



# RAINBOW'S END

Issue 4 / 3

Nov/Dec 2002

**Support & Information Newsletter of FIRST PERSON PLURAL**  
the survivor-led association for survivors of trauma and abuse who experience  
dissociative distress, and for their family, friends and professional allies

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**MERRY  
CHRISTMAS**



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***Editorial Statement***

While every effort will be made to keep contributions complete and unedited we reserve the right to make amendments when necessary. Decisions about the inclusion and amendment of contributions are the burden of the editor and are final. Contributions do not necessarily reflect the views and opinions of First Person Plural, members of the steering group or the editor. Inclusion of any reference to an individual or organisational resource is not a recommendation. The contents of this newsletter are for information and support purposes only. The newsletter is not a substitute for individual therapy or professional supervision. It is an addition to, not a replacement for, other networks of support.

**Contributions to next issue to be received 15<sup>th</sup> February, 2003**

articles; stories; resources; book reviews; tips; poetry; artwork; personal experiences

Originals will be returned if a suitable stamped addressed envelope is enclosed

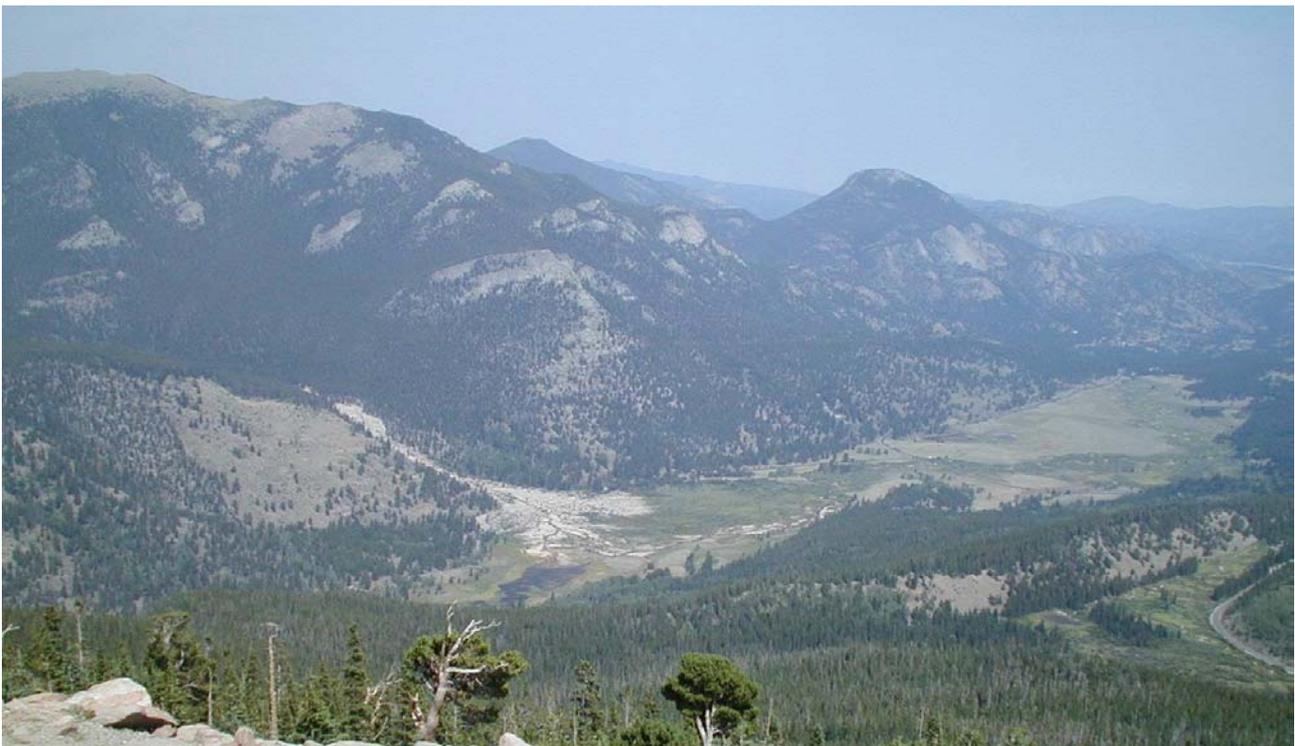
**IMPORTANT**:- When sending material for publication please clearly mark "FOR PUBLICATION" and say what name or pseudonym you wish to use.

**ATTENTION**

Material in this newsletter may trigger painful memories and feelings.  
Read with caution and appropriate support if necessary

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**A beautiful scenic picture of the Rocky Mountains taken by Kathryn on her holiday to the U.S.A. Did you guess correctly? We had a wonderful time and even got to meet in person some American D.I.D. friends whom we first 'met' via the internet. It was a fantastic adventure.**





*Dear Kathryn...*

First Person Plural encourages respectful open comment and debate about the issues, ideas and experiences of people who are dissociative, their supporters and allies. We welcome letters inspired by any article or other material published in the newsletter and other topics of interest to readers.

To reply to a numbered letter place your response in a sealed envelope with the number of the letter you are replying to marked on the outside and place inside a second stamped envelope addressed for posting to:-

**First Person Plural, c/o PO Box 2537, Wolverhampton, WV4 4ZL**  
**Email: [fpp@firstpersonplural.org.uk](mailto:fpp@firstpersonplural.org.uk)**



*I am writing to say how pleased I am to receive your newsletters. I have found them extremely helpful and mind saving. It really helps to know we are not on our own; that there really are others out there like us.*

*We have been in therapy for some years now and are very fortunate to have a brilliant therapist who is highly qualified and experienced in recognising and working with DID/MPD. But it is brilliant to hear and learn about how other people manage their lives whilst suffering from DID. I truly value being a member of First Person Plural*

*P.S. The little ones really enjoy the Play Centre pages*

**IMPORTANT INFORMATION ABOUT  
 "PATHWAY TO FREEDOM" HELPLINE**

which was 'advertised' in a previous issue of this newsletter

Dear Kathryn,  
 Pathway to Freedom is no longer running for survivors, not a good idea running a support-line from home, too much demand, but I managed a year and spoke with a lot of lovely people. I continue to work with Rape Crisis Centres, Child line & NSPCC doing supervision for counsellors. I would like to set up another support line but finances do not permit things at the moment.

***Rhiannon***

## When 'Therapy' Harms by a new member

*I have just joined FPP and was delighted to receive copies of Rainbow's End. At long last I seem to have found some kindred spirits with whom I can identify. A long overdue experience I can assure you. The article "Middle of the Spectrum" (Issue 4/1) has encouraged me to believe in myself, to fight to hold on to my beliefs about what I think is wrong with me, and to know that I am finally on the right path.*

*For years I have struggled and have learned to live with the labels apportioned to me by the professionals working within the NHS. Anxiety and depression, mood disorder, panic disorder, agoraphobia, abnormal grief reaction, dependent personality disorder, emotional immaturity, post-natal depression, menopause.....*

*During all these past years I have been in a committed relationship, studied, worked in a professional capacity, raised a family and now have two fine sons. Throughout this time I have inevitably suffered some of life's crises along the way, but my reactions to them have probably been more extreme than one would have expected. At least that's what I was led to believe.*

*I related my psychological well-being or lack of it, to the given circumstances at that point in time. I had become accustomed to being a survivor and didn't know any better! Not at any point during that time did anyone ever mention to me that it might be worthwhile looking back at my early life to see where all the pain was coming from. I had, in fact, completely dissociated from it and therefore was never able to make any connections for myself. But on reflection, I guess I always thought that there was something more behind the 'illness'.*

*You see, none of my symptoms remained consistent long enough to really believe in them. They would come and go with regular monotony.*

*So, two years ago, when my youngest son went off to university, I decided to stop work, throw away the antidepressants and take a good look at myself. In order to do this I knew that I needed to work with a good therapist, something that the NHS has never afforded me. I did some homework, went through the correct channels and found myself a professional and experienced person to work with. At the beginning of 2001 I set out on a journey of self-discovery.*

*What followed can only be described as hell. I went through 18 months of trauma, believing that therapy was meant to be painful so it must be working. The relationship between us became very destructive. I suffered a negative transference, MOTHER, and he, it seems, negative counter transference. He was bound by the early theories of Freud, Jung, Lacan, and lately R D Laing – the 60's hero of the psychiatric revolution.*

*I struggled to try to get the therapist to understand what I was experiencing, and how I felt. But he wasn't a listener and scoffed at the very idea of there being such a thing as DID. He was also totally against the therapeutic model used in transactional analysis and referred to it as American claptrap.*

*Towards the end of the therapy, which I terminated, he lost all the boundaries which should have been in place and he became intent on 'breaking my will'. This was a therapist, I hasten to add who was both accredited and registered.*

*Where does that leave me now you might well ask? Four months down the line I have found the courage to seek out another therapist. This time one who does acknowledge the existence of DID, and has some experience of working with patients who suffer from it. She is kind, caring and she has the ability to listen to me and says that she wants to work with me and not against me. I don't know where this journey will take us, as it is early days.*

*However I feel supported by knowing that Anon (4/1) had a similar experience and he/she is still prepared to continue the therapeutic journey. Thank you. I intent to read some of the books you suggested in your article.*

*Thanks also to Rosemary Bray for her 'Observations from a therapist' (4/1). When I feel brave enough I will offer a copy of them to my new therapist.*

*I look forward to receiving the next newsletter from FPP. A big thank you indeed.*

***Responses to this article and to any articles which appear in Rainbow's End will be considered for publication in future issues. The editor regrets that she cannot undertake to forward responses personally to the author of articles.***

### **TIME** by Angela & the others (not necessarily in that order)

*"Time (tim) n. - the conception of past, present and future as a sequence"*

*Yeah, right! I think that I am beginning to learn that having "MPD time" compared to "Real time" can have it's advantages. I know it can be worrying when the clock seems to have a mind of its own especially if you have to be somewhere at any specific time, but other times it can be useful.*

*Sometimes we read past copies of the FPP newsletter (and maybe find something that seems different that the first time we read it - or maybe another one of us reads it the second time around) and it isn't until we look at the date on the front of each one that we realise that these newsletters are months apart. It doesn't seem to matter. We don't see it as 'real time' (days, weeks etc). It is as if one that we have received 2 years ago is as current as the one we received last month, and if we do happen to read something in an older issue it feels like we just read it yesterday the first time around. Is this making sense? We are not sure who is writing this now.*

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*It's as if time does not exist. We find that "time" only seems to matter when talking to 'outside' people. "When was your last dentist's appointment?" "We have to go in September". (We know that because the receptionist said to the bloke before us in the queue - "See you in 6 months, that's September." Sorted!! "What's the date today?". Er, it's June". Where were you this time last week?" "No idea!"*

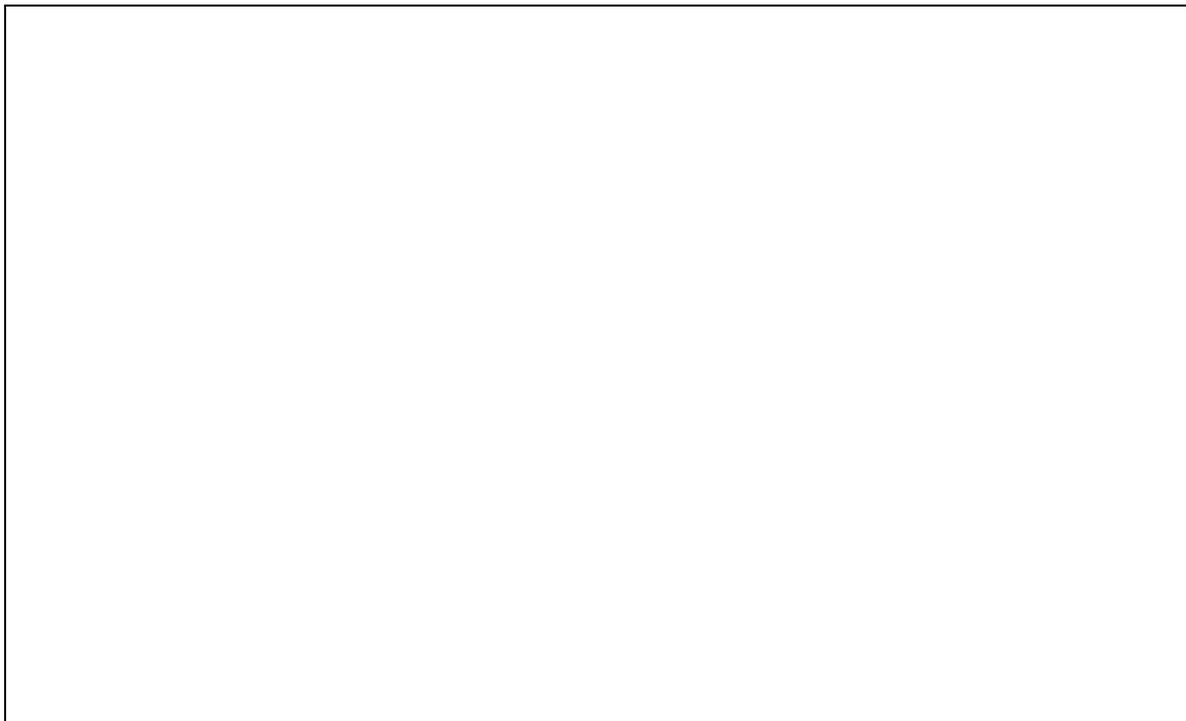
*We thought we'd write about time when we realised that one of us is replying to something written a few months ago but it doesn't seem to matter. It was in the newsletter - that's good enough for us.*

### **FUN PERSONALITY TEST**

Draw a picture of a pig in the box below.

You shouldn't spend too long on your drawing and you don't have to worry about artistic talent. Only you and those you choose to show it to will see the drawing. This 'personality test' is just for fun. It's not meant to be taken too seriously. Skip it if your sense of humour has taken leave of absence.

**After** you have done your drawing look on page 15 for an analysis of your personality. It really does spoil the fun if you look at the analysis before you have done your drawing. **Draw your pig first.**



## The Mosaic Mind

### A Book Review by Diane

#### *The Mosaic Mind : Empowering the tormented selves of child abuse survivors by R A Goulding & R C Schwartz*

Sections of this book may be useful in showing how personalities work and in offering advice to the therapist, but, to me, it has rather a directive, "how to do it" feel. It smacks of presenting a therapeutic programme. Programmes risk becoming superficial and controlling so that instead of empowering the patient, they put the therapist in the driver's seat and may be meeting their needs.

The book opens with a description of therapists' feelings of helplessness and despair in working with patients who were sexually abused as children. The authors' decide that a "comprehensive treatment model" is needed to protect the therapists, oh, and the patient too.

The arguments in the book are larded with reflective quotations and illustrations from respectable authorities but those same arguments are based on an underlying theoretical model which is fundamentally flawed in four main areas:

1. *The authors confuse a therapeutic metaphor with a model, and with a reality. The idea of externalising feelings by giving them an identity is not a new one (see JHM Mair's "Community of Self, 1977).*
2. *The model does not really explain how abuse makes parts split further apart, and it is internally inconsistent. On the one hand the authors describe multiplicity as a continuum, implying that we all naturally have a degree of multiplicity, but they also write "all people have a Self". Does that mean that some parts are more equal than other parts?*

3. The model does not fit reality. The experience of having D.I.D. is qualitatively different from the everyday experience of 'being in two minds' about something or of having mixed and conflicting feelings. In these it is one consciousness, one will, one identity which feels undecided or ambivalent. There is no amnesia as there is in DID and this difference is underplayed if not ignored.
4. The resulting 'treatment model' would be potentially disastrous for anyone with D.I.D. In trying to normalise D.I.D it could minimise the problem; promote denial and obstruct the expression of a healthy anger by ignoring the fact that if we have D.I.D, our development has not been normal. We have been hurt and had a normal childhood robbed from us.

The model insists on the need for an internal leader. Who? And who decides? Speaking as a very controlling part who had fronted our show for years, I think I would have been taken for the "Self" within this model and that would have been disastrous. The model insists that parts keep their feelings to themselves, so as not to overwhelm the leader. Whereas we all need to keep functioning, such an approach would force parts further apart, leaving vulnerable parts without the protection protectors can give; and leaving child parts alone with their pain, just as they were when first abused. Indeed the book says little about putting parts in connection with each other, or about removing barriers to communication.

Whatever it's merits as a treatment model for other conditions, I think Schwartz's approach would be very risky for any dissociator. I find the model unhelpful and invalid. It would, unfortunately provide great ammunition for the False Memory lobby.

My advice to you if you are thinking of buying this book – save your money. I wish I had.

# PLAY

HOW  
 did you  
 learn to  
 play?  
 Are you  
 sure it's  
 safe to  
 be seen? I  
 only know  
 how to watch  
 others  
 have fun.  
 I need to  
 remain  
 invisible.  
 But I want  
 you to know  
 I am here  
 and would  
 like  
 to  
 be  
 your  
 friend.

LEARN

Dear Tiger Girl  
 We read your story (in issue 3/2) about being on the train and having some free gifts too and we felt happy for you too. We too sometimes don't understand why grown ups in the outside world would think we were frightening or strange if they saw us. We are just ordinary like they are and we just want things like ordinary kids. I'm glad that Carer got you a free gift and she didn't tell a lie because she has got children living with her hasn't she? I hope you all had fun with the present.

From Jane, aged 10

## Christmas Word Search

P E Z Q R B J S W S R S C L T  
 W A E N A D T U U A D S H E O  
 G P N U L N F A X N W E I S Y  
 I R B T E S L E E J H W M N S  
 X L O S O C G I J O I M N I E  
 E W E T A M R E L C B I E T P  
 R R E T T F I L V Y I F Y Z X  
 P M N Z H O Y M Y E K R U T M  
 H A S D R A C B E C S N O W R  
 S R F C T C Y A A R S K V M E  
 V L Y Y H R F Q F A Q S U Z Q  
 Y L D D V A E C L C Q P N C D  
 B K T N Y E O E W K X L J V D  
 P P L N V D K E M E O H K N O  
 G S G S A C K J V R S M U Q Z

BAUBLE  
 CARDS  
 CHIMNEY  
 CRACKER  
 FRIENDS  
 GROTTA

PANTOMIME  
 PRESENTS  
 SANTA CLAUS  
 SNOW  
 TINSEL  
 TOYS

Created with Puzzlemaker on DiscoverySchool.com".

Y            HOLL  
              TREE            TURKEY

# CENTRE

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## A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

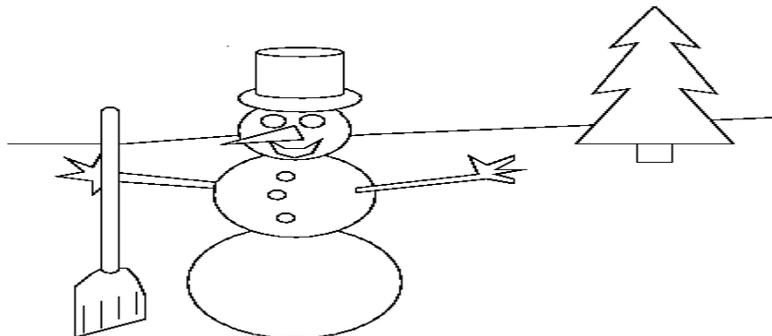
Y	O	N	Y	N	C	H	R	R	Y	Y	E	A	T	T	N	D	S	A	
H	E	A	P	P	R	E	E	N	T	R	T	E	A	Y	C	M	E		
E	R	Y	A	V	E	W	A	H	P	L	A	R	I	S	T	M	A	O	E
V	E	R																	


Re-arrange the tiles to reveal a message.

### Our Goat by Lizzie

We have got a goat called Lucy. She can be very funny and she can be very naughty. In the daytime when the weather is nice she goes on a long tether so she can eat the grass. When we be out in the garden we let her off her tether and like magic (because I've never been quick enough to see her) she rolls under the fence and wanders round the garden where there is lots and lots and lots of lovely grass by oh no, Lucy likes to eat the plants we have planted that have pretty flowers. I like daisies and dandelions and lots of wild flowers but we have lots of them, but oh no, Lucy likes the ones where there are only a few flowers. Last Sunday the weather be really hot and we had left the doors into the house open and

Lucy was  
INDOORS  
eating the  
flowers in  
the vase.  
Our cats  
faces were  
really funny  
as they did



ANSWER:  
A very merry Christmas and a happy  
new year to everyone at the Play Centre

not expect Lucy in their house. We thought other children would like to hear about our goat.

## A

### Picture

### To

### Colour

#### **What is an empowered multiple?** by Carer-AngelaGee w/ The Collective

This question was asked by a member of an online D.I.D. self help community ([www.mosaicminds.org](http://www.mosaicminds.org)) to which we belong. There were many interesting answers but we only have the authority to reprint our own response. It follows below:-

"We subscribe to a definition of empowerment worked up by the user/survivor movement in mental health. It attributes the following qualities to empowerment:-

- Having decision-making power.
- Having access to information and resources.
- Having a range of options from which to make choices (not just yes/no, either/or.)
- Assertiveness.
- A feeling that the individual can make a difference (being hopeful).
- Learning to think critically; unlearning the conditioning; seeing things differently;
- Learning about and constructively expressing anger.
- Not feeling alone; feeling part of a group.
- Understanding that people have rights.
- Effecting change in one's life and one's community.
- Learning skills that the individual defines as important.
- Changing others' perceptions of one's competency and capacity to act.
- Coming out of the closet.
- Growth and change that is never ending and self-initiated.
- Increasing one's positive self-image and overcoming stigma.

Although this definition was developed particularly in relation to mental health system survivors we think it is applicable to people in general including multiples and whether or not one considers multiplicity a disorder.

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From this definition it is clear that empowerment is a complex, multidimensional concept. We also believe that empowerment is a process of development, not a single or even a single series of events or changes in attitudes. One doesn't simply become empowered simply by describing oneself as 'empowered' although such self-labelling (or informed acceptance of another's label as applicable to you) can be a part of the process.

As it is a process, we think that a person does not have to have every single one of the defining qualities to be described as 'empowered'. Some of the qualities require an unequivocal empowering environment if they are to be achieved by the individual and environments are usually beyond the control of any one individual or individual multiple system. For instance, we don't think it is a requirement that a multiple 'come out of the closet' in all or any external environments to be defined as empowered. Without the environment being empowering it may not be safe or even healthy to do so.

When we think about the phrase 'empowered multiple' we use this definition of empowerment. The multiplicity element is just one aspect of who we are, so it is not so much that we are an 'empowered multiple' as that we are an empowered person(s) who is multiple.

There is, of course, within our multiplicity other levels at which definitions can be applied - the 'persons' that make up our multiple system. Some of these fit our definition of empowerment and some of these empowered individuals have more of the defining qualities than others within our system yet still there are others who have none of the qualities and so cannot be described as empowered at all.

Applying our definition of empowerment to ourselves -

- Are we (i.e. Carer-AngelaGee - two individuals within the Collective who are co-conscious and co-dominant at this time) empowered? **Yes!**
- Is The Collective an empowered multiple system? **Yes!**
- Is every individual within The Collective an empowered person? **No!**

Here, we have only begun to scratch the surface of the complexity of the concept of empowerment, a complexity which becomes greatly more complicated when combined with the concept of multiplicity.

## Empowering Ourselves : a new initiative

By Diane on behalf of the Norwich D.I.D Support Group

(Note from the editor – this article was submitted quite a while ago but unfortunately got lost in my less than perfect filing system. It recently resurfaced. My apologies to Diane and other members of the Norwich Support group for not printing your contribution sooner.)

A very exciting development in the world of D.I.D is happening in Norfolk. Largely thanks to the work of one very special person, the first support group for people with D.I.D run by people with D.I.D is now up and running.

In the initial stages a lot of time was spent in establishing ground rules, boundaries, the purpose of the group, sorting out practical arrangements etc. All this was necessary so everyone could feel safe and comfortable.

So far, we have found that the group takes time to evolve, and you cannot rush that process. We felt a 'closed' group was needed (i.e. once the membership was established, no new members would be admitted) for people to be able to trust and to share. The group is small. It is non-led. It is definitely not a therapy group, but a lot of caring, support and problem solving just "happens"

another if we need to, and we know we will be heard and not be 'put down'.

We know there is support if something upsetting is said (and we have a separate room for individuals or pairs of people to retreat to if need be).

We have found how vitally important it is for each of us to discover that we are not "the only one". And we have found how important it is to feel accepted and to

### New Poetry Magazine

**Solo Survivors** is a new magazine of poetry and related articles by survivors of mental distress and sexual abuse. To request a complimentary copy send a stamped (33p), self-addressed A4 envelope to: John Hirst – Editor, Solo Survivors Poetry Magazine  
37 Micklehill Drive, Shirley, Solihull, West Midlands, B90 2PU

or for further information email [johnalanhirst@ukonline.co.uk](mailto:johnalanhirst@ukonline.co.uk)

We are learning how to be together as we go along but I certainly feel that we can overcome any difficulties that we meet because we want to do that. It makes us feel positive that this is something that we are doing for ourselves, and that we are doing it okay. I guess it helps us believe in ourselves. And it gives us hope.

At first everyone was quite cautious, but now we know one another better there is a lot of humour! We can challenge one

have space where we can be "ourselves" and not have to "hide" or "pretend".

Although we come from different backgrounds, are at different stages in our healing processes, and express our D.I.D. individually, we have also found a lot we have in common. Sharing has sometimes given us an insight into our own growth. And we have found out that we are actually really nice people! We are the "good guys" after all!

### **The Old, Old House** by Melanie

This metaphorical story originally appeared in the now defunct newsletter "Collective Consciousness". It is reprinted here with the permission of the author.

A multiple is like an old, old house built long before planning permission was required. Hence, no-one in the world knows how it was built, what basic rules were applied, what care had been taken. As time goes by and the external elements take their toll the structure becomes unsafe. Struts and props are applied, but these

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prove to be short-term unsatisfactory measures that increasingly are replaced in bigger and stronger quantities. Eventually, defeat is admitted. Nothing is quite working and although this house, both externally and internally has many beautiful features they have all come loose and fragmented. The building is declared unsafe. A notice is slapped across it - BEWARE DANGER - and everyone backs off.

At this point, two things can happen. A demolition gang can notice the house and see external value in each of its parts,. Demolished and parts sold off to the highest bidder it could be worth a packet. The alternative is someone recognises it for the overall beauty. Appreciating that some of the essential requirements to make it safely complete again are not evident, they decide to gently take it to pieces, bit by bit until a firm foundation is reached.

The ridge tiles are lifted, cleaned and put to one side to be re-used. Along the way some get broken and split. These are put in another pile that you are not yet sure what you will do with. Next the roof is lifted and there is a dawning that this is going to be a much bigger job than you first imagined. This is your first view inside and you can now only see the attic, full of dust-covered possessions - each identifiable when cleaned, each with a use, a value.

While externally the demolition work continues, internally the work has begun as well. The slow, slow job of chipping away at the plaster; the lifting of floorboards; the house is being stripped back to its original state. Sometimes, even the wisest person attempts to remove too many bricks in one go without propping up safely from underneath. All you can do is stand at a safe distance until the cascade stops and the building can be made safe once more.

Throughout the time every brick and piece of wood is carefully and lovingly examined, held and cleaned. The nails or cement used to hold it together are cleared away leaving it in a state that will become a part of the whole when the time is right. Some houses will be stripped right down to the foundations and even these may be constructed of only rubble. Every move taken offers up surprises, unexpected finds; many unexpected

complications are experienced, but for the most patient demolisher nothing is lost, even if time is needed to consider the next safe move. So much, with care, is salvageable, so little is unusable and worthless. At times,, a use is not foreseeable but in years to come everything 'comes in handy'

As the foundations are neared the careful dismantling becomes increasingly difficult. There is so much overlapping and entwining materials in an effort to make the house look externally strong. So much confusion as no one thing can be reclaimed without extracting it from the material propping it up; keeping it safe. Each bit that is propping up another bit is in its own confusing mass, to keep it safe and strong. At this point the builder wonders if its worth trying to save any more or is it all too complicated and damaged. He perseveres and is glad he has done so as he is able to reclaim that which has never been seen but in his reconstruction will be given an external placing. So much at this layer of reclaiming is whole, once gently removed from its safety coating. Not great big quantities but small complete bricks with colour and texture still intact giving the viewer an idea of how the original materials were in their newness, completeness before time, age and the elements had removed what was first made.

Now there is exhaustion yet also satisfaction that this job has been worthwhile. So much learnt about the original structure when so little was understood at the beginning. A dawning of why the final touches were as they were by the comprehension of the original beginnings. Why, what often appeared as clumsy, unnecessary precautions when viewed out of context, with the dismantling of the next layer became obvious necessities.

This house in its original state was a happening, not planned, so each move was complicated, a get over, an attempt to make it appear what it naturally wasn't; an attempt to make it look like other people's houses. Luckily for all houses there is a loose structure that applies which gave the builder the confidence to continue dismantling as every so often he came across a feature common to all buildings. This, he would relate to and it gave him the courage to continue with his work.

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So much 'bodged'; 'got over'; it amazed the builder that it had stood for so long without anyone realising what a potentially unsafe structure it was. Throughout this time all the reclaimed materials were carefully stored where no one could damage them further; where the elements couldn't batter them while they laid in their unprotected, individual heaps.

The unstable foundations are exposed and much head scratching and soul searching takes place as to the best way to make them strong and safe without destroying them first. Some of the smashed bricks and tiles are no longer useable where they can be seen but will be just what's needed to bind together the original foundations that are so fragmented. With the help of gained knowledge these new foundations are formed from a blend of old, rediscovered and new. Time is needed for this to settle before the next stage is started. Time to shift into a comfortable, final position. These foundations become firm and solid to enable the reconstruction process to commence.

A mixing of the newly found materials and the old battered ones. Some of the old bricks are too damaged to be used externally so are used internally creating places of comfort for others to share and enjoy an exquisite blending of damaged and undamaged; one supporting and enhancing the other. A continual rearranging, experimenting until the position is found that suits each part. A strong cementing on the outside but no plastering on the inside.

The builder aiming to see and experience daily, the work he has so painstakingly undertaken. Nothing ever needing to be hidden again, the most damaged brick or beam is left exposed as each has a little bit of a story to tell about the original construction. Nothing is put back in a dangerous position, each damaged part is surrounded by less damaged parts. No single brick without some small chip or mark as so much has happened either in its original position or during its reclamation. Thousands of unique bricks and beams now form one unique home. Smaller than before as so much that had been external, on show, was needed to quietly form the base for the rest.

A wholeness that anyone driving past would be unaware of the work needed in creating it; not this image but the tangible solidness this home now has to offer. The time, energy, risk involved in lovingly restructuring this home is immeasurable but only those closely involved will know its history.

## **PERSONALITY TEST ANALYSIS** (reference page 6)

If you have drawn your pig.....

- at or near the top of the box you are positive and optimistic.
- at or near the middle of the box you are a realist.
- at or near the bottom of the box you are pessimistic and have a tendency to behave negatively.
- facing left you believe in tradition, you are friendly and remember dates of birthdays etc.
- facing right you are innovative and active but don't have a strong sense of family, and you don't remember dates well.
- facing the front (i.e. looking at you out of the paper) you are direct, enjoy playing devil's advocate and neither fear nor avoid discussions.
- with many details (e.g. hairs, wrinkles, eye details, accurate hooves etc.) you are analytical, cautious and distrustful.
- with very few details (e.g. no more than a basic shape), you are emotional and naïve, you care little for details and are a risk taker.
- with less than 4 legs showing, you are insecure or are living through a period of major change.
- with all 4 legs showing, you are secure, stubborn and stick to your ideals.
- ~~○ with more than 4 legs, you are unrealistic~~

The size of the pig's ears indicates how good a listener you are. The bigger the better.

The length of the tail indicates the quality of your life – the longer the better.

Okay, who didn't draw a tail? 😊

### **Suicide Prevention Strategy - The Department of Health Listened**

After First Person Plural and other members of the Survivor's Trust responded to the consultation document, "The National Suicide Prevention Strategy" now has a section (2.4) entitled "Promote the mental health of victims and survivors of abuse, including child

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sexual abuse". The section outlines two actions to be taken. The first refers to implementing measures from the women's mental health strategy which is currently the subject of consultation but does include women with experience of abuse. The second action refers to liaising with The Survivor's Trust and others about ways of reducing suicide in survivors of childhood abuse. The original consultation document made no mention at all of abuse survivors. Our voice counted. You can view the Suicide Prevention Strategy at [www.doh.gov.uk/mentalhealth](http://www.doh.gov.uk/mentalhealth) or get a free paper copy by quoting **29158** and contact: DoH Publications, PO Box 777, London, SE1 6XH; tel: 08701 555 455; email: [doh@prolog.uk.com](mailto:doh@prolog.uk.com)

## POEMS AND RHYMES

**Whatever Next** by Paula

From writing a novel to getting drunk;  
 From distance learning, to soft toys, books,  
 And magazines; subscriptions - well inevitably.  
 Madonna crazy.  
 Obsessions with blokes.  
 Souvenirs,  
 jewellery, clothes, CDs  
 ornaments and mental health charities.  
 Writing poems, inhaling gases.  
 Hit lists. Grafitti,  
 Stealing from shops, or milk bottles off doorsteps, knock knock ginger  
 as well. Playing music much too loud.  
 Lesbiansism? Wish I was! Doing emails. Text messaging.  
 Essential oils. Flower Remedies. Writing about when I was raped.  
 Wishing that I was never born. Fighting the system, but I will never win. Fighting myself is harder still.  
 Considerign God, Philosophy. Headaches came to teach me something. Didn't help  
 the depression much. (nor did my dyspraxia). Stigmatism inevitably  
 scapegoated, followed by prescribed pain killers, and plain  
 old paracetamol. Read up on psychiatry, psychology, sociology - so on and so forth.

Then back to the novels. Back to my novel?  
 Sure, In time.  
 Being in debt,  
 but knowing I'll make it;  
 The School Joke? The Misfit?  
 Last laugh, guys  
 Is reserved for me.

**Insomniac** by Rhymaster

In the darkness of night  
 As we lay wide awake  
 Their fears are not trite;  
 Our tears are not fake.  
 Their pain is as real  
 As it was way back when,  
 And the angry ones feel  
 Just as sharply as then.  
 And a voice in our head  
 Speaking through our distress  
 Warns the past should lie dead  
 And the pain should be less.  
 So a child deep inside  
 Feeling shame ridden guilt  
 Creeps back to hide  
 Behind the wall she has built.

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The silent one cries,  
Her sadness unheard,  
While a tiny one dies  
Rejected and scared.

#### **The 1990s** by Paula

In the first place, I am flowing, like the  
Kennet; then,  
I am staggering, stumbling, screaming,  
through a decade's worth of  
bastards, bitches, Madonna albums,  
uncompleted novels;

of soul-numbing office parties, like grand  
funerals,  
and of several near-death experiences,  
of my own.

Let me go. Please, just let me go.

