APPENDICES

i. Author’s Biography and Works

Caroline Roberts was born in Gloucester, United Kingdom in 1955. Her genre of works are Nonfiction, Biographies and Memoirs. Caroline Roberts (formerly Caroline Raine) became the live-in nanny to Fred and Rosemary West's three daughters when she was 17-years-old. There are five works of Caroline Roberts, they are: The Lost Girl, The Woman and the Hour: Harriet Martineau and Victorian Ideologies, Attitude Measurement (SAGE Benchmarks in Social Research Methods series), The Devil Inside, and The Courage Contest.

ii. Summary of The Novel

Caroline Roberts was at home with her baby daughter when the news flash came on TV. A couple had been arrested on suspicion of murdering their 16-
year-old daughter and police believed the girl was buried under their patio in Cromwell Street, Gloucester. Caroline stopped in her tracks and her heart began to race. Traumatic memories she had suppressed for years flooded back. “Straight away, I knew that they were talking about Fred and Rosemary West – and the girl had to be their daughter Heather,” she says. “My head was spinning with mixed emotions... anger, fear and sadness.”

Caroline had been the couple’s nanny long before their string of gruesome killings and rapes was discovered. They attacked and raped her too, but she escaped with her life... unlike the 12 young women whose mutilated bodies were finally discovered in 1994. Although she reported her ordeal to the police, Caroline did not press rape charges and the Wests got away with a fine. For years she has struggled with feelings of guilt that, if she had been more determined, all those lives could have been saved. Now, 20 years on from that first police investigation, she has told her story in a brave new book called The One That Got Away.

It begins nearly 40 years ago in September 1972. Caroline was 17 and she hitch-hiked everywhere to save money. One night a grey Ford Popular pulled up to offer her a lift. It was Fred and Rose West. She got in, started chatting and, when she said she needed a job, they asked her to be their nanny. It was an encounter that would change her life forever.

She moved into 25 Cromwell Street the very next day, but quickly felt uncomfortable. Rose, then only 21, would have explosive rages at their kids and she often disappeared into a bedroom with male callers. Fred, then 31, talked all the time about sex. “According to him, he was God’s gift to women,” says Caroline, now 57. “Once you’d been with Freddie, you wouldn’t go anywhere...
else, he’d say. In reality, he was a short little man with piercing blue eyes, a flat, wonky nose and thick lips that hid a gap in his front teeth. I couldn’t see how anyone would find him attractive. Rose had a whiny, drippy way of talking... but when she yelled at her little ones it was in ear-bursting howls.”

One night Fred and Rose sat her down in the living room and invited her to join in regular group sex with them and their friends. “Rose was grinning at me,” says Caroline. “Nudging me in the side, she said, ‘Go on Car give it a try.’ I could see it wasn’t a joke.” Repulsed, Caroline fled the house and vowed never to return. But a month later, she was walking home when the couple rolled up in their car alongside her.

They apologised for upsetting her and offered her a lift. It was freezing cold so she accepted, only to regret it within minutes when Fred turned around and punched her repeatedly in the head. “I blacked out,” says Caroline. “When I came around my hands were tied behind my back. Rose was gripping me in a bear hug, while Fred wrapped brown sticky tape around my head and mouth, gagging me.”

They bundled her into the house, stuffed her mouth with cotton wool, undressed her on a dirty mattress and tied her arms. Then the couple beat and sexually abused her while their three children slept unaware. “Rose grabbed my hair, pulled me towards her and cursed me,” says Caroline. “They were both talking at the same time, calling me names. I thought they were going to kill me there and then, which would have been a relief at the time.

“They spoke words to me that I will never forget. They said, ‘We are going to keep you in the cellar and let our friends use you and, when they have finished with you, we will kill you and bury you under the paving stones of Gloucester. Universitas Sumatera Utara
There are hundreds of girls there... the police haven’t found them and they won’t find you!’. “All I could think was how my poor mum would cope if I didn’t make it home. I began to cry... not for me, but for her.” Eventually they stopped and all three fell asleep in the same bed, with Caroline still tied up.

Next morning Rose got up to get the children ready and, in a final insult, Fred locked the door and raped Caroline. She broke down and in a rare show of emotion, Fred started crying too. He agreed to let her leave, as long as she promised to return and carry on being their nanny. “An hour after being raped and thinking I was going to die, I was sitting on the sofa drinking tea and smoking a cigarette with Rose sat next to me,” says Caroline. “She was stroking my hair and chatting as if nothing untoward had ever happened.”

Caroline fled home and confessed all to her mum, who called the police at once. But she was so ashamed she couldn’t bring herself to reveal she had been raped, so the Wests faced only indecent assault charges. They got off with a £100 fine and a verbal slap on the wrists. “The fewer people who knew about it the better,” says Caroline. “I didn’t talk about it to anyone. To me it was over. But I would never forget what had happened.” Over the next 20 years she struggled with depression, turning to alcohol, drugs and casual sex to help cope with the pain.

After that shocking news flash about the Wests in 1995, she was determined to do the right thing. “They had darkened my life, but now I was going to make sure that I had the strength and courage I didn’t have then. This was a chance to turn my whole life around. “I phoned the police and told them they had to keep searching because Heather was there. That’s what they told me they were going to do to me.”
Heather’s body was found after Fred confessed to killing her and another 12 girls. Caroline blamed herself for not putting the couple in jail. “Each body recovered added to my guilt as I blamed myself for not pressing rape charges,” she says. “My stance seemed to have given them a licence to kill, kill and kill, again and again.” Victim Linda Gough was murdered in April 1973, when Fred would almost certainly have been in jail if he had been convicted of raping Caroline. “It was her death I held myself mostly responsible for but I felt that the others died because of me too,” she says. “Fred had let me go but he wasn’t going to risk letting any of his future victims go free. I had sentenced them to death.”

Caroline had nightmares about the other victims. “I could see them, bound and taped up,” she says. “Tied to a chair, moaning from under their gags, pleading with their eyes. While everyone was hugging me and telling me how lucky I was to be alive, all I could think of was how terribly guilty I felt that I’d survived.”

On New Year’s Day 1995, Fred killed himself in prison and the prosecution needed a witness against Rose, who was still protesting her innocence. “I had suddenly become a key member of their prosecution portfolio,” says Caroline. “I was so scared. The victims were found bound with nylon rope and most had tape around their heads in the same way that rope and tape were used on me.” She had spent 20 years trying to forget that night, but knew she had a duty to re-live it in court.

“I wanted to see Rose pay for the wicked things she had done... for the poor girls that died. I felt guiltier than her about their deaths.” She was determined to stand in the witness box and stare Rose in the face. When the moment came, she
kept her nerve. “I looked up and there she was looking down on me,” says Caroline. “I thought, this is it, don’t turn away. I gave her a long look and held the stare. I noticed how old, frumpy and unfit she looked.

“I held my unblinking eyes on hers until she turned away. I looked at her every time I mentioned something she had done to see her reaction, but she never looked again. “I wanted her to see that I would not let her intimidate or dominate me. She sat there looking down at her lap the whole time.”

Rose was convicted of murdering 10 of the girls and Caroline could at last move on with her life. Now a mum of four, she lives with her husband Ian in the Forest of Dean, Gloucs, and works as a mentor for young drug addicts and alcoholics. “If I hadn’t experienced all this, I wouldn’t be a person with a backbone of steel,” says Caroline. “You can’t keep being the victim. I always used to feel jinxed, like nothing would ever go right for me. Now I have such a zest for life and if I put my mind to something I can do whatever I want.”

But Caroline says the Wests’ victims are never far from her mind: “I survived when others perished and for that I am truly grateful. “I have made a promise to Rena West, Ann McFall, Charmaine West, Lynda Gough, Carol Ann Cooper, Lucy Partington, Therese Siegenthaler, Shirley Hubbard, Juanita Mott, Shirley Robinson, Alison Chambers and Heather West, that I will do something positive with my life. “I could not prevent their deaths but I will help to prevent the deaths of others.”