

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

GGC

Support person present: Yes

1. My name is GGC. My date of birth is 1993. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

Life before going into care

2. I was born in Aberdeen Royal Infirmary. My mum's name is LDD and my dad's name is . I have three older siblings, two sisters and a brother. is my half-sister and she's in her forties. My brother, is 36. is three or four years older than me.
3. We lived with our mum and dad at in Northfield, Aberdeen. I had a good upbringing. Life at home was sometimes volatile. My mum and dad used to fight quite a lot. My dad was an alcoholic so he just used to sit and drink all the time. My mum divorced him when I was about three years old. In order to keep the family together, she kept my dad in the house. We were under the impression they were still together, but they weren't really in a relationship. It was basically just pretend.
4. I can't really remember when my dad moved out. I've blacked out parts of it. I went to school on occasion. I went to Byron Park Nursery when I was very young and then to Westerton Primary School in Northfield. It was okay at school but there were issues. It was back at a time when Attention Deficit Hyperactivity Disorder (ADHD) didn't really exist. They didn't diagnose me with ADHD until I was about ten. They just thought I was a problem child when maybe I wasn't. I was maybe in the wrong setting.

5. I had a social worker already at that point. I can't remember her name, but she was a woman. I don't know why I had a social worker. I think it might have been because I kept running away from school and I wasn't listening to the teachers. I wasn't being disciplined by them.
6. The teachers used to phone my mum and say things to her that you just wouldn't say to a person with my mum's brain set. I can remember occasions when the head teacher phoned my mum and said things to wind her up, "Your son's just done this, your son's just done that, you'd better come and collect him." When I look back now, I realise it was things that would provoke a reaction from my mum and it did.
7. When I was seven or eight, there was a girl in my class. She used to sit at the back of the classroom. Everybody always used to say that she was a mink, but I felt sorry for her. I wasn't a bully but I didn't let anybody push me about. One day, the girl picked her nose and everybody in the class saw her. They started slagging her about it and I felt sorry for her. I sat beside her and, the next day, I told everybody she was my girlfriend. After about a week, everybody left her alone. I didn't really like her like that, so once everybody left her alone I distanced myself from her.
8. The girl still tried to follow me about the playground. She moved her chair beside me. I picked up my chair and asked the teacher if I could move. The teacher wouldn't let me move so I picked up the chair and put it on my head. I started walking and the teacher turned and grabbed a hold of my left arm. When she grabbed my arm, the chair accidentally hit the teacher.
9. They took me down to the head teacher, Miss Bothwell's office. The head teacher phoned my mum and said that I'd hit the teacher with a chair. It was a pure fabrication. I didn't hit the teacher with the chair. If the teacher hadn't grabbed my arm, it wouldn't have happened. When she was on the phone to my mum, she was smiling. The only way I can describe it is that she was being evil. She was leaving messages on my mum's answering machine. She kept on phoning.

10. My mum picked up one of the messages, telling her that she needed to pick up her son because he'd assaulted a teacher. It was snowing heavily outside at the time. My mum came up to the head teacher's office. I was sitting there. I knew as soon as she came in that it wasn't going to end well. Every time my mum shouted at me, Miss Bothwell would give me a smirk, as if to say I was in trouble. She was right, I was in trouble because my mum took me home and almost killed me. My mum said in front of the teacher, "You're fucking getting it when you get home." Up until that point, my mum had never hit me. Even if I got a smack, my mum couldn't bring herself to smack me. She had to get my dad to do it to me. She could do it to my brother and sisters, but she could never do it to me.
11. My mum had a woman staying in the house at the time. She feels sorry for people all the time and the woman had nowhere to stay. We were driving down the road. We finally got to my mum's house. She ripped me out the car, took me into the house and locked the front door. She told me to get my school clothes off. I went upstairs and took my clothes off. I came back downstairs with my boxers on. My mum told the woman who was staying with us to grab a belt. My mum wrapped the strap round her hand and started battering me with the metal buckle of the belt.
12. I was running about the house, trying to get away from her. I ran upstairs and went under the covers in my bottom bunk. My mum ripped the covers off and repeatedly battered me with the belt. I managed to get into the top bunk to try and get away from her. I was screaming things like, "If you love me, you wouldn't do it. You'll stop it, you'll stop it." She wouldn't stop it. She just blanked out. I know now she wasn't in control of what she was doing, but I didn't know that at the time.
13. I ran downstairs and tried to get out the front door, but the front door was locked. I was in my boxers. I didn't have anything else on. I remember my sister's puffy Helly Hansen jacket was on the right hand side of the wall. I grabbed it and put it on. I thought it would cushion the blows. It was hurting, being hit with the metal buckle. Just as I was trying to zip the jacket up, my mum came down and she was hitting me across the back of the head. I ran into the living room and shut the door. I tried to jump out the

living room window. She tried to grab a hold of me, but I managed to get out the window. I ran into the garden and jumped over the fence and ran down the street.

14. I finally managed to get the jacket zipped up. I ran into [REDACTED] It was still before ten o'clock in the morning because before ten o'clock, you could use the service button to get into the buildings. It was freezing outside so I pushed the service button and went into a building. There were three steps at the back of the building. I sat on the top step. I put the jacket on my legs because I was cold. I didn't really know what to do. My aunty stayed about two hundred feet from where I was, but she was my mum's sister. If I went there, I didn't know whether she would phone my mum and tell her I was there. It was the first time it had ever happened so I was in a situation I'd never been in before.
15. A woman came into the building. She looked at me and asked me if I was okay. My lips were chattering but I told her, "Aye." She asked if I was sure and I said I was alright. I remember I didn't want social workers coming near me but I didn't really know where any other family stayed. I knew my area, but I was too young to know how to get to my dad's house or anything like that.
16. The lady went into her house and a while later, she came back out. She asked me my name. I told her a lie and gave her a different name. She asked if I wanted to go into her house. I knew never to go near strangers. We're travellers and I'd been brought up never to go into anybody else's house. I was in vulnerable situation and I thought things couldn't get any worse at that point.
17. The lady must've thought I was fully clothed because she could only see the jacket. My sister was taller than me so the jacket was over my legs. She could only have seen that I didn't have trainers on. She asked where I stayed and I lied about that as well. I told her I stayed where my aunty stayed, at [REDACTED] She asked why I was sitting there and then she saw that I didn't have any trousers on. She told me I needed to come into her house. She told me that she wasn't going to hurt me and that she had two sons. She said she'd give me a pair of trousers to put on. I was trying to avoid it but she ended up seeing the marks on my legs because I had marks from head to toe.

18. She took me into her house. I remember she had a cream settee. She came through with a pair of her son's pyjamas and let me go into the bathroom to put them on. Her sons came back from school at lunch time. I kept asking her not to phone social workers or anything like that. I actually knew her sons for years. In the last five years, I found out the lady was either a social worker or training to be a social worker.
19. After that, I remember social workers turning up at the house and getting me rushed to hospital. I remember sitting in the waiting room. I can't remember which hospital it was. I've not been there since. It might have shut down. I couldn't really sit down because my bum cheeks were so sore from the belt. The bottom of my feet had bruises as well. I was in pain every time I moved.
20. I was taken into the doctor's room and they put a screen up. They put a nappy thing on. There were literally bruises on every part of my body. They wanted me to put it up as far as I could, like a thong, so they could take photographs of every bruise. I remember folding it up. A lady came in and said I'd have to tuck it in. She said she wasn't allowed to touch me. I asked her to do it because I didn't understand what she was on about and I couldn't do it anymore. She had to get the doctor in so she could do it and she tucked it into my buttocks. They started taking pictures. I got onto the bed and they made me go in different positions so they could take pictures.
21. I can't really remember what happened after that. I ended up with foster carers and ever since that I ended up in secure units, children's homes and things like that.

Foster Care, Aberdeen

22. I was seven or eight when I first went into care. I don't know where the first foster family lived. There's a big statue where William Wallace supposedly jumped about one hundred feet over to the other side. It's in Aberdeen, out towards Cove or somewhere like that. We used to go down and see who could hit the back fence. It was a cage around the statue to stop people throwing stones at it. It was like a battle shield. We used to try and hit the middle of it. I think that was the first foster parents I was with.

23. There were only a few kids round about the area. I remember there were six or seven pine trees in a row, round in a circle. There were stones in the middle. It looked like it had been purposefully made. I used it as my wee den. I put all my cars and motorbikes in there and played with all my toys. That was my retreat. That was where I used to hide and get away from everybody. When the foster parents shouted on me for my dinner, I would sneak out so they wouldn't know where I had been.
24. I wasn't allowed contact with my mum when I was in foster care. She was in Cornhill Hospital. She was sectioned because she had a nervous breakdown. I was only allowed phone contact with her.

Abuse at foster placement in Aberdeen

25. I can't remember the day I went into foster care, but I remember being there. I remember being in a bunk bed. The foster parents' granddaughter was a couple of years older than me. I don't remember her name, but she had glasses and black hair. She used to stay on the bottom bunk and I was on the top bunk. One night, I was lying in my bed and trying to get to sleep. She came up to the top bunk and she asked to see my penis. It was the first time I'd ever experienced anything like that. I didn't understand sex or anything like that at that point. I said no and told her I'd tell her gran and grandad. She shut up after that and went back into her bed.
26. A couple of days later, she kept saying things to me about it. We were playing on the Playstation and the girl's mum and dad were there. I can't remember if she stayed in the house all the time or if it was only at certain times. She asked me if she could touch my penis. I didn't really know what to say. I was awkward and I felt pressured into it. My mum used to tell me it was men who were odd and to stay away from men, never go in their car or anything like that. She never told me that women could be the same. Maybe that distorted my thoughts of this. I ended up showing her my penis in the corner one day. It was like a cupboard.

27. She asked if I wanted to see hers. I didn't understand what she meant because I didn't think she had a penis. After I showed her my penis, she kept asking me if she could touch it. I ended up letting her touch it. It got to the point where every time she was there, she would ask if she could touch it once more. I would pull my trousers up but she'd ask to do it again. Now that I think about it, it was perverse what she was doing. I remember telling her that I wasn't doing it again.

Reporting of abuse in foster care

28. I spoke to my brother or sister about what the girl was doing. I asked my brother what he would do if a lassie asked him to do that. He took it as a joke. He was older than me. He told me that if I didn't want to do it, I should tell her that I wasn't doing it. If she tried to do it again, he told me to tell the foster parents and my social worker. I didn't know what would happen if I did tell them. I didn't know where I'd end up. I was already being put from pillar to post. If I told the foster parents that their granddaughter was doing this, what were they going to think?
29. One day, I was sitting in the kitchen on the phone to my mum. I told my mum that I needed to tell her something. At that point, the foster parents must have known about what was happening between their granddaughter and me. They knew I was about to tell my mum. They hung up the phone. I was allowed a ten minute phone call, but they dismissed what I said.
30. They took me into the living room and I told them what had happened. I told them their granddaughter had been forcing me to let her touch my bits. They tried to say to me that I must also be touching her. They were trying to put it on me. I felt like they were saying that I was a boy so I must have touched her. I felt like they were trying to say that if I said anything, they would say that I'd done it to her. That was the impression I got and it's still the impression I'm under today. I've only ever spoken about this to the Inquiry and to my psychologist in Carstairs.

31. I didn't tell my social worker about what happened. A couple of years later, a social worker asked me if I remembered anything about what had happened. I think his name was Alan Ross. I was embarrassed about it. I denied all knowledge about it. It was a male social worker that asked me and I felt a bit uncomfortable. I might have been more honest if it had been a female.

Leaving foster care in Aberdeen

32. The foster parents said that I wasn't fitting in. After I was in the living room and told them what their granddaughter had been doing, it just so happened I was out of there about a week later. In my eyes, it was a cover up. They were wanting me out of there. There was no other reason because I was doing alright there.

The [REDACTED] Family, [REDACTED], Aberdeen

33. After being in foster care, I was placed with my aunty and Uncle, [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. [REDACTED] I was still only eight or nine years old. The social workers thought it was a stable place. My Aunty [REDACTED] stayed at [REDACTED] in Aberdeen. I stayed there for a while. My aunty was doing her best. Her kids aren't like me and my siblings. They've not been spoiled like us. They've never really had anything. My mum used to buy them presents and they'd be a lot happier with them than they were with other presents from my aunty.
34. My mum used to buy me my own food and I had my own cupboard at my aunty's. I had an eating disorder. I didn't like eating food that other people had touched. I used to get my mum to buy me my own stuff. She would buy me my own stuff twice a week. I started to notice packets of biscuits going missing. My cousin would come in drunk and take them, but I was young and I didn't realise that.

Abuse at the [REDACTED]

35. My aunty and uncle were strict, but they were fair. Their home looked like the perfect environment to social workers. However, dark things were going on in my bedroom. My cousin, [REDACTED] was sexually abusing me. I kept running away from the house.

Reporting of abuse at the [REDACTED]

36. I used to get to visit my ma's every day. I used to have to go back to my aunty's at six o'clock or half six at night. One day, when it was time to go back to my aunty's, I was jumping on the bed. I told my mum I wasn't going back to my Aunty [REDACTED]. She thought I was carrying on. I told her that [REDACTED] kept touching my backside and then I hid under the covers. I hid my face because I was embarrassed about it. My mum asked me what I'd just said and I repeated that [REDACTED] kept touching my backside. I didn't know how else to say it.
37. My mum pulled the covers off me. She wasn't emotionally stable at the time. Within what felt like a couple of hours of me telling my mum, there was a meeting arranged in my aunty's living room. It could have been the next day, but I remember getting walked over to my aunt's house that night. I didn't stay there that night, I stayed at my mum's.
38. My mum couldn't give me support at my aunty's and I don't think the social workers wanted her there. She would have gone off her head if she'd heard some of the things that were being said. I was sitting in the living room. My cousin was sitting on the two seater, right beside the window. I was sitting on the three seater. There was a pouffe. My brother was sitting on that, but he ended up leaving the room. The social worker was sitting at the left-hand side of me. I think it was Vicky Robertson. She was definitely in the room. I think another social worker was also in the room. It might have been Alan Ross. My cousin's mum and dad were there and so was his brother or

sister. I didn't have any support there. My support was the social workers, but they were basically putting pressure on me.

39. I said that [REDACTED] had been sexually abusing me. I said he'd been touching my backside and he knew what he had been doing. He denied it. [REDACTED] kept saying he didn't do it. I kept saying he did. It was tit for tat. It went on for what felt like ages. It might only have been five minutes, but it felt like half an hour. Vikky Robertson said it wasn't really going anywhere and we should put it off for another day.
40. I don't know whether it was ever reported to the police. I would hope so, but I don't remember speaking to the police. My brain was all over the place because it wasn't long after my mum had assaulted me. I think the social workers thought I was lying so I would be taken out of my aunty's to stay with my mum. What kind of person would make something like that up? There's heaps of other things I could've made up. I could've said he was battering me or something like that instead of saying something as extreme.
41. I'd told them exactly what happened. I didn't go into detail. I was too embarrassed to go into detail. I was an eight year old boy. The social workers were clever enough to speak to me when there was nobody else there. They put pressure on me to say it didn't happen. They asked me if I had ever heard about the boy who cried wolf. My aunty always used to go on about the boy who cried wolf so I knew exactly what they were talking about. They were calling me a liar. I was only eight, but I wasn't stupid.
42. I felt like I had no choice but to just give in and say that it was a lie. The hardest part about it was that the social workers put words into my mouth before a meeting. I can't remember which social workers did that. The words that ended up coming out of my mouth were that I had to apologise to my cousin for lying about him. The social workers said I should say something to my cousin. I can't remember the exact words, but they schooled me in what to say. I said I was sorry and they asked what I was sorry for. I then said I was sorry for telling lies because it could have got him into trouble. It wasn't my words that were coming out my mouth. It wasn't words I would use.

43. My aunty asked what would stop me from lying again. The social worker looked at me. I said I had realised how much trouble it could get somebody in and I realised how dangerous telling a lie like that could be. I had to sit there and be ridiculed for lying when I wasn't.
44. My aunty knows about it now. When I was released from prison in 2016, she was being too nice to me. She said she had something to tell me. I can't remember the exact words she said because I was shocked by what she said. She said [REDACTED] had admitted to [REDACTED] what he had done to me. I could tell that she felt sick to have to admit it. She apologised for it. At the end of the day, there wasn't a full investigation at the time. It was white-washed.

Living with Dad, [REDACTED] Aberdeen

45. The social workers took me out of my aunty and uncle's. I think I was with my mum for a couple of days and then I went to my dad's. The social workers didn't think my mum was mentally stable enough to look after me, but she still had care of my older brother and sister. My dad and I were volatile. My dad was letting me drink alcohol, he was letting me smoke, he was letting me do whatever I wanted. One night, I remember my dad's girlfriend rolling me a couple of roll-ups. She tried to teach me how to roll a cigarette. My fingers were little so she tore the skin in half and showed me how to do it. My dad came in drunk and she told me not to show him, not that my dad would have cared.
46. My dad was always under the influence of alcohol. He used to give me a beer when he was sitting with his girlfriend. I'd end up drunk. We used to go over to my grandad and grandma's house every night. My dad would buy twelve tins of beer and he and my grandad would sit there. My grandma used to hate my grandad drinking whisky. My dad used to buy my grandad a 35cl bottle of whisky and give it to him as soon as my grandma went to the toilet. My grandad would sneak it down the side of his cigarettes. As soon as my grandma left the room, he would down it.

47. My gran and grandad stayed on [REDACTED] To get from their house to my dad's house at [REDACTED] it was maybe a mile. You have to cross the main road to come into Aberdeen. I used to have to grab my dad and help him get across the road. I remember times he fell in the road, blazing drunk. I had to stand in the road to stop the cars from hitting him. I was looking after him when it should have been the other way round.
48. One night, my dad ended up drinking the whisky. He didn't usually drink spirits. It was a joke. I almost got hit by a Royal Mail van. It was my dad's fault. He basically pushed me in front of it so he could get out the way. I went mad when we got back to the house. I just flipped.
49. I realised he wasn't actually as drunk as he was pretending to be. He was manipulating me and trying to make me feel sorry for him. He fell into a bush. I went into his pocket, grabbed his keys and left him there. If he wanted to lie there like a dog, he'd made his bed and he could lie in it. When he left my gran and grandad's, he couldn't stand unaided. When I got to the stairs of the house, I looked back. He was walking behind me and he wasn't staggering about like he had been before. He was just walking straight, walking up to the house.
50. I was always interested in doing things with my hands with hammers and tools. My mum and dad used to buy me tools to build things. My tool box was at my dad's house. When we got in, he asked me to get him a beer. I chucked the beer and started smashing his house up with the hammer. I remember putting the hammer through a picture above his fire place. He phoned my mum and asked her what he should do and she told him to phone the police. She wasn't aware of what was going on.
51. If my dad died today, I would maybe shed a tear but I wouldn't be half as distraught as if my mum died. If my mum died I'd be absolutely broken but if my dad died it wouldn't really bother me. I'm emotionally detached from my dad.

Living with the [REDACTED] for the second time

52. The police came, lifted me and I ended up going from my dad's back to my aunty's. The social workers put pressure on me. I was in the child cell at the police station. They asked how I would feel about going back to my aunty's. I can't remember which social workers were there. I said I wasn't going back to my aunty's. The social workers said that was the only placement they had for me. They said that if I didn't go to my aunty's, I'd have to go into a children's home. They said I wouldn't be able to stay in Aberdeen.
53. I felt pressure from all sides, from everybody. It was either go back to my aunty's house or stick to my truth and get put wherever they wanted. I didn't know where it would be, secure units or children's homes out of Aberdeen. Out of Aberdeen was like the other side of the world for me at that time. If I stayed at my aunty's, I could keep running away and avoid getting abused. When I went back to my aunty's, the abuse stopped for a while. It stopped for a couple of days and then it carried on.

Routine at the [REDACTED]

54. My aunty and uncle were doing the best they could. Every day, they'd take me to school. I was at Middlefield Primary School at the time. I'd go in the front door but I'd go straight out the fire exit at the back before their car had even left the front door. I ran away because my cousin was sexually abusing me. I would go on the run for as long as I could.

Running away

55. I would go in to school fully dressed. I was then taken into the head teacher's room. My aunty would be there. Uncle [REDACTED] my mum's brother, was also there. He was there because I would kick off. They would rip my clothes off me, down to my boxers and shorts. If I said no, I would be physically restrained and my clothes would be removed from me. My mum and my aunty must have agreed to that. I had to sit in the classroom

wearing just boxer shorts and socks, so I wouldn't run away. I kept running away so then they stripped me down to just my boxer shorts.

56. I would run away with the boxers and shorts anyway. I trained my dog to open my window for me. I would stand at the bottom of the street and check for my mum's car. If it was gone, I knew she was out doing her job. I would tap the window and the dog would open it. I would climb in the window, go upstairs and pack a bag of clothes and put trainers on.
57. Because I kept running away with my boxers, t-shirt and socks on, they went even further and took my socks and t-shirt off me. I remember sitting in assembly with over a hundred boys and girls and I was sitting in a pair of shorts. It still didn't stop me from running away. Even when I was stripped down to my boxers, I ran away.
58. The social workers kept saying that they didn't understand why I was running away and that it was a suitable environment. They said I had a perfect regime. It wasn't that at all. There were dark, dark things going on in that house that only me and my cousin knew about. I couldn't tell them I was being abused because they didn't believe me. I couldn't tell them the truth so I had to tell them lies. I just used to say stupid, childish things like I'd leave whenever I'd want. I got put back into care, but I'm not sure where I went.
59. I remember being told that a placement had been found for me. After I was in foster care, I went to Seaview Children's Home in Bridge of Don.

Seaview Children's Home, Bridge of Don

60. I think I was about ten years old when I went into Seaview. I spent more time in the police station than I did at Seaview, so I can't really remember much about it. I was in Seaview for three months. Secondary Institutions - to be published later

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Moore House, Bathgate

71. I was ten years old when I went to Moore House. Secondary Institutions - to be published later

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Leaving Moore House

137. I'm not sure how long I was in Moore House for. It felt like I was in some of the care placements for years, but when I looked at my records I realised that I wasn't. Secondary

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

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. I think I was there for a number of months. Secondary Institutions - to be published later

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138. Normally, if I was being moved from a place, there would be a Children's Panel. They would discuss it and say that a place wasn't working. They would say that they might need to find me another placement. The social workers would say that they'd seek accommodation for me elsewhere. They would decide whether it was foster care, a normal children's home, a secure unit or a semi-secure unit. Secondary Institutions - to be published later

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139. I was put out of Moore House abruptly. Secondary Institutions - to be published later

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They said they were taking me to Rossie Farm. I asked what Rossie Farm was and they told me that it was a secure unit.

140. They put me in a Land Rover and drove me to Rossie Farm. Secondary Institutions - to be published later

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

Rossie Farm, Montrose

141. I was ten when I went to Rossie Farm. Staff who had been there for thirty years told me that I was the youngest person they had ever seen in there. The oldest people in Rossie were eighteen. There were people on remand there as well. People who went through the care system and committed a serious offence would sometimes be remanded to a secure unit rather than the jail. There were seventeen, eighteen year old people in Rossie who had been remanded for murder.

142. There were five units in Rossie, including the open unit. I was in Lunan, which was a secure unit. There were about thirteen of us in my unit, boys and girls. We all had our own bedrooms. It wasn't a very big unit. There would be four staff on duty, but they didn't really supervise us. They used to spend most of their time in the office. They could mainly keep an eye on everybody from the office, but not if you were in the living room. There was a window in the office so they could see the games room, but you could do whatever you wanted if you were in the living room. People used to smoke fags and chuck them out the living room window. The staff wouldn't even know that you'd been smoking. I started smoking cannabis when I was at Rossie.

143. The staff were Glaswegian and most of the other young people were Glaswegian. I was the only Aberdeen boy in there. It shouldn't be like that, but if somebody is from the same place as you, you're going to prefer that person.

Routine at Rossie Farm

First day

144. When I arrived at Rossie Farm, my mum started shouting that what they were doing to her son was illegal. My mum told me to get into the car. She said she was taking me home with her. A member of staff from Rossie Farm spoke to her. My mum and dad then walked me into Rossie Farm. She told the staff to get away from me. They

sat in the car while my mum walked me in. I would have ran away if the staff had come near me. That was what I had planned to do when I got out of the car.

145. We were taken into a room. My mum and dad were allowed to stay with me for a while. I was then taken up to my unit, Lunan. They let my mum have a look at the unit, but they told her she could have a proper look around when she came to visit me. My mum told me that I'd be alright and then that was it.

146. Secondary Institutions - to be published later I didn't even have a change of clothes. My things followed a couple of months later. My mum had to go and buy me new clothes to last until my stuff arrived.

Mornings and bedtime

147. I had my own bedroom in Rossie. It was all single rooms. The bed was fixed. It wasn't a moveable object. It was like a bed you would get in a police station cell. The only thing that could be moved was the mattress on top. The staff often took our mattresses away so we didn't sleep during the day. They thought it would make us go to sleep at night time. Sometimes, nightshift staff would flick your light on and off to annoy you.

148. They didn't tell us, but I'm sure there was asbestos at Rossie. They took down the wall and I could see it in the bricks. I was moved out of the room and there were people with white suits in there hoovering. They didn't check me to see if I was alright. I was exposed to that wall for months. One day, I damaged a part of it and a member of staff said I had to get moved. [REDACTED] had to be moved to the remand area because I got put into his room for a few days.

Mealtimes/food

149. There was a dining room and a kitchen in my unit, but I can't remember what the food was like. I started to get ticks because of medication I was prescribed. Because of the ticks, my eating became really bad. When I was eating in the kitchen, another boy in my unit, [REDACTED] used to mock me. I used to go off my head at him. The staff would

then put me into my room for swearing. [REDACTED] would never get into trouble, but I was always getting into trouble for reacting to him. I met [REDACTED] in later years in Polmont. His real name is [REDACTED]

150. [REDACTED] always mocked me when we were eating our dinner. Without him realising it, it was really affecting my eating. I would get chucked out of the kitchen and put into my bedroom. You were only allowed to eat in the kitchen. I wasn't allowed to eat in my bedroom, so if I was put in there I wouldn't get my dinner.

Washing/bathing

151. Rossie was more controlled than Moore House. They would only let a certain number of people out at a time. There were two shower rooms. I'm sure one was for girls and one was for boys. The staff would get us up in the morning and you would go in for your shower one at a time. They would then get the next person and you would get ready for education or whatever you were doing that day.

School

152. I did go to education at Rossie, but very rarely. If I wasn't in education, I would just sit about in the unit.

Leisure time

153. We weren't allowed to leave the building because it was secure. After three months, I was allowed one-to-ones. There were also two-to-ones. Two-to-ones meant two members of staff would walk around the grounds with you. Rossie Farm used to be a big farm house so you were basically walking round a farm. It was only older staff who would take me out for a one-to-one. I can't remember any of the younger staff doing that.
154. Because I was ten, I wasn't supposed to watch films that were certified as 12. Most staff would let me watch them and 15 films as well. There was a big wooden cabinet,

full of video tapes. If I had annoyed a member of staff, they would only let me pick PG or U films.

Personal possessions/smoking

155. My mum had to go down to Bathgate to collect my stuff from Moore House. You were only allowed a certain amount of items in your room, even clothes. Most of your stuff was kept in a cupboard. You were allowed to buy food. My mum used to buy me food in Rossie, but you were also allowed to buy food once a week. You would give the staff a list. You could spend whatever you wanted, but the staff would go and buy it for you. It was all kept in a cupboard, so I had to go through the staff to get access to my own food.
156. We weren't allowed to smoke in Rossie. The staff didn't give us fags, but kids would sneak them in during visits.

Healthcare

157. The whole time that I was in children's homes, the only person I can remember saying that something wasn't right was my mum. She always thought that I had Attention Deficit Hyperactivity Disorder (ADHD). She took me to two appointments at Cornhill Hospital in Aberdeen. The woman spent twenty minutes with me on two occasions. She said I didn't have ADHD and that I was alright. When I went to Rossie Farm, my mum demanded that I get a psychiatric assessment and a psychological assessment. She took me to a place in Dundee. I was there for less than an hour and I was diagnosed with ADHD.
158. I got the diagnosis when I was ten. I was prescribed medication, but the medication gave me ticks. The doctors said that was what was causing the ticks. People used to take the piss out of me because of my ticks. I still get the ticks to this day, but they started at Rossie Farm. The medication messed my head up and it's never been the same since.

159. I didn't get any other kind of therapy or counselling at Rossie. They just chucked medication at me. It's still like that to this day, they just chuck medication at you and they think it's going to shut you up. Nobody ever sat me down and spoke to me about the things that had happened to me.

Birthdays and Christmas

160. I struggle to remember different ages. I probably did have a birthday in Rossie, but I can't remember it. I would've turned eleven.

Visits/Inspections/Review of detention

161. My mum would come and visit me at Rossie. No matter where I've been, my mum always comes and visits me. I can remember going to Children's Panels when I was at Rossie. When you're in a secure unit, they can only put you there for three months at a time. You can't get out before the three months are up. I went to most of the Panels. I didn't really get to speak because my mum would be shouting at them. I would be trying to pacify my mum and calm her down. It was always chaos, always.
162. I did get to say something at the Children's Panels. There were three or four Panel members, who you'd never met before in your life. You're not going to be honest in front of all those people and a room full of social workers. They were asking direct questions and I found it hard to be truthful. There were things I found hard to tell my mum so I wasn't going to tell a room full of people that I didn't know. They shouldn't even be putting you in a situation like that.

Discipline

163. I was always being put into my room at Rossie. It was for stupid reasons. The staff did it for power. There were older members of staff who were really good. They were decent. They would calm me down and speak to me. There was one older member of staff who used to use an invisible fishing wire with a caterpillar at the end. His name was Eddie. He would pull it and it would jump. I was only young at the time and it used

to make me laugh. He was distracting me, but I didn't realise it. I used to get excited about it. He would pull it out and make me laugh, which was how he got me to calm down. Most of the other staff didn't do that. They just put me in a room and left me.

164. The younger staff didn't care. At the time, I didn't have a diagnosis. They knew that there was a chance I had ADHD, but they didn't really care. It was twenty years ago and back then, ADHD was just starting to get mentioned. The older members of staff would take me into the office and talk to me. The younger members of staff would put me in my room. They would come to the door and laugh. They would say things like, "What have you done this time, GGC?" They would find it funny and it wasn't funny. I can't remember the names of members of staff who did that.
165. The staff would also take all your stuff off you. They would take your TV, your CD player and all your stuff off you and put you in a room with nothing in it. They took your duvet and pillows as well, anything that would make it comfy. I can remember being put in rooms without a mattress. That happened in other children's homes as well as Rossie. I would have to be in a room all night without a mattress. I would kick the door and ask how I was supposed to go to sleep. The staff would tell me that I had a bed. That happened to me all the time in Rossie. There were times that I went 24 hours without a mattress. They did that to me a couple of times. They would come in the next day and wonder why I was going off my head, but it was because they kept me in a room all night without a bed.
166. On one occasion I asked a member of staff how I was supposed to get to sleep. The staff member said that I had a mattress. I stood aside and showed him that I didn't have a mattress. I think he genuinely felt bad about it. He said there was nothing he could do about it. He even tried to put a towel under the door, but it wouldn't go under. He did try to help me. He stood at the door and spoke to me for a long time until I managed to fall asleep. I think he was at the door for about four hours.
167. If you spoke to people out the window at night time, at 12:00 am, 1:00 am or if somebody banged, the night staff would pass it on to the day staff. They would then take your mattresses away first thing in the morning. They would keep it so that you

couldn't go to sleep all day. They thought you'd be tired at night time and go to sleep, but it didn't work out that way. As soon as I got my mattress back, I would rip it up and fight them even more. It made me even more determined to get one over them.

168. About 70% of my time in Rossie Farm was spent behind doors, smashing up the rooms. I remember the staff trying to torment me. I remember being in a room all the time and trying to take bricks out the wall. I remember thinking, "What the fuck do I have to do to this building for them to pay attention to me?" They weren't. They were just leaving me in a room. I was literally taking walls down. It might sound far-fetched, but the staff would disappear for three or four hours, come back and it would be open-plan. It hadn't been like that before they left. They didn't care. I was literally messing about with the integrity of the building and they didn't care. They just let me do it.
169. Rossie was a very old building. There was plasterboard covering the walls, but most of it was damaged so you could see the bricks. On my bedroom wall, there was a part of the wall that came out where the chimney was. I remember I saw the roof move after taking the bricks out. The staff moved me to another room because things started falling through the roof.
170. I was restrained all the time in Rossie. It was at least once a day. It's recorded in my papers. My mum had piles of records, including a pile about restraints. The staff used figures of four, which is used in most children's homes in Scotland. It's meant to be a method that doesn't hurt you. If the staff are holding you still, it won't hurt. If they put pressure on you, it hurts. Prison officers at HMP Grampian have told me that when they're trained how to restrain prisoners, they have to get restrained in that method themselves. They then have a better understanding of when the restraint inflicts pain on the person being restrained.
171. If the staff restrained people and put them in their room, most people calmed down. I didn't calm down. It made me worse. If they came and spoke to me, I would calm down. The more they left me to just get on with it, the more I'd go off my head. They used to put me in what they called the dungeon. I would be put in there for stupid things.

172. Rossie was quite a tall building and the dungeon was down the stairs. It must have been like a basement because if you looked out one of the windows as you went down to it you could see the ground. It was above the window. The dungeon was in the deepest part of the building. It was about as far away from everyone else as you could get, right in the corner of the building. You had nothing in there, not even a mattress or a bed. The only time I've been in a similar room was in Carstairs. Even in Carstairs, there was a window. There wasn't even a window in the room in Rossie.
173. There were three brick walls and the back one was made out of wood. I remember kicking the wooden wall and a gap began to appear between the wood. I kept hitting it, hitting it, hitting it. That was the only reason that I managed to get out of the room because I had almost made a hole in the wall. They painted over it and put me back in the room a few days later.
174. When you first went into the room, the light would be on. They'd pat you down. As soon as they went away, they would turn the light off. They would sometimes come to the door and flick the light on and off to annoy you. I don't know how long I was in the room for. I know that it was sometimes light when I went in and dark when I came out or dark when I went in and light when I came out. I would imagine I was in there for a good number of hours.

Abuse at Rossie

175. ██████████ was in my unit. She was a prostitute on the outside. I think she was sixteen and turned seventeen when she was in Rossie. Somebody told members of staff that she had performed a sex act on me. They got the police involved. What ██████████ told the police was a lie because it didn't happen at the swimming pool, but she did do something to me in the living room.
176. ██████████ asked whether I had ever been intimate with a woman before. It was in front of other young people and a member of staff. He was using really vulgar words. He asked whether it was hot or cold, as in a woman's vagina. People were mouthing at me what

to say. He was asking whether it was wet or dry. [REDACTED] was mouthing at me to say wet but [REDACTED]'s friend, [REDACTED] was saying dry. I said dry and they all started to laugh. The member of staff was laughing at this happening. It was a male member of staff in his mid to late twenties. It was really embarrassing.

177. I think that conversation kicked off what happened next. I know it wasn't the same day, but not long after we were all sitting in the living room. A boy called [REDACTED] dared [REDACTED] to do something to me. I was put on the spot. I was embarrassed. He said to me that I had done it before. I said, "Aye I've done it before." But I hadn't been with a lassie before. I just said that because I was embarrassed. She put my penis in her mouth.

Reporting of abuse at Rossie

178. The staff ended up hearing that something sexual had happened between me and [REDACTED]. A boy was talking about it in education and a member of staff overheard it. The staff thought that it had come from me, but it hadn't. They pulled me into the kitchen. They asked me if I had made an allegation that [REDACTED] had done something to me. I said that she hadn't. I denied it, but it was true. A member of staff called Eddie came into my room later. He was laughing and joking about it and asking me questions about it. I think he was trying to draw what happened out of me, but he shouldn't have been laughing about it. The staff didn't seem worried about what had happened. The police came and questioned me about it. They asked me if [REDACTED] had touched me and I denied it. They were asking me if she had done it in the swimming pool, but she didn't touch me in the swimming pool.

Leaving Rossie

179. I think I was in Rossie for about six months, but I can't really remember. There isn't much in my records about Rossie, other than the police coming to speak to me about [REDACTED]. I can't remember leaving Rossie. I've been in so many children's

homes, I don't even know how many. I've been in homes that I've forgotten about. I'm not sure of the order of things, but I know I went to homes in Stirling, Carlisle and Derbyshire.

Children's Home, Stirling

180. I was in a children's home near Stirling when I was eleven, close to twelve years old.

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

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Secondary Institutions - to be published later

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Leaving the children's home in Stirling

201. I was supposed to be in Stirling for three months, but I got chucked out before that three month period ended.

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

The Wilderness Experience, Carlisle

202. I was in a home in Carlisle called the Wilderness Experience. I don't know whether that was before or after Arnfield, but I think I was around the age of twelve.

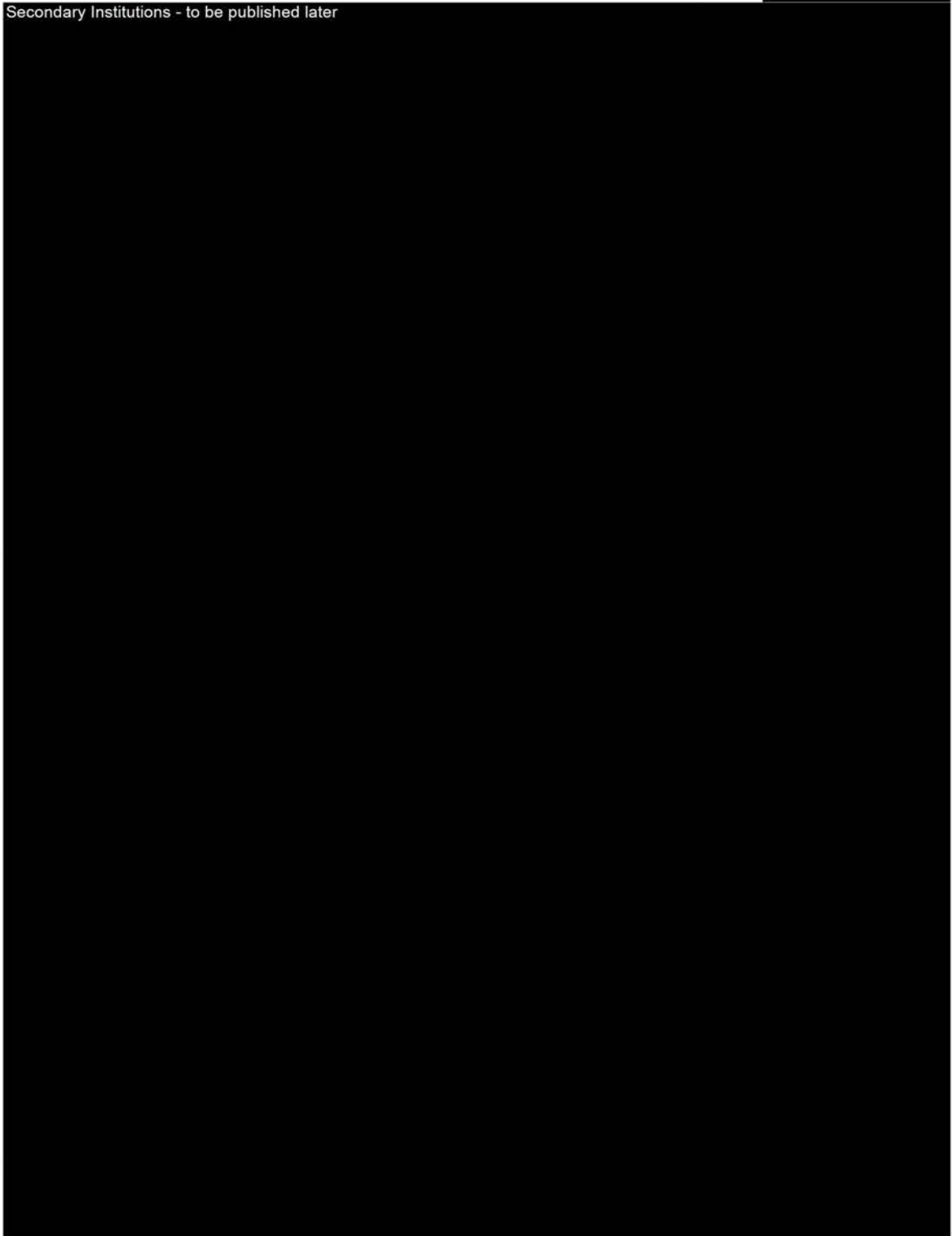
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Arnfield Towers, Derbyshire

203. I think I was about twelve when I went to Arnfield Towers in Derbyshire. Secondary Institutions - t

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Leaving Arnfield Towers

212. I thought that I was at Arnfield Towers for over a year, but I don't think it was as long as that. I've looked at my records and it wasn't as long as a year. It felt like I was there for a long time because I was always camping.

Oakbank Residential School, Aberdeen

213. When I left Arnfield, I think I went to Oakbank in Aberdeen. I think I was about thirteen years old at that time. It was wild. It was right in the middle of Aberdeen. I knew everybody in there from the worst areas of Aberdeen. There was always something going on.
214. I spent most of my time at Oakbank in hospital so I can't remember much about it. I was drinking quite a lot and taking drugs. I started doing those things when I was at Oakbank. I was hanging about with people that I had been in secure with, like [REDACTED] [REDACTED] I would run away from Oakbank and meet her. I would go up to Peterhead and stay with her in her house for a couple of days.
215. I was taken to the Sick Kids at Aberdeen Royal Infirmary, but when I was twelve I wasn't allowed to go there anymore. I had been too violent with the nurses. I had to go into the adults' section. I was banned from the Sick Kids. I was taken to hospital to get my stomach pumped on several occasions. I was taken in an ambulance, but I

can't really remember it. Nobody ever spoke to me about the fact I was taking drugs and drinking.

216. I was in Oakbank for a few months. It wouldn't really class it as a school, but there was some form of education in Oakbank. I did go to education, but I usually walked out of the class after about ten minutes.
217. I did get restrained at Oakbank. It happened now and again. Sometimes it happened every day, but sometimes it didn't. It just depended. I can't remember going to any Children's Panels while I was at Oakbank. I don't know why I left Oakbank. I can't remember leaving there at all.

St. Mary's, Kenmure, Bishopbriggs

218. The first time I went to St. Mary's I was twelve years old. I can't remember leaving Oakbank, but I woke up in St. Mary's one day. I must have blanked out because I'd been there for a week. I came out of my bedroom and went through to the living room. I thought I'd just arrived the night before, but the staff told me that I'd been there for five days.
219. St. Mary's is a secure unit. It was a brand new unit compared to Rossie Farm. I had my own room with an en-suite bathroom. It was like a hotel room. Every time I was there, I was there for at least three months at a time. The first time, I think I was there for about six to nine months. I went there about four or five times over a period of about three years from the age of twelve to fifteen. In between times, I was staying at my mum's house.
220. I was in St. Mary's for quite a long time so I was used to it there. I knew all the staff there on a first name basis. It got to the point where I was actually allowed to walk in and out of the place. I was able to go for home visits and things like that. I didn't like it the last time I was there, when I was fifteen. I'd been staying at my mum's house for about a year beforehand. I was too used to my freedom and being able to do whatever

I wanted. I could walk in and out of my mum's house whenever I wanted and then I was locked up in a secure unit again.

Routine at St. Mary's

Mealtimes/Food

221. My eating got even worse when I was in St. Mary's. I was in a girls' unit, called the trauma unit. There were six girls before I went in and I was the only boy. Most of the girls cut their wrists and things like that. They said that I was traumatised so that's why they put me in there. When we were eating, I can remember seeing a visible difference in the lassies when they watched me eat. I was with my ex-partner from the age of twelve until the age of eighteen. I think she only saw me eat once, when I put a crisp in my mouth whilst drunk. The problems had started at Rossie, but it got worse in St. Mary's. It was a mixture of the medication and the lassies looking at me when I was eating.
222. I don't think the set up helped because we were literally eating in each other's faces. There were two tables with four chairs round each one. It was like the table you got in school. The circular chairs were joined to the table. We were right in each other's space. When I was eating, everybody was watching me eat. I didn't like that. I've never liked that. I didn't get any help for my eating.

School

223. I went to education when I was at St. Mary's. It was alright. I learned quite a lot in St. Mary's. I did most of the things I learned in St. Mary's. I learned how to read properly and how to spell every day of the week. I still spell the way they taught me there. I did maths there too. I liked the maths teacher. He got me into music as well. His name was Raymond.

Healthcare

224. They were aware that I had problems eating at St. Mary's. A psychiatrist or psychologist came to see me and gave me Concerta XL. It was a tablet for people with ADHD but it can be used for other things as well. I remember they changed my medication and the facial ticks got even worse. I was doing it constantly. I was given medication to make me hungry. I still wasn't able to eat in front of people, but I would eat in my room.
225. I got massage therapy at St. Mary's. I used to go and get a massage once a week. They did a chart and they compared my behaviour over a month when I got the massage and a month when I didn't. They could see that my behaviour did improve with it.

Living at home with my mum

226. In between periods of time at St. Mary's, I was living in Aberdeen with my mum. I wasn't given any support when I went back to my mum's house. One day, they just chucked me back in with her and that was it. I don't remember being asked how I felt about going back to hers.
227. I wasn't running away from my mum's, but I was taking diazepam and drinking. I'd wake up in police stations and I'd wake up in St. Mary's. The first time I stayed with my mum it didn't work out that well. I wasn't used to staying with my mum. It was the first time I'd stayed with my mum since I'd been put into children's homes. I didn't get on with my mum.
228. My mum had moved to the Garthdee area of Aberdeen. My friends would all drink at the weekend. I wasn't used to that. I wasn't used to being with people like that. I wasn't used to being around anybody. I was used to being in a secure unit or locked up. I had been drinking since I was a kid, but I wasn't used to being around other people. I was drinking quite a lot and I'd end up fighting. I would then be put back into secure.

229. The staff used to strip search us when we came back from a visit or had any contact with the outside world. They would give us a dressing gown to put on. They would make us turn to the side and crouch down. I've since found out that was illegal because of our age.

Discipline

230. At St. Mary's, they would put you in your room or restrain you if you started kicking off. They couldn't really do much else. When I was fifteen, I was kicked out of St. Mary's and taken to the police station. There was a hatch in the door with a metal square on it. I kicked the hatch and I managed to break the metal square. I escaped from the room so they couldn't even keep me there. They said that if I couldn't go back to St. Mary's, I'd have to go to Polmont. The police persuaded the staff to take me back.

Leaving St. Mary's

231. I left St. Mary's when I was fifteen. I lived with my mum in Aberdeen until I got the jail at the age of sixteen. I went to school in Cordyce. It was probably the longest that I spent in education. A taxi picked me up and I would attend for half days. I went at 8:00 am and got home at about 1:00 pm. Cordyce wasn't a mainstream school. I met my son's mum there.

HMP Craiginches, Aberdeen

232. I was remanded to Craiginches when I was sixteen. There was no separate hall for under eighteens. I was in with adult prisoners. It wasn't too bad going there for the first time because I'd met most of the people in there. My mum knew half of them. It wasn't scary or intimidating.

Routine at Craiginches

233. The routine at prison was different from being in a secure unit. They would come round with your milk at 7:00 am and put the milk in your cell. At about 8:30 am, they would open all the doors on the three landings. It was up to you what you did. You could go and have your breakfast, go for a shower or go and speak to your pals. You had two hours to do whatever you wanted. After that, you were locked up in your cell until lunchtime. You went for your lunch and then back to your cell to be locked up again.
234. If you were under eighteen, you were held on the bottom flat. You weren't allowed to go up the stairs to the second flat or the top flat, but they didn't make a big deal out of it. The prison officers didn't really care if they saw you going up the stairs to the second or top flat. The only time they would say anything about it was if a manager was there and saw you doing it.

Drugs

235. We mixed with older prisoners for recreation. The first time I ever tried heroin was in Craiginches. I was given it by a lifer. Most of the drugs I've taken, I tried for the first time in prison.

Education

236. I didn't get any education in Craiginches. There was education there, but it was mainly for sex offenders. Most of the people in Craiginches long term were sex offenders or other prisoners on protection.

Visits

237. I didn't get any visits at Craiginches. They told my mum that I acted too violently to go to the visits area. I hadn't been acting violently at all. They were trying to torture me mentally. It didn't work out too well for them. They tried to stop me seeing my mum so I couldn't report back what they were doing. If they know that you want to expose them

for something, they won't let you have contact with anybody at all. They won't let you use the phone for days and if your lawyer comes up, they'll tell him that you don't want to see him. That's happened to me lots of times.

Discipline/suicide attempt

238. After I smashed up my cell, I was taken to the digger and spent three weeks there. I was the only person there, in segregation by myself. I couldn't speak to anybody. I couldn't do anything. I ended up trying to kill myself. I tried to hang myself in the digger. A member of staff looked through the hatch and opened the door. If he hadn't done that, I'd be dead. I wasn't offered any counselling or support after I tried to kill myself.

Abuse at Craiginches

239. I went off my head and wrecked my cell. I smashed the sink and smashed the window. I cut my thumb on a window at Craiginches. I've got a scar on my right thumb. It was badly bleeding and it wouldn't stop. I told the staff. They wouldn't get me a nurse or any medical assistance so I ended up smashing the sink.
240. The staff put on riot gear and came into my cell to get me out. They had helmets with visors on. There was a two and a half, three inch gap under the door. If you flooded your cell, it would flood to that level. The staff put me face down in that water. It was covering my nose and my mouth. I was panicking. I was screaming that they were going to drown me. They battered me. They said that I wasn't going to drown, but I would have drowned if I hadn't fought as much as I did. It was the first time that any prison officer laid a hand on me in a prison.

HMYOI Polmont

241. I served my sentence at Polmont. I was still sixteen when I went there. I'd heard stories about it over the years, but it was the first time that I'd been there. It was a bit like

being in secure unit. It was the exact same people. I would say that I'd met 70% of the people in Polmont at secure unit.

242. I was in an under eighteens' hall at Polmont. It was supposed to be for boys of sixteen and seventeen, but there was a man of 27 there. He shouldn't have been in Polmont at all, but he was in the under eighteens' hall. The staff didn't treat us with as much respect as the people who were over eighteen. We were mostly first offenders and it was the first time that we'd ever been in the jail. There were people in the other hall who were in for murder. The staff were always going to be more respectful to them. When I was seventeen, I was reclassified and sent to the over eighteens' hall. There were boys there up to the age of 21.

Routine at Polmont

243. In Polmont, we were locked up all the time. We only got out of our cells for 45 minutes recreation and an hour's exercise every day. You were only really out of your cell for about two hours.

244. There was a call button and an emergency button. They were next to each other. The call button could be used for anything. For example, you could push it if you wanted to clean your cell. The emergency button was for medical emergencies and things like that. When I was in Polmont, I pushed the emergency button by mistake on my first day. I didn't realise which button you were supposed to push. A member of staff came in and started shouting at me, "Dinnae fucking push that buzzer again or you'll be fucking decked." Within about two months, a member of staff had battered me. You have to go through things like that.

245. Staff get used to you. Sometimes, you need to be violent towards staff for them to respect you. You have to be like that because it's the only thing they understand. It's stupid that you need to be like that, but you do.

Discipline/mental health

246. When I was sixteen or seventeen, I tried to electrocute myself in Polmont. I've tried to kill myself five or six times in the jail, but they don't bother. You didn't get any help in Polmont. It was the worst jail for that. I spent most of my time in Polmont in the digger. I normally got put in there for fighting. My mental health got worse at Polmont. I think it was because I spent so much time in the digger. I started to hear voices when I was in there. I started hearing crazy things. I can remember one time I spent thirteen and a half months straight in the digger. It was continuous without any breaks. I was serving a 27 month sentence.
247. They would try and use showers as a punishment in the digger. They wouldn't let you out for a shower. I've got Obsessive Compulsive Disorder (OCD) and I go for at least one shower a day. The staff knew that. They knew that it would annoy me if they didn't let me go for a shower. If they didn't let us out for a shower, [REDACTED] and I used to set off the sprinkler in the cell and take a shower in there. They hated that.

Abuse at Polmont

248. I was assaulted by prison staff when I was seventeen, eighteen. My next door neighbour kept getting up and kicking the door in the middle of the night. I got up and asked who was banging. I heard the door get rattled. I don't know why I did it, but stupidly kicked my door back. A member of staff was outside my door when I did it. He thought it had been me banging the door the whole time. I told him that it wasn't me and that it was my neighbour. I told him I just banged because he was banging.
249. I went back to my bed. At about 3:00 am, I was woken up by a member of staff grabbing my ankles at the bottom of my bed. There were three staff standing there. One of them was trying to rip me out my bed. They were telling me to get up and get dressed. I got up and put my trousers on. I was taken to the silent cell and battered by members of staff. The silent cell was a cell with four brick walls and no windows.

250. Lots of things like that happened when I was in Polmont. I remember a member of staff hit me with a board. It was the population board that said which cell each prisoner was in. I went to grab a toilet roll. I'd asked the member of staff to pass it to me three times, but he was ignoring me. I bent down to grab it. Prisoners would lean in and grab it all the time. The member of staff hit me on the head with the board. It was assault. It was on camera, but nothing happened about it. Violence is a daily occurrence in the jail. It still continues to this day.

Reporting of abuse at Polmont

251. The governor at the time was called Gail Mackie. The day after I'd been assaulted in the silent cell, she took me into the orderly room. She asked me what was wrong with me because I couldn't work properly. She asked the other staff to leave because she thought that something had happened to me. She knew that I wouldn't have said anything when the other staff were there. She asked me what had happened in the digger that night. She said she'd make sure that the staff who had assaulted me couldn't come near me.

252. She showed me the CCTV. You could see me walking from my cell and into the silent cell. You could see the staff coming out two seconds later. They didn't do anything there and then, they just locked the door. About five or ten minutes later, you could see the staff returning to the silent cell. About fifteen minutes later, you could see me coming out of the cell and I cannot walk. Three members of staff were having to help me because my leg was injured. My t-shirt had a big rip down the front and my jumper was ripped. You could clearly see a red mark on my head. You could see it all on the CCTV.

253. Gail said it was clear that something had happened because you could see me walking into the cell and then I couldn't walk when I came out. She asked me what had happened when I was in that cell. I told her that they kicked the shite out of me. She noticed the size ten footprint on my back. She asked me what size my feet were and I told her they were a size nine. She asked me to take my jumper off and put it on the

table. I took my trainer off and gave it to her. She put my trainer next to the footprint and you could see it was bigger than mine. The only trainers I had were the ones in my cell with me. It was clear that it wasn't mine. It was the member of staff in the room with me. His footprints were on my back.

254. Gail called the police there and then. She told the police to do their own investigation. I was taken into the orderly room and questioned about what had happened. My jumper got bagged up, but I told them that I wanted to keep it. My sister still has a t-shirt that I was wearing in Polmont. It has a size ten footprint on the back of it. It was from staff when I was in the digger. My mum told me that the Procurator Fiscal in Falkirk was the boyfriend of the daughter of one of the members of staff who assaulted me. The Procurator Fiscal said that there was no case to answer.
255. When I was hit on the head with the board, I didn't make a complaint. The prison officer who did it put me on report, so I told the governor what had happened. He put me on report to make out that I'd done something wrong. I ended up getting into trouble because I'd been hit on the head. I watched the CCTV of the incident with the governor. The governor said that she would have a word with the member of staff who did it. I asked her what would have happened if I'd done that to the member of staff. She said that I probably would have been charged with assault. If you put in a complaint in the jail, it doesn't make it past the door. They just rip it up.

Life after being in care

256. I haven't had a life since I turned eighteen. I've been in the jail. In 2016, I was out of prison for nine weeks and that was it. I've been back in since then. I was recalled to prison for something that I didn't do. Last time I went to the hospital, I escaped from the hospital. Now I'm doing a recall for escaping rather than for something that I didn't do. I thought I might as well get something out of it so I escaped from the jail and went on a wee party for a few days.

Impact

257. It's hard for me to say what impact my experiences in care have had on me. I might not have been in the jail, but I don't know that. I can't say that for definite. I might have been destined to be in the jail or maybe I would never have ended up in the jail at all. I'll never know because it's happened now. If I hadn't been in secure units and children's homes, I don't think I would have been as involved in offending or using drugs and alcohol. I took heroin for the first time in Craiginches and smoked cannabis for the first time in Rossie Farm. I took Subutex for the first time in Polmont. I'm now on a methadone prescription because I became addicted to Subutex.
258. My relationship with my brother and sisters was affected by being away from them. I've not managed to bond with them. I've managed to bond a little bit with my brother, but not in the way that you should with my sisters.
259. Being restrained used to wind me up as a boy. It still happens to this day and it still winds me up. People should learn from history, but they haven't learned from mine. My records tell you that I react badly when certain things happen. I react badly if people invade my space. They know that. It's written down on paper and I have medical markers. They still do it. They've been doing it for years, even though doctors and nurses have written that I will react in a certain way if people do things.
260. My fingers have been snapped back so many times in restraints. My pinkie on my left hand has been snapped four or five times. It's still sore to this day. It feels like it's broken if I bend it back. It's been like that for years. I normally have really bad circulation in my hands. My hands and my feet are usually freezing. The reason for it is restraints. Being restrained for all those years has messed my body up. I can feel arthritis coming in my hands. My bones are all sore. I don't feel like a 28 year old man, I feel like I'm about fifty years old.
261. I wasn't brought up like a normal kid and I knew how adults could manipulate people. They put it down to me being paranoid, which is how I ended up with a diagnosis of paranoid schizophrenia. I went from a diagnosis of ADHD to a diagnosis of being a

paranoid schizophrenic. I don't even remember getting that diagnosis. I got a diagnosis of OCD when I was in Carstairs. When I came back to the jail, the psychiatrist and psychologist in the prison agreed with that diagnosis.

262. I'm a very antisocial person. I don't speak to anybody in the prison hall. I don't sit with other people. I choose not to because I feel uncomfortable when I'm around people. If two or three people come into my cell, I tell them to leave. I start feeling too hot and like I can't breathe properly. I can't physically cope with it when there are too many people roundabout me. If somebody is in my personal space, it feels as if they are sucking the oxygen from my lungs and I can't actually breathe. The closer someone gets to me, the more that feeling comes over me.
263. They still just chuck medication at me in the hope it will shut me up. I'm on more medication than anybody in this jail. I'm the only prisoner maintained on diazepam and zopiclone. Other prisoners ask me how I get so much medication and I don't know. I didn't ask to be on those medications. They put me on them. If I don't take my medication, they put me in segregation. Nobody else gets that.
264. Being in care definitely had an impact on my education. It's shocking. I was running away from the situation, but I was running away for a reason. If any of them had been put in the situation that I was in, I'd put money on them running away from it as well. I can't spell properly, even now. I need to take gabapentin just to write a letter to someone. I can't do things straight. I need to be under the influence of something. If I wasn't prescribed diazepam, I wouldn't have been able to speak to the Inquiry. I couldn't have done that straight. I don't even go to visits sober.
265. I find it hard to get to sleep. I start thinking about things when I'm trying to get to sleep. When I close my eyes, sometimes I jump and wake up startled because I've seen things. I see images in my head. That happens to me almost every night.

Reporting of Abuse

266. I've never tried to claim compensation for what happened. When I was out of prison in 2016, my aunty told me that my cousin, [REDACTED] admitted what he'd done to me. She told me that [REDACTED] had admitted what I'd said as a child was true. She asked me what I wanted to happen. I said that I wanted her to get everybody who had been in her living room that day together. She asked me who had been there and I told her that she was there, my uncle, their daughter and granddaughters were there, [REDACTED]'s brother and sister were there and two social workers were there. It was all his side of the family. I told her I wanted all of those people in the living room again, apart from the social workers, and for him to admit that what I'd said as a boy was true.
267. My aunty said she'd make it happen but that she couldn't make it happen straight away. She said that [REDACTED] was unstable. He'd been drinking and she didn't want to push him too far. She didn't want to push him into a situation where he felt like he had to go and kill himself.
268. At that time, I didn't know that [REDACTED] sexually abused my sister as well. He ended up getting charged and he went to jail. He got less than four years. I don't see the point in us getting him charged. He'll be out of prison before me. It's crazy. I've been in jail since 2011. He just got the jail last year and he'll be out before me. It feels pointless.
269. I spoke to my aunty recently. I phoned her from a prison issued phone so the call would have been recorded. She accused me of going into court and telling lies about her family. I asked her what lies I told. She said that I had told the court that she used make me sleep with the dogs. I told her that I told them that I used to lie with the dogs until she got up in the morning, after my cousin had woken me up. She got annoyed and she was screaming and shouting at me. That was the only concern she had, not all the other things that had happened to me.

Records

270. I've seen some of my records. I haven't seen full documents, but I've seen paragraphs and a few lines here and there. My mum obtained my records through the Freedom of Information Act. I had to sign for them, but my mum did it. I don't feel that I need to read my records. I don't need a bit of paper to tell me what I've gone through.

Lessons to be Learned

271. There needs to be more experienced people working in the care system, people who have experienced care themselves. I think that would be a good thing. I wouldn't want to put anybody through half of what I went through. I certainly wouldn't torment people like I've been tormented. I can remember two members of staff sitting, giggling when I was smashing up their cars. It wasn't funny. I hope that abuse doesn't happen to any more children in care. I hope it doesn't continue to happen to people.

272. 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..... 20/1/22