
**WITNESS STATEMENT OF
KARON PIMM**

I, **Karon Pimm** of [personal/sensitive]

Here is a concise record of TJ's life – we could go on and on but we know there will be many witness statements.

TJ was conceived with the help of a fertility rug, but after 6 weeks of pregnancy I was admitted to hospital for major surgery. I have a tube, ovary and massive blood filled cyst removed, the doctors were aware of my pregnancy, therefore di not perform a D&C but said there was little hope that I would carry the pregnancy. I had an incompetent cervix, therefore after 16 weeks I had a stitch around the cervix to keep the pregnancy, but TJ, kept trying to escape and had to go to theatre two times more and have a stitch put around the cervix. I went into hospital again, bleeding, I had a placenta previa, was admitted in September and never came out again until TJ was born by emergency C section. I kept going into labour and was on a drip to stop contractions.

I had many scares, and many blood transfusions, bed rest for almost three months. I got to seven months and was allowed to go down for breakfast, but went into labour. TJ was 2lbs but unbelievably had very few problems and was let out of hospital at 4lbs six weeks later. To say how precious that boy was is an understatement. He was meant to be here. Funny, caring, happy child is how best to describe him, he was tiny for a long time, but such a character, one of his teachers came to the funeral and gave us a class photo she had kept, she was distraught saying he was the loveliest child she had ever taught.

He was a child model, very successful, but aged 7 years. His football mates ribbed him so much that the next day at a Marks & Spencer job he refused to comply with a models work ethic, to say the least.

Football was his main passion, his problem was his height, talented beyond believe. People would comment at every game how good he was, his vision was apparent at an early age, but as the other kids couldn't follow this it was frustrating, even the managers couldn't coach him as he was more aware than them.

We moved from Dagenham to Dovercourt in 2000 for a better life, but TJ struggled and rarely went to school, he was 14 years old. But the school sent him to a programme which involved Colchester Football Club and he shined as a coach, got his coaching badges and planned to go abroad at 18 years to coach in the USA. He did this for two years, for eight weeks at a time, based in Florida and loved it, the kids loved him too.

He did get to sign on at 12 years old for West Ham, but they did not extend his stay as he was too small, this really upset him. He grew to be 5'9". The football world is cruel.

After this he worked for West Ham as a coach in the community and exceeded for a year. He then spent three years with First Choice in Majorca Cape Verde, coaching at the childrens' football sessions.

Here he met a girl and they became a couple. He moved to Manchester had a lovely child, but found it difficult up there away from family. He came home, got a very good job in sales in London. He used to go by train to see his son, and I would also go sometimes and drive.

He then rekindled a relationship with his first love, who he met in Dovercourt. He moved in with her and seemed OK for a while but the well paid job in the City came with a culture of drinking and drugs, this is when his mental health started to deteriorate.

[personal/sensitive]

I eventually had to pick up TJ from his new girlfriend's flat in London as he was getting into debt, gambling, drinking and drugs, payday loans etc. I personally think he was bi-polar but this was never diagnosed. He had some medication from a GP, but took all the tablets, this was about 2015, we did everything we could, as we believed but still wonder what else we could/should have done. He was arrested for criminal damage, as he had smashed [a] phone. [personal/sensitive]

When he did not appear in Court a warrant was issued for his arrest. This is when he spent the money on drink and went to the railway station and was sectioned as he was noticed to be preparing to jump under a train by the railway staff. He had been staying with my eldest daughter [personal/sensitive] to give us a break. I arrived after the emergency services contacted me in Dovercourt to see him in the ambulance, I put my hands together as did my husband as he would finally get the help he needed, not to be.

The worse think we cant get over is that when he was taken to A&E on 25 August 2018, by [probation staff] and I went there to pick him up. [mental health and probation staff] were aware that TJ had been up the [personal/sens] Car park to view it, they could have told me he was not admitted as [they] said he was drunk and as he had a warrant out for his arrest [I was advised] to take him to Clacton Police Station to hand himself in and he would be assessed by the Duty Doctor.

This we thought was wrong at the time, he came home. I was working the next day at Colchester Hospital, TJ asked to come with me and he would see [personal] probation [personal/sensitive] at Colchester [personal/sensitive] and hand himself in, all because of a smashed phone, I dropped him off near the station.

In the car I asked why Colchester and not Clacton. The last think he said was "because its bigger". Little did I understand he was dressed in a tracksuit, Baseball cap and trainers, a very hot day. I tried ringing probation [personal/sensitive] but could not get through. Left messages. Eventually [probation] rang me back said TJ had been in three times, but [they were] busy. He had asked for £5 to buy a T-

shirt as he was so hot. She said she would ring me when he came back. He never went back. Police called and that was TJ's life over. I know he suffered as a helicopter was called and landed near to try and save him, he suffered horrendous injuries.

I have thought of contacting Ambulance Service for report but keep stopping myself. Also the first person at the scene, and ex nurse, but have still not. We wonder if he was conscious, if he said anything. TJ was always dressed well. He left his baseball cap and trainers from where he had jumped.

The impact on our two daughters has been immense, both suffering with [their own serious difficulties as a result] It has not brought us closer, but drawn us apart. [personal/sensitive] I think I do ^{[personal/}, have PTSD, imagining his last moments. Lives so hard and different now. We miss him more everyday and no it's getting no easier.

[personal/sensitive]

[personal/sensitive]

[personal/sensitive]