

Witness Name: Antony Dalton-Wilson

Statement No.: WITN0549001

Exhibits: WITN0549002 - WITN0549003

Dated: 13.07.2021

ROYAL COMMISSION OF INQUIRY INTO ABUSE IN CARE

WITNESS STATEMENT OF ANTONY ROBERT DALTON-WILSON

I, Antony Robert Dalton-Wilson, will say as follows: -

INTRODUCTION

1. My full name is Antony Robert Dalton-Wilson. I was born on GRO-C 1967 in Auckland. I like to be called Ants.
2. I am Samoan, Gypsy, Jewish and German. My Mum Christine is from England and my Dad, GRO-B-1 is from Samoa. I have three full brothers and sisters. I am the eldest. Then there is GRO-B-2, then GRO-B-3 and then GRO-B-4 My brother GRO-B-4 is in

the spirit world. He died in Samoa. I get upset if I talk about it but he is very much known in this house.

3. My Dad, [GRO-B-1] is from Fagali'i. He is now in the spirit world. My Samoan culture is very important to me because I am half Samoan. I have been to Samoa. I like it. I have a big Samoan family. My Samoan cousins live in Australia. I see them sometimes.
4. I also feel a strong connection to Tikanga Māori through my stepfather [GRO-B-5] I call him my Dad too.
5. My Dad, [GRO-B-5] had four older children, [GRO-B] [GRO-B] when he met my Mum. So, that means I have seven brothers and sisters.
6. My Dad, [GRO-B-5] is in the spirit world. He was a lawyer, a pilot and a flight instructor. He was a Māori Chief and he was one of the first pilots in Whakatane.
7. My Dad, [GRO-B-5], took us all around the world. I have been to over 30 different countries. Some of them are the United States, Canada, Alaska, Denmark, Finland, Ireland, Scotland,

England, Wales, Qatar, Dubai, China, Singapore, Fiji and Samoa.

8. I have written a book about my life. [WITN0549002] I want to share my story because I want to help other children who have had brain injuries.

FAMILY BACKGROUND AND EARLY LIFE

9. I lived with Mum, Christine, and my Dad, GRO-B-1 I had lots of fun with my brothers and sister. I liked playing, reading, drawing, watching TV, playing soccer and swimming.
10. Samoan culture was important in my family.
11. I went to Balmoral Seventh-Day Adventist School before my accident. It was in Wiremu Street. It is still there. I liked going to Balmoral Seventh-Day Adventist School because I really like learning. I did really well and I was the top student in my class.
12. Religion was important in our family. We went to church every week and I also learned about God at school.

Accident

13. On Sunday 8 December 1974, I was crushed by a truck at my Dad, GRO-B-1, work. He worked at the Westfield Freezing Works. I was playing with another boy who came in another truck on a ramp. He told me the driver was his dad. I do not really remember the accident, but I know that I slipped, and a stock truck was backing up and hit me. I remember the little boy saying "Dad, Dad, the boy, the boy!". It was a big articulated truck. The man was concentrating on his work and was not listening. The truck crushed my head and parts of my body.

14. I had to go into the Critical Care Unit (Intensive Care Unit) at the hospital in Auckland. I stayed in the Critical Care Unit (Intensive Care Unit) for two months. Then I moved to a unit for people with head injuries. I was there for about three months.

15. I remember I was in the head injury clinic. My Mum asked the nurse if she could take me for a walk. Mum took to me the old physiotherapist building. She had an ice-cream in her hand. I reached up and got the ice-cream out of my Mum's hand.

16. My medical notes say that I had extensive head injuries, residual degree of right hemiparesis and virtually no sight in my left eye. That means that my brain got really hurt. I can't see anything out of my left eye and a little bit in my right eye. The doctors say I am 90 per cent blind in my right eye. I could not walk, talk or write any more.

Wilson Home

17. I left hospital in May 1975 and I went to the Wilson Home. I stayed there until October 1975.

18. While I was there, I did physical and speech therapy and learned how to walk, talk and write again.

19. Everyone at the Wilson Home had their own room. That was nice because I had to live in a dormitory in some of the other places I stayed at. We did not have doors on our rooms but we were not allowed to go in to each other's rooms to talk. I do not understand that. We should have been able to talk to each other when we were in our rooms.

20. The nurses were nice at the Wilson Home and so were the other children. One teacher I remember is Mrs Dellymore. I

loved her. Sometimes she would take us out shopping. It was not too bad there.

21. Even though I liked being at the Wilson Home in the daytime, I wanted to go home to see my Mum at nighttime, but the nurses would not let me. It would upset me. Every day I would ask when I could go home but the nurses would not answer. That would make me agitated and very angry.

Balmoral Seventh-Day Adventist School

22. When I left the Wilson Home, I went back to live with my Mum and my Dad, GRO-B-1. I liked being back at home. I started going to the Balmoral Seventh-day Adventist School again. They had a teacher aid for me and my Mum would also come to help me sometimes.
23. The teachers at the school were not very nice. They had been nice to me before my accident but were mean to me after my accident. I deserved it I suppose because I was misbehaving. One day, I ran away and Mr Howie, the Headmaster, ran after me. I saw him coming so I ran on to the road. He caught me.

I ran away because I thought it was funny. I did not get in trouble that time.

24. I remember that when I was at the Seventh-Day Adventist School we had to do a concert. It was David and Goliath. I was Goliath. My friend was David. He had a sling and threw it at me. I fell off the stage because I could not see the edge. I skinned my head. Everyone was laughing at me.
25. I liked going back to school every day. I found it hard though and I would get tired. My mum decided I should come home in the afternoon to have a sleep. That helped me.
26. I did not stay at the Seventh-Day Adventist School very long because they could not help me after my accident. In August 1976, I moved to Mt Roskill Primary School.

ABUSE BY THE STATE

Mount Roskill Primary School

27. I moved to Mount Roskill Primary School for a trial in a class in what that they called the "Physically Handicapped Class". I did

not like the name of that class. Most of the kids in the class had Cerebral Palsy.

28. I did not really like it at Mt Roskill Primary School. I did not have any friends and the teachers were not nice to me.
29. The work was not hard, but I needed the teacher to help me with writing. My verbal language was good but my language that you write in a book was not. Sometimes, I would ask the teacher lots of times for help, but she would not come and help me. I would get really frustrated because when I went to the Balmoral Seventh-Day Adventist School before my accident I was the top of the class. One day I got so frustrated because the teacher would not help me, so I slapped her in the face. Then I ran away. The Headmaster caught me. I was still in the school grounds when he caught me. I had to go home.
30. Sometimes I was not allowed to go outside and play with the other kids. I had to stay inside and keep working. Nobody ever told me why I had to stay inside, and I would get frustrated and angry. When I got angry I would misbehave and sometimes I would hit people.

31. I did not stay at Mount Roskill Primary for very long because I really did not like it and they could not support me. I moved back to the Seventh Day Adventist School for a very short time. I had the same problems as before, so it did not work out.

Ward 12, Auckland Hospital

32. When I was about 10 years old, I went to Ward 12 at Auckland Hospital. It was about December 1977. My GP referred me to Ward 12. He was no good as a doctor. I had to take too much medicine.

33. Ward 12 was very scary. There were not many other kids there that were my age but a kid who was my best friend in the Wilson Home was two beds down from me. He remembered me.

34. There was only one doctor, and the rest of the staff were nurses. The male nurse said mean things to me. The nurses gave me more medication than I was on when I went in. I did not like it. They were drugging me up. One day, I asked why I had to take so much medicine. They said, "wait until I take you to the big building" because that is where Dr GRO-B-6 worked

at the time. Dr [GRO-B-6] was the one who gave me the medicine. They never took me to the big building to talk to Dr [GRO-B-6] about my medicine.

35. I was sometimes locked in a time-out room for nothing, even if I did not do anything wrong. It was a room that had no beds or blankets, and it was freezing cold. I would have to go there if the staff in Ward 12 thought I was being annoying or naughty. They would tell me off and then put me in there. It would be for about an hour. It happened more than once. It was bad but it was not as bad as being in time-out at Mount Wellington Residential School.

36. I was in Ward 12 for a long time. I always thought about whether I should try and escape from Ward 12. One day we were playing Volleyball. All the nurses went away. I am not sure why. I tried to escape then by climbing the fence. It was made from wire. I saw a car coming so I climbed down the fence and went back inside.

37. I had to stay in Ward 12 until early 1978. So, I was in Ward 12 for about 5 months. The doctor at Ward 12 organised for me to leave and go to Ruapotaka Primary School.

38. When I left Ward 12, my Mum and Dad, [GRO-B-1], had split up and my Mum moved to a different house. I stayed at home with my Dad, [GRO-B-1] and [GRO-B-2]. A bit later, [GRO-B-3] and [GRO-B-4] came back to live with my Dad, [GRO-B-1]. We would visit my Mum sometimes on the weekends.

39. My Dad would beat me up sometimes, but I do not like to talk about that. One day when we came home from Church, he told me to get undressed. He told me to lay on the floor. He took his belt off and gave it to me with the buckle. It was for no reason at all.

Ruapotaka Primary School

40. I went to Ruapotaka Primary School in 1978. It is in Point England in Auckland. The class I was in was called the "Adjustment Class".

41. The teachers at Ruapotaka were alright. I had a favourite teacher. Her name was Miss Claire. She was lovely. She helped us make our own birthday cake on our birthday.

42. I had a teacher aid that would come and work with me for two hours each day. The work was not hard, but I got very tired. I would go home and sleep in the afternoon.
43. I remember a terrible thing happened when I was at Ruapotaka. I saw a dad of a kid in my class get on his motorbike. He put his son, GRO-B, on the back of his motorbike. The dad drove away fast on the motorbike and his son fell off and he died. I felt really, really, sad about that.

Māngere Hospital

44. I would sometimes to Māngere Hospital in the holidays. It was like shit. I am not sure why I had to go there. I was only told that Māngere Hospital is just for people with disabilities but not as bad as mine.
45. I hated Māngere Hospital. I was treated really badly there. When I first went there, they put me straight in time-out and told me to wait. They put me in there for far too long. I was yelling for somebody to get me out. I did not have any food or drink. I was so angry, but I tried not to let my anger out. The staff did not come and get me out until night time. I really did not want

to be there. I do not understand why I had to go straight into time-out when I had only just got there. I had not done anything wrong.

46. Once the staff came to get me out of time-out, they took me to Mr GRO-B-7's house. He was a bastard and his care was really bad. I was placed there for a long time and I did not feel it was good. I did not get to go outside and play with my friends. I did not know what they were going to do to me. Nobody ever told me what was happening so I was always worried about what would be next.
47. The staff at Māngere Hospital would called me handicapped. I asked them not to call me handicapped but they did it anyway. I know I am handicapped but I don't like that word. I don't like being called a "handicapped". It undermines me.
48. One day I told Mr GRO-B-7 about how the staff were mean to me and how they called me names. He did not care. So, I called him a "shit" because I was so angry. I ran outside and just thought "I have had enough! I have had enough!", so I climbed the fence and escaped. Mr GRO-B-7 caught me before I got very far. He and took me back. inside. Then I had to stay

there until my Dad, [GRO-B-1] came and got me.

Mount Wellington Residential School / Bucklands Beach Residential School (Waimokoia Residential School)

49. After Ruapotaka School, I went to Mount Wellington Residential School and then Bucklands Beach Residential School. When I started, the school was in Mt Wellington and it was called Mount Wellington Residential School. While I was there, we moved to Bucklands Beach and the school got a new name. It was then called Bucklands Beach School or Waimokoia Residential School, but it had some of the same teachers. We also got some new teachers.

50. One day, in February 1979, my Dad [GRO-B-1], took me to Mount Wellington Residential School. I do not understand why I had to go to Mt Mount Wellington or Bucklands Beach Residential School. My records say that I was a “special admission” because I was different from the other kids that went there. The other kids that were there were really bad. Like, naughty.

51. My Dad [GRO-B-1] just dropped me off. It was just starting up. There was nobody there. I just had to walk around on my own because my Dad just left me there. I do not remember much

from the very start of my time at Mount Wellington and what happened the day I arrived.

52. I remember some things about how the school was set up. I remember that I had to sleep in a dormitory with other boys. It was hard for me to sleep because I needed to go to bed earlier than the other kids, at about 7:00pm, because I was so tired. The lights were still on until 8.45pm so it was very hard for me to fall asleep. This meant I was very tired the next day. This did change later when I got moved to my own room.
53. I also remember that we did not have our own bathroom and had to share. I had to have a shower at the same time as the other kids. I really did not like that.
54. One of things that I really remember is that the teachers at the school were very mean. Lots of them would call me “bung-eye”, especially Mr GRO-B-8, and some would put their cigarette butts out on me. It would burn me. It happened more than once but I do not know why. It was not just one teacher either, it was a few of the teachers. They would bully me.

55. Some of the other kids at the school were very mean to me to too. They would call me names. The teachers knew about the bullying, but they never did anything to stop it.

Mr GRO-B-9

56. Mr GRO-B-9 was the worst teacher. He was a bloody bastard. He would physically hurt me.

57. Mr GRO-B-9 would take me to the doctor when I needed to go. We went in the school van. It was a bit hard for me to get in and out of the van because I was hurt and because I cannot see very well. He did not let me get in and out of the van on my own. He would pull me by the collar to get in and would push me out of the van to get out. This happened more than once. It made me angry.

58. One day, I was walking to the gym at school. We had to go down there to do boxing. Mr GRO-B-9 made me do boxing even though I could not see properly. I also had to do gymnastics and jump over the big gymnastics horse. It was very hard because of my disability. Some of the teachers and the other kids would laugh at me.

59. The gym was at the bottom of a big bank. In winter it would get muddy and slippery when it would rain. One day, I was walking down the hill and I slipped down and cut my head open. It was bleeding. Mr. GRO-B-9 took me to the doctors in Panmure. He grabbed me by the collar and threw me into the van. He said "hop out". I was getting out but he beat me to it, grabbed me by the collar and threw me out of the van. He told me to "stand there".
60. When we got into the doctor's surgery, the doctor said, "We have a few more patients than we expected." I went to sit down but he grabbed me by the collar, pushed me and said, "Now sit there!". He was so rough with me when I was already hurt. He did the same thing to me on the way back to school, pushing me in and out of the van.
61. I was so angry when we got back to school. I called him a "fat bloody bastard" so he opened the time-out room and pushed me in. He left me in there with no food and no bedding all night. I just do not understand why somebody would do that me, especially when I was hurt.

Mr [GRO-B-10]

62. The [GRO-B-10] at Mount Wellington Residential School was Mr [GRO-B-10]. He was very mean. He would make me pull my pants down and then he would hit me with a belt and it would really hurt. He did this to me many times. Sometimes it would be a few times in one week. Mr [GRO-B-10] also told me that staff did not like me, and I cried.

63. There is one-time Mr [GRO-B-10] hit me with a belt that I really remember. I still have nightmares about it. I heard my friend, [GRO-B], in the toilet. He was asking for some toilet paper. I went to the staff room to ask for the toilet paper. The teacher in the staff room told me to go to classroom. When I got to class, I saw Mr [GRO-B-11]. He took me into the classroom and told me to write down what was on the blackboard. I could not write what was on the board though because Mr [GRO-B-11] had already rubbed it off. He knew I could not write something that he had already rubbed off. He got angry with me and told me to go [GRO-B] [GRO-B-10]'s office. When I got to Mr [GRO-B-10]'s office, he told me to pull my pants down and hit me three times on my legs with his belt. The buckle bit hit my legs and it really hurt. Mr [GRO-B-11] set me up.

64. On another day, I was late to class. The medicine I was on would make me wet the bed and I had taken my wet bedsheets to the lady in the laundry. That made me late. My teacher sent me to Mr [GRO-B-10]'s office. Mr [GRO-B-10] pulled down my pants and hit me with his belt buckle on my legs. He did this at least three times.
65. I really wanted to learn when I was at school, but the teachers put me at the back of the class. I could not hear anything, so I found it hard to learn anything. I would get frustrated and not to do my work, so the teachers would call me lazy. The bad thing is, I was not lazy. One day, Mr [GRO-B-11] said I was lazy. I told him I was not lazy. I was annoyed that he kept saying I was lazy. He got angry and took me to Mr [GRO-B-10]'s office. Mr [GRO-B-10] said I had been naughty so needed to be punished. He pulled down my pants again and whacked my legs with the belt.
66. I also remember that the children at the school would set the dining tables each day. I remember one day I had to set the table, but I did not do it correctly. It was hard for me to remember the order that the teachers wanted the plates and knives. It was also hard for me to see where I was putting the

things on the table. When I did it wrong, Mr [GRO-B-10] pulled down my pants and hit my legs with his belt buckle. He hit me about three times again. I cried. I just do not understand why Mr [GRO-B-10] would hit me so much because I was not being naughty.

Mr [GRO-B-12]

67. Mr [GRO-B-12] would physically hurt me too. He would make me sit on a chair and keep tapping my finger on my desk. I had to do this for a long time. He would then push the back of my chair and I would fall on the ground. Then, Mr [GRO-B-12] made me go in the time-out room for the whole night. This happened about four times.

68. There was a nice teacher at Mount Wellington Primary School. Her name was Mrs McKenzie. One day, Mr [GRO-B-12] and Mr [GRO-B-11] were being mean to me. She said, "don't do that to him, please". Mr [GRO-B-12] got Mrs McKenzie and pulled her by the collar and said, "Be quiet or you will go in time-out." He pushed her over onto the ground. She got in her car and drove home. I thought she was the best teacher because she tried to help me.

Time-out room

69. I was put in the time-out room nearly every day. I remember there was one time-out room at Mt Wellington and two at Bucklands Beach. All of the rooms were really scary because they were very dark. The room at Mt Wellington was the worst because there were no windows and I could hardly breathe.
70. The teachers would usually throw me into the room. Sometimes, the teachers would tie my hands behind my back with rope before they threw me in there. I would have to stay in there for a long time. Sometimes I had to stay the night in the time-out room and one time I had to stay in there for the whole weekend.
71. The teachers did not tell me why they were putting me in the time-out room but sometimes I would have to go in the time-out room if I wet the bed. It was not my fault that I wet the bed. I think it happened for a few reasons but one of them was because I was taking a lot of medicine.
72. I also remember another time I had to go to the time-out room was because I accidentally broke one of the dinner plates.

73. Another time, I had not done anything wrong, but a group of teachers stood around and asked what they should do to me. One of the teachers said to put me in time-out so they did. Then they just stood and laughed at me.
74. There was nothing to do in the time-out room and I would be very upset. I cried and yelled because I wanted somebody to let me out. There was no toilet and I would bang on the door so that a teacher would come and let me out. They never did and so I would have to wee on the floor. Sometimes I could hear the teachers talking about me and laughing at me from outside.
75. I did not feel good when I had to go in the time-out room. I felt scared and I felt like I was not loved.
76. Sometimes, instead of putting me in the time-out room, the teachers would hold my hands tight behind my back and throw me hard on my bed which was in the dormitory. They said it was because I was being naughty. Sometimes I had been a bit naughty but sometimes they just did it. The teachers who did this to me were Mr GRO-B-10, Mr GRO-B-8 and Mr GRO-B-11.

Other punishment

77. The teachers would do other things to be mean to me. I think they liked to harass me. They would call me names, laugh at me and do the fingers to me.
78. Sometimes when I wet the bed at night, the teachers would not let me change the sheets. They would make me sit in the corner of my room for the whole night. They did not give me any blankets or anything to sleep on. I was very upset and cold. Other times, if I wet the bed, the staff would throw cold water on me. A whole bucket. The staff would just laugh at me and I would cry.
79. I had a head injury and I needed to sleep in the afternoon because I get very tired. I still have a sleep in the afternoon now from 1pm to 5pm. If I do not have this sleep, all my eyesight goes away and I fall over a lot more. The teachers would not let me have my sleep even though my Mum told them I needed to. They said I could not sleep because I had been naughty. This even happened at night sometimes when the staff would make me stay awake. I do not know why.

80. Sometimes the teachers would not let me have food and they said it was because I was naughty.
81. I also remember that for one birthday, my mum sent me a Lego. I loved Lego. I still love Lego now. The teacher made me put it on the dispense desk and said I could take it after school. The teachers never let me take it, not even on the weekend. They just left it sitting on the desk where I could see it. It made me really sad and I cried. It was special from my Mum and I wanted to play with it.

Visiting

82. I would sometimes go home to see my Dad GRO-B-1 on the weekend. I liked being away from school but sometimes my Dad would beat me up.
83. I was not allowed to see my Mum when I was at Mount Wellington or at Bucklands beach. It was not fair that I could not see her.
84. I left Bucklands Beach Residential School in May or June 1980. Mum and my Dad GRO-B-5 just came and picked me up one day. My Dad GRO-B-5 walked into the staff room and told the teachers

I was leaving. When I came outside, my mum was standing outside of the car. She pointed at the office and said, "that is enough!". I got in the car, locked the doors and then we drove off. I was so happy to go home. That was the end of that.

85. I am hurt about what happened there. I just do not understand why the teachers did those things to me. I always ask myself "why did they do that?". I still have nightmares about it.
86. After I left Waimokoia, I lived with my Mum and my Dad, GRO-B-5 I did my schooling with the Correspondence School in Wellington. I got lots of certificates. I went to the gym, I rode horses and I had drum lessons. I have a photo of me playing the drums in my book.

Carrington Hospital

87. I went to Carrington Hospital for one day in April 1987. I was 19 years' old.
88. This was the first time I had ever been to Carrington Hospital. When I got there, I was very upset and scared. Four of the staff members there came and grabbed me. They put me in a room and it was like a jail. They locked the door, so I could not get out. There was no bed in the room, so I had to lay

down on the floor. It was cold.

89. There was no toilet in the small room so I said “Help!, Help!” but nobody came to help me. I had to do a wee on the floor. A female nurse then came and got me out. She took me to an office. I stayed in that office until my Mum came and got me the next day.
90. After being in Carrington, I went back home to live with my Mum and Dad GRO-B-5 I was very happy to be out of there.

Marriage to Jaitoon

91. I met Jaitoon when I went to Suva in 1997. We met at the hospital there. Jaitoon fell off a balcony when she was two years’ old and she hit her head. She had a brain injury too, like me. When I met her, I thought she was nice. Her face glowed like an angel and I had a crush on her. I wanted to sing love songs for her in the garden.
92. I had to go home to New Zealand soon after I met Jaitoon because our holiday was over. I thought about Jaitoon lots and I got to see her again when she came to visit New Zealand a

few months later. We fell in love and wanted to get married. I got her a greenstone ring.

93. Jaitoon and I got married at our house in Auckland. Jaitoon's parents lived with us too so they could help support her. The Minister of Immigration, Max Bradford, said that my marriage was a scam. He said that Jaitoon's family just wanted to get a visa to come to New Zealand. That was not true. I loved her and she loved me. It was a dream come true. We were in the NZ Woman's Weekly in 1997 about our marriage and our love for each other. **[WITN0549003]**.

94. We had our legal ceremony on 27 April 1997 and then we had a big gathering a few months later our wedding, my 30th birthday, my Mum's 50th and Jaitoon's sister's birthday.

95. Jaitoon and I had lots of happy times together. Unfortunately, she passed on Christmas Eve 2019.

IMPACT OF ABUSE

96. I try not to think about what happened to me when I was in care, but I still have lots of nightmares about it. Most of my nightmares are about Mr GRO-B-10 from Waimokoia.

97. For a long time, I did not talk about the abuse but that was because I thought that I would get in trouble. I decided to talk about it because this piece of writing is going to the Government in the hope it will never happen again.

98. My life is good now. GRO-B Road is close to the city and the airport. This is important to me because I am interested in flying, just like a fairy. I love Tinkerbell the cartoon.

REDRESS

99. I made a claim against the Ministry of Social Development, Ministry of Education and Ministry of Health in 2019. I have been working with Cooper Legal. I find it a hard process, so I have tried to put it out of my mind.

100. A copy of my written consent to use my statement is **annexed** to this statement.

Statement of Truth

This statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief and was made by me knowing that it may be used as evidence by the Royal Commission of Inquiry into Abuse in Care.

Signed: _____

GRO-C

Dated: 13.07.2021

Annexure A

Consent to use my statement

I, **Antony Robert Dalton-Wilson**, confirm that by submitting my signed witness statement to the Royal Commission of Inquiry into Abuse in Care, I consent to its use in the following ways:

reference and/or inclusion in any interim and/or final report;

disclosure to those granted leave to appear, designated as core participants and where instructed, their legal representatives via the Inquiry's database or by any other means as directed by the Inquiry;

presentation as evidence before the Inquiry, including at a public hearing;

informing further investigation by the Inquiry;

publication on the Inquiry website.

I also confirm that I have been advised of the option to seek anonymity and that if granted my identity may nevertheless be disclosed to a person or organisation, including any instructed legal representatives, who is the subject of criticism in my witness statement in order that

they are afforded a fair opportunity to respond to the criticism.

Please tick one of the two following boxes:

if you are seeking anonymity

or

if you are happy for your identity to be known

Signed:

GRO-C

.....

Date: 17.07.2021

.....