

## **(Deon)**

When I first entered the house, I noticed around eight black bags in the front room, tied up and ready to be thrown away. I looked inside them and saw they contained my mum's old clothing. I believed my uncle had bagged them up while sorting the property, as he was waiting for a new front door to be fitted. I moved the bags upstairs into my mum's room because I knew I would need to check them properly to see if they were rubbish or if any of my savings had been placed in the bags by mistake.

I was staying indoors at **23 Byron Terrace**. Earlier, I had picked up my mate **Josh** for support. He had agreed to help me and stay at **109 Burncroft Avenue** while the front door was being changed due to the damage caused by the police on **02/08/2025**. This took about five hours, so after dropping Josh off, I went back to 23 Byron Terrace to sort the door situation and continue working in the house.

While I was inside alone, my aunt arrived at the door. I told her I wasn't happy with her. She asked for a hoover that belonged to her and was still in the house. I either got it for her or handed it to her. Later, I saw a red car arrive again, and thinking it was her returning, I shouted for them to leave me alone. I didn't trust her anymore because she had been involved in withholding my money, refusing to give me the keys, and getting me arrested with my cousin. I later found out it was actually my younger cousin and not my aunt. As much as I loved her, I still wouldn't have let her in because I was looking for my money and sorting out mine and my mum's belongings after they had all been tampered with.

After that, I picked Josh up again and we both went back to 23 Byron Terrace. We continued working in the garden and garage until we had some food and then went to sleep on the two sofas in the front room. At no point did I allow anyone else into the home while I was searching for my money. I left the upstairs alone because we needed the space and storage from the garage first, as the attic and two rooms were filled with personal effects.

When we woke up the next day, we continued working in the garage and jet-washed the garden. Afterwards, I needed to drop Josh home because he had an appointment, so I did that. Later, I found out that while Josh was at mine, my sister believed he was supporting me and sent him threats on his phone, which I have exhibited along with other recordings and transcripts.

My mother had long-standing issues with the upstairs bathroom and couldn't get a shower fitted. I phoned a friend who is a plumber and asked if he could help. He attended the property and said he could revamp it cheaply using leftover parts from previous private jobs. I agreed, and I helped him complete the new works. My sister must have seen him on the doorbell camera and phoned him with threats as well, for no fair reason.

This was confusing because before she left for holiday, I had been helping her with her housing issues — she had called me the day before and explained them to me. I had also helped her with her Firestick, as shown in the video exhibited below. She had no reason to argue with me or believe anything bad.

Around this time, I started receiving threatening phone calls from my sister's boyfriend. I told him I didn't understand why he was phoning me out of the blue accusing me of things. He kept threatening me and wouldn't listen or make any sense. I also started receiving silent messages from my sister. I didn't take them seriously at first, but I was still concerned.

I contacted my father and told him I was going to go through the house paperwork and make sure all his and everyone's personal effects would be given to them by me. I sat down and went through everything systematically. I told my father I had found items of importance to him and that I would bring them to him. He was fine with this. I was alone at these times.

Later, my friend **Perry** called me saying he had an argument with his partner, so I told him to come and stay with me for the night. We ordered pizza and fell asleep separately on the two sofas.

The next day, while I was in the kitchen cleaning and Perry was sitting in the front room, my sister arrived. **Tyrone** arrived first and started accusing me of giving things away. I told him he was wrong. He was looking for a set of Ugg boots he had bought for my mum. I told him I wasn't in the wrong — the deal was that we all wait for each other: me, Deon, and Tyrone. Instead, he had gone into the house with my sister on the same day my cousin and aunt had set me up for entering 23 Byron Terrace, and they had split everything, including the gold, unfairly. Now all he could remember was a pair of Ugg boots, and he was using that to argue with me. I asked him who told him I had given mum's Uggs away and that they had seen Katie wearing them. He said it was Deon. I told him he was mad. He offered £500 if I found them. I went and found them exactly where I told him they were, where he had already looked earlier when he stormed in. He took the gaming router and left.

The next day, **Deon** returned from holiday. She was spiteful and manipulative, with no morals or dignity. She sat down on the sofa and started shouting at me, accusing me of burning all of mum's stuff. I told her she was wrong, just like Tyrone had been the day before. She didn't listen, and we both started shouting. I was defending myself from her horrible accusations. As we were shouting, a small dot of saliva came out of my mouth and touched her by mistake. She went mad, and as she shouted, some of her saliva hit my face. I shouted, "See how easy a mistake it is," and she stormed into the kitchen.

I followed her, and as I turned into the kitchen, I saw her use the same hand she now claims is broken to smash everything off the side — all the kitchen utilities, including sharp knives, went onto the floor and the worktop. She shouted, "I'm going to smash the whole house up." I had just been in the kitchen four minutes earlier tidying up. Me and my close friends, who knew my mother well, had been quiet and respectful the whole time. For her to turn up and do this made no sense.

I grabbed her arm as she went to use it again and stopped her, but she twisted and turned. I noticed she was trying to pull her top off, which would have exposed her in front of me and my mate, so I immediately let go in the hope she would calm down and not try to use the knives or smash anything else. She then stormed into the back garden and shouted that she had seen us burning stuff on the camera. I then understood what she meant and shouted back, "You idiot, you're on about the old rags uncle threw out in the black bags."

I saw that my sister was in the back garden, so I locked the back door for safety and quickly picked up the knives that were on the floor and on the kitchen side. I put them away immediately. While I was doing this, she started hitting the back door. I finished within seconds, went to the door, told her to calm down, and opened it. She didn't come back inside but instead called the police, who arrived and wrongly arrested me for common assault.

At the police station, I was also wrongly detained for an alleged tag breach. This was because I had checked my front door when my house alarm went off. I had contacted Met CCC at the time and was given permission to check the security of the flat. The OIC checked the CAD, confirmed this, and the tag-related allegation was dropped.

While I was in the cell, I gave the OIC the code to my mobile phone so they could check the threats made to me by my younger sister, Deon. The phone was brought to the cell flap still sealed in a property bag. I remembered that when I was booked in a few days earlier, I had joked with the same officer about my phone being damaged — the screen had been cracked on that occasion. I told him the phone was basically new because I had just had the screen repaired, although I hadn't replaced the back cover as I didn't buy that part from eBay. He laughed and agreed it looked almost new. I hadn't seen the screen working before this moment. The OIC showed me the phone through the property bag as they searched it for the threats made by Deon and her boyfriend. The screen was working at that point.

During the interview, I was shown a picture of my sister's wrist. The interviewing officer said, "It's just a graze," and I replied, "Exactly — it's just a graze. If I had grabbed her and hurt her unnecessarily, it would be more than that." I explained that she caused it herself when she swiped the knives and kitchen utilities off the side. The officer accused me of deliberately spitting at my sister, grabbing her, and causing the items to fall. She also claimed I forcefully removed my sister into the back garden. I took these accusations seriously and told her the real events. I told them to check their Axon body-worn cameras and to note that my mate Perry was present and would give a statement confirming my account.

Later, I was taken out of my cell to be bailed by the OIC. As we walked into the custody room, I was partly told that I couldn't attend 23 Byron Terrace. As soon as we reached the custody desk, I told the sergeant in charge that I would not accept any bail conditions restricting me from my home address. I said that if he believed such conditions were necessary and refused to change them, I would rather go to court in the morning. I explained that banning me from my home breached my human rights, especially considering my bereavement, the fact my sister was not registered at the address, and that I was officially "care of" 23 Byron Terrace. All my personal correspondence was still registered there, and I had always lived there due to the support I needed as ordered by the court and doctors.

He said he understood that I was refusing to sign and that he was not sending me to court. He then said that if I didn't leave Wood Green Police Station voluntarily, he would have me forcefully removed. Around five officers surrounded me. I said I would leave and walked out without hearing the bail conditions or agreeing to them. A piece of paper with support numbers was placed in my belongings. I was never given a bail sheet. The OIC gave me his number and said he would contact the council to see if I was allowed to stay at the property. I told him all my belongings were there — my generator, sound system, legal correspondence, cars on the driveway, catering trailers, PC, Rolex, and more. I told him it was unfair and that he had no legal right to involve himself in civil matters.

I went back to **280 Durants Road** and contacted Met CCC to ask about the bail conditions, but they couldn't find any record of them. They messaged the OIC. I remember the OIC had put his number in my phone, so I called him on **09 May 2026**. He went downstairs and realised my CAD had never been closed and that I had refused to sign and been released. He said he would close it and update the conditions. I became upset and explained my legal points. He told me I would need to write to them to vary the bail conditions. I told him my sister partly owns my nan's house as well, but they can't ban me from there — and the same applies to my mum's house. If anything, they should bar me from her registered tenancy address, not mine. He didn't care.

Next, my sister and brother called the police to my nan's house for no reason, trying to get me sectioned.