



**METROPOLITAN  
POLICE**

RESTRICTED (when complete)

MG11

**WITNESS STATEMENT**

**Criminal Procedure Rules, r 16.2; Criminal Justice  
Act 1967, s. 9**

**The Civil Procedure Rules 1998**

URN

Statement of: Mr. Simon Paul Cordell

Age if under 18: *(if over 18 inserts 'over 18')*

Occupation: News Reporter!

This statement (consisting of **[00]** page(s) each signed by me) is true to the best of my knowledge and belief and I make it knowing that, if it is tendered in evidence, I shall be liable to prosecution if I have willfully stated in it anything which I know to be false, or do not believe to be true.

Signature:

(witness) Date:

I, Mr Simon Paul Cordell, of 109 Burncroft Avenue PO BOX EN3 7JQ.

**I WILL SAY AS FOLLOWS**

**MG11 Statement – Simon Cordell**

**Date of Incident: 03/07/2025**

**Location: Communal area of my flat!**

**Background**

I am a secure tenant living on the ground floor of

**Address:** 109 Burncroft Avenue Enfield En3 7jq.

Since 2006. One of my neighbours, Rebecca O'Hare who I believe is illegally subletting a council flat on the second floor since late 2017 or early 2018, has made false allegations to the police claiming I harassed her. This is entirely untrue.

I have never knocked on her door or initiated contact. Since she moved in, she has persistently targeted me with behaviour that is malicious, distressing, and harmful. I have multiple exhibits of evidence proving she is the aggressor. These are documented on my website [Horrificcorruption.com](http://Horrificcorruption.com), and I am currently pursuing legal action against council and police staff who have enabled this mistreatment.

Rebecca is aware of my documentation and uses this knowledge to try and discredit me before I release the full truth. Her actions are part of a broader attempt to suppress evidence of corruption and abuse.

### **Events Leading Up to the Incident**

On 28/06/2025, I underwent hernia surgery at North Circular Private Hospital. The recovery left me bedridden, unable to bend, walk properly, or sleep comfortably. On 02/07/2025, I contacted the hospital due to concerns about swelling and pain. They advised me to wait a few more days and monitor the symptoms.

On 03/07/2025, around 6pm, I became hungry and ordered approximately £45 worth of Indian food via Just Eat. I timed my exit to the communal hallway precisely when the delivery driver arrived, as I avoid lingering there due to Rebecca's history of harassment. I do not stand in my own corridor out of fear—she has banged on the kitchen wall, used her flat to negatively affect my home and belongings, and violated my right to a private life.

While watching the delivery driver arrive, I saw Rebecca drive past in a grey 2025 car with no L plates. I had never seen her drive before and do not believe she owns the vehicle or holds a valid UK driving licence. I reported this to the police, but they showed no interest.

I have exhibited proof with multiple other witnesses of mine who are all happy to attend court to give evidence to this effect about her. The police or council refuse to investigate or arrest Rebecca and leave her to continue her evil crimes against me. I have reported this to the council due to the safety of her looking after her own children that she gave birth to since she moved into the block of flats I rent in, and this is due to her own bad decisions.

On this day 03/07/25 I had been in doors after my operation at North Circular Private Hospital. I had been for a hernia operation on the 28/06/2025, this operation left me bedridden and unable to bend over and pick things up, stand up straight, lay down comfortably, walk, cough, talk, sleep, without serious pain, in fact I believed the operations had gone wrong.

### **Interaction with Delivery Driver**

The driver handed me the food, but the bag felt light. I ran back out and called him to return. We spoke while he tried to reach his office to resolve the missing items. During this time, I saw Rebecca enter the car park and interact with another neighbour who waved at her. That neighbour then walked past me, greeted me, and witnessed Rebecca re-enter the building and walk past me without any verbal exchange.

I did not speak to her or acknowledge her. I simply documented the event in my diary, as I always do. She knows I record everything, and this is why she is trying to set me up—before I release the full evidence.

Eventually, the delivery driver confirmed the till receipt had not printed the full order. He returned with the missing items and additional food, bringing the total value to around £60. I went back inside, while still in my pyjamas, and began dishing up the food.

The car park is 400-500 yards away and I can't access it from my front block without taking a 3–4-minute walk. As she walked past me, she was giving me dirty looks, but I just refused to

acknowledge her. Eventually, the delivery driver got through to his boss and found out that the till receipt hadn't printed the complete order. I had paid £24 and received a 20% discount, plus I had an £8 token, so I was expecting £45 worth of Indian food. I was happy, but I didn't receive it all. The driver then went back and returned with the missing items and even more, making it worth £60 in total. I finally got back inside and started to dish it up, which was about an hour and a half after I saw Rebecca last.

### **Police Arrival – Full Account**

Approximately 90 minutes after I had returned inside and begun eating my meal, I heard aggressive banging at my front door. Due to the force used, I approached with caution and asked who it was. A female voice—who I now know to be a police officer—shouted, “Open the door now.” I asked her to identify herself and explain the reason for her presence. She replied, “It’s the police, open the door now.”

I stated clearly that I had done nothing wrong and asked what this was about. She claimed I had been “harassing my neighbours.” I responded with the following facts:

- “In any sense, this would be a civil matter.”
- “I’ve had no prior warnings from police—if I had, I would have complied.”
- “There is no risk of immediate danger, especially given the time that has passed.”
- “I am not guilty.”

The officer appeared agitated and instructed a male colleague to retrieve a battering ram to break down my door. As he rushed off, I tried to explain that I was behind the door and was attempting to slide my medical note under it. I had recently undergone hernia surgery and was still in pyjamas, unable to move quickly.

I held the medical note in my hand and pleaded with them not to break the door, explaining the risks involved. Despite this, the male officer smashed the door open with the ram, striking me in the head. I stumbled back but managed to stay upright, still holding the medical note in both hands, raised in the air.

Seeing me unarmed and in clear distress, the male officer threw the ram to the floor, then abruptly pulled out his stun gun and aimed it directly at my face. I saw the red targeting light in my line of sight and feared for my life. I pleaded with him to calm down, saying:

- “I’ve done nothing wrong.”
- “Your body cam better be on.”
- “I have a medical note in my hands, not a weapon.”
- “Please call an ambulance—you’re hurting me.”

Instead of de-escalating, it seemed as if he discharged the stun gun in all his rage and then used it as a blunt weapon, striking me across the head. His female colleague, who had initiated the entire incident, assisted him and ignored my screams of pain and concern. She grabbed the medical note from my hand, threw it to the floor, and shouted, “You’re not getting an ambulance,” as I pleaded for one.

She then wrapped restraints around my legs, causing severe pain to my stitches and surgical site. Together, they threw me to the floor like a rag doll, showing no regard for my head or

the risk of further injury. At one point, the male officer deliberately punched me in the stomach—directly where I had been operated on—causing me to scream in agony and again beg for an ambulance. They refused repeatedly.

Eventually, other officers arrived and entered my flat. They witnessed the assault firsthand, with their own eyes and body cameras. They heard me pleading for medical help and saw the brutality. These new officers intervened, told the original two to leave my flat, and took over.

They treated me like a human being, listened to my requests, and agreed to remove the leg restraints. They allowed me to secure my flat and walked me outside. I believed I was being taken to an ambulance—but instead, they said no ambulance was coming and that I was going in a police van.

I sat down outside the flats, knowing their actions would worsen my medical condition. Neighbours began to gather, including the gentleman who had waved earlier. I pleaded with the female officer to reconsider and release me, but she refused and repeated, “You’re not getting an ambulance.”

Multiple neighbours offered to make statements, saying I had done nothing wrong and that Rebecca was the one causing problem. They told police they were lying and insisted an ambulance had been called and would arrive in five minutes. The police, realizing they were in trouble, had no choice but to wait.

I explained again that this was a civil matter. I had not left the flats, and there was no immediate danger. The proper course of action would have been to give Rebecca a diary, advise her to contact the council, and issue me a warning. If I breached it, then arrest me. But none of that happened.

Instead, I was arrested for harassment under the 1997 Act. I shocked the officer by quoting the Act and its requirements, which were clearly not met.

### **Hospitalisation and Custody Timeline**

Eventually, the police were forced to call an ambulance, but said it refused to attend for me, but my neighbours called one and said it will be here in 5 minutes. I was taken to hospital and kept there for 24 hours due to the severity of my injuries.

I Exhibit the Response from the hospital as **Exhibit: 111**

“Under arrest please present - Had argument with his neighbours this evening police called - put to the ground by police at time felt “pop” sensation to stitches. Had surgery done 2 days ago for hernia repair see oh testicular pain Worse to R side since assault PMH ASTHMA hernia repair psychosis LAS OBS!”

Even the doctors reported this as an **“Assault!”**

I arrived at the police station around 6:00 AM the following morning. I was officially booked in at approximately 8:00 AM. I was told that my custody time would start from that point,

meaning they had 24 hours from then to either release me or call a custody inspector to extend my detention.

I had been arrested under the **Protection from Harassment Act 1997**, and after speaking to doctors and explaining what had happened, I was deemed fit for interview. I still required an appropriate adult to be present.

During the interview, the officer began asking questions unrelated to the arrest—specifically about alleged harassment of police officers. My solicitor immediately intervened, stating that the officer had no legal right to ask those questions, as I had not been arrested for that. He was correct.

### **Midnight to Morning – Illegal Detention**

At midnight, an inspector came to my cell and spoke to me through the flap. I told him about the fraudulent entries in my PNC record and explained how they had been manipulated by court and police review teams. He said, “If what you’re saying is true, then that must be true,” but added that he couldn’t help me.

He told me I would be released “in a minute”—likely between 2:00 and 3:00 AM. But no one released me at that time. By 4:00 AM, I realised I was being held illegally. The officers on duty were clearly waiting for the next shift at 7:00 AM to release me, rather than doing it themselves.

This meant they were knowingly holding me for an extra 8 hours without legal justification. I understood that this delay would prevent them from re-bailing or re-interviewing me, as the custody clock would expire. They would have no choice but to take **no further action** on the case.

I confronted the officers, saying, “You’re holding me illegally under this CAD number from 12 to 8, knowing there’s no case to answer and you’re going to drop the charge.” They realised I was right and became visibly concerned. They knew they weren’t conducting any investigation—because the incident had occurred two days earlier, and their notebooks and evidence had already been collected.

### **Denial of Contact and Legal Rights**

I repeatedly used the buzzer in my cell, asking to speak to my mother and aunt—both of whom were my appropriate adults. The police refused, saying it was “too late” and that they were sleeping. I pleaded with them, explaining that my family had instructed me to call them and were expecting to pick me up.

My aunt later confirmed she had called the station multiple times but was told she wasn’t allowed to attend. They said they would call her when I was ready—but they never did.

Around 4:00 AM, officers came to my cell and took me to the custody desk. Without re-arresting me or conducting a new interview, they dropped the original harassment charge. But instead of releasing me, they fabricated a **second charge**—claiming I had threatened to blow up a car.

I had not been interviewed about this new allegation. My solicitor had already been sent home after the first interview (around 7–8 PM), and when I requested, he be called back, I was told he was “sleeping” or “not picking up.” No duty solicitor was provided as a replacement.

I was denied my appropriate adult again. Instead, the custody officer put me on the phone with someone they had chosen to act as my adult. I objected, saying, “This is wrong—you must call my family.” My request was refused.

I was formally charged with the new offence, despite explaining clearly that it was baseless and that I had been denied my legal rights. I was returned to my cell and locked in.

### 🗨️ **Speaking Out and Exposing Fraud**

This deeply upset me. I began speaking aloud, explaining everything I knew to be true including the fraud in my **PNC record**, where conviction entries had been manipulated by court and police review teams. I knew the entire station could hear me, but I couldn't be sure what they were doing about it.

I gave detailed instructions on how to verify the records using their own systems and my website. I remembered most of the data by heart and recited it clearly.

I gave them detailed instructions on how to check the records on their computers and my website as I remember most of it now of by heart.

### 🚗 **Transfer to Court and Criminal Record Revelation**

Later that morning, police officers came to my cell and informed me I was being taken to court. I was escorted to the custody desk, where I saw a G3 jailer preparing to place me in a van. He was holding handcuffs, ready to restrain me.

I refused to go with him and instead approached the custody officer directly. I stated clearly, “I'm not leaving the station.” In response, the custody officer proposed a deal. He said, “If you get on the van and leave my station without causing any problems, I'll show you the results of the internal checks I've done on your criminal record.”

I asked what he meant. He explained that he had heard everything I'd been saying about the fabricated entries in my **PNC record** and had conducted internal checks to verify my claims. I agreed to the deal.

He turned his computer screen toward me and showed me my criminal record. He confirmed that I was right: the entries had been fraudulently created. He pointed out that the courts were closed on the dates listed for convictions 41, 42, and others I had previously exposed. He acknowledged that I was correct about all entries prior to my first reprimand warning and confirmed that the ones my mother had identified—and that **Highbury & Islington Courts** had agreed were missing from their registry—were indeed not legitimate.

He then kindly asked me to leave the station.

I was placed in the van and transported to court. The custody officer clearly knew that the **refusal of bail** had been based on errors. I had never been arrested in relation to the alleged victim before, and I had not been found guilty of any offence in over **25 years**.

**Signature:**

**Signature witnessed by:**

