

SAD REFLECTION'S

BY KEVIN SLATER

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LET'S GET STARTED.....

The reason I wrote this book was to help me to come to terms with my troubled childhood. It never really used to bother me as such, but felt I had a lot of anger for my mum. This happened mostly when I saw her, sometimes in the market, sometimes in the village. Growing up my parents always went to markets and used to visit the car boot sale quite regular. I used to go with my dad and over a period of time got to know various people of who knew my parents. I don't really have thoughts of my mum but what angers me is the fact that I haven't seen her in a few years and realise that I don't have a mother, son relationship. She would tell as I have been told by various people on market stalls and in the area of Huyton that she sees me a lot, this is not true. My mum believe it or not has quite a

few friends she sees everyday, whilst out shopping. I saw my mum one day in a local market and I just followed behind her, she was browsing at a few stalls, she would speak highly of her family to the people on the stalls, but what I couldn't believe was that she would speak about me doing the garden and making out I visited her 2 or 3 times week. I have witnessed my mum doing this on many occasions and I feel very angry and upset at such blatant lies she tells people, she makes herself look like a loving, caring mother, which sadly she certainly is not. The people who run the stalls also knew me as I went to the same places she went because I was obviously from the same area. The people from different stalls would tell me the tale my mum had told, and sometimes I went along with it, but as time passed I decided to tell them that the stories she

tells were not true and that I hadn't seen her in years. I feel so hurt that I know now deep down my mother does not feel or show any love to me whatsoever. I got put in care as you will read this true story of my childhood days. The other reason, the main reason I wrote this book is for me to try and put the past behind me and move forward with life the best I can. My mum was a very slight woman, she had black shoulder length hair which was always neat and tidy, and she always dressed well. My mother got a job as a silver service waitress in the Adelphi Hotel which is situated in Liverpool City Centre. My dad also worked there. My dad was always happy go lucky and I have been told by one of my aunties that my dad had wavy black hair, and was always smiling. I don't have any photographs of my dad at a younger age so I can only go by what people tell me. My dad worked

in the kitchens of the hotel this is where my parents met and started seeing each other. The relationship developed and they set up home together in Hurst Gardens also situated in Liverpool. My mum and dad were apparently inseparable so I have been told; my parents were going out with each other for 10 years before they actually decided to tie the knot. The wedding took place at Brougham Terrace (Registry Office) on 06.12.1957. After a period of time my mum fell pregnant with her first child, this was a baby girl, then she went on to have another 4, they were also girls. Obviously because the family was growing, my parents decided to move. They moved to a 3 bedroom semi detached council house in Huyton Liverpool. In the year of 1966 I was born, my parents, one and only boy. My mum went on to have another child, another girl. So basically I

was the only boy and had 5 sisters. My parents set up home as best as they could. But things didn't work out as you read on and this resulted in my mum and dad splitting up and filing for divorce, they got divorced on the same date as they married, obviously a different year, the year being 1973. People fall in and out of love at the drop of a hat some are lucky in love and some are not, I think my dad was lucky to get away from my mother very lucky. My name is Kevin Slater. I was born on the 19th June 1966. I'm an adult now and this is a true story of my life as a child growing up in Huyton, Liverpool, England. Huyton is a small community, most people are friendly there. I lived on a long main road in a three bedroom house. I grew up with 5 sisters, no brothers. I don't recall when I was a baby but I have been told by my sisters I was as good as gold and my mum would dress me and

sit me in the pram outside on our front path in the garden, watching the cars go by. My sisters used to play with me while my mum was putting the tea on or cleaning the house. There were about two years between me and my sisters. My mum worked at a local laundrette to make extra money for her family. My sisters did do some chores whilst she was at work and looked after the younger members of the family. Obviously, I was only a baby and these memories and details are from various members of my family. I went to a nursery and on the first day when I was all ready and standing in the nursery I knew my mum was going to leave me there, so I took my shoes and socks off and was pulling at my mums arm asking her not to leave me, I was sobbing, tears flowing down my face. The teacher spoke with my mum in private and told her to leave me and that all children feel

this way on the first day, and said I would be fine when she comes to pick me up. Eventually I settled in well, I don't think I cried for my mum after that no one has ever mentioned this to me before so I must have been fine. I was happy and made friends whilst I was there. I would paint pictures and play in the sand, so I've been told. This one particular day I came home with my mum and when we arrived home, my sisters wanted sweets from the local mobile van which was on the other side of the road. My mum decided that she would treat us, this didn't happen every day but on the rare occasion. The mobile van sold all kinds, bread, milk, cigarettes, sweets, etc. Two of my sisters decided to take me along with them. They took a hold of my hand and began to cross the road when I let go of their hands as I was excited about getting my sweets, and being that age was

hard to keep hold of as most boys that age. I ran into the road and got hit by a car; it wasn't my sister's fault. Even though I was very young, I remember being hit by the car and lying at the side of the kerb, my sisters were screaming and I can remember a lot of people looking down at me. I could hear my dad's voice in the crowds pushing through to get to me, he picked me up very gently holding me in his arms, they say children can remember events in their childhood this I can remember very clearly, that day will never leave me. I was looking up at my dad as he is cradling me in his arms; I was scared, crying, maybe I was in shock. More neighbours and bystanders crowded around me and my dad, his shirt was covered in blood which was pouring out of my head, the blood was a very deep red, I could feel the blood running down my face. I remember looking at my dad he

started to cry but at the same time he was wiping the blood out of my eyes and my face. The people surrounding me, I could hear them crying too, young and old. I could hear mumbling in the background. I once again looked up at my dad and then I must have passed out as I don't remember anything after that. I was hit by the car with such force I was rushed to hospital and had a 50 / 50 chance of living. My mum and dad visited me every day during my lengthy stay in hospital. I eventually pulled through; I had a fractured skull which left a permanent dent in my forehead. I had a seven inch scar on my forehead following the accident, I had thick black hair so nobody really noticed it, I wasn't bothered at the time I was only a young boy 3 years of age. It doesn't bother me at all now. After coming out of hospital everything seemed fine, but I did get a

visit from a community nurse every day for about 12 weeks to change the dressing on my head and check that I was okay. Every day I knew the nurse was coming but I used to hide and cry under the table in the living room because I was scared and it hurt so bad when she would peel the bandage from my head, but I did know that I had to have it done and my mum would shout at me and tell me to come from under the table, eventually I did. I was coming to the age of starting infant school and due to the injury on my forehead following the car accident I missed a lot of nursery days and was looking forward to going to school. I did go for regular checks at the hospital, but every time my mum asked could I go back to nursery they said not at that moment in time. Then one day a nurse said that the scar was healing better and the skin was starting to grow and become

tougher I was sent to see the specialist for a second opinion and when my mum asked the specialist could I start school in September this time he said yes. I went along to the school with my mum and my sisters. I met my friend at school who lived next door, I was made up I knew somebody. I didn't know he was going to be there, I had somebody to play with. After school sometimes we would play out. I loved playing out just a normal boy playing in mud and playing football and other games. But when it rained I had to stay in but so did my friend so I didn't really mind. Every day I was up for school no problem I looked forward to going there, as my mum and dad argued all the time and it was upsetting, they used to say cruel words to each other and my sisters also were upset. So school was a good place to be instead of listening to my mum and dad. My sisters

would take turns in picking me up from school and we would walk home. It wasn't that far away from our house but we did have to cross the main road, the same road I had been knocked on. So my sisters did feel scared but made sure every time they had hold of my hand very tight. I was scared as well, and don't think I would have let go as I had learnt my lesson the hard way. We would return from school and my mum would be in the kitchen preparing food for our tea, I would play out with my friend in the street just outside our house. My dad just used to be out and about until tea time. One day we came home from school and my mum and dad must have been arguing as my mum was in a bad mood. My dad again was out and about and I entered the kitchen where my mum was cooking on the stove. I asked my mum where my dad was. My mum was cross with me, but

she didn't say nothing, she just turned around, stared at me, and she then threw a fork at me, out of the blue, the fork stuck in my forehead, I was screaming with the pain, holding my head in my hands. I was looking at my mum through my tears and wondering why she had done this. I could see the panic upon her face. I don't know why she threw the fork at my head; I only asked where my dad was? My sister was present at the time and she remembers to this day my mum pulling the fork out of my forehead. I was only 4 years of age. The blood was running down my face, my mum cleaned me up and she told me not to say anything to my dad or anyone because she said the fork slipped out of her hand, she was nice to me for the rest of the day, but I could see the worry on her face. I didn't tell anyone because I was terrified of what she would do to me, so I kept quiet. My sister didn't

every mention it either, because she was scared too. My scar from the car accident was healing nicely, it was such a shock that my mum could do this to me; it was only months since I got out of hospital. As you are aware I have a scar from my car accident and now I have a second scar from my own mother. We all settled down to have our tea, things were okay, but then one of my sisters asked me what was wrong with my head, as it was all red and swollen with a plaster on it, where the fork had stuck in, I don't know if I needed stitches or hospital treatment, I was too young to understand. I told my sister that I banged my head in school; my mum's eyes were peering at me across the table. My heart was beating fast and I couldn't eat my food properly. But then it all got to me as I was only a little boy and started crying at the table, I didn't know what to do or to say, I knew I would get battered

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