

Glen Scott

'The story begins when my birth mother advertised me in some form of newspaper, exactly how this was done I never found out. My birth mother wanted a deposit for me and then when I was born she agreed to give me to the person who bought me and collect the rest of the money.

The deposit was paid and the waiting began then two months later I was born. Unfortunately something went wrong with the sale and the lady who bought me (my adopted Mother) didn't have quite enough money, so I was placed in an orphanage at the age of 10 days old.

Thirteen months later I was released to her, sick and close to death. My Mother (not birth mother) with the help of her trusted doctor and a district nurse for many months, nursed me back to health.'

As a small child growing up I was very shy and introverted. For as long as I could remember I felt isolated and alone, and somehow I always felt different, but I couldn't understand why.

My memories go back to the age of around two, when my then foster Mother locked me in the cellar under the house each day from around 6:30 am until dark or about 6:00 pm. This was when my (foster) dad would leave for work. She gave me breakfast which consisted of bread and milk and she would switch on the radio, I never did learn not to sing along with the music, and sure enough I would be spanked for making a noise and pushed down the cellar, crying and begging her that I would be a good girl and not make a noise. There was a trap door in the floorboards and two steps leading into a hole under the house which was about 6 feet deep, filled with spiders, rats and mice. It had a dirt floor and smelled of mould as I huddled in a small ball with my arms around my legs, praying to God to tell Mummy to let me out. Then the old sofa would be dragged over the entrance after the trap door was closed above me. The fear was always intense as I sobbed alone in the darkness.

For four and a half years this procedure occurred every day except on weekends, when my Papa (my Mothers Father) came to visit. I loved him dearly and he always made me feel special. He would sing to me and dance me around on his feet.

Just after I turned five, my Papa was killed in an accident and I was totally lost and felt more alone. My Mother who was extremely close to her father became morbid and distant. The days in the cellar stopped when I started school. The days at school were long and miserable as I was bullied and beaten by the older boys and girls.

At age six I began to wear glasses, and at six and a half I contracted Polio. Five and a half months of isolation in the hospital followed with no visitors allowed. Finally I went home with callipers on my legs and in a baby pusher which my mother wheeled me to school in. This gave the other kids something new to tease me about and they would take my glasses

and throw them away and push me over so I couldn't get up, they knew the irons on my legs prevented me from doing so. Finally they bashed me so badly that I was hospitalised, what followed was a new school and more isolation.

Soon after this I began to go to Sunday School which my mother who was very religious insisted on; again I was a loner but at least none of the kids hurt me there. However my Sunday School teacher befriended me, he came to see my mother and then became a family friend. Not too long after this when I was aged nearly nine, he took advantage of my vulnerability and began to abuse me; this continued for the next five years.

At age fourteen I ran away, something I continually did but was always brought home again. This time however I had planned it well I thought and I was never going back home. My Dad had made me a bike out of old bits and pieces that he had collected over time, I loved my bike and gradually over time riding it helped to strengthen my legs.

My mother sent a friend to look for me and when he found me he said, "I need to talk to you; I want you to go home and tell your Mother how much you love her and thank her for the life she has given you." I thought this was a strange thing to say but what followed shocked me beyond belief.

"You are adopted" he told me, "Your Mother has wanted to tell you but has been too afraid that she would lose you, but when you ran away this time she knew you meant to stay away, so that is why she asked me to find you. I want you to come home with me now and talk this through with your Mum."

When I returned home we talked and cried together and she told me the story of my birth and subsequent adoption.

Life after that day changed between my adopted Mother and I and even though I tried hard and I am sure she did too, there was always something that could never be right anymore. I knew she feared I would want to see my birth mother one day and she told me stories that made me feel unloved and unwanted. During the years when I dared bring up the subject of my adoption to my mother she would tell me that there was some kind of problem between my birth mother and father.

Both my adopted parents died when I was in my late twenties, so then I made it my purpose to find my birth mother and know my heritage. It took me thirty years to find her, mainly because of our laws of the time; and when I did it was a strange meeting, but nothing really nice ever came of our reunion. I had two brothers who initially wanted to be close but that didn't last long, one of the wives and my mother saw to that.

When I spoke with my birth mother at one of our rare meetings one of my questions was about my father whom she later said wasn't my father, when I asked who was, she refused to tell me.

Shortly after meeting my mother and brothers, I had a knock on the door at my home; a man stood in front of me and asked me if I was I said yes and he said, "Well I'm your father." I went weak in the legs and began to tremble as I had no idea who he was and it was totally unexpected.

Not long after this I went to my birth mothers funeral but was ostracised by all and when the family spoke and gave her eulogy it was as though I had never existed. I found this extremely hurtful. When he died I had a DNA done and I found out he wasn't my birth father at all, even though he always believed he was. Still today I am trying to find out who my birth father is, I am following some leads which at times mount to nothing and others are leading me onwards. However the secrecy that is so profound with the religious people who ran the orphanages still exists today and they will not give me any answers.

I hope one day I will finally know the truth. My journey has been a difficult one, from desperately trying to obtain a birth certificate and the many traumas I have had to endure because I have never had one, until now even though it is not my original which I am told I can never have, it took sixty five years to obtain.

In my senior years I have now come to understand some of what I suffered was out of fear and the unknown, it is my belief that my adopted mother locked me in the cellar because she feared someone in authority would take me away, she had me illegally, I was six years old when I was adopted according to the papers I have just found and it was at that age my time in the cellar stopped. I think that has to say something about why she did such a terrible thing to me.

Biography

I grew up as a lonely and fearful child, however I was lucky to have been taught the piano from the age of six which I loved and I became good at. During my life I have always tried to learn as much as I could and eventually I went to university. I spend my time volunteering to help abused children and the elderly; and I like to write about other people's life experiences.