

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

IKH

Support person present: Yes

1. My name is IKH. My date of birth is 1983. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

Life before going into care

2. I was born in Glasgow and brought up in the Ruchill area. I stayed with my mum, my dad and my older brother. There was another brother but unfortunately he died when he was only six months old. I was born not long after he died.
3. The death of caused issues between my mum and dad who were blaming each other. Things eventually came to a head and they split up. I don't have any memories of living with my mum and dad. My dad and went off to stay with my gran and grandad in Maryhill. I stayed with my mum. I never really saw my dad much after that.
4. When I was staying with my mum, she made sure I was fed and watered but she just let me do what I wanted in the house. I was going to Ruchill Primary School and misbehaved a lot. Eventually my behaviour led to me being expelled and sent to another school, Our Lady of Assumption. I ended up getting expelled from there too.
5. I would spend a lot of my time hanging out with my friends in the area and was getting into more trouble. I was about nine when the social work began getting involved with me, but after a while they told my mum I was getting better and I didn't see them again for ages. I wasn't allocated a social worker until I went into

Lochgarry. I can't remember any of the early ones that dealt with me but my last one, when I was about fourteen, was Barry Drummond. The social workers visited us at the house and spoke with mum and together they were trying to stop me getting into trouble. I was also getting caught by the police for petty crime and became a regular attendee at Bell Street Children's Panel.

6. I can recall I was at one of the panels when I was still nine. My mum and one of her pals was with me. We were all sitting around a table. My older brother and his pal were sitting waiting outside the room. The people at that panel decided that, as they believed I was out of control, it would be better for me if I was placed into care. I was told that I was being sent to Lochgarry. Mum was crying and screaming that they couldn't take me away and walked out of the hearing. Two social workers, who I didn't know, walked into the room and put me into a car and took me to Lochgarry. I can remember the date as it was my brother's birthday, [REDACTED] 1992.

Lochgarry Children's Home, Clevedon Drive, Glasgow

7. Secondary Institutions - to be published later

- 8.

Secondary Institutions - to [REDACTED] After about ten weeks I was let out for good behaviour and went back home. I was allocated a social worker who I think was called Alison.

9. While at home I was hanging about with guys much older than me, they were about twenty years old, and they were stealing cars that I would get into. I was always getting caught by the police because I was so young. I got arrested and ended up back at another panel. This was almost immediately after getting out of Lochgarry. I was asked why I had been stealing cars and I told them I had nothing else to do. As a result, I was sent to Ballikinrain.

Ballikinrain School, Fintry Road, Balfron

10. I was taken to Ballikinrain by social workers. I don't know their names. It was a big castle out in the country near Balfron, Stirling. There were mountains behind it. They told me the rules, but during my time there they bought us cigarettes and alcohol. [KKM] was [SNR] and it was an all-boys school. There were about sixty boys aged between twelve and sixteen so I was yet again the youngest by quite a bit. The boys came from all over Scotland. My key worker was called [HVC] who came from New Zealand. He was brilliant with me. He stayed in a house on the grounds. Other members of staff stayed on the grounds. When you drove through the gates there were four houses on one side, another house on the other, then a long driveway with houses on either side. There were four units in the place, Drimmend, Lomond, and I can't remember the other two. I was there for two years.

Routine at Ballikinrain

Mornings & bedtime

11. We would get up about seven or eight in the morning then get washed, dressed and have breakfast. They had cereal sitting out. After that we went to school though no actual teaching was done.

Food

12. The food was ok and I never had any problem with it. There was usually lots of different food available.

Bedwetting

13. I never had a problem with bedwetting but a boy called [REDACTED] from Perth wet the bed and was regularly ridiculed by the other boys. That was typical of the place though. He was a quiet boy and it was the quiet boys that were picked on. When he wet the bed staff would just leave him in the room for a while and get him a plastic sheet for his bed. They would then put him in another room and leave his door open for a while. The smell was awful. Why wouldn't you leave the window open and shut the door? I could never understand why they left the door open unless it was simply to let the other boys know [REDACTED] had wet the bed.

Schooling

14. There were classrooms but we didn't really get schooling. In the history class, the teacher HVZ [REDACTED] would put videos of 'The X Files' on. Al McAllister done Art and Design. We would paint decorations and things. That was good. He stayed on the property too. A lot of the staff stayed on the grounds. The maths teacher was English. He had Manchester United posters up. He would give out a questionnaire, like a word search thing, then you could play on the computer. That was the extent of his classes.

Trips/Leisure time

15. They used to go on holiday to places like Spain though I never got to go. We used to also go out on day trips and boat trips in the sea.
16. We used to have disco's and they would invite girls up from the Good Shepherd children's home and they would just leave us to it. You could take them to your room if you wanted. The staff got you drink and cigarettes.

Visitors

17. My mum visited me once with her partner but that was the only visit I ever got as my mum died while I was in Ballikinrain. My mum had had a terrible life. Her parents died in a fire when she was in the house, she got dragged out. Then her child died. After she split up with my dad she started drinking heavily. I found out my mum had died during a time when I had run away. I was at a pal's house because I knew the police would have got me if I had gone home. My pal's brother told me to go downstairs as my cousin wanted to speak to me. I went down and saw that my brother [REDACTED] was in the back of her car crying. As soon as I saw that I knew something had happened to my mum.

18. IKD [REDACTED] from Ballikinrain came to pick me up and take me back there and actually bought me forty cigarettes on the way back. There was no problem with me going to my mum's funeral and I would say that overall the staff at Ballikinrain were pretty good to me after my mum died. They didn't give me any support as such and after the funeral things just went back to normal but over those few days, they were alright with me.

Christmas and birthdays

19. I can't really remember there being anything special about Christmas. They might have put up some decorations but that was about it. I don't remember getting any presents though they did give you a fiver pocket money each week. I don't remember birthdays being celebrated.

Running Away

20. I ran away a few times. On one occasion I ran away with a crowd of others but I got lifted by the police in Saracen. The police battered lumps out of me with a torch while I was handcuffed to the back. This went on for about two hours and I was only ten years old. They kept hitting me because I refused to say sorry. My face, head, body and legs were covered in bruises and I could hardly walk. When I went back to

Ballikinrain the staff saw my injuries and took me to a doctor who examined me and took photos of my injuries. It was all documented. A complaint was made against the police but it didn't go anywhere.

21. My mum put in about thirty complaints against the police because they kept assaulting me. She witnessed some of them. The complaints would go so far, then she would get a letter telling her it wasn't going any further. About three years ago my brother [REDACTED] told me that a police officer raped my mum years before. I think my mum didn't want me to know about it at the time. It must have happened when I was in Ballikinrain because that's where I was when she died. It was a DC [REDACTED] that raped her. She never reported it to the police. I believe that the reason my mum committed suicide while I was in Ballikinrain was because that cop raped her. My brother knows more about it than I do.

22. The cops used to come to our flat [REDACTED] all the time because of me. They worked out of Maryhill Police Office. One was about five foot ten, aged between thirty-five and forty, dark haired with a red chubby face as if he drank a lot. He was nicknamed [REDACTED] and worked with two other cops called [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. [REDACTED] was a small guy and [REDACTED] was a really tall guy. They worked the beat together. If it was a Thursday night they would pick me up and drive around until after midnight so that I would be locked up in the police station from the Friday to the Monday. The same cops continued coming to the house and continued battering me. They also battered my mate [REDACTED] a lot.

23. There was no discipline for running away at Ballikinrain, the punishment was keeping me inside, but I wasn't allowed out anyway. One time a few of us ran away and we decided to go over a mountain. We got over it and there was another one, then another one. This was in the middle of the summer, so it was really hot. We were out all day and night. We ended up in Kirkintilloch.

Review of care

24. Every now and then I would appear in front of a panel and they would just say that I was to stay in Ballikinrain for another three to six months. I hadn't done anything wrong to appear in front of these panels but it was their way of keeping me there. I don't remember them ever giving me a reason as to why I should stay there but they just kept extending my time. As far as I was concerned the panels and the way they dealt with me was just normal. I had no experience or knowledge of being dealt with in any other way. That was what I was used to.

Abuse at Ballikinrain School, Fintry Road, Balfon

25. GPB was the woodwork teacher. He used to hit you over the head with a solid conker he had on his set of keys if he thought you weren't listening to him. He was an animal. He stayed there with his wife. There was another member of staff called GOZ something. He once asked me to do something and I wouldn't do it. I can't remember what it was, but he screamed at me, grabbed me by the neck, dragged me into his room and threw me on the bed. He then took his belt out and leathered me with it. All over my legs. At first, he was trying to slap me, I was lying on my back and I tried to kick him, to get him to stop then he took his belt off and hit me with it. Three or four other kids saw this. I can't remember their names. I ended up with bruises and welts on my legs and back because of it. I didn't report this but other staff would have heard me screaming and knew what had happened. I didn't get any treatment for my injuries which would have been obvious to anybody who saw me in the showers.
26. IKD was a staff member who was a really creepy guy. He would take you into his house to listen to CDs in his loft. He had hundreds and they all had his name on the covers. Nothing actually happened to me but I think things might have happened to those who were less streetwise than others. I'm not sure if he actually abused any of the kids but he just seemed creepy.

27. There was another member of staff, not a teacher, whose name I don't remember but [REDACTED] from Perth said he had touched him up. There was also a Mr IKE [REDACTED], he got called IKE [REDACTED], and some of the other boys said he was a bit too friendly. He had a tuck shop but it was only the quiet boys who would get taken there and it was usually at night. He would say to them, "Come on, I'll let you pick something from the tuck shop". I didn't see him do anything but the expression on some of the boys' faces suggested there was something wrong going on.

Leaving Ballikinrain School, Fintry Road, Balfron

28. I left Ballikinrain after two years because the staff said I was too old to be there, yet I was a lot younger than a few others. Some of them were sixteen or seventeen, so I don't know how I was too old. I was gutted that I had to leave because I liked the other boys that were there and I didn't know where I was going. I got no notice that I was leaving and there was no panel involved. The staff simply told me I was leaving and then I was moved that day. I was taken to St John's. Looking back, I would say that the staff in Ballikinrain were nasty people that tormented the boys both physically and mentally. It was disgraceful.

St John's, Edinburgh Road, Glasgow

29. St John's is on Edinburgh Road. As you arrive there is a driveway that goes around a football pitch. As you go round it takes you to Springboig, which is on the other side of the fence. You come to the main building, which is massive. The place looked like an old school and had classrooms on the lower floor and dorms upstairs. There were about fifty boys there all aged up to seventeen. I was only twelve at the time and was there for about five weeks.

First day

30. I don't know who was in charge there, but when I arrived the staff immediately took a dislike to me and arranged for seven of the boys to batter me. The boys involved apologised to me later and said that it was two members of staff who had told them

to do it. [REDACTED] was one of the boys, [REDACTED] another, and a wee fat guy called [REDACTED] from Kirlintilloch was also involved. The two members of staff were [REDACTED] HKW-IKF [REDACTED]. Both of them [REDACTED] IKF [REDACTED] and HKW [REDACTED]. The dad of Scott Harrison the boxer also worked there. His name was Peter. He was ok. He didn't work there full-time, he just came in to see if anyone wanted to take up boxing and he taught them.

31. HKW [REDACTED] was particularly nasty to me. About a week after the boys assaulted me, I saw him in the corridor and I complained to him about it and he started slapping and punching me while calling me names. He said, "Do you think you are a fucking wido?". He said he didn't like my attitude, but he didn't even know me. I'd just got there. After the HKW-IKF [REDACTED] got the other boys to batter me, I felt myself hating all the staff there. During my time in St John's I never had any visits and never saw a social worker.
32. I ran away from St John's after being there about a week and I was away for three days. The police caught me and took me back but nothing happened to me as a punishment, although nobody asked me why I had run away.
33. We would play football now and again, but not a lot of the boys wanted to play. People would come into the grounds and sell hash to the boys. People from Easterhouse would come in and start fights with the boys in St John's. The staff never intervened. They didn't even come outside.
34. The reason I left St John's was that I ran away again with another boy and stole a car which I drove back to St John's and left burnt out on the football field. After I did that they transferred me to Kerelaw secure unit. Apart from the HKW-IKF [REDACTED] I didn't really have a problem with St John's other than they kept my clothes when I left. I had been particularly fond of my jacket, I used to keep it in the staff room because it was expensive and everyone was trying to steal it. But a staff member kept wearing it. When I went to Kerelaw I asked them to get my jacket back, but they told me the staff said there was nothing there. Because of what the HKW-IKF [REDACTED]

██████ did to me, and not giving me my clothes back when I left, I hated the staff at St John's.

Kerelaw Residential School, Stevenston, Ayrshire

Routine

35. I hadn't attended a panel and I think they just put me to Kerelaw because they decided I was unruly and didn't want me in St John's. Part of Kerelaw is an open school and the other part is a secure unit. They are separated by a fence. You could talk to the people in the secure unit through the fence. When I went I was initially put in the open school part. It was mixed, with boys and girls there. I ran away on the first day, sneaked on the train and went home. I was caught a few days later and they took me straight to the secure unit.
36. I can't remember who was in charge of Kerelaw. INM ██████ was my key worker in the secure unit. He stayed in Stevenston. He was alright. Being in the secure unit meant I couldn't get outside without the permission of the staff. There was a little compound with a small football pitch in it. I was in the secure unit for about a year.
37. I think there were about eighteen boys and two girls in the secure unit all aged about sixteen or seventeen though I was still only thirteen. When I was there, I couldn't run away. The fences had barbed wire on the top of them. The windows had bullet proof glass on them and all the doors were locked.
38. The food was alright. There was no bed wetting that I was aware of. I don't remember ever seeing a doctor or a dentist. Christmas and your birthdays were just ignored. We got sent to school within the unit but all we would do was stand out in the fresh air having a cigarette.
39. The normal sleeping arrangements were sleeping in a tiny cell. It was a single room, with a small bed. Everybody had a room to themselves. You were locked in your room at night. You couldn't go to the toilet until the next morning.

Visits/Inspections

40. I was in for about four or five months when my uncle, [REDACTED], started coming up to visit me. He came every couple of days. This was my mum's brother. He is dead now. My brother came up a couple of times with [REDACTED], then he started coming up a lot. No social worker ever came to see me.

Abuse at Kerelaw Residential School, Stevenston, Ayrshire

41. If you spoke back to the staff, they would beat you up and put you in this little room. It was about four feet by four feet. It was behind a big door, like a police cell door. They would put you in it with just your boxer shorts on. They would leave you for hours, sometimes days. They wouldn't give you anything to eat. This was if you said something the staff didn't like, which was usually nothing. They would jump on you, restrain you, tear your clothes off then use plastic ties to bind your wrists and ankles before putting you in the cell that they called the "cooling off room". It could be three, four, five grown men that did this. All the staff were men in there.
42. The room had absolutely nothing in it. No bed, no blanket, no toilet and all you had on were your boxer shorts. There was no window in it. It was a tiny little cell inside the building. You would have to ask for permission to go to the toilet and when you did, they stood and watched you. You couldn't even get a wash when you were in there. You only got your dinner after everybody else had theirs, they had cleaned up and the staff had eaten. By the time you got it, it would be frozen. I was put in it several times. I think the longest I was in it was for four days. They would always say I was cheeky when I wasn't. I just hated the way they treated you.
43. When outside on exercise we could speak to some of the other boys and girls from the open school through the fence and the girls, who were about thirteen or fourteen, would be telling me how the staff were having sex with them. The way the girls spoke they made it sound as if they were leading the staff on but it was obvious that it was the staff who were grooming them and just making the girls think they were instigating things. I can't remember any of the girl's names. I don't know staff names

either, but they were a lot older and married. In their forties and fifties. It was common knowledge. The boys and girls would have sex together too, but the staff were worse.

44. The staff in the locked unit continually verbally abused us as well as lashing out at us for nothing. They were always degrading us and made sure we knew that they were in charge. The physical and mental abuse happened every day. The staff had their favourites though. There was a [REDACTED] who was in for murder and a guy called [REDACTED] in for murder too. There was someone else in for murder and a boy who was in for attempted murder. There were a few life sentences. They were all about sixteen years old. I was thirteen and all I had done was steal some cars. You couldn't show you were scared, you had to stand up for yourself or the other boys would make your life hell, bullying you and taking your stuff off you. I was in a unit with a guy called [REDACTED] from Castlemilk. He was there for kidnapping social workers. He was doing a seven-year sentence.
45. Even though [REDACTED] INM was a good guy, I wouldn't have told him about any complaints I had about being assaulted by the staff. It was something that you just didn't do as it would just lead to further assaults. Being locked up in Kerelaw for that year was just normal for me because that was the way I had been treated all my life. Having said that, Kerelaw was probably the worst of the places I was in, simply because I was locked up in a confined space all the time.

Leaving Kerelaw Residential School, Stevenston, Ayrshire

46. During my time at Kerelaw I never had a review. I never saw a social worker. All my life, since I was a young boy, I have been locked up, so it was becoming normal to me. I would be out for a day or two, three days at the most and then back in somewhere. Right up until I was twenty-seven years old. One day [REDACTED] INM came to see me and told me I was getting out and going to Kibble. It was an open place, so I was going from a secure unit to an open school. Nobody told me why I was going there. I left Kerelaw on the day [REDACTED] INM told me I was going.

Kibble School, Paisley

47. I was given no notice or explanation for going to Kibble. They simply moved me. I had never heard of it before I went there. It was an open school and I was taken there by staff from Kerelaw. When I got there, I met [REDACTED], who I knew from my area. I don't know exactly how many boys were in there but there was a lot, all aged up to sixteen. I had my own room there. I was only in Kibble for four weeks.
48. It was the first time in over a year that I had been in an open place so I ran away on the first night with a boy called [REDACTED]. It was a really stormy night and I remember there were no trains on and I walked from Paisley to Glasgow on the motorway. I was sitting in a close in Glasgow and I was attacked by an older guy with a knife, who was about in his mid-thirties. I went to the Western Infirmary in Glasgow where I had thirty-four stitches put in the wound. I believe staff there reported the matter to the police but the police didn't speak to me about it and I heard nothing else. My uncle picked me up at the hospital and took me back to Kibble.
49. Kibble was alright, I was fed and clothed and I didn't see any of the staff doing anything inappropriate. I can't remember who ran the place and I can't remember the names of any of the staff there. It was a big place. I couldn't say how many were there, but there was a lot. It was all boys aged between thirteen and sixteen.
50. After being assaulted and returning to Kibble I ran away again the next day. I stayed for a few weeks then ran away again. The staff said I was unruly and they couldn't control me. The police came one day and wanted to question me about stolen cars. They charged me and took me to the police station. I ended up at Glasgow Sheriff Court and was sent to Longriggend. I was sentenced, a panel had put me on some order, I can't remember what it was, but I couldn't get out. It was an interim warrant. The judge said he had no option but to send me there. I was actually taken to Barlinnie first for a few hours before being taken to Longriggend. Barlinnie refused to keep me because I was so young.

HMP Longriggend, North Lanarkshire

51. I was in Longriggend for about ten or eleven weeks, apparently because nowhere else would take me. Eventually, after a few weeks, they got a bed at St Mary's, Kenmure. Longriggend was basically a prison for guys aged eighteen and over. I was fourteen. I was in C Hall. I would say there were about two thousand guys in Longriggend. The fact that I was in there at the age of fourteen [REDACTED] [REDACTED]. I don't remember the governor's name but I know he stayed in Cumbernauld. I can't remember the names of any of the staff.

Routine

52. You only got out for exercise for twenty minutes, the rest of the day you were locked up in your cell where you had no TV or anything to read. I was told that I wasn't allowed to buy cigarettes while I was there, but I got other people to buy them for me.
53. The food was awful and we all ate in the big canteen. The soup was like water and they would give you a bun that was rock solid.
54. I never saw any social workers and no-one spoke to me about reviewing my situation. My uncle would come and see me now and again. It turned out he stayed a couple of doors along from the governor, that's how I knew where he stayed.

Abuse at HMP Longriggend, North Lanarkshire

55. I remember one day staff came into my cell accusing me of putting graffiti on a wall. I told them it hadn't been me but I was made to clean it up anyway. While in Longriggend I saw people being stabbed, slashed and scalded with hot tea. The screws didn't seem to care and they weren't the sort of people who you would try and form a relationship with. They regularly grabbed me by the throat, slapped me or gave me a fly kick for things like saying I wasn't walking in single file. They would come into my cell and wrap me in a mattress before booting lumps out of me. They

used the mattress so that there were no bruises. I think they used to assault me because I was the youngest. Prisoners were verbally and physically abused every single day. It was how they treated all the inmates. They constantly degraded us.

Leaving Longriggend

56. One day four screws came into my cell, grabbed me, secured my arms and legs with handcuffs, lifted me into a van and took me to St Mary's, Kenmure.

St Mary's Secure Unit, Kenmure Ave, Bishopbriggs

57. I was met by one of the staff at St Mary's. I can't remember who it was. St Mary's was in Bishopbriggs. It was a secure unit. There's a new building there now, it cost two million pounds. [REDACTED] The old one was an H-shaped building with three units. These were called Yellow, Green and Blue. I had my own room in the Green Unit for about two years. It was all single rooms. There was a barbed wire fence around it, as it was a secure unit. There were about forty kids in there aged between fourteen and eighteen. It was mainly boys but there were some girls who were only separated from the boys when they were in their accommodation at night. I was fourteen when I went there.
58. You had to go through locked gates and secure doors to get into the place. As you went into the place there were offices. There were some staff houses at the back with an open bit for prisoners near the end of their time. I never went there.
59. My key worker was John O'Callaghan who we called 'Big John O'. He was a big, heavy guy. He was brand new. There was someone in overall charge, but I can't remember his name. There was a day shift staff and night staff. There was a staff member called Glenda, she was nice, and another member of staff called [REDACTED] IKK. He was tall and skinny, but I can't remember his real name. He was later jailed for sexually abusing a female resident called [REDACTED] who has since died. She had mental health problems. He was her key worker. She wasn't in for anything serious,

but she was really vulnerable and he groomed her. He took her everywhere when he worked there. It was years later that it came out about the sexual abuse.

Leisure time

60. Each unit had a recreation room in which we had a shower, a TV, a kitchen area and some sofas where we could sit. There was also a pool table, a table-tennis table and a pay phone box in the room. Boys and girls would be able to mix with each other within those rooms, but you could sneak away with one of the girls to your room. The bedrooms were upstairs. You were never allowed outside.

██████████'s pregnancy

61. While there I got one of the female residents pregnant. Her name was ██████████ and we used to sneak away to somewhere quiet where we could be together. Sex between boys and girls in St Mary's was fairly common. The staff went mental when they found out she was pregnant and there was a big enquiry although it didn't come to anything. Staff were saying that they could have lost their jobs because of it. I was fourteen at the time and she was thirteen. ██████████
62. ██████████ gave birth to a boy called ██████████ after she got out and she and the baby would come up and see me. I always did my best for him when I wasn't in prison but eventually his mum and I split up. After that she was always trying to cause problems for me, even when I was with ██████████, my partner.

General routine

63. You had to ask for permission to have a shower and depending on who was on duty, they would either let you or not. The food was alright. There was a classroom but you just sat and talked or played on the computer and that was only if you bothered going in the first place.

64. My uncle still visited me regularly. I did not see a social worker while I was at St Mary's. There were no inspections, in fact throughout my time in care there was never an inspection at any place. At Christmas time nothing changed and your birthday was never celebrated.

Healthcare

65. I didn't see a doctor or need any medical attention while I was in St Mary's. Obviously when [REDACTED] was pregnant, she had to see a doctor, but that's the only time I saw that happening.

Running away

66. You had no chance to run away from there, but I tried breaking out once. I had been there about a year and I just hated being locked up and felt powerless about the fact that the screws could batter me whenever they wanted. My pals came up to help me, I wrote them a letter and drew a map of where I was in the building. We nearly done it, I was kicking my window in, when the staff ran into my room and caught me. My pals got away. I was charged with attempted prison breaking. I was sentenced to nine months, which I continued to serve in St Mary's.

Abuse at St Mary's secure unit, Kenmure Avenue, Bishopbriggs

67. The staff would regularly kick you, slap you, punch you or give you a dead leg. This went on every day but we all just accepted that as a normal way of life. Some of the staff regularly restrained you with plastic straps or would verbally belittle you. I can't remember the names of any of the staff that abused me in St Mary's.

Leaving St Mary's secure unit, Kenmure Avenue, Bishopbriggs

68. I left St Mary's when they opened the door one day and told me I was free to go. Apparently, a panel had decided this but I wasn't aware of the panel and didn't appear in front of it. I had no idea I was getting out and I simply picked up my stuff

and went to [REDACTED]'s house, my older brother, in Ruchill. He didn't know I was getting out so he wasn't in. I just left my bag of clothes at his door. I felt brilliant when I got out, especially because it was so unexpected. I was sixteen years old at the time.

69. I walked to [REDACTED]'s from St Mary's, which took about an hour. I didn't even see my brother because I got locked up later that day. I was out for eight hours. I was in a stolen car with other people and I got caught. In those eight hours I'd done lots of things. I felt like I'd been out for about three years. Because I'd been in care since I was nine years old and locked up again and again, when I got out, I'd squeeze lots of things in.
70. When I was caught, I went to court and was fully committed. When I was eventually sentenced, to eighteen months, I got out on a Friday then got the jail the next day on the Saturday. The longest I was out from when I was about thirteen until I was twenty-six was three days. I'd get out, go and buy a tracksuit and a pair of trainers, go and get my pals, get a bottle of Buckfast, start drinking then go and commit crime.
71. I was initially remanded in Barlinnie. I was there for four months. I was thereafter sentenced to eighteen months and moved to Polmont.

HMP Barlinnie, Glasgow

72. [REDACTED] It was brutal. The first hall we were in was Letham Hall. That used to be for lifers who were at the end of their term. When we went in, we ended up smashing through walls, from one cell to the next, just to be disruptive.

Mornings & bedtime

73. You were constantly locked up until you got PT, which was every day, if you were lucky. The prison officers done their checks at 6:00 am. They would open your door, tell you to open your eyes then slam it shut. Breakfast would be about 6:30 am to

6:45 am. You would go down to the dining hall, be passed your cereal and take it back to your cell to eat it there. You would put your name down in the morning to use the phone. There would be lunch time and dinner time and that was it. The rest of the time you would be locked up.

Mealtimes

74. The food was shocking. You would get these square trays with little squares in it that would hold different food, like mince in one bit, then maybe potatoes in another bit and it had a type of lid over it. But with the heat inside it, it would make everything rotten. It was all soggy, and all the food was steamed. I ate it sometimes but it was terrible.

Washing & bathing

75. You would get a shower, but sometimes it would be every three days. A lot of the time I was kept in segregation for misbehaviour. My lawyer has actually put a claim forward on my behalf because I was in segregation for years. From when I was sixteen right through to when I was about twenty-four. I was just told that I was a troublemaker and they would put me in. My lawyer said it was inhumane to always be put in there myself. This happened in Barlinnie and Polmont.

Leisure time

76. You were constantly in your cell in Barlinnie. If you had your name down to use the phone you maybe got a minute. You were given ten minutes on the phone then shouted at to get off it. You would go down in the morning and put your name down for it. One day it would be 'A' section, the next day it would be 'B'. There were four sections and they would all have a day each. If you were last on the list and it had run over time you wouldn't get your phone call or a shower.

77. You were meant to get rec every day, but you only got it now and again. In the four months I was in Barlinnie I think I got it once or twice. If you did get it, you could play pool or table tennis.

Visits

78. I did not see a social worker during any of my time in prisons or young offender's institutes from when I was sixteen to eighteen years old. I didn't have any visits from any member of my family.

Abuse in HMP Barlinnie, Glasgow

79. The prison officers were brutal in Barlinnie. They used to give you a right kicking. They really couldn't care less. I know this guy, [REDACTED] from Springburn, he had done seven years in the jail and got out. He wasn't out long and came back in. I remember we were all out playing football and he was just standing there. I told him to join in but he didn't. That night he hung himself and died. The next day at dinner, one of the screws said, "Well that's an extra dinner for someone". They had no feelings whatsoever. Another time a guy jumped [REDACTED] and died. I saw all this at sixteen years of age.
80. There was a prison officer called [REDACTED], I can't remember his surname, but he wouldn't let me use the phone, he wouldn't give me my visits, he wouldn't give me anything. Sometimes I was on the phone, I just dialled the number and he would shout, "[REDACTED], get off the phone". He just didn't like me. He wouldn't give me my letters. [REDACTED] would come for a visit and he would tell her that I hadn't booked it, when I had booked it, because she got the letter telling her the details.
81. The screws would give you a right beating. They made sure you knew they had the biggest gang. I've seen them breaking people's arms. If something kicks off, they give you a really bad kicking. They make sure everybody hears you screaming, just to get a message across. This would happen for things like going for a shower or to the phone because you had your name down and then being told you weren't getting

it. So, you'd say something to them and they would make out that you have a bad attitude and they would all swarm round you. They would lock everybody else up then throw you on the ground, put your arms up behind your back and all start punching you, hitting you, saying things like, "Do you think you're a wido now?". They'd try and get you to scream. It happened to me a few times. I don't know the names of the prison officers. There was a couple of them that were alright, but most of them did this. Even the women, in fact the women were worse than the guys. That would happen every day in Barlinnie, but this was just normal to me by this time.

Leaving HMP Barlinnie, Glasgow

82. I finished my four months remand, went to court and was sentenced to eighteen months backdated. I returned to Barlinnie, went from untried to convicted, sat there for the night, then went to Polmont.

HMP Polmont, Brightons

83. Polmont was nothing like Barlinnie. It was a lot better, but they just used to think I was a troublemaker because I'd went in so young. They wouldn't let anyone share a cell with me. They would always put me on the second floor, I would just get annoyed and they would end up putting me in segregation. The sex offenders were all locked in their cells all the time. Everywhere I've been, even Kerelaw and St Mary's I've been inside with murderers, kidnappers and really violent people, when I was only in for stealing cars, but it didn't bother me. It was normal to me.

Mornings/food

84. The routine was similar to Barlinnie. You would get up in the morning and give your name if you wanted to use the phone. They had work parties as well, which meant being allocated jobs. I never got a work party. There was a lot of different jobs, making road signs, concrete blocks, there was a lot of stuff. You could be a cook as well. I didn't get a job because they thought I was always up to something, which I

probably was. I wasn't up to anything bad, I just had a carry on. I was a hyper person.

85. When they opened up your cell in the morning it wasn't as bad as Barlinnie. You got up in the morning and you could go for a shower, but if you were targeted, like I was, then they made sure you were staying locked up. The food was similar, but slightly better than Barlinnie.

Leisure time

86. At rec time in Polmont you could play snooker, table tennis, they had computers and the phone, which I got to use. You could write letters, I'm sure they weren't vetted, but the mail that came in was opened.

Abuse at HMP Polmont, Brightons

87. The abuse wasn't as bad at Polmont but the prison officers did batter you. There was a prison officer called Mr ^{IKG} [REDACTED]. I was charged with assaulting him. When you were going to court, or coming back in there was a little desk, where they would take your name. You had to put your civvy clothes on if you were going and take them back off when you return. One day, when I was going to court, he was pushing me about and searching me, so I punched him in the face. I was charged with assault. Him and a few others put me to the floor and battered me. This was before I even went to court. They then put my arms and legs in ties, carried me to the van and put me on the floor of it, face down. I was like that from Polmont to Glasgow Sheriff Court. You could see I'd been assaulted, but the judge isn't looking at that.
88. I went back to Polmont after it and straight to the 'Digger'. I was in there all the time. The 'Digger' is a four foot by four-foot cell, concrete walls and floor. In Polmont when you are in the 'Digger', you wear a purple jumper and purple tracksuit bottoms. There's a small window, which looks into a compound, but it's never opened, so you don't get any fresh air. There was a porta-potty in it that you had to slop out every morning. There was no sink or bed. They would give you a thin mattress at about

9:00 pm, but prison officers would come in at 7:00 am and take it from you. Your meals were brought to you. It was freezing in the cell. I was in there all the time. There were about eight of these cells. I was in there for most of my sentence.

89. I remember once I had been in the 'Digger' for two months. I got out and came up to the main hall. It was dinner time and everybody was sitting eating. I still had the purple jumper and tracksuit bottoms on and sat down to get my dinner. These boys that pass out the food were saying that this big boy was bullying a small guy and they were all going to do something to him and asked me to help, so I said I would. I got up and I ended up setting about this guy and I got put straight back down to the 'Digger'. None of the other boys done anything. It was nothing to do with me, but I was the one who done something. The 'Digger' is away from everything, at the end of the jail, like a big hole, all on its own. You are in the cell all day and night. You are meant to get an hour exercise, but a lot of the time that never happened.
90. A lot of the time I spent in it was totally unjustified. There were times I didn't think I'd done anything wrong and they would take me there. You need to be mentally strong for something like that. You don't see the screws apart from getting your meals and the mattress. You are in yourself, that is it. You can shout to the person in the next cell, but that's the only conversation you have. You couldn't get any visitors when you were in it.
91. I was getting out of Polmont [REDACTED] and they took me to Falkirk Sheriff Court on the day of my release for the assault on Mr [REDACTED] and I got sentenced to six months in the jail.
92. My lawyer said that for someone my age, to spend that amount of time in the 'Digger' was inhumane. He has a claim going just now on my behalf. I already won a claim in relation to slopping out. I received two thousand pounds. A lot of people got it.

Life after care

93. I was released from Polmont after I turned eighteen. I was out a day or two and I was inside again, mainly for stupid things. I gave a false name once and was arrested. That's normally a maximum three-month sentence. A guy went in front of me having downloaded three thousand pornographic images of children and he was bailed, another guy went in for an armed robbery of a shop and was bailed. I went up for giving the name [REDACTED] and I was remanded in custody. I was given a four-week remand then a six-month sentence.
94. On another occasion I was fully committed for allegedly committing nine robberies, and the committal was extended. I served over five months in the jail. I went to the High court and on the first day of the trial these two brothers came in to give evidence separately and were asked if the person who robbed them was in the court, and both said no. The police had used something called the Moorov Doctrine, which means if you done one, you done them all, so the case collapsed. The guy who committed them all was living next door to [REDACTED]. He was out talking to the police when I was in the jail. They just don't like me. This happened to me constantly until I was twenty-three. I then went to see a psychiatrist.
95. [REDACTED] and I have been together for twenty-one years. She has seen how the police treat me differently. One day [REDACTED], one of her pals and me were walking down the road. I was not long out of the jail. A police car saw us, and as soon as they saw me, they pulled in and grabbed me. My automatic thing to do when I saw the police was to run after everything they'd done to me. So, I ran and they caught me. Other police officers brought [REDACTED] round to the back of a garden, where it was all dark and said, "Come and see your boyfriend now". They handcuffed me to the back, took her out of the car she was in and made her watch as the police battered me with truncheons. We were eighteen, going on nineteen years old. They just didn't like me.
96. [REDACTED] helped me a lot and I began to settle down, then my son [REDACTED] was born in 2007. We now have three children. When [REDACTED] was born, I was determined he would never go through what I did as a boy. We initially stayed in Carscadden, then

moved to a bigger place in Ruchill, where we had our second son, [REDACTED] and our daughter, [REDACTED].

97. Initially, when we moved to Ruchill the police would come through our door, I'd get charged with things I didn't do and be remanded in custody. I was constantly harassed by the police. One day I was watching 'American Idol' on the TV. I went out to the shops and I was stopped by the police. They asked me my name, so I said, "[REDACTED]", a female singer, one of the contestants on the programme I had just watched. I was allowed to go. About eighteen months later I went to court as there was a warrant out for my arrest for giving that false name. It's normally a summary charge with a maximum sentence of three months, and if you plead guilty you get a month off. The judge gave me a year sentence, with 2 months off for pleading guilty. I went straight to Barlinnie. That was the last time I was in jail, in 2012. I have been out of prison for eleven years. I have had my ups and downs.
98. I have never known my dad. He would send money up at Christmas, that was our only contact. Since I got out of jail, I started getting on with him and working with him. He is a joiner and has his own business. He works all over the UK, but anytime he was working in the Glasgow area he would get me to help him.
99. In December 2021 I went into a coma and didn't wake up until May 2022. My pancreas packed in and all my organs shut down. When I woke up from the coma, I was diagnosed with Type one diabetes. I'm still regularly going back and forward to the hospital. I was in intensive care a few weeks ago for four weeks. I didn't know, but when I was in the coma for six months my dad was at the hospital every day with [REDACTED].
100. My brother told me the story of my mum being raped by the police officer. My mother had her brother, my uncle [REDACTED], and his partner [REDACTED] staying with her, but the two of them were drug users. One day [REDACTED] said that her Monday book had gone missing. My mum called the police, they took a report of it and left. The next day, the police officer returned to my mothers. She was the only one in and he raped her. That's why my mum would not go back to that house. His name was DC [REDACTED].

My opinion is, if he has done that once, he will have done that lots of times. I want to go to court, look him in the eye and give my impact statement.

101. My kids are very polite. I'm not strict with them, but I never lie to them. I tell them the truth about me. I've told them about my mum. But I won't let them run about the streets. I've sheltered them a bit, probably a bit too much. [REDACTED] does dance, [REDACTED] is in the Scottish Canoeing Association and [REDACTED] went to college when he was fourteen. I won't force them to do anything, I'll let them choose their own path and I will support them. But they are good. They are mannerly, they do their homework.

Reporting to Police

102. After the first time I spoke to the Inquiry I was contacted by the police just before Christmas last year. A couple of months ago two CID Officers came and noted down everywhere I had been in care. They said they would contact me and take a full statement. I am waiting on this happening.
103. All my life my lawyer was Brian Grieg from Penman's, but he has recently left. He put in a complaint to the Scottish Prison Service about the slopping out I done when in all the places and I won two thousand pounds. I have a separate complaint about the amount of time I spent in segregation. I don't know what's happening with that since he left Penman's.

Impact

104. Due to the length of time I have been in care I believe I was institutionalised. There was an occasion I got out of jail and I was with [REDACTED] and she said that I started going off my head. I began thinking I was seeing people in trees and things like that. I was telling her that I need to get back to the jail.
105. I saw a psychologist once when I was about twenty-three. This was because I had been out of jail for a while and I started hallucinating. I wasn't sleeping. I was waking up during the night screaming and sweating. I would see people looking in the

windows. I went to my GP, who referred me to a psychologist, who said I had PTSD. Since I was in a coma I've been dealing with Inspire, who are putting me in touch with another psychologist. I've been told they don't do one to one's anymore, so it will be in a group setting.

106. I never thought of how the effects of being in care in all of these places impacted on me. To me it was just normal. That was normal life to me. Being in care when my mother died or not seeing my family didn't bother me, I didn't shed any tears. I just kept it in. Being kept in segregation all the time, in that small room built up this emotionless state. I didn't have anything. Since waking up from the coma, it's the first time I have started thinking about everything.
107. I used drink for years. I was drinking whiskey with my pal. It was one night, then two, then three. I then started going into hospital because of it. I've been told that's why I went into the coma. I was maybe trying to block things out. I had never dealt with the past, and all my family, and being locked up all my life. All of that and trying to be a normal family with [REDACTED] and the kids got to me. Being locked up all my life, being in segregation, being battered when I was there, that's why when I was outside, I wanted to go back to prison. That's where I believed I belonged. That was my home.
108. Coming out of the coma was so strange. I had done everything myself all my life, and then all of a sudden I couldn't walk, couldn't talk, couldn't go to the toilet myself, nothing. I had to learn to build myself back up again. I had to put weight on, I was only eight stone. Now I'm starting to think of my past. Things are going through my head. I'm starting to think about it. How I thought everything was normal, and it wasn't. None of it was. I don't sleep and when I do, [REDACTED] hears me talking. I have nightmares. I have been prescribed sleeping tablets, but I don't take them. They gave me a horrible taste in my mouth.
109. All my life I was locked up, so I didn't have a normal childhood. I never went to school. No teacher taught me how to read or write, I taught myself one day with a Daily Record. I had no education.

110. [REDACTED] has helped me through a lot. She has worked all her life. I've never known anything like that. She grounded me. She brought the good side out of me. She stood by me, saw that I wasn't a bad person. I had a lot going on that I wasn't even thinking about, but she could see it. If it wasn't for her I would still be in the jail right now.
111. I still at times have a jail mentality. I would make sure I had a clean cell in the jail. In my house I'm the exact same. I clean everything, I Hoover so that there are lines on the carpet and tell the kids not to walk over them. The kids notice it. They ask [REDACTED] if that's me Hoovering again. The remotes for the TV have to be facing a certain way, things like that.
112. I go away and sit myself a lot. I don't speak to anyone, don't watch TV, just sit in silence. This can last for hours, and for days on end. I just sit on the end of the bed. [REDACTED] tries to talk me out of it, but because I have always been myself, I am happy to be by myself. I think I am ready for some sort of counselling now. Last year I would have said I was fine, but I think I would try it now.
113. I have no pals now. I have trust issues, I would rather do everything myself, because I know I won't let myself down. I have a mistrust of the police. Even to this day if I hear anything outside, I tell everyone in the house to be quiet as I think the police are outside. I wouldn't answer the door a couple of weeks ago to the guy who was delivering my medicine, because I thought it was the police. If I see them, I still automatically want to run.

Records

114. I am trying to get my records at the moment. I spoke to a girl called Sabina from the Redress, who said she will help me. She was contacting Birthlink and going to get back in touch with me.

Lessons to be learned/Hopes for the Inquiry

115. [REDACTED] learned of the Inquiry last year, while I was in a coma. I am happy to give my account of what happened to me and I hope it helps other people, because what happened was a total injustice. Totally wrong, at all levels. My youngest son is eleven now, I was in care then. I couldn't imagine that happening to him. It shouldn't happen to any child. I saw young boys who were vulnerable and weak and staff would be like predators with them and they sexually abused these boys, because they couldn't stand up for themselves. I'd have done a lot more, so that staff couldn't isolate these children. Staff like that [REDACTED] IKD shouldn't have been allowed to take kids out on their own.
116. A lot of the staff in these places clearly had no training. They would apply for the job and get it without having to go through any form of vetting or training. Some of the staff would take you to their house and giving you drink and buy you cigarettes when you were eleven years old. A lot of them were predators and I believe they should get the jail for what they have done.
117. Why are you repeatedly beating an eleven-year-old boy with a belt, when he is in your care and you are a thirty odd year old man, because you didn't like what he said? I couldn't imagine slapping my son with a belt. That happened to me. I had big welts all over my legs and my back.
118. Sitting down one to one with youngsters and speaking to them, building a rapport, would be more beneficial than sending them to a home or putting them in to a room themselves. Don't get me wrong, being put in the 'Digger' all those times and then coming out of a coma, not being able to talk or walk, it's made me a strong person. I am mentally strong. But what happened to me was wrong. Even the doctors were amazed at how far I came in such a short space of time. They said that every day on the ventilator takes a week to recover. I was on it for seven months.

Other information

119. 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.

IKH


Signed.....

Dated..... 3 / 05 / 23