

A MURDER PLANNED

It was another of those nights, blackout no power, an often occurrence in the construction town of Warragamba where a major storage Dam for Sydney, New South Wales, Australia was being built between 1948 and 1960. My father a rigger with the then Metropolitan Water Sewerage and Drainage Board or MWS&DB for short, gathered together the old kerosene lamps, as was his usual way for lighting during the regular power outages caused by storms. My sister who was several years older and myself used to run into the bedrooms and hide and we would jump out at me each other, screaming and laughing. Being eight years old I enjoyed having my sister home for a while, she had been sent to live in a girls home run by nuns because she was uncontrollable and had been in trouble with boys, which I did not understand, but was glad when she came home to stay for a while before returning to the home. Eventually she would run off with a married man from the same street in which we lived, he abandoned a wife and two children, much the same age as myself as I remember though maybe give or take a year.

Anyhow that was what we did during the blackouts, until tired it was bed and hope for a new day with electricity back on again, which was the outcome most times. I suppose older folk like myself now being the tender age of sixty five recall times from the 1950's. And this brings me to a little tale concerning me in those childhood years and my mother, who was to say the least totally insane if not demon possessed, for I myself was beset by devils many nights, and the enforced religion of my mother who being of the Roman persuasion would force me to kneel before a picture of Mary and recite the rosary over and over, only being interrupted by a belting with a strap to encourage me onwards in prayer. This happened through my early years, and off to mass also; my father was not of any persuasion one way or the other but I suppose towed the line in that he got dressed up the day of my baptism on the 4th January 1953, at the Roman Sacred Heart Church my birth being the 17th July 1949, was followed by a party; this I had forgotten as I grew to manhood but from old family photos I have there are scenes from that day of me playing in the backyard and of my father in shirt, tie and suit pants.

This little tale is not the definitive story of my childhood, but just a lead up to an event formed in my mind as a boy to deal with the horrors not only of being bashed by my mother over the slightest matter, but of her other threat, namely to kill me. My childhood was normal in many ways with school and mates at weekends playing around the town, going swimming and fishing in our favourite places in the bushland, having the chores of getting the shopping and having to do the washing and ironing too, and being beaten by mother if anything went wrong. For instance in primary school one day I somehow got a cut in my trousers, must have been in a craft class and I did not know it had happened, but upon arriving home my mother spotted it and went into a rage, not only bashing me but getting scissors and cutting into my clothing in my bedroom, not that I had much in those days, just some shorts and shirts, nothing much. Another time I was looking forwards to going to the pictures with my sister to see some Doris Day movie of that era and for some small reason my mother decided that I could not go, it was not that I had done anything but from spite alone as I now understand.

Now at night I had the recurring dream that I was somehow out of my body, which I later learned as an adult was what is known as astral travel, yet this happened to me many nights and I keep having the recurring nightmare of being pursued by terrible things that kept trying to catch me, but I'd wake at a particular moment, often seeing dark figures in my room near my bed and also the sense of floating, or that there were two of me, one being just outside of me, yet I was awake. I remember one night going out to my parents and saying, 'help me there are two of me' which got the reply 'get back to bed' but I was afraid to go back in my bedroom, I might add that I was sleeping in the very room where that picture of Mary was hung, and that used to scare me too, in fact one day when forced to pray before it and recite the Rosary the image seemed to come alive and look at me, I yelled out and ran out of the room; I cannot recall all events but that room was my sister's bedroom at one time, and I now occupied it, in years after that for some reason I was given another room, and whilst in that I was I suppose 10 -13 was when my mother used to tell me at times that she would come in one night and stab me to death, so you see I had reason to be scared, in fact I often had my window unlocked in case she did come in with a knife and I could escape, it never

happened but the threats kept coming. I had an old alarm clock which I took to pieces and worked out how to set the alarm off by tying a piece of cotton to one of the cogs and tugging it to release the ringing bell bit, so each night I ran that cotton from the clock across the bottom of the doorway to my bedroom, again she never came in but I was never sure and she would often repeat that one night she would stab me.

Now I will tell you how the mind of a boy began to work, and murder planned in my heart and attempted. I laid in bed and thought and thought about this, in fact I had ran away from home a few times up to this point but was caught by the police and bought back home; I even found myself in court and placed on a good behaviour bond or the threat of a boy's home, so it seemed I was not winning at all, 'til I had the seed of evil work in me, I planned to kill my mother; but how?

It was some time, and as children do I played with mates from the street in their yards and they in mine, we would get under our homes, some of which were on concrete foundations so we could sit under parts of the house and makes dams from the dirt and fill with water then bust them to see the water flood out, we'd play around under the homes. Now that seed of evil began to work in me, for in corners under the homes in dark places where the joists rested on piers, spiders lived. We had various kinds of spiders, some we knew were bad from what we were told, such as red back spiders that we found in rusty old tins or under rubbish, there were trap door spiders that lived in holes in the ground but what caught my eye were black ones under the house in cobwebs around the joists and foundations, they were not real big but looked nasty to me as a boy.

Thus in bed I laid and planned it out, how to kill my mother and not be found out, and slowly I came to a solution. My mother did not do much around the home as I was the ideal slave for that, even at a young age I learnt to do housework and it was not that I resented it but that I got used to doing things and thought I was quite good at it too, though my mother had other opinion and she had the strap. I might add that my sister who no longer was with us having run off with that man up the street, what she did at one time and I remember the event vaguely. One day my mother was laying into my sister with the strap and my sister grabbed it from her and began to use it on her, there was a hell of a row when my father got home, he never beat me except for the times I had run away from home, but now and then he would come in drunk and have a go at mother, and I learnt to keep a low profile, in case she took it out on me. Funny isn't it how as a young boy I'd learnt these things quickly. Another thing I had promised myself was that if I had children I would never treat them as I was treated, and I never did. My mother spent all day sitting in the kitchen at a table near the wood stove, she read magazines and smoked, rolling her cigarettes, my father too was a smoker. In fact some nights my mother would get me up and make me roll cigarettes for her, and if not the correct size it meant the strap until I got it correct as she wanted them. I had to make a dozen or so, it was through this that I myself started to smoke around the age of ten, and as mates do when together we would have a puff

Now back to the master murder plan of a 10 year old, thinking, thinking it out I reasoned this way; I would get a black spider from under the house and when mother was in bed in the morning and before I went to school I would put it under her chair, this would be ideal for she sat by the fuel stove and wood from the woodman or from my father getting wood from the bush near the town would be a good excuse, for I reasoned the spider could be thought to have come in with the wood, if it bit her during day I would be at school; and thus I would not be suspect, the spider would bite her, she would die and I'd be free from her stabbing me. So I set the plan in action the next morning, went under the house and got the spider somehow into a jar, then went inside turned her chair over and tipped it out, the spider went and sat in a corner underneath the chair, so I put the chair upright and into the table, and went to school. I waited to hear any news at school such as someone turning up to tell me the news she was dead, but nothing all day. Getting home I sort of went into the house quietly and there she was in her chair smoking and not hurt; so I just was told by her if I had to do any work as was usual.

I kept thinking when it will bite her and what would I do if it happened before dad got home from work, but nothing happened and the day became evening and then night and I went to bed and waited to hear her scream. During the night my sleep was uneasy with same old nightmare of falling, falling down into darkness, at which time I would awake with a start and afraid, it was a common dream. I then thought of the spider and then with horror something else my mother had said to me came to memory, yet I failed to understand why I had forgotten it, for when she had told me she would stab me to death when asleep, I was reminded that she once said to me, that if she died she would come back and get me so I would also die, this made me so scared I began to pray that the spider not bite her and I could not sleep at all, she was still up for the lights were on so it may only have been 11 pm at night, I had no watch but it was late when I had woken from the nightmare of falling into an abyss. Next morning I was out of bed like a shot, as usual mother never got up 'til after I went to school and my father was always gone off to work before I got up. Anyhow I turned over her chair and the spider had not moved, so I got rid of it, later in life I learned that those spiders are not a danger to humans at all. When I was 24 my mother died, I did not shed a tear at her funeral but since that time I have been able to forgive her and asked God to have mercy on both my mother and father at the resurrection and their judgement, to which all shall stand even those of us who are now Christians shall give account to the Lord. I must add that as a young man I got involved in the occult as a medium, and after many years of real spiritual torments, not imagined for demons are real and were active with me when a boy, I was saved in the name of the Lord Yeshua, the Son of God, called Jesus by many, I really was set free from bondage and thank God for his love. Anyway that's my short story, and it's not fiction.

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