

# EDUCATION

My name is Eddie, this is my story.

**T**he first memory I have of my parents, in fact, the first memory I have of my life was of my parents arguing in front of me.

They were so wrapped up in themselves that they forgot that their five year-old little boy was a ringside spectator who was about to be emotionally scarred by what he saw and heard.

It was not a physical fight as such, but tempers were flaring as my mum told my dad that he was no good and that he should go out and get a job and support his family.

His reply was that “he tried,” but no one was prepared to give a job to someone who could not read and write properly, and that because he had a hand injury he could not even get a job as a labourer because of the lifting involved.

“You're no good!” Mum bellowed at him. “You should have stuck at school instead of playing truant and messing around... you're stupid, stupid, stupid!”

*My Dad's Regret*

My Dad looked so angry and frustrated. He hated when mum reminded him that he could not really read or write. He really regretted his childhood actions of messing around in school. It was just the way for a number of his friends back then and he followed.

I never forgot the three words my mum had said... "You're stupid, stupid, stupid!" and had no idea how those words were going to affect my future. It was about three years later that we went to my aunt's house for dinner. She could really cook, so I was always willing to go.

*The Graduate*

She had a twenty-two year-old daughter that she was so proud of because she was very clever. The topic over dinner was her forthcoming graduation. She had obtained a first in her degree in business studies and was about to graduate.

**This is an excerpt from 'The Seven Principles of RESPECTisms'.  
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