

PE1651/UUU

Andy Dalessio submission of 12 January 2018

I am writing this in support of the above petition.

I am writing to you in the hope that you will listen to our story about the appalling mistreatment we have suffered due to factions of the UK health authorities.

For me it concerns the matter of Acute and Protracted benzo-diazepine withdrawal syndrome, the existence of which, the various authorities have known about for the best part of 50 years.

My long-term prescription to benzo-diazepines ; Diazepam and Zopiclone and the hell I faced when I decided to discontinue.

My multiple - misdiagnosis and two-year admission to hospital to be treated for the wrong condition. I was seriously ill but told I was imagining it and treated for depression. I was bleeding rectally for most of this time which was ignored. Everything was ignored. This was just one of an avalanche of symptoms.

My condition was exacerbated by forcing me into an acute withdrawal simultaneously from both drugs. This could easily have had fatal consequences.

The sheer hell that I was subjected to whilst hospitalised and continues in varying degrees.

The lies, sheer arrogance of senior doctors and management, the aggression and the stonewalling I suffered once my true condition became apparent.

The ongoing health issues I am experiencing daily that I have been left to deal with alone.

It is a frightening and truly absurd state of affairs - and an absolutely criminal one. Unfortunately, I am not alone in my suffering. It is both a national and international outrage and many people are suffering most terribly.

A huge part of the problem is that the powers that be are very effective at silencing people. It is very easy for them to sweep it all under the carpet. There appears to be no culpability for wrong doing.

There is something very sinister afoot with respect to these 'medicines'.

I find it extremely difficult writing to people; I find it very traumatic and I suffer with diminished cognitive skills.

I understand that there is a limit of no more than three pages of A4 text. This leaves me with a dilemma. Typically our shared experiences are extremely complex. To compromise on the detail is, I feel, most unfair.

Therefore I would like to include an account of the two years I was hospitalised as an attachment. This is the same copy that I am sending to various M.P.'s, Journalists and public figures.

I make no apologies for the frank delivery. I am very angry and feel betrayed. I have written it with emotional integrity. I hope you will understand this.

It is very difficult for me to relate the gravity of my experience, to others, by this medium. It is a horror story of comedic proportions. I hope to grab your attention to my plight and that of many others.

Ladies and Gentlemen, please listen to us. Please take action.

I am 42 years old and had been prescribed medium to high doses of benzodiazepines from around 2002 through 2012. I had been slowly reducing the medication for some time and I started becoming unwell in late 2011. Prior to this, I felt fit, swam and jogged regularly and had been studying Tai Chi for close to a year. I then started experiencing strange physical and perceptual symptoms, that were mild to start with and so I brushed them off. They started to escalate and I was soon suffering from symptoms affecting my entire body. I just could not work out what could be making me feel so unwell. I went to my GP who examined me but said I was fine.

It had crossed my mind, that perhaps the medication I had been taking, may be playing a part. Not because of the fact I had been reducing my dose you understand, but for the length of time that I had been taking the tablets for. I reasoned however that, as I was still taking these tablets, this couldn't be the reason and there must be another explanation. Several times I had increased my dose to see if I improved but the symptoms increased in number and severity.

I then noticed a lump in one of my testicles while taking a shower and thought it may be cancer; surely the most rational of people, when confronted with that, along with an avalanche of symptoms would fear the same: then things really kicked off. All of my senses became impaired, my urine looked awful and I was noticing blood on my toilet paper, it felt like I was collapsing under my own body weight and experienced many more symptoms. I became paralyzed with terror and worried about taking my valium as I was scared it would cause my breathing difficulties to worsen. I just didn't know what to do with myself.

I won't list all of my symptoms here, as they will take up too much room and I find it very difficult to articulate a lot of them - because they are so bizarre. There are obvious symptoms - lumps on testicles, rectal bleeding, and excruciating head pain etc. It's much more difficult to explain:-

The feeling that you are being crushed under your own body weight - Hot feels cold and vice versa - Electric Shock feelings throughout body - Painful pins and needles in various part of body - Muscle spasms all over - Muscular-Skeletal pain and discomfort - gastro-intestinal problems from top to bottom, literally.

Serious visual distortion - hallucination – excruciating optical pain - Serious auditory distortion – Serious olfactory distortion – Serious gustatory distortion – Serious somatosensory distortion, touch temperature and pain – Soft teeth? I mean, how the hell, do you describe to people, that your teeth feel spongy - it sounds ridiculous: especially when there are so many more symptoms affecting you at the same time. These are just some of them.

Please try and understand, that I was experiencing this and more, in a state of utter confusion and abject terror and despair. I had no idea what was happening to me.

I would like to draw your attention to a report on the Benzo.org/uk website, by a Doctor Reg Peart which gives you an idea of the amount of recognized symptoms and I also want to make it clear, that at this point, I was unaware of all this.

It states:-

Over 500 different adverse reactions to the benzodiazepines have been reported to the MCA (UK) and the FDA (USA) and not surprisingly many are directly linked with the therapeutic actions e.g. rebound anxiety, rebound insomnia, musculoskeletal problems, epileptic fits and severe memory problems.....and so it goes on.

I had so many symptoms that I kept forgetting them as one would overwhelm the other. Would you remember the pain from dropping something heavy on your toe, when something else was being dropped on every part of your body simultaneously?

My family were becoming very alarmed and my GP visited my flat and tried to get me to come to the surgery but I couldn't move. I thought I was dying and the really frightening thing is that I now realize that potentially, I was.

I was then sectioned and admitted to a hospital in my home city of Bristol, two days before my 40th birthday - May 2012 - with what the Professionals (sarcasm is implied) like to call a Mental Illness.

In reality, they are lying and I like to call it - 'I've been poisoned by a medicine you idiots and now you want to poison me some more disorder'

You see, in their infinite wisdom, I was inventing all of this in my head. They then wanted to medicate me immediately, which I refused. These people love their medication. It's like a religion to them.

I was then subjected to hell on earth.

I was constantly threatened with IV Therapy, ECT and depots.

I physically couldn't eat as it seriously aggravated my symptoms (food was the last thing on my mind and the thought of eating only added to my terror) and I continued to refuse any medication as, even though I was in a state of confusion, even though I knew something was terribly wrong and didn't know what; I still had presence of mind: I Knew that I was physically ill. I would not take their medicines. It was much more than just a gut feeling, more desperate survival instinct. I tried to eat something as I didn't want to be force fed and I knew taking their medicine was dangerous, so I pretended to and spat them out. For nearly two bloody years.

Can you imagine, the terror of knowing that you are seriously ill, not knowing what it is and being forced into putting God only knows what, into your mouth because of the fear that, if they had decided on forcible injections; then it would have been game over. I was so ill, I know that if I had taken anything they tried to give me, it really would have been. A bit like playing Russian roulette every day for two years on top of being seriously ill.

I can't help but wonder if that would have been a preferable outcome for them, as now I am doing all I can to create merry hell but the suppression I am experiencing is astonishing.

I was begging those involved to listen, that my problems were physical but my voice meant absolutely nothing. I had no rights. A very, very frightening experience.

I ask you, can you imagine for a moment, that you have been poisoned. Let's say with cyanide for this analogy, - a poison is a poison - but instead of being treated for the poisoning, you are treated for something completely irrelevant and are then forced to take a concoction of medications, which are incorrect, that will exacerbate your situation, with quite possibly, lethal consequences. At the same time you are being forcibly held in an environment where your neighbour appears to be the lead protagonist from the movie, The Hills have eyes, who is screaming and banging on the wall incessantly - while the cyanide continues to work its magic.

So you're seriously ill, suffering beyond comprehension, and teams of Doctors - although it really could have been anyone, as by now have completely lost your mental and physical faculties - are crowding round you like you're some sort of novelty animal in a zoo, and all they want to talk about is what sort of childhood you had and all their other voodoo. Again - for nearly two years??? It's inconceivable. That would be absurd. You would think there would be hell to pay - and yet this is precisely what happened to me albeit due to a medicine. Sheer terror. It's an absurd situation: but there is more, much more.

While under section I lost my flat in Bristol along with all my possessions and was discharged into my Mothers care in Cornwall where all my symptoms continued to intensify. In sept 2012 I was again re- admitted, discharged before December 2012 and again re- sectioned in March 2013. The madness continued with me begging the

Doctors to listen to me, which they simply refused to do. They just increased their potions. And I was forced to continue the charade. The Devil himself surely could not have dreamed up a more perverse game to play.

They constantly took my blood – so much blood – and scanned the lump on my testicles, which was benign - obviously that was good news but at the time I was in no place to celebrate. They kept using all this as ammunition, to enforce to me that I was imagining it all. I begged and begged for further investigation as I was overwhelmed with symptoms and pain. I knew something was seriously wrong and yet nobody would listen to me. It was beyond surreal: It was like being in a waking nightmare.

I desperately tried to go private. I knew I was very ill and that I must do something, even though I would have really struggled to move. Please, try to imagine the feeling that you are dying every day for two years, and your care givers will not listen? As you are trying to cope with this, you are begging to pay for yourself to be taken to a place where you can receive some help. You are pleading with help from all of the staff to help organize private assistance but you are denied and you are told 'It is not in your best interests'. That makes me furious. I was bleeding from my backside. Everything they subjected me to over a two year period was not in my best interest. They then made it impossible for me to go to BUPA or anyone else as you still need a referral. I cannot describe to you in words my feelings of utter despair.

I was suffering awful pain, pressure and discomfort in my head, like something wanted to burst through my skull and bizarre facial spasms. One of the reasons I desperately wanted private care was so I could have a full body scan. I eventually got referred for an MRI scan (a partial victory all things considered and not long before I discharged myself, to boot.) In reflection I'm sure the only reason they allowed this that was only to cover themselves in case it was a Brain Tumor.

By the way, one of the many Benzodiazepine related symptoms is called bursting or exploding head syndrome.

Excuse me? Bursting head syndrome? How can you sum up a symptom any better than that? I really don't know how many times I tried to explain my symptoms to these people. How else do you describe rectal bleeding (I'd like to explain more about the bleeding later) to people other than 'Hey there is blood on my toilet paper, why won't you investigate.' How can you get people to listen? As I've said earlier I had no rights. It reminds me of the film Alien, and the quote 'In space, no one can hear you scream'. I didn't go to space, I went to hospital.

Anyway the scan showed I have also have sinusitis. So there you have another physical condition in the mix. Please notice the emphasis on physical. Was this adding to the bursting head business? Undoubtedly. On top of all the bizarre and frightening symptoms that that entails, starting from the centre of my forehead a bizarre sensation travels through my skull, down my nose grabbing muscles in my face and tendons in my neck. Every bone in my head throbs. Is this independent of the benzodiazepines or not?

Now, that is an important question that I found myself asking in vain: what symptoms are/aren't caused by the benzodiazepines?

I can't tell you because they wouldn't tell me; they wouldn't try to find out: because they don't want to know.

On the other hand they did tell that me I had Pernicious Anemia, insisted that it was a serious condition and I would need injections for the rest of my life and started administering Vitamin B-12 injections. All the while I'm screaming at them that they are ignoring the primary issue.

What if I tell you I don't have Pernicious Anemia? Well I don't. I'd prefer to think these people are purely incompetent fools but I really think it's by design; this isn't Medicine or Science; this is Quackery in the 21st century.

This carried on for 23 months. My Mother bought my smartphone in to hospital around late March 2014 and in desperation I began to cross reference my symptoms and came across the Benzo.org/uk website.

Now I realized I had been suffering both Acute and Protracted Benzodiazepine Withdrawal Syndrome.

What?

I was astonished. I thought I was pretty knowledgeable. I mean, who knew? I'd never heard of it, have you? I felt vindicated and relieved to start with, as what I was reading was describing my symptoms to a tee but also very frightened by both the sheer volume of dangerous adverse effects and the medico-legal furore surrounding these drugs. I couldn't wait to speak with the Quack, oh I'm sorry, Psychiatrist, and tell her about what I had read and ask if it was possible that this was all due to my being prescribed Benzodiazepines and Zopiclone for the last 10 years.

The Psychiatrist's reply was that she had no idea I had been prescribed these drugs ('Excuse me? No idea you say. Even though I've been hospitalized for two years, you've scrutinized my medical history and I have been prescribed them for the best part of a decade?') - And that yes, this would explain a lot and she would have to get back to me. The first and only thing she asked me was if I had been taking my medication (I wonder why?) and I told her quite frankly that I had never taken any of their pseudo-medicines, at which point I received a wry smile, a shrug of the shoulders and the words 'oh well we can get rid of these then' and she promptly drew a line through my medication chart.

Are these people for real?

Anyway in spite of this, I was somewhat encouraged, as I was sure that now, there would be some serious investigations taking place, with the focus on sorting through my

various symptoms and conditions, looking at them in context with the tablets that I had been prescribed for so long and finding a solution. Oh how naïve I was.

I was completely stonewalled and instead of talking about further investigations the Doctor started talking about a plan for my discharge. I'm astounded. It is obvious to me, there is something very sinister about the whole business. It all stinks to high heaven and it starts and finishes with the benzodiazepines.

On top of this this I started getting very embarrassing new symptoms which were ignored. Once again I had to fight to get people to listen; nurses apparently made notes, which the Doctors ignored. I researched these new symptoms online and it appeared it might be a prostate infection. I asked to see an urologist but was denied. I protested and told the Doctor about the websites that had suggested prostate problems and was met with derision and was condescendingly told that I was foolish to try and self - diagnose and to listen to quackery on the internet - Talk about the pot calling the kettle black! When I informed the Doctor that it was the NHS's own website that was suggesting this, it was back to the wry smiles and the silent treatment; and then she sent me to the STI clinic instead. I was incredulous. Why??? What the hell is wrong with these people? I spent the best part of two years confined to a bed in hospital.

Using the logic of these so called experts, if I had a broken hand I'd expect to be sent to, oh I don't know, how about a Podiatrist? In fact, anyone but the relevant professional was the order of things.

The Doctor at the STI clinic also couldn't understand the reasoning behind it all but had to perform the tests anyway. All clear. She also re-examined the lump on my testicle and realized I had another. She told me to inform my Doctor that I needed another scan. I told the staff on my ward and nothing happened. Days went by and nothing. Then I was told, 'don't worry the STI Doctor will have made the referral'. Still no referral. I told them repeatedly that she expected my Doctors to make it. It wasn't until I myself, the patient, had gone back to the STI clinic (to find it closed , but handed a telephone number) was able to reach the Doctor by telephone who then demanded to speak to the staff who were supposed to be caring for me and they didn't want to know. They were literally running away from the phone, I kid you not. So I'm running around the hospital effectively having to organize my own treatment and the staff don't want to know.

It felt a bit like you keep taking your beaten up car to a garage for repair, told there is nothing wrong with it, you are imagining it, and when an outsourced lawn mower mechanic does pick up a fault, you are told to fix it yourself. I'm reading this all back to myself and I can scarcely believe it. It was like a carry on film, a very unfunny one at that: but that is how it was.

Anyway I did eventually get the scan which was all clear, but still the embarrassing symptoms continue.

So I'm still waiting for answers to this hellish situation which brings me to the cherry on the cake.

All the while this is going on I had been trying to get an audience with the Doctor, which isn't easy and when I eventually succeeded and started asking questions about my situation and further tests she told me there will not be any tests and the reasons for this are:-

'You are NOT mentally ill and you are in the wrong place because this is a Mental Health facility and we can't investigate anything physical, so you need to approach a GP'. You really couldn't make this stuff up. I swear to you the lunatics really are running the asylum.

But it gets better. My faculties were improving to a degree and I realize that I need to get out of this hellhole, so I asked my Mother for the telephone number of the GP that she had registered me with, when I was transferred to Cornwall. I tried to make an appointment to see the GP. It now descends into farce. The GP refused to see me, as I was a hospital patient and they have their own doctors, ergo, they should be treating me.

I tried, oh how I tried, to explain my situation and that the hospital doctors would not investigate etc. etc. but it didn't make a blind bit of difference: If I wanted to see her, I needed to discharge myself first.

So I then inform the staff that I am discharging myself. After all, this is the only course of action they are willing to take anyway. Pretty straightforward you would think. Actually it was anything but. They started dreaming up reason after reason why I shouldn't be discharged;

Such as: - you've been through a terrible ordeal, how will you be able to cope? Where are you going to live? And so on. Absolutely nothing to do with what I was suffering from, what the hell I had been doing there for two years and how best to address it. They were blatantly stonewalling me.

So now I'm in an outrageous position. Having been seriously ill in hospital, treated appallingly for two years, I will not be investigated by the hospital - in spite of the supposedly new information on condition, re: the benzodiazepines - because I shouldn't be there and need to see a GP for further investigation. However, I cannot go to an external GP because I'm in hospital but can't discharge myself because the hospital staff are now making it very difficult to do so. Are you keeping up so far?!

I'm in a medical no-mans-land; The NHS meets the twilight zone.

When will this nightmare end? If there was ever a reason, that might cause me to suffer a mental break down and a need to be committed, I think that my treatment by the

National Health Service is as good as you are ever going to get. Just criminal. I can't describe it any other way.

Added to this is now, hostility from some members of staff. I returned to researching my symptoms and printed off several copies of the report I mentioned earlier, by Dr Reg Peart which is excellent. (I urge you to read his story). It is absolutely horrifying and our respective experiences share similarities, although my story pales in comparison when you look at the length of time the poor man suffered for and the criminal treatment he received, at the hands of these charlatans. My God, the man was a fellow Scientist: an eminent one at that. His story starts from the late 60's. Nothing has changed, nearly half a century later.)

So I'm trying my best to cross reference symptoms, which I found very difficult to do, when being a layman and with diminished capacity, I'm trying to define various scientific names. Anyway, I've made a list and I'm desperately trying to get members of staff – Doctors, Nurses, and HCA's – in fact anyone and everyone, to look at the report and the lists I've made. I've had more success in teaching my dogs the alphabet. They just were not interested. Then one of the Nurses, eventually took a copy of the report from me and promised to read it. While chasing up some feedback from this Nurse (it turned out he was off shift for a couple of days) I retrieved the coffee stained report. I had previously written the word dysphagia, or dysarthria on the very front, in black marker pen. I had misspelled the word and a Y had been inserted in yellow pen. I then found out the Nurse didn't bother to read the report. He didn't have the time apparently. He just corrected a simple spelling mistake. So, that's alright then, don't bother trying to help your patient solve what's wrong with them, just try and school them instead, in a subject that they used to be pretty damn good at. Words are beginning to fail me. Utter contempt for their patients. As I hope you can see by now, **not** finding answers - (actually, not asking questions in the first place) is a very important requirement, when it come to the subject of benzodiazepines.

I still have many symptoms but now, some of the fear I had been suffering was giving way to anger.

I started confronting the staff with 'what the hell is the matter with you people, are you so obtuse, you can't even see the answer when I'm giving it to you in black and white?'

I was angrily told by that same Nurse, the English teacher, something like 'Don't have a bloody go at us, it's your own damn fault, you've been stuck in your room for nearly two years led on a bed, you wouldn't come out and engage with us, so what the hell do you expect?'

I.e. 'Oh, we've screwed up, he's starting to figure it out and he's on to us, just keep sticking to the crazy card' etc. etc.

For the love of all that is good, how can you reason with such people?
I don't know about the NHS, I reckon it should be called the DIY.

At any rate, I am now aware that to blame the very people, who have had their lives ruined by these hellish pharmaceuticals, is standard practice.

Not one member of staff bothered to read that report although one of them did sit with me and listen, as I related some of the report and my symptoms. It made no difference whatsoever but gave me a greater understanding of the rationale of the medical establishment with regard to medicines and their side effects. She went off a bit of a tangent, as if it was somewhat relevant to me and said 'We have patients on the other wards, they are so poorly and they need to be medicated; you know it's going to take 10-20 years off their lives but, hey-ho, whatcha gonna do!' I do not jest, this is what she said to me.

The first thought that ran through my mind at this point was 'Wow its sucks to be them.' The second was 'what's that have to do with the price of cheese' - besides the fact that I had taken a medication for so long and it has had a devastating effect on me – there is nothing remotely in common between my situation and the people she was referring to.

Then I realized that she was attempting to defend both her employer and medications in general and everything that goes with them. I was actually very fond of this Nurse and I think that her heart was in the right place. I guess it's hard to admit that something is wrong, in a profession you believe in.

Some of the staff did realize what had been going on. Another of the Nurses was very scathing about the pharmaceutical Industry, their methods and their products and also of her own employers. However, she was very cagey about the subject and tended to speak to me out of earshot of others - and then in hushed tones but other than that was of little help.

Two more Nurses were sympathetic to what had happened to me and were mildly outspoken, (again in private, they tut - tutted, shook their heads etc.) at what was going on. It was these Nurses in particular, that had made notes that were ignored by the Doctors. Still, it got me nowhere.

It's quite obvious to me that they were fearful of speaking out. Didn't want to rock the boat. Must tow the party line etc. The whole system reminded me of a historical chap I've read about called Stalin. He used to run an organization called the U.S.S.R. way back in the 20th century – Was far bigger than the NHS but they share similar philosophies. In fact I remember the staff talking about something they weren't happy with (something they had to do, or stop doing) and I quipped 'Oh, that's not in the communist manifesto then, I take it?' which prompted some nervous chuckling.

As I had my mobile phone at this point I decided to try to get in touch with some professionals outside of the hospital. Referring again to the benzo.org/uk website I found the name of a Uk Professor who not only featured often, was very outspoken on the subject of benzodiazepines and their dangers. I decided to try and contact him. This turned out to be impossible by way of telephone although I did manage to speak to a

colleague of his. We had a lengthy conversation in which I tried my best to explain my situation to him. I do not know for sure how much information he was able to absorb from talking to me but he seemed quite astounded and said that I must put everything I told him into an email and send it to the Professor.

I was heartened by this and thought that this was the direction to pursue although trying to make sense of anything was and still is, hugely daunting. It would take time to organize this email and I needed immediate action.

Then I had a thought. 'Why don't I contact my original GP?' It seemed the obvious thing to do and I was annoyed that I hadn't thought of it sooner. I wish I hadn't bothered. First off, she really didn't seem that happy to hear from me. I explained everything that I had been through and that I had now come to the realization that it was all due to benzodiazepines. I asked her if I could discharge myself and come and see her to be referred for further tests. She flatly refused. I just could not believe her attitude. When I pressed her on the reasons for this she tried to bamboozle me with a lot of medical jargon and last but not least, she played the crazy card.

Regardless of the misdiagnosis that has taken place, she wouldn't see me as I would have to be evaluated by the Bristol health authority first blah, blah, blah, re- register at the surgery and even then would not refer me for further testing. She effectively put up every obstacle that she could think of to stop me from re - registering. Again I'm at a loss for words. This had been my Doctors surgery since my early teens and she had been my GP for nearly twenty years; and yes she was my prescribing physician. They are all in it together. Its diabolical, is what it is. I think the Mafia could learn a trick or two from these people.

I really didn't know what else to do so I telephoned a lady from a benzodiazepine charity. We had several very long conversations regarding my situation. She was absolutely astounded by what had taken place and said to me 'This is the most absurd story I have ever heard – quite outrageous'

She really was at a loss as to suggesting something proactive for me to do – She was obviously aware of the vicious nature of these drugs but was in another county and had never dealt with a comparable situation – although she gave me the name of a Pharma-psychologist whom she knew personally and thought might be nearer to me and a good start. She asked me to keep her informed of my situation. I started asking the staff (all of them including management) to help me contact this Doctor. I was ignored.

So now I'm back to square one. I approached an advocate who was affiliated with the ward, for help and advice while I was still stuck in hospital. She was a nice girl who actually had enough respect to listen. I was very grateful for that.

She was also shocked by my story and asked what it was that she could assist me with. I told her that I need to discharge myself to have further investigations and asked if she would help me to tell my story to various professionals who could help me make sense

of everything and get some answers. She said she would help with this and continue to help after I discharged myself. Her assistance amounted to absolutely nothing. I am in despair again.

There is much more absurdity that I am desperate to talk about leading up to me discharging myself but I am hoping that what I have stated so far is enough to catch your attention. I would now like to talk about what has happened since.

I discharged myself on the 15th May 2014 three days short of two years from my first admission to hospital. It was a very surreal feeling. I don't know how best to describe it. Maybe like awakening from some kind of coma but not. In the sense that the world is still as it was but things were different and I had been absent for so long.

So the plan was as follows:- make an appointment with the GP. Start writing to medical professionals. Seek legal advice. Find investigative journalists. Investigate continuing symptoms. There are still many. I suspect I have been left with a degree of brain damage.

It appears that when people are struck down by these so called medicines the Medical Profession goes into overdrive to suppress it. They can effectively poison you for years and then try to finish the job when you are seriously ill, with impunity. It's attempted murder. What else would you call it? I haven't had a chance to speak yet about the management as it's difficult for me to process the huge amount of information that I have and, believe it or not, I am trying to keep this as concise as I can.

The attitude of the management was equally shocking. I do not know who is worse. I do know that I experienced the very same attitude with the management. Condescension, contradiction, complete lack of inclination to help etc. I think I now understand how difficult it is for people to come forward and whistle blow, in any large organization.

I approached an advocate for help and advice while still stuck in hospital. I was buoyed by our meetings as she seemed to be shocked with my story and genuinely interested in helping. The initial enthusiasm seemed to wane however and although she did help me pen 2 emails

I've have tried very hard to access my medical records. I have been given no help and find myself failing dismally. The cost is one thing but because I have moved cross county, actually finding where my records are is very difficult. I must have contacted at least 7 medical bodies and I am constantly directed elsewhere.

This attitude continued when I finally discharged from hospital. Registered with a local Dr. The first Doctors appointment I had after leaving hospital was interrupted by a more senior Dr who said and I quote ' I am not investigating anything to do with benzodiazepines ' .

How can a Professor, who has years of experience in this subject, God knows how many letters after his name, not be able to advise me? He can't help as he apparently no longer practices medicine, he can't advise and he can't suggest anyone else who could???

But he is still able to maintain positions on multiple powerful legislative and regulatory organizations. It doesn't take a genius to see that this is very suspicious. He is not alone. Another outspoken Doctor on this subject, who specializes in expert witness testimony not only could not help but he couldn't even suggest a lawyer with experience of cases such as mine. Extraordinary. What the fuck is going on?

All my symptoms coincided with this syndrome.

*Subjected to a forced withdrawal from long term benzodiazepine prescription. Wrongly sectioned. Was **never** mentally ill.

*Cannot get any help from any Doctor they seem uninterested or Ignorant to this situation

*Massive difficulties accessing medical records.

*Have spoken with lawyer but by his own admission has no experience with this subject.

*Another Lawyer unapologetically said 'Strong case for medical negligence and more but I can't represent you if you can't afford it. There is no justice unless you can pay.'

Symptoms persisting.

*Rectal bleeding ignored for time in hospital. I had to make my own arrangements after I left hospital. Surgeon said it was good job I came and was scathing of my appalling treatment. Three polyps removed.

- Memory loss
- Trouble with context
- Poor task performing
- Anemia/B12 deficiency
- Bell's palsy type symptom intermittently affecting right side of face
- Ringing/hissing in head that never relents
- Dermatitis/ Psoriasis
- Hair loss
- Paresthesia type symptoms
- Vertigo
- Temporomandibular dysfunction (Jaw). I am grinding my teeth away. See consultant after consultant who ignore the cause (Benzodiazepines are an elephant in the room) and will only look at symptom.
- Painful lumps on both testicles. Benign.

- Sinusitis/Rhinitis.
- Gastrointestinal issues.
- Fatigue

One minute I have pernicious anemia. The next, I am made to look a fool by G.P. who says I don't. Then told its B12 deficiency.... Later told it's not.

And so, it continues.

Timeline since leaving hospital

G.P. refuses to investigate anything benzodiazepine related.

Gastroenterologist listens to my experience and is aware of subject but must focus on specific issue of rectal bleeding.

Sent for colonoscopy and have three polyps removed.

Consultant writes to the first G.P. and I get asked by another G.P. to please return to surgery with as much information as I can bring to discuss this syndrome. She books me a double appointment.

She tries to help but by own admission doesn't know what to do. She asks what help I need. I ask to see a specialist who understands benzo-diazepine withdrawal syndrome. There is nothing in place to help. I keep requesting. She keeps trying. She eventually goes full circle and ends up asking the very people who mis diagnosed me and continue to hide behind mis-diagnosis and say they can't help or investigate.

G.P. then says she has to go through symptoms sequentially.

I am in and out of hospital, seeing various consultants. I am still waiting to see a pharma psychologist and the consultant who is dealing with my jaw dysfunction has taken an interest in my case.

I expect their investigations to come to nothing with the familiar 'Nothing within the system to help you'

While all this is going on I have spoken to so many Health Authorities and Clinical commissioning groups, supposed experts on benzodiazepines, also the GMC and you yourselves (MHRA) and I am not getting anywhere. I am going around in circles. I cannot even obtain specific medical records. It is scandalous. I am sick and tired of being told 'Oh that's terrible but we can't help, here's a number try so and so.'

I continue to seek legal advice and have written to several journalists who have taken an interest. In fact, one wanted to use me in a recent documentary but in the end, she decided to use the story of a lady that was even more horrific. I am in the process of

writing to more M.P.s as I am now at my wits end. It is incredulous that people should be treated like this.