

Witness Name: Nicola Kleopa

Statement No: WITN3610001

Exhibits: None

Dated: 14 November 2019

INFECTED BLOOD INQUIRY

WRITTEN STATEMENT OF NICOLA KLEOPA

I provide this statement in response to a request under Rule 9 of the Inquiry Rules 2006 dated 18 October 2019.

I, Nicola Kleopa, will say as follows: -

Section 1. Introduction

1. My name is Nicola Kleopa. My date of birth is GRO-C 1975 and my address is GRO-C Londo GRO-C. I have been married for over twenty years and have two children aged 17 and 18. I work as a beauty therapist. I intend to speak about my Mum Koulla Kaniklides' infection with Hepatitis C following a blood transfusion in 1981. In particular, the nature of her illness, how the illness affected her, the treatment she received, and the impact it had on my family and our lives together.
2. I can confirm that I am not legally represented and that I am happy for the Inquiry to assist with my statement.

Section 2. How Affected

3. The nightmare started on 29 July 1981, when my Mum had a routine hysterectomy at Whipps Cross Hospital in East London. She was 34 years old at the time and I was six years old. Despite being so young, I remember quite a lot about it. It was the day of Princess Diana's wedding, and because my Mum was scheduled to have her operation she had asked for the wedding to be taped so that she could watch it later.
4. Mum needed blood during the operation and she was given a blood transfusion. I do not know the names of the doctor(s) who administered the blood transfusion. I also do not know whether Mum was asked to give her consent to the blood transfusion, however I believe she would have agreed to it. When a professional says you need a blood transfusion, you trust that professional and don't think to question the safety of the blood. I know that neither my Mum nor my Dad were given any information about the risk of infection from contaminated blood.
5. In 1991, after a good ten years of feeling absolutely fine, Mum started to display a number of signs of illness. She completely lost her appetite, felt tired with flu-like symptoms, and would often vomit blood. We had no idea what was wrong and never would have imagined this was connected to her blood transfusion ten years prior.
6. Mum went back and forwards to our GP Dr Bakhai, who as well as being our local doctor was also a family friend. Dr Bakhai undertook various tests on Mum and as he couldn't work out what was wrong, he advised that my Dad take her to the Royal Free Hospital to get checked out. It was the summer of 1992, and my Dad sent my brother and I away to Cyprus for six weeks. I think he wanted to be able to focus on Mum and have us out of the house while the hospital investigated what was wrong with her.

7. My Dad was so concerned about my Mum that he took her to see a liver specialist privately at the Royal Free Hospital. She was seen by Professor Dusheiko, who carried out various intrusive and gruelling biopsies and other investigations. Mum stayed in hospital for quite a long spell.
8. Eventually Professor Dusheiko delivered the news to my Mum and Dad that Mum had Hepatitis C, and that she would have contracted the Hepatitis from a blood transfusion. He must have traced back her medical history to find out how she had become infected. As Mum had only ever received a blood transfusion during her hysterectomy in 1981, it was clear that this was the point of infection.
9. My brother and I returned from Cyprus in early September 1992 to the news of Mum's Hepatitis C diagnosis. Dad said that it didn't sound very good, but that the doctors were going to try and get rid of it. I was 17 at the time, and like the rest of my family, I had no idea what Hepatitis C was or how fatal it would prove to be.
10. I do not know what my Mum was told about managing her infection and the risks of infecting others. However, I recall her being constantly worried about infecting the family. She wouldn't let us touch her towels, and would make us go to Dad for help if we fell over and hurt ourselves. I don't know if this was a result of medical advice or her own understanding of how the infection could spread.
11. I have come to believe that Mum may have been given advice about sexual contact. This is because of conversations she had with my Mother in Law about her relationship with my Dad. I also saw protection in one of their drawers on one occasion, which at their age and by the sheer fact that she had a hysterectomy would not have been used as a precaution against pregnancy.

Section 3. Other Infections

12. I am not aware of any other infections that my Mum received as a result of her blood transfusion. She may have been tested for other infections in 1992 when she was investigated at the Royal Free Hospital, however she was only diagnosed with Hepatitis C.

Section 4. Consent

13. I do not know whether my Mum consented to being tested for Hepatitis C or any other infections when she was referred to the Royal Free Hospital in 1992. However, I believe she would have consented, as she would say yes to anything she thought might help her.

14. After her diagnosis in 1992, my Mum was thrown into a world of tests and trial medication to see if her infection could be controlled. Mum always talked about how the Royal Free Hospital were fascinated by her condition and thought she was an “interesting case”. She would say that they were experimenting on her, and that with all the different tests and trials she felt like a guinea pig. However, she did not mean this in a negative way – it made her feel special. Mum was always excited about starting a new trial and would wonder whether she had the real tablets or the dummy tablets. The trials definitely gave her a positive outlook. She was happy and willing to be experimented on as she always held out hope that one of the experiments might work.

15. I do not believe that my Mum was ever treated or tested without her knowledge or consent. I believe she was always aware of, and agreed to, the tests and trials that were undertaken. I am confident of this as my Dad was always by my Mum’s side at the hospital and the doctors would go through him when proposing a course of action. Dad was so committed to looking after and protecting Mum while she was in hospital, and she was always happy for the doctors to deal with him.

16. I have discussed the course of Mum’s illness and the treatment she received in more detail below in Section 5.

Section 5. Impact

17. Following my Mum's diagnosis in 1992, things got worse and worse. Our family life was turned upside down, and I had to watch as the physical and mental impacts of Hepatitis C turned my Mum into a person who by the end I barely recognised.
18. After her initial private consultation at the Royal Free Hospital in 1992, Mum went back under the NHS for treatment but stayed in the care of Professor Dusheiko. She was constantly in and out of hospital. Dad had his own Barbershop business in Barking but had to take lots of time off work in order to be at the hospital with her at all times. Our family was thrown into the unknown and the quality of life for all of us during this time was pretty terrible. Thankfully I had the support of my boyfriend (now husband) Mario, who I had met during my summer in Cyprus and who had been by my side from the time of Mum's diagnosis.
19. As I have already mentioned in Section 4, over the course of her illness Mum was put on a number of trial medications. I cannot recall the names of the medications; however, I understand Interferon was used at this time as that name sounds familiar. I just remember the pills were huge like horse tranquilisers, and she would swallow them the best she could to try and stay alive. I cannot recall any of the medications having particular side effects or making Mum feel unwell, however she was generally so unwell from the Hepatitis that it would have been difficult to tell what could be attributed to the treatment she received.
20. In addition to the medication, Mum had to endure regular intrusive liver biopsies in her side, which she said were extremely painful. I think she would have had over twenty biopsies, as almost every time she went into hospital for a test or trial they would do a biopsy. With this and the CT Scans and X-Rays, Mum felt like she was being constantly prodded and pulled and experimented on. While this was physically draining, Mum

was always willing and positive about partaking in new investigations or treatments.

21. Over the course of four years, Mum's liver developed cirrhosis and then became cancerous by the summer of 1996. The medication didn't seem to be doing anything. Her situation became critical and she was put on the waiting list for a liver transplant. The doctors told us that Mum's situation was bleak, and it was a horrendous, dark time for my family. The care that Mum was receiving at the Royal Free Hospital was incredible, and we knew it was the best care she could get. However, I still couldn't help asking myself why she had to go through it all to begin with. Why had it happened?
22. It was during this time that Mario and I were trying to plan our wedding. I was young and it was meant to be the most exciting time of our lives, but it was a very hard time. We were very stop-start about everything and felt we couldn't plan ahead for the wedding, or for anything else in life. I kept telling Mum I was going to cancel the wedding but she wouldn't let me. It was her wish that we went ahead with it and that she would be strong enough to attend.
23. In October 1996 a liver became available and Mum's transplant went ahead on 22 October 1996. We drove from East London to North London to be there and were in the hospital for 14 hours overnight while we waited to hear the outcome. Fortunately the transplant was successful. We were so thankful but felt for the family of the 21 year old donor who had lost his life prematurely. We wrote a letter to the family to say thank you, which was extremely difficult. I couldn't believe these situations that we were being thrown into.
24. Mum was in isolation for weeks after the transplant. Looking at Mum I couldn't believe what I was seeing. She had huge scars and tubes coming out of her everywhere. I was trying to plan our wedding while being with Mum and I found myself breaking down every two seconds. Dad was also barely working by this stage. He would spend his days

running around the hospital chasing down doctors and then sleeping on the floor of Mum's room. We were an incredibly close family and didn't want to leave Mum's side for a second. Every now and then we would try and get out for a meal in Hampstead, but otherwise I felt we were in our own bubble by Mum's side drinking tea and eating carbs.

25. The recovery was a very hard road but Mum got stronger day by day and was able to attend my wedding in May 1997. It was an amazing day because Mum had worked so hard to be there. To have a liver transplant in October and then be up dancing at my wedding in May was incredible. I was so happy that she could be there and it was the happiest day of mum's life.

26. After her transplant Mum had an ok four years. She had three-monthly check-ups, which then turned into six-monthly check-ups, and then yearly check-ups. I managed to convince Mario into moving, and we bought a new house just around the corner from Mum and Dad in Ilford. Mum was around every day helping us to redecorate the house. While we tried to be hopeful about Mum's health, Professor Dusheiko had told us that the transplant was a treatment, not a cure, and so we were always worrying about what might happen next. Our family and social life was never the same again.

27. Mum really struggled socially due to the stigma associated with her Hepatitis C infection. She felt very isolated as her friends didn't really understand her illness. They would come around to visit, but they were very ignorant about Hepatitis C and thought it was contagious. This made her feel dirty and she would often burst into tears. On one occasion one of Mum's friends declined a cup of tea because she was afraid she might catch the infection. Her rudeness absolutely astounded me and I made her leave immediately, whilst leaving my poor mum in tears.

28. Mum's friends didn't understand how Mum had become infected and would ask if her cirrhosis had resulted from drinking. This assumption was ridiculous, as Mum lived a very healthy lifestyle. The extent of

Mum's drinking would be a glass of red wine every six months, or a sherry at Church. She had her ears pierced, but never got a tattoo or used intravenous drugs. Her lifestyle was not the kind known to result in a Hepatitis C infection.

29. In the end we decided as a family not to tell people that Mum had Hepatitis C because people didn't understand. We would just say that she had cancer. I would only feel comfortable discussing Mum's Hepatitis C infection with people that had medical backgrounds who could appreciate how she had come to be infected.
30. It was in around 2000 that I noticed Mum becoming unwell again. As part of the renovations to our house, Mario and I had created a little treatment room upstairs where I could take appointments for beauty therapy. Mum would sometimes come up for me to do her nails and I can remember her huffing and puffing to get up the stairs. She said that her chest didn't feel great. When I was doing her nails I noticed that they were incredibly soft, and I also noticed that her eyes were yellowing.
31. While Mum was never completely out of hospital, from this point she started going back more often for more painful biopsies, CT scans, and other investigations. It was discovered from these investigations that the cancer had returned to her liver and had also metastasised to her lungs. The doctors told us it wasn't going to be a good outcome from this point.
32. I feel like I was in a black hole for a very long time with the anxiety I suffered and still suffer to this day. It was a real struggle for us living in East London and having to drive to the Royal Free Hospital in North London every day. I never knew what state I was going to find Mum in the next day at hospital, or what results the next scan would show. I spent hours driving in tears with my mind racing. I would often find myself unable to breathe due to chest pain and had to pull over as I was having a panic attack. I still experience these panic attacks today.

33. Mum had been so hopeful and positive leading up to the transplant and after the success of the transplant. She was such a fighter with the amount of pain she was going through. But when the cancer returned and we were told that the outcome was bleak I think she started to lose that positivity and her mental health deteriorated. I think it was around this time that she was put on anti-depressants, although I cannot recall exactly.
34. Before her diagnosis Mum had been the life and soul of the party and the rock of our family home. She had such a strong presence and amazing character, but this was squashed by her illness and over time her personality changed. She always tried to stay strong and positive for our family, but seeing the fear in her eyes completely destroyed us all.
35. One thing that brought some joy was when I found out that I was pregnant. Mum was over the moon about becoming a Grandmother. Our daughter Georgia was born on GRO-C 2001 at King George Hospital in Ilford. Mum came to see us at the hospital that night but she was very unwell. Dad took her straight to Royal Free after she had visited us and she was there for two weeks. What should have been the most happy, joyous time was actually bittersweet.
36. On GRO-C 2001, when Georgia was two weeks' old, I was at home waiting for a critical phone call from my Dad with news about Mum from the Royal Free Hospital. I couldn't always be at the hospital now with everything that was going on. Georgia was so young, I was breastfeeding, and I was also probably struggling with postnatal depression, although I was never treated for this.
37. I remember Georgia was asleep and I was GRO-C
GRO-C Dad eventually called but he could barely talk because he was crying. He said that it wasn't good and Mum had been given three months to live. He said he was going to come around and see the baby later on and then hung up because he was struggling to speak. I couldn't believe what I was hearing.

38. I immediately called Mario and made him drive me to the Royal Free while I breastfed Georgia in the passenger seat. Mum had told Dad not to let me come up and see her with the baby but I had to see her. I still remember the image of her at the hospital crying in her nightgown. She had once been a short little thing with big breasts, but by this stage she looked like a little stick.
39. Mum was almost always in the hospital from this point. Dad couldn't work because he was too concerned about Mum and wanted to be with her all the time. He ended up having to sell his Barbershop business of 30 years. The nurses and doctors at the Royal Free said Dad was an angel. He was forever feeding and helping Mum, and wouldn't even let her pick anything up. Dad was utterly beside himself and couldn't bear the reality of the situation. He had ideas of taking Mum to Mexico for further treatment, but the doctors said she was getting all the care possible, and Mum didn't want to go anywhere.
40. Mum was put under the care of Dr Davidson who was another liver oncologist specialist at the Royal Free Hospital. Dr Davidson said that they wouldn't give Mum any further treatment because she only had three months left and they didn't want to compromise her quality of life. Dad had a bit of an argument with Dr Davidson about this. He told him that Mum had just had a grandchild, and that if she thought she was strong enough to take further treatment they should let her. Mum was such a fighter and wanted to try chemotherapy again, and so Dr Davidson allowed it. She had a really poor two years and was vomiting all the time. It really affected the family seeing Mum like this.
41. When Georgia was five months old, I found out that I was pregnant again. I have no idea how this happened in my frame of mind, as all I was thinking about was my Mum. I said to Mario that I thought I wasn't strong enough to have another baby, we should have an abortion. I was only 26 at the time with a new baby and was struggling through a time of my life where I needed my Mum's support. I was so scared of looking

after Georgia, being sick all the time like I was during Georgia's pregnancy, and not having my Mum around to help me through it.

42. Despite how scared I was, thankfully I decided to go through with the pregnancy, and our son Michael was born on GRO-C 2002. Again, this time as a family was so bittersweet. We cancelled the christening party we had booked for Michael as Mum wasn't well enough to attend.

43. I was by Mum's side all the time and Mario would run the kids in and out of the hospital. Mum was very poorly and saw her grandchildren from a hospital bed which was absolutely heart wrenching. She wasn't strong enough to hold them or play with them and be the Grandmother she so longed to be. All Mum and Dad had wanted at that time was to be grandparents together and that time was stolen from them.

44. I ended up getting mastitis from being at the hospital all the time and had to be put on antibiotics. Mum would remove her oxygen mask and tell me she was fine and to go home to my children, but she really wasn't fine. During this time no one ever said to me "you might need someone to talk to with everything you are going through". I just had to get on with it. I had two babies to look after.

45. Every now and then Mum would be allowed home on the weekends. I remember her last Christmas in 2002 she just lay there on the couch while Dad fed her ready brek. Her mouth was just a huge white blister. Eventually it got to the point where she didn't want to come home anymore because she felt safer at the hospital. We had to then celebrate special occasions around her hospital bed, including her 50th.

46. By August 2003, almost two years after Mum had been given three months to live, things started going from bad to worse. Mum's lung collapsed and she required oxygen most of the time. She also developed complications with her heart and a clot formed. The image of Mum at this time makes me really emotional. She looked like someone I didn't recognise anymore. I didn't want to leave her bedside for a minute. Mario

and my Mother in Law were great and would bring in Georgia and Michael to see Mum, but she was too weak to hold them. Dad was getting more and more emotional by the minute.

47. Mum required another procedure to deal with the issues with her heart, and she wanted to go through with it because she thought it might give her some more time. She was transferred to the London Heart Hospital on 1 September 2003 as the procedure could not be done at the Royal Free Hospital. The same day Dad called me and told me I had to come into the hospital with my brother as he didn't think Mum was going to make it through the night. She was having a series of mini strokes and her whole body was going haywire.
48. The image I saw when I walked into Mum's room at London Heart Hospital is locked away in the back of my head but comes back to me in the night or when I talk about Mum. She looked absolutely awful with green bile coming out of her mouth. Dad was desperately trying to clean her up and running around trying to find the doctors. As soon as I saw her I passed out. Mario had to pick me up and take me away to get water.
49. I had to work up the courage to go back into the room, and sat there holding Mum's hand and telling her everything you can say at that point. Mario, Dad, and my brother were all there too, as well as some of my extended family. It was a long, slow day at the hospital and Mum passed away at 8.20pm on 2 September 2003. She was 56 years old.
50. The lasting impact of what my family went through with Mum's Hepatitis C infection has been immense. We spent the years that Mum was ill anxiously waiting for results and wondering what those results might mean. At times the mental trauma was almost impossible to deal with.
51. My Mum and Dad were so close, and it was absolutely devastating to watch my Dad grappling to cope with the reality of Mum's condition. He was utterly beside himself the whole time. While Mum and Dad never shared it with me, I know from conversations Mum had with my Mother

in Law that her illness affected her relationship with Dad. I have already mentioned that I think Mum was given advice about sexual contact, and I think this must have created problems with intimacy. I never heard my parents fighting about anything, but I would hear them crying together in their bedroom.

52. Mum's illness also meant that Dad had to give up his business. Mum was a hairdresser and would do the odd haircut for a friend, but she was primarily a housewife and Dad's Barber business was their main source of income. The constant care and attention Dad felt he needed to provide to Mum meant it was not feasible to carry this on.

53. About two years after Mum passed away, we found out that Dad had an asbestos-related lung cancer called mesothelioma. Mesothelioma is caused by inhaling asbestos fibres and generally has an incubation period of twenty to thirty years. We were able to trace Dad's infection back to the 1960's when there had been an asbestos factory opposite Dad's Barbershop. Dad would have had the cancer in him since the 1960's, but was completely healthy throughout Mum's illness. However, as soon as Mum passed away he started showing signs of illness.

54. I consider that the day my Mum died, my Dad died too. I strongly believe that the emotion and stress Dad was shouldering from Mum's death lowered his immunity and triggered the mesothelioma. I have done a lot of reading on the subject, and there is research to suggest that stress and lowered immunity can trigger mesothelioma.

55. My husband Mario was there for my Dad and took him to almost every hospital in London to try and get him the best possible treatment. Mario managed to find Glenfield Hospital in Leicester, which was the only hospital that would undertake a complete removal of the lung. Dad was under the care of GRO-D, who Mario and Dad considered to be God. GRO-D didn't have the greatest bedside manner and was quite brutal with his advice. He told my Dad that if he did nothing he

would have three months to live, but that if he went through with the lung removal he could live another three to five years.

56. Dad went through with the operation in 2009, and GRO-D delivered in giving him a few more years. However, we had to go through chemotherapy and radiation all over again. My beautiful Dad who had gone through so much looking after Mum, was now having to go through the same thing himself. It was absolutely heart-breaking to watch. I nursed Dad at home for the last six months of his life, and he passed away on 14th December 2008, just before xmas.

57. I do not think it is possible to get across how traumatic my Mum's Hepatitis C infection has been for me. I spent the majority of my young life in hospital and it has affected everything in my life that should be normal. I was in a terrible state during Mum's bad years. I was always hurting and crying, all the while trying to bring up two babies. I was young and needed my Mum but she couldn't be there for me. I was on my own in this little depressive world.

58. My husband Mario was like a rock by my side, keeping me going however hurt and low I was feeling. As I was agoraphobic and didn't want to go anywhere by myself, I was constantly calling Mario and ordering him to take me places or pick up the children. He had to take a lot of time off work.

59. After having almost killed Mario to move to Ilford when Mum was unwell, I couldn't bear to live in the area after she passed. There was another whole upheaval to move our life to North London in Woodside Park. Mario was amazing, but the whole situation and my response to it created a definite strain in our marriage.

60. I am 44 now and am still deeply affected by Mum's infection. I get on with my day to day life, but the memory of what Mum went through is always there. Little snippets come into my head constantly, and I wake up in the middle of the night with those awful last images of my Mum. I

still have panic attacks and think I will always be anxious about catching an illness like my parents. I often think about going on anti-depressants, but Mario encourages me to stay off them and just work on having a healthy lifestyle. I think I have been on the brink of a breakdown for a long time, but Mario and my kids have managed to get me through it.

61. I feel for my poor kids that they had to experience Mum being so sick, and then go through the same thing with Dad. They didn't get to experience their grandparents like they should, and lost them at such a young age. I so wanted Mum and Dad to be around for me and my children, but that time was stolen from us. Of course, there are some happy memories. We went on the odd family holiday to Cyprus while Mum was sick, but it was always with a heavy heart and the stress of always having to make sure Mum was ok.

62. My kids were very young when I was nursing Dad 56 at home during his last six months. They have also grown up watching me cry all the time. I think if a psychologist talked to my kids they would find that they have been impacted mentally from the experience of seeing both their grandparents so sick and the way I was affected. I know that my son really struggles with the memories of his Grandfather during those last six months.

63. Mum's infection has also had a very negative impact on my brother. He lived at home with Mum and Dad over the course of her illness. His relationship at the time also suffered, as he rushed his marriage in order for Mum to be there and had divorced within 11 months

Section 6. Treatment/Care/Support

64. My Mum never faced any difficulties or obstacles in obtaining treatment for her Hepatitis C infection. As I have already mentioned, the care the Royal Free Hospital provided my Mum was incredible, and they offered her new trial medications and treatments whenever they became available.

65. However, when it came to counselling and psychological support, my Mum was not offered anything as a consequence of what happened, neither were we. Professor Dusheiko and the other hospital staff that cared for my Mum were essentially her counsellors. My Mum treated Professor Dusheiko like God. He lectured around the world and would be on the television and I remember Mum was so excited to watch him. Mum was given anti-depressants at the later stages of her illness, but external psychological support was never offered. Mum also never received any real explanation of how it was possible that this could have happened to her.
66. Similarly, counselling or psychological support was never offered to me or to any of my immediate family members.

Section 7. Financial Assistance

67. My Mum did not receive any financial assistance from any Trusts or Funds as a result of her Hepatitis C infection. Neither my Mum, or Dad applied for any assistance, as they were not made aware that this was available and that they were eligible. My Dad was involved with the Trusts and Funds that provided financial assistance to those affected by mesothelioma, and so I know that if information had been made available he also would have applied to the Hepatitis-related Trusts and Funds.
68. I was also never aware of financial assistance being available, and hadn't heard of the Skipton Fund until the time of being interviewed for this statement.
69. While we didn't think about money at the time, Mum's infection was a hugely draining experience financially. My Dad was barely working, I was barely working, and Mario was having to take time off. We also spent a fortune on petrol driving from East London to North London every day to be with Mum at the Royal Free, and I received countless parking tickets outside the hospital due to confusion in my frazzled state. Financial assistance would have been helpful, and the fact it wasn't made

available is just another element of this experience that leaves me feeling cheated.

Section 8. Other Issues

70. I consider that my Mum was murdered. She was given a life sentence when the Whipps Cross Hospital gave her infected blood. I feel cheated; for my Mum, for my Dad, and for everyone else that has suffered as a result of contaminated blood. I feel for the people that are still ill and still going through it.
71. I have been through a very hard few years, and I still can't say that it is over because it is never going to be over. I lost both parents to infections that they caught. It would have been awful enough if they had developed illnesses in normal circumstances with age, but knowing that they both caught illnesses through no fault of their own makes it so much harder to bear. I now have this huge void in my life and it just isn't fair.
72. I want to understand how this could have happened. How did that blood come to be here? Could the NHS really have bought contaminated blood and given it to people knowingly? How many families are there like us? Someone needs to be held accountable, but who is it going to be?
73. For me the Inquiry is the best thing that could have happened. When I heard about it and saw it televised on the news and heard about it on the radio, I felt compelled to come forwards, like I had a duty to get my Mum's story out there. My Mum is no longer here to tell it, and neither is my Dad, so it is up to me. Her story is so embedded in me, and finally I can share it with people that can actually do something about it. Now the Inquiry knows of another family that has been affected.
74. My husband has also questioned whether my father's mesothelioma could have been triggered by stress and emotion and he would like to

see a doctor talking about whether or not mesothelioma can be triggered.

Statement of Truth

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

Signed

GRO-C

Dated

14/11/19