

APPENDIX 8: JOE: JOES'S STORY PARTS 1-4, JOE'S VICTIMS

a) Joe's Story, part 1 (for social networks in module 2).

My name is Joe. Ive been going to Men's Group for well over a year. I tell you I didn't want to go at first. Groups? Pah! Psychologists? Pah! I had no time for 'em. But my probation officer, that's Sarah, she's alright really, and she, well, she talked me into it.

I've finished the weekly group now and am going back just every six weeks, the maintenance group I think they call it. And you know what? It has been hard, especially at the start. But now looking back I think it's helped me. The psychologists were nice, I shouldn't be so mean about them, they were good and I could talk to John about football too, they weren't stuck up. And I think I helped the other guys there. And they helped me. And it stopped me feeling so lonely. I thought I was the only bad person in the world, but now I know I just did a bad thing, Im not a bad person, not altogether, and Im making amends.

They've asked me to talk to you, now you're starting the group, to tell you what it was like. First they want me to say what my childhood was like and what friends I had and stuff. Well, I had a bad childhood. It may sound like an excuse but I don't mean it like that. Im just trying to tell it like it was. My dad used to hit my mum and us kids were scared of him. So was mum. I s'pose that's why she drank so much, to blot it all out like. But she drank so much she didn't look after us properly. Me and my brothers, we didn't go to school much. We didn't have mates really, apart from my mate Matt, cos we couldn't bring 'em home.

I don't see my dad now. I do see my mum but she's got a new boyfriend who doesn't like me much. I see my brothers too, but one of them Terry is out of his head most of the time. He's living with a dodgy lot and doing drugs. He always asks me for money when I go round and I don't believe what he says to me, like someone stole his benefit and he hasn't got enough money to eat. I talked to my mate Matt about it and he says I should just, well, just keep away from him, that he's no good for me.

My other brother Mark is alright. He's got a girlfriend, Mary, now and she's nice. They were very shocked about what I done but they've been straight with me and tried to help me. They used to ring me up every week, to make sure I went to the group, especially at the start when I didn't want to go. And now, well, I havent got a job or nothing, but I help out at the homeless lunch club and they encourage me, Mark and Mary I mean, they tell me its good and that they know Im trying to make amends. And Mary she comes round at weekends and helps me do my washing and

stuff cos I find it hard, I never understand all that dial stuff on the front and I do it all wrong, it all goes small and wrinkled, she says I done it too hot.

The other person in my life, that's big in my life, is my granddad, he's my mum's dad. He's the first person I told about what I done. I was scared to tell anyone, really scared, but I knew he'd help me. See, I was taking pictures that were bad, really, really bad. I don't know why I did it. But I s'pose I was bored and it was a bit of excitement. It was in the swimming baths, I used to go Tuesdays with school, it was the only day I went to school, cos I liked swimming, but I didnt like nuffin else, see. And I found I could put my phone under the dividers in the changing rooms and take pictures, without anyone noticing. I know it was wrong now, but at the time I thought it was just a bit of fun. Anyway I'll tell you more about it next time. But for now I just want to say about my granddad. After the police came round to mum's and I wasnt in and she shouted at me when I got back about how the police had been round and what had I done. Well, I just did a runner. But it was raining and cold and after a few hours I was fed up. But I was scared to go home. So I went to grandad's. I must have looked horrible, all soaking wet and shivering but he was really nice and made me take off my wet stuff, and gave me his big baggy stuff to wear. And made me hot chocolate and then he sat me down and asked me what was wrong. And I was crying. I don't like to say that, but I was. Anyway he kept saying he wouldn't be cross and it'd help to talk. So I told him what Id done. I knew it was wrong really. And he didn't shout or nuffin. He just asked me what I thought I should do, like he didn't tell me what to do, I cant stand that, people telling me what to do, but he just asked. So I said I s'posed I was going to have to tell the police. It was either that or running away and, like he said, they'd only come after me if I ran away. So later on he rang my mum and said she wasn't to shout at me and so I went home. And later, after the police came round next day for me, I asked for grandad to come to the police station with me. It's well scarey there but I felt better knowing he was there.

Well, I'll tell you some more next time. Gotta go now. Bye for now.

b) Joe's Story, part 2: what he thinks his victims felt (module 4)

I know some people complained about me at the swimming baths. But I don't know why they were making such a fuss. I only took a couple of photos of people. It was just a bit of fun. Most of them probably don't know I did it.

Anyway lots of them weren't attractive. I did follow one girl who was pretty and I chatted to her at the bus stop. I asked her out – well, what's wrong with that? And she just got stressed out and told her Dad and next time, he shouted at me. I mean, Im the victim here!

c) Joe's Story, part three (To be added)

d) Joe's Story, part four (To be added)

e) How Joe's victims actually felt

Victim 1

Mrs O'Connell

I was at the swimming baths with my daughter Mary – she is only 4 years old and she's just learning to swim so she really likes going. And we'd been in and were getting changed afterwards. It was quite busy because it was a weekend. I could hear there was someone next door in the next changing room but I didn't think anything of it. But when I was bending down to get Mary dressed I suddenly saw this camera or maybe it was a phone, I'm not sure, it was so quick, coming under the partition and I shouted 'Oy!' And I would've run out to see who it was but I wasn't dressed so I threw my clothes on and looked out but he'd gone by then.

I asked other people afterwards and they said they saw this lad running off. They thought he had disabilities, you know? Well, I complained at the desk and they said they'd look into it. I was furious and I think I shouted at them because they didn't seem to be taking it seriously. I said they shouldn't let paedophiles in. Well, they shouldn't should they?

And since then I haven't wanted to go. I feel dirty, it's all spoilt for me and for Mary too. I did think of changing swimming baths and eventually I went into a different one a bit further away, but after I went in, I'd even paid my money, when I saw the changing cubicles, well, I just felt sick and I just couldn't face it. What if he's done it before? What if he's done it to lots of people? What if it's young girls there on their own? You know like 13 year olds?

Victim 2

Jane Berkshire

I'm Jane and I'm 15, well, nearly 16 actually. But I want to tell you about what happened to me. Well, I don't *want* to – it's that Mum said I should. I don't actually like talking about it.

Umm, I was going swimming with my friend Lizzie, I went a lot because we were in training for the swimming club, and there was this pervert – he was always there and one day he followed me to the bus stop. I was really, really scared. I didn't know what to do. He said he wanted to be my boyfriend. I mean, what! He was so not the kind of person(starts to cry). I told my dad and he came with me next time, waiting outside the swimming baths, and then he said he saw this bloke follow me out, and start following me. He went up to him and shouted at him. But the bloke said nothing and just ran off. Dad said he had disabilities and maybe we should feel sorry for him - but I don't care, he shouldn't do that!

I can't go swimming now. And I've started being scared going out. Dad has to drive me to school every day – I used to walk but I'm too scared of seeing that bloke. I want the police to arrest him and put him away forever. Why can't he leave me alone?