

The Same Old Terrible Story Of Lives Ruined By The Child Abuse Of The Rich And Famous

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BY THE CHILD ABUSE OF THE RICH AND FAMOUS

These are the experiences of a man known as "Fletch", a 38-year-old man serving life for murder in the hell hole called Belmarsh Prison in London, as told to the jailed peer, Lord Archer, who was kept in the same jail for lying in court:

"I was born in Wales" wrote Fletch "but my childhood ended at the age of nine when I was sent to a home."

"Overnight I became a play-thing for those who were employed to care for me. Staff caned little boys until they screamed, and then raped us until we were senseless. By the aged of 12, I had been abused by the staff, social workers and a probation officer. All of these professions attract paedophiles. They network and, most frightening of all, they protect each other.

"I ran away and at 13 began sleeping rough. A man offered me somewhere to sleep, got me drunk and raped me. After that he began renting me out to like-minded men. He controlled me, bringing judges, schoolmasters, police officers and politicians to the flat. I can tell you of birthmarks, wounds and peculiarities for every one of these men. One night in the West End, when I was still 13, I was arrested by the police while the man who controlled me was trying to sell me to a customer. I was collected from the nick by a social worker, who took me to a children's home run by a magistrate.

"For a fortnight the magistrate raped me night and day before issuing a court order that I should be returned to my original children's home, where it was back to caning and systematic abuse. After a couple of months I was transferred to a hospital for emotionally disturbed children. Once again, the staff abused me. I ran away, but was soon tracked down by the man who started renting me out when I was 13. This time he installed me in a flat where seven or eight men would have sex with me on a daily basis. One or two liked to whip me while others punched me.

"By the age of 18, I no longer served any purpose for these men, so I was thrown out on to the street to fend for myself. That was when I committed my first burglary of a department store. I was arrested and sent to Borstal [a prison for young offenders]. When I was released, I got a job in security but I also continued with a life of crime. In 1980, I met my future wife and during the next five years, we had two sons. She had no idea of what my real work was, or that for years I had been sexually abused.

"Everything went well until I was arrested in 1997 for DSS fraud to the tune of #2.8 million, for which I received a three-year sentence. During my time in jail, I let my wife know that I had been involved in a life of crime. But it wasn't until I was released that I revealed to her the details of the sexual abuse. She was disgusted and said she couldn't understand why I hadn't reported these men to the authorities. She described me as a filthy person, who allowed dirty old men to rape me. There was no way I could begin to make her understand. I lost the one person I truly loved.

"My life had been ruined by these evil men, and now they had even robbed me of my wife and children. All I wanted was to kill the five monsters who were responsible. I carefully planned how I would kill them, and then later die in the hands of the police. I discovered that two of them were already dead, so there were only three left for me to deal with. I kidnapped one of them and brought him back to my flat. My three friends agreed to guard him while I returned to pick up the other two. On the way, I phoned my flat and my friends told me they had killed the first one.

"I was enraged. I wanted to him myself. I needed to cleanse myself of these evil men and now all I had was a dead body on my hands and three terrified associates. I cleaned all the fingerprints from my flat and told my friends I would deal with the other two men in my own way. That was when 24 armed police officers burst in and pinned us to the ground. They charged me with murder and I am doing 22 years for a crime I didn't commit. I only wish I had and I also wish I had killed the other two men.

"I hope by telling this story I may save someone else from the horror I've been through."

["Fletch" says he has decided to appeal against both his sentence and verdict. He says he is prepared to name the judges, schoolmasters, policemen and the politician who abused him.]

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