The Judge from 'hell': How I was convicted of a crime I never committed in Scotland.

By Pardis Tabaee Damavandi

It all began back in 2017 I was working as a teaching assistant just after completing my PhD in Physics at Queen Mary University of London in London, UK. At 31, my mind was always busy meeting with career advisors, teaching, submitting thesis corrections and papers for journals, planning for the future, the usual, and although I had dreams about my future and what I had to put in, to get there I knew it wouldn't have been easy for me. It had never been easy but my rescuer and self-sacrifical personality that derive from years of healthcare service were the cause for this. I had after all put up with all sorts of difficulties getting where I was and I would always be asked to respond to questions which compared me with those who sailed smoothly through the currents of life and never had to experience a dark cloud nor stormy events. My next step was going to be to do a postdoctoral research project and keep applying. About my personal life I had planned to get there after reaching some form of job stability. I thus concentrated fully on that. To save on rent, I moved to Edinburgh. I knew someone there I liked and who was experiencing bereavement so I thought I could be there for him too. He had been in a real bad mood but little I knew he would have messed up his life even further by falling prey to a sinister accident involving me. There was a lot of Pro-Scottish propaganda in those years too which incentived my relocation.

So I moved to a smaller town I had visited before; I said to myself the metropolitan city of London was great and had much to offer but I missed the countryside and I missed my mountains, which I needed. At that stage I kept applying for the University of Edinburgh which was the town I had moved to but my applications kept being rejected. Still in touch with career advisors I'd ask what was the reason for the rejections and the response on the phone was an insult and a hung up. I soon realised how unwelcoming and deprived the area was. There were no real jobs. I'd locum as a pharmacist to pay a rent and even got second part time jobs. While I was in London a deal had been made behind my back by the university HR or library to share my thesis which had not yet been published and a student from a different university who had been cyberbullying me for quite some time. I now feel free from that but I was suffering and I couldn't stop it because I am not English. My requests not to share my thesis on online repositories would fall on deaf ears. Little I knew nor I needed to know is that my igbored requests were because I was being portrayed as paranoid. Soon, my bully published bits of my thesis into her new project at a University abroad and so did with her CV, an almost copy and paste of mine. I was, after all sharing CVs for my applications but I had no idea initially how could a former student have access to my CVs and other personal data and that behaviour went on with the ultimate damage of two publications at my expense and damages to my reputation.

What happened on her side I do not know. This person was just a bully and although it was stressful at the time I soon forgot the experience, I knew she wouldn't forget me. That incident signalled the moment I first came across the word 'psychopath'. According to research the UK

has a lot of psychopaths. As a child I had never seen this in the UK but in that moment in time it had reached its peak. Things had changed. Education was not a priority then. Skills, integrity and talent had been replaced with immorality and dishonesty.

I had been warned not to say anything about it or about the psychopaths as the consequences of me doing that would have been very detrimental to my life. The warning had come from my mother too who growing up in England feared that nationalism that pushed her to leave the UK had taken over the country like a fog. She used to get laughed at by us or scorned for her views. My mother is a pessimist by default but her feelings about Scotland that she never wanted to set foot on again were right.

In England the situation was mixed whereby one over two people are psychopaths as estimated by researchers and live in society without any control nor management. They receive a good pay at the expense of other people's work but you do get the other talented half too which can be a relief. This is more or less the average situation worldwide.

In Scotland, however, the numbers were different. Only psychopaths reach the top and they work in groups together. They have each other's backs.

Similarly to the mafia it is difficult to dismantle it. The level of discrimination soars and this is where I came across the major number of psychopaths.

The first inconsistency was the level of applications I put through and the submissions to papers in this period. They'd get rejected until I found a really good American journal and a few good preprints that accepted my work. It took me two years to find them but I did, which signalled a positive landmark and that my effort hadn't been futile. I, unlike my mother tend towards optimism.

The other difficulty was housing, as I was receiving fraudulent letters from Edinburgh city council which was later discovered had this kind of activity going on for quite some time; I was feeling overwhelmed by them. That went on for a full year. Glasgow found this out a year later from the incident I experienced but for a year before that my complaints were being rejected until it turned out it had affected a lot of people. And then while I was moving flats as landladies and landords weren't acting properly (by properly I mean lawfully), I ended up receiving a call from a police officer. This encounter was my second significant encounter with a psychopath. I never knew this would signal the end of my career and future. The phone call lasted for one minute and thirty seconds and it first appeared as what was a nuisance phone call. That is why I hang up. I then called the police and two female operators told me to ignore it. A week earlier I had received an email from my bereaved acquaintance stating he had called the police and had made a complaint of stalking against me. The email also read that it was a plea for me to stop the behaviour (stalking). The reasons for him doing this were personal I found out later and not because I had been really stalking him, yet I never thought the complaint would be taken seriously as I had never stalked anyone.

Stalking is a violent crime just like harassment. I ceased all contact with my acquaintance for a few months. Now, I received comments that it was his fault, but I never believed so... I had seen a lot of good police officers up until then and some would just chat and act supportive when you'd call them. My view of what had happened was that my then bereaved friend was in need of further support and perhaps circumstances in his life made him feel like I was the source of all those circumstances in the first place, but I really wasn't, however, for some reason he must have felt that way. I wasn't responsible for his feelings but I did feel bad for him too and I had no control over his life as I hardly had control over mine I'd find out later. This was a red flag, a huge flag I had missed in my interaction with psychopaths. Why would anyone not have control over their own lives?

Nevertheless I began getting dismissed at each of my locum pharmacy jobs for no reason. The context was the same: hired for a month, a lot of hard work, unpleasant behaviours, lots of corrected mistakes I was forced to keep quiet about or I'd get fired and again dismissed with personal threats. Upon exchanges with fellow pharmacists I came to realise these experiences were very common and that there were no real grounds for these job insecurities. On a few occasions I was bullied by a couple of younger pharmacists, two dispensers and a pharmacy manager (who was not a pharmacist). One of the first companies I worked for would hire counter assistants and make them managers. The counter assistant had no idea how to run a pharmacy and had no experience at what pharmacy practice meant, ethically I mean. The bullying would cause loss of income but the HR would not back the pharmacists and refuse to pay. I won an employment tribunal case against one of the companies in September 2018 and the company

paid me and I accepted not to speak about the damage to anyone else as a result and still haven't. I deem it to be unprofessional anyway and a bit something of the past. The Judge in that case solved the matter very quickly. He was a good Judge but he was a civil Judge. He restored my hope in humanity. He was very well informed. His colleague also knew some latin verses and not as much as him, but he wasn't very different.

I kept working as a locum until recently. I mainly worked for Omnicare Pharmacy as I would get along with the owner who was a nice man and again I enjoyed the pharmacy practice and the premises which I considered adequate, the colleagues were also adequate, but I also locumed elsewhere sometimes with very good colleagues for several companies and rarely with very poor colleagues which would lead to threats and dismissals. This would happen at my second jobs too where at some point in time I noticed I began being dismissed the day after police officers would visit my workplace. The dismissals would begin with some sort of strange accusation and again threats that I felt were discriminatory, but the pattern of police officers visiting my workplace was a bit unusual particularly after receiving that initial 1 minute and 30 seconds phone call from a man who claimed to be a police officer but who really just came across as a random inebriate predator.

The pharmacy profession doesn't offer much room for psychopathy but I think of the at least 100 colleagues I must have worked with two were psychopaths although two experiences were quite recent. One was a counter assistant, the other one was a pharmacy technician. I think I came across two or three pharmacists who were young and would make lots of mistakes and cause a

lot of chaos and confusion to hide them, but none was really a psychopath. Most of them weren't even aware of most of the mistakes they were missing. I would mainly point out some dispensation errors. I sometimes had no way of avoiding dealing with another pharmacist's mistake as it would be a request by the patient and would sort out the problem in the best of my ability. In my mind I like to think that they felt shame but one recent experience with a pharmacy technician who was manager of a pharmacy makes me think she may have been a psychopath too. She was the same person who had interviewed me on behalf of her company before. I do not know if the misbehaving police officers got to her too which is why I cannot tell but I have the doubt in my mind due to her sense of entitlement which surprises me. One counter assistant for a different independent pharmacy definitely was one. What striked me was the way she would open checked bags prior to handing them out and her dishonesty in letting me know that she was a pharmacy dispenser. She wasn't. A few days before I walked away I noticed she had made a dispensing error and I had put the bag temporarily on the counter to recheck; after it being discovered by the colleague she wrote my initials on a form that I had dispensed it when she had done it. That made me very upset as there was no point in writing an error otherwise and at the same time it made me doubt her nature. After that error the bullying and threats began too. I left that pharmacy too amidst the coronavirus crisis and did a couple of shifts elsewhere then took a break. What most patients don't know is that the number of mistakes increases with lack of training however scheming counter assistants sometimes do inconceivable things blaming the pharmacists too and damaging their reputation. I witnessed a lot of that too. The patient then believes it was the pharmacist who did that unless another pharmacist demonstrates the appropriate knowledge to solve the patient's problem. As a pharmacist I had my eyes both at the

front and at the back of my head but also sideways. It was still enjoyable as it is your profession but the job security was not really there.

My trial just finished a week ago during the covid-19 pandemic. I was well prepared to handle it and had the only good lawyer in Scotland I had come across who would represent me.

How did I, someone who never hurt anyone before and with good character, get there?

I got there while I was staying at one of my flatshare properties, not long ago, a year and a half ago. I was receiving the fraudulent letters from the council by this woman who began asking me not to tell anyone that she was threatening me for money. The woman seemingly shared the same nationality as my landlady. It felt like both were very attached to money and did not know how to handle stress constructively but the landlady had a honest job whereas the council person didn't. At the time I was applying at the University of Edinburgh for an undergraduate course. I had just given an exam for it a few months earlier and was spending hours in the local library to pass the second exam so that I could be successful. My first exam had been successful. I was getting fired at my second part-time jobs and was receiving the sad emails from my bereaved friend whom at that stage had been manipulated into thinking I was out to get him. It later turned out that someone at his work, a stranger to me, had told him he had seen me at his inaugural lecture although I had never been there and was instead preparing for work the following day. I had the evidence of this for my trial last week but it was not needed as the lawyer proved in his cross-examination that I had never met this man before. Nonetheless I eventually scolded my acquaintance by giving him 'a taste of his own medicine' for a few reasons, in a way I was

bluffing as I did not have a grasp of the whole situation besides the visits in the workplace and that phone call a year earlier but I also was focused on my exam and at the same time I was feeling guilty for him because I had my hands tied and couldn't do anything to help. I also thought if I wrote back one of his emails in the way he had written them to me he'd realise how hard it was for me to understand the nature of the accusations. I also needed some positivity and I was worried that he'd act by impulse perhaps without proper guidance and had the feeling the police officer was back in his life, partly following his own warning to me at a conference and partly I was sensing that all those difficulties and range of bad behaviours from others weren't a coincidence. Yet, I was uncertain.

The nightmare began when the police officer showed up on a Monday in November 2018 after a long day at work I crushed in my bed in a coma and as I stepped out the next morning I found a leaflet near the mailbox with his name on it. To my shock it was addressed to me. The writing was very child-like and the time it had been left there was at around midnight, quite an inappropriate hour.

After another day studying for my exam I went home until I received a call from the same officer later in the afternoon. It was unclear but it was a threat "I know you have made a report about me so I am coming after you", I hang up. It was followed by a repetitive voicemail "I need to speak with you, I need to speak with you, I need to speak with you". These voicemails will later get removed by the police but I had the phone logs. I called an English lawyer I knew, asking for advice as I thought it was odd that a person I did not know, had first found my address and then

my phone number. I was advised to call the emergency had he shown up again at the flat. As I was getting ready for bed I began hearing someone banging at the door. I know this was not normal. I called the emergency and soon after, I received a phone call from the police lasting approximately nine minutes with threats and asking me to open the door or he'd break it and I'd have to pay for it. As I asked them to send someone to help, the bangs and kicks went on for a few minutes until they ceased and I found myself asleep. Noone else was at home. I was paralysed.

The next morning I collected the leaflet and the visits continued on a few nights until I went to a citizens advice bureau who witnessed everything on the phone. I made formal complaints to the police scotland ombudsman at how my data had been handled and for the inappropriate behaviour. I received an apology on the last day he visited. I looked outside the previous night and the person wasn't wearing even a police uniform but a jacket. I had confirmation from a sergeant that he had no business there at my flat and shouldn't have come.

With this I fell asleep. I received during work the following day a phone call from another sergeant, but couldn't answer, asking me to call him back. To my wonder the person making me the phone call and leaving that voicemail was from the domestic violence unit at a different police station not far from the misconduct officer's one. The officer was trying to get me convicted for a domestic violence incident or even a housing incident, or a person who makes false reports I was told. I hang up and said I was not interested in that police officer.

The following week a female officer of Ukrainian descent comes to my flatshare again. I had been very good at not opening the door to the misconduct police officer but I had been told two lady officers wanted to speak with me about why a report I had made a few years ago had been removed from the police record. I had called them previously about it. I assumed this was the lady officer who had come to speak with me about it so I checked from the window and then opened the door and went after her. The landlady was sleeping back then. She wasn't a very nice landlady so I never thought I could rely on her for support but at least it gave me some false sense of security. I was also on the phone with my mother until I decided to deal with it. As I opened the door to go after the lady officer a male officer with an unpleasant aura showed up suddenly. Apparently he had been hiding somewhere. The eyes said it all. There was something wrong with him. The lady officer was too serious too. I was assaulted in front of her eyes and was told that they were going to arrest me. There was no warrant for me. They had uniforms then unlike the previous night and I think there were body cameras and microphones but at the trial he mentioned he didn't have them. I was screaming for help and crying for the pain from the assault. In the moment before the assault I ceased eye to eye contact. It made the psychopath stop. I had read not long ago that the eyes of a psychopath are empty and when looked into they destroy you but it can be stopped by avoiding the eye contact. Looking back I have now the certainty that both the officers were psychopaths and that I was just the prey. My mother was speaking with me a minute or so earlier but I had the phone seized by one of the officers and I switched it off. This was not a lawful seizure. My house keys were taken as I was told the police officer (the same one who had stalked me for a year) wanted to check whether my house was secure. I said there was a group of people in there and that they were ready to call the police on him. He had the house keys and it stopped him from going there. He left a leaflet which to me represented a significant gesture as to his real psychological state. He was feeling pleasure.

I was brought somewhere where I was going to be falsely imprisoned for 27 hours. It took me forty minutes to get there and the police officer was a reckless driver. I feared collusion with other cars and I was in an unsafe narrow place in the back of a van. It was not a passenger seat. Out of upset and the hurt and harm caused I confronted the officers for drug use and they laughed. The empty looks were my biggest fear. Once reached the place a custodian showed up and asked me if I wanted to follow him. I explained how I hadn't done anything and I shouldn't have been there. He said he knew but he didn't know what he should do. I asked him to let me go and he said he couldn't do that.

As you can imagine the next 27 hours weren't pleasant. I was the only sober prisoner after those hours in which I had not slept and been disturbed continuously.

The first pleasant face I saw was that of a young duty solicitor coming to rescue me in a cell after those 27 hours. He was very empathetic. He told me he was a defence solicitor. I explained the situation to him but he already knew it was unfair as the summary of evidence against me was 'really strange'.

He told me he'd represent me and to think about my life and how to get it back. The first judge that saw me was a female judge who set me free; she was correct and I liked it.

I then went to hospital a few days later to check my arm injury which resulted to being permanent. I began collaborating with my solicitor towards the trial but I was feeling insecure. I did not know why this had happened and the situation was not right. It should have never happened. The procurator fiscal office in Scotland has a very bad reputation for committing miscarriages of justice. I was told by the Court that they had nothing to do with the Judge and them.

One day my lawyer tells me he had received a phone call by the procurator fiscal's office. It was a threatening phone call. I felt bad for the lawyer but also for me. I soon found myself to lookout for different lawyer who was too far to be reached by the procurator fiscal's office, so I thought at least. Every procurator fiscal's depute is a prosecuting lawyer and each of them is a psychopath in the Scottish court.

I begged many defence lawyers to represent me; most refused. Some would take money and withdraw representation later. I had no idea why. It was a malicious prosecution case. A lot would refuse as the case involved the police on misconduct. "Noone blames the police in Scotland" I was told.

The first real judicial error happened six months later. A fair trial should not exceed the six months in Scotland and nine months in England. Another followed and the reasons were the evidence of the prosecution were not available. The prosecution had never investigated into the

matter until my last solicitor was appointed and suddenly new fabricated witnesses entered the picture.

The procurator fiscal wanted to affirm that a violent crime had been committed based on the number of email correspondence I had had with the bereaved acquaintance in the previous seven years. He had never even looked into them. This would have failed as none of the emails were threatening and most email free account daily quota are one thousand emails to start with, increasing with business accounts which allow up to 100000 emails daily. The amount of my email correspondence may have been around 3000 in the seven years (not daily) and my inboxes take about 8000 or 1000 respectively from all sorts of senders.

Nonetheless, sending just two emails after a violent crime has been committed, could account to stalking, but the grounds, the law specifies, is that a threat should be contained.

A threat to committing a crime or incurring a loss could be viewed as harassment. This is what the law in Scotland says, the English one is a bit more proper and cannot be misused. In truth not even Scottish law could be misused and that was proven in court by my defence solicitor. He did establish I had never been threatening to anyone before.

The day after, the 'Judge from Hell' who in a Scottish criminal court is named Sheriff, said that my lawyer never asked from the key witness (my acquaintance) whether violent behaviour had occurred against him and thus he could not speculate I had not done it. In fact this was untrue. It

was asked by solicitor to the witness a few months back, the first day of my trial. Also, how could I do anything violent if I was in England for a few years?

In the past year prior to my trial I had provided a lot of evidence on the police misconduct case to the malicious Judge and the previous ones at different dates but at one stage some of the material had been lost and I had to provide again. For this reason and prior to having my last solicitor I wanted to change court, but that never happened as I was promised the trial would be fair.

When I stepped in the court room with the last Judge again I was threatened with a psychiatric assessment by the psychopathic procurator fiscal. He was a bald threatening man with empty eyes and who didn't seem healthy. He was a dishonest lawyer like his colleagues working at the same office and seemed to have a lot of influence in the court. He had attempted to control my bank accounts outside and my spending. He was financially abusive and unethical outside the court. He and other fiscals (from the same office) which is a small square room at the top floor of the court's building did not show the empathy and legal knowledge nor conduct to carry out the case on multiple occasions. I did not trust my defence solicitor much then as my previous experiences had made me insecure. The fiscal deputies were also all in contact with the defence solicitors which could be viewed as a conflict of interest. The very last prosecutor was particular in his psychopathic ways. What he had aimed to do was first to lie that I had suffered from insanity so that I could not defend myself. The second step was to attempt to charge me of a more serious offence of rape (which was easily disproved by my ultrasound scans that were again lodged with the court) revealing I could have not done such a thing. The 'Judge from Hell'

accepted his request for my psychiatric assessment which I pointed out wasn't coming from a healthcare practitioner. Initially I thought the Sheriff didn't know this, instead it was a deliberate decision to get me convicted or at least attempt to.

There was clear conflict of interest as it turned out later the 'Judge from hell' used to work for the procurator fiscal's office and used to be a procurator.

I had never in my life seen such a primitive and unjust public office before.

The architecture was all wrong and primitive too and they all communicated with and knew each other.

The Judge from Hell took his decision and still he was unsuccessful. I do not know why he was unsuccessful but it gained my trust to actually attend the trial. During that time the police harassment had not stopped and I was always feeling threatened. I moved three flats as a result of the stalking which was continuing. This involved the officers sitting in a car in front of my pharmacy premises sometimes. From my understanding my professional indemnity insurance covered only my time in the pharmacy.

My trial continued a week ago during the covid spread. Apparently normal, something was making me feel unsettled. I couldn't sleep the nights and the Sheriff was causing me serious doubt. His eyes were empty too. He was typing and had this everlasting smile or grin on his face that wouldn't go away. He was too nice to the witnesses, even those who were lying. I misunderstood that for entertainment at the malicious prosecution. But what was he entertained by? He had received accounts of bad things happening to me and to my acquaintance. Who would laugh at this? I know I wasn't laughing. On the second day of the trial he at some stage

made a comment to the first witness asking him whether 'I accused several types of people'. This was very strange. Someone who doesn't know you says something this defamatory and it is a Judge saying this. This was like the insanity allegation which was unethical.

Secondly he established that the police investigation was very strange and yet after ten minutes of thought he took that decision. During the subornation stage of the first witness the 'Judge from Hell' never said anything and after a few perjurious incidents from different witnesses again he didn't say anything. This was not normal.

He had lost all the evidence I had provided him with and my lawyer had provided him with too. He had not even listened to the case.

The next day he took those same false testimonies into account.

Prior to the verdict after the ten minute break he mentioned that my behaviour would have been reckless had I made a false report of stalking against my acquaintance but this was highly prejudicial and defamatory again. Why would I make a false report against someone I knew? Thankfully I did not need to testify because my lawyer did it for me which allows me to say that the Sheriff didn't know me at all and confirm his remarks were not honest.

The question remains: "Who was this judge"? The Judge who allowed a psychopathic procurator to argue the case after it was clear to everyone I should have been acquitted and there was no

crime, the Judge who decided to convict me and whose wording nor thought processes were clear. And now I know. He is a psychopath too.

As he convicted me I burst into tears and his first reaction was disbelief and anger, which are not normal humane reactions; later he turned red in shame as my solicitor begged him to reconsider. It was an injustice. There was no law that could have ever led to this decision and I had never committed any crimes violent or non-. The Judge's half grin when he convicted me wasn't normal and always there present. The empty stare was also present. This man was a monster and a nightmare to mankind. The same kind of monster you'd avoid if you saw him not wearing what he was wearing. He was a snake in a suit who used his position to do whatever, regardless of the consequences of his actions. This psychopath should have never been a Judge but he was and he was doing the damage. Noone was there to check that he was being unfair and biased.

The room was filled with solicitors some of which had refused to represent me. They already knew this was going to be the decision. It was a lost case from the start. As I walked to the court reception to ask for an appeal form I was discouraged from making it and threatened that had I made it they would have done worse.

I made a mistake. Had I not attended this trial the outcome would have been the same but I attended it. My privacy had been invaded, my data had been breached and fraud had been committed towards my bank accounts by the Procurator Fiscal and the misconduct officers, I had been harassed and assaulted and yet this was the result.

This was the end of this chapter in my life. All thanks to the Judge from Hell who turned out to be a psychopath. The psychopaths again had won.

It is to my dismay to say that any spoken word uttered by my solicitor and myself to the Judge fell on deaf ears. The lack of empathy of these successful psychopaths prevents them from acting right. It is hard enough to convict a guilty person let alone someone not guilty.

The Judge from Hell destroyed another human's life and that human won't be believed until the truth comes out.