

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

HYN

Support person present: No

1. My name is HYN My date of birth is 1985. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

Life before going into care

2. I was born in Bellshill Maternity Hospital. When I was born there was my two older brothers, and , and my older sister . I also have four younger sisters, , , and . is forty-four, is forty-two and is forty. is thirty-five, then there is a gap to , who is twenty-six, is twenty-four and is the baby at twenty-two or twenty-three.
3. My mum's name is . She is sixty-eight years old. She stays in Ireland now. My dad's name is . When I was born we were all in the one house. We stayed at , New Stevenston, Motherwell.
4. Initially life was alright. My mum and dad both worked. My dad was a bus driver and my mum worked in one of the sewing factories. I went to nursery then St Patrick's primary school. I was expelled in primary six and went to Christ the King primary for a while, which was on the other side of New Stevenston in Holytown. It was caused by a build-up of things and my mum and dad were going through a divorce at the time. I was about eleven years old. I thereafter went to high school and that's when things started really going downhill.

5. My sister [REDACTED] and I have always been quite close. She went into care too. She wasn't going to school and running away all the time. She was close to my dad, so when my parents split up she went to stay with him, then she was back and forward between my mum and my dad. Me, my brothers and all my younger sisters stayed with my mum in the family home.

6. I felt I was getting on ok at St Patrick's, but I don't know if it was because my brothers and sister had already been there and the teachers thought, "Here's another troublemaker", because I felt I was picked on a lot. When I went to Christ the King the headmaster and teachers were different towards me. I quietened down and got on with my work. I went to Taylor High School, which was in New Stevenston too. That was a nightmare because my brothers and sister had been there before me again and caused mayhem. So, there was a family reputation. In my first year I think I was only there a couple of months or so. I wouldn't go for a few days, or I would go, sign in then walk right out the door again.

7. I started getting into trouble with the police. I ended up setting fire to one of the blocks of flats just over from the school and got charged with arson. I went to a children's panel in Bellshill as a result. We had a family social worker, her name was Carol Press. She was ok, although she didn't do a lot for me at that time. I didn't think I really needed much help at that time. The social work would try to keep me occupied at weekends, referring me to group things to try and keep me out of trouble. I told them I wasn't going back to Taylor High.

8. I kind of lost the plot a bit and was out of control. My mum couldn't handle me. I went to a few children's panels for getting into trouble and for not attending school. I was placed on a supervision order and got my own social worker, Kate Lennox. She was very good. I ended up with a drug worker because I started smoking cannabis, his name was Pat Toker.

9. My relationship with Kate was good but I used to run away from home a lot, because I'd get up in the morning and my brothers would be fighting. I was getting on alright with my mum but there were five kids in the house, my mum was working, and my

big brothers were babysitting and fighting. I was running away to my pal's house, which was only a couple of doors down from our house, but I was being reported to the police for running away.

Respite Foster care

10. I attended another panel and at the time I was anti-authority. I roughly knew what was happening because I had seen my sister, [REDACTED], go through it. I thought she was doing better where she was than I was doing at home, so I wanted to go with her. We have always been close. My mum and my social worker were both at the panel and it resulted in me being placed in a foster home for respite care. My social worker took me home, got some clothes then took me to the foster home.

Respite Foster Care, Newmains

11. I wasn't told how long I would be at the foster home because it was only meant to be until I rebuilt my relationship with my family. I cannot remember the surname of the foster family. The woman was called [REDACTED] but I can't remember her husband's name. They had the same sort of house that I had grown up in. They had two of their own kids living with them and another two from the social work, who I think had been there for quite a while. I can't remember any of their names. The house had three bedrooms and a loft conversion. I shared a room with one of the boys. I was only there for a couple of weeks. It was alright, I was quite happy there and I wasn't very happy at home. I did not have much contact with my family when I was there. Meetings with them were arranged, but I didn't want to see them.
12. I can't remember how my time at [REDACTED] ended. I think it was just because I didn't want to go home, and the social work looked for something more long-term for me. I went directly from the foster home to Bellshill Children's Home. I was there for six to eight months. It was a crazy place. I knew it had a bad reputation, so when I was told I was going there I wasn't happy.

Bellshill Children's Home, Scott Place, Bellshill

13. Secondary Institutions - to be published later
- 14.
- 15.
- 16.

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Leaving Bellshill Children's Home, Scott Place, Bellshill

20. I found out I was leaving Bellshill at a planned meeting. My social worker was there as well as a member of staff and the manager of the unit. I was asked what I thought of going to an assessment centre and I asked them what that was. I was told I would stay there and go to school, and they would assess how I was and see where I went from there. Due to my sister telling me of her experience in care, I always made sure that wherever I was, they heard what I had to say. This was different from the panel. I moved from Bellshill, then went to a children's panel.
21. They were waiting on a place opening, so after the planned meeting I didn't move for about four or five weeks. I can't remember exactly when, but I was taken from Bellshill to Newfield Assessment Centre, in Johnstone, by my social worker, Kate Lennox. I only ever had two social workers. It helped having that continuity and let me get to know them. Kate listened. I could just call her up and she would organise a visit for me to see my sister [REDACTED] things like that. I didn't have any contact with the other members of my family while I was in Bellshill, just my sister. She was in another unit in Mitchell Street, and she would come to me, or I would go there. The staff went out their way to make sure we saw each other. They were good that way.

Newfield Assessment Centre, Johnstone

22. You drove down a little path to get to Newfield. It was a big building, surrounded by trees. It was in Johnstone, just off the motorway. It was in its own grounds with nothing but fields around it. The left side of it was all the units where you stayed, then there was a bit in the middle, which took you down to all the classrooms on the right. When you went into the unit there were bedrooms and a living area upstairs. Downstairs was a kitchen and dining room.
23. While I was at Newfield, I believe they were assessing my behaviour and seeing whether I could go to a children's home and go to mainstream school, or to a unit and attend residential school as a day pupil. Ultimately it was decided that residential would be better.

First day

24. When I arrived, I was introduced to all the staff in the unit. I was then shown my room before being introduced to the other kids there. I had a room to myself. I could put posters and pictures up if I wanted to. There were three or four units and they all had names, but I cannot remember what they were. There were six or seven boys in my unit. It was all boys there. I can't remember who was in charge of the place, but I think 'Wee Betty' was in charge of my unit. She always seemed to be there. She was also my key worker. I remember one of the night shift staff was called John. Each unit had different age groups in them, there was one for the younger boys, one for those in the middle age group and one for the older boys, so you were kept with your own age group. I stayed in the same unit for my entire time there. I was about twelve years old, the oldest was about fifteen in my unit. There were younger boys in the unit next door. You didn't really mix with the other units. I had quite a good relationship with the boys in my unit. On speaking with them, we were all in there for similar reasons, like not going to school.

Mornings and bedtime

25. We got up about seven thirty, had a wash and got breakfast. You would go to school, then come back up during your break and lunch, then back down to school. Newfield was in the middle of nowhere, there wasn't much to do outside, that's why no-one got up to any mischief. You couldn't just come and go from the unit, you weren't allowed out. To get out you would have to walk past the staff station, so you were stuck inside. The windows could only open a little bit and there were bars on them. You weren't allowed out to play. It was like a secure unit.

Mealtimes/Food

26. The food was alright, not that I have ever been a big eater anyway. I didn't eat much in the morning, maybe a slice of toast or something. That was always a concern for them because I didn't eat much. At lunch time there was chips or pie and beans,

things like that. If you didn't want to eat, you didn't have to, but the food was ok. If you didn't like something they always had a couple of different selections.

27. You were taken to the shops with your pocket money every week and you could buy whatever you wanted, snacks, sweets, cigarettes, things like that. We got about seven pound odds a week. The staff would keep a hold of the cash and whatever you spent, they would mark it in a little book.

Washing and bathing

28. The bathrooms contained toilets, baths and showers. These were shared between the people in my unit. You were told to have a shower when you got up in the morning and you could have one when you wanted to. There were no restrictions on using them.

School

29. The teachers came into the school during the day. They weren't members of staff. There were only five to six people to a classroom. There was a timetable, and you were taught different subjects like art and things like that. The teachers didn't really get time to teach because they would just get started and somebody would kick off. School was Monday to Friday from nine o'clock until three in the afternoon. You would break for lunch.
30. When I was at Newfield I started to knuckle down at school. They told me if I had stuck in when I was at mainstream school I would have done well. I suppose the education could have been better, but the teachers were dealing with unruly kids. It would be hard to focus on teaching. The class sizes helped but half the lesson was disrupted all the time. You didn't get the same opportunities as mainstream because you only did maths and English, whereas there you would get maths, English, sciences, computing and things like that.

31. I was aware I was being assessed. I would go about doing my business daily. Obviously, the manager, or whoever was doing the assessments, would speak with the teachers. It wasn't like someone was standing over the top of me assessing my work, but I wasn't updated as to how the assessment was going.

Healthcare

32. Every time you went somewhere new you got a medical check. That was the only time I saw a doctor. I think if I needed to see one I would have. I don't think that was a problem.
33. I have been asthmatic from an early age. I kept my inhaler with me as I use it as and when I require it. I didn't need any medical attention in respect of my asthma while I was at Newfield.

Christmas & birthday

34. I could have gone home at Christmas, but I chose to stay at the unit. It was alright there, we had a Christmas dinner and got a couple of presents.

Trips / Holidays

35. Once a month we would be taken to ten pin bowling or the cinema. That was really the only time we got out of the place. They didn't take us any holidays. The only holidays I went to were with my second primary school and when we went camping at St Philip's.

Visits

36. My social worker would visit me in Newfield, and I could call her anytime. On one occasion one of the other boys and I stole one of the member of staff's car and ran away. I don't know the staff member's name. My social worker came and had a few words with me. It was reported to the police, and I was charged with the theft. This

was near the end of my time there. It happened at night time when there was only one member of staff on duty.

37. I never visited my family home when I was in Newfield, and I didn't get any visitors. We got day leave sometimes. I'd maybe get out on a Saturday and visit my sister. She had been put into homeless accommodation. I would have to go back to Newfield for a certain time. This started after I'd been there a couple of months. They would give me money for my travel warrant, to buy a train ticket. That was the only time I got money in my hand.

Running away

38. The only time I ran away from Newfield was when I stole the staff member's car and I think that was the reason I was moved away to another place.

Leaving Newfield Assessment Centre, Johnstone

39. There was nothing that happened at Newfield that I would say was abusive. Even when they restrained you it was done properly. **Secondary Institutions - to be published later**
Secondary Institutions - to be published later You weren't being hurt from the restraints they used. They weren't banging our heads off the walls or the floor. Your arms weren't twisted up your back. They used better techniques there. I think it was a positive experience for me at Newfield. I think they made the right decision putting me there.
40. I left there because I stole the member of staff's car. I had another planned meeting, and it was decided I was going to St Philip's Residential School. They had these planned meetings everywhere I went, usually when I was being moved. It wasn't until I went to St Philip's that I attended a panel. I had a children's panel once a year unless I was in trouble during the course of that year. At the planned meeting I was dead against going to St Philip's. I thought it would be more secure, with more rules and regulations.

St Philip's Residential School, Airdrie

41. I went straight from Newfield Assessment Centre to St Philip's Residential School. By this time I had a drug worker because I smoked cannabis. His name was Pat Toker, and he took me to St Philip's. He had been at my planned meeting. I had a good relationship with Pat and I trusted him. I was about fourteen years old by this time. I stayed at St Philip's for almost eighteen months.
42. There were two long driveways leading to St Philip's. You initially drove up to the gatehouse, then there was a big main house. This was where all the offices were, including the headmaster's office. After this there were a lot of smaller buildings, which was the school. If you went along the second drive, that took you to the units, there were four of them, and a big sports barn. The grounds were massive. You were outside to move from the units to the school buildings. You could basically come and go.

First day

43. I was taken along the drive to one of the units and introduced to the unit manager, Brian McGuinness, who introduced me to the other members of staff. I was shown my room, which was upstairs. I came back down and was introduced to the other boys in the unit and the kitchen staff. My unit was called Loch Islot. The other units were called Loch Mora and Mallaig. Some of the other staff at the unit were [REDACTED] and Fiona, who was English. There were about twelve boys in my unit. It was all boys throughout the place. There was always lots of staff on at any one time. My key worker at St Philip's was John Irvine. He was a wrestler.
44. The next day someone took me round to the school and I was introduced to all the teachers. Some of the teachers were Val Gunn, who was my home economics teacher and Stevie Quinn, who taught social subjects. He would take you a run in his car.

Mornings & bedtime

45. You would get up in the morning about seven thirty, have a wash and dress and go down to the dining room and they would give you breakfast then you would go to school. We did art, social subjects, science, maths, English and computing over the course of the school week. The school was mixed with some day boys, so at the end of the school day they would get taxis home. The residents would go back to our units, get our travel warrants and money for travelling, then you were free to go out for the day. I would go to my sisters. It took a bit of time to build this trust up so that I was allowed to go to see her during the week. I would leave after school and had to be back for about ten o'clock at night. There was a bit of freedom, which I was a bit surprised at when I got there. Bedtime was about ten thirty.

Schooling

46. Schooling at St Philip's was like being in mainstream school. You would get a full period of subjects like English. You wouldn't get that at Newfield, if somebody kicked off you would only get half that time. That is where I started to knuckle down and study for exams. The teachers were brilliant. I got six standard grades. Maths, English, social subjects, science, computing and art. I got all B's and C's.

Weekends

47. At weekends I would go to my sisters. I'd go on the Saturday then have to be back at night time, then I'd go again on the Sunday. By this time, she stayed in Wishaw in a new build. She had been in temporary homeless accommodation. She fell pregnant and stopped smoking. That really changed her life.

Chores

48. We didn't do any chores at St Philip's. You maybe collected the dishes for the kitchen staff or things like that, but nothing else. You could make your own supper in the evening and you had to clean up after yourself, that was it really.

Trips/Holidays

49. I went on holiday while I was at St Philip's. We went up near Fort William. We were camping for about five days and went hiking and things. It was a good experience.

Visits

50. Apart from seeing my sister [REDACTED], I had no contact with my family while I was at St Philip's. I had visits from my social worker and my drug worker. Pat would come up at weekends and take me out then drop me off at my sisters. For all that I got on with Pat, and he was a positive influence, I continued to smoke cannabis.

Abuse at St Philip's Residential School, Airdrie

51. I got on well with the staff at St Philip's and could trust them to a certain extent. There was a member of staff called ^{HKF}[REDACTED], he was ex-army. He was a bit more intrusive. When you came back in the evening, he would get you to empty your pockets. Sometimes he would take it too far and strip search you. He was horrible. He would make you take your clothes off and tell you to pull your boxers down. It was like a police strip search. I don't know why he did this, I think it was just because he could. I don't know if he recorded this, but I never saw it in any of my daily logs.
52. There was a member of staff called ^{HYS}[REDACTED] who always smelled of alcohol. He was constant night shift, and you could smell it as soon as he came through the door. All the other members of staff were ok, but I was known as the 'druggie'. They accused me of taking all sorts of drugs, and I wasn't. My worst memories of St Philip's were being given heroin by ^{HYS}[REDACTED]. I went back to the unit one night

and he was on duty. I went into the office and he was holding a piece of tin foil. He said, "Oh, there's the wee druggie". He told me he only had a little bit left, but the next night he would give me a good smoke. I didn't know what he was talking about.

53. The next night he gave me the key to the kitchen and told me to get a piece of tin foil. I thought it was for a bucket lid, for smoking weed. He put a bit of powder on the tin foil and started burning it. I had just been to the dentist and had a plate put in my mouth with four false teeth. I had two lines of this stuff on the tin foil, and I was in the toilet being sick and I lost my plate. I went straight to my bed after that. This became a regular event. He used to stay just across from the unit, so I would go to his place before getting back at night. I was doing this right up until I left St Philip's, six months before my sixteenth birthday. I asked **HYS** what it was and he said it was cannabis oil.
54. I don't think other staff members were aware. He was upstairs in the office, on his own during the night shift and because I was going back later at night, everyone else was in bed. I was fifteen years old. I told my sister and her friend and unbeknown to me, her pal told the police in Wishaw. I didn't realise what it was he was giving me until I went to the doctors. I took some Valium and I woke up the next morning and I was ill, being really sick. I hadn't seen **HYS** for a day or two. My sister had told my mum and she came up to the unit and took me to the doctor. The doctor told me and my mum that I was withdrawing. I asked what he was talking about, and he said I had clearly been taking heroin and was withdrawing from it. He thought I had been injecting it, but I told him I wasn't. He gave me some dihydrocodeine and diazepam. I don't know if he reported it to the police, but that's when I found out that my sister's pal had. My sister had got in touch with my mum as she was concerned about me. That's why she came up to the unit.
55. My behaviour had changed when I was smoking heroin. I wasn't going to see my sister, I was going to see **HYS**. He would tell the staff at St Philip's that I was helping him decorate during the day.

Leaving St Philip's Residential School, Airdrie

56. When we left the doctors, my mum and I went back to the unit to pick up some clothes because she said that was it, I was going home. I took the drugs the doctor gave me, so I wasn't fit to go anywhere. I spoke with Kate, my social worker, she was aware that my mum had taken me out of St Philip's. Pat, my drug worker, had left by that time.
57. My mum couldn't handle me. I was withdrawing from the drugs and stealing. I only stayed with her for a few days then I was put into Cecil Street Children's Home, in Coatbridge. I was on a full prescription from the doctor. Dihydrocodeine to help with the withdrawals and diazepam to help me relax.

Cecil Street Children's Home, Coatbridge

58. **Secondary Institutions - to be published later**
Secondary Institution A couple of days later I gave a statement to the police at Coatbridge. It was plain clothes officers. One of them was a Fiona Stewart. They told me that they would be in touch. I never heard from them again. I did hear that the police searched **HYS** house, because he was selling heroin. I told them this, and where he was getting it from, things like that. One of the staff from St Philip's, **[REDACTED]** stayed where I grew up, so she knew my mum and she spoke with her. She told her that Brian McGuiness walked into the office one day and **HYS** was lying across the desk, with the burnt tinfoil, so I don't know why he wasn't charged with anything. I know he got the sack.
59. A while after I left care, they put me into a scatter flat on Airdrie main street and by this time I had moved on to a methadone programme. I was in the chemist one day and I turned round and **HYS** had walked in. The woman working in the chemist must have seen it in my face because I nearly passed out. She asked if I was alright. I told her I needed to get out. She said, "You haven't had your methadone yet". I said, "Fuck my methadone". My sister was waiting outside, and when I came out, I was crying. She asked me what the matter was, and I told her

HYS [REDACTED] had walked into the chemist. When he came out, she started shouting at him. I just wanted to get home.

60. When I had been in St Philip's, they wanted me to go into Castle Craig Rehabilitation Centre. At that time I was very young, and I was just kind of getting into the drug scene, so I turned it down. They had just found out that I was on heroin. It was Kate, my social worker that came up with the idea. I didn't think they would accept me at the place, I was still a kid. I was fifteen years old at this time. My day to day life was about getting a fix.

61. When I just went into Cecil Street, Kate Lennox thought I could go to college. So, I started in Motherwell College, but I couldn't function because I was withdrawing every day and having to go and get sorted. So, college went out the window. The first time I was in Cecil Street I was there a while, about eight months or so.

62.

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

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Secondary Institutions - to be published later

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65. I don't know why, but a decision was made for me to move from Cecil Street to Pine Court Children's Home, which is in Cumberland. It hadn't been discussed with me. Normally I'd have a planned meeting before I moved, but that never happened this time. Cecil Street probably pushed to get me out of there.

Pine Court Children's Home, Cumberland

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

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Leslie Street Children's Home, Motherwell & returning home

69. I don't know what was behind the decision to move me from Pine Court. By that time the planned meetings weren't taking place and people were just making the decision that I should be moved. They just didn't know what to do with me. I was moved to Leslie Street Children's Home, in Motherwell. I was only there for a couple of days. It made me feel that I didn't fit in anywhere.
70. Again, I don't know why I was moved from there, I was just told I was going. I moved from there to my mums for a short period of time. I remember having to jump out of the window at my mum's because I was rattling, withdrawing from the drugs. My auntie used to walk the streets with me at three and four in the morning, trying to walk the legs off me. I was taking things like TV's out of my mum's house and selling them to get heroin.
71. One day I went into the social work office to see Kate Lennox and she told me that my mum didn't want me back. She told me I was going back into Cecil Street. My mum couldn't cope with me, nobody could. This was a new thing to them all. It was a heavy situation to be in. I was only a kid. I should have been made to go to rehab, they were more equipped to deal with me. It was residential rehab and that would have taken care of everything. My mum told them that they had caused the problem and they could deal with it. She was right.

Second stay at Cecil Street Children's Home, Coatbridge

72. The second time in Cecil Street didn't last very long

Secondary Institutions - to be published later


Secondary Institutions - to be published later

On the day of my birthday, the staff woke me up and told me I had a meeting. I was told that there was a place for me at Old School Court, a homeless unit, and I was being taken off

the supervision order. So, I went there that day. At the meeting were Kate Lennox, Fiona Stewart, Frances Ross, who was a senior social worker and a couple of people I didn't know, including someone from the homeless accommodation unit. I wasn't given any say in going there, I was told.

73. I wasn't prepared for the move. Luckily, it was only at the back of Cecil Street, and

Secondary Institutions - to be published later



Leaving the care system

74. Old School Court was just round the corner from Cecil Street Children's Home. I went there after the meeting in Cecil Street, on my sixteenth birthday. It is actually an old school. A massive building with lots of rooms in it. My room had cooking facilities, a bathroom, and a bed. There were members of staff downstairs. They weren't like care workers, there weren't lots of them on at any one time. There were maybe two on and they were just there to let you in and things like that.
75. I could come and go as I pleased. I had been taken off the supervision order, so I was no longer the responsibility of the social work. I was made to claim Jobseekers Allowance, but my doctor said I shouldn't be claiming that because I wasn't in any fit state to work. So, I was put on to sickness benefit.

Life after being in care

76. When I left the care system I was homeless for years, then I went to Throughcare, which used to be Connect Care. They were quite good with me because they knew me through my sister. I knew a lot of the staff and got on well with them. They got me a small flat, but again, I didn't know how to look after a flat, or myself. Throughcare

had helped me at Old School Court, with my benefits and taking me shopping and things like that, so I had their support there too. But at that time, the first thought in my head was going to score heroin, not go shopping.

77. I haven't had a childhood, I have not had a teenage life. It has just been a struggle, day after day, constantly just trying to get a 'fix'. You can't do anything if you are constantly sick and have diarrhoea until you get heroin and feel normal. That has been my life since being given heroin by HYS [REDACTED]. I am still addicted and still looking for that fix.
78. Over the years I have had two of my own tenancies and a furnished flat. I had a furnished flat in Forgewood, in Motherwell, not long after I was in Old School Court, but I couldn't budget. I also had a flat in Coatbridge and the one in Airdrie, when I saw HYS [REDACTED] in the chemist. I didn't go back to Airdrie.
79. I stayed with my sister [REDACTED] off and on, then people came through her door, trying to rob me and they almost killed the both of us. They were wanting to steal the money and drugs I had on me. It was horrific. I got stabbed ten times, a shattered elbow, my ear was all cut, I got a hundred and twenty-four staples in my head, and a hundred and forty stitches in my face. This happened when I was about twenty-one years old. I have actually had three attempts made on my life, all to do with drugs. The last one was a couple of years ago and the other was a few years before that. During the last attack I was stabbed six times in the chest, one of which was two centimetres from my heart. I was in hospital on each occasion for a considerable length of time. After I got the staples in my head, I had to learn to walk and talk again. I began forgetting a lot. I wasn't as sharp as I used to be.
80. I have been in a long-term relationship, off and on for about twenty years, but he passed away and I can't be bothered with relationships anymore. He was an ex-police officer ironically. We had a house together. I'm just waiting to get back into it. I don't know if I will be able to do it. I went in once and couldn't stay. I just pictured him lying there.

81. I'm in Glasgow most of the time now. I've had a couple of scatter flats there through the council, then I went down to [REDACTED] as a friend of mine had a pub and a hotel down there. I ran that for him for about three years. I ended up getting involved with drugs and got put in jail for three and a half years. I've been in jail two or three times in my life. Every time has been because of drugs.
82. I am still in touch with [REDACTED], but I have no contact with the rest of my siblings. It's through drugs and everything else. My mum is in Ireland now, so I don't really see much of her. I speak to her on the phone, but that's about it. I have had no contact with my dad for a long time.

Impact

83. I don't think I would have ever tried heroin if it hadn't been given to me by [REDACTED] HYS [REDACTED]. It wasn't something I thought about while I was growing up. When I was young, I thought heroin was only injected and I am scared of needles. I have never injected it in my life. But it has controlled my life since he gave me it until now.
84. It has impacted relationships and having friends. All my friends are drug addicts. They aren't really pals, they are just trying to get themselves together. I couldn't trust any of them. All this has come from me being given what I initially thought was cannabis oil.
85. I have asthma and COPD. I am still on dihydrocodeine, because someone tried to chop my hand off, and diazepam for my anxiety. I was on methadone for twenty years. It took me long enough to get off it, I swore I would never go back on it. I am interested in going to get a jab through a pilot scheme in Glasgow. You get the jab, it's not a needle, it's like a pen, that you only need once a month, and it takes you off drugs. I have seen people who have had it and the difference in them is astounding. They look better and cleaner in a matter of weeks. It would stop me needing to go to a chemist every day. I can't go on holiday, I can't really do much at all. It really ties you down. I don't sleep at all.

86. I have attempted to take my own life a couple of times but it's not the way to go. You've just got to try and deal with things. I have only had one or two jobs in my life, but I've never been able to keep a hold of them. It's just down to the drugs again.
87. I was once given a court order to have twenty-one sessions of counselling. I saw a few counsellors, but every one of them said they couldn't deal with me because I was under the influence of drugs. Even if it is methadone, they say you are under the influence, so they will not treat you. I'm under the influence every day, so there is no chance of it happening. I feel it has completely ruined my life. I could have been something or done something useful with my life.
88. My lawyer applied for criminal injuries compensation on my behalf a few years ago. I had a hearing and they looked at my criminal record and said they would take a percentage off and it wouldn't be worth my while.

Reporting of Abuse

89. I reported ^{HYS} [REDACTED] to the police while I was still in care, but the police never got back to me. I have not spoken to them about the matter again. I have spoken to a solicitor called Marjory Millar, from Michael Lott solicitors in Motherwell. She has written to the social work department a couple of times and had a reply, telling her that they are trying to find my records, but I haven't heard anything else. I was speaking to someone recently about redress, apparently, he had applied for it and got ten grand or something like that. But money isn't going to help me. I've got money, that's not what I need. I need something like this job to try and sort my life out.
90. I have revisited a few of the places I was in when in care. I used to call them and speak with the staff. I have good relationships with [REDACTED], who used to be in St Philip's. She is a unit manager in a children's home now. I have a good relationship with Brian McGuinness, who got me into jockey training. I was there for

months. Up at the stables every weekend. I really believe I could have been something.

Records


91. I have applied for my records twice. Once through Marjory Miller, and a couple of years back through Who Cares Scotland. I called them up but they said they need it in writing, so I wrote to them, but I have had nothing back. I saw some of the minutes from some of my meetings at the time, but I have never seen them as an adult.

Lessons to be Learned

92. **HYS** was a member of staff at St Philip's, but he started off as an electrician in the grounds and he became a member of staff. He didn't go through disclosures and things like that, but now all that is in place, whereas he got in through the back door. I don't know if he did any training to become a member of staff. From what I know, with the staff knowing that he was coming into St Philip's stinking of booze, he should never have been there, and he should never have been allowed to take us up to his house to help him paint.
93. I had a lot of hopes and dreams, but they were all dashed a long time ago. I just hope they can do things right and look after children properly, the way they are meant to be. As I was getting older the restraints that were used got better and better, so hopefully things like that will help. There is still a lot of heroin out there, and some kids will get addicted to it, so I hope the staff are equipped to deal with them.
94. If I had been at my mums and never went into care, I would never have been allowed to go into Glasgow at such an early age. Never in a million years. I was on a supervision order and they were meant to look after me, but I think it was easier for them to let me go, rather than fighting with me to stay.

Other information

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

Signed... .....
Dated... 2/3/23.....