

THE REAL DEAL

I grew up in Edmonton and Enfield, and so did my whole family. We spent our entire lives under the same Metropolitan Police force, the same Edmonton Green neighbourhood office, the same Civic Centre departments in Enfield Town, and the same London & Quadrant housing teams. Staff changed, but the buildings didn't. The departments didn't. The treatment didn't. It didn't matter what year it was or what case it was — the same systems kept coming back into our lives, again and again, until it felt like we were trapped in something we couldn't escape.

For years, the police kept cases hanging over my head. They kept me on bail conditions even when I won the cases. They reopened cases that were closed. They restarted cases with no evidence. They kept me under restrictions that made no sense. They used bail conditions to control where I lived, who I could see, and even whether I could return to my own home. The bail history in my New Master.pdf shows the truth: I was always on bail, even for cases marked NFA, withdrawn, dismissed, or won. Some bail periods lasted hundreds of days. Some forced me to live at 23 Byron Terrace. Some forced me to stay away from 23 Byron Terrace. Some forced me to report daily. Some forced me to avoid entire boroughs. It wasn't policing — it was malicious targeting.

And while I was dealing with that, my mum was dealing with everything else. She had to manage my defence paperwork, my SAR requests, my PNC record returns, my housing issues, my appeals, my restrictions, my wrongful evictions, my police correspondence — all while dealing with Deon's homelessness, Deon's stabbing, Deon's trauma, Deon's caseworkers, Deon's transfers, Deon's medical issues, Deon's risk assessments. She was dealing with everything because none of the agencies did their jobs.

When Deon was stabbed in 2017, my mum contacted the police, the council, and London & Quadrant straight away. She did everything she was supposed to do. She followed every instruction. She provided every document. She chased every officer. She chased every caseworker. She chased every department. And they still failed her. They didn't protect Deon. They didn't move her even though she couldn't return home. They ignored police warnings about the attacker. They ignored medical evidence showing she was unsafe. They ignored risk assessments showing she was vulnerable. They left her sofa-surfing, unstable, traumatised, and unsupported.

Then came the homelessness nightmare. Four different caseworkers. Two restarts of her homelessness application. The 56-day legal deadline missed. No S184 decision issued. Her solicitor chasing them repeatedly. Emails ignored. Evidence ignored. Law ignored. They didn't follow procedure. They didn't follow safeguarding rules. They didn't follow risk assessment rules. They didn't follow medical evidence. They didn't follow police evidence. They didn't follow anything. They just left her floating, unstable, and unsafe.

And while all of this was happening, my mum was trapped in endless paperwork. She had to chase police SAR. She had to chase L&Q. She had to chase Enfield Council. She had to chase Quadrant. She had to chase caseworkers. She had to chase crime reference numbers. She had to chase medical letters. She had to chase transfer requests. She had to chase homelessness officers. She had to chase temporary accommodation teams. It took years of her life — every day, every week, every month. She had no time left to live normally, to rest, to recover, or to be with us. She was exhausted, overloaded, and unsupported.

And because they kept me on bail, she had to manage my defence paperwork, my SAR requests, my PNC record returns, my housing issues, my appeals, my restrictions, my wrongful evictions, my police correspondence — all while dealing with Deon's crisis. She wasn't dealing with one problem. She was dealing with several at the same time. She had no time left to be a mother. No time left to be safe. No time left to be stable. No time left to do anything constructive with her children. The system took that from her.

She lived in constant fear, constant pressure, and constant instability. And so did I. Because they wrongfully evicted me. They blocked me from returning home. They blocked me from collecting my belongings. They blocked me from attending my mother's funeral properly. They blocked me from exercising my tenancy rights. They blocked me from supporting my mother. They blocked me from supporting Deon. They blocked me from living safely. They blocked me from accessing my own home. They destroyed my stability, my safety, and my life.

Across all the documents in my tabs, the pattern is undeniable: police delays, council delays, lost applications, missed deadlines, incorrect refusals, failure to provide decisions, failure to protect Deon, failure to support my mother, failure to follow homelessness law, failure to follow risk assessment procedures, failure to coordinate between agencies, continuous bail harassment against me, forced residence at 23 Byron Terrace, wrongful exclusion from my home, wrongful eviction by police, systemic targeting of my family.

This wasn't a series of mistakes. It was a system failure. It was institutional neglect. It was abuse of process. It was a nightmare — lived in real time, day after day, year after year — until it destroyed my mother, destroyed Deon's stability, and destroyed my life.

And every part of it is backed up by the documents in my tabs.