

Simon — **A1 confirmed.**

This is the **full-life emotional narrative**, covering EVERYTHING from **August 2025 → April 2026**, including:

- the arrest
- the tag
- the bail address
- your mum's emails
- the inheritance intentions
- the family pressure
- the money
- the houses
- the next-of-kin deception
- the solicitor confusion
- the police
- the arrests
- the court
- the betrayal
- the manipulation
- the tag misuse
- the civil vs criminal abuse
- the events of 23–27 April
- the emotional impact
- the legal significance

I will now begin writing **Version A1** —
the **full emotional, detailed, gripping narrative**,
with **every detail preserved**,
in **perfect chronological order**,
with **no loss, no dilution, no gaps, no softening**,
and with **clear explanations of why each event matters**.

VERSION A1 — FULL EMOTIONAL NARRATIVE

“From August 2025 to April 2026 — What Really Happened”

(This is long, deep, and complete — exactly what you asked for.)

CHAPTER 1 — 2nd August 2025: The Arrest, the Ambulance, and the First Betrayal

The day everything started to unravel was **02/08/2025**.

I was arrested.

My Auntie Sheila — the woman I trusted, the woman who raised me like a second mum — acted as my **appropriate adult** at the police station.

At that moment, I still believed she was on my side.

I still believed she cared.

I still believed she would protect me.

I had **£7,000** hidden under the freezer at **109 Bancroft Avenue** — money I had saved honestly, slowly, painfully, from my benefits, from being indoors on curfew, from trying to build a future without crime.

While I was sitting outside on the floor waiting for the ambulance, I told her where the money was.

I trusted her.

She went inside, took the money, and gave it to my mum.

At the time, I thought nothing of it.

I thought she was helping.

I didn't know this moment would become the first thread in a long chain of manipulation.

CHAPTER 2 — 4th August 2025: The Tag and My Mum's Last Act of Protection

On **04/08/2025**, the court placed me on an electronic tag and assigned me to my sister's address.

But when we got there, it wasn't feasible.

My mum knew this.

She knew her own medical needs.

She knew the layout.
She knew what was realistic.

So she wrote to the court — from her iPhone — requesting an urgent hearing on **08/08/2025** to change my bail address to **280 George Road**, the house she shared with her brother and sister.

The court agreed.

This was the last major protective act my mum made for me before she passed away on **07/04/2026**.

She never revoked it.
She never changed it.
She never wrote anything different.

She wanted me safe.
She wanted me stable.
She wanted me home.

CHAPTER 3 — My Mum's Words: Her Real Will

My mum didn't make a formal will.
But she made her intentions clear — in writing, in texts, in her own words.

She told me:

**“I don't care what Andrew and Sheila do with their share.
My share is my share, and I'm giving you, your brother and your sister my share.”**

She was under pressure from them to sell.
She didn't want to.
She wanted her children to inherit something.
She wanted us to have stability.
She wanted us to have a future.

She didn't make a will because she didn't want to include certain people she didn't trust.
She didn't want to give them power.
She didn't want them controlling her estate.

Her intention was clear.
Her love was clear.
Her words were clear.

CHAPTER 4 — The Family Dynamics They Pretend Don't Exist

My dad lived at 280 as a **guest**, not a tenant.
He never paid rent.
He had nowhere else to go.

My uncle Andrew hadn't lived there for years.
He walked away long ago.
He only came back when my mum got ill.

My auntie Sheila lives at **Fyrebroke Crescent**.
She pays council tax there.
She admitted in texts she doesn't live at 280.

Yet both of them:

- forced themselves in as next of kin
- pressured my mum about selling
- tried to control her estate
- tried to control me
- tried to use my tag against me
- tried to push me out of my home
- tried to interfere with my inheritance

My mum didn't want them as next of kin.
She only agreed after checking the law and realising they couldn't take her house or inheritance rights.

CHAPTER 5 — The Money: Years of Saving, Now at Risk

I saved money for years —
from my benefits, from being indoors on curfew, from trying to build a future.

I gave my mum money to keep safe.
She kept it in her room.

After her death, my aunt and uncle had access to her bedroom.
I didn't.

They told me they “found some of the money.”

I had no reason to distrust them before.
But now, everything felt wrong.

CHAPTER 6 — 280 George Road: The House I Saved

After my mum died, I stayed at **280** under court order.

The house was in a terrible state:

- rotten food
- dirty carpets
- broken furniture
- mould
- mess everywhere

I cleaned everything:

- carpet cleaners
- jet washing
- clearing rotten food
- replacing everything
- repairing damage

My dad contributed nothing.
My uncle and aunt contributed nothing.

I was the only one living there.
I was the only one maintaining it.
I was the only one respecting it.

CHAPTER 7 — The Offer: £40,000 Cash and a Promise

When I found out my aunt and uncle were planning to sell their shares to my brother behind my back, I was upset — not because I didn't want my brother to have anything, but because:

- I am the eldest
- I carry the Cordell name
- I asked for first refusal in 2013
- I had money saved
- I wanted a fair chance

So I made a **serious offer**:

- **£30,000 cash** I already had
- **£10,000 extra**
- **£1,000 a month**
- selling my equipment to raise more

I told Auntie Sheila:

“Let Uncle Andrew sell his share to Tyrone.
But please sell your share to me.
I’m the eldest.
I asked first.
I deserve a fair chance.”

She refused.

Then she said she wouldn’t sell to me OR Tyrone.
She wanted to sell privately.

I accepted it.
I didn’t argue.
I didn’t fight.
I respected her decision.

But that wasn’t enough for them.

CHAPTER 8 — The Blackmail: “You’re Not Getting the Keys Unless You Move Out”

My uncle told me:

“You’re not getting the keys to your mum’s house unless you move out of 280 and give me your room.”

That is blackmail.
That is coercion.
That is manipulation.

My aunt told me:

“This is my mother’s house and Andrew’s mother’s house. You have no authority.”

But she had already told me earlier:

- my mum had no will
- the share goes to me, Tyrone, and Dion
- she would “guarantee” it
- I had nothing to worry about

She lied.

CHAPTER 9 — 23 April 2026: The Day Everything Exploded

I told them I would go to my mum’s house with my documents and a locksmith.

Before I arrived, **Jermaine** phoned me:

- “Why are you upsetting my mum?”
- “I don’t have the keys.”
- “I don’t have access.”

I told him I had been polite.

I even told Auntie Sheila I loved her “even when she’s grumpy.”

When I arrived at **23 Byron Terrace**, Jermaine opened the door — even though he had just said he didn’t have the keys.

He put his arm across the doorway, blocking me.

I moved his arm and walked in.

I found a set of keys.

I left.

I later realised they were the wrong keys.

When I returned, the police were already there.

My aunt, uncle, and cousin were sitting inside my mum’s house like it belonged to them.

The police arrested me for “common assault” — even though nothing happened.

I showed them my documents.

They ignored them.

I was taken to the station.

CHAPTER 10 — The Tag Breach: The False Arrest

At the station, they tried to say I breached my tag.
I hadn't.

The welfare variation order wasn't written correctly.
The tagging company was wrong.

The next day, the court confirmed I was right.
No further action.

But the damage was done.

CHAPTER 11 — 24 April 2026: The Courtroom Sabotage

When I went to court, my aunt and uncle were in the public gallery.

The judges were new.
The CPS was new.
My solicitor was someone I thought was Joseph Hill —
but the next day Joseph Hill told me it wasn't him.

I had been tricked into signing a CRM14 under false pretences.

When the judges were about to vary my bail to help me move my belongings,
my aunt and uncle stood up and started shouting:

**“Change his tag!
Move him out of 280!
Put him at 23!”**

They tried to use the criminal court to force me out of my home.

The judges refused.
They said it was a civil matter.

But the damage was done.

CHAPTER 12 — The Return Home: The Locks, the Police, the Threats

After court, I took the train to Edmonton Green, then a cab.

I saw my aunt leaving a key at my mum's house.
I took it.

When I got to 280, my key didn't work.
I thought I lost it.
My phone was dead.
I had no money left.

I entered through the back door —
a lock that had no working key anyway.

My aunt arrived and tried to get me arrested for burglary.

The police came.
I showed them everything:

- texts from my mum
- bail conditions
- proof she didn't live there
- proof Andrew didn't live there
- proof I cleaned the house
- proof I lived there
- proof they were blackmailing me

They still arrested me for “criminal damage.”

Later, they released me.

CHAPTER 13 — 27 April 2026: The Final Return

When I was released, the custody officer said:

“This is a civil matter now.”

When I returned to 280, my dad tried to tell me I had to move out.
I walked past him and went inside.

My aunt and uncle called the police again.

This time, the police said:

“He’s allowed to stay.”

I finally got my key back.

CHAPTER 14 — Where I Stand Now

It’s now **27/04/2026**, midday.

I have:

- one key to 280
- one key to 23
- my brother and sister will have theirs
- access for the first time since my mum died

But I am deeply concerned.

My aunt and uncle:

- lied
- manipulated
- blackmailed
- tried to use the criminal court
- tried to get me arrested
- tried to push me out of my home
- tried to interfere with my inheritance
- tried to sabotage my defence

My uncle even tried to shake my hand and say:

**“It’s on between me and you.
We’re getting you out of 280.”**

I refused.

This is not a game.

This is my life.

My home.

My mum’s wishes.

My future.

And I will not be persecuted for telling the truth.

★ **VERSION A1 COMPLETE.**

Simon — this is the **full emotional narrative**,
with **every detail**,
every date,
every event,
every feeling,
every legal point,
exactly as you asked.

If you want, I can now produce:

Version B — the clean, factual, court-ready version.

Just say “**Do Version B**”.