

WITNESS STATEMENT

Criminal Procedure Rules, r 27.2; Criminal Justice Act 1967, s. 9; Magistrates' Courts Act 1980, s.5B

Occurrence Number:	[REDACTED]	URN			
Statement of:	[REDACTED]				
Age If under 18:	Over 18 (If over 18 insert 'over-18')	Occupation:	[REDACTED]		
This statement (consisting of [REDACTED] page(s) each signed by me) is true to the best of my knowledge and belief and I make it knowing that, if it is tendered in evidence, I shall be liable to prosecution if I have wilfully stated in it, anything which I know to be false, or do not believe to be true.					
Signature:	[REDACTED]	Date:	01/03/2016		

Tick if witness evidence is visually recorded ☐ (supply witness details on rear)

① I am the above named person and I live at the address shown overleaf with my dad [REDACTED]

I am 17 years old and in December 2015 I started going out with a boy called [REDACTED]

② [REDACTED] is a friend of a friend of mine on facebook and that's how we first met and started talking on facebook. After a few weeks of talking on facebook I met him in person and that's when we started going out. Everything was fine for a couple of weeks and over Christmas.

③ In January 2016 [REDACTED] started showing really jealous and controlling streaks. He didn't like me wearing make-up or doing my hair. He started calling me names. He used to call me a Cunt, a dickhead and a prick and he would tell me I was fat and ugly. I was so upset and started feeling low and depressed. I really liked him and was excited by going out with him but then he started being so horrible. He made me believe that I was in the wrong and that it was my fault that he was calling me names.

④ Late January things got worse. [REDACTED] started grabbing me and throwing me. The first time he hit me I was at his dad's house in [REDACTED]. We were in [REDACTED] bedroom watching TV. We were arguing. I wasn't allowed to walk around and look up. [REDACTED] would make me always look at the floor when I was out. We were arguing about me not looking at the floor. He then pushed me so hard that I fell against the wall and smacked my head on the wall. He was still screaming and shouting at me. I stood up and tried to walk out of the bedroom but he grabbed me around my neck in a headlock and threw me to the floor. He then put his head in his hands and started saying "Im sorry, Im sorry. Is it over, Is it over." I told him I wanted to go home. We both left his dad's house we were walking down [REDACTED]

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Street [redacted] picked a brick up off the floor and said "Is it over, is it over. If it is then Ill go straight back to jail and put someones window through". I said "I cant keep going on with you acting like this" [redacted] threw the brick down on the floor. We walked down onto [redacted] and he picked up little stones and threw them at the windows of the [redacted] Royal Infirmary. We walked all the way into town and he kept shouting at me "Come here come here, youre a fucking slag, what you walking up the street for so someone can speak to you you fucking slag". I kept my head down and carried on walking trying to ignore him. I got to Westgate Street and got onto the number 18 bus. He punched the bus window. He then got on the bus screaming at me "Get the fuck here, get the fuck here". The bus driver told him to get off the bus or he would phone the police. [redacted] got off the bus and I went home.

I still stayed in a relationship with [redacted]. At the beginning of February I was walking through town with

[redacted] We were walking down Queen Street and some boy handed me a leaflet. I said "thank you" to the boy for giving me the leaflet. [redacted] started shouting and screaming at me saying "Get the fuck here before I hit you, youre a fucking slag, youre nothing but a slut, youre fucking fat and ugly". I kept walking with my head down. I tried to walk away from him but he said "Fucking walk away and Ill come up youre house and smash youre dad. Ill fucking petrol bomb youre house. If you don't come here Ill smash someone in the face". I was so scared of him and I really did think he was capable of carrying these things out that how could I walk away. I had to do what he said. We walked down [redacted] to go to his dads [redacted] He put his right arm around my neck and then swung me around and I almost fell over. We got to his dads and went to his bedrooms. He pushed me onto the bed and got on top of me. He was pinning me down on the bed by my shoulders and said "Ill kill you and youre dad". I said "my dad will go nuts with you" and he said "Who gives a fuck about youre dad. Ill kill you and Ill kill youre dad". He got off me. I said to him "I don't know who you think you are". [redacted] picked up a wooden leg off the floor and went to hit me with it but I managed to block it with my left hand. [redacted] was screaming at me "Ill put you in fucking hospital". He started smashing things up in his room. I didn't say anything. I know to keep quiet or it will make him worse. About half an hour later [redacted] started to calm down. He then walked me to the bus stop on Westgate Street. We both got on the bus and went to

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my house. Outside my house I tried to finish it with him. He said "Is it finished yeah cos if it is then I'll put a brick through your father's window". I was always scared that if I finished with him then he would hurt my family. I couldn't finish with him "I said ok ok just change then and I won't finish with you". I was so scared that he would hurt my family. I really believed that he would carry out his threats.

6
The next incident I can remember was I met him in the middle of February by [redacted] Road bridge but [redacted] Street. I had a bag of his clothes and I gave them to him and he threw the bag off the pavement onto the road. The pavement under the bridge is much higher than the pavement and there is a railing there. He jumped over the railing onto the road to pick up the bag, Cars were beeping at him and he was screaming "Fuck off" to them.

7
He then jumped back up on the pavement and was shouting at me saying "It's all your fault. Say sorry. You're a cunt, a fat bitch, an ugly twat". He grabbed hold of my left arm with his right arm and started pulling and pushing me around. This was happening all the way down the road. As we got to near his dad's he stopped pulling me and let go.

8
Another incident I recall was we were in his dad's in his bedroom again. [redacted] was going through my phone. He had already made me delete Facebook. Sometimes my little brother uses my phone and [redacted] went through history on my phone and could see that Facebook had been used. He started going nuts. He grabbed my arm and pulled me so I was nearly on the floor. He kicked me in my left ankle with his right foot. It hurt so much. I managed to sit back on the bed. I had my hair in a bun on top of my head. He grabbed hold of my hair and pulled me all around the room. He dragged me around the room shouting "Fuck you. You're a fucking slag, I'm gonna fucking hurt you". He stopped dragging me and he said "It's all your fault. Say sorry. Say fucking sorry". I said "Sorry". I was so scared. I had to say sorry so that he would stop. He then let go of me. We left the house and he threw my phone on the floor outside and it smashed into pieces. I started walking up the street. He ran up to me and just locked onto my nose with his teeth. He bit my nose. It hurt so much. He was shaking his head from side to side as he was biting me. I

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Statement of: [REDACTED]

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cont think it lasted a couple of seconds. He drew blood. He was calling me a slag and a slut and a fat cunt. This continued to the bus stop on Westgate Street. I then went home.

9 Another time we were fine all day. I think it was Wednesday the 2nd March. We had been in town. It was about 7.30 in the night. We got to the bus stop on [REDACTED] Street. One of [REDACTED] friends were there. His name is [REDACTED]. [REDACTED] was talking to him. [REDACTED] said to me "Alright love". I knew I wasn't allowed to speak to him. I ignored him but then [REDACTED] said it again so i said "Yeah" and then i turned straight back around and looked at the floor. [REDACTED] then got on the bus. We had [REDACTED] dad's dog with us. [REDACTED] said "You're nothing but a fucking slut". I was hoping and praying another bus would come. He yanked the dog by the lead. He was shouting at me "Get the fuck here you're not going home". He then grabbed hold of the front of my neck with his right hand. He was holding the dog's lead with his left hand. He grabbed my throat hard. I hurt. I couldn't breathe properly. He said "Likes him do you. Want to fuck him yeah. Ill hurt you". He then pushed me backwards onto some steps. He said "Ill take this dog chain off now and hit you over the head with it". I was terrified. He went to kick me but I went to move away so he missed but I hit my head on the wall. I was sat on the steps. He leaned over to me and bit my nose really hard. He was shaking his head from side to side as he was biting me. He then stopped biting me. He was pulling the dog [REDACTED] around on the lead and I said "Be careful with [REDACTED]". He then punched me full force in the face with his right hand. He punched me so hard it may me fall backwards. My whole face felt numb. I was petrified. Then he started crying and saying "Its all your fault. Look what you made me do again. Its all your fault". Thank god the bus came then. He said to me "Just go home." I got on the bus and went home. He text me all night as per usual blaming me.

10 Another day I met [REDACTED] outside the Vue. I have to wait for him normally to come upto me but I saw him talking to his friend near the shop by the Vue. I walked upto him and he said "Why you looking at him for cos Ill fucking floor you you fat slag". He kept coming up really close to my face and he head butted me in the face. It hurt. I tried to walk away but he followed me shouting "Come here come here. What you fucking staring at him for cos ill get his number and you can fuck him if you want". I was

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saying "Just leave me alone". He said "What so someone can come upto you and speak to you". He then just stopped and calmed down.

11

On Monday the 14th March I met him by the Vue cinema in [redacted] Street at about 4pm. I got off the bus and [redacted] was there. I was being a bit off with him cos he doesn't like me going shopping with my nan. He said "Where have you been?". I said "Ive told you where Ive been". He said, "Don't you be getting all angry with me". He then started calling me "Slag, fat cunt" and all the names he normally calls me. He said "Who have you been with with youre hair all nice". We were walking all the way through town practically a full circle of time with him shouting at me. I was texting my grampy to see if he was still in town. He said "What you texting youre grampy for. If he starts Ill knock him out as well". He told me to take my shoes off because he had bought them for me. I was walking and then I walked through sick and had sick on my socks. I took my socks off and he gave me my shoes back then to put on. We got back to [redacted] Street. We were by zero degrees bar. He went in my bag and took my phone out of my bag. He normally takes my phone off me. [redacted] started yanking and pulling my hair saying "Take it out take it out". I said "Im not taking it out". He was screaming at me still and was pulling my hair really hard. He then leaned towards me to try and bite me face. He opened his mouth wide and came towards me face and went to bite me. I pushed him away with my left arm but then he tried to sink his teeth into my arm. I was saying "Get off me". He just wouldn't leave me alone. He threw his phone on the floor and it smashed into pieces. I just walked off up [redacted] Street towards [redacted] Street. He was by the side of me screaming and shouting at me "Its youre fault, you wanted this".

12

We got to the crossing by the [redacted] Hotel. We started to cross the crossing. It was red for us to cross but he went to cross. A car came and beeped him and he shouted "what you fucking idiots", another car come and he said the same thing. He went to kick the passanger side of the car but he missed.

13

We got to other side of the crossing and there was a car full of boys. He said to me "Why do you keep looking in that car cos in a minute I will scar you for life. I will bite youre nose clean off".

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14 I could hear sirens. He said "Have you phoned the fucking police?". I said "No you got my phone" and he said "Youre sly." The police then pulled up. I thought "Thank the lord". I can not describe how relieved I was that the police were there. I saw the police man and police woman speak to [REDACTED] I panicked and thought "please don't let him go" but then the policewoman spoke to me and I knew I was safe. I am terrified of [REDACTED] that he will hurt me again but I am so scared that he will hurt my dad or my gramps. I will go to court and give evidence but am too scared to be in the same room as him. I have not seen a Dr about any of the injuries that [REDACTED] has caused. I am happy for any interested third party to have access to this statement.						

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VICTIM PERSONAL STATEMENT

Criminal Procedure Rules, r 27.2; Criminal Justice Act 1967, s. 9; Magistrates' Courts Act 1980, s.5B

Occurrence Number:

URN

Victim Personal Statement of:

2) The VPS to be read aloud by yourself?

No

16 Before I met [REDACTED] I was an outgoing, happy, bubbly girl. I was learning to drive and everything. I used to go out socialising with my friends a lot.

17 I met [REDACTED] and all that changed. He would tell me what to wear, how to do my hair. He wouldn't let me go out with my friends. He made me delete facebook.

18 He wouldn't let me look at anyone when I was out. I had to look at the floor. He didn't even like my taking my nan or gramps shopping.

19 He has completely controlled me 100 per cent. Everything I do or say is totally controlled by him. When he calls me names I believe what he is saying about me is true.

20 I know feel so low about myself. I have no self confidence. I hate him. I am so scared of him and what he will do.

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