

[PD2] was a very much wanted and loved child. He bounced into our lives^[personal/sensitive], a beautiful baby boy, full of smiles and cheekiness, it was a joy to have and love him.

As I am 1 of 3 girls in the family, a boy was a great addition. My sisters along with grandparents were excited and happy for us to welcome this addition.

[PD2] grew into an inquisitive toddler, always keen to learn a new skill.^[He] was only 9 months old when he practically walked unaided to his christening, he seemed to reach many milestones much earlier than expected.

When^[PD2] was 3 years old, his father was posted overseas,^[he] and I followed where we maintained our family unit. The time we spent there was happy, he joined a preschool group to make friends and learn through play which he enjoyed. Before^[PD2] was due to start regular school we returned to England in time for the reception class. **His** sister arrived the same year and was a joyous occasion. We were a very happy and contented family.

[PD2] approached school with the same inquisitiveness he had as a toddler, always wanting to learn new skills. This approach was repeated throughout his schooling. Friendships were formed, various after school clubs were found and attended,^[he] was a popular participant and soon sifted through the activities he wanted to pursue.

His grandparents idolised him, he really was the apple of their eye.^[PD2] regularly spent weekends with grandparents, he adored their company. They took him to various theme parks and events that he was interested in, particularly the WWF wrestling.^[PD2] also enjoyed swimming and playing the keyboard. Because the interest in keyboard progressed, lessons were introduced and attended in order to take further.^[PD2] had some success with the keyboard, being entered into local competitions which he enjoyed taking part.

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[He] enjoyed all the family holidays, he was very well travelled and developed a varied palate, trying all types of food.

After school finished, [PD2] went to college but decided to take his chances by gaining a position in a London bank, an administration role.

[He] soon realised that this was not for him. Being in the office environment was not where he wanted to be.

He gained a role with a local construction company where he learnt the basics of the building trade. Once he had completed the training, his uncle took him on to work with him in the building trade.

He worked well with his uncle and enjoyed the freedom of working outside in the summer months.

The impact of [PD2] taking his life has left a huge gap in our lives. The missed family events, the missed birthday & Christmas celebrations, the daughter he will never see grow up, the milestones achieved in his daughters life never to be seen by him. He is an uncle, sadly he will never know his nephew.

We will be forever asking ourselves why was he released when it was clear to us things were not right.

To be told that I and my daughter were not allowed to see or talk to him when he was [an inpatient] will forever be etched in my brain.

To release him without an appropriate plan in place for follow up was arrogant, with no duty of care applied, very unprofessional resulting in a devastating end.

How will we pick up the pieces of that fateful day? A question we will never know the answer to.