

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

GLV

Support person present: No

1. My name is GLV. My date of birth is 1977. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

Life before going into care

2. I lived with my mum and dad in Loanhead. My mum was and my dad was I did have a half-sister, my dad had a kid before he met my mum, but I didn't know about her until I was about twelve. I didn't really form any relationship with my half-sister.
3. We had a beautiful house, both my parents worked and I was looked after. I would say family life was fine. My mum and dad were both in full time employment.
4. I went to Paradykes Primary School in Loanhead and it was from about that age that I started getting into trouble. I wasn't concentrating at school because I wasn't understanding things, so much seemed to be way over my head. Things just spiralled from there really and I ended up just not going to school. I was basically an idiot when I was at school. I also started doing a bit of stealing. Obviously none of that went down well with my parents.
5. I put much of that down to ADHD (Attention Deficit Hyperactivity Disorder) now but we didn't know that when I was young. We didn't really know about ADHD back in that time and how big it was. It was really non-existent so there was no diagnosis as such. Looking back, knowing what I know now, I can sort of self-diagnose it though.

6. My dad didn't really do anything with me at all. I was a keen footballer and I loved fishing but when he had his days off from work he also drove a black taxi so he never really spent any time with me. I felt alone when I was with my parents because I never really got any attention, they were always busy doing things.
7. Looking back I don't know if my behaviour was a cry for help or attention or if it's to do with the ADHD. I started smoking when I was about eleven or twelve and I even wonder now if not being able to smoke in the house and trying to steal my parents cigarettes, and things like that, had anything to do with why I was acting the way I was when I was younger.
8. I do have a very vague memory of going to the sick kid's hospital in Edinburgh when I was about eleven or twelve and speaking to somebody about my behaviour. I found out later in life that this was a psychiatrist. I discovered that from my medical records. I don't have any recollection of what we spoke about and I don't know what came out of that, if anything. I don't the name of that psychiatrist but there is reference to that on my medical records.
9. I went to Lasswade High School and they couldn't deal with me, so I was put to Beeslack High School where it was exactly the same, they couldn't deal with me either. I was always getting into trouble, getting detention and playing truant. No one ever sat me down and spoke to me, and asked me why I was behaving the way I was.
10. I remember going to meetings at the school, with my mum and my guidance teacher and the head of whichever department it might be and I just kept getting warnings and kept getting told what I needed to do. I did try to explain to people that I didn't know what I was doing, I didn't know how to do it but no attention was ever given to what I said. I would keep getting detention when I'd be asked to do things I couldn't understand and there was never any additional help, so I would think 'what's the point' and walk out.

11. I'm not sure if there was social work involvement at that stage. I did attend Children's Panels, I remember them, but I've not got a clear memory of what happened at them.
12. Then when I was thirteen there was an incident at home where I smashed a greenhouse window and locked my mum and dad out of their own house. I was then put down as being beyond parental control and I was shipped out to Drylaw.

Drylaw Young Persons Centre, Edinburgh

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

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33. Secondary Institutions - to be published later

That was when I went to

Wellington Farm School in Penicuik, which was on a daily basis from Drylaw but it was

just occasional days, it wasn't on a permanent basis.

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

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Leaving Drylaw YPC

56. I know from my records that I was taken from Drylaw kids home to Wellington Farm by the social work on [REDACTED] 1992. I wasn't involved in any of the decisions that were made that led to me going to Wellington Farm as a resident. That was to be the place where I experienced the worst abuse.

Wellington Farm, Penicuik

General

57. Wellington Farm was in the middle of nowhere, out past Penicuik. It was a big building, with outbuildings and four different residential units. There was a main office building and classrooms then there was an outbuilding for mechanics and another for football. The four residential units had names, like Lammermuir and Dornoch or something like that. I can't remember them or the one I was in.
58. To start it was fine at Wellington Farm. There was a bit of structure, you knew what time you were getting up in the morning and what you were doing Monday to Friday. Being there residential and being there as a day pupil was like night and day though. Things drastically changed when I went there residential.
59. The kids were all about the same age, pretty much all secondary school age and it was all boys, about fifteen to twenty in total, that's day pupils and residential.
60. The four residential units were on two levels with a meeting room, office and TV room on the ground floor. The TV room was all open plan with a fridge, sink and kitchen type area and tables for dining. The toilets and shower cubicles were downstairs as well. Upstairs was the bedrooms. All four residential units were exactly the same.
61. We had assembly in the main building and everybody used to go there in the morning to get split up to go wherever they were going for the day.

62. There were staff in the unit and teachers but sometimes at the weekend the teachers would come in and cover shifts to help the staff. The teachers were nine to five as far as I know.
63. When I first went it was an Andrew McCracken that was the headmaster, he had ginger hair. I didn't have many dealings with him. Throughout my time there another member of staff, HWG [REDACTED] SNR [REDACTED]. His nickname was HWG [REDACTED]. His wife, Christine also worked there, they lived in West Linton. They were decent. He was tough but fair, but he could be kind of dismissive if you went to him about something that had happened. There was also SNR [REDACTED] called HMM [REDACTED], I can't remember his surname.
64. In each residential unit there was a team leader, so four team leaders and then there was the staff that worked in the units as well. One of the staff that worked in your unit would then be your key worker. In my unit the staff there were GLW [REDACTED], Ambi who was an Asian girl, GLY [REDACTED] who was about seven foot tall with long greasy hair and another one I can't remember. There was then two guys that always did the nightshifts, I can't remember their names. GLY [REDACTED] was my key worker at Wellington Farm.
65. Ambi, who we called 'Bambi' was very nice, she was GLY [REDACTED]'s girlfriend. There was also another guy called Billy who was a family member to GLW [REDACTED] he was always good as well. Some staff didn't hit you and would talk to you, that tended to be the newer ones and they would usually sit and talk to you. Billy HWG [REDACTED] and Christine were kind staff, and HMM [REDACTED] but he maybe had an ulterior motive. They showed care and kindness but that was about it at Wellington Farm.

Routine at Wellington Farm

First day

66. There was no preparation or settling in process or anything like that. When I first went to Wellington Farm there was no bedding on my bed so they weren't ready for me and

yet it had been planned. It was freezing that night and I only had my jacket to use. Eventually I got bedding but not that first night.

67. My room was just like at Drylaw, no television or things like that. I had my radio tape player, a bed and a wardrobe, that was about it.

Mornings and bedtime

68. It was more structured at Wellington Farm so the staff made sure you got up in the morning because they knew you were going to school. You'd get up, get showered and dressed and have breakfast. Sometimes you'd get tipped out your bed if you weren't getting up on time, but it wasn't that bad in the morning.
69. Bedtime was ten o'clock and when I first went to Wellington Farm I could never just go to bed, close my eyes and go to sleep. There were two nightshift guys on duty every night and they used to give me Benylin to help me sleep. I just thought they were trying to help me but looking back the Benylin back then had some other agent in it that made you sleep. I don't think that was something they should have been doing. I don't remember their names.

Mealtimes/Food

70. There was a central kitchen up in the main building where all the meals were made then they were put out to the units on trolleys. There was no choice, you just ate what was put in front of you and if you didn't like it that was it, there was nothing else.
71. At night it was the same as Drylaw, the kitchen closed and there was nothing else. Sometimes toast or something basic like that. We sometimes sneaked out the back door and made our way to Penicuik just to get some food.

Washing/bathing

72. We had these shower cubicles that we used to wash. It was open plan no locks and if you were taking too long the staff would take your towel away. You would then have to run up to your room holding your bits and pieces trying to get yourself sorted. That was really humiliating and I'd say nearly all the staff did that. It was such a shit way to deal with us.

Leisure time

73. There was an outbuilding with go-karts that we had built so we would use them round the football pitch. There was also a brick building where we played five-a-side football. That was all supervised by unit staff.
74. Most of the time I just played football. We had a football team which I was part of. We had weekly training and then games against other establishments that were like Wellington Farm. Places in Perth, Musselburgh and other places we would go to in the minibus. It was maybe some kind of bad boy's school league, I'm not sure, but it was certainly all organised.
75. We did have a TV room but I can't picture ever sitting watching TV, I've no memory of that. At weekends HMM, SNR, would sometimes take us for a Chinese Takeaway or to the shops. That did depend on the staff that were working as not all of them did things like that.

Trips and holidays

76. There were minibuses at Wellington Farm, and we did use them to go to football matches and to go swimming at Ainslie Park. I can't remember any other trips at all.

Schooling

77. After assembly we were split up to go and do things for the day. There was woodwork, brick laying, mechanics, sign-writing, things like that, no English or maths though.

78. The sign writing was about the only one I liked. The rest of the teachers didn't really care. I can't remember teacher's names.

Work

79. During the school holidays we would get extra money for cutting the grass and trimming the hedges around the grounds. It was a big place so that would take us weeks to do and we would get some extra pocket money.

Personal possessions

80. We got a wee brown packet with money in it from the staff every week.

Culture / bullying

81. When I first went in to Wellington Farm there was a pecking order. You probably always have that wherever you go. Some of the unit staff would also encourage some of the stuff that went on, some of the fighting. There would be fights between kids from different units.
82. Staff would ask the older boys to have a word with someone in another unit because of what he was saying or doing, so the staff were definitely encouraging it. A guy called **KNO** and a guy called **GMA** were two that did that sort of thing and it would usually end up with two boys having a fight.
83. It got to a stage for me that I just couldn't stand it anymore and as time went by and all the nonsense that went on I learnt to look after myself. I was pretty much left alone then, so nobody bothered me and I was fine.
84. Wellington Farm had to go to my parents to get permission for me to smoke. They did that with everybody. I did get money from home and it was used for cigarettes but they had to get parental consent.

Visitors

85. I didn't meet up with my friends from my area when I was at Wellington Farm. I kind of lost track of them, especially being a way out where we were. There was only the one bus that went out that way and it was miles from anywhere.

Family contact

86. Family visits became non-existent because my mum just kept getting bad reports. Her mind set was that I wasn't changing so she stopped coming to visit me. It was pretty much like that right along in all the places I was.

Running away

87. Sometimes we sneaked out and made our way to Penicuik for food because we were so hungry. That was a long road and it took us over an hour to walk it. It was at night so every time we saw the lights of a car coming we would jump the wall and hide in case it was the police.

External inspections / social work involvement

88. I don't remember any inspections or external visits. The office building was separate from our residential units so there would be visitors and cars there but we never knew who it was, it could have been social workers or inspectors, I don't know.
89. I did have meetings with social workers but there's only so many times you can say to people that things are happening and nothing gets done about it. Quite a lot of the time I would just be staring at the wall, that more or less happened all the way through my time in care.

Discipline

90. I did enjoy the football matches we played against other schools. The only problem was that team selection was used as part of the punishments they had. We would all go to the assembly room every day and that's when the team would be announced.
91. You wouldn't know until that day if you were playing football that afternoon and it depended on what you'd been doing that week. Things like if you'd been good or how many slaps you'd had, things like that. The team would get shouted out in front of everyone but some teachers used that to their advantage and wouldn't let you go because you'd done this or that. You would be listening to them shouting out the team and you wouldn't know if you were going to be in it.
92. That could be really annoying because it was usually the teachers that had started it. That happened four or five times to me and I used to feel angry about it because I was missing the football and I hadn't done anything to deserve it.
93. The staff would also get in touch with your parents and tell them their side of what happened so the chances were that if you had weekend leave you wouldn't be going home that weekend either.

Abuse at Wellington Farm

94. It was different in the residential units to what it was like in the classes. If you were mucking about in the building class you could get hit with a long metal spirit level or kicked with a steel toe cap shoe. That was by the guy that took the building classes, he never took any crap, it was his way or you were getting hit. His name was HKM something like that and he was really quick tempered. He hit me and other boys, on the back, arms or back of the legs with the spirit level or kicked us on the legs. If you were quick enough you could see the toe cap coming and dodge it. The spirit level was a big brick layers' thing so it was sore and left marks on our arms and back. It wasn't just the spirit level he would hit us with whatever he had to hand, so it could be the spirit level, a trowel or whatever or a kick with his boots.

95. No one ever had any medical treatment, and nobody ever asked about it, it was more or less laughed off when we went back to the unit and spoke about it. It was never ever his fault though. The staff were always asking what we had done to deserve it, that's just how it was.
96. The staff would make a joke out of slapping or hitting you but sometimes you would react, and go into a defence mode. They were bad for trying to noise you up and get a reaction from you, they would just come along and hit you, then you would defend yourself and then they would set about you. I broke my wrist, a finger and dislocated my shoulder all from staff hitting me for no reason, me then retaliating and the staff restraining me.
97. The time I broke my wrist and finger I was just hit for no reason, then when I defended myself I was held down over a table. Other staff came in and tables and chairs went flying and I was put face down into the ground. There were five members of staff holding me, they had my arms and legs, and were pushing down on my neck and legs which were crossed over. That was GLW, GLY, GMA, GLX and someone else. There were knees on my arms and my wrists were being twisted back. I was struggling and shouting and screaming and they just held me until I stopped. I was screaming in pain and they just kept hurting me, they never let up. I couldn't really move and eventually they gradually released their grips and took me to an office to speak to me about it. I never wanted to talk to them, I just wanted away from them for a fag.
98. It wasn't until two days after that incident that I was taken to the hospital. I kept on telling them my wrist was sore and I was just told it would be fine and to take some painkillers. Eventually I did get taken by GLY my key worker, and I had an x-ray and got a stookie on it as it was broken. That must be recorded somewhere but it happened all the time to me and to other boys and I don't think anything was recorded officially at Wellington Farm. Going through my social work records there's nothing that says anything about me having to be restrained, nothing at all.

99. I remember another time I broke two fingers, it was just the same, me defending myself and a group of staff restraining me. I ended up in hospital for that as well. I remember they taped my fingers together so that will surely be recorded somewhere.
100. I can't remember what the doctors and nurses asked or were told about what had happened.
101. Things like that could happen once every couple of weeks or sometimes twice in a day, that's just how it was, and it happened to all the boys. If you had a short fuse you might have it happening more than some of the others. Once you had calmed down you could still be punished further by not getting to play in the football team.
102. I remember another time when I was being restrained by staff I kicked out and I hit GLW GLW in the mouth. I kicked one of his teeth out doing that and he always had a grudge against me after that. I was moved to Ferniehill later and his brother-in-law was a stand-in or relief worker for the units, Secondary Institutions - to be published later
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103. Another thing that happened to me with GLW at Wellington Farm which was no accident was during a football match. He went in for a tackle with me and dislocated my shoulder. That was another time I needed medical treatment so that should be recorded as well. It may or may not have been intentional but I don't think it was an accident.
104. I once gave a boy a cigarette at Wellington Farm and got a slapping for it. I remember the staff, it was GLW asking me why I'd given the boy the cigarette because he didn't have parental consent to smoke. I got slapped on the back of the head for that by GLW GLW I forget GLW surname.

105. HMM SNR was openly gay. He was always very touchy feely with the boys. He would come into the unit and massage boys around the back of their shoulders, he did it to me and to a few of the other boys as well. It was always put down to being a bit of a laugh and that was it.
106. After I had left Wellington Farm and was out of social work care living with my partner I got a visit from the police about HMM I was about twenty at the time. They asked me questions about him and what he'd done when I was at Wellington Farm. Looking back it was all a bit weird but he didn't actually do anything to me. I do now wonder if he was grooming me and some of the other boys with the massaging, the takeaways and the shopping trips he would take some of us on. That's the sort of things he did when he was on weekend duties.
107. I was thinking the police were asking me these questions for a reason and had something happened. Had I been one of the lucky ones? I don't remember HMM's surname but he drove a silver RS Turbo, I remember that as that's the car he would drive us in to Penicuik in at the weekends.
108. I just blanked the police, I didn't give them a statement and I don't know what it was all about.

Reporting of abuse at Wellington Farm

109. I did go to HWG SNR and tell him about the hitting that was going on with the spirit levels and the toecaps. I can't remember what made me do that but I did and he was just dismissive towards anything like that, so nothing happened with that at all.

Leaving Wellington Farm

110. I was running away with guys who were getting involved in serious stuff and I was then threatened with being placed in a secure unit. I think it was called Rossie. I wasn't

involved and hadn't been charged by the police but I was still being told I was very close to getting myself sent to Rossie. I suppose it was because I was running away and because of some of the reports I was getting from the school.

111. I don't know if the reason behind me being moved from Wellington Farm to Ferniehill was to do with the running away or because there was more fighting and restraining going on and more hospital visits or just all of that stuff, but a decision was made to get me out of there.

112. I did go to Ferniehill once for a meeting and to get shown round the place and then I moved there in [REDACTED] 1992 when I was fourteen. I then stayed at Ferniehill but continued attending Wellington Farm School as a day pupil. Wellington Farm was a hell hole and I was quite happy to go back to being a day person and living in another home.

Ferniehill Young Persons Centre, Edinburgh

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

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Secondary Institutions - to be published later

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Leaving Ferniehill YPC

131. It got to a stage, after about a year, that I was getting into trouble with other kids at Ferniehill and I was getting in bother with the police. I think the staff were wanting me shipped out as quickly as possible so I was sent to Southhouse.

Southhouse Young Persons Centre, Edinburgh

132. Southhouse was the last place I stayed before I was out the door and on my own. I wasn't there for very long as I went there about six months before my sixteenth birthday and I left the care set up as soon as I was sixteen. I remember feeling that all they wanted was to get me out their system.

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Secondary Institutions - to be published later

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137. I'd just finished up at school at Wellington Farm. No one spoke to me or gave me any guidance about how to apply for a job or anything like that. It was more about getting me a flat and signing on for benefits. All they did for me was identify a flat and get me put in there as quick as possible.

Life after being in care

138. To start with I was offered a flat in [REDACTED] in the Moredun area which was such a bad place for me to be. I wasn't happy about going there but I was basically told I would be out on the street if I didn't accept it. I didn't want to live in that flat but I had no choice, so I accepted it.

139. I stayed in the flat for about two or three months. I had a couple of visits from my key worker but that was it. All I ever did was ask when I was going to get these grants that we'd applied for so I could put carpets down. I did get some benefits, whatever it was back in that day.

140. I only dealt with the people that worked in the home, I didn't have any contact with any other social workers, just the help I got from my keyworker at Southhouse. I can't remember her name but she was from Stirling and drove a white XR2.

141. I was living on my own at sixteen. I had very little contact with my family at that time in my life. They had been told all these things about me, because they were told things every time I ran away so they had very little to do with me then.
142. The flat was nearly empty so I had to put in for grants for carpets, furnishings and all that kind of thing. I was about thirteen floors up and had no carpets, hardly any furniture and nothing on the walls. All I had was a three seater couch from a charity shop, a single chair, a cooker, a fridge and some cutlery and plates. Once again I had people saying to me that they were trying to get the grant authorised so I was waiting for that to come through and then trouble ended up at my door.
143. I ended up having to do a midnight flit and basically packed a bag and left. I had to leave everything I had, all my football medals and trophies and personal things, as I had to leave.
144. When I first got out I was spending time with a couple of guys who I would describe as friends of mine at that point in time, because of what we were going through but I wasn't into the same things as them. One was going out and doing assault and robberies and that was never my game. He ended up in Saughton and later went on to murder someone.
145. After I left [REDACTED] I started travelling about with the fairground shows. I had no more contact at all with anyone from the social services after that. I did still have a bit of contact with my grandparents but my mum and dad had moved abroad so I didn't have much contact with them.
146. Then I did a bit of work on car sales and eventually things started getting better with my parents. I ended up going abroad and living with them and working in pubs and clubs on doors and things like that.
147. I came back to Edinburgh when I was about eighteen or nineteen and started working in pubs and clubs there. I did that for years, that's my background. I've worked pubs, clubs, close protection and retail, that's the field I took.

148. I've never been in jail and when I look back I do wonder how I managed to get away with that when I think of the company I kept. The people I grew up with in those units are now either junkies, rapists, murderers or dead. I do feel I've been one of the lucky ones that managed to get things sorted before it really went downhill.
149. I had been charged by the police and I had been getting in bother so it was getting to the stage where if I kept going down that road I would end up in jail. That was something I didn't want to be doing.
150. All the stuff I'd learnt when I was growing up, the crime and the shoplifting stuff, I turned that around and it became me catching them, but doing it as a job.
151. I didn't have any qualifications but I knew what I was doing because I had done it for so long. I just needed to put it in a different perspective and get a job out of it.
152. I now work on the investigations team for ██████████ dealing with fraud, organised retail crime gangs and basically anyone that's being a nuisance to retailers. I'm also a part-time security consultant.
153. I have been in a relationship and I have three children.

Impact

154. I feel I was quite driven to turn things around, get a job and not go to jail. I used what I learnt when I was growing up in the units to do that, I used my bad experiences and turned them into good.
155. A significant impact has been Post Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD). When I was younger everything surrounding my time in care didn't come into my head and I would just palm it off. As I got older though things kept coming back and then I couldn't sleep properly and started having bad dreams.

156. I would always go to work and work a full day no problem, but then I'd go back home and start rattling into the drink to try and get rid of the thoughts. Instead of getting help I was just blocking it all out with alcohol. That was a few years ago now as I've managed that and now I don't drink I just hit the gym.
157. I eventually went to see the doctor about all the thoughts I was getting, especially through the recent lockdown. I was put on anti-depressants, which I wasn't keen on as I'd heard horror stories about them, but the doctor also referred me to the Edinburgh South Mental Health Team. That's when I was diagnosed with PTSD.
158. The relationship with my partner broke down about six years ago. I was drinking every night and the littlest things would make me angry. I had a short temper but I was never physically violent or self-harming or thinking about suicide or anything like that. I think the alcohol released me a wee bit from having thoughts about what happened to me when I was younger.
159. I would even think about different scenarios, like what would have happened if I'd never gone into care, if I'd behaved or never had the ADHD, which I'm pretty sure I had. I know there would be different ways of dealing with that now but back then there was nothing.
160. I'm 100% more protective over my three children. I have a good relationship with them. The relationship with my parents has been difficult but when my kids were small that's when things started to improve with my parents. It's never gone back to the way it was before, with no talking. If there was a problem we would talk about it and sort it out.
161. There's definitely been an impact on my education in that there was no education. I do feel the impact is hitting me more in my older days than it did when I was in my twenties.

Treatment/support

162. I'm waiting to start a therapy group through the Mental Health Team. I've not had any previous counselling. I do CBD, I go to the gym and exercise, I walk and I do cold water therapy and I feel all of that helps me.
163. The support I'm now getting has all been within the last two or three years, so it's all very recent and perhaps too early to say what the benefits might be.

Reporting of Abuse

164. I've never made any reports to the police about anything that happened to me in any of the units.
165. I have made an application through the redress scheme. I got a pack sent to me and saw that I could get a solicitor involved but I didn't know what the best was for me so I just went along without involving one. I might seek advice if I feel I need it.

Records

166. I spoke to redress and I spoke to the Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry and I then went through the council to try and get my social work records. That went from twenty-eight days, to three months to no contact at all.
167. I then spoke to a guy called Kevin on the redress scheme board and eventually I did get my social work reports. That was just before Christmas 2021, about ten months after I first applied for them. They don't show any details of me having any injuries. They have loads of reports to the police for running away, meetings and things like that but nothing to do with any of the injuries I sustained when I was in care.
168. I made an application for redress and while I was building up all the information for them I applied for my medical records as well. I was thinking they would surely have

something about all my injuries having seen there was nothing in my social work records.

169. I received my medical records and they did show that I was seen by a psychiatrist at the Sick Kids and that's the last record they have for me as a child before I went into care. All the medical records for all the time I was in care have vanished. There's no sign of any of them and I know I've had treatment for broken fingers, a broken wrist and stitches in my head. With so much missing that does make me ask 'what are they hiding?' That makes me quite suspicious but also empty.
170. I remember reading a report on Wellington Farm when it closed down and it said they had left all the records and reports in filing cabinets in the building and they were still there, so I don't know what happened to them.

Lessons to be Learned

171. There has to be some kind of follow on investigation if somebody goes hands on a child. If I have to go hands on a person at my work I have to have a reason for doing that. It has to get reported and it's then looked at from the top. It has to have someone else look at it, so it can never be swept under the carpet. The first thing is to consider whether any hands on even needs to be done.
172. I'm not sure what happens with children in care nowadays but back in my day if what they had done was caught on camera those staff would have been in trouble and would have lost their jobs.
173. If you're getting accused of something, like abusing a child, and nothing happens, you're going to continue doing it. If something happens these days and you know it's going to be looked at by someone else then hopefully that person would realise they won't get away with it and wouldn't do it.

174. There was no one to really speak to. When you were being restrained at Wellington Farm, you would be taken into the team leader's room once you'd calmed down. The staff would talk to you and be nice and act as if they were your friend but it was such a two faced thing.
175. There certainly wasn't any phone number or contact that you could use to get in touch with someone to report anything or speak to anyone.
176. I think that it should perhaps be another governing body, not the social work, that deal with support for young people once they come out of care. My experience was that the social work had had enough of me, I was the right age and it was up to me now.
177. I could sit and list things but what's reality and what's not. I don't know what goes on nowadays.

Hopes for the Inquiry

178. I hope nobody else has to go through the restraints, injuries and mental issues I went through. I wouldn't want anyone going through any of what I had to go through at the age I was and then having the brain wart that I'm now going through and trying to get rid of.

Other information

179. 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.....*19/7/22*.....