

. . . After that experience my feet would

not take me out of my front door.

. . . You stay up most of the nights - distracted. Sometimes I sleep with my
I thought, I'm safe where I am - inside.

coat and shoes on me. You can't go to sleep when
Outside is danger . . .

you're jumping up and down from the noise . . .

. . . When I looked for help

I was offered an hour listening to

a relaxation tape once a fortnight

. . . He was found, across the road from where I work . . .

in a dark room with people I did not know.

. . . The director of public prosecutions

Afterwards a cup of tea and

decided that no charges be brought . . .

then back home . . .

. . . I don't know how long it's been since I sat down and

watched a film. I can't concentrate to clean the house.

. . . I used to look at this place everyday. I decided

I can't go out to hang our washing . . .

I wanted to see the inquest papers.

I had to go to court to get them.

There wasn't much in them.

. . . The effect this had on them?

. . . They failed to identify the perpetrator . . .

I wonder about the people in the area.

I do not know. I can only see the outward signs.

Surely someone would have remembered it . . .

I don't know what is going on inside because

we have been unable to talk about it . . .

. . . My hands go cold, I start to sweat. it comes over me in waves . . .

. . . After the inquest I was left to my own devices.

I was left alone to look after my children

with no counseling and no assistance,

not even from the church . . .

. . . We set up a trauma centre

with all sorts of victims.

. . . I can't concentrate to clean the house.

They came from everywhere . . .

I can't go out to hang our washing.

I've no time for my children.

You stay up most of the nights - distracted . . .

. . . It's something you put out of your head . . .

. . . I wanted see the inquest papers.

There wasn't much in them.

. . . I can only see outward signs.

. . . My hands go cold, I start to sweat. the panic comes over me in waves . . .

I don't know what is going on inside.

We have been unable to talk about it . . .

. . . Occasionally a politician would come to my

house, bring a visitor and go away.

Then I would be put back into my box again.

. . . A man I didn't know told me to go to the club at a particular time

Powerless – like an exhibit . . .

I went as I was told . . .

. . . I did not choose it I just got caught up in it.

. . . It's like a rage inside for which there is no release. For me the only
I was locked into an enclosed drainage space.

release is truth. A truth I cannot have

The floor was covered in sewerage

because those who I believe were responsible

and there were rats above me . . .

do not want the truth to be told . . .

. . . The director of prosecutions said that no charges were to be brought against anyone . . .

. . . They say time heals. But the pain never goes

away when truth is withheld from you

. . . They failed in their investigations to identify

by those who tell you they are there to protect you

the perpetrator so there was no one to prosecute . . .

and uphold your rights. I know this is not true

and it only multiplies the hurt . . .

. . . It hit me one morning.

I went to go out to get into the car.

My feet would not take me . . .

. . . When I looked for help

I was offered an hour listening to a

. . . No charges were to be brought against anyone . . .

relaxation tape once a fortnight in a dark room

with people I did not know.

. . . It's something you put out of your head . . .

Afterwards a cup of tea and back home . . .

. . . I wonder about the people in the area.

. . . The sounds of people talking in a pub or some other busy place can set me off . . .

Surely some would have remembered it . . .

. . . When the inquest finished I was left to my own devices.

. . . They stuck a sack over my head,

I was left looking after my children

stuck me in a car, took me to some house,

with no counseling and no assistance,

. . . They gave me some verbal, some room, somewhere nearby . . .

not even from the church . . .

questioned me and told me not to

. . . It's all a bit hazy and unreal . . .

associate with those people.

. . . found him in a stolen car, across the road

They left me sitting with that sack

from where I work. When I started working there I used to
over my head

look at this place everyday. I decided

I wanted see the inquest papers . . .

. . . You stay up most of the nights - distracted.

. . . It's like a rage inside for which there is no release.

Sometimes I sleep with my coat and shoes on me.

For me the only release is truth . . .

You can't go to sleep when you're jumping

up and down from the noise . . .

. . . When it would get fairly crowded. I used to get

. . . I wonder about the people in the area.

very hot and flushed, panicky. I was sometimes

Surely some would have remembered it . . .

gasping. All I wanted to do was just get out of that

and I couldn't even hear what other people were

saying. It effected my whole social life . . .

. . . We set up a centre for victims. They came from everywhere . . .

. . . Everytime he tried to get up and I was telling him not to
. . . We had to move house within hours . . .

– his eyes would roll and I was worried that he was concuss.

His eyes were rolling because he had lost part of his speech.

. . . The compensation recieved was not for his death,
He wasn't able to talk . . .

not for the grief caused to me or my children but for the fact

that I had to stop work to look after three children and was

dependent on social welfare to survive My feet would not take me out of my

front door. I thought, I'm safe where I am

. . . After the inquest I was left to my own devices. I was

- inside. Outside is danger . . .

left looking after my children with no counseling and

. . . Sometimes I sleep with my coat and shoes on me. . . .

no assistance, not even from the church . . .

. . . I used to look at this place everyday.

I decided I wanted see the inquest papers.

. . . It's something you put out of your head . . .

I had to go to court to get them . . .

. . . For me the only release is truth. A truth I

. . . I can't concentrate to clean the house. I can't go out to hang our washing . . .

cannot have because I do not know the truth.

those who I believe were responsible

. . . Occasionally a politician would come to my house,

do not want the truth to be told . . .

bring a visitor and go away. Then I would be put back

into my box again . . .

I used to get very panicky. I was sometimes gasping.

. . . We were put on a bus tour of the Antrim coast. Then back home again . . .

All I wanted to do was just get out of that

... His eyes would roll and I was worried that

... I was awarded a substantial amount which
he was concust. He had lost power of his speech.

I cannot disclose as part of the conditions ...
Afterwards he went into a deep coma ...

... Sudden death is difficult enough to explain to children but

... The effect this had on them?

sudden death in this manner - not knowing the reason ...

I do not know. I can only see the outward signs.

... Forgiveness. I think It is one too many thing to ask ...

I don't know what is going on inside because

... the lack of truth could result in another

we have been unable to talk about it ...

tragedy for myself or even for my children ...

... Occasionally a politician would come to my house,

bring a visitor and go away. Then I would be

... I used to look at this place everyday.

put back into my box again. Powerless ...

I decided I wanted see the inquest papers.

... They failed in their investigations to identify the perpetrator ...

I had to go to court to get them.

There wasn't much in them ...

... When I asked for help

... They say time heals.

I was offered an hour listening

But the pain never goes away

to a relaxation tape once a fortnight in a dark

... You stay up most of the nights - distracted ... when truth is withheld from you by those

room with people I did not know ...

who tell you they are there f

... There was no one to prosecute ...

or your benefit.

... found him in a stolen car, across the road

... Two hours after her death a man from where I work ...

... My hands go cold, I start to sweat. it starts coming over me in waves ...
who called himself a detective telephoned me at

I wonder about the people in the area. Surely some
home . He said I should pass on any names of

would have remembered it ...
witnesses. He offered no words

of explanation or sympathy ...

... I'm not going there

... It's something I try to put out of my head ...

I'm safe where I am

... The director of public prosecutions decided
Because out there is danger ...

that no charges be brought against anyone ...

... It's like there is no release.

For me the only release is truth.

... I can't concentrate to clean the house.

A truth I cannot have because

I can't go out to hang our washing.

I do not know the truth.

You stay up most of the nights - distracted ...

... I have to be in the safe place ...

... When I looked for help I was offered an

hour listening to a relaxation tape

... How can you hurt a person more so than taking away their loved one ...

in a dark room with people

... I don't wake up in the morning and wish anyone
I did not know ...

dead or want to take revenge and to me that's as good

as your going to get ...

. . . After the inquest I was left to my own devices.

. . . It's difficult to explain this to children

I was left looking after my children

but sudden death in this manner - not knowing the reason . . .

with no counseling and no assistance,

. . . I could not cope with some things very well. I couldn't

not even from the church . . .

go into a place where there were a lot of people and it was

. . . One morning my feet would

fairly crowded. I used to get very hot and flushed, panicky.

not take me out of my front door . . .

I was sometimes gasping . . .

. . . In his case there was no explanation was given . . .

. . . When I looked for help

. . . Those who I believe were responsible do not want

I was offered an hour listening

the truth to be told. It is frightening to think that the lack

to a relaxation tape in a dark room

of truth could result in another tragedy for myself

with people I did not know.

or even for my children . . .

Afterwards a cup of tea and back home . . .

Occasionally a politician would come to my

house, bring a visitor and go away.

. . . After a number of weeks indoors I took

Then I would be put back into my box

my first steps outside. It was in the early hours

again. Powerless – like an exhibit . . .

of the morning, in darkness, just outside the

house with a trusted friend . . .