

# Male Victims of Abuse

A victim

**Life is moving along as well as it can. All of a sudden there is an unfamiliar knock at the door, upon answering I find two Police officers standing there. Out of the blue they say we need to talk to you about your time in care.**

Bang, I am hit with something that takes me back to when the most horrendous events of my life took place. After a short time of getting to know each other, we got down to what was wanted. They wanted to know if anything had happened to me in my time at this place. Because of the shame, I could not divulge any of the grossest details, but I told them that I was touched in the anal and genital areas, and forced to touch the same areas of my perpetrator.

After some 7-8 hours of questions and repeating of my answers they leave, telling me that if I thought of anything else to give them a ring. I think great that's over. (How wrong I was). I am unable to deal with the situation I am left in, as all the effects of what I had suffered hit me all at once. I take myself off to be alone, in my safe haven whilst here I am able to write down all of what had happened when I was in care, after several hours I emerge from my safe haven, holding numerous pieces of paper, I ask my wife to read what I had suffered. This is done with a tremendous amount of fear, (that fear being after reading such disgusting material she will leave me). My wife tells me that I need to let the police know what had happened at the hands of these monsters. I find the courage to ring the police they say they are on their way, they arrive within 30 minutes, when we sit down they tell me, we knew that there was more than what I had said previously.

I hand over the many pieces of paper that contain all the details of what I had suffered at the hands of my perpetrators. After sometime of reading the material the officer said I would have to tell them in words what was in the papers. This was not what I wanted to hear. I knew it was going to be a tremendously difficult thing for me to do, as I am already feeling isolated, worthless, ashamed, dirty, responsible for what happened and guilty for allowing it to happen. I eventually find the will to tell them what they want to hear. I sign the statements after 8-9 hours they have what they want and leave. They leave me with nothing.

Bang, it is like it has all just happened, the psychological, mental, physical and emotional effects are so immense that nothing matters. I do not care about anything or anyone, I go into a cocoon wanting to be left alone, I try to sleep but I can not as the flashbacks and nightmares begin as a result I do not try to sleep any more, I start to

feel low and the depression begins. I cannot go to work, do not want to wash, shave, eat, drink (except for alcohol) or change my clothes. I just let the world go by.

I need help so I speak to the police who give me the number for the NSPCC, I ring them tell them that I have been abused they ask my age when I tell them I am 34-35, they say I am too old and can not help me, given another number to try again I receive the same response, this happens time and time again. I then feel even more isolated no one wants to help. Depression deepens so I visit my GP, I tell him what I am going through, the only help he can give me is Sleeping tablets and Anti-depressants, these do not work so the hole gets bigger and bigger. I became lower and lower and found myself at the point were all I want is for this to end. That is when the suicidal thoughts begin which then become greater and greater and believe me you can not get any lower. I see my doctor who then prescribes Anti-psychotics and tranquillisers; I feel that the only way out is to go away and never come back.

Eventually after much persuasion, the police found me some kind of support. It took me some 2-3 years before I realised that it was helping, this also led to me getting 1-2-1 counselling, which I am still attending. But I found a group named Fire in Ice from whom I receive a great deal of support. I still have to use the Anti-depressants but at a much reduced dose.

I must also add that without the help, support and nurturing I have had from my wife and families I can honestly say I do not know were I would be now without it.

Police interviews, visits to solicitors and barristers, psychological reports, psychiatric reports and medical examinations all have a detrimental effect on you. I believe that none of these professionals realise how much of a distressing and abusive effect it has on the victim / survivor.

As with all forms of distress you eventually find a coping strategy. What has happened cannot be removed as some people think.

**The effects are real; they can be put away, but are not forgotten.**

## A Self Help Group

**Fire in Ice is a Merseyside based self-help project run by and for adult men who have experienced childhood abuse, especially those who suffered while in institutional childcare establishments. Fire in Ice aims to enable men who have suffered child abuse and their families to make positive change in their lives, also aims to make the care experience safe for children and young people. Fire in Ice offers one to one, group and telephone support in a friendly empathic environment. It also works with non-sex-offending survivors in prisons throughout Northwest England. Fire in Ice is made up of ordinary men who have overcome their abuse and volunteer to support others who suffered as innocent children.**

## UNKNOWN TALE

Once we were two people, who became friends  
Close friends over many years.  
We never lost that friendship, no matter what  
Each valuing the other  
Showing respect, tolerance and patience  
Without a single thought.  
We needed each other, but wouldn't admit it  
For fear of rejection.

Once there was mutual and reciprocal love  
A love built to last forever.  
Unconditional.  
Once there were two hearts, with a bonding so tight  
That nothing would sever.

Once we both wanted each other  
We both wanted love  
We both needed to be loved  
We were both in love, with each other  
We didn't need to impress, not doubt.  
We were just 'there' for one another.  
A beautiful feeling of knowing  
And belonging.

Then the love was clouded and stilted  
by the dreadful memories and trappings of the innocent  
And almost five years passed, whilst the other love  
tended the scars  
and shared the pain and desperation.  
The innocent and the carer survived - against all  
adversity.

And the friendship remained  
Because of its sheer strength already gained  
And the love stayed.....  
It was tucked away for safe keeping  
Until it was safe to emerge.  
It never died - and never will  
Because it too - was so strong.  
And always will be.

It may or may not ever be manifested -  
But if ever it is  
It will be the most beautiful and tender love  
That will last forever.

**Helpline: 0151 707 2614**

Open Mondays 5-9pm.

Office: Tel: **0151 708 6339**

Open Monday- Friday 10am-4pm.

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