

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

GCL
[REDACTED]

Support person present: Yes

1. My name is GCL [REDACTED] and my date of birth is [REDACTED] 1966. My contact details are known to the inquiry. I have previously given statement to the Police.

Background

2 I am married to my wife [REDACTED] and we have three children. My mother is still alive but my father recently passed away.

Life before going into Larchgrove

3. I grew up in the Drumchapel area of Glasgow until I was ten. I loved my school; I attended St Laurence's primary school. I loved my friends and I was generally a happy young lad. It was a very rough neighbourhood but when you live among it you don't really notice.

4. When I was ten we moved to a place called Milton which is on the opposite side of Glasgow. I didn't take the move very well. I never really settled into my primary school very well. Within five years I was in Larchgrove Remand Home because of truancy and joyriding.

5. We moved to Milton in 1976/77. None of my siblings were placed in care. It was just me, my mother and father made the decision. They'd actually approached social work because they thought I was 'off the chart' because of my behaviour. I

lived in the car theft capital of the world and because I got involved in some of that behaviour, my mother thought that I was 'off the scale'.

Larchgrove Remand Home

6. My mother actually tried to get me put into a borstal for a year. However Larchgrove actually sent her a letter telling them that they couldn't do that. Three weeks for an assessment was as much as I could be given. That was decided at a children's panel hearing at Anderson Bus station end of Argyle St in Glasgow with my mum and dad. I remember the day so well, it was stoating with rain and I was in a taxi with mum and dad. Mum and dad were not supportive.

7. I got led into a room and I was taken away that day. I think that the decision was made by my mum and dad and that the children's panel only just backed that up. There had been some social work involvement in my life for about six months leading up to this. This was just because I was dogging the school and stuff. I was having a particularly hard time at secondary school and I stopped going. I can't remember any order or outcome at the children's panel; I just remember they said three weeks residential.

8. The experience of that day was horrendous from the minute I got in the car. I got led into a room by two men in blue uniforms. I got told nothing. I was driven to Larchgrove from the children's hearing without the two men saying a single word.

Arrival

9. On my arrival I saw a glimmer of hope. I had no idea what to expect. The first person I met was my old primary school teacher from Drumchapel. He had changed jobs since our flitting to Milton. His name was Gerry O'Callaghan and I thought that he was going to be a lifeline. Through the police investigation I have learned that I was in Larchgrove for two weeks and not the recommended three. I was released without my exit medical.

10. I was lost in space; I didn't know what was happening. I was terrified and there he was my former primary school teacher from Drumchapel between 1973 and 1976. He was the Head of Education at Larchgrove now and the fact that he recognised me and asked me how my brothers were was like a comfort blanket. I was in a strange building with people I didn't know. You kind of know why you're there but you don't know what's going to happen while you're there. You don't know what type of place it is; you think it's a prison. So I was actually quite happy to see him.

11. He put my mind at ease; he told me everything was going to be alright. He did express that he was disappointed that I was there because he said I was a clever lad. He asked how I was and how my brothers were getting on. Also because I was so upset he got them to put me in a separate room for the first twenty-four hours. I was placed on my own in a bedroom with four beds in it at the bottom of an L-shaped corridor. In the wing that I was in there were eight rooms with four boys in some and three in others. The part of the building I was in was called Bute House.

Life at Larchgrove

12. I didn't conform my whole time I was there. I didn't do anything I was told, I was resisting everything. I don't remember ever eating food there. I don't remember ever seeing a woman there. What I am aware of is just how much freedom other inmates had to just do what they liked. There were punches and kicks flying from the minute I got out my room until the moment I got locked back in it. It was very random. You could be walking past someone in the corridor and take a punch in the jaw for just no reason. Verbal threats from the minute you open your eyes. Yet even at that point I still had a glimmer of hope because my primary school teacher was there and I thought that he would keep an eye on me.

The first attack

13. On my second night there came the first attack. I had been locked in the room on my own all day. At 6 p.m. they open all the rooms so that people can integrate. At around 6.30 p.m. – 7 p.m. I had a visit from two boys that looked like brothers and a

red headed boy. The read headed boy was a strange looking boy. He had the face and the build of a fifteen year old but the face of a forty year old.

14. I was told I was getting it, so I thought here we go I'm getting a hiding. A few punches were thrown. I'd had a few pastings in my life. So, much as I wasn't looking forward to it I kind of understood what was going on. But it's not quite what happened. The three turned into 5. The red headed guy sent one of the brothers out to get a guy called [REDACTED] or [REDACTED]. [REDACTED] or [REDACTED] had very sharp features and hair like Elvis.

15. They pulled the beds together in such a way that my arm was pulled through both footboards. I was face down on my stomach. They levered my arm up, I was in agony. I could not move. I thought that my arm would snap and thought I was beginning to pass out. I still thought at this point that it was a pasting I was getting. I hadn't put it together. The two boys that looked like brothers were standing in front of me. They both had their penises out and both were erect.

16. I tried to move but my arm just got pulled up and the pain was making me feel that I was going to do the toilet. One of the boys who looked like brothers held my hair from the other side of the bed and he then forced his penis into my mouth. At this point [REDACTED] walked round behind me with his friend. At that time in my life I'd only ever kissed girls and when I realised that these boys were really serious, I felt that what was happening was something utterly manky in my mind. I didn't know about anal sex so I wasn't expecting anal sex. To this day I have never experienced pain to the level I felt at Larchgrove. I thought it was going to kill me.

17. They were punching me on the neck. I got a few on the back and on my side but mainly they were hitting my neck. I was forced to perform to perform oral sex on that other boy. I couldn't move so he did the moving which was particularly rough and so I thought I was going to vomit. I was gagging. He ejaculated in my mouth and I started to boak. At that point I got three or four punches on the back and side of the neck. Just to clarify, the boy who ejaculated in my mouth was the second boy who

wanted anal sex, the first boy ejaculated on the side of my face because I wouldn't open my mouth at first.

18. I think that's why the extra punches came. I don't understand sex with violence because sex and violence just don't go. Not to me. I barely understood what was happening to me as it was. It was at that point that one of the two boys behind me roughly pulled my trousers down to my knees. They didn't even loosen them, they just yanked them down.

19. The memory of the smell makes me sick. At that point somebody pored what smelt like medical shampoo in between the cheeks of my bum. I very quickly realised what was happening to me. The boy with the dark hair performed anal sex on me for fifteen to twenty seconds before he ejaculated inside my bottom. The boy at the other end had finished his business and ejaculated. I kind of threw up on him and I got a few punches for that.

20. The boy who performed anal sex on me instructed the other boy to do the same. However the other boy couldn't get an erection no matter how much he tried. He tried forcing his penis into my bum. The whole attack lasted no more than four minutes, but it seemed like a lifetime. My breathing had been restricted so much that I was panic stricken.

21. I had excruciating pain in my back passage. I still get body memories of this pain even to this day. The only way to describe the pain is a hot poker being forced into my anus. Whatever they used as a lubricant, it worked as a lubricant but it also worked to burn me inside because that was all I could feel. It was like fire inside my bum. They were laughing and giggling. I was bleeding and choking. I was trying to throw up. I didn't understand the violence. I knew what sex was and I knew what violence was but when they are put together in that sort of scenario it makes you aware of how serious your situation was. I'd only been there two days.

22. As the people who had attacked me left my room they told me that there was a knife in circulation. They threatened me with that knife although they didn't show me it until the third attack. They told me the blade was on the wing.

Reporting the attack

23. Panic stricken. I thought the best thing to do was to report the attack. I even had someone to report it to, Mr O'Callaghan my old school teacher. There is a process for asking to speak to a member of staff. At the end of the corridor there was a door with a wee slide window. You then ask them for an appointment with the staff member you want to see. I didn't report it till around midnight that I'd been attacked. To get to this door you had to walk past all the other rooms. Talking to any member of staff when other boys could see or hear me would always result in violence against me.

24. A member of staff, speaking through the little window said that I wouldn't be able to see Mr O'Callaghan until he came back on shift which would mean Monday. That's why I think it was the weekend. I was clinging on to that lifeline. I thought if anybody can stop this it would be him. So I got told I would see him on the Monday morning. I just told them I'd been attacked and I wanted to see Mr O'Callaghan. People in the corridor were capable of hearing what you'd asked for. That was quite a big concern. I was desperate and panic had taken over because I knew others were watching.

25. Meanwhile I spent the night in the toilet trying to scrub my mouth. I was trying to make it bleed. I just wanted to scrub it raw. There was a smell that wouldn't leave me. I tried to pack my bum with toilet paper. It wasn't bleeding a lot but it was leaking and I had no idea if it was blood, sperm, bodily fluids of some sort because when I looked, it looked like blood but it looked like other things as well. I just knew I had to stop it. That's what took up my time up until I could report it. I had no idea of what to do or what would happen to me if I was discovered trying to clean myself. The pain was so severe I thought my bum was torn.

26. I think I spent the next twenty four hours in my room and I refused to come out it. I remember being backed up into a corner; I pushed my bed into a corner. Sat up on the corner of the bed and didn't move. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] I had to find a way to hang myself and I couldn't find a way to hang myself. Practically nothing was available. I tried to set my room on fire whilst locked in it. I just wanted to die. They killed who I was. The GCL people know now is the second version of me. I'm not the same person that went in to Larchgrove.

27. I just wanted to die. Also I made the decision that if this was going to happen again then I was going to have to kill one of them and I didn't have the courage. Or the ability, I wasn't that type of person. I was quite carefree, a pleasant boy certainly not a 'Ned' by any manner or means. A young boy who doesn't exist anymore. You've got to hide naturally through your life. You've always got to work towards a place where you can merge this life with that wee boy that you protect all the time. I'm what's left and I've had to make peace with that.

The Second Attack

28. I was in the shower Sunday night. You are told to shower at 8 p.m. Things changed dramatically in the second attack. When you are in an institution the staff are a big part of your life obviously. But they can also be a great source of hope. That's just general duties for them. But things very much changed the night before I went to see Mr O' Callaghan. I was in the shower trying to clean my back passage. The two that looked like brothers from first attack came into the shower. When they came into the showers, they had towels on.

29. They told me I was to masturbate them or I was getting it. Those are not the words they used but I'm not using them. I resisted and took a few punches. Rather than take any more punches I did as I was told. One at a time. One of them made me masturbate him until he ejaculated on my leg. I couldn't look at him or else I was getting punched. The second boy came into the shower penis erect I was crying. I

had no sooner started to masturbate him and he ejaculated, it was seconds. I thought I was safe because I'd performed masturbation on both of them.

30. Things then changed quite dramatically because a member of staff came in to the shower room. In that situation there was instant hope. Not only has he caught them but he will stop it from happening again. He ordered the two boys out of the toilet as he was taking his penis out. At this point I had knelt down in front of him crying. He told me to stand up I was just to play with it. I was so terrified at this point that I'd have agreed to do anything they wanted.

31. I fumbled around with his penis for about thirty seconds and then he pulled away. He zipped himself up and told me what I was to do, "Watch what you fuckin' say tomorrow". That was my hope gone. Any help that I could have got from staff gone. I knew that I was going to have to kill myself or kill one of them I couldn't make any sense of it. I needed that man to be my lifeline. It was so meaningless to him. Looking back on it, it wasn't something he struggled with. He was clear what he wanted and what my instructions were.

32. I knew now for a fact that I couldn't rely on any staff from here on in. Mr O'Callaghan was my last chance of getting segregated or put somewhere else for my safety. The very people that you are willing to tell let you down. The name I associate with the staff member that came into the shower room is KDX . He was between aged between forty and fifty. He dressed differently from the educational staff. The educational staff wore their own clothes. The man I think may have been called KDX wore police like trousers and a blue shirt. He was not the man that I spoke to originally through the little window in the door. After that I went back to my room. It was lights out. I thought of many ways that I could take my life but almost never got the chance. Setting my room on fire whilst I was in it was as close as I got.

Meeting with Mr O'Callaghan

33. The next morning I think was Monday. I was taken to see Mr O'Callaghan. I got marched into his room by the member of staff that I'd reported the attack to at the

window. I sat on a chair in front of him. I burst; I was so upset, sobbing. He let it go for about sixty seconds before informing me that this was all happening because of my failure to integrate with the other boys. He said it was my failure. Yes he acknowledged the boys were a bit rough but I hadn't made any attempt to integrate. I tried to speak but he motioned with his hand for me to stop. "Get back to your fuckin room; you know what you need to do". I was then expecting another attack.

34. He changed into someone I didn't even recognise in the space of a second. He looked at me completely blank. From then on it was all about finding a way to kill myself. I was desperate for help, death anything. The inside of my bum was still burning; my throat and my neck were agony. A couple of days had passed and I thought, Great that's it. I kept myself to myself. I refused to do anything I was told and refused to take anything to do with any other inmates. I remained like this until they let me go home.

35. Everyone is looking at you. You're the boy that went and asked for help from the staff. And you're not getting any help. I looked everywhere I had access to for a means to hang myself but the place was set up to avoid that, because it was common. Word of what happened to anyone spread through the wing like wildfire. I would choose death over two weeks in that environment again.

The third attack

36. Possibly the week before I left Larchgrove, the third attack happened. I say possibly because I know I was there for three weeks but I don't remember the third week at all. One or two nights before the last attack they put another boy in my room. The boy sat up on the bed in the corner the same as I did. We didn't speak until about two or three in the morning. I asked him if he was ok? He burst, I didn't ask any details

37. I must have fallen asleep at around three or four in the morning. That boy was moved out of my room the following day. The third attack for me was probably the worst. It was a shorter attack and it involved less people, four. I can't make any

sense of this attack. Even as an adult. I can't put any of it together. The red headed boy, the boy who performed anal and his friend and the other boy from the shower room were involved, four of them.

38. This time I was in the corner of my room I knew what was happening. This time I wasn't going to let it happen. I don't mean that through violence I mean this time, through fear I knew I would end up complying. I think I practically begged them not to hit me anymore. I thought by complying it would make it easier or shorter or less violent. They were getting exactly what they wanted.

39. I was in the corner of the room, the red headed boy and the boy with the black hair came over. I threw a punch. They threw a few and I just hunkered down in the corner. I was actually trying to make such a fuss be so loud that someone would come in. The guy with the black hair showed the knife that they had previously threatened me with. It was a folding knife like one of those ones you would take camping.

40. I was forced onto the bed. My arm was threaded through the bed board again. I think I passed out. I remember a head to toe buzzing sensation my lips my hands everything. I think I passed out through the pain in my shoulder. There was only one boy standing in front of me. I thought because I complied that he would have been gentler. I was wrong; he was thrusting, forcing his erect penis into my mouth. It felt like the left side of my throat had collapsed. There was phlegm and everything coming out my nose and my mouth. I got punched because of it.

41. He ejaculated in my face, I remember that. I'd turned my face. At this point one of the boys behind me put the blade behind my right ear as I was face down. Only one performed anal sex on me at this time. I think it was the one that couldn't get and erection the first time. I was hearing them giving instructions. He ejaculated.

42. I was coughing up phlegm and a bit of sick and that had upset the boy in front of me. When the boy with the knife retreated from the back of me round to the side of me I very quickly hunkered in the corner of the room. My bum was on fire my

shoulder was hanging. I don't know if it was dislocated or ligament damage. The boy I was sick on came round the side of the bed and urinated on me and was having a great giggle while he was doing it.

43. The side of my face, the smell. I wish they'd killed me. I wish I'd killed them. I wish I'd killed me. I wish the person; the boy that I was when I went in had come out at the end. But he didn't come out, that didn't happen. A version of me ended in Larchgrove. I don't think the boys who performed anal sex on me were from Larchgrove. There was a boy's home next door. I think they were from there. I think it was called St Johns. I think I'd remember the boy with the black hair [REDACTED] and the boy with the red hair. Also the member of staff in the shower room.

Leaving Larchgrove

44. I received both an entry medical and an exit medical at Larchgrove. The medicals were conducted by a male staff member in a white coat. I don't know if they were medically qualified though. I remember leaving. Red brick terracotta, the toilets were different colours of green. These colours have stayed with me. When I left it was like leaving jail. I went straight back home. I never ever went back to a children's hearing. Next time I offended I was an adult. I have since accessed my files only to have it confirmed that my entry assessment and my entry medical are in existence but my exit medical is not.

45. I was sixteen very soon after I left Larchgrove. I was still bleeding anally for a few weeks afterwards. I didn't seek any medical help outside of Larchgrove because that would have required me telling somebody what had happened to me. The left side of my throat was in agony for weeks afterwards. My back passage had traces of blood for fourteen to sixteen days. I remember the disappointment I felt when I was checking and hoping it had stopped. Killing myself was still an option. I thought of it daily. But the first real attempt wasn't until a couple of years later.

Life after Larchgrove

46. I couldn't let anyone see my underwear. As soon as I got out that front door of Larchgrove I made a decision never to tell anybody. My dad would have killed me. I looked up to all my brothers but I couldn't tell them. I cannot remember the last week at all. I do remember getting home. I didn't want to speak to my parents I didn't speak much with my siblings either. I was disposing of my underwear because of the blood. My mum made a fuss about it and I took a pasting from my dad about the underwear. His belief was that I was disposing of it for some other vile reasons. As soon as I took the pasting from my dad I started running away.

47. I knew from then on in I was on my Jack Jones. No follow up from the Social work. All they wrote were lies anyway. My mum and dad had created this wonderful picture of family life for the social worker. It wasn't until I accessed my files that I realised that they had painted a picture that wasn't accurate. The picture of my family life that my family gave the social workers was very upsetting to read. It was almost the opposite of what my family life was like.

48. I When I ran away I slept I friends back cellars coal cellars. Friends would feed me. My brothers used to come and look for me. They would drag me back home. No social work follow up that I know of. Never spoke to me and I don't know if they ever visited the house. I don't know if I could have dealt with people my age knowing. So I shook a lot of my friends off. Isolation saved me at the time from somebody seeing right through me. I remember being so upset that I had to go places to cry. I used the dog as an excuse so I would go a good walk with the dog. Because of secrecy I couldn't get the help I needed.

49. When I left Larchgrove I lasted around twelve weeks before I was packed off to Brighton to live with my brother [REDACTED]. I know now but I didn't know then that when my parents put me in Larchgrove, they actually gave up guardianship of me to my brother [REDACTED] who lived in Brighton. As a parent the thought of giving up guardianship of one of your children to me is unimaginable. [REDACTED] had to take on the role of my mum and my dad from now on.

Living in England with my brother [REDACTED]

50. I resisted going at first so I ran away. My brother [REDACTED] spoke to me on the phone and only after speaking to him it changed to being not a bad idea. My brother ran a large business there and he was very successful at it.

51. I lived in the penthouse flat. It was a three floor building with a restaurant and a place to play pool. I was well paid because [REDACTED] taught me to work hard and I used to help out wherever he wanted me to. The place was mobbed from mid-afternoon to very late at night

52. It was like being on your first holiday abroad amazing place to be. Vibrant. I stayed for about 9 months. I learned a lot about my brother's industry.

53. I saw a side of my brother that I wasn't aware of. I owe my brother more than I can express in simple words. I realised that he really, really loved me. He really was looking out for me. I was never short of money which was different. It was like going from Helmand Province to Disneyland. I was probably seeing too much of adult life at that stage but he was trying to lead me up the right path as far as showing me that hard work paid off. I have very fond memories of staying up late with [REDACTED] eating bacon butties and playing pool. I think I stayed in England for about nine months. [REDACTED] was changing jobs and that why I came back home.

Home again

54. Between coming back from England and finally leaving my mum and dad's house at twenty one, I think I had attempted to kill myself three times. I didn't know who I was and I didn't know what I was. I didn't know what my sexual interest was. I thought I was some sort of a freak. I was having horrific nightmares; it was horrendous suffering of hyper arousal. It would happen almost any time or place but usually as the result of some very upsetting dreams. I was freaked out scared. I kept

things inside because there would have been no sympathy. Especially from some of my friends mums. The attitude would have been you did the crime etc. You wouldn't have been there if you hadn't stolen that car.

55. After England I just got into more bother stealing cars etc. Things at home were terrible the violence never stopped. I lived in one of the most violent environments I have ever seen. I worked in the fish market for a wee while and I managed to pass my driving test. I got the money together for a wee car. My brother came into my room one night and showed me an advert. It was for a job in the in Rutherglen area. I applied for it and I got the job.

56. Before I was twenty six it was mostly about finding work and finding out who I was sexually. Both were equally important. I used to give myself a hard time about it too. One of the suicide attempts was because I couldn't cope with being so confused about my sexuality. I avoided everybody nobody knew what I was doing. Then depression kicks in and the option doors start to close again. I knew money would solve some problems. I had my own flat by the age of twenty one. I never went back to stay at home, never even stayed for a night.

57. I didn't care that I had a flat, I didn't care that I had a job, I had this sense of impending doom all the time and when you have that suicide can be an appealing option. I had developed a drug habit. By the time I was in my thirties I'd been taking about a quarter ounce of coke a week and about an ounce of marijuana. I never used heroin. Up until I was 24 I was working but I'd also tried to take my own life a few times as well. Larchgrove was to the back of my mind at this time I just found a way of putting it out of my mind but I suffered from depression and I overdosed. The first time was when I was 18. The hospital will have records of it. At the age of twenty to twenty one I tried again. I remember waking up in hospital with a tube down my throat throwing up into a bucket. Then you have a whole new world to deal with. Embarrassment, family all round you; I was genuinely disappointed to survive.

58. I was caught in an endless cycle of hanging on by my fingertips. I wasn't aware that mental health was causing it. I just thought it was my fast life. and I didn't

remember that I'd even been in Larchgrove. I'd been practising my whole life to forget.

59. I met my wife when I was about twenty four and got married when I was twenty nine. We got together and split up a few times. I was still living the party life. When we got serious with each other there were a few lifestyle things that needed to go and top of [REDACTED] list was my coke habit.

Impact

60. I was quite a carefree person before Larchgrove. I was a typical fifteen year old. Afterwards I had to practice to be normal. The anxiety going on inside me was excruciatingly painful. Depression that makes you want to take your life. I had complex sexuality issues, who am I, and what am I? Don't feel like the same person I feel like someone who is defending someone all the time. Things like exams or tests that normal people take for granted can be almost nervous breakdown stuff.

61. Eventually I'd gone to the doctors suffering with depression. My best friend had just died and the grief sent me into a spiral of depression and self - destruction. A psychologist was arranged for me through the NHS, a brilliant girl called Ellie Primrose. She was a very well-meaning woman. The psychologist quickly realised that my deep depression was something else. We'd tried mild hypnosis and mindfulness. This was about five years ago. I think it was only after about six weeks before she told me that she may have to contact the police.

62. I'd been disclosing information during my sessions with my psychologist. I think it had come out sounding like a school teacher had abused me or something. All very confusing. This is the first time I had ever told anyone. I went for grief and depression work but it was like a proper mental breakdown. What was coming out of me was so wild and random I think she thought a treatment called EMDR which stands for Eye Movement Desensitisation and Reprocessing might help clear the mush in my head.

63. Treatment sometimes leaves you with further problems. EMDR left me with a high definition movie reel in my head of what happened to me in Larchgrove. It plays over and over. I couldn't cope with processing and I didn't get any support. The nurse that was working with me went long term sick and I sort of fell off the edge. I didn't think EMDR was working for me anyway. I was never offered another session due to the EMDR nurse being off sick. I lasted almost a year before the GP said he would have to refer to mental health again. This was due to my condition going downhill rapidly.

64. I was full of hope, three or four months after my last appointment getting EMDR I woke up and was able to explain to my wife what the hell was going on for the first time. You've practised hard at keeping it all away back there in your brain then all of a sudden you are right back in the middle of it again. You think it's going to help you but the cons of it outweighed the pros for me. You are just left with too much.

65. It was a very slow process. You don't feel that anything is happening. It was a few sessions before it started to work. Three or four months after my last session I started to have memories that I hoped weren't true. I hoped that she would tell me that they weren't true as well. I was diagnosed with PTSD just before they started giving me the machine version of EMDR. But when the nurse went off sick, I had to process all this information myself. These were high definition memories.

66. I couldn't believe that all of this stuff was coming out of me. Like practising your whole life to forget something and then the doctor fires a few lights into my eyes and all the defence mechanisms I've learnt over the years fell away and I was left feeling so vulnerable. I just wanted them to tell me that none of it had happened and I was a complete nutcase.

67. I preferred having obscure weird dreams and depression. I was hoping that she would say that she had checked Larchgrove and that I hadn't actually been there. That's what led me to checking up everything myself. There was a familiarity

there. But it was not clear. Cocaine and marijuana had been my treatments for depression. I used fearlessly.

68. I was diagnosed with PTSD which is Post Traumatic Stress Disorder five or six years ago. PTSD is an off switch. A dark place to be. PTSD It is totally debilitating. The attacks can be brought about by anything with me colour and smells, Terracotta; I cannot look at terracotta because of its association with Larchgrove.

69. You learn to divert conversations away from topics that make you vulnerable. The body memories are a big part of what affects me. I get body memories especially in my left shoulder. I still occasionally need cortisone injections. I still wake up in the middle of the night and my back passage is agony. I kept getting my doctor to check me. My wife is a constant source of support and has been through all of my darkest nightmares and as a result she now has the same sleeping pattern as her fifty year old mentally ill husband. She's been through enough already and now my situation is even robbing her of sleep.

70. One of the side effects of EMDR is that you remember everything in your life that is negative. I remembered more than I wanted to. I got no support after it. I phoned half a dozen times and asked for help but never got any. If my wife [REDACTED] hadn't been around for me during the 12 months that I'd been left high and dry I don't know what would have happened to me.

71. I'm on a number of medications. One which doesn't allow me to dream at all, which cuts down on body memories. Both forms of medication are Anti-Psychotic drugs. Took me years to get onto the correct medication some made me suicidal. The drugs that I am currently using are Mirtazapine, Amitriptyline and Diazepam. The first two I take every day, Diazepam are highly addictive so you should only take them when you need them. I hate being on these drugs but they are the only things that have worked. They have limitations. You have to be very careful about driving. You certainly couldn't drive for a living. I take them at bedtime to sleep them in.

72. I can walk into a room and a colour can change my day. A smell can change my day. The negative memories or flashbacks that I get from colours or smells are often more than enough to make me go home regardless of where I am.

Effect on relationships

73. I don't trust anybody apart from my wife my son and my daughter. Actions are louder than words. You are not relaxed enough to have the right conversation with someone. Trust has been a massive issue my whole life. I know what people are really capable of. Between the ages of eighteen and twenty four I was beyond promiscuous and I treated none of them seriously I didn't want any loving relationship or any long term relationships because there would have been a chance of being found out for being the freak I thought I was.

74. My wife changed that, she's a very open, honest, articulate and caring person. If what happened to me in Larchgrove ever impacts upon my family I feel that the people who did this to me are also doing it to them to. My kids know that I suffer from deep depression. I had to tell them because they noticed. I didn't tell them why but they know I'm ill. They may think it's because my friend died and I'm ok with that because I'm never going to tell them about what happened to me. That's why I panicked so much when my anonymity went. There is a feeling of loss comes over you again.

75. I don't think I'd be alive if it wasn't for my brother [REDACTED]. He was just so good at making me focus. Keeping my mind away from things. When I told [REDACTED] about Larchgrove he said the information helped answer a lot of questions he had about my behaviour from our time living together in England. He was broken hearted and would have been able to help me if he'd known.

Getting the right help

76. Between the police and Rape Crisis working so hard in my corner, I got the exact help I needed when they got me a place at Speak out Scotland who since that

day have been my advocacy workers and they arranged my counselling with Talk Now. Both have been a Godsend for me and are a constant source of Support.

77. The advocacy work that Paul has done with me has given me the legs to be here. You need someone to fall on. You can be on a million waiting lists but it doesn't do much for your mental health. The key aspect of Speak out Scotland is that they are educated survivors. I've taken more steps forward in eight months working with them than I've taken since I was sixteen.

78. Since I decided to go to the police I've had eight months of legal minefields and brick walls to climb. Hope then no hope, round and round in circles. Don't get me wrong the police man who is dealing with it has been really good. But it's frustrated him the amount of walls we've had get over. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] I had fallen through the cracks and was getting no help. I didn't really have any support when I went to the police and by the third interview my legs had gone. I realised just how serious the consequences of what happened in Larchgrove were for me. The policeman Stuart Esplin had the most horrendous job yet faces it head on and gives you 100% when trying to nail one or others for the attacks I suffered. I'm not sure if I would be so brave about giving testimony to the Inquiry if my experience with the police was different. He has kept me updated constantly on what he's been doing and he's about to do with regards to my case, he's a really genuine great guy.

79. In the police investigation we came across a couple of things that just didn't seem right. Things like Glasgow City Council not being legally obliged to give the police names of staff or inmates. They actually told the police at one stage that if the police were able to provide them with names and dates of birth of the people they were looking for they would be able to provide them with all the information they needed. The police wouldn't have needed to contact them if they had all the details.

80. It was all of this tit for tat for months, so I decided to go down a different route and, in anger I made an appointment to see Susan Aitken SNP, opposition in Glasgow City Council. Her secretary asked me to disclose because it would give the

counsellor time to research and it would be a far more productive meeting if there was anything that she had to research.

81. I therefore disclosed and I went to the meeting and I'm still waiting for Counsellor Aitken to turn up. I'm not even in her catchment area. I went to her specifically because the SNP were in opposition at Glasgow City Council and I thought someone in opposition might stand up and fight my case better. Also Glasgow City Council could hardly blame another party because it has been a labour council for about the last 50 years. So it has always been the same people in charge or people that are like them. But she didn't turn up.

82. So I went to my own MP Linda Fabiani and I explained to her that I had been left with absolutely no legal recourse. Glasgow City Council were not legally obliged to give the police any information. I think that they were morally obliged because they were a council and they have a duty of care to their citizens and I was their citizen at that time, I was also their captive as I was in their care. I wasn't asking for information that I wasn't entitled to and anyway it wasn't me who was asking it was the police.

83. I asked Linda Fabiani to write a letter to John Swinney because the public inquiry is under his remit I believe. At the same time I asked her to write a letter to the Justice Secretary Michael Matheson. The letter explained that I had no other recourse. I couldn't take Glasgow City Council to court and have them changed with this because they are a council not a person.

84. So I asked the justice secretary if there were any sanctions that could be taken against a council that won't provide the police with information in a criminal investigation. Lo and behold London Rd police station now has those records. I never got a response from the Justice Secretary or Mr Swinney. Linda Fabiani verbally told me what the response was. London Road Police told me that they had been given access to the Mitchell Library where Larchgrove's information is kept.

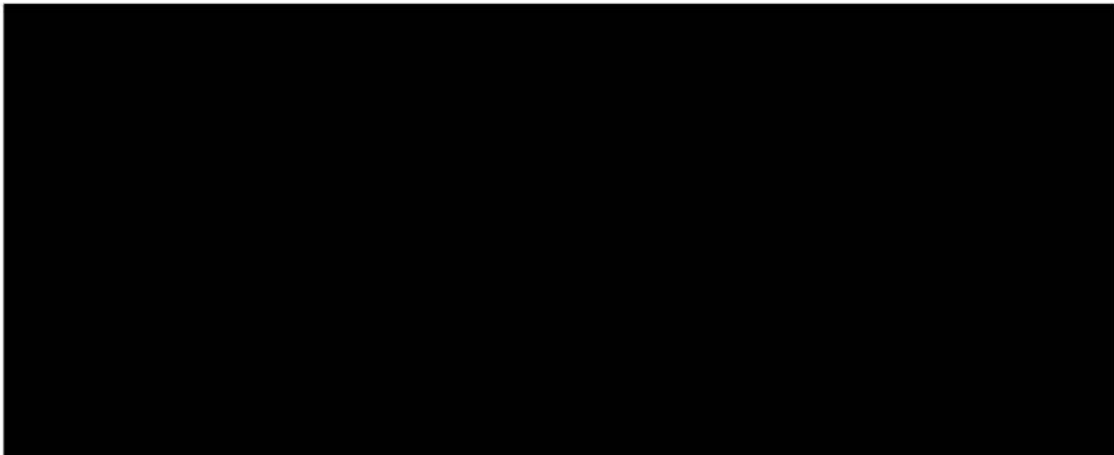
85. The police now have a list of staff and inmates names. The inmate list is enormous and I am number [REDACTED] on a list of 1750 names but I am unsure of the time period this was over. It has whittled the night time staff down to eight so that will be interesting. In a moment of madness I sent a letter to Nicola Sturgeon she probably didn't like it because it was a bit of a rant. However I wanted her to know that just because she had okayed an inquiry that it was going to be an easier level playing field because from minute one it's all been uphill for me. The police were full of hope at first but it got to the stage that the London Rd police legal department were talking to Glasgow City Council legal department.

86. Apart from meeting 'Speak out Scotland' the meetings with the Public Inquiry has probably been, hard to describe but it feels as if you give a shit. Up till I met Speak Out Scotland nobody gave a shit. They didn't sound as if they did they didn't act as if they did. The police have made some ground now. Hopefully they have found logs with my name in them. The police have confirmed for a fact that my exit medical is missing. The police have informed me that the badly kept Larchgrove log books do contain my name but with no reports of anything other than fights. They didn't even record the fact I torched my room. There wasn't even an explanation as to why I was released early.

Current support

87. My wife [REDACTED] is a constant support. Speak out Scotland who are a charity are also constant, which is so important for male survivors of sexual abuse. Paul's advocacy work is round the clock. This is open ended support which you just won't get on the NHS. They have got me a brilliant counsellor which is in my home town; I don't even need to travel for it. At 'Talk Now'. What's important for survivors is that they have a single point of contact. They don't want to have to keep telling their experience over and over again to different people. [REDACTED] has done that from the Public Inquiry end as well.

Breach of Confidentiality



89. You get paranoid though and I thought it was a move by the inquiry to put people off, instead of a simple mistake. That's where your mental health leads you. To be fair to you guys, it's the only part of the process that you have got wrong.

Final Thoughts

90. I had a couple of goals when I decided that I was going to tell people about this. One was to get someone hung for what happened to me. I'd like action against as many people as possible. However if it was only one it was only one.

91. I told my wife when I had the initial breakdown after my friend died. Since I have told the police I have had to tell my brother [REDACTED] because the police wanted to speak with him. It really hurt my brother when I told him and he was sad that he hadn't found out why I was behaving the way I was when I was younger. There is a big self-worth issue that comes with being a survivor. Disclosing does away with any sense of self-worth.

92. Because of my experiences in life, as a parent I don't hit my kids. My condition has stressed our marriage out a few times. I never had a problem with alcohol in my life and that is because of how I remember it affecting my own father. Ever since I was fifteen, people who have met me have only met the person who was left after

Larchgrove. The GCL that went in there ceased to exist afterwards. I can show traits of that boy. He was loving and caring. I don't like the person that was left; I did like the young GCL. He didn't have a bad bone in his body. The GCL that's left over would harm you if anyone tried to do to me what was done to me in Larchgrove.

93. I don't envisage me ever feeling like one person again. I always feel like two people. I blame myself quite a lot for being in Larchgrove. I don't blame myself for the way I feel now. You can't turn the telly on or pick a newspaper up with hearing or reading about another paedophile. My brain works twice as fast as everybody else's because I've got to be aware of any potential situations. I can't listen to any dirty jokes. I can't tune in to men's mentality about these things.

94. My education was gone as soon as I got into Larchgrove. That's where my wife comes in. She's kept me on the road with supporting me. She motivates me. I'm a master barber on paper, qualified. I've got a class one truck licence and all the qualifications. I'm a level one martial arts coach and have all the qualifications. I'm a black belt in karate. Without support I wouldn't have any of it. I can't cut people's hair now because touching people became a problem about seven years in. I learned martial arts so nobody could hurt me.

95. I've been asked about my thoughts on how to protect children in the future. I think it's all about the staff. The staff need to be properly educated. They need to be psychometrically tested the way other people are drug tested. There should never be one single member of staff alone with one single inmate ever again.

96. You cannot leave boys in unlocked rooms I know this would be unpopular but if the rooms are open, someone will get bullied, hurt or raped. I've learned that through experience. Bring in an outside body frequently to check on inmates, daily if need be. You can't build a government run facility and have such a high rate of suicide attempts, rapes and beatings.

97. People are going to come out in a worse condition than they went in. If your attacker is a member of staff you have lost all hope. You have nowhere to go.

Somebody in the institution needs to be able to spot these things. Someone like Paul from Speak out Scotland, someone who can see the signs.

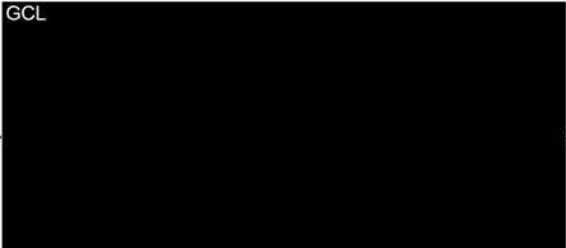
98. In the length of time that we have spoken today three kids have been sexually abused, I want that to change. It is all about punishment in there. I hope more of the 1750 boys that went through that institution in the months before and after I was there will come forward and be heard. There are currently 57,000 children in Great Britain living with and are at risk of sexual abuse. This number sickens me and makes me believe that nothing has changed since 1981.

99. The police have told me that they have interviewed Mr O'Callaghan. Apparently he remembers me in Drumchapel between 1973 and 1976. But he says that he cannot remember me in Larchgrove which he referred to as 'that place'. From what I've heard from the police he gave them nothing when asked about Larchgrove. The red headed boy didn't sexually assault me but he found it all highly amusing. I never saw anyone else being abused when I was in Larchgrove. Nobody told me of any abuse.

100. This process has taken its toll on me but I'm glad to have completed it. The Inquiry Team who gathered my testimony were always mindful not to cover the same ground twice so not to re-traumatise me. I found this to be of great comfort. Professional and compassionate is the only way I can really describe them.

101. I would also like to say for the record that since giving my testimony to the Inquiry I have applied for help from the In Care Survivor Fund to better my quality of life. This, over everything has been the most demeaning and mentally damaging thing I've suffered in thirty-five years. I withdrew my application and I will not be returning to the fund as I feel I'm simply a source of funding for 'Penumbra' who deal with anyone who applies in the west of Scotland. I carry enough shame to do me a few lifetimes and I simply could not build any kind of relationship with someone who is neither survivor sensitive or survivor trained. The "level playing field" does not exist.

102. I have no objection to my witness statement being published as part of the evidence to the Inquiry. I would be willing to give evidence at a public hearing if I was asked. I believe the facts as recorded in this witness statement are true.

Signed..... .....

Dated..... 29/11/16