

On the 5th March 1995 at exactly 10 past 10, Kevin Rain was born into his small world. Most children are born into loving and caring family. His family, were quite the opposite.

His mother, Maddie Rain, spent her early life believing she had magical powers, until he farther took away that dream. Now she truly believes that dreams are for I quote 'pathetic worms', the ideology which she tried to push onto her son.

She smokes 37 and a half cigarettes a day since the age of 13, but still says she is healthy enough to not go to the doctors.

His father, Brian Rain, has been a business man since the age of 16 after he sold his first bag of illegal substances which he stole from his own dad.

He met Maddie when he was 22, whilst watching two homeless dogs fight for a scrap of meat.

They both lived in a house on 6th Dale Street where Kevin was raised. He grew to be very intelligent, which he often thought wasn't passed on from his parents. There wasn't many books in the house, but one was more loved then the others by Kevin. He read the book over and over, even practicing his knots and his fires.

When his mum on the 16th of July 2003 at 10:42 threw her heal at an annoying fly and it nearly hit Kenvin in the head at the speed of 54mp, he knew it was time to run away.