

Ashley Dixon is of African Caribbean origin. He and his family knew little of life outside their home on the council estate where he grew up. The estate was home to some local criminals who were known to hold the 'frontline'; the established drugs trade that continued unmitigated. The drugs market was lucrative and there were symbols of wealth around; fancy cars and latest technological gadgets. Ashley's parents were hard working folk. His father, Marcus, was the deputy store manager of a designer clothing outlet and his mother, Bethel, was a nurse. Ashley remembers being 9 years old and asking why his father always went to meet his mum at the bus stop whenever she was returning home and it was dark, even if it was early. That was when he heard that a black young man who lived on the estate was kicked to death in what was considered to be a racist incident. Marcus and Bethel felt no need to protect Ashley from their horror stories. They considered that they were protecting him by letting him know how things were and they dribbled stories of unfair treatment and hurt feelings and disadvantage. As Ashley grew up he continued his attentiveness to academia and was achieving 'Bs' and even 'As' in some subjects.

During an inter-school football match Ashley took a shot at the opponent's goal. It was two minutes before full time and the teams had three goals each. When he missed his chance to score, Ashley heard a trusted friend shout '*Ashley, you black bastard, that's it now, we've lost*'. The unfair blame for the fate of the game combined with his feeling racially attacked led to Ashley withdrawing from his friendships off the football pitch. This incident resonated with the kinds of things his parents had told him and at aged 14 he began to feel he was seeing the world for what it truly was.

It was at this age that he has held at knife point by a group of white lads, who pressed a knife to his face repeatedly and called him 'a pussy'. He ran away without being physically harmed but was deeply affected by the incident.

Being determined, Ashley maintained good grades at school but internally began to feel more rebellious as a result of many supposedly small racial aggressions. His decision to turn his hair into dreadlocks caused his parents distress. They told him life was hard enough; so many black boys go wayward and that with all the privileges he had in life, he should be able to do better. Ashley began swearing, smoking the ends of his friend's cigarettes and shoplifting for the odd item of clothes.

Ashley's teenage rebellion took on a new turn when he stole a chain with a gun pendant (a *glock* gun) and shortly after chose to go by the name of 'A-Glock'. A-Glock was proud of his academic performance, which continued to be strong but he began to spend time with some of the youngsters on the estate who knew the drug dealers and street robbers. As his voice became deeper and his dreadlocks longer, A-Glock noticed that white people appeared to be intimidated - if for example he walked through the estate in the evening, when it was dark. He found it infuriating but he liked it at the same time. It made him feel powerful. As well as the anger, it also made him feel trapped in a stereotype that he hated. As his relationship with the world worsened, so it did also with his parents. Their arguments about his newfound attitude often ended with their pet phrase 'we brought a son into this world and raised a thug'.

After reading a 'black icons' book about one of his basketball heroes who was suicidal, A-Glock sat on his bed with his army knife and put the point of the blade against his forearm, trembling with anger and self hatred. He never mentioned it to anyone. He barely thought of it again himself. Ashley remained proud of his success at school and keen to keep the façade of compliance would arrange nights out in the adjacent town, where he would get drunk with his 16 year old friend and walk the streets intimidating people, usually white people. He vowed never to cause physical harm but he enjoyed seeing people flee with fear in their eyes. One night on one of his escapades a young man pulled a knife, put it to his throat then swept his feet so he fell hard to the ground. The man motioned as if he were going to stamp on A-Glock's head but didn't. He called him some racist names and left the scene. After this incident, which was unknown to A-Glock's parents, he became short tempered and became animated, with clenched fists often when he had a disagreement with people.

The friends that A-Glock had made on the estate had access to guns and he became preoccupied with wanting a gun. He could not afford one and began stealing goods that were easy taking – a handbag left unattended or jewellery snatched off someone's neck.

A-Glock had regular dreams that he was turning the key in his front door and was shot in the back. He became nervous about going out and felt that until he had a gun he was not safe. He had fantasies of shooting and cutting people but still he told no one.

By the time A-Glock was ready to take his exams at aged 16 he had more or less stopped attending school. He had put on a lot of weight and spent a lot of time in his room. Initially when he used to shout and stomp Marcus and Bethel assumed that he was speaking on his phone. A-Glock on two occasions attacked his room with a lump of marble, which he used to hammer and break windows, picture frames and his tv screen. He made dents in the walls and door. On the third occasion the police were called and he was taken to the police station. He was handcuffed and kept in a cell. He could hear from the desk by the cells comments such as '*them lot are always like this*' and '*I bet he's been on it*' (gesturing as if smoking). When the doctor came to assess A-Glock he became very angry. He complained about their comments, which he had overheard and he made statements that he was going to shoot the police. When the doctor insisted on calling him 'Ashley' he said that he would shoot him too. He said he was not called A-Glock for nothing. By this point he was swearing and shouting loudly. When he lunged forward towards the doctor - but stopped - the police rushed in and restrained him. Following a further series of assessments and application was made under the Mental Health Act 1983 and A-Glock had his first admission for a psychotic breakdown.

At the age of 22 he got his first gun, sat on a ledge on the 6th floor of a car park and shot himself in the head. He fell and died outright