

# **“A Reason for Living”**

*A Story that Shocked the World!*



*by*  
***Billy Casper.***

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**WARNING:**

**THIS BOOK IS BASED ON A TRUE STORY, CONTAINING DETAILS OF SOME HORRIFIC EVENTS THAT SOME PEOPLE MAY FIND DISTRESSING. IT ALSO CONTAINS LANGUAGE AND REMARKS THAT SOME PEOPLE MAY FIND OFFENSIVE.**

**THIS STORY MAY BE CONSIDERED UNSUITABLE FOR PERSONS UNDER THE AGE OF 18 YEARS.**



***"A Reason for Living"***  
***A Story that Shocked the World!***

***by***  
***Billy Casper.***



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**Second Edition - PDF Ebooks.**

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### **Preface:**

Someone once asked me why I wrote "A Reason for Living." At the time the question took me by surprise and I was unable to answer the man.

"Why do you ask?" I said. Suddenly the tables were turned and he was unable to answer my question.

I thought long and hard about his question. I guess there are many reasons why I wrote this book. Firstly, I needed to tell my story and set the record straight about how various agencies and authorities failed to provide proper care for a child so desperately in need of protection. And, more importantly, to educate people into the true consequences of ignoring child abuse and cruelty. This story contains some very powerful and important lessons for anyone with children or anyone who cares for them.

No child should ever be expected to suffer in silence. My siblings and I suffered some of the most horrific acts of cruelty and torture, on an almost daily basis, for a length of time which far exceeded the length of the Vietnam War. . .

In 1995 I subscribed to the Internet, the biggest computer network in the World. Today, I help support other victims and survivors of child abuse and cruelty and attempt to assist in the education process of the child care authorities from various parts of the World.

It's a far cry from my early childhood days, when I lived in fear of speaking out and struggled to open tins of food with little more than a few stones and brute force. . .

*I am a Survivor*  
*Billy Casper*

**Acknowledgements:**

***My thanks to my son, Shayne, who from the very start of his life  
has given me a reason to continue with mine.  
Without whom this book would have never been written.***

***And to my siblings; "I hope you understand,***

***It's time to break the silence. . ."***

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**DUE TO THE NATURE OF THIS STORY, CERTAIN NAMES AND LOCATIONS MAY HAVE BEEN CHANGED. ANY SIMILARITIES TO ANY PERSONS LIVING OR DEAD IS COINCIDENTAL.**





## "A Reason for Living"

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## **"A Reason for Living"**

### **Introduction:**

Most children live within a family unit with at least one caring, loving and responsible adult, but not all children are so lucky. . .

Many children suffer in silence the heartache, misery and pain of child cruelty, abuse and neglect and this is the harrowing true story of one of them.

This story will take you on a journey through your emotions as I uncover the full horror and pain of a child fighting for survival, at the hands of brutal and evil parents, a child living like a wild animal on and under the streets of England. The story also takes a look at the uncaring world of the institutions and uncovers some of the brutality and suffering endured within some of them.

This story may be considered blunt, direct and shocking with a sprinkling of humour that may take the reader by surprise, but only by doing this can I get the message across and let you, the reader, feel the full impact of:

**"A Reason for Living"**

The most difficult part of writing this book was typing the words with the tears rolling down my face as I relived my nightmare. But it had to be done, for it is the victims of today and yesterday that can help save the victims of tomorrow!



## **"A Reason for Living."**

### **Prologue:**

The Crimes detailed in this book may cause emotional distress.

The Crimes; Child abuse & cruelty, Theft, Robbery, Grevious bodily harm, Cruelty to animals and possibly Manslaughter.

The book looks at the possible reason for the start of the child cruelty and goes on to describe in some detail, some of the events themselves. The story continues into the tragic consequences of the cruelty and the effects it had and still has today, including the irreparable emotional and psychological damage caused.

A 'rough hand written copy' of this book was read by the NSPCC in London, some years ago. They described the book as:

"A gripping and powerful horrendous story."

This book may be of interest to other survivors of childhood abuse and cruelty and those who have spent 'time' in institutions of some kind. It is also believed that it may be of an 'educational value' to those in the Child Care, Legal, Medical and Psychology professions.

Hopefully, and God willing, it will be an education to all who have the courage and strength to take this journey. . .



## **“A Reason for Living”**

### **Chapter 1: Misery and Pain**

The Vicar stood upon the old wooden platform, reading from the Bible, looking down onto the highly polished dark wooden coffin which lay across two planks of wood above the hole in the ground. Arrangements had been made for the coffin to remain unsealed, to be sealed by the family at the funeral. Ten people stood round all dressed in black, my father stood to the right of the Vicar. The rest of the family stood with emotionless faces in a line of age descending order, myself, being the eldest son, nearest to the Vicar, the youngest grandchild farthest away. The Vicar read from the Bible but nobody was listening, nobody was crying, there were no flowers, nobody was sorry she was dead.

The Vicar had never seen a funeral like this before. He turned to the ageing man to his right, "Would you like to say a few words?" he asked.

My father raised his head and looked at what remained of his grown family. "No. I don't think so... No!"

The Vicar said a short prayer, then turned towards me, "Maybe you would like to say a few words."

I gave no verbal reply. The Vicar moved aside as I made a move in the direction of the platform. He offered me his Bible but there was no need for a Bible and I had no reason to take it, I was holding a thick wad of paper in my hand.

"Lord God, have mercy on her soul, for here lies the most evil woman who has ever walked the earth. Suffer the little children to come unto me... Amen."

I got down from the platform and approached the coffin, holding the wad of paper. "Lord God, forgive me, for I do not want the life this woman gave me. I wish for her to take it back."

I placed the wad of paper on the ground, ready to place inside the coffin and lifted the lid. I looked inside and overcome by sudden panic, turned and tried to run, "She's still alive. She's still alive!" The coffin was full of dead animals. "She's still alive," I yelled, as I fell face down in the mud.

The woman who lay next to me woke me up. . . "Who's still alive? You've been dreaming, face down in your pillow. You look terrified, look like you've seen a ghost. What were you dreaming about?" the woman asked.

I was trying to put the pieces together in my mind. It all seemed so real. 'Was it a dream or a nightmare?'

I looked across the room to where my manuscript was still sat, waiting to be published. I went downstairs and made some coffee, returning a few seconds later to ask how many sugars, failing to remember the name of the woman I had met the night before.

"Just promise me two things," I said, "Don't judge people by what you read and if it gets too much put it down." My voice made her jump as I silently returned to the room unnoticed, placing her coffee on the dressing table.

She did not raise her head. "OK," she said and continued reading...

My family were never very close. I guess my mother did have a lot to cope with right from the very start of her married life.

She was born in London and lived her childhood days through the devastation of the second world war. Her mother was said to have been an alcoholic, who spent most of her time either drunk or asleep. My mother was the eldest of four children and had to fend for herself and look after her younger sister and two brothers.

She married during her early twenties in August 1958 to an ex-army gunner, who was just a few years older than herself. My father was born and raised in Birmingham. He had seen most of the world with the army and had fought with the British forces during the war. The newly married couple decided to settle in Birmingham.

Michele, their first born, arrived in May 1959. Michele was born with a hole in the heart and it was said by my mother was dropped down a flight of stairs, while only a few months old, by her sister, our aunt Doreen. This fall resulted in Michele having brain damage for the rest of her life.

My parents were under a great deal of stress and tormented by feelings of sorrow and failure. Michele was constantly in and out of hospitals, enduring open heart surgery and neurological surgery. Our anxious parents sometimes had to wait several hours worrying and wondering, while their young daughter was in the operating theatre. Our mother had learned to read the emotionless faces of the surgeons as they left the surgery after completing an operation and had seen the faces of surgeons who had failed to bring their patients through. She had heard the cries of other anxious parents who weren't so lucky, after they had been informed that their child had died under surgery. Our mother, like many others, just went cold as the surgeons left the theatre their child was in.

Next to be born was myself, named Billy, born in March 1961. My mother often said I was a problem at birth and have been ever since. She was probably right.



My father had been employed in a few different trades since leaving the army and started a new job at about the time of my birth. He started working as a factory worker at the Midlands Electrical Manufacturers (MEM.) in Tyseley, Birmingham. He worked long hours to keep a decent wage coming into the house.

A few years past by, the doctors had done all they could do for Michele. She would remain handicapped for the rest of her life. All the operations that could be done had been done, there was nothing more anyone could do.

My younger brother, Laurence, arrived in October 1964. Very little is known about his birth, apparently our mother fell into labour while taking a bath and Laurence was born very soon after her arrival at the hospital. Laurence was born without any problems, that is, he like me, was born 'normal'.

The last to be born was Beverley, who entered the world in June 1967. Beverley was born at home, whereas Michele, Laurence and I were all born in hospitals. A neighbour from across the road helped to deliver my sister.

Mrs Murphy took control and instructed my father, "Fetch me some pans of hot water and tear up a few sheets. They will be needed any time now."

We, that is my brother, elder sister and myself, were trying to enter our parents bedroom. The screaming from our mother had woken everyone.

"You children can go back to bed," Mrs Murphy stated in a calm but firm voice.

She glanced towards my father, "Can you try to calm them down and get them back to sleep?" she asked, referring to us, as we were none too quick to move when requested the first time.

Mrs Murphy stayed with my mother for several hours, even after the baby had been successfully delivered.

This is where the story begins, with the birth of the last child. For most people the birth of a child is a happy time and a joyous occasion, but in this family, what was to unfold was an undiagnosed insanity and a reign of terror beyond belief.

Beverley was born totally blind. At first nobody realized that she was blind but as the first few weeks of her life passed it became obvious to my parents that their daughter could not see.

Beverley was taken to the Birmingham eye hospital where my parents spoke with one of the top surgeons. "I'm very sorry," he said, "Your daughter has cataracts in both eyes. She is completely blind."

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