

Asleep Drifting Book One

**The
Robert Paul Experience
A Biographical Sketch
Of My Life**

Inspired by actual events from Robert Paul's life.
Certain names, characters, and events have been fictionalized to protect the innocent.

An Eye-Opening – Thought-Provoking – Walk Through Life
of Child Neglect and Adolescent Delinquency

**A Book of Organized Chaos
and Reckless Optimism**

Praise for Asleep Drifting Book One and Robert Paul

“HEARTFELT! What an amazing life story! I truly appreciate how transparent Robert Paul is when giving his personal narrative of his experience through past and present life events. I found the key points he covered to be extremely helpful in understanding my own personal journey. His ability to encourage self-reflection, self-awareness, and sensibility to empathize with others highlights a path for readers to grow upon levels of emotional intelligence no matter where they may currently stand in their personal stories. Robert Paul’s book helps paint a picture for everyone to view in and out of their chapters of life. I, for sure, felt like I was receiving 101 coaching lessons. Robert Paul’s book “ASLEEP” inspired me to pay more attention to my life lessons. Thank you for sharing your life and struggles with the world....

—Dr. Angel R. Mino, CEO & FOUNDER, Legal Resource Group

“Robert Paul’s story is one that so many have been through but could never sit down and write about it. Once I sat down and started reading, I couldn’t stop. Congrats on surviving and becoming a man I’m sure your grandmother is still proud of. God bless you.”

—Theresa Bartkowiak Wendell-Marran

“An enlightening journey into child abuse, boyhood trauma, and everything a child should not go through. The experience Robert Paul has gained through his misfortunes, from his boyhood and all the way through to his adulthood is unbelievable!”

— Alia Moustafa, Writer, Artists / AMC

“Robert Paul is the latest talent in a recent Chicano literature wave that redefines the Chicano Movement and the American experience. Robert Paul’s “Asleep” is a fast-paced, coming-of-age tale told with an electric, gritty, urban noir feel. It recounts a childhood growing up Chicano in Long Beach during the 1970s and ’80s. At times tender and warm, then brutal and terrifying. The deep-seated conflicts make “Asleep” a thought-provoking and captivating piece of work by a powerful new voice. Asleep is a must-read book for anyone interested in Early Childhood Development, Social Psychology, and Chicano Literature!”

—Roberto Vazquez, Teacher, Writer

Praise for
Asleep Drifting Book One and Robert Paul

“ASLEEP, Drifting—Book One was great! It left me eager to read each next chapter! It’s a journey into the mind and life of a brave young boy who, against all odds, kept moving forward despite the obstacles placed in his path.”

—Teresa Weber-Freeman, Design and Graphics Artist

“Robert Paul takes you through a journey that gives you a plethora of emotions. I was sad, scared, happy, angry for him, and so on. His story pulls you in and has you living his experience right along with him. This book will stay with me for quite some time.... A must-read!”

—Barbara Davies, Retired Retail Supervisor / 20 years

“I’ve read this amazing book! I can’t wait to read the next two. This is an awesome story of a boy growing up in horrendous circumstances and a man who managed to put aside everything that happened to him to reach his full potential. Truly an inspiring tale for today’s world.”

—Elizabeth Ayers, Author of Historical Westerns and Contemporary Romance

“As a mother of three and grandmother of two, I was compelled to keep reading the first book in Robert Paul’s three-part series: Asleep (Drifting) Book One, even though it broke my heart to read of such abuse to a little boy who could not escape it. I cannot fathom the pain of living through such abuse as a child. It is one thing to read a fictional story of abuse, but heart-rending and devastating to read Robert Paul’s account of the abuse he suffered from an early age.

With the help of his beloved grandmother and Aunt Betty, Robert learned what a loving environment was despite all that he went through on his journey to adulthood. Robert’s courage and belief that he could start over enabled him to become a wonderful father and successful business owner. He beat the odds and kicked his alcohol and drug habits.

Robert’s healing journey includes his need to reach out to children suffering from abuse and to bring awareness to abuse which needs to be discussed openly—no matter how painful it is—to help those who are suffering. It is far easier to bury those memories and dependencies. I am in awe of what Robert has accomplished in his life. He is an inspiration and will be a light to others who have suffered similar horrific abuse in silence. Thank you, Robert, for having the courage to change your life and share your journey with others to help them on their journey toward healing....”

— C.H. Admirand, Author of Historical & Contemporary Romance Novels

Praise for
Asleep Drifting Book One and Robert Paul

“Robert was raised by an extremely narcissistic and domineering mother. They frequently moved, so relationships were constantly being disrupted. The household was highly sexualized as his mother was not at all discreet with her various paramours. Robert learned he had acting and directing talent, which gave him some direction.”

—Kindle Customer

“It has been a long time since I have read such an honest piece of nonfiction. For me, this book hits close to home. Hats off to Robert Paul, unaware that he was (almost psychically) reaching out to me through these words and experiences. Drifting!”

—Richard Blair, Studio Owner, Music Producer / Former Capital Records engineer

“Time doesn’t heal all wounds, but they do fade to leave us scars. Robert Paul is so raw by reliving his past on paper and shows that real healing has taken place and that it is possible to heal.”

—Jojo Wilkerson, HR Administrator / Independent Designer for Origami Owl

“Robert Paul has a beautiful style in that he can describe the horrors of his youth in such a dispassionate way. You can feel the horrors but from an individual who has healed from it. At 73, I have been trying to come to grips with my own childhood. I know there is hope!”

—Carla Ringey, Retired Purchasing Agent, Vancouver, WA police dept / 23 years

“ASLEEP ~ DRIFTING, Is an AMAZING true account of a son who is doing his best to survive his childhood. His so-called “Mother,” Lucinda, is cruel and brutal, to say the least. Such a GREAT read! Bravo to Robert Paul for giving us insight into his life.”

—Kathie Kitagawa, Office Manager / Chiropractic Assistant

“Parents are expected to give love, devotion, and care, which hopefully will enable them to live their lives to the best of their ability. And, of course, this is not always the case. But I was stunned by Robert's life of torment and suffering. Luck was not by his side from the beginning of his life. In his struggle to survive over the years, he managed to escape a burdensome existence. His traumatic experiences have been enormously painful for the body and soul.”

—Author, Lawrence Taylor

About the Author



Robert Paul

Photo Courtesy of Robert Paul Creations

Robert Paul was born in the small town of Española, New Mexico. Growing up poor, he was abused by his mother. Being the oldest of four siblings (all born to different fathers), Robert was presented with many challenges early on in life. Subsequently, he was uprooted at the age of six to San Pedro, California—to a different world with more significant issues to face. As a young teen, Robert began to drink heavily and added drugs to his already-tumultuous life. From birth to early adulthood—Robert had an extremely challenging existence with his mother, which took an extraordinary effort to heal!

Out of the ashes, Robert found a way to become a successful business owner. He eventually completed two marathons and numerous half-marathons and kicked the drug and alcohol habit on November 2, 2007. His story to stop drinking, doing drugs, and accepting himself and others is awe-inspiring!

Robert's mission in life is to help abused children and bring awareness to their plight. He is also reaching out to those afflicted with drug and alcohol dependency with his life coach expertise and inspirational public speaking ability to encourage all he encounters! Robert can be contacted at asleep@robertpaulcreations.com with any comments or questions. Please leave a review with your thoughts and feelings regarding *Asleep (Drifting)* Book One on Amazon.com and other platforms. Thank you.

Hell Is Other People
(Jean-Paul Sartre)

1

Birth

November 1, 2007—the day I reached an ultimate fork in the road. Up to that point, I had experienced many metaphoric births and subsequent deaths. I was looking down the barrel, at oblivion. Little did I know, my lowest point promised an awakening beyond my wildest dreams. That day, I reflected upon everything of my existence; I had to.

This unforgiving fork I faced had two choices, of course. I could continue down the same self-destructive road, which would land me in my final resting place, or travel the more challenging path filled with trepidation from the unknown. As if my situation wasn't bad enough, Brandon, my son—after working at my mortgage office—had decided to head back to Portland, Oregon, but not before leaving me a letter while I lay passed out in my bedroom.

Dear Father,

I love you so much. All I ever wanted was to have you there for my sister and me. You have so much potential, but you must stay focused. I think you're at the age where you must weigh what's more important, drugs and alcohol or your health. It would kill me to see something like alcohol take your life. I would like you to start going back to AA meetings again and start getting back on the grind. Being down here these last (6) months has made me grow. Thank you for all the contributions you have made to me while I've been here.

My prayers will always be there for you and my sister(s), and I love you. I know you lost your father at a young age, but I don't want to lose mine. Know that if you need someone to talk to or just want to say, "what's up," I'm here for you, no matter what. I hate seeing you when you're down because you're better than what circumstance you're in. I want to see you become as successful as ever this next year and am rooting for you to bring home the trophy. I know this. I'm glad we've been together part of this year. Don't worry about the past; focus on the future. The hell with drugs and alcohol; you'll ruin your life. Don't let anything else control the wheel. From the bottom of my heart, I love you, Dad, unconditionally. To forgive and forget and

move on is a beautiful thing. I hold nothing against you, but this; don't let the juice (alcohol) and the go-fast (cocaine) ruin your success. I'll always be here for you. I love you, Pops, and my sister and I would be devastated if we lost you. Think of the future and all the possibilities! From your son.

Love, Brandon.

Although it was moving, his thoughts didn't shake me from my sleepwalking. I wasn't ready to throw in the towel, but his letter planted a seed in my heart; and eventually, as my pain became intolerable, his beautiful words took hold and grew.

Interestingly enough, the path towards death seemed more familiar. I began drinking alcohol during childhood and started using heavy drugs in my late teens. Yet, at times, I lived an extraordinary life. I figured a premature death at forty-five couldn't be that bad, as I found myself at the last house on the block. Every opportunity had run dry. I felt I had no options. Here I was. I worked tirelessly at my mortgage company, building to secure my future. I was on top of my game, doing everything possible. My life at least, prospered financially. Then, overnight, the mortgage market went into a freefall, taking me down with it. Bleakness gripped me and wouldn't let go.

On a cold, gloomy midwinter night in Long Beach, California, I sat freezing at a dining room table in front of a flickering candle, (the electricity had been cut off), watching cold plumes of breath come out of me as if I were smoking a cigar. Thinking back, I only had one choice... that was to save my life. Had I continued my path, I would have been dead inside a year (I knew this with every fiber of my being).

My routine drinking started at thirteen (although I took my first drink at five) and went nonstop through my forty-fifth birthday. Roughly in that timeframe, I downed somewhere around 85,000 beers! I wouldn't even count how many mixed drinks I consumed, including bottles of hard liquor. If I had to figure out how much I had spent on drugs and alcohol, it'd make me sicker than my worst hangover. But if I had to guess that number, I'm sure it would easily add up to over \$250,000!

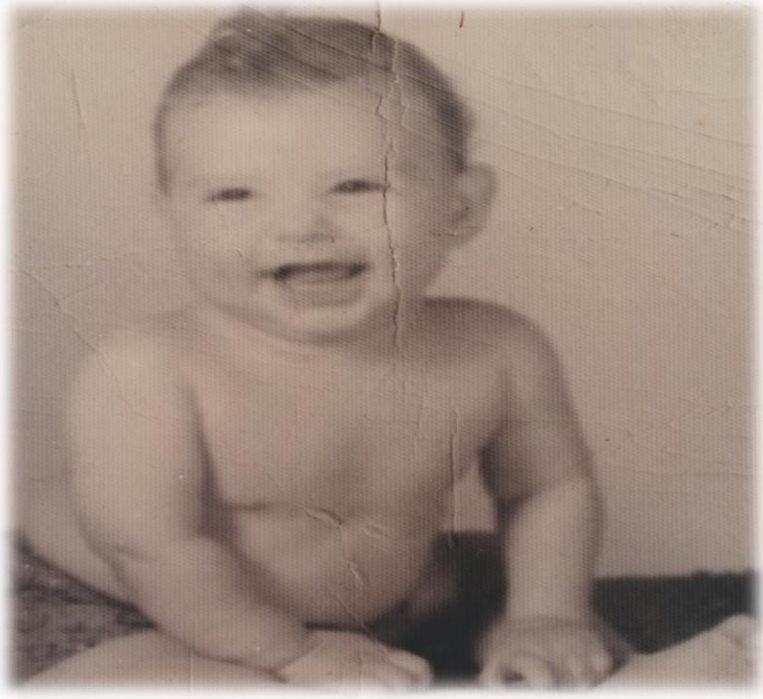
November 2, 2007—was my last day as a drunk, and drug addict, which mercifully ended in solitude. The day before, I polished off a 40-ounce bottle of Mickey's Big Mouth, had another one at the ready, and smoked several enormous joints after a half-pint of 151 Bacardi I muscled down earlier in the day.

My mind, body, and spirit were so beaten up I finally admitted defeat. All my finances had left town with the mortgage collapse. After countless desperate attempts to break the terrible habit of excessive drinking and drug use, I sat in that deserted house, listless. I knew deep in my heart the next day would and had to be different. My very life depended on it. The funny thing about us human beings; we never do anything good for ourselves until we're down to our last chance. We do not see that the best is yet to come because we're caught up in the worst; we think we are. We are lost, because we're asleep. I needed to wake up, stay up, and be alert. Nothing, but nothing meant more to me at that moment.

I believe our souls are most accessible when we are vulnerable. I was broken and stood on the ledge of life. I had a choice. I could jump into the abyss and be lost forever or access a Divine Providence to manifest within me—so I chose the latter. With every ounce of my being, I summoned My Creator to take whatever had me bound and powerless and replace it with the person I was born to be. Thus, I began a journey toward creating and bringing these words to life.

The early morning winter sun touched my face through the bedroom window, peering about the room, I had the sad realization everything was going up in smoke. The bank was foreclosing on a home in which I had invested, then failed to resale, spending \$100,000. It didn't stop there—I had an extortion-type lien from child support for \$90,000 from my son's mother and another fifty grand in credit card and personal loan debt. I was \$240,000 in the hole with a defunct mortgage business! As I lay there in bed, none of that seemed to matter. The emptiness I had endured the night before and the hangover that should have been there, had vanished. I felt welcomed. Still tired, I began daydreaming about my natural birth.

In a copasetic sphere, I found myself in a great wonderment—a place of peace, with a true sense of being—a cozy weightlessness. Instantly I felt safe, incredibly sensitive to my surroundings, encased in a gel-like substance, a cocoon, warm, and full of love; I felt a tremendous, reverberating power, neither with the need or desire for anything. I was complete, no worries, no need for food; time was irrelevant. An overwhelming sense of tranquility and total awareness had washed over me. It was beautiful. At that moment, everything became clear. I was so familiar with the process; I knew that I would be born, and the time was at hand to exit this place of understanding. Soon I'd be jettisoned into a world of utter chaos—to fend for myself.



I was about nine to ten months when the photo was taken.

Photo courtesy of Robert Paul Creations

On October 27, 1962, I was born in the small town of Española, New Mexico, to Lucinda Morfin and Alejandro Pablo. Soon thereafter, my father bailed to Utah. My mother moved us north to the twin farming communities of Gallina and Coyote, to live with my grandmother *Bennie* and my mother's sister my Aunt Betty.

The two adjoining towns are nestled alongside the glorious mountains of New Mexico. The majestic horizons stood as a spectacular backdrop framed above the beautiful plateaus and valleys. Perfect trees bordered the peak of the skies, portraying brilliant bands of colors between the clouds.

The light they cast upon the pastures was unspeakable as if painted by a celestial being. When the sunset arrived, shades of orange, gold, and hues of red, sprayed across the bright horizons—what a slice of heaven. As a child, I marveled at nature's breathtaking canvas. The sunsets never disappointed; I am reminded that it put to rest any previous worries when the day ended. It enabled me to have a peaceful, uninterrupted slumber. Even at such a young age, I captured the beauty of creation and all it stood for.

We lived in a converted adobe home which was once a schoolhouse. The structure was one big room with a single counter and basin along a wall accompanied by a small refrigerator, and wood-burning stove which formed a makeshift kitchen. Along an adjacent wall were small beds and a chest for our clothes. Whenever I ventured into the wondrous fields in the plateaus' shadows, I always wore my favorite red hoodie. During cold the season, I helped the women carry tin buckets filled with snow to melt for water. I'd run through the field of crops we grew and harvested, it was magical! My grandmother sowed corn, radishes, lettuce, carrots, spinach, and such. It was a humbling experience to help my family care for and pick the graciously prepared food for our advancement and nourishment. It was a feeling of unconditional love, security, and peace.

A gravel pathway led from our shelter to the main road, where I would wait for a yellow bus to bring Aunt Betty home from high school. I adored her; she was five years younger than my mother, but it felt like she was my older sister. Suddenly, Lucinda moved us back to Española. Over time, moving became a way of life—we mimicked vagabonds.

From when I was three to six years old, Lucinda frequently struck out on her own, to bars or dates she had. I felt isolated, especially from Aunt Betty and Grandma Bennie. In second grade, Lucinda threatened me physically when I came home from school with unsatisfactory grades. My grandmother jumped into the middle of the conflict and offered to beat the shit out of her if she touched me. This early experience was just one of many vivid ways she displayed protection. Unfortunately, that's when I took the brunt of Lucinda's abuse.

***We live in an insane world that causes us to
act insanely.***

(Donald Neal Welch) Conversations with God ~ Book 2

2

Hell

I vividly recall my grandma having a pick-up truck loaded with several items gifted to her by Vivian, Betty's father. My grandma was in extreme distress; she screamed in a rage about being slighted and discarded—how Vivian hurt her in many terrible ways. She smashed the accelerator as she drove to the local dump secluded in the outskirts of town. Family members who followed her catapulted out of their vehicles, then immediately began hurling furniture and all types of shit into a trash pit!

My grandmother yelled incoherently and wept uncontrollably, there I was—a small child, absorbing all the pain and frustration she was going through. She poured gasoline over every square inch of the gifts, then set the heap ablaze. Everything in that furious moment was palatable—the tears, the expletive exasperations as flames leaped into the sky.

My poor grandma succumbed to it all and fell onto a patch of dirt like a rag doll. The chaos-fueled catastrophe left us in a smoke-filled hollow evening. The drive back home was sad, quiet, and subdued. She was a proud woman and never brought up the incident. That tragic day burned away with the rubble and was buried in the recesses of her heart to her dying days.



Vivian, (Aunt Betty's father), and my Grandmother.

Photo courtesy of Robert Paul Creations

As a child, I witnessed and encountered far too many episodes of trauma and despair, incidences that put me through states of weariness and hell. My forlorn exposure to physical abuse at Lucinda's and or her boyfriend's hands was to my wretched detriment from age two until seven.

Once, a woman came to our trailer home screaming her head off, calling my mom out to a physical brawl.

"Stay in the house! Stay here! Do not look out the window, or else you're in for a whipping! Do you understand me!" she screamed as she ran out the front door.

"Yes," I mumbled, squeezing my eyes shut. Any child would show concern about their mother's safety, regardless of how she treated them. I feared my mother would get hurt, so I acted out of a five-year-old's curiosity and peeked out the window. Sometimes, I wish I could erase the scenes from my brain because when I pushed back the curtains that day, it revealed Lucinda on top of this chick, pulling her hair and punching her face. It wasn't long before Lucinda came storming into the trailer with her fist balled up tight and sweat flying from her forehead as she struggled to catch her breath. Her rage engulfed the room.

Lucinda secured her stance on the ground, then pressed her hands into her waist. "I told you not to look out the window, and you did!" she breathlessly stammered. I'm not sure what gave her the notion that witnessing her animalistic behavior was more important than the actual altercation itself. I did not understand her reasoning, and frankly, I didn't care enough to ask; I was more focused on finding out why she was fighting in the first place.

"Mom, I was scared... I didn't... I thought you might get hurt..." I stumbled over my words. "I didn't know... it was, uh... a fight! I didn't see anything... Mommy... please..."

"Yeah, well, I told you not to look! Pull your pants down!" Her hateful words pierced the air. She snatched a dishtowel from a drawer and drowned it under the running faucet. Vigorously, she twisted it and rolled it tightly. Then her gaze locked deep into my eyes. "I told you not to look!" She whipped me with the rolled-up wet towel; it felt like someone was burning my skin with a blowtorch. The pain was incredible!

"I saw you... watching us... and I told you not to look!" she yelled between heavy breaths. Lucinda beat the shit out of me, raining blows down upon me with her fists to the point I peed on myself. "Look what

you did... you're going to clean that up! You hear me?" she screamed. It was as if she were still fighting the girl outside. After taking off my urine-drenched pants, she forced me to get on my hands and knees and wipe up my piss, yelling the same rhetoric repeatedly. It was horrifying.

Be as it may, the collection of stories I'll share is an overview of the evils I've endured as an adolescent. So, everything being equal, I wouldn't dare leave out the incident in the same trailer where she fought that girl. Lucinda and her latest loser booty call would become overindulged in too many glasses of booze and flagrantly had sex with her. One night, he brought along a bottle of Boone's Farm wine, which tasted like an apple-flavored Jolly Rancher candy.

Somehow, this man convinced Lucinda it would be a clever idea if I had a cup or two of the wine, so I did. After a few cups, I was successfully stewed, brewed, and ready for the festivities. Of course, I didn't want any trouble, so I just went along with it all, carrying a wide tipsy smile, watching the grown-ups hold their stomachs in laughter and slap the table in obnoxious hysteria.

The following day, I woke up sharing the only bed in the house with Lucinda and her fling. The man and I got acquainted by play-wrestling. Unbeknownst to me, the man was naked; I guess they had just had sex. This dude started to tickle my stomach and abdomen, and as I flailed about, I grabbed what I thought was a toy, something under the covers, only to be greeted with a fully erect, oblong object. He laughed, then spoke something to Lucinda in Spanish. She stretched her head back, dropped her jaw, and let out a shrieking laugh.

Then it dawned on me—I was holding this guy's pecker—and they both knew it. I was the butt of this sick asshole's joke and was at the center of it. I felt minimized, but it was the funniest thing in the world to them, in the weirdest way. It was unbelievable! Even at age five, my mind thought, *What's wrong with these people?*

When we moved to a small neighborhood duplex, I couldn't believe our new location's irony. We were right down the street from the trailer home where my mother wrestled on the ground with that strange woman, resulting in my getting whipped with a wet towel. My sister Chelsea was born on February 6, 1968, so it's safe to assume she was conceived while I slept in bed with Lucinda and her newest boyfriend, Ruben. It was hard to imagine the thoughts racing through my mind when I woke up to what seemed like a nightmare but was, in fact, reality.

What was occurring right next to me was Lucinda and Chelsea's dad, Ruben, going at it in bed. Somehow, I drifted back to sleep. Then, at daybreak, I awoke to a surreal setting. Picture a small boy wiping the sleep from his eyes, and suddenly looking over to notice his mother scantily clad in a short, see-through nightgown, and next to her is a naked man, lying on his back with a full erection. Alarming, right?

I felt stuck, like I was glued to the mattress. I quietly rolled on my side to avoid the disturbing view. After a long moment of discomfort, I finally built up the nerve, to slid out of bed, and sneak out the bedroom door toward the kitchen. I quickly whisked my head around to catch a glimpse of them, and to this day, I still don't know why I did that. Maybe to verify that what I was seeing was real.

Although I was fearful, I couldn't fully understand the notion of them being naked on the bed that way, completely exposed. At once, I broke my gaze and stepped directly into the kitchen, poured a bowl of cereal as quietly as possible, made my way into the living room, switched on the television, and started watching Looney Tunes.

I couldn't help but think this woman was gonna wake up and beat the shit out of me. Sure enough, she woke up. I heard her and Ruben having a muffled conversation—something very vague about being seen naked; then, suddenly, Lucinda raced out of the bedroom, questioning me about what I saw.

"I didn't see anything, Mom," I calmly said, focusing on the television.

"You're lying! What did you see?" she demanded.

"I just got out of bed and went to the bathroom, then, uh, I made cereal... that's all, Mom." I didn't dare blink an eye as I felt the heat and intensity coming from her stare.

"Ruben said that you were looking at us!" she pressed.

"I didn't see anything... I was watching the tee... TV... and... I...," my palms grew sweaty as my heart raced because I knew exactly what was going to happen next.

In mid-sentence, she smacked the left side of my head with an open hand, sending me and the bowl of cereal flying across the room. I landed on my back, and slid on the floor in a cereal and milk mess! My ear was buzzing. Then, through blurred vision, I spotted Ruben leaning against the doorjamb with his arms folded across his chest. His stare bore right through me, and I'm sure I'll never forget the smirk etched across his face.

My hands trembled. I thought Ruben would stop her, but he didn't. My young mind couldn't comprehend this realm of abuse. I wasn't misbehaving; I intrinsically knew what my mother was doing was wrong. The chasm between what I knew and what I could do about it was too broad. "Clean this shit up now! You think you're so smart... you need to mind your own business!" she stood over me triumphantly.

"I... I... need to go pee..." I stuttered, feeling helpless and ashamed again. Another adult witnessing and approving of the assault made the beating even more terrible! Lucinda's denial of her character was in full bloom. I could hear her words of despise simmering as she spoke to Ruben in Spanish about what a meddling, nosy little fool she had and what a pain in the ass I was. She made sure to mention the inconvenience of having a dumb kid. No matter how much positive energy brought a momentary ray of sunshine into my life—things turned on a dime when she was around.

For my sixth birthday, Lucinda and her newest boyfriend of-the-month gifted me a brand-new Stingray bicycle. The kick-ass present overjoyed me. She had never given me anything like that before (I think it was more the boyfriend's gift). I was so thankful that I didn't hesitate to show off my newly prized possession to my cousins Mike, Arron, and Junior. I raced to my Aunt Mary's house, head held high, feeling the breeze flow on my face; I was so proud and happy.

A few days passed, and my friendship with an older kid who lived next door took a terrible turn. James quickly befriended me; we hung around often, and he displayed an overly amount of enthusiasm towards me I'd never experienced. I even let him ride my new bike a few times. But one day, I took a break and went into the house for lunch, then came out to discover the bike was gone—just like that! I ran all around the small duplex searching for it, then raced across the way and knocked on James's door. He answered with a welcoming smile.

"Hey, Robbie! What's up?" he cheerfully asked.

"Hi," I said breathlessly. "Have you seen my bike around here? I can't find it."

"Ah..., no man. I'm sorry, I haven't seen a thing." James rubbed the back of his neck and frowned.