

**Date: Monday, 12 May 2014, 12:38**  
Subject: My Live Chat Account Login  
From: my live chat ([sendmail@mylivechat.com](mailto:sendmail@mylivechat.com))  
To: [re\\_wired@ymail.com](mailto:re_wired@ymail.com);

## Chapter 59

On the **25/05/2014**, some friends had called me and said that they were living at Unit 5 Georges Industrial estate White Heart Lane Tottenham, London, N17.

I understood that this was their home as they were homeless if it were not for this place of residents.

I got asked to attend to say hello and so to drop of some money for food and other living essentials to them.

In the end I drove in my van and when I arrived to the area's location, I choose to pull over and stop on the way to my friends.

The place that I had stopped at was a local pizza shop and I ordered some food for us all, I asked for the food to get delivered to the same address to where I had to be.

I arrived at my destination I noticed that there were no police present.

The occupiers allowed me entry into their legal home and I drove my van inside.

We took a seat together after they had showed me around.

Once we sat down, we started the normal general chat about what each other lives had got up to, since we last saw each other.

The pizzas soon therefore after arrived as I had ordered them to and we all indulged in eating the food.

After some time, while I and my friends lengthened our conversations,

I got startled; I could hear an alarm bell going of inside of the building.

I started to notice a lot of activity from within the premises and over heard a person shouting at another person.

On listening even more closely to what they were shouting about, I can remember their discussion being that of: somebody had gone into a section of the premises and opened a fire door that had not got opened before.

Soon after, the door got resealed and the alarm went back off.

In the cool down period of what had just posited to proceed; what I would claim to be about minute the police arrived and as a regular event they choose to talk to me once they realised my presence.

The police done their cheeks and asked to look inside of my van on doing so I granted them permeation to do so.

After the police officers checks they were happy that I never had any true