

BROOK HOUSE INQUIRY

First Witness Statement of: **D790**

I provide this statement in response to a request under Rule 9 of the Inquiry Rules 2006 dated dated 27 August 2021.

I, **D790**, care of Deighton Pierce Glynn Solicitors of 33 Bowling Green Lane London EC1R 0BJ, will say as follows:

Introduction

1. My name is **D790**. I am not known by any other names. My date of birth is **DPA**. I am of Pakistani nationality and am of Islamic faith. I have a degree in computer science from the **Sensitive/Irrelevant**. I came to the UK with a visa to enter the UK after I graduated. I have now been granted leave to remain in the UK. I have no criminal convictions. I have never been prosecuted for any offences in the UK, Pakistan or elsewhere.
2. I was detained at Brook House Immigration Removal Centre (Brook House) between 20 July 2017 and the 3rd or 4th August 2017.
3. I heard about the Inquiry from a friend who was also detained at Brook House. I contacted the Inquiry to say I would like to be involved. The Inquiry put me in touch with DPG solicitors. This statement has been prepared by my solicitor at DPG via several video and audio telephone calls with me. I have separate immigration solicitors.

Circumstances of my detention

4. I came to be detained under very distressing circumstances. I had temporary leave to enter the UK and had made an application to the Home Office for further leave. I had been waiting for more than a year for the Home Office to make a decision on that application. I then received a letter from the Home Office requiring me to report to their

office. This worried me. I rang them to ask about this and was told that I had to report to the Home Office. I told them that I was still waiting for a decision on my leave application but they said that I should report anyway. I checked with my immigration solicitors and then I reported as required and was then free to go.

5. I was then required to report a second time. I thought that the same thing would happen as had happened the first time but on this occasion I was told that my application for leave had been refused and that I had to leave the country within 14 days. I was shocked. I said that I had not received a letter refusing permission and nor had my immigration solicitors. I checked with my immigration solicitors who confirmed they'd received no decision.
6. On the third occasion I reported I was handed a letter refusing my request for leave. This was the first time I had seen the letter. Although I had had no opportunity to consider the decision or to take legal advice regarding an appeal, and despite having kept to my reporting conditions and having done nothing illegal or contrary to my entry conditions, I was put in handcuffs, detained under immigration rules and taken to a police cell. From there I was taken in the middle of the night to Morton Hall Immigration Removal Centre.
7. It was a terrible shock and very frightening for me to be detained. I had never been detained before, in Pakistan or the UK. I was fasting at the time, due to it being Ramadan and a requirement of my faith.
8. I was at Morton Hall for about a week and then moved to Brook House. I was moved to Brook House on the day of Eid, a religious celebration, which marks the end of Ramadan and the breaking of a month-long fast. This is a very important day for Muslims. I had arranged to meet other Muslims held at Morton Hall to say prayers together. Practising Muslims never miss these Eid prayers. There was a small Mosque in Morton Hall and all Muslim detainees had been told that prayers would be there. We had planned also a small celebration – to watch a movie together. However, I was instead woken by guards at 6am and told I was being moved.

9. I was put in a van with an older Muslim man called [D853] who was also from Pakistan. We were not told where we were being taken nor why, only that the journey would be about an hour. After an hour I asked where we were being taken and was told 'London'. The guards were very rude to us and I was told to stop asking questions. The journey was much longer than an hour. It was very distressing being moved without notice, not knowing where I was being taken or why and whether I would be put on a plane before I had the chance to appeal the Home Office's decision. This was all the more distressing because it happened on Eid, which should have been a day of prayer and religious observance with friends and family. It is a day for happiness and celebration too. Instead I was locked in a van, not knowing what was going to happen to me, very frightened and with no opportunity to pray.
10. I am [DPA] years old and apart from that occasion I have never missed Eid prayers. I will never forget that I spent Eid that year locked in a van being transported like an animal. I am haunted by this every Eid and I still feel upset and guilty that I missed saying prayers and was away from my family. My phone had been taken off me for the journey. I asked the guards for my phone to send a message to my family to wish them 'Happy Eid' but this was refused. I couldn't pray in rear of the van. We have to do our ablutions first and to pray facing towards the Kaaba in the Sacred Mosque in Mecca. The prayers should be performed in the morning. We didn't get to Brook House until 1-2pm. Prayers should be said at the Mosque alongside family and friends, not in the back of a van.

Induction

11. We arrived at Brook House at about 1-2pm after several hours of driving. I do not remember being told anything about my rights. I cannot recall whether I was given some written material. I was not shown around Brook House. I remember being given a metal plate and a small metal cup. I was asked if I was using drugs and I replied that I had never used drugs in my life. I was told to speak to a detention officer if I saw anyone using drugs. I was alarmed to think that there would be other detainees using drugs around me. I wasn't asked about drugs when I arrived at Morton Hall and did not see anyone using drugs there. The reception at Morton Hall was more respectful, friendly and helpful. When I arrived at Morton Hall I was given new clothes and

toiletries. I was told where everything was, for example where the laundry was and how to get washing powder, washing up liquid and a new toothbrush.

12. I did not need an interpreter because I speak good English. However, [D853], the older Muslim man who travelled with me in the van, spoke no English. I do not remember him being offered an interpreter on arrival at Brook House or on any other occasion. I interpreted for him on arrival at Brook House and at his meetings with Home Office officials and healthcare staff at Brook House.
13. Brook House immediately felt much more like a prison than Morton Hall. The buildings were more prison-like with high walls, small windows with bars and no lawns and little space or greenery around. By contrast Morton Hall was set in large grounds with plenty of space for detainees to get fresh air, meet and play sport or other activities. Inside Brook House there was netting between the landings. I asked another detainee about this and was alarmed to learn it was to stop detainees from committing suicide. It made me fearful of what could happen there which would make people want to kill themselves.
14. Brook House felt very overcrowded. Everywhere there were crowds of men: on the wings and in the small courtyards. There were long queues for the Welfare Office and to use the IT equipment. The atmosphere was tense. There were often arguments between detained people. I was told by other detainees that there were people there who had committed serious offences and had been in prison. I was frightened by this. I asked a Polish man why he was there when Poland was in the European Union. He told me it was because he had a criminal record and was to be deported. This made me rather frightened of him and I decided to keep away from him.
15. Whilst at Brook House I was held on 2 wings. I can't remember the names of the wings and I have not had access to any records to confirm where I was held. Initially I was put in a cell sharing with [D853]. After a few days I was moved to another wing. I asked to stay with [D853] so that I could help him with interpreting and accessing healthcare but this was refused and I remember the detention officer's response was, "*this is not a hotel and you are not on your holidays*", words the officers often repeated to me when I made what I thought were reasonable requests. [D853] was put on a different wing

sharing a cell with a person from a different culture and who spoke a different language. He told me he was very unhappy in that cell and could not sleep. Detainees were not allowed onto other wings so I could only see him when he came into the communal areas. I was worried about his health for reasons I will explain later in this statement. I was put in a room with a man who was very unfriendly towards me and I was afraid of him. He was removed from Brook House the next day and after that I shared with an Asian Muslim man who was friendly and it was better.

Cells and lock up

16. The cells at Brook House were very small and cramped. I shared cells with one person but there were some cells with 3 men sharing. I found sharing a cell very difficult. I am a private person and I did not feel comfortable sharing a small space with another person. All my phone calls to my family and friends during the long periods of lock in could be heard by my cell mate and I could hear his calls. I found this upsetting. At Morton Hall each detainee had their own room.
17. At Brook House we were locked in our cells from around 7pm or 8pm until about 7am or 8am the next day and for 30 minutes to an hour during roll call before lunch and evening mealtimes. There was one window in the cell which could not be opened. The rooms were very stuffy. At night the wings were very noisy as people often banged on the cell doors to get the attention of officers and, as far as I could tell, the officers did not often respond but the banging would continue. When officers did respond it would be with anger, shouting back at detainees "What's the problem? Why didn't you raise this in the daytime?" It was a miserable life. I felt like being locked up like an animal. I was scared during every nighttime: scared of the officers, scared I would never be able to get out of the cell, scared I would never get out of detention and scared about being removed from the UK.
18. When I was moved to a new cell I wasn't given new bedding. I had to sleep in bedding used by the previous occupant which was ripped, dirty and smelly. I asked for clean bedding but the officer laughed and told me, "*You aren't living in a hotel*" and "*the country you come from, you guys never have a blanket. You're lucky to have anything here.*"

19. The worst thing for me was that there was a toilet in the cells which had no door. There was no privacy. When my cellmate or I used the toilet the other could see, hear and smell it. It was humiliating. I was always worried that I would need to use the toilet at night, when I was locked into the cell with my roommate. I would try to use it when not locked down in the cells and would ask my roommate to leave the room.
20. As explained above, it is a part of the Muslim religion that we should be clean when we pray but it was difficult to wash oneself in the cells because the wash handbasin and toilets were very dirty. It was impossible to keep the toilet and wash hand basin clean because we had no cleaning equipment - there was no toilet brush and, although I asked several times for cleaning products and cleaning cloths, I was never given any. I used to clean the toilet with toilet paper using my bare hands, as gloves were not provided either. It was disgusting and degrading to have to do this.
21. I was unable to get enough toilet paper or any washing up liquid. I would ask officers for these items but was refused, usually with a rude comment. Once an officer told me to use newspaper for toilet paper.
22. There were not enough showers for the number of detainees and there were long queues to use them. I queued several times for 2 to 3 hours. The queues were especially long on Fridays when practicing Muslim detainees wanted to shower before they prayed. Sometimes because of the queues I went without a shower. Not being able to shower made me feel unclean physically and spiritually and was depressing. The showers had very little flow of water and the water was far too hot. I couldn't stand under the shower and it was difficult to get properly washed.
23. I have described how it was difficult to perform the ablutions that the Islamic faith requires me to perform before prayer. Another problem was that the cells were too small to pray in and I had no prayer mat. There was a prayer room at Brook House but the long periods I was locked in the cell meant I could only get to the prayer room for 2 out the 5 daily Muslim prayers. In the Muslim religion we are taught that when you are upset you need to pray to God but I couldn't keep the prayers. I was very scared and anxious at Brook House and I needed to pray. My friends and family outside detention would urge me to pray but I could only do so twice a day. A lot of Muslim detainees at

Brook House were very upset about this. This was a time when people were desperate and needed to pray but they couldn't pray.

Activities, facilities and food

24. There was only one small gym for use by over 500 men at Brook House. We were given time slots when we could use it. I went to the gym a few times but most of the equipment could not be used as it was broken and the trainer who was meant to show detainees how to use the equipment wasn't there. The library was only open for short periods and detainees weren't allowed to take books or other material away from the library. In the IT room the computers either didn't work or worked only very slowly. The fax machines were often out of order. The Wi-Fi at Brook House was almost non-existent. The Nokia phones issued to detainees often did not work and the phone signal was very poor. I was given two malfunctioning phones before I got one that worked properly. The woman issuing the phones became angry with me because I kept trying the phones and insisting on a properly functioning phone. I knew I would be heavily reliant on my phone and that it was essential I had one that worked properly.
25. Many detainees had no working phone or no phone credit and therefore could not contact their solicitors and their family and friends, which caused a lot of distress. I was the only detainee I knew who had their own phone contract. This meant I usually had credit on my phone. People would ask to borrow my phone to make a call and I often lent my phone to detainees who were struggling to get hold of their solicitors or family and friends. I was also much luckier than most detainees because I had lots of friends and family who all kept in touch with me by phone. They kept trying to contact me despite the poor signal and they did their best to keep up my spirits. They weren't able to visit because the journey from DPA where they live to Brook House was so long, but they did all they could to help me get out of detention by giving evidence to, and staying in touch, with my solicitor, as well as supporting me by phone calls.
26. I don't remember any activities being offered at Brook House. There was very little to take my mind off my awful situation.
27. The food at Brook House was bad. The meat was full of fat and the rice was of awful quality. I saw the servers using their hands to serve food rather than spoons. I heard that

you could do your own cooking but I tried every single day to be allowed to cook and never succeeded. Again, I remember being told by officers '*You are not here for your holidays*'.

28. The one and only good thing about Brook House was the Muslim detention officer who was in charge of religious matters. He had a small beard. He was a nice guy and was very respectful towards detainees.

Mistreatment by officers

29. Most of the officers at Brook House treated detainees disrespectfully, never offering help and usually declining requests for help. When officers locked us up at night at Brook House they seemed not to care at all. They would just count us and then bang the heavy door closed. It felt like being counted as animals and locked into cages. The detention officers at Morton Hall were more respectful, friendly and caring towards detainees. They would give their names, make friendly jokes and offer help. We were locked in our rooms at night at Morton Hall, but before closing and locking the door at night detention officers would ask if I needed anything and then they would close the door gently. I am not sure whether or not there were more officers to detainees at Morton Hall. The Morton Hall officers just had better attitude.
30. I was physically and verbally mistreated by detention officers on several occasions.
31. On my first day at Brook House I queued on the wing for the evening meal. I gave my name and room number to the officer at the head of the queue but he told me that there was no meal for me because I had not placed an order that morning. I explained I had just arrived that afternoon and so had been unable to order food and I said that I was hungry. The officer told me I would have to wait until the other detainees had collected their meals to see if any food was left. I asked him what would happen if no food was left and he laughed and said I would go to sleep hungry. The detainees queuing behind me were staring at me. When I didn't move the officer aggressively pushed my plate and cup which I was holding and they went flying. His action made me feel scared of him and I went to my room and stayed there, going without any food on my first day at Brook House.

32. The next day I complained about this incident at the wing office. As I recall, I spoke to a white officer aged 45-55 with a big moustache and said that I would like to make a complaint about my treatment the day before in the food queue. He didn't let me tell him the details. He interrupted and just laughed at me saying, *"Who are you going to complain to? No one is going to listen to you."*
33. On another occasion an officer pushed me in the chest to get me out of the wing office. The officer was a Jamaican man in his 50's, clean shaven with not much hair and wore glasses. I had gone to the wing office to ask for toilet roll. I waited patiently for about 10 minutes for the officer to finish a private call he was having on his mobile. When he finished the call and I asked for toilet roll he told me that I could not have any more because I had been given a roll recently. I said that was several days ago, that the roll was small and that I had had to use some to clean the toilet. But the officer refused to give me more toilet roll and asked me to leave. When I tried to persuade him to give me some toilet roll, he became angry with me, told me to move on, and pushed me in the chest shoving me out of the office. I was taken aback by his attitude and the use of force and I felt very scared of him after this. I felt he treated me like I was an animal to be pushed around.
34. I saw similar treatment of another detainee. He asked an officer for help to fax a document urgently to his solicitor. He explained that he was due to be deported, that he had been trying for 5 or 6 days to send the important documents to his solicitor but the fax machine by the wing office was not working. He pleaded with the officer to help him but the officer was rude to him, put a hand to his shoulder and pushed him to get him to move away. The detainee was later deported I believe.
35. As I was one of the few detainees who could speak good English I was often the one who asked officers for assistance for both myself and others. Officers were very often rude to me. The white officer with the large moustache was one of the worst officers. He would often respond to requests with words like *"Why can't you go back to your bloody country if you're not happy here?"* I was scared of that officer and I tried to steer clear of him.

36. On one occasion there were lots of people who were due to be removed and were trying to fax documents to their solicitors. I remember that one Pakistani man was in tears. He couldn't speak English. I spoke to him in our language to find out what he needed and then I spoke to the officer on the wing to explain that the detainee needed to send an urgent fax to his solicitor about his removal. I remember the officer was a large black man aged around **D853** years old, who wore glasses, and had a big belly. He asked if the document was for me and when I said no it was for the other detainee the officer replied "*Well then go. Get out. It's his problem not yours.*" When I tried to explain that it was a very serious matter for the detainee, the officer became angry, put his hands around my neck and pushed me out of the office by the neck. It was a really scary incident. I was so scared of that officer that I stayed in my room for the rest of the day, only coming out in the evening when I could see the officer had left the wing. It hurt when he pushed me in the neck and I afterwards I found I had a red mark on my neck where he had put his hands and pushed me. But the physical impact was less harmful than the mental effect the incident had on me. He was a large strong man. I am not strong. I was afraid of his power over me and that he could harm me again. I was moved to another wing soon after that so fortunately I didn't have to see him again, but there were other officers who were hostile to detainees and I remained very scared of most of them.
37. Before that incident I thought it important to help other detainees who were in difficulty because I can speak good English and I am educated. But after that I stopped getting involved with others because it put me at risk.
38. There was an occasion when I saw officers use force on a young black man who was aged about 20 and who was due to be deported. I do not know what country he was from but from his appearance I think it was an African country. I heard a commotion on the landing and came out of my room. Officers told the young man to get his belongings together because he had to get ready to go to the airport. He started to cry and said that he would be killed if deported. I then saw an officer push him in the chest and he fell backwards to the floor. Another detainee intervened asking the officer not to use so much force but he was told "*Just shut your mouth*". There were 3 or 4 officers restraining the young man on the ground. They dragged him, then stood him up and walked him away. He was still crying and shouting. I didn't see him again.

39. This incident made me feel afraid for my own safety, particularly during the nighttime lock in when I would worry that it would be me next who would be dragged off and deported. Mentally it had a very negative impact on me. I felt as though I was an animal in a cage, as though all detainees were being treated as animals.
40. On another occasion, there was a Chinese guy who needed more toilet roll. He couldn't speak much English so at the wing office he just said "*toilet paper*". The officers, who knew he couldn't speak English, replied "*What? You want to eat toilet paper?*" laughing and making fun of him and saying things like, "*Think he needs to clean his bum*". That was very typical behaviour of officers. When people complained about poor mobile phone signals or needing to send a fax, officers wouldn't help, they would just laugh or get angry. When detainees went to ask for assistance, officers would continue chatting between themselves, or chatting on the phone, deliberately ignoring the detainee. It was a way of taunting and belittling detainees and seemed to me to be deliberately cruel.
41. I heard from other detainees that officers were even worse to people on E wing. I heard that they tortured people on E Wing. I wasn't on that wing myself but these rumours made me feel scared. I tried to steer clear of trouble from officers. Thankfully I was never placed in segregation; I think it would have made things even more difficult if I had been isolated from my fellow detainees in that way.
42. I did not experience any violence or abuse from other detained people or see any violence between detained people. These people were mostly not criminals. Most detainees I met at Brook House were very quiet and didn't speak to anyone else. Even if officers were rude to them they would say nothing back. I would estimate that a large majority of detained people did not speak much, if any, English. I observed that officers were more rude to detainees who didn't speak English.

Meetings with Home Office staff

43. When I was at Morton Hall I had 1 or 2 meetings with Home Office officials. They came to find me in my room and asked me politely to go with them to their office to talk about my immigration case. At Brook House I had 2 to 3 meetings with Home

Office officials and these were scary and more formal meetings than those at Morton Hall. At Brook House I was called to a meeting over a loudspeaker. Another time I was handed a letter telling me to go to the visits corridor for an interview. To get to the meetings with Home Office officials I had to pass through many security doors and I was searched. By the time I reached the interview room I was in an anxious worried state which made it more difficult to concentrate.

Complaints

44. I did not make any formal complaints about officers or other detainees. I didn't know how to make a formal complaint and after my attempt at complaining on my second day at Brook House, as discussed at para 32 above, it seemed pointless trying to find out. Even if I had known how to make a formal complaint I would not have made a complaint about my treatment (though I would have complained about lack of healthcare for **D853**). Officers treated me and other detainees as though we were of no importance. When I tried to complain to officers on the wing about day-to-day issues I was laughed at. I didn't think complaining to other officers would make any difference and thought it could make matters worse for me. Complaining about mistreatment at the first night's meal had made things worse for me. My focus was on trying to get out of detention. I hadn't heard of the IMB at any point during my detention.

Drugs

45. A lot of detainees were using drugs. I am not familiar with the different types of drugs and could not identify what drugs were being used, but I often smelt what I took to be drugs in the courtyards. I saw people under influence of drugs, for example just standing in a corner behaving strangely. I didn't see officers doing anything about drugs or helping those under the influence of drugs.

Corruption

46. There was a female detention officer whom I was told offered to marry a detainee in exchange for a large sum of money. I do not know the officer's name but she was in her late 20s or early 30's and she was Black African Caribbean and was overweight. The detainee was a Pakistani man. I cannot remember his name. He had long hair, often wore red shorts and was renowned for getting into arguments with other detainees. He was due to be removed. He told me that this female officer offered to arrange to marry

him if he paid her £6,000. He asked me to lend him money towards this. I asked him to point out the officer who had made the offer, which he did. I then overheard him speaking to the officer explaining that he could not raise the money and she said something back to him which I cannot now recall but at the time it made me think she really had made the offer of marriage for money. I then challenged her asking why she was making this offer as I felt it was a corrupt thing to do. I thought she was trying to get money out of the detainee. In response she looked guilty and very worried. I cannot say for certain that she did make the offer but my impression was that something corrupt was going on.

Healthcare

47. I had suffered from kidney stones for which I had surgery before I was detained and I had received medical advice that if I experienced pain to my kidneys I should take painkillers. During one night at Brook House whilst locked up I was in a lot of kidney pain. I rang the bell for help but the officer who responded spoke very roughly to me, told me to “*go to sleep*” and refused to call for medical help. I rang the bell again but he just shouted at me to be quiet. I was given no medical attention and no painkillers and spent a sleepless night in pain.
48. As I recall I went the next day to healthcare to ask for pain relief and was told to come back after lunch. When I returned I was seen by a doctor. I explained my history of kidney stones. He did not examine me and gave me only one paracetamol. I said I thought I needed stronger painkillers as I was usually given [Sensitive/irrelevant] for kidney pain. He declined to prescribe anything else so I asked for more paracetamol but he refused. I continued to suffer kidney pain periodically throughout my time at Brook House. I got some more paracetamol from another detainee and with that I managed the pain.
49. [D853] the 60 year old Pakistani man who was moved from Morton Hall to Brook House on the same day as me, had (it seemed to me) very poor healthcare at Brook House. I do not know [D853] family name. I recall that he was born in [DPA] so he would have been about [DPA] when detained at Brook House. He said he had been detained in Brook House previously, had been moved to Morton Hall and then back to Brook House.

50. When he was seen by a nurse during his induction at Brook House I acted as his interpreter. Through me he told the nurse that he had diabetes and was due to have an insulin injection that day. The nurse said that he could not have his insulin that day but to go to the healthcare centre for it tomorrow. He was very upset by this and worried about his health without the medication he needed to control his diabetes.
51. I took him to healthcare the next day. I explained to healthcare staff that he was diabetic and needed insulin. He was not given any medication. Instead he was told to come back the next day for insulin. He was very distressed by this. I was then moved to another wing and saw him less. When I saw him in the courtyard he looked unwell. He said that he was not being given the right sort of insulin. He told me had been vomiting. He was very unhappy, said he was crying at night and was desperate to be returned to his home in Pakistan believing that without the right medical treatment he would not survive at Brook House.
52. I was very worried about [D853] I went several times to healthcare to try to get him better treatment. I then spoke to the detention officer who was in charge of religion – the one who was kind and respectful to detainees. I asked for his help to get the right healthcare for [D853] He told me in a nice way that he could not assist because it was not in his remit but that I could make a formal complaint about [D853] healthcare by going to the Welfare Office. I went there and was told I could make a formal complaint but they did not tell me how to complain. It was a difficult atmosphere in the Welfare Office because there were a lot of agitated detainees there. I then tried going online to find out how to complain but the computer was slow and then I gave up. I heard that lots of detainees had made formal complaints but had waited ages for an answer. I thought it would do no good to complain on [D853] behalf.
53. While I was at Brook House I got to know a Pakistani man called [D1834] who was detained around the same time as me. He was from the same town as [D853] in Pakistan. They had not known each other in Pakistan but had met in Brook House when [D853] was first detained there. [D1834] and [D853] were still detained at Brook House at the time of my release.

54. About a year after I was released I contacted [D1834] to see how he was doing. I asked after [D853] and was shocked when [D1834] told me that [D853] died during or soon after his removal from the UK. I remember that [D853] had been due to be removed on 4 August 2017 but his removal was delayed. [D1834] told me [D853] was removed from the UK a few days after I was released from Brook House and that he died on the flight to Karachi or on arrival in Pakistan. This news deeply upset and saddened me. I do not know the cause of [D853]'s death but, from the deterioration I witnessed in [D853] while at Brook House and the difficulties I observed him having in getting access to medical treatment, I think that lack of adequate healthcare for [D853] in Brook House may have contributed to his death. [D853] was a really good man.

The effect of detention on my mental health

55. Immigration detention had a devastating and long-lasting effect on my mental health. Before I was detained I had no mental health problems. I was a relaxed and sociable person and would often spend time with friends. Whilst I was in Brook House my mental health began to fail. I had difficulty sleeping and had nightmares. I didn't go to healthcare about this because I saw how they treated [D853] and I also had my own experience of trying and failing to get adequate help with my pain from kidney stones and I knew they would do nothing to help me.
56. By the time I was released from Brook House my brain felt shattered. I remember that on the day I was released from Brook House I stood at the train station feeling frightened of the people around me, anxious about provoking people and of being re-detained. Soon after my release I saw my GP who diagnosed depression and prescribed medication for depression and anxiety. I didn't tell the GP I had been detained because I was embarrassed to admit this. I saw the GP several times and then she referred me to the local mental health team. I now see a psychiatrist and I've been on sertraline and other drugs and am still on anti-depressants.
57. I am now often very anxious and depressed and find it difficult to relax. I felt frightened all the time I was at Brook House: frightened of the detention officers and anxious that I would never be released or that I would be removed from the UK. The way I was treated, and the way I saw others treated, made me feel like I was totally unimportant, that I was not worthy of respect and didn't count as a human being. I am certain that

detention at Brook House was a cause of my mental illness. I still get nightmares about Brook House.

58. I tried to watch the Panorama programme about Brook House but I found it too traumatising and turned it off after 5 minutes.

My release

59. Whilst I was held in detention my immigration solicitor put in an appeal against the Home Office's decision to refuse me leave to remain in the UK. After that the Home Office released me. I was detained for 15-16 days. My detention was wholly unnecessary. I had been keeping to my reporting conditions and after giving me their refusal decision the Home Office should have allowed me time to appeal (or leave the country) without detaining me.
60. I continued to pursue my claim to be permitted to remain in the UK and I was not re-detained, though I remained in fear of re-detention. It is a huge relief that I have been granted leave to remain in the UK.

Statement of Truth	
<p>I believe that the facts stated in this witness statement are true. I understand that proceedings for contempt of court may be brought against anyone who makes, or causes to be made, a false statement in a document verified by a statement of truth without an honest belief in its truth.</p> <p>I am content for this witness statement to form part of the evidence before the Brook House Inquiry and to be published on the Inquiry's website.</p>	
Name	<div>D790</div>
Signature	<div><div>Signature</div><div>D790 Feb 16, 2022 18:08 GMT</div></div>