Wayne is a young man in his early twenties, he is a care leaver and he has been a supporter of this campaign from the earliest stage. No-one from the team have ever met Wayne as none of us live near enough to him to make personal contact but I feel that, through various channels like Twitter, emails and phone calls, I know him a little. After all the publicity and exposure following Ben's walk Wayne summoned up the enormous courage to begin to write down some of his story and I am privileged that he shared it with me with a view to deciding what to do next. When I said that I would love to read his blog I added my customary warning that I am a great one for meddling with others words in the (possibly mistaken) belief that I can 'improve' the manner of the telling. I read what follows and I wouldn't dream of changing a word. It is a very small (I think) part of a much longer story that I can only hope that Wayne will find a way to tell in his own time.

Wayne and others like him are at the core of the ECLCM campaign; it is why it started, has continued and will go on until men and women like him won't have to reflect on years later and say "Maybe it (a better support system on leaving care) still would of, who knows, but it wouldn't of hurt. Wayne matters and so does every other child leaving care.

Here's my first post. I don't know what exactly I'm going to talk about in this whole thing or even if I'll stick with it, but the plan is to try anyways. I'm just going to tell about bits of my life that I wanted to explain or people might find good to know about. It's probably not cover everything or be in exact order but some of the big themes gonna be about leaving care and mental health because them are two things that's effected my adult life a lot. I might do a bit about before then one day but not over keen on going there right now.

So I reckoned on the first one I would do about what I class as the end of my journey through the care system because I have this idea that it starts and ends the same in a way. Which is basically me sat on a hospital floor shouting and bawling being scared sad and confused and NOT ALLOWED TO GO HOME. The first time I was just a bairn but that's not a good story for now so I'll just fast forward to many years later, 20 years old, 2 and a bit years out of care

Same scenario really, been admitted to hospital, pure kicking off, I was really really one of the most scared I've ever been and felt like I was actually back to being a kid in a way. It was like rock bottom or something. Basically I'd had a full on break down. I remember some nurse saying 'Oh we know you' or something, not even in a way like she was being funny or owt but what gave me the impression they was all talking about us in the staffroom, like I was this proper extreme person. They probably was to be fair and I don't blame them. It was the second week running I'd turned up at that ward. Police, crisis services, A and E staff etc knew me very well at that point I suppose. My life had become absolute chaos, like there was hell on every day. Bizzies constantly turning up round mine either because I'd been causing nuisance when I was angry and upset or for welfare checks because someone called them in about that. If it was welfare checks it tend to pan out either they was a bit nice to me and might just leave or I could get telt off or took to A and E which was actually how I'd come there that day. There was constantly what I class as 'incidents', and I'd got banned off several things. Driven some people away. That's always been the trouble, when I most need help I've always tended to act up in ways how makes people not want to give it, I've definitely been a bit of a nightmare at

points, hold my hands up. But for what it's worth I didn't mean to. I was just really scared all the time, and I felt like everyone hated me and had it in for me, I was raging! I was full on paranoid, at one point I was thinking my phone was tapped and everything. Even like things on the telly and whatever was bad messages for me. It was like I am falling off a cliff, like the whole thing, the hardness and loneliness of leaving care, abandoned and left to a task I wasn't up to, my life growing up where nothing was stable and I was fighting against everything, right back to the things that put me in care in the first place, right back to before I was even BORN. Just come crashing down on my shoulders that year like a ton of bricks and it absolutely broke me.

So aye, mental health act assessment, SECTIONED. Had a rough week in the medical ward til they found me a psychiatric bed (out of area, Oh well what do, eh). Went to that hospital. That's a whole other story and maybes one for another time. As much as I didn't want to go (hence the section) I can see now that it had to happen, it was the only possible end. You can't have people running about as full on mental as I was. Society can't really manage people that out of control.

But why I say I class it as the end of my journey through care is because as much as the whole thing was one of the worst things that ever happened to me, things did actually get a bit better from then. It probably saved me. A bit like how I first gone into care in some ways. I want to make the point that maybe if I had better support leaving care it might not of got to that point. Maybe it still would of, who knows, but it wouldn't of hurt. I'm not saying it's easy now or everything's pure cush and sorted. But I'm never going back to how it was then, that's for certain. I want that to be the end of that. But it's not the end of me!