

Craig Perrott Victim Personal Statement 5 October 2019

What happened to me on the 14th of June last year nearly killed me.
It has totally changed my life.
It feels like it's ruined my life.
More than once it's made me want to end my life.

I haven't got the body I had.
I haven't got the mind I had.
Or the memory.
Or the intimacy.
Or my job as a care-worker.

Or the confidence I had as a fit man of 60.

It's almost 15 months since I was forced across a road by that car and crushed against another car. It was an act of needless aggression.

It would have been good - in these terrible circumstances - to have fallen back on my sense of humour. But that's gone too.

What I have instead are nightmares and flashbacks.
What I have is pain.
A lot of..... each-and-every-single-day-pain.
From the minute I wake up.....

One leg is a different size to the other.....My pelvis was smashed to pieces.....My lower spine damaged.....My ribs went into my lungs and I have now 4 titanium ribs..... I had pneumonia..... I had E.coli.....I was in a coma and on a life support machine.....17 weeks in three different hospitals.

I've had months of life in a wheelchair....on a Zimmer frame....on crutches, and walking sticks.

It takes all my energy to do the things I took for granted before that car was driven through me.

It cut my urethra in half.

I'm breathless a lot of the time.

All this has left me with depression....A depression I struggle to stay clear of.
And permanent damage to my body particularly on my left hand side

I cannot understand what was done to me. I cannot comprehend why someone would do such a thing.

Depression from seeing what it did to my mother.
She went up and down constantly from Middlesbrough in the 4 months I was in hospital.

She died - just as she was seeing me learn to walk for the second time in our lives.

The depression comes from feeling nothing will be the same as it was before this act of violence against me.

What I was and what I am now are two different people.
I came close to losing my life but didn't. But I've lost my quality of life.

My partner's life has been distorted too. She suffers.
She's had to give up her full time job to care for me.
The pressure on us is very hard to bear.
It's hard to measure the distress she and my family have had to endure.
But I see it in their faces.

I cry at some point every day - and sometimes several times a day.

Waiting for justice to be done, for this to come to court, has been a trial in itself. If this person had done the right thing and pleaded guilty, then the pain and suffering might have been that bit less.

It has been particularly hurtful and offensive to listen to what only the defendant "alleged" I said when I know this is not the truth.

I am the father of 3 mixed race children and have never used this type of language.

Had the defendant obeyed the junction controls on the road then I would not be here today presenting this Victim Personal Statement.

I still cannot process and will never know the reason why the defendant would do such a thing.

I won't get back the life I had. But getting some justice might be a small step forward.

Craig Perrott