Witness Name: Martin Sloan
Statement No: WITN2443001
Exhibits: WITN2443002-WITN2443004
Dated: 1st April 2022

INFECTED BLOOD INQUIRY

FIRST WRITTEN STATEMENT OF MARTIN SLOAN

I provide this statement in response to a request under Rule 9 of the Inquiry rules 2006 dated 13th November 2018. I adopt the paragraph numbering in the Rule 9 request for ease of reference.

I, Martin Sloan, will say as follows: -

1.Introduction

1. My name is Martin Sloan and I live with my two daughters Megan, 17, and Grace who is almost 4. My date of birth is GRO-C 1976 and my address is known to the Inquiry.

2. As a result of receiving contaminated blood products at the Royal Belfast Hospital, I have been infected with hepatitis C.

2.How Affected

1. I have suffered from severe haemophilia A all my life.

2. I don't remember dates well so I can't give specific dates or time periods in this statement but I will tell my story. My Solicitors have obtained my medical notes on my behalf. This has meant that I have been able to include some dates where they were available in my records.

3. When I was a child Doctor Mayne told my mum that myself and my brother were both moderate haemophiliacs but we were bleeding like severe haemophiliacs. We were given the designation of haemophilia A Severe. I always seemed to bleed more severely than my brother Seamus but recently our diagnosis has changed back to moderate. I queried this with Doctor Benson and he told me it was purely academic. My thoughts to this are it may be academic but when you are forced to fill in PIP forms, then the words severe and moderate mean a hell of a lot. It is the difference in support and no support. I have every respect for Doctor Benson but I can't help wondering why I used to be on 3000 units as a severe haemophiliac then brought down to 2000 units as a severe haemophiliac but then changed to a moderate haemophiliac. This just seems very strange to me. Even in my medical notes there are lots of entries where I am described as a severe haemophiliac and lots where I am moderate. I don't think even the doctors know if I am moderate or severe.

4. As a child with a bleeding disorder it was very hard growing up. I spent most of my time between hospitals and my mother's sofa. In children of my generation with haemophilia, parents were encouraged to keep us away from anything that may damage us and cause bleeds. I was kept behind the fence growing up as a very young child. My mum did eventually allow me to play with other children although I was never allowed to ride a bike, play football, rough house or climb trees, but the nature of me being who I was, I tried to do all these things anyway. I found it hard to play with other children as I felt ostracized from them. They knew I was different in some way so I just tried to fit in as best I could but it was hard to make friends with other boys my age when I could not do the things they were doing. I spent a lot of time at home and around my family.

5. The children around me where I lived began to know of my disorder. I was given nicknames like 'bleeder', 'blood sport' and 'haemophiliac'. The children would ask me, "if I cut you would you bleed to death?" This continued through my primary school years. I suffered quite a bit of bullying. On my first day at secondary school in assembly, I was asked up on to the stage and the teacher there explained to the other children that I was different, that I had a bleeding disorder which meant if I was cut I could bleed to death, and that they were not to rough house me or to cause me any injury. To me this painted a target on my back and surely enough many of the other children decided to call me these very same names that other kids had been calling me in primary school. I was heartbroken and I knew that I had another five years of this ahead of me. I decided to fight anytime a bully tried to pick on me or call me names. I fought back against the extreme prejudice and eventually I was not someone to be bullied. I was not someone who would back down so they left me alone.

6. I had many traumatic experiences in hospital as a child all the way through my primary and secondary school days. I struggled to get to school and missed out on so much. Some of the bleeds I remember so well. I remember one bleed where I got a cardboard box kicked up into my lip and it severed my lip from my gum. My mother and I both recall that by the time we got to the hospital I had almost bled to death. We remember the boxes of tissues saturated in my blood. I remember being rushed into Allan Ward at Royal Belfast Children's Hospital and a lot of emergency work being done. I had to be held down to receive the treatment I was given. I was terrified and traumatised. Thankfully the treatment I received at the hands of Doctor Dempsey and his team at that time meant that they managed to stop the bleeding in my mouth. I think I spent quite a long time in hospital then and it took me a long time to get over that. That is when I found out that haemophilia was more dangerous than I ever thought before.

7. Also, in my school days I received bleeds that were so horrific I had to spend a lot of time resting, so much so that the muscles wasted away in my legs and

I had to go through an intensive course of physiotherapy to learn how to walk again. This took a long time and also had a great effect on me as I was a very young boy. A lot of these experiences and many more like it made me suffer in school. Although I had a good mind I missed so much school and so much education in general that I did not achieve anything in primary school or secondary school. There was simply no help for me when I was in hospital. All the hospital teacher would have done was give me a Tufty Club picture to colour in. That was the height of the education in the hospitals at that time. There was no liaising with the school.

8. I remember one time I was doing my GCSE and I ended up in hospital with a very bad bleed. I was in for quite a few days and a teacher came to me and asked if she can be of any help. I said I was doing my GCSE and she said she couldn't help me with that but "would I maybe like to do some crafts?" I felt so empty. I lay on that bed after she walked away and I knew right there and then that I wasn't going to achieve GCSEs. I wasn't going to achieve the academic level I would need to get a job that wouldn't hurt me or cause me bleeds or be too physical. I was a very cross teenager. I had a chip on my shoulder and was always wondering why I had to work ten times harder than everyone else just to fit in and be normal just like everyone else. I was in hospital at the time I was doing my GCSEs and I was doing a GCSE in Art and Music. My class mates heard that I had to stay in hospital and they put all my art work up on display to be judged. I ended up getting a good grade and Art was the only GCSE I managed to get from secondary school.

9. When I first started at secondary school I could not read or write and I didn't even know the months of the year. I could spell my name. The teachers were told I was greatly disadvantaged as I bled a lot as a child. My mother tried to explain as best she could that my primary school years were filled with visits to hospitals and resting at home with bleeds. She asked for help for me in the school. We got very little help at all and we were on our own. I struggled greatly at school and found lessons very hard as my mathematic skills and my English were at a great low. Although I had a great love for

physics, chemistry and all the other sciences and technologies I lacked the skill to study these subjects at a GCSE level as a GCSE level education was not opened or offered to me. These difficulties made me rebel quite a bit. I was a very angry young teenager not understanding why I couldn't move on in life. I took this out on all those around me. I just didn't know how I was going to move from school to employment. I didn't even know if there was a sort of employment I could have with my condition and my bad education. I left school with little or no achievements made but I fought hard again. I went to Technical College in Derry after leaving secondary school and I studied English and Maths. I brought my education levels up to a better standard. I taught myself how to read and write. I became a very good reader and books became my salvation. I loved to read. However, my English skills were still not great and my spelling was bad. My handwriting was that of a primary school student who had just been handed a pen for the first time. I began to see other skills in myself such as I was good with people. I both loved and played music and I played many instruments and I loved drums. I also loved arts and fine crafts. I began to educate myself.

10. When I was in Kilkeel Technical College (Tech) in Newry I was working in St Louis Grammar School with audio and visual doing photocopying and such. I decided I liked this work and when my placement there was done I asked in Tech if I could do the same job with them. They agreed and took me on a yearly placement looking after television overhead projectors, computers, the allocation of photocopying and reprographics. They said after my year was up there would be a job for me there. This made me so happy as this was not a physically labouring job and I did have the skills to carry out the job sufficiently but when the year was up I was called into the office. I was told that a lot of changes were being made and heads of departments were being changed. I was told that I was to go and I would get a call when all this was sorted out and I could continue with my work. I called on many occasions asking what was happening. At the end of it all I was told that my position no longer existed. This was a hard and dark time for me and I just didn't know what to do.

11. Throughout all this I was having bleeds but I was doing my best to carry on like anyone else. By this stage I had a girlfriend we were getting engaged and planning to get married in the future so the pressure was on me to find suitable employment so I could actually pay for this wedding. I looked hard for work for a long time. Finally I got an interview at a local fish factory called AC Foods. I was working with food safety and quality control. Things were finally looking up. It was around this time, around 1995, that I was called up for one of my appointments at the Haematology Centre.

12. The appointment was with Doctor Mayne. I can remember enjoying the experience greatly as Doctor Mayne was thought of as a great woman by my family especially my grandfather and my mother. Our exchange was enjoyable. We asked each other how we were doing. I told her that I had a good job in a fish factory and that me and my fiancée were getting engaged. She was astonished I was getting engaged and married as I was so young. I think I was around 19 at the time so around 1995. Doctor Mayne said you are getting married, I would like to see you and your partner here next week. At least I think it was the next week. This didn't alarm me in the slightest as I thought we were just in for the haemophilia talk and that was ok with me as my fiancée at the time knew full well what my haemophilia was all about, how it was treated and wanted to learn to treat me herself. We went to the appointment but I am not sure of the date as I suffer from bad memory. My notes suggest that this was in May 1995. Doctor Mayne came in as flamboyant and eccentric as she was. We exchanged greetings. She sat down with us and we had a conversation. I am not sure of everything we talked about but she told me that they had found a bug in my blood but we were not to worry. She told us it was non A non B and explained that hepatitis A and hepatitis B have names but because this was something they never knew existed. They are calling it non A, non B. My fiancée and I were quite shocked and devastated and, if anyone knows me, to be left speechless it is something else. The letter exhibited before me at WITN2443002 from Dr

Mayne to my GP surgery advises my doctor that she held a 'general discussion' about hepatitis C and that I was infected.

13. There is a letter in my notes dated 31st December 1991 from Dr S I Dempsey at The Royal Belfast Hospital for Sick Children to Dr Mayne regarding Dr Mayne taking over my care as I was about to turn sixteen which is exhibited before me at WITN2443003. The letter says that 'Virological investigations are satisfactory apart from the anti-HCV which is positive. This aspect of things has not been broached with the family.' The hospital knew of my infection three and a half years before I was told.

14. Doctor Mayne asked if we had any questions. I said "No", I was that numb inside I really did not know what to ask so Doctor Mayne told me she would answer some of the more common questions they were normally asked. We were told there was little or no chance of me passing this on to Karen and not to worry about that.

15. She told me several other things which now I can't remember but she covered several issues, I know that for sure. After this I was thrown into turmoil, we didn't know what we were going to do. There was nothing they could do with this thing inside me and I wasn't sure if my fiancée would want to marry me now. Thankfully she did marry me. I continued working and saving and paying for our wedding.

3.Other Infections

1. I am not aware that I received any infection or infections other than hepatitis C although I do worry about variant CJD. They cannot test you for that until you are dead!

4.Consent

1. When I was very young I received Factor VIII from my mother or my uncle. I would occasionally receive it in hospital if I had a particularly bad bleed. At no time were myself or my family advised of any dangers or risks associated with this. Indeed they were told that it was completely safe and we were led to believe that Factor VIII was some sort of miracle cure.

2. I am not aware of being treated or tested without my knowledge or consent for the purposes of any sort of research.

5.Impact

1. When I was called once again to the hospital by this time we knew a lot more about the hepatitis thing. I wanted to talk to a Doctor about problems I was having due to my employment and working with food. In my contract I had to tell my employer at the factory if I had contracted hepatitis C or any other hepatitis. I asked Doctor McNulty in the clinic what my position should be. Doctor McNulty said I wasn't under any obligation to tell anyone of my infection so I went back home.

2. I thought deeply on this and decided the best thing to do was to tell my employer of my infection. Almost immediately when I told them I was asked to the office. They produced a piece of paper asking me to sign this paper saying if hepatitis of any kind got into the product due to my working on that product that I would take full liability and responsibility. I told my manager I felt that this could not be legal and I would not be signing that piece of paper because I was told there was no chance of me giving hepatitis C to any product I may be working with. I then walked out of the office. I am not sure if I asked for a letter from the Hospital for my employer or not, around this time, I may have done but I am not sure.

3. In the factory my job consisted of checking the quality of the product, checking the safety of the product, making sure the temperatures were right, making sure the temperatures of the batter were alright, checking the weights

and measures and checking the cleanliness of the equipment. Also one of my jobs was to go between the factory and the lab technician who did cultures and checked the cleanliness of the product. I also had to taste the product.

4. I had all these checks to be done and they had to be done around the clock all day as the product was running through the system. My employers started putting more checks on me and more responsibilities on me. I told them I couldn't possibly get round all these checks and do the other things all at the same time. They told me if I could not do the job they would find someone else to do the job. This broke me and I walked out of that job immediately but the fighter in me and the fact I had to still pay for a wedding I walked straight into another fish factory and I told the employer nothing of my infection.

5. Unfortunately this job I took was low paid labour with no prospects and no career opportunity whatsoever. I was washing dirty fish boxes with a power hose day in and day out on less than the minimum wage. This work was physical and I struggled to keep the job.

6. I then went on a scheme where the government gives the employer incentives to keep a person with disabilities in the job. This was because of my so many absences from work due to bleeding. A monetary incentive was also given to the employer to reimburse him for his loss of his employee when his employee is ill. I spent some time working at this job on that scheme and by this stage I had managed to get married.

7. One day I got called to the office and my employer explained to me because my illness has been so bad that it simply wasn't paying him to keep me on any more and that he must let me go. He let me go and that was my last day of work. I was simply unemployable and suffering greatly with my haemophilia. My marriage struggled greatly as I could not provide, I could not buy my home and I could not get insurance. I couldn't do anything to give my wife a home.

6.Treatment/care/support

1. I felt worthless after losing my job and then came Interferon which was the worst hell I have ever been through. I remember little of the procedure all I remember is being on Interferon for a year **in 1996**. It made me so ill at times I thought I was going to die. My whole body ached and shook constantly. I lived between the bed and my sofa. I was a nightmare to be around. I had many mood swings where I would cry one minute, be furious the next and then sleep for hours, waking up and being so sorry for my behaviour. I was sick, diuretic and I slept all the time. I was like Jekyll and Hyde but unfortunately, after all that suffering, nothing helped and the treatment failed to clear my hepatitis C. My marriage was on the rocks. We managed to have a child who we called Megan, but unfortunately Karen and I divorced when Megan was two.

2. I have no doubt that the destruction of my marriage was definitely a lot to play in the part of having hepatitis C and having to go through those treatments to try and kill hepatitis C. Because of the way I was on this treatment I felt I was such a bad husband, I felt I let her down. When the marriage failed I put it down to being my fault.

3. Then came the Interferon two. I call it this as I am not sure of the actual name of the product but my notes say that it was Pegulated Interferon and Ribavirin which I started in April 2005. I was terrified as I knew what I would have to go through again. I was told that this product in particular was less hard on you than the last one. By this stage I had another partner and I had pulled my life together a little although I was in the middle of a bitter Court battle for access to my daughter with my ex-wife.

4. I had many Court visits and with having to deal with the Interferon at the same time again, I became hard to live with and very ill. The solicitor on the other side in my case requested my medical notes. They then suggested that I was unfit to look after my child due to my haemophilia and my infection with

hepatitis C. This all shocked me to the core. I didn't know who I was anymore. I didn't know what to do, so I went to the clinic.

5. Dr McNulty and Dr Benson couldn't do more for me. They supported me through this as best they could and as far as my recollection recalls they wrote me a good strong letter explaining that I was more than a fit father for my daughter and that I was no danger to my daughter whatsoever. I will always be grateful to Dr McNulty and Dr Benson for this, as it got me the access I needed with my daughter. I then got to have home visits and extended visits with my daughter. I have no doubt that all of this was down to their great work.

6. The second round of treatments for hepatitis C was harder than the first. I don't really know how I would have managed to get through it without Nurse Margaret in the clinic persuading me to keep with it as it would help me as I wanted to give it up. I wanted to stop as I couldn't take it anymore but Margaret said keep with it, it will help. If it wasn't for Margaret I wouldn't have had this treatment. I thank her personally today for keeping me on that for as hard as it was it seemed to clear the hepatitis C from my system. Again I am unsure of the dates **(my notes say it was around September 2005)** but I was told I was cured and was ok now. I had a brief sigh of relief.

7. With hepatitis C I always felt unclean. I remember one time playing with my young niece from my marriage. We played on the floor with her toys. My sister-in-law made coffee. We stayed a while. When I got up to go, she took all the toys and put them in a basin and was washing them. She turned around and told me, "I hope you understand Martin, we just have to be extra careful." I said "yes I understand fully that's not a problem." I walked out the door quickly as I welled up and a golf ball appeared in my throat but I swallowed that golf ball and walked on. I was treated like this many times but I had a really thick skin. I always felt I could take it but really it was having its toll on me and the depression after the hepatitis C meant that drugs were my life. I was depressed after I took those drugs and after I was treated that way it just helped my depression. I struggled on, I put on a face and I did my best.

8. Before clearing the hepatitis C my second relationship failed and again I blamed myself. I was hard to live with. My haemophilia coupled with the hepatitis C, coupled with these drugs that I had to take all had their effects on me. I began to hate myself and blame myself. When my second relationship broke up, I had a nervous breakdown. I was living on my own and Megan was visiting from time to time. I was deeply depressed so much so I didn't even realise how depressed I was.

9. GRO-C

10. GRO-C

GRO-C He picked me up told me "No, stay here and let me get you an ambulance." He helped me. His name is Damien and really he saved my life. He saw me to safety and saw me into the hospital.

11. I remember the police and the ambulance staff treating me like I was just GRO-C. I don't blame them as I feel such shame for what I did now but I was very ill and I didn't know what I was even doing. I was red lighted to Daisy Hill Hospital in Newry where treatment began. I told them I

needed a clotting agent as I had haemophilia. For some time my mother was denied access with my factor. The police and doctors would not let her give me what I needed. Finally someone saw sense and allowed my mum to administer the treatment I needed and again the police and the doctors treated me just like any GRO-C. I didn't blame them either.

12. My wounds were stabilised as best they could and my head was stapled closed. I was then moved to the City Hospital in Belfast for haematological treatment. Dr Gary Benson and the team were fantastic. They looked after me so well, physically and emotionally. I felt safe there so much so that I admitted to a counsellor there what I was doing and why I did it. As I was close to discharge and they were afraid I would do it again, I simply couldn't trust myself, hell I didn't even know myself. This counsellor held my hand as I told her everything. She then promptly told my ex partner whom I was in the custody battle with everything that happened. She told my ex-wife everything I had told her and GRO-C. I lost my mind I was terrified that Megan would now be taken from me for ever and that I would never see her again.

13. I had what I would say was a melt down but thanks to my family and the haematological team I was calmed down. I was sent to a hospital in Downpatrick where I spent a couple of weeks. They stabilised me and I began a course of antidepressants and I have been on them since then. I am told now there was little or no mental health help for us where I live. Everything was stretched. I fought my way back from depression and even managed to get off antidepressants for a short time. However, I was suffering a lot of marital problems and generalised pain. I had extreme back pain, extreme ankle problems and my left knee was not great either.

14. I was living alone at this time and Megan was still visiting. I woke one morning to find I could hardly move and I felt paralysed in the bed. There was no one else in the house only me and my phone was downstairs. It took me nearly an hour to crawl my way downstairs to make a phone call to my parents. Needless to say I was rushed to hospital, scans were taken and I

was immediately rushed to surgery. They removed two smashed discs from the bottom of my spine. I have another seven sitting out. Thankfully the surgery was a success although they could do nothing about the seven sitting out.

15. After the successful surgery I was told to go home and put my feet up. I was told I should not ever lift anything heavier than a 2lb bag of sugar. I lived this way for about a year afraid I may do damage to the other discs but after a while I had to start getting on with my life and I had to just take chances. I came to terms with the fact that after the op, I have less pain in my back and I may be experiencing numbness in quite a few places in my body but at least I can still function.

16. I managed to work through this fear and managed doing things again although being more careful but my ankles began to give me a lot of problems and extreme pain. Throughout all my experiences, I have been on and off some of the most powerful painkillers you can have. I was sore all the time and it was simply a struggle to function without taking these tablets. I was stuck between a rock and a hard place. If I didn't take them I was not active, if I took them I was getting addicted.

17. I became heavily addicted to oxycontin and codeine. I was on 80mg of oxycontin twice daily and I then filled that with as many co-codamol as I was allowed. I lived like this for a long time. I simply couldn't trust myself GRO-C GRO-C These were really difficult times as this was all going on and bleeds were still going on.

18. My daughter had actually come to live with me full time by this time, so I had to put all my focus into her. I had to put all I was suffering and feeling aside for her. I decided, with the help of my doctors, that I had to get off the pain relief so I could be a good parent and drive again.

19. With the help of a fantastic haematology team, Dr Gary Benson, Nurse Patricia and all the rest helped me to get off the pain relief. Also my doctor,

Dr Putes GRO-C, helped me greatly to get off these drugs that were killing me. I managed after a long time to get off these drugs. It was like getting off heroin; worse even. It was a year of pure hell but I did it and I came out the other end. I looked after my daughter well and still do to this day.

20. I will share something now with everyone that I have only shared with a few, some within my family and a counsellor or two. One of the strong pushes for me to get off the pain relief, even though I needed it so badly, was that I once again became suicidal and my depression was terrible again and just made me weak.

21. GRO-C

22 GRO-C

23. I knew then I had to stop taking these tablets and I knew then my life had to change. Something spared me, I don't know what, but it helped me stay strong through the process of getting off the tablets. I spent quite a while off them. I did pain management, I did cognitive behaviour therapy, I learned how to meditate and look after my pain. Pain management was a great help and kept me going for a long time along with the splints I wore to keep my ankles from hurting me so much. But with a lot of pain you suffer a lot of different side effects. My knee was badly infected. My tolerance for people was badly

affected. I had no concentration because the pain in my ankles had got that bad amongst other pains.

24. I began to not look after myself very well. I became almost unable to look after my home and my family had to do so much for me. Walking pained me greatly but I refused the chair, I refused the stick, I refused the crutches so many times for fear that if I ever get into it I will never get out again. I also felt very paranoid using these aids. I hated using them. They made me and still do make me feel like I am giving up.

25. After hepatitis and Interferon I began developing really bad habits when it came to haemophilia. I feared my treatment even though it was different treatment. I would gamble and I would have looked at a bleed and thought it may clear up itself. If it was a scary bleed, one I thought would get out of control, I would then give in and take the treatment. I am sure this was done to my detriment but I couldn't help it.

26. Because of my illness I became what I would call a bad patient. I wouldn't turn up to appointments and I wouldn't treat myself as the doctors would ask me to treat myself. I don't know why I got this way. At that time I guess I felt I'd had enough.

27. Sometime had passed and I was in a relationship. We worked hard at the relationship but it didn't work out although from that relationship my daughter Grace was born. She is now 4. Her mother and I raise her between us and she is the light of our life. Grace's mother is a great support to me and extremely understanding of my health problems. She has been there throughout a lot of my traumatic experiences in life.

28. My life now is hard. My mental health is not good and my situation isn't great. Exhibited before me at WITN2443004 is a letter from Dr Pym to Dr Benson and relates to my attending an initial assessment in February 2019 at the Adult Health Clinical Psychology Department at Royal Victoria Hospital. I am struggling with extreme fatigue, extreme pain, anxiety, depression, bowel

problems, chronic pain, arthritis, little energy or motivation and awaiting surgery on my ankle for fusion in the hope it will stop the pain that is leaving me so debilitated. I am still not ready for the chair yet. I found out recently that I am on a waiting list for one year. My mental and physical health at the moment has left me feeling that I am not motivated to do the things I need to do.

29. I am afraid to open letters, I don't clean my home, I lie on the chair hoping things will get better, ashamed that I haven't given my two daughters, whom I love and cherish above everything else, a better life than I have done. We live in a wee two bedroom bungalow, we have nothing. I am struggling even to this day to make this house a home as I can't decorate it but I have hope. I have hope because I have a great team of people around me from the clinic and my family and I will, like I have done on many occasions before, rise above this and beat this as well.

30. One thing that has always hurt me about the hepatitis C crisis was the way we were treated about dentistry. I had been going to the School of Dentistry in Belfast the whole of my life and I felt safe there. Suddenly I was told I had to find a dentist elsewhere. When I went to find a dentist several of my local dentists turned me away saying they couldn't afford the disposable equipment needed to deal with me.

31. I felt I had like a terrible disease and those old familiar feelings of feeling dirty all came flooding back. I think I remember mentioning this to the doctors in the City Hospital and Mr Millalie from the School of Dentistry, at least I think that is his name, took me back on to his books. I was grateful for this but now, yet again, I have been discharged from the School of Dentistry into the hands of whatever local dentist I can find. I had such a fear of rejection I never went to any dentist looking for treatment. I haven't been seen by a dentist since this.

7. Financial assistance

1. I continue to be on benefits and in Northern Ireland they have recently introduced PIP. This is something of a great financial worry. Money is very tight and that adds to my difficulties and to my mental anxiety. In regards to PIP it is so difficult having to go through everything with PIP and having to explain my situation constantly.

2. I managed to obtain some financial assistance from the Skipton Fund. I received a payment of £20,000 from the Skipton Fund. This, though, in no way assisted me; it just helped me pay off some of my debts. I have had no further money from The Skipton Fund and currently receive around £200 a month from the BSO (Business Services Organisation).

3. In regards to money I am currently just trying to deal with the basics. I have developed a fear of opening letters and my sister helps me a lot with the everyday running of my life. I am also getting extra help from my Social Worker and trying to improve things but it is very difficult.

8.Other Issues

1. There were so many other shocks like the fear of HIV and the fear of vCJD. Then there are the unknowns; the drugs they give us, what side effects have they left us with and what to look forward to in the future. I don't know the health of my liver. The doctors don't check my liver and they haven't scanned my liver. I don't know how much damage has been done by this scandalous thing. All our livers should be checked thoroughly and regularly because we deserve it because we didn't damage our livers the Trust damaged our livers. My whole life has been scared by hepatitis C and when someone tells you, "your cured, your hepatitis C has gone", it's not gone because it has scared you for your entire life and you know that the scars will keep on coming until we all finally shuffle off .

2. This scandal robbed me of my life, it robbed me of my opportunities, and it robbed me of my grandfather and many dear friends. It has destroyed my family; my mother feels she has poisoned her two sons and killed her father

because of this scandal. The damage this has done to me and to all my fellow sufferers will reverberate through time and generation after generation of our family and this must be remembered.

3. I can't get my grandfather back and I can't get my lost opportunities back. I can't get back a chance to buy a home, to have a career and to raise a family with good prospects. I won't get the opportunity to leave my children any other legacy but the legacy of this. I hope that this Inquiry will leave my children a better legacy than my gravestone. I want them to have answers. I want safety procedures put in place so that this will never happen again to anyone. I want reparation for the suffering that we have had and have to look forward to in the future. I thank all involved in this Inquiry and I send all my love and prayers to every single one of you out there who have suffered the same as I have suffered. God bless you all.

Statement of Truth

I believe the facts stated and this witness statement are true.

Signed GRO-C

Dated 1/4/22