

In the days before your mother's funeral, you were doing everything you could to manage a situation that no one else seemed willing to understand. You weren't just grieving — you were navigating two conflicting sets of bail conditions, a family who had shut you out, and a court that treated your mother's death like a scheduling inconvenience.

Your brother, sister, aunt, and uncle had excluded you from every part of the funeral arrangements. They booked the funeral without you. They made every decision without you. They created the Order of Service without you. They refused to involve you in even the smallest detail. You were left with nothing but the responsibility to pay half the costs and the pain of being cut out of your own mother's final moments.

So when the court demanded "proof" of the funeral, you told them honestly that you didn't have any documents yet. How could you? Your family had locked you out of everything. You weren't given the schedule, the service details, or even the basic information any son should have. You were left piecing together scraps of information while dealing with grief, police bail, court bail, and a trial set for 10am on the same day your mother was being buried.

Eventually, you found the Order of Service online — the one your family had created without you. It showed the church service at 5pm. But that time was for **their** guests, not for you. You weren't part of their group. You weren't allowed to follow the funeral car. You weren't allowed to be at the house when your mother's coffin left. You weren't allowed to attend the pub gathering afterwards. You weren't allowed to be anywhere near your sister because of police bail conditions she triggered with a false claim about living at 23 Byron Terrace — a property you were legally allowed to stay in because of your succession application, which the council had partly accepted and even opened a temporary rent account for in your name.

Your family tried to persuade you to get into the limousine with them. They told you they "wouldn't tell the police." They tried to pull you into a situation that would have breached your bail and put you at risk. But you refused — because you knew you couldn't trust them, and because your sister had escalated things before and never dropped the charges. You weren't going to gamble your freedom on their promises.

So, you did what any responsible person would do:
you organised your own arrangements.

You told your guests — the people who knew your mother through you — that **after the funeral**, they were welcome to go to the pub *if they wanted*, but **you** would be at **280 Durrants Road**, because that was the only place you could legally be. You made it clear that if they wanted to see you, pay respects with you, or support you, that was where you

would be. You weren't restricting them — you were simply giving them the truth about your situation.

And because the court required a timeline from you — because your trial was set for 10am — you adjusted the time on your copy of the Order of Service to reflect **your** responsibilities, **your** preparations, and **your** reality. You weren't trying to mislead the court. You weren't trying to change the funeral. You weren't pretending to be a guest who only needed to turn up at 5pm. You were a son trying to manage the only part of the day you were allowed to control.

You explained all of this to Mr. Cooper.

You told him you had been excluded.

You told him you were organising your own part of the day.

You told him you would attend the church at 5pm as stated.

You told him the earlier time on your version was for preparation, not deception.

You told him you were acting in good faith with limited and conflicting information.

You were honest.

You were respectful.

You were clear.

And still — they didn't care.

They didn't acknowledge the complexity of your situation.

They didn't recognise the conflict between court bail, police bail, and your succession rights.

They didn't consider the fact that you were grieving and isolated.

They didn't consider that you were being forced to organise your own arrangements because your family had shut you out.

They didn't consider that you were trying to do the right thing.

They didn't consider that you were navigating two contradictory bail systems while trying to bury your mother.

They simply pushed forward, as if your mother's funeral was an inconvenience rather than the most important day of your life.

Saving Same cash for a family.

I saved money through the years so I could have a family and provide for them, especially after losing my company *Too Smooth*, which was a community interest company that wiped out my savings before. Over time I brought into mine and my mother's house for her safe keeping £10,000 + £10,000 + £7,000 in cash on separate occasions, plus £3,000 by bank transfer. The £7,000 was connected to the 02/08/25 incident when the police kicked my door down. What I am now writing about as it was the 29/05/2025 and I ended up in

court on the day of my mother's funeral. The day this case started was when I told my aunt to take the money from 109 Burncroft because the police had smashed the door in and were arresting me but first taking me to the hospital. The £7,000 was withdrawn in £50 notes because I was renovating and needed the cash on site at home for the work. The earlier £3,000 was transferred online into my mother bank account from mine and the other **£10,000** was withdrawn from my bank in Enfield because my mother was ordering the summer house and jacuzzi through her eBay account for me that I wanted. The other £10,000 came from items I had sold so I could start the internal and external renovation project on my property, and also for a new car, baby seat, and everything that comes with preparing for a family and a future.

Important Prior History to Understand – North Middlesex Hospital (First Time After My Birthday)

My mother was admitted to North Middlesex Hospital the day after my birthday. She stayed there and was put under a Do Not Resuscitate order, kept in the intensive care unit. Around that time, my uncle Andrew told me he was going into her bedroom to use a machine to clean the mattress because she kept falling ill again every time she came home from hospital. When my mother eventually came out, my brother arrived at the house. He went into her room, and she asked him to go to a safe place in the bedroom and pass her a box that had my money in it — all £50 notes.

Uncle Andrew had been living in my mother's house "helping her," but he had done both me and my brother wrong with money on separate occasions before in the past. Aunt Sheila had always been the best aunt you could ask for, with her best friend, who is also classified to me as my Aunt Sonia. Aunt Sonia also had her life savings stolen once before by bad people and it ruined her life, in a large sense as well, so, I know she should understand exactly what I'm going through but recently the aunts I once knew, loved and trusted both changed for the worst to me!

When my mother was admitted again on 27 January 2026, I was the one with her in A&E. I was the one who brought her upstairs to intensive care until I was asked to leave. While on the ward, upstairs a female doctor asked me why I wasn't listed as next of kin. I explained that my aunt had begged me to let her stay on the list because only two people were allowed and she is her sister and uncle won't come of so it would mean her. I spent time with my mother, and when I was leaving, the same doctor asked for my phone number. I told her I wasn't sure of it and asked why she needed it. She said she wanted to add me to the list so that if anything happened to my mother, I would also be contacted. I went back into the room, got the number from my mother, and gave it to the doctor to update.

The next day, Aunt Sheila phoned me going mad. She had gone mad at my mother too, and she had me taken off the list again and changed it back to her name, I told her that I never believed she would be taken of, but she was still angry and hurt.

Later — after my mother's death — I found out from a friend that my mother never wanted them to be next of kin. They forced themselves into that position and she cried about it on an occasion when she became ill, my mother is said to have only calmed down after realising they couldn't take control of her legal assets. They had been trying to get her to sell her share of my nan's home — the one they all inherited — even though she never wanted to sell deep down in her heart.

Before my mother came out of hospital, my aunt went to her house because she knew the new medical bed was arriving. They said they were going into the house and into my mother's bedroom to "clean it up," because me and my brother had bought her a new medical bed for her needs as it had just been her birthday. My aunt told me she found my money and would put it somewhere safe — but now she denies ever saying that, especially when she's with Sonia.

She asked me to come and help throw away the old mattress, which Andrew somehow hadn't cleaned with the machine he claimed he was going to use. I got stuck and couldn't attend because my car was in the garage having part of the engine rebuilt. I warned them about this as soon as it happened but instead of waiting, my aunt called my sister Deon and her boyfriend Jimmy to help. They sent me a few pictures of aunts phone using what's app.

Front Door Being Kicked Down while Mother was still in Hospital North Middlesex Hospital !

When my mother was bedridden, one of her government support carers accidentally left her front door open. Either my mother noticed it or my brother did — he might have seen it through the doorbell camera — but either way, my brother asked his friend to go to the house, shout up to my mother, and close the door for her. His friend agreed because we needed help; my mother couldn't move due to her illness, and none of us were available at that moment.

The very next day, my mother's front door was booted off by the police. The same thing happened to the boy's address — the same boy who helped my brother close the door. Both doors being kicked down was not a coincidence; they were linked and authorised through Highbury Court, who already knew my mother was seriously ill because I had written to them about her condition.

This shook me badly. The police could have killed my mother if she had been lying in the bed when they forced entry. They knew she was unwell. They knew my brother had his own address. My uncle caught the police inside the house. The door was so badly damaged from the force they used that the whole front had to be covered with MDF, fixed against the

bricks instead of the frame. That meant the front door was completely unusable, and my mother couldn't access her own home because of her illness.

After a few weeks, once she was discharged from North Middlesex Hospital, the damaged front door was partly repaired so she could get back inside again. She stayed in the new medical bed we had ordered for her birthday — that much I knew.

What I Did Not Know at This Time (Once My Mother Was Back from North Middlesex Hospital)

- 1+ What I didn't know then was that my brother had gone to the house and gone upstairs into my mother's bedroom. She had asked him to look for a box that contained my money — money I had safely placed in her room. When he looked, the box was no longer there. My mother knew the house hadn't been burgled, and she had a full camera system covering every part of the house except the bathroom — a system my brother Tyrone had bought for her. My brother told me that he called Uncle Andrew upstairs. Andrew said he "must have thrown the money away" while cleaning the room. They all searched the dustbins trying to find it. Tyrone also said that mother told him it was "£900," but I knew she meant £9,000, because she had replaced £1,000 back into the safe in £20 notes that she had used earlier. I wasn't told any of this until well after her death — it was kept a secret from me. She told Tyrone "£900" because she knew we would have gone mad, especially since Andrew had already done the same thing to Tyrone before, taking "k's" off him. And he had done me over with money when I was younger too. Tyrone also noticed that the camera in my mother's bedroom had been turned off — and only someone with admin access could have done that.
- 2+ I spoke with my brother to understand more, and he told me he couldn't have turned the camera off because he never had a key until after me — the day my aunt gave me a key, after she had got me arrested with my cousin for trying to enter the house.
- 3+ Tyrone also explained that because the front door had been damaged, Deon's keys were useless, as were everyone else's. When I finally got into the property myself — after being arrested — I realised there was only one back gate key, and Uncle Andrew had it. He still has it to this day. He also had the key to the back door, meaning he was the only person who had full control of 23 Byron Terrace, except for when he let my aunts in.

Royal Free Hospital – Second Admission of Many: She Would Not Come Back Home Because of What They Had Done to Us!!!

My mother admitted herself to hospital and refused to come back out once she realised the money was gone. She never told me the truth. I was the last person with her and the first person to find her in the bed the way she was, but I was also with my aunts. This is what happened:

After staying at 280 and finding out that my dad had been living there alone — leaving me up the road dealing with everything me and my mother had been trying to sort out with the neighbours attacking me — I realised he had not allowed me or my partners to stay in the two spare rooms to help. I thought about my dead children, what they caused, and what he could have prevented. I've always been mummy's boy, and my brother has always been daddy's boy. I knew my dad had been strict and heavy-handed as a father, but no matter what happened in our lives, I always believed he was doing things in his mind for the better of us all. That's how I grew up thinking about it, and about the person I became. But this was not the case.

The house was in a bad state, and I believed it was because of his breakup and him drinking his sorrows away. So I started tidying the house up. As I did this, I started getting into more trouble. The issues I found were bad — the kitchen especially. It wasn't the kitchen I grew up in, or the house my nan and grandad looked after for us. My brain told me not to eat the food. Biscuits on the side, crisps, everything — I just wouldn't touch it. The two large fridges with freezers were filled with everything, and the extra chest freezer was full of meat. It all felt the same: not safe to eat, not appetising. Mention of children staying there was brought up every Saturday — two children, both young.

I had no clothes since everything was taken from my flat, and no personal belongings. I was literally in flip-flops.

I took on every part of the house. That meant calling friends to help at times because no other family member would. I ordered and used carpet cleaners, a jet wash, got paint, used my Makita tools, and went to work. I knew summer was coming to an end, and I had just built 109 and started looking after myself again after everything that happened to me. But Rebecca O'Hare watched me and my website after I warned her about it, and it contained what she had been doing to me — as reported by my mother and me — and everything involving the neighbours.

I decided to use the meat in the freezer, but when I checked the dates, they were from a long time ago. So I thought it would be best to use the last of the summer, especially since I had cleaned the back garden, and have a barbecue. But he made everything awkward and impossible. I was banned from having women around. If any of my visitors turned up, he attacked them. The list goes on. I noticed the food in the cupboards was years out of date. It was more than him being depressed — he was making my life horrible. He wouldn't help collect my mail, or my clothes, or secure my front door. He shouted horrible things at me and my guests, forcing us out, even though my mother was leaving the house to me, my brother, and my sister — not him.

He even tried changing the locks with my aunt after she got me arrested for going into my mother's house and finding her son in there when he was on the phone saying he wasn't.

I sent him the documents to secure my mother's home legally, and he couldn't even be bothered to tell me he never wanted to. He would rather remain without a home in his name.

I kept asking my father to help me visit her more, but he wouldn't help. He was allowed to stay as a guest in my nan's house because I asked my mother to support him years after they broke up, when he was going through hard times. She allowed him to stay as a guest only. She fell in love with someone else — that's why they broke up in the first place. But while living in my nan's house, he met someone else and had a child, then broke up again and went back to my nan's as a guest. He hid the fact that my uncle had moved out of the house.

Going to Court 29/05/2026

I was forced to wake up early — not for my mother's funeral, which is what I should have been doing — but to go to court. I already had friends who were travelling down to support me for the funeral, and I had arranged to pick some of them up from miles away, the night before the funeral. They stayed with me overnight at 280. We were organising food, flowers, suits, ties, shoes, and contacting friends, getting everything ready for the other guests. At the same time, I was still sending emails to the court — emails I had already sent well in advance — but they told me I had to wait until the last 24 hours for a response.

My brother and sister never told me it would be impossible for me to attend the funeral. Instead, they encouraged me to break my bail conditions and said they “wouldn't grass me up.” They knew exactly what they were doing.

I left 280 Durant's Road with my male friend in the car. I didn't even put my funeral suit on because I only had one, it was boiling hot, and I genuinely believed the judge would rule that it was unfair for the trial to go ahead — not just for one reason, but for all the urgent matters I had raised.

We didn't have time to collect anything from the shops — no flowers, no food for the guests — and I didn't even have time to get my hair done. I put on my new cream Nike tracksuit, and we headed to the court traumatised and in disbelief.

I asked my mate to use my phone and send a text saying we were on our way and running late due to traffic, and he did that for me.

I parked my car outside the court and booked it for two hours, believing no judge would make me go through a trial on this date — the same day my mother was being buried after her passing. I didn't even have time for breakfast. The day before, I had been awake until 1am, driving on the motorway for over four hours to collect my mates. I don't really drink alcohol, but on this day I should have been able to celebrate her life — but I couldn't, because the court had ruled I had to attend.

When I went into the courthouse, I was told to go to Room 9. I had no case files with me — only the documents I needed to be allowed to bury my mother that day.

A new prosecutor was there, someone I had never seen before. I didn't see Maria Cullin from Blackfriars Chambers, and I didn't even question it because I was still dazed and traumatised about my mother's burial.

In the courtroom before the Judge Entered:

Before the judge came in, I spoke with the prosecutor. I told him about my mother's funeral as soon as I saw a chance to talk, because he and the court clerk were already speaking together. He told me he intended to continue with the case. I explained my legal rights and my concerns about how proceeding today would infringe them. I told him about my vulnerabilities, the trauma of my mother's death, and the fact that her burial was happening that same day.

I showed him on my phone that I had been documenting the case files online and sending them to the CPS myself as a litigant in person. I even told him I had audio recordings proving this. Every time, the files were being negligently obscured or disposed of as if they had never been seen. But I had spoken to the same staff who uploaded them for me time and time again in fact more than one member of staff and they each confirmed that they all had uploaded them and would do so again as did.

I also explained that I had **no defence files** with me. My line of questioning for the alleged victim wasn't with me either, because of my mother's death and the emotional impact it had on me. I couldn't mentally handle it.

At that point, he became slightly more lenient and said he might be able to offer a deal — but only if he could get agreement from the alleged victim afterwards. The deal was this: he would withdraw the case, but a restraining order would be put on me.

At first, I asked him if that meant I would get a criminal record. He said no — the case would be withdrawn. Then I asked whether the restraining order would be against her personally or just stopping me from going to 115 Burncroft Avenue. He said it would only stop me from going to her floor, to her door — 115 Burncroft Avenue. I told him I had never gone there and wasn't planning to anyway.

I then asked him if this meant I could go back to 109 Burncroft and sort out my belongings, and he said yes. I thought about it and said, "Alright then, let's do it." He then walked out of the courtroom, soon to re-enter.

As the judge Entered the Courtroom

A lady judge — one I had seen before in earlier hearings — entered the room and we all stood up. No victim was present. I wasn't asked to go into the dock at this stage. Instead, I was told to sit on the seats used for litigants in person, more involved in the procedure.

The court clerk asked me the usual formalities, like name and date of birth as well as address. I then afterwards was made to listen as the judge, and the prosecutor spoke with

the court clerk. I wasn't given any choices to speak while they were talking, I took notes and this is my translation of the court jargon as to what they were actually saying — and what got avoided.

What They Did NOT Talk About

1. **The time change on the Order of Service.** I was not questioned fairly about why I changed the funeral time to 1pm on the day my mother died. They knew exactly why — because this would be the least time needed on the day for me to organize myself considering a 10AM trial.

What They Did Say:

- 1+ **The Judge ordered a case review of the CPS prosecutor present.**
- 2+ **The prosecutor said:** Maria Culling from Blackfriars Chambers had removed herself from the Common Platform along with the company and withdrawn from acting in the case — which is why he as a new prosecutor was there in attendance.
- 3+ **Through their three-way conversation (not including me):** It came out that the court clerk was George Cooper — the same person who emailed me 24 hours before the trial telling me to attend.
- 4+ **The prosecutor said:** Tuckers Solicitors and McLarens Solicitors had also removed themselves from the Common Platform and stopped acting as well!
- 5+ **I tried to speak** I said it was because they couldn't find "PC Quick" — because he isn't real — and that I had MET CCC texts proving it,, after they searched internally and as I was stopped from talking, I spurted out I requested him to attend the court on the day of trial as well but they keep dealing my files of the common platform and I served them to everyone the court admin and CPS as well, I then shut up as I was about to be warned again about speaking aloud!
- 6+ **The Court Clerk said:** I had attended every trial date.
- 7+ **The prosecutor said:** He was ready to continue with the trial and that the victim was present "no matter what the circumstances."
- 8+ **The judge said:** She understood I had no solicitor and, for that reason, she was appointing a solicitor on the spot under Section 36 of the Youth Justice Act to cross-examine the victim — someone I had never met before to act as cross examination of the prosecuting teams victim.
- 9+ **I tried to speak again:** I said this was unfair, that my legal rights had been blocked for 10 months, that I had never been allowed legal aid because every firm was appointed under Section 36 or 38 only, even when I selected them and filled in the legal aid form for new legal aid and a legal aid transfer form as well! I said I needed

the day to sort my mother's funeral. I requested for court hearings well in advance to sort everything out, so it was fair but was being unfairly dismissed.

10+ The judge ordered: I was to wait for the Section 36 barrister to introduce himself and prepare for trial the same day. She also said she would have me out of the court by 1pm "no matter what."

11+ I tried again: I said I couldn't do a trial today like this. I said I had sent all the correct files to the court and CPS.

12+ The judge said: "We can do a half-and-half trial. She will be questioned today, and in two weeks you will be questioned."

13+ I tried again Even Harder: I said no one could learn 200+ emails, 15 defence statements, and all the questions needed in this time. I said I filled in legal aid forms and it was Tuckers who created fake RO certificates without me signing a CRM14, also I have CPS on recording still admitting I have not been disclosed the case files they disclosed yet alone what I have requested.

14+ The judge said: "The trial must go ahead," and walked out of the room.

Outside the Courtroom

Me and my mate waited outside. Before we left, I asked the CPS prosecutor about the deal he offered earlier. He said he was still speaking to the alleged victim about it.

Eventually the Section 36 barrister arrived. I recognised him and we introduced ourselves. I told him about the deal the CPS offered and said I was willing to take it because I needed to get on with my life. I told him I had been punished for a crime I didn't commit. I said I needed access to my home. I explained the case and why the trial must not go ahead. I showed him the files online, my defence statements folder, the Just Eat emails proving her version of events was impossible.

I told him I was scared to accept anything because I hadn't done what she said, and she was twisting the truth to get out of trouble for what she did to me. I said I was worried it would make me look weak or give me a criminal record when I had done everything right. He said he wanted me to do the trial because the case was weak. I told him about PC Quick and everything else.

We were rushed back into the courtroom and the trial just started like that. I was still scrolling through my phone trying to find my files with the correct line of questioning while being placed in the dock away from everyone.

A curtain was drawn so I couldn't see her. My mate was in the back of the court. A woman — I believe the alleged victim's mother — was also there.

I heard her voice. I was in disbelief that the trial was being forced through. She gave her name and then started crying. It was unreal — she was trying to manipulate the court. The

CPS asked her the bare minimum. No questions about the front door. Only the allegations from 02/08/2025.

Her story didn't add up. She couldn't remember her own statement. First she said when she came down the stairs I was walking towards her, then she said I was walking away. She said I said I would blow up her car and deny it to the police, and that this put her in fear. Then she said she went outside and heard shouting but couldn't make it out. She said she didn't know me, had never been in a relationship or friendship with me. She said I never touched her or threatened her. She said her children weren't present. She said it was said once, not shouted. She didn't mention any attempt to head towards the car or mention any intent to damage it.

The time went on very fast and my mother funeral arrangements were become very unlikely, I received a text of the parking company the two hours was up, my friend was in the gallery that was situated right next to the dock I was placed into and I kept looking at him and waiting for the right time to approach the judge and ask if she would allow me to pass the keys to my friend to prevent the Parking ticket from happening, I asked her and was told to wait.

Rebecca O' Hare could not get her story correct as she made it all up.

The Section 36 solicitor barely asked anything because we only had five minutes to talk before the trial. He misunderstood parts because it was rushed, and I had no defence files with me because I was dealing with my mother's funeral.

The court ended around 1:20pm. I was told to come back on 12/06/2026 to do the rest of the trial alone as a litigant in person.

Before the judge left, I asked if I could return to 109 Burncroft Avenue because I needed to look after the flat and move things due to my mother's death. I was denied. I explained the tag box wasn't in my house and I had emailed about it, but the judge had already left.

Thirdly What Was Manipulated:

On The Way Back Home Outside the Courthouse: The car had a Parking ticket on it

Going To the Funeral:

