

law, so for it to be; in any form off a crooked way, as has prior happened to many people before inclusive of myself, this would have got achieved so to be able to detain me and or my vehicle at the roadside, so I stayed relaxed and quite humble.

After the Police had driven of and left me alone, I continued to my destination.

In the first moment's, once we arrived, I and my first civil partner started to settle in with our friends, for the next few hours we started to have an enjoyable night, when all of a sudden, at around 200 Hours; clearly; the UK GMT time zone, one intoxicated drunk man came up behind me and hit me across the back of the head, my first reaction was to defend myself from his be crazed actions and this is what I did.

The drunken man done this with a glass bottle and in a truth of reality, this took place many hours after the police had left me, after pulling my car over. When I and this person had a brawl against each other and after the incident had finished, I ended up attending the Royal London Hospital, this was for some surgical stitches to get applied, for the reason that I had hurt my head in the beginning, from after first being hit across it.

Part of my personal upset is that, now since the day of this incident, somehow, some way, some government official, has gone and used these incidents in the day's event's and turned it into an incident, that got included in the Anti Social Behaviour Order application case files, wrongly against my person and as a conclusion to them officers decisions, they claimed that I organized the event and this is not true.

### Chapter 23

This fine day was just me, simply wandering around to others, it was just another day, very much similar to other days and I guess this would be very much the same; for other people, who do reside in and around, the Great British town's streets off London:-

One of the best day's of our life's had got planned out, so for me and my friends to go out on our own Off-Road-Scramblers.

What acutely happened is that on the 07/04/2013, I had arrived at my friend's house, what is on, an up kept average, London housing estate.

This was on the traditional British day of rest and for that fact it was a Sunday.

On this occasion, I and my friends were in London's Elsmere Street, EW1. Initially in the beginning and thought that days moments, in the start of the days hours that me and my friends had all been together, I would say that