



# PAUL BEHIND THE WALL...

My Godsister has been on me for a long time to write a book, to tell my story and forever I have been hesitant to open this pandora's box of darkness, of things that happened at a very young age....My sister said she would not write me until I began my first chapter of my book and I guess she wasn't kidding for its been over a year since I have heard from her.....I miss her .... I guess I miss her a lot so I will start this journey.. I hope your ready.....

My earliest child hood memory takes me back to a late summer day , the sun is shining the leaves on the trees are turning colors and there is a light breeze blowing , I grew up in Oakland, California, it's across the Bay from San Francisco. so the smell of the ocean is always in the air and the sound of seagulls are never far off... As I remember It must be understood by the readers that these memories come back to me in little snippets and so the order of their occurrences may be a little fuddled, anyways I first remember being about four years old and I was mad about something and I remember telling my mom that I was going to run away and she called my bluff and I hers,I remember the little suitcase we had and how I packed it a couple of clothes and something to eat and started walking down the street ... well I guess I police patrol car spotted me walking with a suitcase and picked me up because my next memory has me being brought home in the police car...

Now this was about 1969 and I still remember wearing these plaid pants and shortsleeved dress shirts with clip-on ties and going to church on Sundays, it must of been one of my favorite days of the week since it remained in my thoughts all these years. It is one of the few times I remember being with both my parents before the divorce, after church we would go downtown to our favorite store to browse or shop, the store was called "Swan's", we used to run all over the store , in order to reach the second floor you walked up a ramp that switched back on itself, we thought it was so cool we would race up and down and finally we would go to this little chinese restaurant where the owners knew us because of our frequent visits. My parents would order these dishes call chow mein, prawns , sweet and sour pork etc.. all us kids wanted was some rice with gravy, yeah we really liked that dish, oh yeah, before I go on to my next memory, one time my two other brothers and I was getting scolded about something we'd done and mom was



real mad she got to a part in her scolding where she said we had no feeling cause if we did we would know how it felt, of real innocent and sinceraly I piped up and said "I got feelings mommy, see?" I was pointing to a tooth in my mouth.. this made her laugh real hard, so hard that she wasn't mad at us any more.... My next memory is dark and it amazes me at the clarity of the memory but here it goes.. when I was about six or seven years old there was a old guy in a wheelchair that lived next door, he was always nice to us kids, I don't remember his name but I see him clearly in my minds eye, if we wanted some money for candies he'd was always good for some change and when the ice cream truck came rolling down the neighborhood with that all to familiar tune that ice cream trucks are known the whole U.S. for, he was buy us ice creams and it seemed life was good until one day he called me into his house and some how or another got in his back laundry room, and I remembered being put on a stool and having my penis sucked by this old man in a wheelchair (my hands even forty years later still shake at the memory) and what I remember is being in a kind of shock and going home and filling the bath tub with water, even at that age there was a beauty mark on my penis but I dida't know that i thought it was something that old man left on it I remember scrubbing myself raw and my mom walking in wondering why I was in the tub she saw my bleeding pee-pee and asked me what I was doing and all I can remember saying was "Trying to clean it mommy !".....whew... I have to stop here for now, that was rough for me . I'll pick it up here when I write my next piece.....

I'm Paul Behind The Wall until next time.....6/29/11