



BOOK EXTRACT

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Chapter Six **In the Hands of Angels**

I have always advocated that a leopard cannot in anyway change its spots! But, I have to say that even villains can have their good points. I'd like to think that I wasn't really a villain, and that I was just pulled along by circumstances. Some wise man once said, 'Circumstances shape our features, and thus make us what we are!' I do believe that, and you can quite often tell which part of the country somebody comes from simply by the way they look. I think the majority of those who live on their wits do naturally develop a sort of 'sixth sense', and I more than most have done this over the years. Even though I have led the life that I have, I have still always felt that angels were guiding me. There's no other way to describe it really, as that's exactly the way I have always felt. Even when I have been faced with some dangerous confrontation, I have always known that I would be all right, and that no harm would come to me. As I have said previously, I never thought that one day I would be working as a medium. When I was a young man mediums were always considered to be little old ladies with scarves pulled tightly around their heads, not what you see today on television, young and very theatrical. Come to think of it, nor did I ever think that one day I would be appearing alongside famous film actors in movies and on television.

I suppose many people with my background boast of having known the infamous Kray brothers, but I did know them quite well and have frequently been in their company socially. As I have previously said, they were extremely charismatic, polite and very likeable. Of course, if you crossed them in any way whatsoever, you would certainly regret doing so. I once asked them for help regarding a problem I was having with a geezer from another part of London. They told me not to worry, and I really didn't hear from the fellow again. I knew he was still alive, but

he just kept away from me. And so, I'm sure either the twins or one of their people warned him off. During the early to mid-sixties, I had many near misses, where villains were concerned, and sometimes I would have to keep my head down and hide for a while until things had cooled down. To be quite honest, it was a very nerve-wracking way to live, and on more than one occasion I really did think I was having some sort of nervous breakdown.

My life completely changed when I went into a pub in north London and met my second wife, Ann, in 1972. She was serving behind the bar and I couldn't take my eyes off her. She had long dark hair and she was beautiful. If you've ever met someone and had the overwhelming feeling that you know them, even when you've never met them before, you'll know exactly what I'm talking about. I knew immediately that she was my soul mate and that she was going to be my wife. We started talking and I asked her for a date and, to my great surprise, she said yes. Until Ann there had not been anyone serious in my life. In fact, I'd always adopted the loving and leaving them policy. Ann changed all that. In a very short time I had proposed, and to my sheer delight, she said yes. I had a one and half carat diamond set into a ring I'd had especially made for her, and before I could even take it out of the box, she snatched it from me and went off to show her friends. I didn't even have a chance to put it on her finger, until later that is. We got married and I began to change and settle down. Ann was the most honest person I had ever known, and she soon put a stop to any criminal activity. She was my soul mate, and I was so happy just to stay at home with her. The only problem was, every time I heard a car pull up outside the house, or any activity in the street, I would jump nervously to my feet and peep through the curtains. 'Did you only marry me to get away from someone?' she asked, suspiciously. 'Or did you marry me because you love me?'

'Of course I love you!' I replied. 'You're my whole life.' I realised then that things had to change, and I had to move on and away from the past. I always knew it would be difficult to get away from the life I had led for the past thirty years, and I knew that if I did not want to lose Ann, I had to do it.

I really did feel that Ann had been brought in to my life for a reason. From the very first time I set eyes on her in the pub, I just knew she was the woman I wanted to spend my whole life with. I loved her parents too. Her mother Vera was a very shrewd woman and very difficult to get to know. I think she was a bit suspicious of me at the beginning, but once she knew what I was like, we got on like a house on fire. I loved Ann's father, John, and got on really well with him. Their family name was Lennon, and I used to laugh because his name was John Lennon. He was a very modest, hard-working man. He had a butcher's shop, and I was devastated when he died at the age of eighty-two sometime in the seventies. Ann's mother was a strong woman and was in her nineties when she died in 2007. They were both lovely people and I loved them dearly. I do miss them so much.

Although there was still a little criminal activity going on around me, just enough for me to earn a pound or two, I knew that I had to start a new life, if only for Ann's sake. I wanted our marriage to work, and I had made my mind up to do anything I could to make it work.