

**“No friends. No family. A knife.”**

520748. Craig Moore. That was his identity. A child lost in the system; care homes were all he'd ever known. Abandoned at birth by a mother more worried about where her next fix was going to come from than the welfare of her child, he was left alone when the drugs finally claimed her life. Left in a flat, cold, hungry, scared until the strangers heard his cries. They said he was lucky to be alive but, 17 years later, he felt his life was a curse.

Now Craig was wandering the streets alone. Where would his next meal come from? He'd spent his life in and out of homes, losing friends with every move. So much of his life was spent in care, but at sixteen, ties were severed. He was an adult now, expected to fend for himself, so he was let loose on the streets without a second thought. Where was he to go now? Who was there to look after him?

Unemployment was his companion, loneliness his friend. He had nothing. Mum dead. Dad, who knows? He lived for the sake of it; there was nothing else worth living for, not for him anyway. He needed an escape, a friend, anything. He tried making friends, but it was no use; no one wanted to know a problem-child.

There it was. His release. Shiny metal, distinct against the matt black handle. £2.99, a small price to pay for his freedom. He was alone, as usual. The sharp jagged edge pierced his skin. Wrists. Slice. Throat. Slice. Done. He waited to fade into his destiny. Finally free.

Somewhere a man searched for Craig Moore, the son he never found...

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