

**OFFICIAL - SENSITIVE**

**WITNESS STATEMENT**

Agency Ref : S175  
PF Ref :

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Surname : SHORT (NON PIRC ST)                      Other or previous surname :

Forenames : Nicole                      DoB : ██████/1986                      Age : 29

Occupation : Police Officer                      Other Occupation :

Police Station :                      Years Service :

Disclosable address :

Post Code:

This statement was taken :

Date and time : 13th of May 2015 .

By : JOHN SALLENS POLICE FEDERATION  
Place :

In the presence of :

I have/the witness signed/refused to sign this and all other pages

It was/not read over to the witness and was/not recorded on Audio tape and/or Video tape

States :

I am 29 years old with 6 years police service. I am based at Kirkcaldy police office.

On Sunday 3rd May 2015 I commenced duty at Kirkcaldy Police Office at 0700 hours, with my tour of duty being from 0700 hours to 1600 hours that same day. My neighbour for that day was PC Ashley Tomlinson. At the conclusion of our muster from acting sergeant Scott Maxwell we were handed a call that had been lying from 27th April. As we were preparing to attend this call the male controller at Bilston came on the airway and said to us "disregard that call, I am going to have to divert you". I then remember him saying "a black African Caribbean male chasing people with a knife, 2 locations, Hayfield Road and Victoria Road".

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I immediately asked what keys were ours and I picked up the keys for A13 which is nicknamed the fish van because of it's size.

I gave the keys to Ash saying "you know where you'r going, you drive".

I remember thinking to myself that I hate calls like this involving knives.

We ran through the station and I grabbed my hat and my piece bag. I was already wearing my officer safety equipment. Ash and I ran out to the van and we immediately made our way towards the locus. As we were on our way Ash went back on the radio and requested an ARV, a dog unit and the assistance of other units.

Craig Walker and Alan Paton came on the radio and said "yes yes we will assist". As we were driving out of the back yard Craig and Alan were in front of us and both their vehicles had activated their blue lights.

Around half way there I remember saying to Ash "I hate calls like this" and then I remember the controller coming back on and saying that the dog was on it's way from Edinburgh. My heart sank at this point.

As we turned around the wee white painted roundabout into Hayfield Road I was astounded at what I saw in front of me.

Craig and Alan's van was parked near the bus stop and they were both out of the van and both had their sprays out. They were shouting at a huge, very muscular black guy around 6ft tall wearing a tight t shirt and charcoal jeans.

Craig and Alan were shouting at him to stop but he kept moving towards them with his fist clenched out at his side. He had a crazed look about him and I was in no doubt that he was going to attack them.

Alan and Craig were screaming at the guy shouting "get back, this is CS spray, get back or I will spray you".

Any normal person would have been left in no uncertain terms to get back however the guy paid no attention and kept going towards them aggressively as if he was going to attack them.

Alan and Craig are both big guys. They are tall and well-built but the guy showed no fear and was going towards them. I remember thinking "shit, this is real" to such an extent that I shouted out "oh Fuck". I was absolutely terrified at what I was witnessing.

I have never ever seen a more frightening crazy man in my life and I could see he was completely out of control.

The fact that we were police officers had no bearing on him whatsoever. I was terrified beyond belief. I couldn't see the knife and didn't know where it was and I could feel my legs turning to jelly and my whole body shaking in fear.

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Alan and Craig had no option but to spray him and they did so as I jumped out of the van. I watched the guy laughing at them as he wiped it off his face and turned and walked away from the van. I remember Craig shouting "Alan it's no fuckin working". The guy then started walking past us up a path between trees and bushes. As I looked I could see that both Alan and Craig had been affected by their spray and were in great distress and I knew they couldn't see as they were bent down rubbing their eyes. The spray had no effect on the guy whatsoever.

I could feel the sensations and effects from the spray on my mouth. As the guy got near us Ash shouted for him to stop but he wouldn't so Ash sprayed the guy again as he was coming towards us but he just walked through it and I could actually see it dripping off his face as he walked past laughing at us. I started following the guy shouting "stop, stay where you are". I remember Craig at my side and shouting "somebody give me a baton".

On hearing this, I don't know what I was thinking, but I immediately drew and engaged my baton. We were always taught to utilise our baton if our spray didn't work. I remember feeling the baton sliding in my hand as I put it on my shoulder. My whole body was jelly and I was completely terrified. Everything seemed like slow motion. I shouted to the guy "get down on your knees and put your hands behind your back". I was in complete Tulliallen mode and that was all I could think to say.

He had his back to us at this point and was approximately 12 feet away from me. When he heard what I had said he half turned around and said "what?" in a very aggressive and intimidating manner. Ash and Craig were both at my left side and what he did next absolutely scared me to death. He looked at Ash then Craig and then me, and on seeing me he said "fuckin come on then". He then bizarrely and very quickly boxer skipped towards me as if he was in a boxing ring. I was in terror as he came at me and only me and I could see his muscles totally pumping. I knew he was going to kill me. I was shouting "get back or I'll strike" as I tried to create more space between us. I swiped my baton in a fend-off motion in front of me to try and create space. I know this might sound stupid but I didn't want to hit him however he just kept coming towards me. I looked at his face and remember the determination and anger in it. There was no doubt he was going to attack me and kill me.

In terror and in fear for my life I just turned and tried to run away. I remember screaming "no" and crying but no tears were coming out and struggling to breathe.

I remember feeling his presence behind me then I felt an almighty blow to the back of my head. The blow was so powerful it knocked me flying to my face. I remember seeing the kerb coming towards me and trying to put my hands out to stop my face hitting the ground.

I passed out at this point. The next thing I remember was curling up in a ball to protect my head. I thought I was going to die and had resigned myself to the fact. I remember lying curled up in a ball on the ground totally powerless and waiting to be killed.

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Nothing came but I just remember someone coming to help me but I can't remember who it was. I was totally traumatised and frozen with fear. I was hysterically crying and trying to breathe. I was lying on my right hand side and curled up but because I was aware someone was there I rolled on to my knees and was on all fours. I tried to get up onto my feet but my legs wouldn't work. I kept trying and trying but kept falling.

The next thing I remember is Alan Paton running towards me. He was sheet white and in complete terror. His eyes were popping out of his head. He physically lifted me up by my vest before screaming into my face "run to the van, run now". I tried to run but I couldn't. I had a searing pain on my right hand side. I had no idea what was causing the pain but was later told that the guy had been stamping on me every time I tried to get up. I have no recollection of this.

I staggered to the fish van holding my side. I was terrified that the guy was coming after me and kept turning round. I remember watching a horrifying scene as my colleagues were trying to restrain the guy without success. Even though he was on the ground he wasn't under control and was still managing to throw people off. I was convinced that he was going to throw them all off and come after me again and eventually kill me and finish me off.

I had it in my mind that the only way to save myself was to get in the van.

I kept trying to press my red button but my arms and my strength had gone and I couldn't do it.

I remember Alan Smith and Kayleigh Good arriving and coming over to me. Alan was shouting "are you alright?" I was crying hysterically and couldn't breathe. Kayleigh grabbed hold of me and was crying and asking me what happened. I couldn't speak but I managed eventually to tell her I had never seen anything like it in my life and I thought I was going to die.

Kayleigh then put me in the big van and I put my head in my hands and started howling and sobbing like a bairn.

I remember DS Colin Robinson coming and saying to me that an ambulance had been called for me but because it was going to take so long he was going to take me in the CID car to A&E. He drove me to A&E and left me on my own crying in the waiting room.

I was examined and discharged without any pain relief and advised to take Paracetamol and Ibuprofen however I wasn't given any.

I was in a lot of pain at that time but nowhere near as bad as the pain I was in over the following days when I was in severe pain all over.

I had to go back to the hospital the next day as I just didn't feel right and I felt drunk and dizzy. I had also started to [REDACTED] and when I explained this to the doctor she informed me that I had concussion. She gave me Ibuprofen and Co Codamol but I wasn't given a scan even though I told her I was in extreme pain. She said that

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because there appeared to be no broken bones I wouldn't need a scan. I was then discharged.

On Tuesday 5th May I went to my own GP because the right hand side of my face had swollen up. Dr Ellison of [REDACTED] Medical Practice said that I had concussion and neck pain and signed me off my work. She said I had been through an horrific experience and didn't want to scan me just yet.

[REDACTED]

My face didn't feel right for the whole week and on Sunday 10th May I was sitting with [REDACTED] and I told them that I felt as if my face was recovering from an anaesthetic. I told [REDACTED] that the right hand side of my face didn't feel right. [REDACTED] then said that my face had drooped. When I went to the mirror I noticed straight away that it had drooped on the right hand side and as a result I called NHS 24 and they organised an out of hours emergency appointment.

I was eventually admitted to Kirkcaldy hospital and kept in overnight and given a CT scan. I asked the wee Pakistani doctor whose surname began with an S that if the scan came back normal what had caused my face to droop? The doctor said to me there was a likelihood of me having sustained nerve damage after the guy had punched me. He then explained about a nerve that goes from the back of my neck to the front of my head.

I was later told that my scan had come back normal and there was no fracture or blood in the brain and I had been admitted as a queried stroke.

I can honestly say that I thought the guy was going to kill me and had resigned myself to dying. I am really struggling with this and actually don't know how I feel at the moment. [REDACTED]

When I look back on the situation there is nothing else we could have done differently or I could have done differently. The man was deranged with super human strength and in my mind intent on killing someone. I have no idea how he died but in my opinion his death was unavoidable.

I will never forget what my colleagues done for me and think about it constantly. They saved my life and if it wasn't for them I wouldn't be here today.

Statement taken by John Sallens on Wednesday 13th May 2015

I am 5ft 1inch and 7 stone.

Signed : (Witness)

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CONFIDENTIAL MATERIAL - NOT TO BE DISCLOSED

Surname : SHORT (NON PIRC ST)  
Alias/known as :

Forenames:

Nicole

Place of birth :      Age : over 18

Home address :      Telephone :  
[REDACTED]

Post code : [REDACTED]

Business address :      Telephone :  
Police Scotland  
Kirkcaldy Police Station

Post Code :

Mobile : [REDACTED]  
Email : [REDACTED]  
Fax/Pager :  
Other :

Dates when unavailable in next 12 months :

Other Confidential Material :