise and fall of the third reich, the best book I have ever read (or listened to). This is where the truth about Hitler and world war 2 should be told. It was about Jews, not taking over the world. Read into the truth about why it started and the hatred for them, and where this was borne from. It is about money and money lenders, and how the Jews took advantage of the poor with high interest payday loans and essentially (because many could not afford to pay these, they took the last of what they had, their homes etc, which would have separated families. If the unrecorded details were to be recorded, it would not be surprising if these money lenders paid the UK, US and Russia to enter the war. 6 month company probation, went ok, as I managed to hide (enough) my inability to focus due to the extreme stress of what felt like being hunted in ones own country by ones old friends and their friends. Unable to read a short approx 10 line paragraph in less than 10 minutes. Moved closer to work (in Cambridge) had the option between a 3 bedroom house and a 2 bedroom house, and because I couldn't afford the 3 bed by myself, I went for the 2 bed shared with a colleague. It was very nice. Jan being held as a modern slave with sexual benefits in exchange to keep herself alive. This was her tactic. I was told this by a member of 23 SAS that they had her in what I recall to be about Aug 2021, around the same time that I left the unit. More recently I understand that 23 are holding her as she is providing them with a way to pretend to others that I am complicit to the

meetings that have been intended to acquire business deals in my name. Where this could not be further from the truth.

Apr 2022 to Apr 2023

I left to start my own company. I get a message on LinkedIn that suggested if I started a company in Cambridge, then I would only get my son back and we would both be killed within the year. I started with an online taught course by AiCore, which was a good course, but again, I was unable to concentrate even though this was a year later, and I was left without a job or the skills to do what I wanted to do, so at the end of my housing contract, I found a garage for my things, and left for New Zealand. Running - did not clear mind, though it enabled me to think of issues I had with the people that were inappropriately involved with my life several times over and started to learn to live with those issues. Undergrowth trails of NZ. Marathon distance walk around the mountains. Rafting experience. I had started to wonder if my LinkedIn network had been hacked to the point where I wasn't even talking to the people I thought I was, that I didn't actually have as many connections as I thought, and if a lot of these people that were contacting me to help me were even real. It felt like my internet connection was being diverted onto a fake LinkedIn network. As this feeling grew, I started to wonder why, and started to draw relationships between the need to be helped by someone and how much someone can claim from you from this invisible money pot. Sounds crazy doesn't it, but it felt like it could have been real at the time. The why then... I had figured out that the negative message had been coming from someone that was in the army given they started a couple of weeks after I left. I had figured out (what I believe to have been the case at the time) that I had been selected for something significant in government and there was money and power attached. I had figured out that the Army didn't want this position to leave their command, and so I then deduced that it was people within the Army that were trying to influence me to either come back, or disrupt my personal life until I asked for help from them, so they could gain from it. The deduction was quite unlikely, but then it had been drawn on unlikely items too, all of which would amount to intelligence, rather than evidence.

Apr 2023 to Jun 2024

Moved into Claire's. Running. Library most days. Started to travel abroad. Social media acting up, not normal, but takes a turn. Starts to become less threatening, and more positive, supportive, and like it is giving guidance instead of threatening me. Unsure who it is coming from, but with quotes like 'God always wins', suggests that someone claiming to be God is who at least some of them are coming from. Visiting my old house, mk 2. Was asked if i wanted a job and after i went to look into this, they changed their mind and said they had no job to offer any more. On this particular occasion, a large muscular person stood outside these offices (he must have followed me outside to watch me walk off). I suspected him of influencing the lady not to give me the job (as she had a very strange withdrawn and standoffish behaviour during our meeting like she wanted to help but couldn't). I started to notice that some people around me would remind me of other people; people that were from my former life. This was a very peculiar feeling and made me quite anxious at times.

Moved to Steve's for a few weeks. Campervan for sale. Too expensive, but unlocked so i slept in it for a night to test it out. I was woken by something early in the morning about 1am, and I saw a ghost the other side of the street floating there. I thought i was hallucinating for a moment but it was so real, and I have never taken hallucinogens in my life. It floated quickly down the side of the road and whipped around like a mini whirlwind into the ground. I have wondered since if it was a

message meant that if I was to not join the SF again, I would become a ghost. But this remains to be seen. It goes hand in hand with what I have believed were their efforts to stop me from finding work elsewhere.

Jun 2024 to Sep 2024

Ireland, Dublin by ferry. Train to Chester, police, cell, MH assessment was not done with a GP that I knew. It was completely unannounced and done with 3 people I did not know and who had never been associated with me before. Hospital, running off, and getting quite far – east anglia on one occasion. I escaped from the gym and found a bridge to hide under in the event they started to use satellite to scan the area for me. The first time I escaped, I hid in some bushes, and heard what could only be explained like a search party, coming from the opposite direction to that from which I had come from. If this was the case then to say some people were waiting for me to do so would likely be accurate. Taking meds, side effects drowsiness, headaches, but these wore off to an extent. The headaches remained. Self-diagnosis of C-PTSD according to online documented symptoms. Also self diagnosis that I did not have Psychosis, and was instead targeted by an intense smear campaign designed in part to keep my children, ex-partner and I apart from some f*^ked up reason that I had not yet quite come to understand at this point. It almost has something to do with money, power and/or reputation. These appear to be the three things that people want. In some circles money and power are seen as vital, but reputation is seen as the gold card. Perhaps that without it, it is difficult to gain money and therefore power. This might be why the smear campaign on me was so intense, because people did not want me to gain money and power with my knowledge and determination to succeed. Unfortunately, I prioritised understanding the situation over gaining money and power. It seemed the logical thing to do, and I am not entirely regretful for doing so as I have learnt a lot about the situation for it. Had I rushed in, I would have likely found the situation to be whereby I work very hard building a business, and for the whole thing to be taken over by someone else. A bit like Apple. I suppose there is the view that the company might have survived and gone on to do good things, but with how things are, the people that would have taken over might not be good people and so it would just be put to waste, made to make money for the already rich, and the poor would continue not to benefit from the effort of those intended to help them.

Sep 2024 to Present

Move to banham.

Regular visits to NSFT.

Medication and the threat of being killed if I stop taking it.

Meeting weird people at the drop in that act like they are in a similar situation to me, kids, separation etc. I sometimes meet people like this but remain unsure of their intentions. Regularly waking up anywhere between 11:30 and 4am, having often gone to bed at about 9pm, with the intent of having 8 hours, which seems to be a bit of a lost cause at this point. I have tried going to bed at about midnight which helps a bit, and doing exercise in the evening might help a bit too, so does doing some sort of stretching, like yoga. It has started to feel more natural to get to bed early and wake up early. I've been a night owl for the entirety of my life, so this part has been quite a challenging transition. Trip to Greece. Met a homeless women that had mental health issues according to the doctors although she denied having any. We discussed UFOs given the number of

lights that were flying about the night sky. Trip to Malta. Trip to France. More applications failed, and

It seems as though someone, or group of people, left out a pretty big piece of information about life when bringing me up. I should not have been this confused about what happened. I understand that they were not intent on ever teaching me about it.

My brother breaking his leg, and coming to stay twice.

Starting to write about quantum tunneling and the fact that you could use it to walk through walls, got in touch about hydrogen being used to power the grid, or vehicles, in order to use the current waste hydrogen during the process of making graphene. Starting to re-enquire into making a new high tech 'battery' I designed during my second year of university. I sincerely believe this battery could revolutionise energy storage for the world making energy easily accessible for long periods.