

1. Wood End Remmand Home

"Have you any-thing to say before we pass sentence?" said one of the three magistrates.

"Yes your hanner, I do have something to say. Something to say about my life. Everything I've tried to make better of has drifted apart without warning, and my lost hopes leading me to fear," I began in a best performance of manner, and now slowly to-wards the magistrates desk.

"I don't want my probation officer telling you I need help. I don't need help. I need a final chance to prove to you I can fite this unfortunet, and prove that I will. I want to start work and feel proud of saing to my probation officer I am continuing life respectidelly. This is the time I no I can prove something big on livving the way I no. Pleace you worships, I ask you for the final chance, beleave me you honn- or." I finished loudly in such effort.

"Yes, allrite, you can sit your-selth dawn now you've explaind your point," said the middle magistraitt in a kind of low wonndering way.

It was now time for the silence wispering.

"Would you please stand," he spoke.

"Now we are giving you a chance by sending you to an approved school," he said carmly. All at once, I felt miselth going into a num sence then deeper, untill I felt to week to move.

"We are now sighning an aprooth school order."

I changed to a dizzy feelling with the surrounding of people then two officer who walked before me, by the one normal grip on my sleeves, and a feelling of anouth strenght to get through the door, along the marble path of the continues corridors leading deeper and deeper into the waiting room of locks, bars, and keys. I fourt of nothing untill hearing the ecoing sound of lock and keys being rackled again into the prison doors.

"Come on lets have you the cars arived," spoke an officer.

The sun was shining brighter in my eyes as getting out of the big committee car painted black, and shading my eyes in view of the new remmand home building. From the minute I entered came the time of discipline truth, and what a fact. First came the bath of water, soap, and of course, scrubbing brush I was ordered to use. The last few minutes of my mustash, the beginning of my first man-hood growth being shaved off by the fast and determined fact of the remmand home rule. The complete change of clothing brought a sense to the obvious fact of discipline, leaving my mind in a dull situation.

The many boys made not a sound out of place whilst sitting to their tables, and were all aged about ten to sixteen, and made not a sound at the end of it, more or less all through it. I knew what that meant. After prayers, the sharp words of size order were called from each duty officer.

By the time we had reached our beds, I fought strangely of the sudden change of life, some how a sense of atmosphere grew around and through me, but the white stiff sheets and the clean surroundings changed nothing. I gripped my teeth in desperation of freedom, near that time the loud click echoed once, leaving the room in darkness.

"Wish I wake up in the morning and find it all a dream." I fought turning round on the last comfort of sleep.

I awoke from the soundings of metal racks being forced upwards by the morning staff. The other three boys were being alert jumping from their beds, getting the blankets folded fast.

"Hay I wouldn't let one of the duty officers find you still in bed," warned a boy from Liverpool. The rattling of keys soon got me out of bed like a flash. The door was opened and in he stepped, I could feel him getting near, as I folded my first blanket.

"Right. Why isn't your bed made?"

I stopped work looking at him in silence.

"Well come on, speak up, what's your explanation?"

"He only came yesterday, and doesn't do the morning routine sir," interrupted a boy.

"So you're a new boy?"

"Yes sir."

"Then why didn't you say that, got a tongue in your head haven't you?"

"Yes sir," I answered in a lower voice.

"Then get those blankets done, you've got five minutes," he finished walking away, I was helped by one of the boys. I remarked with a smiling way, "Say, thanks, that's great."

"Don't mention it let's get on with it," he said with a grin.

Size order was called by the usual shout. I could hear and feel various scuffles and pulls also seen towards the usual size order position. I couldn't help but feel strange out of place as in line with them wearing just white shorts and black pumps. All went into quietness, marching into the gym sports room forming one line across the size of the wall, and the teams were soon sorted out. The sound of the whistle brought the ball bouncing up and down the room.

A change to football brought the afternoon more interesting, also are team doing quite well after a while of good playing. The ball was kicked out of position by someone sitting with his team that made me lose control on a chance of scoring.

"Can't you leave things alone."

"No, that's why we are here."

The rest of his team giggled in something that they fought funny, and as the remark came to me so obvious and typical I could just ignore them even more, and get on with the game. After another few minutes I scored a goal. "A good goal," I agreed to myself. Then only a minute before the end the ball went straight through putting our team in front. On the final game which finished the hard one, as we lost two one, was in most ways satisfying being second place especially the afternoon game of good excitement that everyone played so well.

Bed time soon arrived, and layed there with my hand resting

before my head, with the fourths of when and how long coming too my sleep in its quite comfort.

The late morning beautiful, with the sun shining on a small area of a little time of outside freedom surrounding walls. We all gathered from thows outside sets from the loud noise of the dinner time bell, sounding very loud.

In all my life I've never really enjoyed football but on this occasion I did. The ball was being kicked up and down the field on a good game of football, and in some kind of way I more or less enjoyed it. The ball getting closer to me made me lose fought of everything but a good game, then getting it and almost dribbling half way up, I passed to one of the boys giving him enough time to get it in the nets without much trouble, then dodging a couple of full backs sent it flying straight through the nets. The time on hearing the half time whistle brought it more interesting as at a close score, and the ending came as the usual three cheers and so on. They all joined in with their shouts running too the building.

The great moment had at last arrived, the time the over-fifteens were probably all waiting for. The cigarette box being brought in by one of the duty officers, and placing it on the table at the end of the television room, brought everyone to that obvious change of interest. All us over-fifteens gathered separately from the unfortunate one who were but a few years younger, some only about a year. My first cigarette all day left me with some powerful experience of feeling to-words fought a hundred times at once or maybe I was blocked and felt in the mood of thinking. After the last one we all went off on the further interest of watching television. Me and another boy from the same bedroom, talked quietly on conversation of making a run for it. He talked of his mother being a private secretary and tried to guarantee me I would be cared for if I would only abscond with him. Making a way to a far corner using a magazine on a good excuse not wanting to watch television, I nearly begged him not too abscond.

"But why think of getting court when we had it all planned

out?" he said, all the more wanting to escape my rejected wards.

"Keep your voice down or you'll be court before you even set out," I replied in a whisper.

"Well I no how to get out of this place, there's a secret way you no."

"Now look, I don't care if you no the secret of a hidden machine gun, let alone a way out. I still think you're a fool to do such a thing," I warned openly.

"Alright, but just tell us why you want to bunk it with us?"

"Because running off from an approved school court order will in some way leave a mark on me, and a complete waste of time," I replied seriously. He lowered his eyes and walked slowly of sitting down to watch television. I looked at him sadly, then gazed into a magazine of a colour war picture. This boy came from Liverpool, and I can still remember his smooth white skin and pretty blue eyes. His talking, well especially when he talked to me, always left me lost but in a way comfortable. He was very mischievous and to the staff was always in a good deal of trouble, on the foolish things he did and said, I just continued flicking the pages of fighting men and tanks, and again gazed into another one.

Two weeks had finally arrived. Two knocks on the superintendent's door brought me standing tingly before his desk after the call of enter. He talked on a quick conversation of my good behaviour, and saying my time was up as due for a Read Bank Assessment Unit on a total of circumstances. This meant I was now on my last day at Wood End.

"We are putting you at this assessment unit because it has been decided for the best. You will find out on there way of rules, so I can only wish you the best of luck."

"Thank you sir," I said from my seat to-wards the door.

"Oh, and just to let you no why they let you get away with so much, there," he said placing report papers to one side.

"Oh and what would that be sir?" I asked willingly.

"Just to make sure that wards wrote down in your reports in black and white turn out to be true. Allrite Wilson you can go," he finished.

It was an evening of dashing about sorting clothes out, having a good bath, and going to surgery being wald and mecurd.

"What does this do?" asked a boy on the waing macien.

"Well, you'r a good few pounds hevier than when you came," replied the maitron writing dawn on the list.

"I would of agreed with you by saing wards on this stage," I foughrt as my hair was being serched with a fine toothcomb.

"Next!" she caled.

The next short time I was in bed with my mind on a constant worrey of begining of anougher start of fresh livving.

"First comming to the strictist place, naw heading for a land of freedam. I must thinck what ever next," I foughrt turning over in tiredness in one last comfortable position. I foughrt deeply into my relligiose affairs, evan as far as the actual Devill himself, but not forgetting God, then doing away with a matter, and bringing it on the fact of hard solid barrs, leaving it on a circomstance of no way out, just no way out. I closed my eyes forgetting every-thing but going into nites moments of that compleat sillence. No, no were near the begining, no were near that stat, locked tite, and no way out.