

Proven...

We Are Not Alone.

**By
Peter Evans**

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Introduction

I left the UK in 1991 to start a new life in the USA, I returned from the USA on the 15th of November 2006, in 2007 I published my first book called The Prisoner in Hell, I was not an experienced writer and I still remain very much and armature, I would not insult your intelligence by pretending otherwise, however I had a story to tell that people needed to know and this was my priory, I did submit my book to Dorrance publishers who accepted it however they do not publish for free and there editing charges were simply too much for me, the review however did give some me some confidence knowing that I had something that was at least of interest for reading, below is some of their review and acceptance letter.

DORRANCE PUBLISHING CO 701 Smithfield Street, Third Floor,
Pittsburgh, PA 15222

To Elizabeth H. House, Managing Director

From Jean Wahlborg, Editorial Coordinator

RE: Reading Report for “The Prisoner in Hell: A True Story” by
Peter Evans

DATE: July 11, 2007

Composed primarily in a captivating narrative, the text flows at a brisk tempo which should maintain the reader’s interest throughout. While those who have been fortunate enough to not have been sentenced to prison may find many of the author’s assertions to be difficult to fully fathom. Mr Evans appears to have a clear recollection and honest fear to this day. Overall, the work seems well organized in presentation and thought provoking in content.

Peter Evans' ability to convey his frightening ordeal in an open and frank fashion could further enhance the appeal of this submission.

I received the acceptance letter along with my options and costs for publishing

DORRANCE PUBLISHING CO. 26 York Street • London • W1U 6PZ

July 13, 2007

My editorial staff has completed the review of "The Prisoner in Hell: A True Story" and has provided me with the attached reader's report. I am pleased to inform you that we think your work would make a positive addition to our Dorrance Publishing list of titles.

I decided to go ahead and self-published knowing that it needed work but to me the content was most important and time was of the essence, over the years I have carried out alterations myself in order to make it more understandable while keeping the facts of events true and accurate even then they are so difficult to put into words, I think even experts would struggle.

My book had good downloads you can imagine my surprise when I received 5 stars I soon realised that a second book was needed in order to explain the lead up to prison and so I wrote another book "The Enemy No-One Believes Exists" which is my life story, there are events throughout my life which tie into what was told in prison, I have now combined both books into one. I still do my own editing the best I can and I hope you won't judge me too harshly for this.

I still believe the events are most important I have *Proven that we are not alone* and that things written thousands of years ago are really possible, I know that my life has been a game played by the rich since I was young and if it happened to me it could happen to you, "*The Game of Life*" I hope you will enjoy this book, you can even play detective.

Either way I'm sure you will agree with me the proof the world has needed has been given.

1 The Beginning

I was born August 1955 in Gulson road Hospital Coventry and already I was a pain in the butt, due to complications they had to contact my dad who was a bus driver and was out on his bus route, they had to get a relief driver and go out to where he was and take him off his bus, they rushed him to the hospital where they told him that I was not expected to live.

Apparently one of my blood cells was eating the other, I can't remember who was eating what, red or white? It's been a long time since my mother told me the story.

When he arrived at the hospital the priest was there to give me my last rites and so my dad had to come up with a name and he called me Peter, however when I lived he told my mother that he did not like the name Peter but that he would not take it off me for fear saint Peter may crown him when he got to the gates of heaven, but that he would never call me Peter, and so I was re-christened with the name Peter Gareth, I am the youngest of eight, I had four sisters and three brothers most of who are known by their middle name, but I am the only one christened twice, over time Gareth got shortened to Gary.

I lived in Coventry for most of my life; primarily in Coundon and Earlsdon however my first few years were in Hillfields which was not a bad area back in the 50s, Hillfields has a bad reputation in these days however there are still good people living there.

I have little memory of those days except nursery, it's amazing how some things just stay in your mind it is the only event I remember maybe because this is where I met my first girlfriend, I went to Fredrick Birds nursery we were in the playground and I was flirting with a young girl and she was flirting with me, we really liked each other, it was typical puppy love.

There was an upper level storage area where strong wooden boxes were stored we had a little chat as kids do and decided to ask a female member of staff if she could get one of the case's down for us, and she did, I guess she was wondering what we were going to do with it, she may of even asked questions but I don't remember all I know is that we got the box, then we surprised everyone when we turned it upside down and got inside.

The other kids were running and jumping on the box, they thought it was great fun and it was for us to, I do remember the staff members look of surprise when they got us out, again I can't remember what was said but we became famous in the kid world I was known as Jack in the Box, it was not so funny to her dad who was a detective in the police force; he was not a happy camper, but we were only kids for God's sake, it was puppy love, however it seems we were famous in the adult world too, this is when I became a rich man's game, although I suspect it really began at my birth, this has always stayed with me, one of those memories that stick.

We then moved to Coundon were my first and only primary school was Christ the King I got along with the other kids, I remember we use to play kiss chase in the playground that was a very common game at the time.

One morning we were in assembly and some kids behind me were talking, when suddenly the head teacher pointed to me and told me to see him in his office after assembly.

When we met in his office he accused me of talking in assembly but I was the only one in his office so where was the person I was supposed to be talking to, was I talking to myself? I was innocent and I am sure he must have known it; however I got the cane anyway, six of the best.

I left his office, the school gates had not yet been locked so I ran out of the school and stayed away for the day, when I went home that

evening my mum told me that the school had been in touch and she wanted to know what happened, and where I had been, I showed her my hands which were so swollen, I could not even hold a knife and fork to eat my dinner.

I am the youngest of eight children and we all have different experiences and memories of our parents, my mum was tough and had a sharp tongue, she was not always right, but she would stand her ground against man or beast. My mother was Irish through and through, she was a lovely lady who would do anything for anyone, give you her last penny, and she was well liked, however she was also a fiery dragon, she spoke her mind fend or please, you got it straight, I love her to bits.

The next morning she was up the school with me and we went to see the headmaster, boy were my eyes opened, she grabbed him by the scruff and said if you ever touch my son again you will deal with me, or words to that effect that was the first time I saw a guy shiver in his boots, don't mess with my mum...

I got on with other kids and always with the girls, I just enjoyed there company and still do, I never hid it and seen no harm in it, as I said we would play kiss chase in the playground, it was all innocent fun but I think some adults resented me and seemed to have some grievance towards me, at least that was the impression I got, I could never figure out what I was doing wrong, some thoughts for a young boy.

My mum and dad would buy a house then after some years sell it and buy another one; we lived in three houses in Coundon that I remember firstly was Batsford Road then Evenlode Crescent, ending at Browett Road, I guess they were upgrading which makes good sense, we left Coundon around 1969 which would make my age 14.

I used to play some football and cricket with my friends in the park just round the corner; I also had a sheath knife which we would use to play splits (splits is a game where you stand facing your opponent you throw the knife into the ground it must stick in, your opponent must spread there foot to where the knife is and pull it out then throw it back, the one still standing is the winner.)

I had a good sense of humour for a boy who was basically shy and quite because I had difficulty pronouncing words and I had to attend speech therapy at the hospital, this was a picking point for other kids.

The Christmas of 1962 was a bad time for the family especially my mum and dad, I lost my brother who was 11yers old who died December 1962 and my 23yer old sister who died January 1963.

I cannot begin to imagine the pain of the loss of one child let alone two, it must have had an effect on my parents, the last memory of my sister was the present she gave me, it was a police set along with handcuffs, I guess she was telling me something.

My dad died in 1968 we were living in Browett road at the time he died at home, my mum was in a mess because she was still left with a mortgage to pay, she was a hard working woman and a strong woman, she also had her faith and loved her kids before anything or anyone, she would go without for her kids.

My mum was Irish my dad was Welsh, I was the only one born in England so my mum would call me the Coventry kid, the rest of my siblings were born either in Ireland or Wales. I was brought up Irish and knew many Irish songs, my mum sent me Irish dancing when I was knee high this was a big influence on my life regarding music and dancing.

I was a mixed up kid in one way, I remember my brother in-law taking me to a birthday party I had been invited to and I refused to get

out the car, I could see the other kids through the window having fun, there was no way I was going in, I had problem saying words this was partly the cause I think, even in secondary school kids would ask me to say words just so they could take the mickey, this led to me being quite, and yet there were times I was a different person who just had fun, but I was also a loner to a degree and was always moving on, my friends were all short lived.

When I was knee high I went to the transport Christmas party, my dad was a bus driver and every year Coventry Transport would hold a party for the kids which consisted of a DJ, so I was dancing away when I was called up onto the stage to do the twist, my mum had certainly set me off by sending me dancing.

When we lived in Browett Road I went to Saint John's first aid which was located on the Holyhead Road, I did some first aid there as did my brother, they also started a youth club which I attended with my friend, they were playing table tennis and other games, but something was missing? It was called music.

My mum had brought me an orange Alba record player; she also brought me my first LP which was Jim Reeves, I also had a mix of records as did my friend and so I asked permission to bring it down and play some music, they agreed and so I did a little deejaying with my bright orange record player, it worked well, I did say that I have a crazy streak and I was and still am spontaneous.

I have dabbled with musical instruments and always wanted to play something but never seemed to have the time, when we lived at Evenlode Crescent we had a piano I would try to play it, then we moved and left the piano so I tried a piano accordion which I somehow acquired and that also went, my dad was a brilliant singer and harmonica player my elder sister told me he even sang on the radio, my

siblings know far more than I do, I was the late arrival, when dad died my mam gave me his harmonica, I guess I never had the dedication or time to learn, I must have been born with ants in my pants I never settled with myself. I have had at least three guitars in my life, even had Bert Weedon's play in a day, but now I'm getting ahead of myself.

I had moved schools and on failing my 11 plus I went to Ullathorne Secondary school, at first we were all boys school located in the middle of two other schools, to the left was the grammar school where the clever ones went and to the right was the girl's school where of course the girls went.

I think it was my second year at the school when they decided to merge us with the girl's school all three were to become comprehensive schools, therefor my school became middle school the grammar became upper and the girls became lower schools, I remained in the middle.

There was an element of excitement among the lads with regards to having the girls with us, the girls had previously shared the sports field with us and a certain amount of flirting had taken place between both sexes.

When the change took place some of us lads noticed one small flaw... there was a door leading from the showers to the playground which had been locked but it had a keyhole, this shower was now the girls shower, a group of us would gather and go through the keyhole, we were peeking at the girls in the shower until it was discovered, peeping Tom is famous in Coventry and so is Lady Godiva, we were youngsters having fun and if they never plugged the keyhole it was an open invitation, boys will be boys.

Those days were much more fun because it was more laid back but also much more strict, we had corporal punishment where we would be caned, one teacher even used a cricket bat, we had to bend over and whack, a female teacher used the edge of a ruler, hardly anyone escaped because when someone had done wrong and no-one owned up the

whole class got it and I stood in line for the punishment a few times and so the innocent would knowingly be punished, the school was not a soft touch by any means, but then neither is life.

2 The Shadow

There were only three of us kids living at home myself my brother Merlin and my sister Mindy, my elder siblings had branched out, we were reduced to six having lost a brother and sister. My brother Taffy was off doing his own thing, my sister Kate moved to South Africa and Rachel my other sister moved to the USA.

When we were kids every year we would go on holiday to Wales, Kiln park Tenby, I really liked Cliff Richards mum would have me sing “were all going on a summer holiday” my dad would be driving I enjoyed the journey there.

Kiln Park was great we had a caravan in walking distance over the dunes to the beach; I was an explorer and adventurer as were my brother and sister, and so we would go around the coast to Saundersfoot and Stepside exploring any old buildings, going over the cliffs.

We would go with dad and mum to see Gran who had a cottage in Glangwili Village, Carmarthen. She was a lovely little lady and I was always putty in the hands of a lady with a welsh accent, I just love it.

There was a good clubhouse on site as well so I didn’t have far to go for a good night out, I went down to Tenby a couple of times with my mum since dad died; she took me to the Rugby Club and introduced me to people she knew, this is where I was introduced to Bill otherwise known as the king of the fishermen he was a friend of mum and dad so he invited me out fishing.

I had been out on fishing boats before because they ran fishing trips on bigger tourist type boats such as boat trips, this was going to be different Bill was retired so he only had a small boat, not a fishing boat, his friend came with us and so we were three men in a boat which was about right for the size of the boat which was more like a rowing boat

with a motor, we headed out towards Caldey Island we were using single hook lines.

Caldey Island is a small island 0.6 miles off the coast near Tenby in Pembrokeshire, Wales. With a recorded history going back over 1,500 years, it is known as one of the holy islands of Britain I had been out there on a boat trip in the past, but now I was out to sea in a little boat.

We fished not far off the rocks and caught six dozen and two mackerel. I took six back to my mum and she passed them on to the neighbours the rest went to the patients on the heart ward of the local hospital so they had a mackerel dinner.

You can't have a fishing story without the one that got away; on our way out I cast my line in and had a fish which Bill said was a rare catch, however as it got near the boat it was off the line and gone, I cannot remember what type of fish he said it was.

My mother also took me to the farm which my uncle and auntie owned he was married to my auntie at least we always called them uncle and auntie and visited whenever we were down there but this was me and mum, the farm was near to the folly crossroad which was called the folly cross for short.

His name was Dave and he invited me to go down in the hay season to help him get the bales in, and I could bring a friend.

My mother myself and my friend returned to Tenby Kiln Park, my mum was cool, she was a great laugh, Dave would pick us up in the morning and we would get the hay in, sometimes I would be on the trailer while my friend threw up the bales then we would swap, then I would drive the tractor, we all rotated, I did take a corner a bit sharp and toppled some bales off including my friend, we had a blast and enjoyed working the farm, it was hard work, we really earned our money, Dave paid us every day and every evening we were in the club house making merry as one would say.

I was in school one day when I got into a conflict with a group of lads maybe four or five of them when someone I never knew came up to them and said “are you crazy, do you know who he is? He’s Taffy Evans’s brother” that is when I realised that I lived in the shadow of my elder brother.

Taffy was a hard guy with a reputation in the City, sadly he passed away in 2015, we had our disagreements but in his way he loved me and I loved him, a typical love hate relationship, however regardless of what others may think we were close, he would pull me close and tell me you’re my brother and I love you, we have history and now he is dead, the one thing I realize is that despite his fearful reputation and all of our differences, he told me that he loved me, I never once told him that.

Being in his shadow had some good points but mainly bad ones, I had inherited a reputation that was not mine and which I was not capable of living up to, and I had no intention of trying to either.

We had moved from Coundon, my mum brought a house in Avondale Road Earlsdon some days I would walk to school up the Kenilworth road which was nice it’s lined with trees and by the Memorial Park, the park had tennis courts and bowls green, I would go for a game of tennis with some friends, and would play bowls with my brother Merlin, who I would also play snooker with at Victoria Billiards Hall in town where they thought we were twins, we are similar build whereas Taffy was shorter and bigger build. We also played skittles at Rangers.

I got a part time job at the market on Les Phillips stall; Coventry Market is primarily an indoor market with some stalls round the outside Les Phillips was a big outside stall which took up the whole outside corner, I would be there for 6am and help set up, the storage was

underground and there is an elevator inside the market however the goods trolley would have to be pulled up a slope, after setting up I would get the bus to school and be there for 9am, after school I would return and do some selling before packing up at the end of trade.

This day the fair came to town and so I went and enquired if they needed help setting up and I got some work with the fair, I also worked on the darts I would shout out over 45 wins any prize, I was quite good at it and got the punters in, the fair people liked me so much I had the offer to go other places which would have meant traveling which I had to decline, however I did do the carnival fair at the memorial park, apart from that I also helped out on the waltzers, that was much more fun than the darts, the more the girls screamed the more they got spun.

As I said I always enjoyed female company and gave equal respect but I would still give them a hard time but in a fun way and they would give just as much back, those were good days when you could make jokes about each other without being called sexist or racist, I think people know by how things are said if it is meant to be offensive or humorous, today things have gone way over the top in my opinion, it is so easy for someone like me to get in trouble, you have to watch everything you do and say.

I worked hard and I played just as hard or maybe a touch harder. I took the lads from the fair to the market tavern in town; we had some good times with no trouble, this is not to say life is trouble free we are living in the real world and this is a true story after all.

I left school summer of 1970 I would be 15 in August, I did pass the test to stay on a year but I had been accepted to go to technical college at the Butts Technical Collage for one year painting and decorating, they also had a bricklaying course among others.

I was into motorbikes although I never had a bike of my own my friends let me ride and borrow there's, I rode Triumph Tiger Cub and BSA Bantam, I was pretty much a rocker without the stigma, because I also rode Vespa and Lambretta scooters, I even did a wheelie down an entry on one of the scooters and ended up running flat into a fence, whoops.

There was a dispute in collage when a friend of mine had a problem with some brickies, I did intervene on behalf of my friend and I got expelled for fighting, I wouldn't call it a fight more a dispute, but the principle didn't see it that way.

I would often stand up for my friends because that's what friends are all about in my opinion, for example I was dating a girl and my friend was dating her sister they lived in Radford on this evening I had gone over to visit my girlfriend and instead I found my friends girlfriend in tears, she had a lump and cut on her head, I enquired as to what had happened and was informed that her ex-boyfriend had hit her with a 2x4 piece of timber, so I enquired as to his whereabouts and was informed that he was in the Grapes pub, this was his pub and not my turf, she pleaded with me not to go in there it had a reputation as a rough pub.

I left and headed to the Grapes, I walked in and went to the bar to buy a pint, I noticed the looks and heard the murmurs and as would be expected I walked out in worse condition than I went in, I never even had chance to get a word out, it was quite dirty really, then could I really expect any better?

In them days in Coventry areas were governed by what some would call gangs but that may be too strong a word it was like mods and rockers and not criminal elements so I will just call them mobs for want of a better word, there was the Tile Hill Mob, Radford Mob, Canley Mob, Town Mob etc. the town were supposed to be the best, however

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