

WITNESS STATEMENT

Agency Ref : **S015**
PF Ref :

Surname : SAEED Other or previous surname :

Forenames : Zahid DoB : / / Age : 31

Occupation : [REDACTED] Other Occupation :

Police Station : Years Service :

Disclosable address :

Post Code:

This statement was taken :

Date and time : 3rd of May 2015 14.30

By : DC 491 MCGREGOR & DC 260 TELFORD
Place : KIRKCALDY POLICE STATION

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 Zahid SAEED. I am 31 years of age and live at the moment with my mum, and brother, at the address provided. [REDACTED]

Today I have met with Detectives MCGREGOR and TELFORD who picked me up from my house this morning. This is in relation to an incident in the early hours this morning involving my friend Sheku BAYOH. I know him as Shek. He is 31 years of age same as me and I have known him since we were about 16/17 years old. I got to know him through living in Fife and family/friends at the youth group we attended. We became very good friends over the years, and grew a lot closer from about

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January 2014 [REDACTED]. Shek was like a brother to me and we were always in regular contact with one another, through calls, texts or in person.

He lived with his partner Collette (who I call 'Little Sis' in my phone) and their [REDACTED] boy [REDACTED]. They live in Arran Crescent Kirkcaldy. I know Shek had a relationship with a woman [REDACTED] and they have a [REDACTED] son [REDACTED] together. I'm sure the access was not the best for him to see his son but he did see him fairly recently.

Shek worked for British Gas in the call centre for 3/4 years and really liked his job. He was going on a course to be an engineer type job soon.

He liked to drink alcohol, but wasn't an alcoholic or that. He was cutting back and I wouldn't say his drinking was a problem.

I had never seen him with drugs or even mention them in the passing.

He was a keen 'gym goer' and regularly attended a gym in Templehall where he done weights. I know he used to do steroids but I'm not sure if he still did them or even how he took them. I think the gym was in the community centre.

I'm not aware of him having any medical conditions or taking any medication, but I do know that he was quite a heavy smoker and we would regularly joke about it.

Recently we had been talking about the big boxing match that was happening on Saturday night/Sunday morning between MAYWEATHER and PACQUIAO. This was last night early this morning. We were undecided about where we were going to be watching it, but there was a suggestion that our friends Martyn and Kirsty would be watching it and we could possibly go there to watch it.

Shek was going to his sister's house. I know her as KK and it was her daughter's [REDACTED] birthday party. I think she is about [REDACTED] She lives up at [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

I went up to KK's house and met Shek at the party. I think this was about 2100hrs but I can't be certain. I drove my own car to the house. It's a white [REDACTED] Seat Toledo car. I'm sure Collette and [REDACTED] were staying at her mum's house last night as we had planned to see the boxing which was due to be on about 0400hrs this morning.

When we were at KK's, Shek had been drinking and was happy, a fine mood, happy and joyful.

We left the house and drove to Asda for some alcohol for the rest of the night. This was about 2150hrs, and we both went into the shop for it. We bought a bottle of a vodka based mixture type thing, and then went to Shek's house where we chatted for a good few hours about general things that good friends do. This ranged from house

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mortgages to his sister's relationship with Collette, [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] During the night at his house, I didn't even finish my glass of the vodka mixes thing [REDACTED]. Shek had a few glasses of it was but wasn't drunk or that.

We hadn't arranged to go to Martyn's until maybe about 0400hrs as he is a [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] so wouldn't be in from work until then.

Martyn and Kirsty are good friends of ours (me and Shek) but not as close to Shek as I was. He is Martyn DICK and she is Kirsty MCLEOD and they live up [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

During the night, Shek's mood was fine, talking and getting excited about the big fight but he was getting a bit more drunk and not making much sense to me. He has a lot on his plate I think at the moment. Family, culture differences.

Later on in the night, Martyn got in touch and said he wasn't feeling too great and a bit tired, I think hinting that the boxing could be off at his house. Me and Shek wasn't very happy about this so we let Martyn know this, as we could have booked the boxing earlier or made alternative arrangements so he agreed to have us up as previously planned. We then went up. [REDACTED] Shek took up the remainder of the vodka thing. It was called something like 'Pirate's Bay'.

We got up to their house about 0400hrs and Shek seemed to have a mood change. His mood was changing slightly but nothing too drastic.

Once we got in, he (Shek) had a drink and I poured myself one. We all got chatting as friends in the living room and in the kitchen. The "build-up" to the big fight was on but it was paused so we could see the full build-up and not miss it through chatting. Shek kept on just jumping into the conversations and making no sense, saying things that didn't even have any relevance to what was being said. He kept getting annoyed with us accusing us of 'taking the piss' out of him. He was getting quite confrontational to the point that I thought there was going to be trouble in the house so I was telling him it's probably best if we left. I knew this wasn't normal behaviour for Shek so I persuaded Martyn to let me try and calm the situation down but nothing seemed to level him. Nothing anybody said seemed to have any effect on his mood but eventually he got up and left the house of his own accord. I presumed he would have just been outside waiting on me at [REDACTED]. I made my apologies for the bad situation and left as well. But when I got out [REDACTED] Shek was nowhere to be seen. It was daylight by this time, and we hadn't been at Martyn's all that long. I was a bit worried that I couldn't see him so I ran around the streets looking for him for about 5 minutes. I tried calling him but never managed to speak to him. This was about 0530hrs.

I went back to Martyn's but Shek hadn't returned there, so I decided [REDACTED] to look for him. I never seen him so I [REDACTED] to his house and [REDACTED] at the front of his house I seen him walking up towards his house. I met him and we walked up the pathway together to his house. I tried asking why he acted the way he had but he just told me to "GO AWAY". I knew this was not normal for him and once we got inside I continued to ask him what had happened to him that made him

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behave like he was. He told me in broken sentences, that Kirsty and me were taking the piss out of him. I assured (him) continually that nothing like that was happening. I could tell that he was listening to me and he agreed that nobody was and we were like brothers, but as quick as a flash he would change moods again.

He would then accuse me of being in the CID and was 'fake', as if he didn't even know who I was in front of him. I think I was in the house for about 40 minutes or so.

I asked him again why a nice genuine guy like him was behaving so irrationally but nothing he said made sense. He then pulled out a clear money bag that had a sort of white coloured paste and purple tablets in it. There wasn't a lot of either and I just presumed it was drugs but I never asked Shek. He told me he knew 'what to do' and that he would flush them down the toilet. But I took them from him and said I'd flush them for him. He pulled this bag from his sock in his kitchen. The mood swings and conversation didn't change much and eventually I suggested I leave. He agreed and I then noticed him clenching his fists and staring at me quite menacingly. I feared for my safety so I left via the back door that's in the kitchen. He walked toward me but managed to catch up close enough to me that he punched the back of my head a few times as I tried to run away. I managed to get out the garden but he chased after me and threw a wooden washing line pole at me, missing me thankfully. I ran round intending to leave in my car but he continued chasing me so I didn't have time to get into it safely. He chased me round the street and into gardens but as it was raining, I slipped on the ground which gave him time to catch me. He got on top of me and straddled me, then punched me about 10-15 times to my head face and body. I tried to defend myself by lifting my arms but he caught me with a few punches.

I don't know how, but by shouting for help and struggling for him to get off me, I eventually freed myself, got up and ran for my life into an alley nearby. I've no idea if he chased me again or not. Not knowing what to do, I called Martyn on his mobile, I explained what had happened and Martyn picked me up in his white delivery van. He took me back to his house as I was frightened. Once there I tried to tell him and Kirsty what had happened but as it is so unusual for Shek to act like he had, none of us could really understand or get our heads around it. They agreed that his behaviour was weird and we agreed that I should let Collette know just in case she could also be attacked. I text her and she called me about 0731hrs. I told her what went on and she couldn't believe it but I said she shouldn't go to the house as it wasn't safe.

I went back to Martyn's for a short time as I was still in shock and looking to try and work out what happened. Nothing was making sense to me at all.

Just before I got home, Collette called me again and told me that she was at her house and Shek was nowhere to be seen. She said the door was lying wide open and the inside was trashed. I told her it wasn't trashed when I was there and that it was not a safe place for her to be. I said she should phone the police to report him missing, as something was clearly not right with Shek.

I then got into my house and changed my dirty clothes, putting them into the basket. I then flushed the package that maybe contained drugs down my toilet of my house.

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Last night I was wearing black trousers, black hooded jacket, dark purple jumper, black converse trainers. I'm 6'2", medium build, short black hair, stubble on my face. My clothes are in my laundry basket, upstairs in my room. My trainers are in the house.

Shek is about 5'11", big build/heavy, bald head.

He was wearing a dark blue hoody, white t-shirt, black jeans and brown boots.

I have the following people in my phone and their numbers as:

Shek 07979149124

(Martin) Martyn [REDACTED]

(not stored)

(Collette) Little Sis [REDACTED]

My number is [REDACTED] and my provider is EE. I have agreed to be medically examined by the police doctor which has been done, and I have also provided police with my evidential DNA samples;

LABEL No. EVIDENTIAL MOUTH SWABS ZAHID SAEED.

I will give police my mobile phone

LABEL No. MOBILE PHONE - ZAHID.

(from page 5) When in his house, Shek was saying to me that I wasn't real, I see who you are now, then going on about the CID thing again.

I have had my statement read over to me and have made some changes which I'm now happy with.

Signed :

(Witness)

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CONFIDENTIAL MATERIAL - NOT TO BE DISCLOSED

Surname : SAEED Forenames: Zahid
Alias/known as :

Place of birth : Age : over 18

Home address : Telephone : [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] Saeed home address [REDACTED]

Post code :

Business address : Telephone :

Post Code :

Mobile :
Email :
Fax/Pager :
Other :

Dates when unavailable in next 12 months :

Other Confidential Material :

SHEKU
INQUIRY

RESTRICTED
MATERIAL