

CHAPTER 10

I AM 'WITHDRAM FROM'

So, there I was – no longer in the lovely panelled Kauri ceiling home in Hokianga Road home with its acres of hallways; but stuffed into a caravan at the Dargaville Motor Camp

My first week was memorable by the arrival of Simpkin & Simpkin at about 10pm the Friday evening – they had come to tell me I had been withdrawn from!!

Wasn't that just dandy – get my wife and I to sign a separation, get me clear of the house and then bang, bang ya dead!!

Well, my grandmother was Irish and alas, when backed against the wall, I have an unbelievably bad temper

I rang the local Police who advised me there was no legal reason for me to be deprived residency of my home and they would provide an escort for me to be returned to it

Off we went caravan in tow and up the driveway into the house. The door was nailed shut – the Police knocked it open with a hammer. Rachel was told that, until there was a legal document preventing my entry into the home, I was to remain in it

I will never forget Nathan's joy at seeing me. He crawled over to me in excitement and I hugged him tight

Simpkin & Simpkin turned up - boy, were their tits in a tangle! Rushing off into the bedroom with Rachel and holding long conflabs with lawyers – so typical of EB behaviour: secretive, deceitful and under cover. I sat in the lounge with Nathan and talked to my lawyer in front of everybody

But, it was no good – Rachel was distraught and I agreed to go. I did it because I loved her. More fool me – more fool her

Once again we said goodbye on the doorstep. Bitter tears were shed. I had a feeling I would never be back with my family again. Time was to