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In view of the **15/10/2012,** my mother was at her home, when the police came to her address looking for me, when speaking to them outside of her front door, she asked why they had attended her home, she got told the reason was because of those police officers present, wanted to arrest me, for my newish trailer.
The trailer that I had brought was lying outside chained up in my mother's front garden, when the police had arrived there and somehow, some way, the police had said that this was the trailer, what was missing as stolen.
This trailer was mine, and it was the one that I had brought of the man from the festival and then was being claimed as stolen.
Soon after they arrived at my mothers address not only did this happen but also the police officers come straight to my house, as they now wanted to arrest me, for the Trailer that I had brought.
In the long run, I did not know that they had been to my mothers already and was on the approach towards mine.
Without realizing that the police officers had arrived to my home, I heard a knock at my front door, so I got up and took a looked through the spy hole, as this is my normal procedures to see who is outside of my home front door, on taking a close look I noticed some police officers.
To emphasize about what happened on the day at first, I would say; I felt afraid of what might happen to me and I think that this would be normal for most people, so after talking to the police officers who were outside of my front door for some time, with my front door closed. I come to the understanding thereupon talking to them, that there was no other option in their heads, other than for me to go to the police station, with them.
In detail, My brain started to analyse the situation and told me that in this occasion it would be best for me to run, so I headed straight out of the back door and before I knew it I was running in my trainers and using my toes to move quickly away over the garden fences.
To put it differently, the next thing that I remember was the fresh air hitting my face, (or) rather, making me realize that I then from that second in time, was on the run from the police, at least until things got better.
Being, put into a state of realization:--
I found out, that this time would be to the police officers satisfaction and I would get arrested and as a further result towards the on goings of the day, I would also get caught by a police dog and its handler.
I had made it less than a couple of back gardens along from my own back garden but the police helicopter must have been local and I could hear it on its approach, so I did not have many other options and chose to hide under some attic installation in a shed.