

## Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

PZB

Support person present: BSL interpreters present

1. My full name is PZB. My date of birth is 1970. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

### Early life

2. I was born in Hospital and lived in in Glasgow with my family. My father's name was and my mother was. I didn't have any siblings. My mother had worked as a supervisor cleaner. My family moved to when I was about twelve years old because my dad got a job working in.
3. My parents loved me as a child and I was their number one. I went to the local nursery in the area when I was about three years old.
4. I wasn't born deaf. I became deaf when I was years old. I had started to use speech by that time. My mum noticed the deafness because she would have to shout things at me. She thought I had maybe gotten deaf at hospital when I had my tonsils removed. She noticed that my speech was affected after that.
5. My mum thought about which school would be best to send me to. She visited the Glasgow School for the Deaf and didn't like it. She then visited St Vincent's School for the Deaf and Blind, and she liked that much better. I was sent there as a day pupil when I was about three or four years old.

6. My mum and dad didn't use sign language when I started school but my mum did learn it as time went on.

### **St Vincent's School for Deaf and Blind, Glasgow**

7. I am not sure exactly when my parents put me into St Vincent's but I think it was in 1974 when I was three or four years old, and I left in 1988 when I was seventeen. I was always a day pupil there because my mum refused to send me there as a boarder.
8. St Vincent's was mixed, boys and girls. There were definitely more children than staff. There were deaf and blind children there but they were educated separately. We would see them at break times in the playground but we kept to our own groups because we couldn't communicate with them. There was another small unit for learning disabled children but we never saw them or interacted with them.
9. I didn't know sign language when I started school because I came from a hearing family. The other children used sign language at break times so I really struggled at school at first. I didn't learn to sign until I was between five and seven years old and that was by picking it up from other children during break times. This meant that my use of sign language was not great because I never learned the proper structures and didn't use it at home.

### *Layout*

10. There was the main St Vincent's School building where the school and the residencies were. There was a connecting tunnel from that building to an old building behind it, where there was a long hall with old pillars that was used as the dining room. The nuns would always be around that area.
11. After a while, there was a new dining room, which was placed within the main school building and we would all eat there.

### *First day*

12. I remember my first day at St Vincent's really clearly. I was dropped off at school by my parents. They said they were going to the shops to get some cigarettes and then they never came back.
13. I was put into a room with a boy who was painting. I remember it was room 23. The boy started painting on my arm and I was wondering why he was doing that. The teacher then came and told me not to do that because she thought I had done it to myself. I wasn't angry but I just wondered what was going on.

### *Staff*

14. The deaf pupils and blind pupils had different teachers because the blind kids were taught using speech and the teachers of the deaf kids used some sign language.
15. The staff were a mix of nuns and normal staff. The first Sister that I met was Sister Mary. Later on, there was a Sister **PUC**, who became **SNR**. She was horrible. I remember a Sister **zKYI** who came in when I was fifteen or sixteen years old. I only got a year with her but she was the best teacher I ever had. Mrs Elliot was the music teacher. Mrs Kay was the maths teacher.

### **Routine at St Vincent's**

#### *Mealtimes/Food*

16. I got fish soup with milk one day. It was horrible and had bones in it. I said I didn't like it and didn't want it, but the nun forced me to eat it. She was putting the spoon to my mouth to make me eat it. I was crying, moving back and writhing about in my chair saying no, but she kept feeding me it. This happened in the old dining room with the

pillars in it. I was about four years old at the time and it was traumatic for me. I don't remember the nun's name. She was an old nun at the time and she died long ago.

#### *Leisure time*

17. I was a day pupil so the only leisure time I got was break times. I dreaded the breaks because there were two boys who would bully me. It wasn't every day but it was pretty regular.
18. I struggled with friends at school. I didn't have any friends because I couldn't connect with people because I couldn't use sign language when I first arrived.

#### *Schooling and communication*

19. My mum told me that the school had a Total Communication (TC) policy, which meant that you would learn using the oral method as well as sign language. My mum wanted me to learn sign language. I don't know where she got the information or what resources she had access to in order to know that sign language was better for me.
20. The school didn't teach us sign language properly even though they were supposed to. I picked up basic sign language from other children, which meant that I never learned the proper structures of it.
21. When they taught me to speak, the teacher would sit beside me and we had a board up in front of us that was mirrored. The teacher would hold a balloon to her mouth as she made sounds and I was supposed to feel the vibrations on the balloon. The teacher would then force the balloon to my mouth and I was supposed to mimic the sound. I was also supposed to mimic the teacher's mouth pattern. It was to try and get me to speak. One time I said "cat" aloud and the teacher got so excited and took me to the other room and kept asking me to say it again. It was bizarre. I don't know what that was all about because me saying "cat" was not a success story.

22. When I was around seven or eight years old, the teachers would force us to wear headphones in the classroom. I was able to hear music when I was younger when I was able to hear so I was excited about the headphones. It ended up being a very different experience because I couldn't hear now. The noise coming from the headphones was loud and deep, and I could feel the vibrations. The teachers would force us to speak with these headphones on and make us read something out using our voice. We had to follow the teacher's finger on the words and read them out. I didn't understand what was written or what to say and the teachers would just shout at me. It was really uncomfortable and I didn't understand why they were making us wear headphones when we couldn't hear and why they were trying to make us speak.
23. We had to wear the headphones most of the time. We also had to wear a body worn hearing aid, which was attached to the front of the body and had a harness up to your ears. That didn't help either. It just gave you lots of background noise and distorted sounds going in your ear.
24. Nothing was explained to us so we never knew why we had to wear the headphones or hearing aids. I felt that the school thought that the use of oral communication was better than sign language. It felt like their aim was to try and get everyone to speak. We would sabotage the equipment on purpose so we didn't have to use it.
25. There was a maths teacher called Mrs Kay, whose sign name was 'Key.' She could hardly sign and would use the oral method to try and teach us. My maths was terrible because I had a teacher who couldn't communicate with me. She would get annoyed because I didn't know things and tell me I should be ashamed of myself, which made me struggle even more.
26. Mrs Kay sent me to Sister <sup>PUC</sup> because I was bad at maths. I must have been about eight or nine years old at the time. Sister <sup>PUC</sup> gave me this maths book and it had maths questions in it. It had questions like what is 20 X 24? I was supposed to figure this out. I was really stuck because I had never even been taught simple multiplication. I was upset because I didn't know how to do it. Sister <sup>PUC</sup> was going on at me about how I didn't know how to do it and using a big red pen though



- my work and telling me I was bad. She told me I had to stay in over lunch to do it and wouldn't get any lunch. It destroyed my confidence and has affected my learning of maths ever since.
27. I had this body worn hearing aid, which was a huge box attached to hearing aids that you put in your ear lobes. It was like a phonic ear that you wore. I couldn't hear a thing with it but other children who wore it said they could hear the teacher going to the toilet because the teacher would still have the microphone on. They could hear the teacher going to the toilet.
28. At play time, all the children communicated with each other using sign language. I struggled with that at first because I hadn't come from a family that signed, but I started to pick it up as time went on. I preferred to use sign language.
29. When I was twelve or thirteen, I had total communication lessons. When I came back to school after the summer, I was told I wasn't going to total communication and that I was going to the oral communication department. I would go in and sign "good morning" and the nun, Sister Margaret, would angrily tell me not to use sign language. I really struggled with that.
30. After about three months of having only oral communication, my mum noticed that I was struggling and asked me what was wrong. I told her that I was just getting oral communication. She went really mad and went to SNR [REDACTED], Sister PUC [REDACTED], and explained that she wanted me to have access to sign language. I was then moved back to the total communication class but it was being taught at a basic educational level and I was way behind. That was Mrs McGill who taught us in room 10. She did use BSL and was really lovely, but the teaching level wasn't great.
31. We had music with Mrs Elliot. She was amazing. We would have class in the school stage room. There was a piano on the stage and she would be up there playing the piano, which was linked up to two huge speakers at each end of the room. We could feel the vibrations of it because it was really loud. Different keys had different vibrations and she would tell us to run at one vibration and stop at another one. She used

vibrations in a good way but I didn't really understand what the benefit of music classes for deaf children was. I didn't see the point.

32. We had to take our shoes and socks off and be barefoot in the gym hall and Mrs Elliot would come in and inspect our feet, telling kids they had stinky feet, needed to cut their nails, and point out if they had lumps. It was really weird. To this day, I don't like my feet being seen, even on holiday, because of that weird memory.
33. We never got any proper sex education because it was a Catholic school. We got some very limited information on two weekend retreats but it wasn't in school.
34. We were taught religious education and a lot about Jesus. That seemed to be their main thing. It was like being brainwashed.
35. We had cookery class with Miss or Mrs Borland when we got to twelve years old and were in senior school, and that was good. We never got in trouble in that class or told off, not even when we burned something. The teacher would always be happy and singing. I passed that class.
36. We had biology and the teacher, Mr West, would write things on the black board and told us to copy it. He would just rush through things without explaining anything and I really struggled in that class. It was just assumed that I could read and write when I couldn't. I failed biology. Mr Black then took over teaching biology and he couldn't use BSL so would teach us about blood, using gestures and drawings. We learned to lip read him and managed to understand him that way. He was only there for a short time.
37. The best teacher I had was Sister zKYI who came in when I was about fourteen years old. She started teaching with explanations and when she realised we didn't understand, she went right back to the basics and started teaching from there, and then we progressed. The education I got from her was great. It was a shame that I didn't meet her earlier, when I started the school, because I would have got a much better education. She was an amazing teacher. She understood sign language and was a beautiful signer. She would write on the board as well and make sure that the

kids all understood her. We had never had a teacher like that before and we were so thirsty to learn and she could see that. I think she also had frustrations with the school about our low education level at our age.

- 38. There was only one deaf teacher called Gerry Hughes. He taught technical drawing and he would use BSL to teach us. He only taught us for a short time and then left. All the other teachers were hearing. Most of them used their voice and the oral approach. There was very little sign language.
- 39. My level of education and use of written English was very poor when I left St Vincent's. It would have been better if teachers had taught us BSL and then used BSL to teach us because then we would have understood better.

#### *Healthcare*

- 40. I had really bad stomach ache once and had bad diarrhoea. I can't remember how old I was, but I was between five and eight years old. I was really unwell and the teacher, Miss <sup>PSD</sup> came into the toilet and forced me to take down my trousers and there was poo everywhere in my pants and trousers and it had spilled down the side of the toilet. I was crying and really upset. She forced me to get toilet paper and clean it and was shouting at me to clean the toilet. I felt really embarrassed and humiliated.
- 41. I remember getting health checks at school from a visiting doctor. He would check your heart, tongue and ears and touch your tummy. You'd get asked to take your trousers down and the doctor would look at your private parts. He didn't touch you but would have a look. Other boys got it as well because we would tell each other about it afterwards but nobody knew why he was looking at us down there.
- 42. We got ear checks periodically, when the nuns would check your ears and clean the wax out. They used a metal tool with cotton wool at the end and it was really sore.



43. I was forced to go to hearing and speech therapy even though I was profoundly deaf. The treatment wouldn't work because I was deaf and then the nuns would punish me by giving me over one hundred lines to do. I was punished for having a disability.

#### *Religious instruction*

44. We had religious education as a subject, which was fine if there was a balance between this and other subjects, but it seemed to be the main thing they taught. There was also a chapel upstairs in the building.
45. My mum and I were Catholic but we didn't attend mass. At school, the nuns would tell me I had to go to mass at the weekend so I would tell my mum this when I went home. She said we didn't have to go and we didn't go. When I went back to school after the weekend, the nuns would ask if I had gone to mass. I couldn't lie so I would make up excuses saying I couldn't go because mum was ill and they would get annoyed saying that I should be going. I didn't like it and it was like I was being brainwashed.

#### *Trips and holidays*

46. The school took us on a weekend retreat somewhere in Greenock when I was about twelve years old. We stayed in a big place with priests and nuns. The staff from St Vincent's stayed there with us. I don't really know what the point of the trip was.
47. Some of the kids who were a bit nosy wanted to see what was in the other rooms. They opened a door and saw lots of wine and started drinking it. I didn't want to get in trouble so I didn't drink any.
48. We got sex education on that trip but it was very limited because it was from the nuns from St Vincent's. I remember a nun showing us pictures of an erect penis with stuff coming out of it, which I now know is ejaculation. They never told us about masturbation or how the ejaculation was happening in the picture, so as a young male I wondered if something was wrong with me because it had never happened to me. There was no explanation. Another boy tried to say that it should have a hand around

it and he was told to be quiet. I remember pregnancy was mentioned but there was no mention of condoms or anything.

49. When I went home, my mum asked about how the sex education was. I was so embarrassed and told her to stop talking about it.
50. Another retreat was to Barrhead when I was about fourteen or fifteen years old. I think it was a training college for nuns and priests. We got sex education there as well, but again, it was very limited and they didn't answer any questions. I learned more about sex from other deaf people.

### *Inspections*

51. I remember people coming in to do inspections. The teachers gave us a big speech telling us that inspectors were coming in to watch us and see the place, and I remember the school being cleaned for it.
52. We would see people from outside coming in with clipboards and guess that they were inspectors but they never attempted to speak to any of the children.

### **Abuse at St Vincent's**

53. Sister **PUC** was this really tall and really vile woman who was **SNR** for a while. She used to keep me in over lunch time as a punishment because I couldn't do maths. I couldn't do maths because I wasn't being taught properly but I was the one being punished by not being fed.
54. The staff were really physically forceful with the kids. They would always be grabbing kids and dragging them about by the scruff of the neck or the arm. It happened every day. The teachers were sometimes physical but it was mainly the non-teaching staff that were most physical. Mrs **PWJ** and Mrs **PXC** were especially physical with the kids. They were auxiliary staff who would be around at break times. They would always

drag kids around and even spank them. I was never spanked by them because I kept away from them but I saw them spank other kids.

55. Violence and attacks happened every day. I saw children being battered by the nuns and being hit about the head and body with a belt. Sometimes it was random so you never knew when it would be your turn so you never felt safe. The nuns seemed to get some cruel pleasure from this it seemed.
56. Miss <sup>PSD</sup> threatened me with the belt one time, when I was about seven or eight years old. Somebody had been misbehaving in class and when she asked who it was, and another child said my name. She was angry and her eyes were all dilated and she shouted at me to stand in the corner. I was all upset and crying and saying it wasn't me. She had a leather strap in her hand and threatened me with it. She didn't hit me but threatened to. I was so scared. I never told my mum about this but I started having nightmares and wetting the bed after this. My mum had to shake me to wake me up in the middle of the night because I was having nightmares and screaming in my sleep. This carried on until I was thirteen years old.
57. I would wet myself at home during the night and wouldn't clean myself properly because I was still young. When I went into school, the nuns would shout at me for wetting the bed because they could smell it.
58. I saw other kids get belted quite regularly. There was one boy who got it quite a lot. I remember when we were all in the big hall one time and <sup>SNR</sup> grabbed this boy and took him into a room just off the hall. We didn't see her belting him but when he came back out, his arms and face were marked red and he told me he had been belted. The nun was <sup>SNR</sup> at the time and wore the blue clothes that <sup>SNR</sup> wore, but it wasn't Miss <sup>PUC</sup>. I think the pupil was a boarder. I don't remember his name. There were two boys who had the same face and I would always get them mixed up. Their sign names were " " and " " but I am not sure of their actual names. " " is now dead.

59. A member of staff called RDJ [REDACTED] looked after the kids at break times. He wasn't a teacher. One time, he got really angry at a comment some boy had made. He thought I had made the comment even though I hadn't. He absolutely flipped his lid and dragged me from the gym hall, where we were, into the girls changing room. He lifted me up and slammed me up against the wall so my feet were dangling. There were metal coat hooks on the wall, which I just missed. I could have died if they'd hit me in the head. He held me there and was screaming in my face with bad breath and spitting on me. I was ten or eleven years old at the time. He was in his late thirties. He was quite a tall, well-built guy and wore glasses. I saw him do it to other kids as well. There were two boys that he really targeted, called [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. He'd always be grabbing them and dragging them. He would take them into another room so nobody else would see what he was doing. [REDACTED] had bowel and continence problems and additional needs. He would get bullied by other boys. He ended his own life as an adult. [REDACTED] is still alive but he isn't part of the deaf community.
60. I was given lines as a punishment because speech and hearing therapy didn't work for me. It didn't work because I was profoundly deaf so I don't know why they even sent me there when it didn't work. I was punished for having a disability, which is abuse. The lines served no purpose and were completely meaningless.
61. Boarders definitely got treated differently than day pupils. Two or three boarders told me how bad it was for them and how cruel things were for them in the dorms. There was much more physical punishment administered in the dormitories from what I heard. One of my friends, [REDACTED], told me that he would get abused in the dormitories. He was a lovely guy and a boarder. He would get suspended from school all the time but then would return after a few months. He later changed his name to [REDACTED]. He is dead now.

#### *Peer abuse*

62. We would be allowed in the gym hall at break times. There wouldn't usually be teachers around. There was a boys' changing room next to the gym hall and there would be a big group of older boys and two girls in there having sex. This happened

quite regularly from when I was about seven to nine years old and the older ones having the sex were about two or three years older than me.

63. Me and others my age were forced to be there and stand watch, so we could let them know when a teacher was coming so they could stop. A boy called [REDACTED], who was about three years older than me, was the ringleader for all of that. He even tried to get me to join in and I was like 'no way.' I wasn't going near that. I didn't want to get involved. I didn't know what sex was at that time. I just knew we had private parts and that we didn't show them to people. I didn't even know what the sign was for sex. Looking back, I feel sick when I think of that.
64. They were never caught by the teachers and I don't think anybody ever told the teachers because we were never spoken to about it. They might have got caught and told off about it but I don't know if they were.
65. [REDACTED] was the school bully and the leader of the pack of bullies. He would tell me to give him my tuck shop money or he would batter me. I gave him a lot of money this way and it meant I never got to get anything from the tuck shop.
66. I had some personal items that my parents had bought me, which the bully, [REDACTED], took from me. I asked him for the items back but he said he'd knock me out so I didn't challenge it. My mum came and spoke to the school because all my things were going missing. I never got my items returned. It had a psychological effect on me. [REDACTED] is still alive [REDACTED].
67. I didn't have any happy times or any friends at that school.

#### **Reporting of abuse at St Vincent's**

68. I was really weak minded and didn't tell my parents about what was going on at school. I also didn't have the communication to tell them at the time.



69. There was nobody at the school I could tell about what was happening. I was terrified of telling anyone about the bullies in case I would get assaulted again.

### **Leaving St Vincent's**

70. I left school when I was seventeen years old. I didn't have any friends from St Vincent's when I left the school.
71. I had an interview through the [REDACTED] for a company just outside [REDACTED]. It was a two-year training programme and I got the job.

### **Life after St Vincent's**

72. My colleagues didn't understand how to work with a deaf person so I got humiliated. They would touch me behind my back and call me "dummy." They would tell me I had to do things like sweep the floor if I wanted to go up the ladder in my job. I knew that wasn't right. I felt more free there than I had at school so I should have been more assertive. I told my mum about what was happening and she was really angry and we agreed I wouldn't go back. Someone at work who could use basic sign language came to my house to persuade me to go back. I said I didn't want to because I was being made to sweep floors and being made fun of. This was reported back and the person who was bullying me got a row. I went back and worked there for ten years in total.
73. Another company then took over and offered me redundancy, which I accepted. I used the money to pay off a few debts and then I wasn't working for a while.
74. At home, my mum and I communicated really easily and smoothly. I didn't communicate well with my father. It wasn't an abusive situation but we were like opposites and had communication frustration so we would fly off the handle with each other. In September 2001, I moved out and lived in [REDACTED] in Glasgow. I lived there for nine years and was really happy there.

75. I applied for a job with the [REDACTED] and they put me on a six-week course as a befriender and peer educator. I then went into schools in [REDACTED] as [REDACTED] I would have preferred to have someone go with me at first but I was sent alone. It went really well and the deaf children were really fascinated because they had a deaf adult coming in to talk to them. I did that job for two years.
76. One of my friends, who isn't very confident, asked me to go on a college course with him. It was a six-week course and I loved it. I then applied for an NQ in the same subject. The lecturer asked me if I could work under pressure. He showed me the paperwork that was required to do the course and asked if I could deal with it and I said no, but I did do it. I got an interpreter and even though I struggled with the English written part, I did pass it. I then did the HND, which was a two-year course and involved hard work and dedication. The interpreter had to sign for me during lectures and would get tired after a while. I asked for a break and explained that the quality of interpretation was going down because the interpreter needed a break, and I was told no. I could tell that they were all fed up and not happy with me, but I was really assertive by this point and insisted on a break. Hearing people control deaf people all the time, in every way, and it shouldn't happen. I ended up passing my HND even though it was a struggle.

### **Impact**

77. The education was very poor at St Vincent's. I was never taught BSL and only picked it up watching other kids. I have always struggled with using it because I never learned to use it properly with the proper structures. Even now, I get most things but I don't always pick up everything.
78. I couldn't read when I left St Vincent's and I have limited access to English and a poor level of written English to this day because of it. This affects so many things on a daily basis. When I buy food from the supermarket, I can't read the instructions on how to cook it. I practice and sometimes I get it right and sometimes I don't. I don't go to pubs

with people or to new places because I struggle to order from the menu. I go to the same café because I have been a few times and I know the staff and feel comfortable.

79. When I go to a shop to buy something, like a television, I have to write what I want on a note and my written English isn't great so the process takes a long time and it is embarrassing. I struggle with this every day. Doing things like selling and buying a car is really hard work because a car garage is a difficult place for me to go to and communicate. I always wonder if I am being taken advantage of because I can't communicate properly with them. If I go to a bank and they say something to me and then I say that I am deaf, they go "never mind, never mind" as if I am dumb, and then I wonder what is it they were going to say that they now won't just because I am deaf. This really affects me. I feel deaf people are generally made a fool of in this way.
80. If I receive a doctor's letter, I look for a date or time. If it is saying anything else, I have to get a friend or proof reader to read it for me and translate it to me using sign language. I have to do this with all documents. I have to watch television with subtitles but even then, I can't read them properly.
81. My mother used to help me with things but she died [REDACTED] years ago and then my contact with the outside world was lost and I have struggled every day since.
82. Some deaf people have it worse than me because they have no communication at all and no confidence. I was still taught to be a little bit assertive and to have some boundaries by my mother. I will only respect people if they respect me. I was able to be assertive in college and demand breaks during lectures so my interpreter could get a break. This was because I didn't want to repeat the patterns that had happened at school and be ignored and controlled.
83. I think about St Vincent's daily because I think about having a better education and being in a better job now and being able to communicate better. It makes me angry.
84. I sometimes have dreams about St Vincent's, about it being better. I used to have dreams about being naked at the school, even though that never happened.

85. A lot of children from St Vincent's went on to take their own lives because of the abuse they suffered.

### **Treatment/support**

86. I went to counselling for a while but I didn't find it helpful. It was a hearing counsellor with an interpreter there. I felt like they were really nosy and just asked me a lot of questions but I didn't really get anything back. I didn't see the point and I wouldn't go back.

### **Records**

87. The deaf staff who had worked at St Vincent's told me that when the school was closing, the headteacher told the staff to shred all the documents and photos at St Vincent's, which they had done. They should have been given to people.
88. I am aware that Mitchell Library have books that are from St Vincent's archives that can be accessed by deaf people if they want to see them. One of the books has names and dates that pupils left the school and the other has names, dates and places where children received their religious confirmation.


### **Lessons to be learned**

89. St Vincent's failed deaf pupils because the education was totally non-existent. Education of deaf pupils should be better.
90. If there was some organisation, like the Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry, around at the time when I was at school then it could have made a difference. They could have looked into the school and got rid of the bad blood.

## Other information

91. The staff from St Vincent's should be in prison for the abuse of children. Some of the people they taught went on to take their own lives because of the abuse.
92. I was looking at the Scottish Government website to see what was accessible for deaf people and I saw the British Sign Language (Scotland) Act and legislation covering the care system, and information on the redress scheme. There was also a BSL clip, which was translated. I was just lucky to happen upon it. I felt like there was a big gap in it because it was for children in care homes and boarders, but it didn't deal with day pupils like me, who were not boarders. I then recently saw a post that a deaf person had put up on Facebook about the Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry and that is why I contacted the Inquiry. There is legislation covering care homes and boarders but there needs to be legislation covering day pupils, like me.
93. When providing this statement, two British Sign Language interpreters interpreted for me on both occasions when I met with the Inquiry. Jackie Greenshields and Nathan Imeson, British Sign Language interpreters, interpreted my statement for me on the date of signing, which I was able to do having understood my draft statement, which was read out to me and interpreted by them.
94. I have no objection to my witness statement being published as part of the evidence to the Inquiry. I believe the facts stated in this witness statement are true.

PZB


Signed..  .....

Dated..... 5<sup>th</sup> May 2025 .....



### Declaration of interpreters

I declare that the facts stated in this written statement as interpreted by me are a faithful and true explanation according to the best of my skill and understanding.

Signed...  ..... NATHAN IMESON .....

Dated... 5/5/2025 ..... (QUALIFIED BSL INTERPRETER) .....

### Declaration of interpreters

I declare that the facts stated in this written statement as interpreted by me are a faithful and true explanation according to the best of my skill and understanding.

Signed...  ..... JACKIE GREENSHIELDS .....

Dated... 5/05/25 ..... (QUALIFIED BSL INTERPRETER) .....