

## Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

IBI

Support person present: No

1. My name is IBI. My date of birth is 1971. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

### Life before going to boarding school

2. I was born in Hong Kong. My mum's name is and my dad is called . I have a brother, IBN, who is around eighteen months older than me. My mum is from Edinburgh and my dad is from a quite poor family outside of Kilmarnock. He was from a family of builders and his father died quite young and my dad was much younger than his siblings. He ended up being the first in his family to go to university. He got a scholarship to go to Glasgow University, but never finished his degree. Dad had a bursary for a certain number of years and didn't realise he could get another one to finish his degree. He ended up digging up roads outside of Irvine new town.
3. One day he saw an advert for police officers in Hong Kong and saw it as a way of getting away from his family. This was in the mid-1960s. My mum had trained as a teacher in Edinburgh and had independently seen an advert for teachers in Hong Kong. Both of them were trying to get away from their families. They met there. They both worked for the Hong Kong government on colonial contracts. That meant they could send their children to school in the UK. I think the government covered the costs of the education and the family paid for the child's travel costs. They didn't know when they were going back to the UK and they wanted to give my brother and I stability. They thought it was the right thing to do. I don't blame my parents for any of this and I

think they were just naïve and out of their depth. It wasn't their background at all and they had no idea of what to expect from a boarding school.

4. They decided to send us both to the Edinburgh Academy. My mum had family in Edinburgh and my grandparents were living there and there would be support there for the two of us. My parents sent my brother first when he was eight and they couldn't afford to bring him back. It meant he was in Scotland for eighteen months without going back to Hong Kong. He's never really forgiven them for it. Their relationship is better now, but there have been times when it has been difficult.

### **Edinburgh Academy**

5. I was sent to school when I was nine. For some reason I joined the school in my fifth year for the spring term, immediately after Easter, and not at the start of the school year. I now know that my parents were trying to do this to ease me into the school routine. Edinburgh was deep in snow at the time and I'd just arrived from the Tropics. I stayed with my cousins at that time and had to borrow his wellies. I felt glad to be going to boarding school and it was great as a nine year old to get away from my parents. I still loved Hong Kong and felt like that was my home.
6. That first term it started as an adventure and I didn't really know anyone. I did quite enjoy myself and just wandered about the school looking for radiators that were switched on as it was so cold in Edinburgh. The boarding houses at that time were all on Kinnear Road in Inverleith. The first one I went to was Dundas House for the Preparatory School. Then you worked your way up to Mackenzie House as the next one. After that, senior boys moved onto Scott House or Jeffery House. Those three houses had been purpose built.
7. The Edinburgh Academy playing fields were in front of Kinnear Road and the boarding houses overlooked the playing fields except for Dundas House which was set back from them and it was on the other side of Kinnear Road. The preparatory school was on the other side of that road and set well back from the road. It had a dining hall to

one side of that and the preparatory school was a 1950s building which sat to the back of that. At the Academy boys left the primary school in Primary Six and then went to the senior school on Henderson Row for what was called the Geits and that was the first year of the senior school.

8. The school was all-boys apart from the final two years of the school when some girls came in. The bulk of them were day pupils and I think six were boarders. They stayed with the headmaster. He had a large house on Inverleith Row and they stayed in there. They still dined with us at the school. It was healthier having girls in those years. I got on really well with the girls.
9. I started in Dundas House. That first term I was a loner. I didn't know anyone. I just migrated from radiator to radiator round the school. All the primary school boys were in there. There was one boy who was six years old and I think he was from Kenya. There were boys from all over the world. The boys in Dundas House went up to aged eleven. There were sixteen to twenty boys altogether in Dundas House. There was ten of us in one big bay-windowed bedroom and two other dorms upstairs that had three in one room and four boys in the other. They were for the top year of the prep school.
10. Dundas House was run by a housemaster and his wife was the housemistress. He was called John Brownlee and she was always called Mrs Brownlee. He was a sadist and his wife was as cold as anything. It wasn't welcoming and fear ruled that house. They had rooms on the first floor and the ground floor, but I'm not sure how their part of the house worked as I never saw it. They must have had bedrooms on the first floor towards the back of the house. We all shared a stair. They had their own sons who I know were educated at the school.
11. There were two big bay windowed rooms at the front on the first floor and one was our homework room and the other was their own living room. There was a tv room at the back. Next door to that was a kitchen and a tuck room where we kept our tuckboxes. There was a toilet on the first floor in between the housemaster and housemistress's bedroom and the big room in the front which was the dorm for all of the boys who were

below the top year in the prep school. We were all put in that room. In Dundas House there was a mixture of ages in the big dorm and that included the six year old boy. There was a three year age span of boys in that room.

12. There was a big cupboard in our room with all our clothes in it. I heard from my friends that before I'd arrived at the school, but in that same school year, there was one boy who was so scared of using the toilet in the night and waking up the housemaster and his wife that he pee'd in the cupboard in our room and onto a boy's kilt. That was the kind of fear all the boys had about the housemaster that you didn't want to cross him at all because he was terrifying when he was in a foul mood. Everyone knew that that was the case. There was a specific punishment for using the toilet in the night and that was 'six of the best' with the clachan. It could be delivered there and then or the next morning. I never saw it happen as no-one used the toilet in the night.
13. The housemaster was a Primary Six teacher and head for their year. There was also a Tutor in the boarding house on the top floor. He was an Australian teacher in his mid-twenties and a lovely guy. He taught in either the primary or senior school and I can't remember which.
14. In the Academy there were more day pupils than boarders. There was around ninety to a hundred boarders in total. There were around three hundred pupils in the primary school in total and around seven hundred in total in the senior school. Everybody took pity on the boarders as they assumed they didn't get any nice food, like snacks, for lunch. People always asked 'what does your father do?' The school was very class structured.

### **Routine at Dundas House**

#### *First day*

15. My grandparents took me to the boarding house at the start. There was no formal introduction to the school or any efforts to help me settle in and I don't think they did

that for pupils who came to the school at the start of the school year. There was no-one there to show you the ropes. There was no formal introduction into the school for me or for anyone else. You were left to figure it out for yourself, where the classes were and everything.

16. I must have been introduced to the housemaster and his wife, but don't remember that. Then I was taken over to the prep school, shown round and then dumped in the French class.
17. I remember at break time in the playground getting a dressing down and telling off from a school mistress for being somewhere out of bounds that I should have known I wasn't allowed into. I wanted to tell her I had literally just arrived and no idea where I was allowed to go and where I wasn't. I couldn't say it to her as I didn't have the confidence.
18. There were no initiation ceremonies for new boys that I ever heard about.

#### *Mornings and bedtime*

19. I think a boy woke up the others on a rota with a bell at 7:00 am. That's how it happened in the senior houses and I can't see why it would be any different in the primary house. You'd be in serious trouble if you missed that bell. Then we got washed and dressed for breakfast in the dining hall at the preparatory school building. We had to do all this for ourselves and no-one was there to help us, not even for the six year old.
20. We made our way to the prep school for breakfast. It was a short walk and we had to cross a busy main road to get there. There wasn't anyone to help us across the road to get to breakfast at that time of day. There was a lollipop lady during school hours who helped us to get to school.
21. After school finished and when we came back to the boarding house we were sent outside to play no matter the weather. I was specifically made to run several times round the playground as the housemaster had decided I was overweight and he was

going to do something about that. That became part of my regular routine. After we'd watched television in the evening we were sent off to bed.

*Bed wetting*

22. I can't remember any issues with bed wetting in Dundas House.

*Mealtimes / Food*

23. The boarders had lunch in the school. After the school day we were back at the dining hall in the preparatory school for dinner. That involved all of the boarders eating together, including the senior boys. The food was classic school meals. The dinner ladies did their best and I got on with them well. I was fed enough. You could leave the food if you didn't want it.
24. It was a cafeteria and you took your tray to get whatever everybody else got and then went to sit at long tables with bench seats. You usually sat with your year group or your friends for meals. We were expected to clear our dishes away and leave the room as clean and tidy as possible. There were occasional food fights which everybody got into trouble for.

*Washing / bathing*

25. There was a couple of bathrooms at the top floor of the boarding house. We were allowed a bath on certain evenings. We had a bath with others so there was no privacy. In Dundas House I think the housemistress supervised. I believe, from others, there was a matron in that house, but I have no recollection of her or her supervising us. I can only assume that she came in during the day only and wasn't there when I came in after school.

### *Clothing / uniform*

26. I must have been fitted out in the uniform that we got from Aitken and Niven, but I don't remember it. I can remember going there later on for uniform. In junior school you had to wear a blue blazer with the Edinburgh Academy logo on the pocket at the front.

### *School*

27. At the prep school I had different teachers for different subjects and I was moving round between classes. I arrived at the Academy in the final term of the fifth year at the preparatory school and remained in that school for another one year before moving onto the senior school.
28. I loved being in the Art Department and the school had a really lovely art teacher and I got on really well with her. I wasn't a sports person, but I tried my best. The school was otherwise very sports focussed. If you were good at rugby you were hero worshipped. There was the same focus on sports in the prep school as the senior school. There was a female PE teacher in the preparatory school and she was good.
29. After the school day we went back to Dundas House. We had to get changed out of uniform when we got in before dinner. After dinner we had to do homework in the bay windowed room at one big table for one to one-and-a-half hours. After we did our homework we were allowed to watch television in the room at the back and everyone crowded into it.

### *Religion*

30. I'm not from a religious family. I was Catholic and I didn't know it, but my mum was Protestant. My dad was Catholic and me and my brother had been baptised. My mum brought us up as Protestant. There was a Protestant church near the school and we went there for Sunday School and church every week in our kilts that were part of our uniform. We had no choice in that. We had to say brief prayers before meals and we received religious education in the school.

31. The school had a chaplain and I cannot remember his name. He was allegedly a very good public speaker and was very much in demand. His home formed part of the Donaldson's House and there was an occasional religious education class held in his house. I remember approaching him about one issue as I was giving serious thought to becoming a social worker and my parents had objected and I remember having a rant with him about my parents. The school never told us that the chaplain was someone we could go to with personal issues. There was no kind of mentor or anything like that. I suppose the housemistresses could have performed that role.

*Work/chores*

32. The boarding house had cleaners during the day who we didn't get to meet. There was a laundry service. Later on in the school we were expected to clean the dorm and it was part of our duties and sweep up in parts of the house. I assume it was to teach us discipline. My mum had made sure both me and my brother knew how to look after ourselves and knew how to keep clean and iron our clothes and we'd been sent to cookery classes.

*Leisure time*

33. I was allowed occasional weekends with my grandparents and I stayed with them at half-term. The majority of the time I spent in the school and had to entertain myself. On a Saturday morning, as a boarder, we all had to watch the first-fifteen rugby matches when they played at home as it was compulsory. I resented that when I preferred to be working in the Art Department and it was my weekend. If you missed a match it would be noticed and you would be socially punished because it was frowned on.
34. The housemaster would organise the occasional activity like digging up part of the garden to plant potatoes. I think now that this was deliberate thing and it was intended as a lesson for us and to humiliate us. We were made to dig the ground with our hands and not with any tools. We were never encouraged to see the potatoes growing later



on or to eat them. There was a very small library we could access, but I can't remember using it. I don't recall any trips in that house to the cinema or swimming.

#### *Personal possessions*

35. We were allowed to have a toy with us and that could be a source of vulnerability too. We weren't able to have photographs of our family with us. There was no real personal space and there was nowhere to put anything like photographs. It meant your relationship with your parents changed. You saw them in the holidays and even then they were working and you didn't really have a relationship with them.

#### *Birthdays and Christmas*

36. My birthday was always during the school holidays. If a boy had a birthday during the term time they got the 'dumps' which involved being thumped on your back in accordance with your age.

#### *Visits / Inspections*

37. I had no contact with my family other than writing letters home. There were no phone calls home. I always wondered if the letters we sent home were vetted, but I now know they were and I'd rather not say anything more about that. I always used aerogram letters that folded up and they couldn't have opened them without a knife. I've heard rumours of people reading other people's letters but it didn't happen to me.

#### *Siblings/contact*

38. My brother IBN was in Mackenzie House, the next one up. I didn't get on that well with him at the time so I didn't really care that I didn't see him.

#### *Healthcare*

39. I don't recall ever needing to see a doctor or dentist in Dundas House. I think if anyone was unwell in the night it would have been the housemistress's job to deal with it. I think she had to be the matron as well as the housemistress. She was doing it because she was married to the housemaster rather than it being her job. I think there were times when boys were sick and she was involved. Someone would have to knock on their door. There would have been real trepidation involved if you had to wake them up in the night.

#### *Discipline*

40. There was an incident later on in Dundas House when someone had been stealing tuck from the tuck boxes and we were all collectively punished. I can't recall it specifically, but it might have involved us having to plant potatoes that I described above. It turned out it was the housemaster's son who was stealing the tuck. I wondered if he got punished in the same we did.
41. Boys could get suspended or expelled from the school. There was one boy who was expelled after he got caught with cannabis. Various other people got suspended along similar lines for behaviour such as being caught smoking.

#### **Secondary School, Mackenzie House**

42. In terms of preparation for secondary school, I can remember being taken to Aitken & Niven for a new uniform and the expense of it. We had to get second hand jackets from there and you went to the back of the shop to deal with that kind of stuff. My grandmother took me there and she dealt with that kind of thing. It was a source of intense pride to both my grandparents that their grandsons were at that school. I think they derived a lot of status from it.
43. I didn't go on any visit to the senior school or my new dorm before I moved over. I don't recall any goodbye ceremony from the preparatory school. I was then in

Mackenzie House where I stayed for three years, before moving onto one of the senior boarding houses which could be either Scott or Jeffrey House.

44. In Mackenzie House there were the boys who came from Dundas House and the boys from the two years above us. There was at least ten of us in that first year and probably thirty to thirty-five boys in total in the boarding house. All of the first years were up in the top floor in a big dorm room and I'm not sure why we got moved from that room to another smaller one later on and who took over in that biggest dorm. There were two dorms opposite each other and a bathroom on a slightly lower level that was just for the boys on the top floor dorms. There was another set of toilets directly below that for the second year boys.
45. Downstairs from that, directly below our dorm, was where we did homework some of the time. That room was also the tv room. At other times there were bigger rooms on the ground floor where you did homework. The ground floor had a billiards table and a table tennis table in one room. There was a small library. There were changing rooms as well. The three houses were interlinked by newer pavilions. That gave us a big playroom on top of the changing rooms for Scott House. The top year boys in Mackenzie House that first year were a rowdy bunch and were bullies in their own way.
46. My year was crowded in one room in the top floor, but we were moved from the bigger dorm to the smaller one for some reason. My bully was eighteen months older than us, but in the same school year, and he was thirteen and the rest of us in the room were aged eleven. One lot of other, older boys from the next year up were in the dorm opposite and there was another big bay windowed room downstairs. That was where I slept in my second year in that house.
47. There was a housemaster and housemistress. His name was IDX and his wife was called Mrs IDY. They lived to the back and the side of the house. There was also a matron, and her room was directly off the stairwell and underneath the stairs was a telephone kiosk. The matron could then monitor the comings and goings. The

stairs led to the front door of the building. There was also a Tutor in the house, but I can't remember who that was.

48. There were staff members doing checks through the night as the housemaster did his rounds at various points. We used to do what was called monkey runs round the house when we knew he was out on his rounds. It was a dare to see if you could do a run of the entire house without bumping into him. He'd be on a corridor of one floor and you'd be up on the corridor above and come down the stairs and miss him. He knew what was going on. Then one night it culminated in him taking everyone's duvets away and we had a freezing night and that was payback. He got his revenge on us and we had to ask for our duvets back the next day. This housemaster was ok and was firm but fair. I liked his wife as well and his family. I don't think it was within his training to take care of children and he wouldn't have been equipped with the skills to deal with anything like that.

### **Routine at Mackenzie House**

#### *First day*

49. My friends that I shared a dorm with in Dundas House were in Mackenzie House with me. Everyone who had been in Dundas House, bar one boy, moved up to Mackenzie House. The boy who had bullied me moved with us.
50. On the day I arrived I discovered that my best friend in the prep school, who had been a day pupil, was becoming a boarder. I thought that was fantastic and I was telling everyone that was the case and I couldn't wait for him to arrive. He was called [REDACTED]. The boy who was my bully saw his moment of revenge and then announced to everyone that I was obviously a 'poof' and I was in cahoots with [REDACTED].
51. When [REDACTED] turned up later in the evening he was told all of this. [REDACTED] then denounced me and wanted nothing to do with me anymore. We had our own toys at the time and for some reason I had this Mary Queen of Scots beanie doll thing that I'd bought at a

National Trust property. I'd brought it to school and I think back now and think what an idiot I was to bring it to a boys school. They all latched onto that and told me I must be a poof because I had this doll and I couldn't wait for my best friend to arrive. I was doomed thereafter.

52. So, [REDACTED] arrived and all the beds were lined up in a big long room in the attic. You could do this run around the room bouncing off all of the beds. [REDACTED] did this just before lights out and kicked me in the head and told me exactly where to go and had nothing to do with me ever again. It was complete humiliation and a lot of physical pain as well. It started up from there.

#### *Mornings and bedtime*

53. The routine for mornings and bedtime were the same in the senior house. Every week there was a rota for a boy to ring the morning bell at exactly 7am to wake all the boys in the house. If you were even slightly late in ringing the bell you would be punished by senior boys by having to buy everyone sweets from the local shop.

#### *Bed wetting*

54. In Mackenzie House there was a boy who constantly soiled his underpants. He would have wet his bed. He left after one year. The matron couldn't cope with him and he didn't come back to school after one year. I don't know if he was asked to leave. I don't know how the matron dealt with this. I know she dealt with the laundry. She did discuss it with some of us boys who were by then in the third year in Mackenzie House, and were more senior. That's a thing about boarding schools, the staff rope the boys into helping them by looking after each other and this helps out with the staffing.

#### *Washing / bathing*

55. We still had assigned bath times and there were particular nights when we were allowed access to the baths. We could get showers as well and I think they could be at any time.

### *Clothing / uniform*

56. In the prep school you had to wear shorts all of the time, but in secondary school that stopped and we were allowed to wear long trousers. When you went to senior school you had to wear a tweed jacket that was greenish brown. That was your autumn and winter uniform. Then in summer you shifted over to a blue blazer or if you were more senior in the school you could wear striped cream and blue jackets. That was if you were in a sports team.

### *School*

57. The male PE teacher in the senior school liked me for some reason and I made an effort in sports and he respected me for that. That teacher would always check up that we had a shower specifically after sports. He would just stand and observe.
58. There were no lessons in school about sex education and discussions about respect for ourselves and others and respect for boundaries. There was a discussion in a sex education class about the threat of AIDS, but none whatsoever about homosexuality. An all-boys school was the worst environment for me to grow up in from that point of view.
59. The Art Department encouraged much more individual thinking than the rest of the school. The Art Department was also next to the Biology Department where the school kept animals and boys could care for the animals there. I looked after the animal room as I enjoyed doing that. There were rats that were required for biology classes and dissection, as well as slow worms and guinea pigs.

### *Religion*

60. We were still required to go to church on a Sunday and that carried on throughout the school.

### *Work/chores*

61. It was part of our duties that we had to mop up the baths and we took turns to do this and made sure the baths were clean and there wasn't any water lying on the floor.

### *Trips / Holidays*

62. The school had a house in the Highlands and we occasionally used to go camping up there, but again I had to watch out for bullying. There were times when the masters would leave all of the boys on their own and it could get very like *Lords of the Flies*. I had to watch out for that and stand my ground. One time, a guy in the year above me who decided boys should fight each other. One guy announced he regretted not fighting against me because he could easily have beaten me.

### *Leisure time*

63. I eventually discovered the Botanics nearby and they became my sanctuary from the bullying and the glasshouses because of the heat and the tropical nature of them. It helped to address the homesickness. I hung around there for as long as I could and avoided going back to the boarding house until dinner time. I was going back there later than the other boys and nobody noticed that.
64. There were extra-curricular clubs you could join. I was predominately on the arts side of things and I handled the art club. Also I was in the debating club.
65. On a weekend, aside from going to home rugby matches I did work in the art rooms and I'd do that whenever I could. Sometimes I'd go out alone and go up to the museum on Chambers Street or the Botanics.
66. When I was in third or fourth year I wrote to the headmaster to complain about having to attend home rugby matches. I lost that fight though. One of the boys in my year got wind of this and he was a really good rugby player. He was furious about it. He stole my glasses when we were walking home via Rockheid Path and put them in the bin. I

ignored him and kept on walking home while my glasses were in this bin. We had a fight over it and I stood my ground. In the end I had to go back and find my glasses.

67. Later on in the school you could get out at night and go into the city centre. There was a curfew when you went out at weekends and you had to be back at a particular time. There were particular pubs we could get into. There was one pub in the centre that got raided when the first-fifteen were in there celebrating their win at a match. The police turned up when they were still in there and the team had to escape through a toilet window. Nobody got punished or anything. It was happening mainly among the day pupils.
68. I remember once getting very drunk and as we were walking home, my friends in the group stripped all my clothes off me. I walked home naked and they were having a good laugh about it and at the end they had to get me dressed again before we got in the front door because the housemaster would be there to let us in. They had to prop me up at the back as I was so drunk. We got away with it. I was sixteen by this time. This was the age when we were allowed to start going out at night.
69. As part of the army and the Combined Cadet Force (CCF) we got taken to an army base down in Yorkshire and made to go on manoeuvres. That was one Easter. We started doing CCF in the middle years at the school in third and fourth year. We were expected to do it and we couldn't opt out.

#### *Personal possessions*

70. My parents gave me pocket money as part of the fees and the money was given out at weekends if I wanted it. I had a post office account as well and I could withdraw a certain amount from that.

#### *Birthdays and Christmas*

71. My birthday was always in the school holiday. I don't recall anything been done to celebrate Christmas other than having to sing carols in a local church.



### *Healthcare*

72. A doctor came in on a weekly basis to see boys with a school nurse. This doctor also gave us injections, particularly if boys were returning, like me, to a tropical country. He would literally stab you with the needle and we wore white shirts and there'd be blood on your sleeve every time.
73. I was occasionally unwell, but nothing serious.

### *Running away*

74. I don't think anybody ever ran away from school.

### *Discipline*

75. We had a prefect system. At the Academy the prefects were called Ephors. They would be an Ephor of the house. The school itself appointed a head boy and there were senior Ephors appointed by the masters. There were junior Ephors who were voted for by the school body. Mackenzie House had junior Ephors and their duties would include ensuring everybody was well behaved when we were watching television. It wasn't like the fagging system in English public schools where a younger boy was appointed to an older boy to look after him and clean his clothes and brush his shoes.
76. If you were punished it would be written up in a book that you had to do a 'fag' which would usually mean going to the sweet shop to buy sweeties for everyone in the house. It would be the Ephors who decided that. The Ephors had no responsibility to look out for bullying and report it. The Ephors would have no awareness of what was happening to me. What happened to me was mainly within that social group or it happened in our dorm room or in the playground. Years don't mix with each other in the playground. There wasn't an Ephor in our bedroom in Mackenzie House.

77. Boys might be punished for untidiness, bad behaviour, rowdiness when the television was on in the house. As an Ephor you could give out punishments for things like that to keep people in line. The punishments would be trivial, like going to the sweetie shop to buy sweeties for everyone or going to the video shop to get us a film. Boys would still resent it. It wasn't anything physical. I was not aware at the time of the housemaster administering any physical punishments. I have since learned that he did use a cane to deliver punishments.

### **Senior School, Scott House**

78. My older brother had gone into Jeffrey House, but all my friends were going into Scott House and because my brother and I loathed each other I wrote to the school to say I didn't want to go into the same house as my brother. The school relented and departed from tradition and I ended up in Scott House away from my brother.
79. There were the same number of boys in the house who were boarding as there had been in Mackenzie House. Things were more respectful in Scott House. As boys went up through the school we had more responsibility and we were given more trust.
80. There was a Tutor in Scott House who would supervise us to make sure the younger people in the house were doing their homework. He was there with his door open to keep an eye on things and make sure the environment in the house didn't get too rowdy. He was quite distant as well and had a guarded personality.

### *Inspections*

81. We used to have inspections from various parents who came round to check everything was ok. I only remember it happening in Scott House, and not in the other houses. That was when you got the inevitable question 'what does your father do?' They were mothers of day pupils who were concerned about the standards among the boarders and checked they were ok. They would come round and do inspections.

82. I don't know where this came from or whether they were on a sub-committee that was part of the school's governance. It happened at least once a year. They would ask general questions like what do you think about the food and what do you think about your accommodation? I never got the impression that anyone official was coming round to check on the boarding houses.

### *Discipline*

83. I was an Ephor later on in Scott House and I was voted in as a junior Ephor. The reason for the vote was I hung out in the school library and got to know everybody who used the library and I ended up being the person looking after the library. I treated them all with respect and kindness so they voted for me as one of their junior Ephors. There was a separate room for the Ephors in a separate house at the entrance on Henderson Row that was the master's house.
84. By the time boys got to Scott House, things were run much more by respect. By the time I got to Scott House the housemaster and housemistress were really respected and they were good people.

### **Abuse at Edinburgh Academy**

#### *Dundas House – peer abuse*

85. Things started to go wrong in the autumn term in Dundas House. I'd been in Hong Kong for the summer with my brother. We then returned to Edinburgh when it was getting colder and the days were getting shorter and there was a reduced quality of light. I really noticed it. I was away for half-term with my grandparents and then they took me back to school along Ferry Road from their home in Edinburgh. I hated having to go back to school and I hated the journey along Ferry Road as I associated it with the journey to school. I was by now intensely homesick for Hong Kong. I couldn't talk to my grandparents about how I felt. They had to drop me off and then my brother at one of the senior houses. I didn't want them to leave and of course they had to.

86. I went into Dundas House and was standing at the window and was really upset and sobbing. There were two boys that I unfortunately shared a room with in the top floor at Dundas House. I don't want to give their names. They would not leave me alone and they could see the weakness in me and it was a bad mistake. They wouldn't let me forget it. I'd never really liked the two of them. One of the boys was the same age as me and the other was eighteen months older than me. I was upset and sobbing.
87. That evening, at bedtime I was expected to share the bedroom on top floor with them. They wouldn't let up. We were in the bedroom and they started attacking me with pillows. It was a very nasty pillow fight and it got worse and worse. It had an edge to it. The Australian Tutor heard it as his room was opposite and he could hear my cries and came to rescue me. He was the only person in that place who showed me compassion and gave me a hug and held me to comfort me and got me to calm down. I really appreciated that. I'm still thankful that he intervened. It was a horrible experience and the two boys wouldn't let up. It was the name calling and the aggression. It was only the Tutor who showed me compassion and no one else asked how I was.
88. Somehow the Australian Tutor got the sleeping arrangements changed with the housemaster and housemistress and I was moved into the other dorm room with three other boys. This was a good move for me and it meant I was a lot happier and life in that room was great. We got on really well and became best friends in the school and we are still in touch with each other now. At the time we referred to ourselves as 'four dorm'.
89. The housemaster must have known about the pillow fight for me to have moved bedrooms. That was an unusual move. He never spoke to me about it. I wasn't aware of those two boys being punished for what they did to me. I now strongly suspect they were punished as I can't imagine John Brownlee letting them get away without being physically punished.

90. The two boys who had attacked me absolutely hated me and I'd done nothing to them other than show weakness. They latched onto my vulnerability.

*Dundas House – Housemaster*

91. The housemaster, John Brownlee, was nasty and if anyone stepped out of line they'd be beaten and he appeared to enjoy that. In my second year there, I came across the housemaster on the staircase and he cornered me. In the school they had something called a clachan and it was like a large wooden spoon. It was one of the traditions of the Academy. He had a clachan in his hand and he just looked at me and told me to put my hand out and I put out the palm of my left hand and he told me to turn my hand over to the knuckle side. He whacked me really hard once with the clachan, for nothing. I hadn't even looked at him the wrong way. He told me that would teach me a lesson.
92. The housemaster was a sadist. He gave a lot of beatings to the boys. People were terrified of him. He always used the clachan or a belt. Occasionally he did it on a whim and at other times it was organised such as over the tuckbox issue. I can't remember what he did then as I wasn't one of the people he targeted. I'm sure there were people who were targeted by him and got the belt for it. He only hit that me one time on the staircase with the clachan when he targeted me for nothing. That was in the full year I was there and not the first term. I didn't get the belt.
93. You might get physical punishment from the housemaster for being late or leaving the toilet messy. Small incidental things. I think he was in his mid- to late-40s at the time.
94. I was never aware of Mrs Brownlee dishing out any punishments. I'm not aware of her being present during any of the beatings her husband gave out. I think she could have been verbally abusive to boys, but I never witnessed it. People were frightened of her too and were on their guard when she was around. She was always fine with me.

*Mackenzie House*

95. The first year in Mackenzie House was the lowest point in my life. Complete hell and an horrendous experience. This one boy, who was eighteen months older than us, and I don't think he should have been in that year. This was my bully. I don't want to give his name. He was Philippino/American. I don't quite understand what he was doing in that school. We were all streamed and were in different classes according to ability and he was in the bottom class and really resented it. I wasn't in the top set, but the one below the top set. I did eventually get into the top set later on.
96. He conducted a campaign of psychological, emotional, physical and mental abuse towards me that went on for eight to nine months of absolute hell. I never knew where I stood. The landscape was uneven and changed all the time. I had to constantly police myself in case I stepped out of line. It was all about power and that he could exert power over me. He picked on me out of that entire group and he had acolytes within the group who would control me as well and report on my activities. It was all about control and determination to make me as cowed as possible. He just wanted to destroy me and he did.
97. The bully was in a different set to me in the school, but he had his acolytes in my set. They would report back so I was constantly being surveyed. I had to watch out for myself in the playground as well as how I got back to the boarding house after school. There was a hole in the wall onto the road before you walked down through the colony houses to a bridge over the Water of Leith onto Rockheid Path. Then you walked up Rockheid Path and that was a place where I could get ambushed and I had to be really careful. I could get my bag stolen and I could be pushed down the slope and covered in mud. No one in the boarding house asked me what had happened if my clothes were covered in mud. I would almost never take Rockheid Path home and would walk a different way on the road.
98. I don't know why, but we all ended up moving collectively from a big dorm room into the room next door instead and it got worse. It was a smaller room, but had the same number of people in it. The bullying got worse. He would torment me when we were

doing our homework. He would sit and tell me exactly what he was going to do to me during the night and exactly how he was going to pick on me. I would be battered, there would be pillow fights. I would get wedgies done to me, when he would get my pants and pull them right up. He would molest and grope me. There was no escape. I didn't see him grope any other boys. It was definitely a power thing to hurt me and make me realise who was in charge. I don't know if there was a sexual nature to it. The groping happened in front of other boys. It was over my clothing.

99. I would try to sneak out when I thought the boys in the room were asleep and I would sleep in the bath. It was freezing, but at least I was alone there. I always had this fear that something was about to happen and I could never rest. I would try to get dressed before everybody else so I would go to bed wearing some of my clothes so I could get out of the room as quickly as possible.
100. I think Mackenzie House could have benefitted from a better staff to pupil ratio. If there are been someone based on that top floor who could have seen what was happening. If anyone had seen me sleeping in a bath because I had no safety in the dorm that would have set off alarm bells. An adult should have been able to see it and clearly nobody was joining up the dots.
101. I'd been good friends with three of the boys I shared a dorm with in Dundas House. One of my friends had his parents' home on leave and they were in Edinburgh for six months and he ended up staying with them in their own flat. He didn't see any of this. It was just me and it was all about revenge. The other friend was with his parents too at various times. The third one was there and he did get picked on slightly but nowhere near to the extent that I did. I remember him being very subdued through this time.
102. When it got to Christmas in that first term at Mackenzie House, I couldn't take it anymore and I pleaded with my parents. What I did was, in the flat in Hong Kong their bedroom had an en-suite bathroom. On the last day of the holidays I locked myself in that bathroom and refused to come out. I was in floods of tears. I refused to get on the flight to go back to school. My mother was trying to talk to me through the ventilation slats at the bottom of the door. I refused to unlock the door.

103. My grandparents were there on holiday at the time and my grandmother got involved and twisted it to make it all about her and it as a rejection of her and I was being unfair to her when she tried to look after me so well. I never forgave her for that. We always had a difficult and complex relationship. She eventually cut me out of her will, because in the end I refused to have anything to do with her. It was a real status thing for my two grandparents that I was at the Academy.
104. I went back to school after the Christmas holidays. I can't remember the spring term other than it being complete blackness. There was this time when we were all having dinner and I never knew at mealtimes if they were going to do something to trash my food. There was a day when they were all being incredibly nice to me and I couldn't figure out why. They told me they had a present for me and it was in a certain room and I just had to walk in through the door.
105. What they'd done was, they'd brought all of their puddings back from the dining hall which were custard and cream pastry things. The puddings were all in a box. They got me through into the room and they absolutely smeared me with all of this stuff. It was humiliating and there was laughter at how funny this was at my expense. It was all over my clothes and I had to try to get them cleaned somehow without anybody else noticing. Nobody asked why I went back to the boarding house covered in custard and cream.
106. The matron dealt with the laundry of clothes. She could have, or should have, spotted the mess my clothes were in after I was attacked by the boys with the custard and cream puddings. She would have put it down to high jinks.
107. I couldn't say anything and I couldn't go to a teacher or talk to anyone about it as that would breaking the code. I would be a 'clype' if I did that. No one told me not to clype. That was learned behaviour from early on and I had a strong notion of it from the playground in the junior school and just absorbed it from the other boys.



108. There were staff around at mealtimes, but they were all in a separate room called the masters room where they all ate. They couldn't monitor what was going on as they couldn't see it. Unless they could hear noise and know there was something happening they wouldn't have intervened. They could police who was coming in and out of the dining hall and up the stairs. These were dining rooms in the junior school. It was like a canteen where you take a tray to get your food and go and sit down. There were dinner ladies in the room where we ate. The canteen could police both sides and they could survey both halls on either side. Boys could sit where they wanted to on both sides of the canteen.
109. We could have benefited from staff being present at meal times. That was what happened in senior school and would have happened in the junior school at lunchtimes at least as all of the masters ate at the table with the pupils.
110. I have now asked my parents about what the school might have told them and they have firmly said 'nothing'. They do still have most of my report cards apart from those relating to my first year in senior school. Reports from my second year in senior school reflect how quiet I was and it was noticed by my class master and my housemaster. I my class master was also my English teacher and he noted I had lost my imaginative spark . They must have known, and I was clearly doing a really good job of concealing it. These problems lasted from September until at least the following May. Someone should have spotted it in all that time. I got very little sleep in all that time. I was constantly on alert.
111. It got worse and worse thereafter. It culminated in the bully getting two of his acolytes and they forced me to strip. I then had to stand in front of this bed while he repeatedly fired puggies at my groin using an elastic band. A puggie is a piece of paper that is wrapped up continuously so that it's really tight and hard. It was all pre-meditated. This was because he wanted to see how much pain it would cause me and if it would give me an erection. It was complete humiliation and at least eight people were there in the room watching it. There was nowhere I could go as I was being held in place and I couldn't show any sign of weakness and I've never forgotten that. What I've never forgotten was his laughter. This high pitched giggle because of the pleasure he got out

of that. That could have been just about control and power, but I'm not sure. I've never told anyone about this before because it was so humiliating.

112. I had injuries from this incident. Another thing he did was spray Deep Heat onto my genitals. He obviously got a kick out of it and wanted to see if it caused me pain.
113. The next day the bully said he was going to start it all over again and that was the point at which I finally broke. That was during prep time. I walked out of the room and I was in floods of tears. By coincidence my brother was walking down the corridor and saw me. This was before he moved to the senior house and he was still in Mackenzie House. He asked me what was wrong and took me to see the matron. I know when my brother took me to see her that she was trying to comfort me, but I don't think they got the story out of me. I couldn't speak as I was completely sobbing. I was taken to the sick bay and someone put me into a bed and I think I slept for three days. I had nightmares with all the trauma coming out.
114. The school knew something had happened. The Mackenzie housemaster, Mr. [REDACTED], appeared at the end of the three days and asked me if I was ok. I just said yes as I didn't know how to explain something like that to an adult. I can't recall him asking any more than if I was ok. The matron didn't ask if I was ok. I was so ashamed and had a strong sense of shame thereafter as a consequence. I was eleven years old and I couldn't articulate it.
115. I didn't speak to a doctor at this time or anyone else. Nothing else happened about this incident. It was like nothing had happened. My parents knew nothing about it.
116. When I was released I remembered that a whole bunch of the boys approached me and said could they talk to me. They insisted this conversation was going to be in the boiler room of the house and I assumed there was a catch to this. I didn't trust anyone, although these were my friends I didn't trust any of them anymore. We went to the boiler room and they said they had finally had enough too and they wanted to report the bully and would I join in with their report to the housemaster on what had happened. I don't know if they were referring to his behaviour in general or what he

had done to me. He did pick on one or two of the others, but never to the same extent as he picked on me. It was personal with me for some reason. Maybe the school didn't know, but they must have known there was something that happened. You don't end up being in sick bay and behave in that way and it was obviously a sign of deep trauma.

117. I refused to get involved with their plan because I assumed it was another trick to catch me out. I didn't trust them and thought it was another game to entrap me, and I didn't believe anything would ever happen to the bully and it was all going to be twisted and used against me at some future time.
118. They must have gone ahead and reported him because the bully was removed. I found out the school had contacted his parents, who lived overseas, and his mother had flown to the UK and they'd taken him out of the boarding house and they'd arranged for him to see a psychologist. I do not understand why Mr [REDACTED] did not contact my parents about what had happened. He owed my parents a duty of care and he didn't exercise it. It seems to me that the reputation of the school was more important than my welfare.
119. For years as a direct consequence of what he had done to me and the lack of support from the school, I didn't want to be myself and I hated myself. In the year after the incident described above I did attempt suicide at one point but didn't do it very well. I just wanted to be dead. That was in my second year in Mackenzie House.
120. Then one day, I was walking through the school in a narrow passageway that was an old stable block that joins one part of the school with another. There he was, the bully, walking down the path towards me. He so much bigger than all of us as he was eighteen months older. That was part of it that he was physically more mature. He grabbed me, pulled me off the path and gave me a verbal dressing down in front of everybody. He told me the entire thing was my fault, that I'd brought it all upon myself and I was a terrible, bad person that would have a dreadful life. What I had done to him would all catch up with me. He didn't take responsibility for anything. There was a bunch of people watching this happen. I didn't understand what he was doing there and I thought he'd left the school, but no he was back. That, thank God, was the last

time I saw him. He had to leave at the end of that term. The school had done some kind of deal with his parents and he was then taken out of the school.

121. After my bully had been removed from the school it took a while for me to be able to stand up for myself a bit more, and I eventually learned that's what I had to do and be more robust. There were people in the school who would walk over you.
122. What still astonishes me about the whole thing was that he got support and got to see a psychologist. I got nothing. No support whatsoever, nobody told my parents. They had no idea. I didn't tell them about this until much later on and they were completely flabbergasted. I'm reconciled to this now, but there was a long time when I was so angry with the school for it. They were in loco parentis and had a duty of care with regard to safeguarding and they completely forgot about all that and not even letting my parents know what had happened. It was all just covering up. They got his parents to come back and gave him psychological help, what about me?
123. Later, the housemistress in Scott House knew there was something wrong with me and could see I was depressed, and it was obvious at times. She was a caring and compassionate individual towards the boys. She eventually persuaded me to go and see the doctor, but I couldn't talk to him, although he was a nice guy. I didn't know how to talk about it. Nothing came of it. The doctor she sent me to see wasn't the one who I described stabbed us with the injection needles.
124. I don't know if the school knew what he had done to me. Presumably all my friends who witnessed it must have told them about this guy and they must have known that something bad had happened to me.

### **Leaving Edinburgh Academy**

125. I left the school with four Highers and in my final year I focussed on my art work and neglected everything else as I had an unconditional offer for architecture school. It meant it didn't do very well in my A' Levels. When I left the school I got the [REDACTED]

prize. The housemaster and housemistress from Dundas House came over to me and my parents to say how well I'd done and they were very chummy towards my parents to my parents bemusement. I then told my parents about how they'd behaved to us in Dundas House and what it was like living there and we had to tread carefully around them. My parents were astonished at how two-faced they were.

126. There was a leaver's ball because we organised it ourselves. It was the first time it had happened. Quite a lot of the boarders were involved in that. I did the invitations by hand. The school didn't organised anything, but the masters did police our event. There was a graduation ceremony in the main hall of the main school and this was always the case.

#### **Life after being in boarding school**

127. I was too interested in studying art and not in taking exams to go to Oxford and Cambridge the school was frustrated by that and they weren't interested in me. Having watched how Hong Kong developed as a city I'd become interested in architecture and decided that was what I wanted to study. At that time Glasgow University's Mackintosh School of Architecture was one of the best schools of architecture in the UK to study at. I got a place despite Edinburgh Academy's advice that I would never get in. There was no acknowledgement from the school of that, but I did win the [REDACTED] prize in the school for that year when I left.
128. When I finally got to Glasgow School of Art it was an eye opener as it was a completely different ethos. The head of the school was a real Glasgow character and didn't take any shit from anyone. He went on about how he couldn't stand public schools and I worried about him finding out where I'd come from. It was then a reverse snobbery and I had to tread carefully again. I had to re-build myself. Architecture school can be a toxic environment for its competitiveness. You have to pin up all your work in front of a public panel with the entire school watching. You are then torn to shreds by the panel if they don't like what you've done. This process is designed to build up your confidence to defend your work in public. It can become a forum for bullying.

129. There was another guy from the Edinburgh Academy who got in at the same time as me, and he was a bully at school and tried to bully me in the sixth year and failed. I'd toughened up by that point. We all had to go through CCF at school and you could either be in the army, the navy or the air force. I was in the army and did Signals and was in charge of that. We were doing an exercise one day on Corstorphine Hill and we were all waiting for the bus afterwards and he picked up this bit of dog shit and flung it at me for a laugh. I wasn't taking that and I picked it up again and chased him down the road, rugby tackled him and smeared it down his back. He never came near me again. I was always going to fight back in that instance because he was horrible. He ended up at the Mackintosh School of Architecture where he was incredibly chummy towards me. He couldn't hack it and only lasted two weeks there and left. I think it was the criticism that he couldn't take and it was like that from day one.
130. After three years training at the Mackintosh School in Glasgow you are expected to do a year of professional practice. Then you come back for two years and the year after that is also spent in professional practice before sitting your professional exam. Some people take longer than that to do it.
131. After the first three years initial training in Glasgow I went back to Hong Kong to work. I stayed for two years as I was enjoying it so much. I stayed with my parents in their flat and had to get to know them again. I came home late very late one morning after being out partying after work. My dad was furious and told me off as my mum had been up all night worrying about me. I just turned to him and said 'I'm sorry, you sent me away when I was nine years old. You've had no idea where I've been all that time and now you're worried about me?' My mum heard all of this too and then they both agreed I was right and I had a point. That completely broke the ice with them and I think they really enjoyed having me there as it gave them someone else to talk to. Staying with them meant we got to know each other as adults and we've had a fantastic relationship ever since.
132. When I came back to Glasgow after two years living in Hong Kong and working with a group of architects who'd been working in really good London practices. They were

really tough to work with. They kept telling me to stand up for myself and stop apologising for my existence as that was how I was taught at Edinburgh Academy because of all the bullying and everything. That was how I was. I hated myself and apologised for my existence all the time. I began to toughen up and they tried to convince me I did have a talent and they were really supportive. They thought I should go on to train in London and not go back to Glasgow, but the Mackintosh School had been such a tough environment and I wanted to see it through. I wanted to show them my worth. What the Academy had taught me was I had to see it through and I was determined to go back there.

133. I took a couple of years to sit my professional exams and didn't do it straight away. After I finished I got work in an office until that dried up. Then I headed off to work in Berlin for a year. I was in my mid-twenties by then.
134. Then I moved back to Glasgow and have been there ever since. When I first came back my intention was to become a commercial architect. It didn't fit for me in the end. I worked for a big and well known practice in Glasgow for five years. After that experience I decided to concentrate on conservation work in a smaller office. That's what I've ended up doing. I wanted to be rooted somewhere and to build a life as part of a community. I've ended up being chair of small societies and being involved in heritage and conservation issues. Nothing about the culture of Edinburgh Academy would have encouraged me to do any of that.

### **Impact**

135. The events at school had massive repercussions on my life. I've suffered from really bad depressions at times and I was suffering from depression at school as well. One of the housemistresses further up the school who was a former nurse who was really lovely and she knew at the time there was something wrong. There were times when I wanted to sit in a room in the dark by myself.

136. The housemistress from Scott House knew there was something wrong and knew I was depressed and it was obvious at times. She eventually persuaded me to go and see the doctor but I couldn't talk to him, although he was a nice guy. I didn't know how to talk about it. Nothing came of it. The doctor she sent me to see wasn't the one who stabbed us with the injection needles. That was in my fourth or fifth year in senior school.
137. My connection with my friends continued, but we were never the same. That summer I'd turned twelve and I'd decided to myself that the world was such an awful place that I would never have a child. I stuck to that ever since. A couple of years ago my partner told me his biggest regret in life was he didn't have a child. It had never occurred to me that he wanted a child.
138. The other thing I'd decided as a child was I didn't believe in God, because God would never do this and it was such a horrible universe that I wasn't going to bring anyone in to it. There could be no God. I did tell my parents that which amused them that a child of twelve could decide he was an atheist. They were flabbergasted by that, but never put the pieces together.
139. The thing about my second year in Mackenzie House was that it was the year a lot of people started at the school for the first time. There was a big influx of new boys at that stage. They were all more mature and developed than we were. By that time I hated myself and I hated my body. It came and went over the years since. I'm much better adjusted now. I look back now and see it affected so much of my life afterwards and I ended up with a survival personality as a consequence.
140. For years I didn't want to be myself and I hated myself. In the year after the incident at school when the bully fired puggies at me, I did attempt suicide at one point but didn't do it very well. I just wanted to be dead. No-one was aware that I'd done that.
141. My approach to life is entirely strategic and I'm always trying to map the territory and watch out for pitfalls and how somebody will react to me. I'm a really good diplomat as a consequence of what happened to me, but it's no way to live and it's difficult to be



happy when you're always like that. I did learn to survive at the school and I did adjust by my later years there and I managed it, but I was never genuinely happy. Even my parents must have known there was something wrong.

142. This time in school coincided with that start of AIDS and HIV. I was this lonely kid at school and I remember we had access to various newspapers in school for pupils to read. I was the only person who read the newspaper and in my break times I would go to read the newspapers from cover to cover. I absorbed all this information being reported from New York and San Francisco and by this time I had an inkling I was probably gay. Here was a death sentence coming anyway. So there was all that to take on board. I locked a part of myself away as a consequence of being in a boarding school. It does have repercussions. You can manage when you're in school but when you're taken out of an institutional existence it's different.
  
143. The environment at school meant I was constantly policing myself and I went into survivor mode. I had a public persona and a private persona that's completely different. I was careful not to expose any part of myself that made me vulnerable. I did end up with the kind of personality where I constantly police everything I say and am always conscious of what other people think and I hate that aspect of myself. My family know that everything with me is on a needs-to-know basis and everything is compartmentalised and that means you become a master of lies by omission although you don't mean to, but some things other people don't need to know about. I hold back on things even now with my partner and it all stems from being at that school. I don't know how to undo that after all this time. Another impact of being at that school is being so absolutely absorbed in my work or other stuff to keep myself busy so I don't focus on anything else. That is completely draining on my life at home.
  
144. I have been through three bouts of therapy. Continuing to suffer with depression through my life has been a major thing. I've had thoughts about suicide as an adult. When I was working in Hong Kong I spent a lot of time thinking about killing myself. That was because of loneliness, not being sure where I fitted into the world, what was the point of it and self-hatred. I did eventually seek help when I got back to Glasgow and the Mackintosh. I went to see my doctor to ask for help from someone in the NHS.

He got me in touch with a psychologist, but she couldn't deal with me and didn't know what to do.

145. Eventually I sought counselling from other sources and that was more helpful. I think the mental health issues I had are tied up with my school experience and well as issues around coming out. At school I hated myself and my whole body because I was so ashamed. That sense of shame is so hard to get away from. Now I've done the therapy and I'm in a much better position, but just thinking about these things can still make me feel depressed. I have to keep it in check somehow.
146. I think it's sad that so many people go through boarding school and they never know their parents and they feel abandoned by them. I've had these discussions with my parents and they know I've been bullied, but they don't know what actually happened. They bitterly regret sending my brother and me away to school and that he has been relatively alienated from them as a result. I think my difficulties in my relationship with my brother pre-dated going to boarding school. We didn't really like each other. We both eventually attended the Glasgow School of Art together and got to know each other better and hit it off then. He had his own issues and we have been distant at times, but its good now and I'm happy with that.
147. I think back to my time at the Academy a lot. What that guy did to me wells up all the time and I'm always conscious of it in the background. Every time I have a row with my partner it dredges itself up. It never leaves me. I hear that laugh and it'll appear in dreams. For years after the incident I had bad stress dreams and I'd wake up screaming in bed. I just had to figure out a way to deal with that. I don't have so many flashbacks or dreams about it these days as I'm in a better position in my life, but it did affect me for a long time.
148. I did go back to the school for a reunion in 2008 for the boarders as my three friends were going. The boarding houses were being shut down. I just wanted to go back and see the place. It was a weird experience and I got really drunk after it. Suddenly seeing the dorm room in Mackenzie House that had such an impact on my life. It was totally

non-descript and so institutionalised. The experience dredged up a lot. I've never been to any other school reunion and have no wish to.

### **Reporting of Abuse**

149. I've never reported to the police or any official body what happened to me at Edinburgh Academy. I didn't think anyone would want to know. I didn't think the Child Abuse Inquiry was about this kind of thing at all. I didn't realise it was child abuse until I looked into it more closely and that was a surprise to me.

### **Records**

150. I've now seen some of my school reports and I've never approached the Academy to ask what information they might hold on me.

### **Lessons to be Learned**

151. The school and the boys would have benefitted from discussions about respect for their own and other people's bodies and respecting other people's space. I hope that happens now in schools, but there was nothing like that then. It wasn't until later in the senior school that we got any sex education.
152. There was a complete lack of support. I went through what was a really traumatic experience and I got no support from the school. Nobody asked after me beyond that initial 'are you ok?' and then it was swept under the carpet and they didn't want to know anymore. There was no counselling. That was something that should be addressed now. I hope they would do that now as a safeguarding issue.

153. The fact there was a thirteen year old boy living amongst eleven year olds was just weird. That age difference at that age was significant. I question why that was allowed to happen. To me that's a safeguarding issue.

**Hopes for the Inquiry**

154. I don't think boarding is at all appropriate or acceptable. I'm sure there are circumstances when you would need to do it if you were in a particular situation, but in the UK it seems like a lifestyle choice. I don't think it's an appropriate way to bring up young children. I would like to see that being seriously challenged and scrapped as a system.

**Other information**

155. I have no objection to my witness statement being published as part of the evidence to the Inquiry. I believe the facts stated in this witness statement are true.

Signed.....  .....

Dated..... 26-04-22 .....