

No matter how many times Alan looks back to the night that he finally gave up with trying to cope with the constant sexual abuse. He still wonders, 'Suicide, was it the only way out'. Could he have taken some other action, was attempting suicide the right way to rid him of the physical and mental nightmare. His action that night was to be final. No more, he wouldn't allow anybody to touch him again.

On that last evening, while ironing the shirts and pants for John, one of the seniors and his senior officer mate, Alan was over come with fear. He doubled up in pain with stomach cramps. He knew it was just fear, it was the same feelings he would get as a child hearing his father's car coming down the gravel driveway and knowing the floggings would start after hearing another of his father's drunken rants.

Alan wasn't raped every week delivering the ironing. Sometimes John would pay him as agreed in the beginning and not touch him. But there was always the two of them when it did happen. Considering it had been awhile since John and his mate had raped Alan, he had a gut feeling while heating up the iron that evening it would happen again tonight.

Finishing all the uniforms he packed away the iron, folded the ironing board back into the wall cavity. Carefully folded all items except the shirts which he hung neatly making sure not to mess up the special cresses he ironed on the back of the shirts. He began the dreaded walk to the room upstairs. Walking up the couple of flights of stairs with shirts on hangers and folded pants in arm would nearly bring tears to Alan eyes, he had to be strong and show no fear. He just knew today he was going to cop it again.

He had tried running away once before, but only made it halfway up the road from the barracks and saw the Navy Base entrance, the guards and boom gate. 'Oh fuck' he thought I can't get out without being charged for going AWOL and where the hell could he go, he knew no one out side. Then looked down at himself in shorts, t-shirt and thongs, couldn't get very far in that gear. It will have to be planned very well he thought if he was to get away from this hell hole.

He walked back the barracks only to be confronted by John demanding his ironed clothes and said he would get Alan charged for something. "You will learn, you little piece of shit, do as you're fucking told. As your senior, be warned if you run again you will put on charges and you will never leave this base". Only to be put on a trumped up charge the very next day by John and his mate, the senior officer. Alan was Base bound for two weeks, fined half his pay and on kitchen duty for the two weeks morning and night.

The kitchen duty didn't faze Alan at all, he would think about the feeling of freedom that came over him while running up the road that night. It was so good. He spent all the working hours in the kitchen thinking of ways to get away from the Base. Problem was, he knew it was a waste of time because a couple guys at the base had runaway the year before and when they were finally caught, the NSW police brought them back to the Base and they were put on a criminal charge of AWOL. Alan decided to tell the Medical Officer again about the rapes.

At first he loved his new career at this Navy Base, worked hard and enjoyed the life. The discipline here on the Base was so easy to handle compared to living at home with the drunken abusive bum of a father. The Medical Officer once again told Alan that the stomach pains was just anxiety from his father's beatings and just brushed off the rape story as just that, a story. He gave Alan yet another bottle of valium tablets, blue ones and told him to take one tablet three times a day.

With the small amount of pay Alan received fortnightly he would get Graham, one of his room mates to smuggle a bottle of Southern Comfort onto the Base for him. He found that mixing the Valium with a swig of Southern Comfort would take away some of the physical and mental torture he lived with. He couldn't tell his friends or anyone what has been happening to him, John had threatened do Alan some harm and would make life so hard on base.

"Anyway," John's officer mate told Alan, "No one would ever believe you, I'll tell the other officers you wanted a blow job as payment for your ironing and we had to beat you up. You'll be discharged as a poofter".

Alan was brutally raped on that last night, while he had to give the older officer a blow job. Both the drink and the pill wasn't helping with the pain, either the physical or the mental. Alan thought about killing them both, but knew he didn't have the strength to over power them. His mind raced back to the time he ran away and thought about the freedom of running up the road. He must have blacked out somewhat from the Valium and the drink because next thing he knows, he's outside the door on the hallway floor.

He dragged himself up from the floor and walked slowly, the pain in his behind was hurting more than it had ever done before, and he walked slowly down stairs to his room. Grabbed his bath gear, towel and went to the shower block.

The hot water running over him was comforting as always. Alan would often stand for ages with the water running down his body after these attacks. He would scrub his entire skin surface with Solyptol soap, a green medical smelling soap. The medical smell was soothing to his soul. That night, as the water was running, he looked down at his feet and saw a nightmare. It was the colours he hated - a brown, a red and what looked like old tea leaves as well. There was so much of it, much more than ever before he nearly fainted and thought he was going to die.

As he scrubbed and scrubbed, he began going over in his mind what has been happening and couldn't see any way out of this torture. He stepped out of the shower and started to towel himself dry. There was no more of what he thought was bleeding and leaking. He looked over at the shower floor and saw some of the filth still there on the floor. He washed it away before anyone saw it and continued to towel off. At that moment in time he decided to get a can of Pepsi from the drink machine and take all the pills he had in his locker, lie down and go to sleep forever.

His mind was a completely at ease with the fact that he would end this nightmare tonight. He was getting that freedom feeling he had the night he started running away, he was at peace with himself. Alan really couldn't face one more day of this torture. There would be no more smells that remind him of the maleness of the sexual abuse. There would be no more lumps in underpants that he had to fondle before each rape. There would be no more. No more.

Back in his room Alan opened up the three Valium bottles he had in his locker. He started taking them in fours and fives with every sip of Pepsi until all three pill bottles were empty. In a soft spoken word to himself, Alan said good-bye and sorry to those who he loved, lay down and went to sleep. He expected to be with other souls who had previously passed away. Alan was okay with the fact this would be the end and he felt calm and peaceful at the time he shut his eyes.

He didn't have any idea he would survive. Was suicide the answer, was it the only way out.