

to report it would have been a waste of time. This was an opportunity for me to play pool and try and get a release from stress, even in part. But instead, in keeping with the general environment of Brook House, I was put in a very stressful situation with no protection and no effective body to report this to. I believe it is also important to note that this individual felt entirely comfortable in acting very aggressively and I believe this shows the general atmosphere of Brook House. I was extremely scared. I took the threat seriously. I had no idea what was going to happen. This is a part of the environment of fear that I was living in.

72. When I was queuing for food once, another detainee tried to cut the queue. When I told him that we were all queuing he shouted in my face telling me he did not care, and he did not want to queue. I kept quiet after this because I do not like getting involved in any fights or arguments.

73. Every day I would wake up in Brook House I would be thankful I was still alive. Just knowing I was living somewhere with murderers and violent people was terrifying. I am someone who had never come into contact with people like this and I have never been in trouble with the police before, so I felt extremely unsafe around these people.

74. It was mentally draining trying to just get on with my life whilst in Brook House. I was constantly tired, always stressed and crying frequently. I was always on edge and I lost count of the sleepless nights I had. The food was poor, and I was locked up for majority of the day. My freedom, even within the context of a detention centre, was non-existent. The immigration officers simply were not concerned with the safeguarding of my welfare or safety. The immigration officers were demeaning and rude. They spoke to me with utter disdain and disrespect. The drugs and gang culture also did not help. No assessments seem to have been carried out as gang members would find themselves in close quarters to fellow gang members, rival gang members or people not associated with criminality. I shared a cell with a criminal D390 He told me he was Sensitive/Irrelevant Again, I am a law-abiding person, I don't know any criminals. I don't know anyone within my immediate family, extended family or friends with criminal convictions. This was a completely different world to anything I had experience and I

I believe that the facts stated in this witness statement are true,

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hated it. It continues to affect me to this day. I was under constant stress and anxiety. The fact that we would hear people screaming in the detention centre was also very stressful. It could be the middle of the night and we would hear people banging on the heavy metal doors and they would be reciting religious scriptures and shouting. Your sleep would be interrupted without fail. Others would scream about killing themselves and you would hear others self-harming. It was also not uncommon to see people wetting themselves, collapsing and frothing at the mouth because of spice. The detention centre smelled of spice. Brook House has damaged me mentally and physically.

Poor Conditions of Claimant's Cell

75. My cell room was a small room with two single beds at opposite sides of the room. The size of my room was roughly 3 metres by 5 metres. When you entered the room if you looked to your left you would see a basin. Next to the basin was the toilet with a partition on the right and in front; about waist high. This was there to give some element of privacy although when you would sit to use the lavatory you could see the fellow detainee. In addition, I came to know that there was a material curtain (about waist height) that could be drawn when sitting on the lavatory which acted like a door. Our room did not have this and so if someone walked in, they would be able to see me. In addition, there was no ventilation around the lavatory area and so if someone were to use the lavatory the smell would occupy the whole room. There was a wall mounted fan, but it only blew air into the room which would only help in spreading the odour. We had a lockable cupboard for our personal belongings, and this was in the room. We were locked in our rooms from 21:00 to 08:00 hours and for two further periods during the day for a count (this was done sporadically during the day). The showers were communal and as such I had to face the embarrassment of disrobing in front of other men. There were about 12 showers for the whole detention centre. They were not well maintained, and they generally had a bad smell. It was common for the bars of soap to be left on the floor and this was a hazard. The only way the shower room was maintained was by the detainee cleaning up after it was used. Most of the time they did not because the showers were in such bad condition. For example, the shower heads and taps had a build-up of lime scale, rust and grease. The drains would not work sometimes which

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Signed

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Dated

27/1/2020