



**KILLED**

**GAP YEAR HORROR**  
The daughter and son  
who never returned...



**MISSING**

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jewellery, beauty gifts & more!

**PLUS FREE £1**  
BINGO GAME  
WOMAN'S OWN  
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TERMS & CONDITIONS  
APPLY

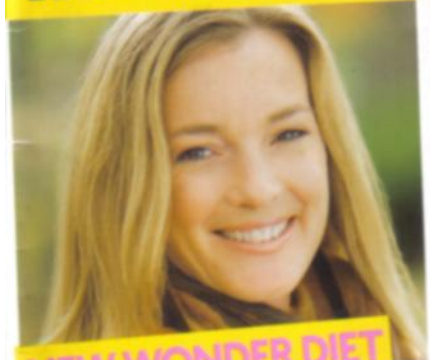
26 NOVEMBER 2007 85p

# Woman's Own

**LOOK  
YOUNGER  
IN A FLASH!**

**Posh's new  
diet panic**

**UNDER PRESSURE**



**NEW WONDER DIET**

**LOSE 7 YEARS & 7LB**

**GUARANTEED TO WORK**

**10 ANTI-AGEING TIPS**



**PLUS SPICE TOUR GOSSIP**

**DAWN HITS BACK**

**I'm happy with  
my weight &  
I'm healthy  
So leave me alone**

**GUESS WHO'S BACK?**

**The return  
of Corrie's  
Toxic Tracy!**



**KATE  
FORD  
BACK ON  
TV**



Spain €2.75  
Greece €2.75  
Canada \$5.75

Woman's Own **DROP EVERYTHING READ!**



# 'Eddie w and never

Jo Gibson-Clark, 54, is desperate to find

**M**y last memory of my son, Eddie, is of helping him move into his halls of residence in September 2004, when he started at Leeds University.

He was 19 and seemed so excited about starting university to study international management. I spent the afternoon shopping for a duvet cover and plants to help turn the bare room into his new home.

When I left, he'd arranged the candles and Buddha ornaments he'd picked up on a gap year in South East Asia along the windowsill.

He'd come back so confident from his travels that I was certain he'd be able to look after himself at university. And his best friend, Josh, was also studying there. Eddie happily waved me off that evening on my way home to Hove in East Sussex, where I live with my second husband, Tony, 52.

Eddie seemed to settle in well, but three weeks later, on Sunday, 3 October, he called to say he was missing me and was thinking of changing his course. I was at work as ground staff with British Airways, so I said I'd call him back.

But on the phone a few hours later he sounded distant. He said I wouldn't be able to get hold of him for a few days as he'd lost his phone charger. But he reassured me he was fine, and we agreed to

talk in a few days' time.

When I tried calling him, his phone was switched off. By Friday I was so worried that I contacted his tutor, who said he hadn't been at lectures. When Josh said he also hadn't seen him, I knew something was wrong.

Josh searched Eddie's room and called me to let me know his passport and clothes were gone. I was shocked. Why had Eddie gone off without telling anyone? It was so unlike him. I called his dad, Mike, to find out if he knew

**'He'd returned to Cambodia'**

anything. He'd last spoken to Eddie the same day as I had.

'He kept saying he missed

Cambodia,' Mike told me.

It made us think he'd gone back to Asia, and our suspicions were confirmed a few days later, when we opened Eddie's bank statement. He'd withdrawn £3,000 and bought a £600 return flight to Thailand.

I contacted the Foreign Office, who took his passport details. From this they were able to tell us he'd arrived in Bangkok on 6 October and crossed over by land into Cambodia three days later.

I knew how much he'd loved Cambodia but never expected him to go back there on a whim.

Over the next few weeks I sent a stream of emails to Eddie begging him to get in touch. He finally replied on 20 October,

**I'LL NEVER GIVE UP  
LOOKING FOR HIM**

Eddie is the first thing Jo thinks of every morning and the last thing at night

# Went to university came back'

But what happened to her student son

explaining that university wasn't for him and he'd returned to Cambodia to meet some of the friends he'd made there.

I was so relieved, I burst into tears. I reassured him I wasn't angry and just wanted him home. Three days later he replied, saying he'd be back on 1 November.

But when Mike and I went to pick him up from Heathrow airport, he didn't turn up. I felt sick with fear as I enquired at the airline desk and they told me he hadn't checked in for the flight.

I was so angry. How could he do this to us? Back home, I emailed him, but there was no

reply. The next few days were awful, as it began to sink in that my son could have been abducted or murdered.

I spoke to the police about it, but there was nothing they could do. I spent hours on the internet checking for emails from Eddie and his friends.

I tried to put on a brave face, but his brothers, Elliott, now 29, and Max, 19, were just as worried.

I clung to the idea that he'd turn up at Christmas, as though nothing had happened. But Christmas Day arrived and there was no news. I knew Eddie would have been in touch if he'd been

OK. That's when I fell apart.

The next day Mike arranged to fly to Cambodia with Elliott. They spent two weeks asking around bars and cafes in the capital, Phnom Penh, but no one seemed to know anything.

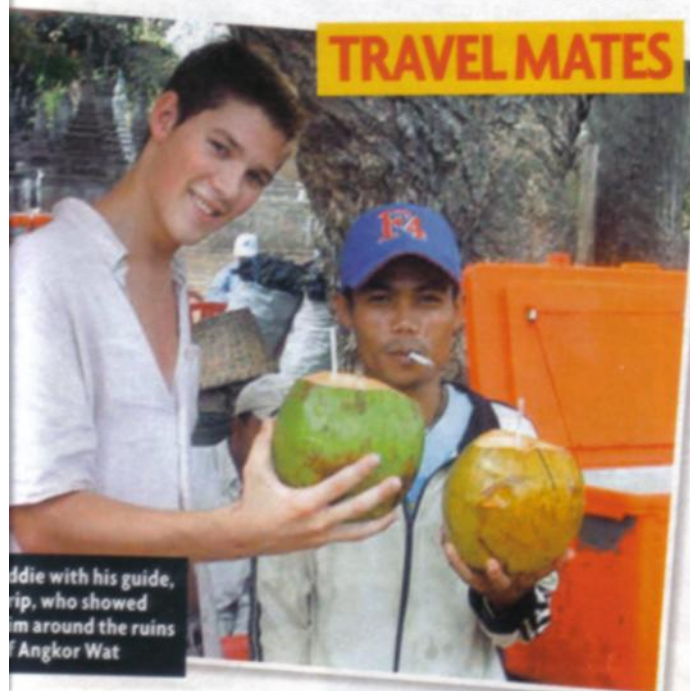
I hated feeling so helpless, and six weeks later I flew out with my husband armed with posters that we'd made to hand out.

The local police helped but weren't hopeful. 'We have little money,' they said. 'Finding Eddie won't be easy.'

As we searched the country over the next few weeks, we noticed so many young people on gap years who were out of their minds on drugs. I'm convinced Eddie wasn't into drugs, but I still felt sick after what I'd seen.

Then, when a group of local men told me that if Eddie had been travelling with £3,000, it was likely he'd been robbed and murdered, I almost collapsed and had to hold on to my husband.

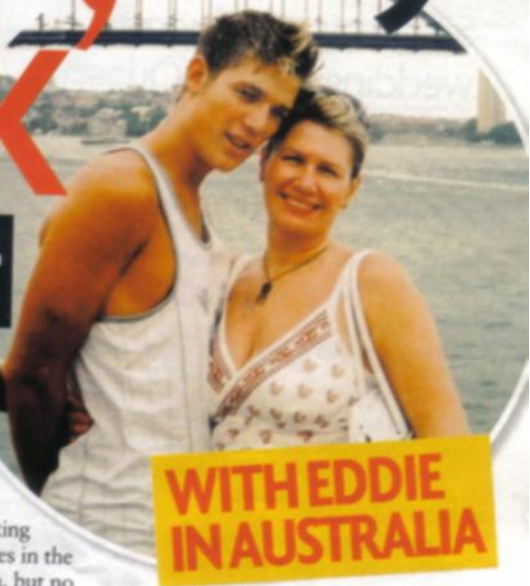
We managed to piece together some of Eddie's movements. He had met Amy, a local girl he'd befriended during his gap year. At first I suspected her, but she



Eddie with his guide, Rip, who showed him around the ruins of Angkor Wat

## TRAVEL MATES

Jo joined her son in Sydney in 2004



## WITH EDDIE IN AUSTRALIA

told me she loved Eddie, and when I saw the tiny hut she lived in with her family, it was obvious she had no money.

We also found records showing Eddie had stayed at various hostels, and we spoke to the guide who helped him cross the border, but no one could shed any light on what had happened.

In July last year, five British police officers travelled out to see if they could help but didn't find anything new.

I've been to Cambodia eight times now to make sure people are still looking for Eddie. We've also hired a private investigator and put up a £10,000 reward for information about him.

It's over three years since Eddie disappeared, but I'll never stop hoping that he's still alive. On good days I hold on to the hope that Eddie's living in a commune or religious cult. I'll never give up looking for him, not until I really know what happened.

## 'Still no news at Christmas'