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Witness Name: Mr. **GRO-B**

Statement No.: WITN4121001

Exhibits: Nil

Dated: 4/9/2020

INFECTED BLOOD INQUIRY

WRITTEN STATEMENT OF **GRO-B**

I provide this statement in response to a request under Rule 9 of the Inquiry Rules 2006 dated 06 March 2020.

I, **GRO-B** will say as follows: -

Section 1. Introduction

1. My name is **GRO-B**. My date of birth is **GRO-B** 1979 and my address is known to the Inquiry. I have worked as a **GRO-B** **GRO-B** for over ten years. I live with my wife and business partner **GRO-B** and I help to look after my three step-children.
2. My father was **GRO-B** (DOB **GRO-B** 1945). I intend to speak about my father's infection with HIV. In particular, the nature of his illness, how the illness affected us, the treatment we received and the impact it had on our family and me.
3. I can confirm that I am not legally represented. I wish to remain anonymous in order to protect my immediate and wider family from the

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stigma that we have all experienced in connection with these terrible events. My mother has provided a statement to the Inquiry (**See GRO-B**). She has requested anonymity and still resides with my daughter in the small tight-knit community where many of the events unfolded.

Section 2. How Affected

4. I was about 7 years old when I was told that my father was infected with HIV. My mother did all she could to shelter me from specific details of his illness but I believe that he was infected through a blood transfusion of Factor 8 concentrate that he received at **GRO-B** in **GRO-B**. My father was a Haemophiliac. I do not know what specific injury led to his admission and treatment there but I know that he was very accident prone. His employment was mainly of the physical variety which didn't help.

Section 3. Other Infections

5. Aside from HIV, I do not believe my father was infected with anything else as a result of the blood transfusion

Section 4. Consent

6. I am not a good source of information concerning the specifics of my father's medical interventions including dates. The totality of my knowledge on the matter is represented in paragraph 4 above and my mother will have provided information on this aspect.

Section 5. Impact

7. Memories of the terrible consequences that followed my father's infection with HIV permeate my entire childhood. I have only vague memories of my father prior to him being infected. I do however remember an

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undeniably drastic deterioration in his character, health, and appearance, as well as his demeanour and attitude in the wake of his infection.

8. My father was a builder and also ran his own GRO-B prior to its collapse due to his illness. I remember my father being larger than life until the disease took hold. Dad was the type of man that could do anything; he was a dominant, strong and highly capable man with a flair for any creative/artistic or practical work that drew his attention and considerable skill.
9. After his infection I remember my father seeming suddenly weak. I was often sent to my neighbour's house in order to be protected from the shock of witnessing his condition and the behavioural changes that sometimes accompanied it. When at home, my father would remain isolated in the front room of our house, from where I was excluded.
10. I noticed that he had stopped all productive activity (including work and DIY) and he quickly transformed from a man who could seemingly do anything to one that was capable of doing practically nothing. Even in the mid to late eighties, a few years prior to his death he appeared as an old man and despite being in his forties, his ageing seemed to accelerate, compounded by his weakened condition.
11. During this time my father was extremely difficult to be around due to his profound unhappiness and lack of vigour. Whereas in the past we had spent quality time together engaging in father/son pursuits (e.g. gardening, fishing and even making Chinese arrows etc), he quickly disengaged and it became very difficult to spend time with him without me being entirely subsumed into his depressing and wholly negative world-view.
12. All hint of levity disappeared from his personality and he was incapable of displaying any positivity whatsoever. My mother was more astute at recognising this change in him and she would encourage me to leave him

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alone and play outside or visit the neighbours, anything to distance me from that toxic environment.

13. My father's behaviour continued its precipitous decline and soon his shouting and abuse became the status quo. My mother received the brunt of this and, in the most difficult of circumstances, she did her best to protect me from this.
14. At one stage, in the late '80's Mum and I had to run away from the comfortable family home we had been used to, in order to seek solace from my father's abusive and violent behaviour. We fled to a filthy flat in **GRO-B** a damp, smelly, lonely place; a world apart from the material comfort of the house I was used to. There were no children around for me to befriend and due to the financial pressure on my mother I had to learn to go without, even at Christmas.
15. My mother was under immense pressure at this time and I remember her being very fearful and extremely uptight. My mother would also sometimes be withdrawn and I would feel she was distant during our stint in **GRO-B** I mostly attribute the problems I experienced at her hands to that which I know she experienced at my father's hands before as well as the sheer strain she was under to just keep our heads above water.
16. The insidious impact of my father's diagnosis was devastating and not merely limited to my interactions with him. Although I was too young at the time to see the effect directly, I became aware of the feeling of exclusion and isolation that would come to characterise and pervade the first half of my life.
17. I remember being forbidden from visiting the houses of schoolfriends; their parents would kick me out of their houses due to their perception that I constituted an infection risk.

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18. Initially I had the opportunity to escape the situation by attending the boxing club run by my neighbour GRO-B but, upon his retirement, the new owner quickly made it clear that I was no longer welcome there. Boxing had been a passion of mine from the age of 4 until I was forced to discontinue it at around age 10, all because of who my father was.
19. The ways in which I was shunned were often not explicit but amounted to being treated differently or merely given the cold shoulder. After being forced out of boxing I attempted to join a cricket team, but I received the same treatment. On one rare occasion when my father tried to participate in an activity with me during his illness, we were forbidden from going bowling. The people at the desk, in front of others made a comment about the bowling shoes being infected if we wore them.
20. Whatever we tried to do, people would find a tangential reason to prohibit us from entering all kinds of establishments. I was soon accustomed to being pushed out and made to feel unwelcome by teachers, sports clubs, parents of friends and, eventually, even their children. I grew up in what could be considered a harsh environment, even before factoring in my family's particular medical circumstances.
21. On one occasion my mother and I were forbidden from entering the public swimming pool. I have a terrible memory of my mother crying in despair. Again, this banishment took place in public view so everybody knew. There was no regard for anyone's feelings. After each such incident, we would pretend amongst ourselves that nothing had happened and we never discussed it. I think my mother just felt totally helpless. She would often protest about the way we were treated but it never seemed to make any difference. I dealt with this from a very young age and soon this type of marginalisation seemed normal to me.
22. Shortly before my father passed away, my mother and I were living away from the family home. Prior to his death I would generally see him on Sundays and accompany him around the neighbourhood proselytizing on behalf of the Jehovah's Witnesses. Latterly, my father had found religion

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and they were the only religious group that did not shun him to the same degree as other denominations, in light of his diagnosis.

23. Being dragged from pillar to post around **GRO-B** was very embarrassing for me. During this time my father talked about his AIDS and impending death constantly; not in a philosophical way, more a negative and bitter diatribe. He didn't care who knew about his infection or what the consequences may be for me or the rest of the family.
24. I remember being both angry and afraid at the changes I saw in my father as a result of his infection. On one occasion, as we walked home from the Kingdom Hall, I noticed that he was bleeding from the neck but I refrained from mentioning it as I was afraid of what his reaction would be. When he discovered the bleeding, he berated me verbally. Furthermore, it was not unusual for my father to become violent with me throughout this time and prior to it. Dad would sometimes hit me and tell me that it was for no reason. Increasingly I began to think of him as a psychopath.
25. Shortly before his death I remember visiting him at home and being stuck in the house with him for two days. This brief period had a tremendous impact on my mental health and absolutely destroyed any sense of wellbeing that I had desperately attempted to cling to. I watched my father suffering on the settee, immobile and helpless as he soiled himself and writhed in agony. I have never experienced a greater sense of powerlessness. - I was so young and I didn't know what to do. Eventually my grandmother came and called an ambulance and he was taken to the hospital, leaving me in utter shock at the undignified spectacle that I had witnessed. Pity and shame were impossible to reconcile, especially at that age.
26. I wish I had different memories of him as opposed to the ones I have been left with; the awe and respect that a son should have for their father was certainly diminished in consequence of witnessing his suffering and decline. These memories still affect me to this day. Whenever I am faced with highly emotional matters I tend to retreat inwards and my blinkers go

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on. Sometimes it can take me days to process emotional events and consequently I often feel like a callous, unfeeling, and horrible person.

27. I have memories of visiting my father in **GRO-B** on 3 or 4 occasions. After he was taken by ambulance from the house I visited him again in hospital. He had been in and out of hospital on previous occasions and I began to pay no attention to him telling me, as he did each time, that he would certainly die and that each encounter would be our last. I made myself numb to protect myself from the horrifying prospect of losing him in such a painful and vivid way.

28. Shortly thereafter, during the weekend of my brother **GRO-B** wedding in late 1990, we received a call to say that the end was imminent and that we should come to say our goodbyes at the hospital. During that visit my family prompted me to tell my father that I loved him but I simply could not bring myself to do it. The following Monday at school I bumped into my cousin **GRO-B** and immediately broke down crying. I was not accustomed to such honest displays of emotion. That evening, upon my return home, my mother informed me that my father had passed away. It was the early nineties and I was about 11 or 12 years old.

29. At that time, it seemed that every advert on TV was about AIDS and we were unable to escape the social stigma. I remember dreading the seemingly ubiquitous 'Tombstone' advertisements that appeared daily on TV. That campaign made my father's illness feel even more shameful. The salacious suggestion that promiscuous sexual conduct between gay people was the principal cause further sullied my father's legacy and took no account of the fact that he contracted it through a blood transfusion; all this, of course, was fodder for every bully and idiot in the land.

30. People permitted themselves to ask all sorts of questions as well as make disgraceful insinuations and accusations – without any regard for how we as a family felt or the grieving process we were going through - about the circumstances of my father's infection. This appeared to be spurred on

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by inaccurate and ignorant suppositions circulated in newspapers and advertisements.

31. Schoolmates and others would so often ask me whether the infection spread to me that even I became paranoid I might have it. I remember my mother telling me that I had been tested and was not infected but I do not recall this occurring. I began to lie to everyone and deny that my father had ever suffered from HIV but, far from protecting me, this only served to cement my reputation among other children as being not only a pariah but a liar too. My father had made the admission to too many too often to allow me to deny it.
32. The death of my father shocked me into a terrible new reality as I slowly learned that I would increasingly have to wrestle with life alone, accompanied only by the terrible memories that were becoming more and more vivid; not to mention the sense of shame that the world around me seemed to think I should feel.
33. I was completely ill-equipped for dealing with profound feelings of alienation, grief, injustice and even anger, verging on hate, especially at that age, and definitely not being completely alone or feeling that I was. It was very traumatic indeed.
34. I began to see no future in life and I increasingly stuck my fingers up to it. By the age of 12 or 13 I felt so isolated that I was sometimes resorting to drugs. Initially I sniffed glue, petrol, anything for a 'high' to escape and I was soon smoking cannabis regularly. In the future I would even progress to amphetamines and then harder drugs. Taking drugs to excess soon became part of my routine from that point onwards, as they felt simultaneously gratifying and reassuring.
35. As far as I was concerned there was already not much point in going on and a large part of me simply wanted to die so that I could be reunited with dad. Due to my earlier religious indoctrination at the hands of the Jehovah's witnesses I was promised the consolation of seeing my father

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again, although the prospect confused and terrified me, particularly as during his lifetime he had always told me that he would end up in hell whilst enjoining me to go to Heaven instead.

36. My father's violent and apocalyptic prophesies were in stark contrast to the gentleness and care with which he used to wash my feet, a seemingly mundane memory that I have been forced to treasure in lieu of the sort of childhood that most people take for granted.
37. During this critically important developmental period, I was also experiencing severe bullying at school and I was often involved in fights with other children who constantly attempted to victimise me. The only vague silver lining being the fact that my boxing training had taught me how to endure a beating.
38. Furthermore, circumstances were so bad that I was unable even to walk home from school as had been usual due to the fear of being physically attacked by multiple boys, relying instead on being picked up in order to complete the short journey.
39. At the age of 14 in 1993 I was diagnosed with dyslexia and consequently I was unable to withdraw into books or my academic studies, though they would certainly have served as a beneficial distraction; if only I had let them.
40. By the age of 14 I did not even take a bag to school and, despite being present sometimes, I abandoned the idea of participating in building my future. - I can recall some of the teachers in the early days were just as bad as my peer, separating me from the others in class. This didn't help the situation - As long as I was not being actively disruptive during lessons, most of my teachers seemed happy to tolerate my complete lack of engagement. The only teacher who tried to help me was Dr Foster who taught me science and would assist me with my reading. Although I did well in his class, this was very much the exception to the rule.

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41. In spite of my dyslexia, the school psychologist assessed me as having a high IQ but, without proper support and coupled with the anger and marginalisation that were daily reminders of my tragic predicament, this was insufficient to remedy or even minimally redress the constant internal torment that I felt.
42. My situation at home was not much rosier as I was gradually continuing to be estranged from my own family. I rarely saw my step brothers and sisters anymore and my relationship with my mother became very strained due to the stress we felt separately, as well as the difficulty posed by the challenging behaviour I was exhibiting.
43. My mother and I rarely spoke during this period. She was living with her new partner [GRO-B] and I made myself scarce to indulge in my escapist habits and desires. Mum was very emotionally drained at the time and I could not tolerate witnessing her heartbreak. I needed to expunge the guilt that I felt at not being able to help her through this trauma. I am pleased to say that, years later, we were able to recover some measure of closeness though our relationship has been somewhat permanently compromised by these events.
44. The house I had lived in in [GRO-B] was sold when I was 15 years old. Although I moved in with my brother [GRO-B] in [GRO-B] for a time, and would sofa surf between my other siblings, I only did so to avoid spending time with my mother. Despite providing me with accommodation, all my step-siblings had left home prior to my father's death – his behaviour drove them away - and therefore I felt unable to fully rely on them for emotional support. I was aware that they too had fallen into a self-destructive pattern and even habitual drug use. Whilst my siblings were all older, it seemed to me to be a foregone conclusion that I would follow in their footsteps.
45. When one is shunned, the only remaining people who will tolerate you are those that already live on the fringes of society, the dregs of life. Even here though there are still no "friends". You are completely alone. I

continued to fall in with the wrong people and my spiral of self-destruction accelerated downwards. It is near impossible to find friends or a partner when you are on the outskirts and I had the feeling that all doors of opportunity had been closed in my face and I had no escape. I was even getting barred from pubs in the GRO-B area, which only made me want to drink more, and along with drugs these were the only escapes available to me at that time. To this day, if I attend a party for example, I retreat to the corners of the room. I don't find it easy to mix and, in some ways, I have never truly felt part of a community.

46. By the time I left the GRO-B area at around age 14 all aspects of my life had completely broken apart and I felt unable to put the pieces back together again. When I was unable to find a sofa to stay on, I would intermittently live in a caravan park in GRO-B and my lifestyle could at best be described as 'unstable'.

47. Prior to the age of 18 I got a criminal record for numerous offences, including possession of cannabis and a knife. At that time, I also carried a chain for protection due to my fear of imminent and violent attack. I still maintain that my troubles with the law were a result of the treatment I had received generally, as well as the attendant mental health problems I developed in consequence thereof. I wish to make it clear that since moving away to GRO-B I have not had any problems with law enforcement and, thankfully, these troubles are relegated to my past. Nonetheless, they remain and always will do, a blemish on my character.

48. Around 1998, at the age 19 I was briefly hospitalised on a mental ward due to the unaddressed problems that had been mounting since my father's death. I remember that I had been taking copious amounts of drugs for days in my caravan near a dump. Without food or even hope, I soon experienced a complete breakdown and was sure that life was at an end.

49. My mother somehow intervened and, after a brief stint on the mental ward, I began to seek counselling. However, the counsellors I saw were

useless as they attributed everything to the drugs rather than attempting to deal with my underlying emotional and mental problems. This window of time was still very unstable for me and between the ages of 19 and 23 I had in excess of 25 different addresses; not one of them could properly be considered a real home.

50. At the mental ward and in the period thereafter, the counsellors and doctors treated me with weekly injections of anti-psychotic medications. The effect of these medications was to cause brain fog which in turn made me further unable to deal with the demands of everyday life. The utter and complete numbness I felt, as life simply passed me by may have been marginally preferable to the anguish of before, whilst still being completely debilitating.

51. I never thought I would be able to overcome the overwhelming vicissitudes of my life. My medical notes still reveal that there are two attempted overdoses from pills during this time and, having had nothing to live for, it is miraculous that these events are now becoming distant recollections and a reflection of how far I have come.

52. At that stage, aged 22, I was in a terribly abusive relationship with a woman named [GRO-B] [GRO-B] was an extremely violent psychopath and, during the course of our relationship, she stabbed me on two occasions. In another incident, [GRO-B] also broke my arm using a hammer. Why was I with her? Why did I stay? Given the stigma attached to my condition, she was the only partner I was able to find at that time.

53. As a result of the domestic violence inherent in our relationship, the child we had together was removed and taken into care. Custody of my daughter, [GRO-B] was later to vest in my mother and her partner [GRO-B] who have had guardianship of her ever since.

54. Having a child of mine removed from me was somewhat of a wake-up call. I could not cope with the idea that my daughter would be ashamed of me in the way I was ashamed of my father. However, my partner [GRO-B]

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was incapable of change although I tried, and thankfully I eventually felt able to break up with her and get her out of my life.

55. To what will be my eternal regret, I realised that I would never be able to care for my daughter in the way that I would have wished. Even much later, by the time I found some small measure of stability in my life, **GRO-B** **GRO-B** had bonded with my mother and **GRO-B** and I could see that I would never be able to look after her without compromising her foundation of safety. This fact continues to crush me to this day, although I am glad she has had a better chance of living a happy life than the one I was able to give her at the time.

56. **GRO-B** still has problems of her own to deal with. Her mother is a crackhead and her father, me, eventually abandoned her to live in **GRO-B**. What would that do to any child, especially their feelings of self-worth? Despite having issues, **GRO-B** is a good kid. Even my daughter has had to deal with the consequences of the stigma that haunted our family in the wake of my father's death. It causes me great pain to know that this stigma has seemingly crossed three generations of our family and I am unable at times to deal with the gigantic burden of guilt that arises from my part in that.

57. Though more recently I have been able to visit **GRO-B** at my mother's house, sometimes I notice that in the last few days of each visit I have a habit of becoming nasty to her or I close myself off entirely in order not to have to deal with my grief and guilt. I am aware of my unpleasant behaviour towards her and I do make concerted attempts to control myself, though I am often unable to escape my demons entirely. I can only hope that with time I will be able to enjoy a full father – daughter relationship without the hang-ups.

58. Having left **GRO-B** for **GRO-B** at the age of 23 I was surprised to find work as a builder on the very first day of my relocation, and I still remember that it was **GRO-B** 2003 when I dared to believe that it might be possible for things to improve. Any opportunities whatsoever

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had hitherto completely eluded me. A few years before moving I had been offered my first proper job by a man from Birmingham who did not know the reputation my family carried, but that unceremoniously evaporated six weeks later when he discovered the facts of my father's infection.

59. This new prospect of employment as a builder was a distant glimpse of future hope for me and, looking back, it was somewhat transformative. Whereas in the past I had believed that I was weak, worthless and incapable of any achievement whatsoever, within three months of working this new job I began to realise that I was indeed physically strong, hard-working and able. I gradually developed a new-found self-esteem. This realisation was contrary to everything I had been led to believe about myself beforehand.

60. Until now I have been adept at suppressing the awful memories of these events. It's only now that I am beginning to grasp the wide-ranging implications of my experiences and the effects that they have had on me, both physically but mainly, mentally. Despite now being 40 years old and feeling that I have made it through the worst of what life has thrown at me, I did experience a breakdown as recently as January 2019. I still think about suicide from time to time.

61. When I read my mother's statement to the Infected Blood Inquiry it brought back many painful memories and I drank whisky in excess for a whole month in order to cope with the emotions it stirred within me. Though things are undeniably better than they used to be, I still feel that I have been permanently and irreparably scarred by the past; my problems still haunt me on a daily basis despite my attempts to suppress them and me now being able to experience some happiness for the first time in my life.

62. Happiness is an alien feeling to me and generally I feel more comfortable with anger and resentment. Were it not for the nurturing and therapeutic influence of my wife GRO-B whose love and affection was, and still is

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instrumental in me reaching some approximation of equilibrium, I think I would continue to be utterly bereft.

63. Although I know my family always tried to look after me in their own way, it is not until now that I have learned the meaning of emotional warmth and true love. My relationship with my mother has improved exponentially but, in many ways, we remain distant and somewhat awkward; my mother remains a little emotionally cold and unavailable due to her experiences. I wish I was able to hug my mother now in the way that so many others are able to do with theirs. To this day my mother remains quite secretive about the full extent of my father's abuse towards her.

64. Although my mother and **GRO-B** are very loving with **GRO-B** I do not think they would have been capable of the same affection before being forced to learn it anew in light of cruel circumstance. Though we all make some effort to show each other love, we are not a family in the true sense of the word. I think this is due to the fact that our very existence and interactions are a reminder of the terrible pain we must continuously strive to overcome.

65. Although I know that both my parents cared for me I am not sure that I will ever recover completely from the lack of an emotional connection with them. I remain terrible at dealing with frustrations, sadness and anger and I feel that my interpersonal relationships, with everyone but my wife, are forever partially impaired. **GRO-B** has taught me how to love and show emotion but I still know that I could have been a better husband and step-father but for the harsh lessons I learnt as a result of my experiences.

66. Our immediate branch of the **GRO-B** family has split from the rest of the clan. Although I have many uncles and cousins I do not feel like we are part of the wider whole. Though we attend family funerals when they arise, I suspect that everyone would rather we did not turn up for the weddings and other happy occasions; we are certainly never invited.

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67. It is particularly painful for me to contemplate my gradual estrangement from my cousin [GRO-B] [GRO-B] always used to protect me when I was being bullied but our relationship continues to dwindle in accordance with shifting family allegiances. It brings tears to my eyes to consider the courage and loyalty with which he used to defend me from bullies as a child. I miss his support and brotherhood terribly.

68. Even my choice to become a [GRO-B] was shaped by my past. I mostly work alone on a job by job basis and I still avoid any impetus to form lasting relationships. I am unable to take on any apprentices because I am not good at dealing with people without quickly becoming paranoid or angry with them. I cannot do long-term projects or repeat clients because of my dislike and difficulty in dealing with people. I have trust issues and feel unable to build a rapport over time with anyone. I have never been able to function as a manager of people, even in a business context.

69. In particular, I am very unforgiving with men to this day. I don't like men at all and don't particularly want to be around them. I don't bond with them. Since resuming martial arts as an adult, I have noticed that the only time I feel comfortable in the presence of an unknown male is when facing him as a sporting opponent in a boxing ring.

Section 6. Treatment/Care/Support

70. As mentioned, I know that my mother, [GRO-B] has also made a statement to the Infected Blood Inquiry and I suggest that her statement will offer a greater wealth of information concerning the specific details of my father's infection, treatment and general medical condition.

71. Throughout my father's illness and in the wake of his passing, I was never offered any form of bereavement counselling or therapy whatsoever, other than that which I received following my brief commitment to a mental ward at age 19.

72. All of this is to say nothing yet about the considerable and determinative impact that my past has had on my personal finances. By the age of 40 it is my impression that most people have a mortgage, pension and a home to call their own. I have none of these. I would probably own a house by now if it hadn't been for my father's infection and losing ours. I feel like I am a financial ticking time-bomb and that my progress through life has been irreparably stunted. Who knows what skills I would have if I had received proper support during my educational years. I know that my business would certainly be much further along that it is now, if only I had had a proper start in life.
73. At 40 years of age I am finally able to function in life, but the spectre of financial and emotional ruin still looms around every dark corner and shady recess of my mind. If it was just me it wouldn't be so bad but I have a family now to provide for and protect.
74. To illustrate some of the difficulties I still face when dealing with the past, I wish to share that as recently as three years ago I experienced panic attacks after taking work as a stuntman on a film about a zombie apocalypse. During a screening of the film I was unable to cope with the depictions of actors covered in blood, even though I knew it to be fake. What I saw on screen that day was the distillation of my worst fears; my nightmare incarnate. I had to leave the auditorium drenched in sweat, fear – and shame. Needless to say, that was the work finished and my chance in the industry. What followed was a further mental breakdown during which I even considered taking my own life.
75. Episodes such as this are still an all too common part of my experience. If fake blood can elicit such a response, it is no surprise that I am still hunted by the damage that real, infected blood can do.
76. I loved my father but I'm relieved that he is dead. Most people cannot understand the painful personal burden and inner turmoil that such thoughts give rise to.

Section 7. Financial Assistance

77. The Welsh Infected Blood Support Scheme suggested to me that I might have some entitlement to compensation but when representatives of the Macfarlane Trust contacted them to negotiate on my behalf, I was told that no payments could be due as I did not have any valid entitlement under their scheme. At present I have no intention to legally challenge this decision, but I may reconsider this in light of my mounting anger at this injustice.

78. Although I received quite a bit of money from my father's will, I have spent this already and was unable to save any of it. I was given sums periodically by his solicitor when I was in GRO-B but received payouts in dribs and drabs. Was I in the right frame of mind to make constructive use of these payments then? I very much doubt it. I felt conflicted about receiving these funds as it felt as though I were being paid blood money.

79. I am appalled to read that the rest of my family had to apply for payments and in many cases were unsuccessful. I find it shameful that my mother was left without support considering what she endured during my father's lifetime.

Section 8. Other Issues

80. I am utterly disgusted by the information that seems to be coming to light as a result of the Infected Blood Inquiry. Although at times I am able to empathise with those who made my life so difficult due to their ignorance and fear of HIV, I will never be able to forgive those who are responsible for making the decisions that led to the decimation of so many futures. It is unbelievably infuriating to consider that a purely financial motive, with respect to supplying Factor 8 concentrate, may have been allowed to destroy the ethos of the best possible patient care.

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81. My suspicions are that all this grief, death and misery could have been avoided. The disastrous effects of this injustice will ripple out into generations yet to come. My only prayer is that my daughter will be able to break the cycle that has imprisoned so many of us.

82. Finally, I would just like to add that I have found the preparation and the subsequent examination of this statement, prior to signature, to be amongst the most difficult tasks I have faced in my life so far. Having kept the story suppressed, the emotional turmoil has been surpassed only by that experienced during the actual reality itself.

Statement of Truth

I believe that the facts stated in this witness statement are true.

Signed _____

GRO-B

Dated

4/9/2020