

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

HIK

Support person present: Yes

1. My name is HIK. My date of birth is 1961. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

Life before going into care

2. I was born in Johnstone near Paisley. I have no recollection of my father. My mother was called . Her name was . At the start I had three sisters and three brothers. They went from oldest to youngest, , , , myself, and . would have been sixty-nine. There's two year gaps between the first three of them and an eight year gap from to me. The only ones that are still alive are me, and .
3. There were several men involved with my mum. None I would consider to be a father figure. From what I remember and what I was told, when I was three months old, my Auntie , my mother's sister, took me from my biological mother. I have the honour and privilege of calling my auntie my mum. I call my biological mother 'the thing'. At the age of five I remember being a very happy, easy going, loveable child. My auntie lived at the other side of Paisley in Foxbar, my mother was in Ferguslie Park.
4. From that time I never knew the biological side of my family. For me, my Auntie was my mum. She had three daughters of her own, and . They were all younger than me. I was the boy they never had. Her husband was called . They were more than a family to me.

5. I didn't go to primary school. At five I was taken back to Ferguslie to my Nana's funeral, who I had never met. I never actually went to the funeral, I was in a house with a lot of kids. The [REDACTED]s were a big family. It was then that I met three older kids from my family. I didn't know them and I was confused. We were all playing until the adults returned. I remember my biological mum coming up to me and cuddling me, crying and saying she was never going to let me go. She decided she wanted me back and this is when my troubles started.
6. Life was then terrible. We had no electricity, no gas, no carpets, no handles on the doors, no bedding, it was just coats, there were holes in the walls. The house was filthy. This was in Ferguslie Park. I didn't go to primary school then. To my knowledge the first school I went to was Abbotsinch Boy's School when I was five and a half or six.
7. A couple of months after being at Ferguslie with this strange family I was scared. I didn't know what was going on. I was constantly leathered for no reason. 'The thing' was an alcoholic. We had no food except spam. She would pay her debt off on a Monday, get more money and buy alcohol. We got a loaf now and then, I can't remember cooked meals.
8. I ended up at a children's panel because I was uncontrollable and I kept running away. I went to the panel from a police station. It was called Gilmore Street Police Station, next to a train station. I had these blocks on my wrists, like handcuffs because I was disruptive and kicking off. I was running away because I had been getting slapped and hit and I couldn't bond with these kids. They were like the family from hell. I ran away because I was scared and when I was picked up by the police I was kicking off and carrying on. I went to the panel the next morning. I didn't know what was going on. 'The thing' was an alcoholic and she was battering me all the time. I got to the panel and there were about six people there. A social worker, someone from Barnardos and me in between these security people. I didn't know the social worker. They were saying things about me that I didn't understand. I felt like I wasn't wanted and had no control of my life. I was asked why I behaved the way I did. I didn't know it but 'the thing' was sitting behind me. I answered the questions

they asked me. They then asked her what she wanted them to do with me. All I could hear were these crocodile tears, she opened a can of Tennents Super Lager and said, "I don't know what to do, I can't control him". I turned round and said, "You fucking horrible bastard, I don't know who you are". The panel's decision was to take me away for care and protection. I never got that. This is where the abuse started.

Abbotsinch Boy's School, Paisley

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Secondary Institutions - to be published later

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Leaving Abbotsinch Boy's School, Paisley

29. I went from Abbotsinch to the Mary Russell Institute. I was there for about nine months or so. I was six and a half to seven years old. I saw a child psychiatrist called Dr Boyd. He came from the Mary Russell Institute to Abbotsinch. I can't remember the conversation, but I remember him saying to me that we'd be meeting up again, but at the Mary Russell..

Mary Russell Institute, Paisley

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Secondary Institutions - to be published later

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Secondary Institutions - to be published later

Leaving Mary Russell Institute, Paisley

40. The next place I went to was the Royal National Institute in Larbert, Stirling. I was there for about two years. I think Barnardos were making the decisions.

The Royal National Institute, Larbert, Stirling

41. This was run by Larbert social services and Barnardos. Secondary Institutions - to be published later My Auntie [REDACTED] didn't know I was in these places and I was told she was on the streets looking for me. She thought I was living in Ferguslie. She didn't find out I was in these places until after Larbert.

42. It was the head of Mary Russell that decided I should go to Larbert, I had no prior knowledge of it. Two members of staff from Larbert and a welfare officer from Paisley took me. I don't know their names. I kicked off. I wanted to know where I was going. Secondary Institutions - to be published later

Secondary Institutions - to be published later I had no idea where I was going or where I would end up. I kept asking where I was going and I was told, "You're going somewhere nice, you'll see when you get there".

Routine at The Royal National Institute, Larbert, Stirling

First Day

43. I was eight years old when I went to the Royal National Institute. I walked in freely with the two members of staff from Larbert. During the journey they were talking, I was silent and wondering what was going on and where I was going. I was given

paraldehyde the night before to calm me down and in the morning I was given chlorpromazine.

44. I wondered what the place was. It was a red bricked building with an arched doorway you walk through and tiles on the floor. It looked more of a geriatric place. It was a big, massive house. There were four big sides with lots of windows. It had lots of grounds.
45. There was a big kitchen and dining room. It was the first place I was in that you were allowed out to associate with the people you were in with. There was a playroom and three classrooms. I was in a dorm with six kids. There were two sides to the building. One was more an adult side, for elderly people with psychiatric problems. We mixed with them outside in the grounds.
46. There were about twelve to fifteen kids there. I think I was the second youngest there at eight. There was one younger lad. The oldest child was twelve to fourteen years old. I have no recollection of any girls being there. There were about three dorms for the boys. I can't remember the names of any of the staff. In the three places I had been in the only nice people were the cooks and cleaners. They didn't stay in the residences. The staff were in white coats again, like in an institution. It was still run under Barnardos.

Mornings and bedtime

47. You got up from bed a bit later there. We weren't treated as badly and physically as we were in the other two places. I was still under constant medication under their control, three to four times a day, and Prozac at night to help me sleep. I had no control over myself. I couldn't remember the names of these people because of the heavy amount of medication I was on.
48. I was put in a room and locked up. They would open the door and say, "There's your breakfast and there's your medication". You got a bit of freedom out in the grounds, playing with the other children. It gave me the impression I'd get help there, but when

you're under constant medication you don't know whether you're coming or going.
You are constantly weak and tired.

49. I remember the kicking's and slapping's. If the medication was wearing off they would try to tell me what to do, or they would grab me and hold me and I hated being manhandled, so I would kick off. It happened to others too.

School

50. We were taught English and maths. The classes were in age groups. The most in a class would be five or six at a time. I don't feel I got an education. To this day I never went to a primary or secondary school in my life.

Running away

51. When I was allowed out I ran off. There was one time I was brought back three times in the one day. I would go to the Thistle Centre, it was like a shopping mall. I was trying to find my way to the train station or somewhere to take me away. The police would take me back. I would tell them what was happening to me but they never listened. When I returned I was taken into the office and asked why I had ran off. I told them I was sick of being physically abused and medicated. They said I was trying to beat the system but I was just trying to get the system to listen.
52. A couple of times I was ghosted, wakened up early in the morning and told I was going somewhere else. This is how I ended up in the Crichton Royal in Dumfries.

Birthdays, Christmases & visitors

53. They didn't celebrate Christmas or anyone's birthday. I had no visitors. No social workers came to see me. That was about four years in care and nobody in my family had visited me.

Abuse at The Royal National Institute, Larbert, Stirling

54. It was a horrendous place, full of sexual abuse. In the showers I saw things. I saw the fear, the horror, the trauma. I saw a member of staff taking a boy's trousers down and trying to rape him in the shower. I hit him with a fire bucket full of sand.
55. Several members of staff tried to abuse some gullible, vulnerable and disabled children. I can't name any of the staff. One was small and fat. He wasn't completely bald, he had hair on his sides. He had [REDACTED]. It was the first time I'd seen [REDACTED]. He was leery, creepy and horrible. He happened to always be there at shower time. At first I saw him trying to undress a couple of boys and telling the boys he would help wash them. Both the boys were capable of undressing and washing themselves. I told him he wasn't doing it. The boys were petrified. It wasn't really showers we got, it was a quick strip wash. Him and a couple of others always wanted to help. I saw him getting very gropey, over friendly, as if he wanted to help to satisfy his wants and needs, pulling their grey shorts down. I saw the young lad screaming and holding on to his snake belt, not wanting him to take his shorts down.
56. The older boys that were there were just turning a blind eye, because it had probably happened to them. I couldn't take any more so I grabbed a bucket, it was the closest thing to me, I picked it up and hit him. He fell and when he tried to get up he banged his head against the wall then fell on to the taps. Someone ran out and said there was a fight and members of staff ran in. He was on the floor, sand all over it. Two members of staff rugby tackled me and were on top of me, with my face on the cold tiled floor. They shouted at me, "What's going on?". They were a lot heavier than me so I started kicking off. I told them what happened and the member of staff I hit with the bucket said he was just helping them undress. I was forcefully given liquid medication and the next thing I knew I was waking up in one of these little cooling down rooms. I was in there for hours, for about a day, then the head of the place came to see me. I don't know his name. He told me the police were coming. I said, "Good, bring them, I want to explain things to them". The police spoke to me about an assault with the sand bucket. This was the first time the police were called

because of my behaviour. They tried to impress the staff by telling me off, giving me abuse and giving me a couple of clouts. They didn't charge me.

57. I got into trouble for misbehaving and sometimes for being out of bounds. There were days I spat the medication out. I tried to tell the police and the social worker, who came to send me to Ladyfield, in Dumfries, about the medication, but nobody believed me.

Leaving The Royal National Institute, Larbert, Stirling

58. I was sent to the Crichton in Dumfries and spent some time in both Ladyfield East and Ladyfield West there. I was sent because of my uncontrollable behaviour and my violence. I went there when I was ten years old. The police and social services took me. Again, I wasn't given any notice, I was just told I was going.

The Crichton Royal, Dumfries

59. I went to the Crichton Royal, which is in Dumfries. I was in Ladyfield East for a year and transferred to Ladyfield West for another year. Ladyfield East was like 'One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest'. There were adults there. I went there under the Children's Mental Health Act, through the social services. It was easier than the first three places. There were boys, girls and adults there. There were different annexes, the place was huge.

Ladyfield East

60. Ladyfield East was more like a hospital. It was mixed, with boys and girls. I can't remember how many were there. It was like an orphanage. There were two younger kids than me and the oldest was about fifteen. I can't remember staff names. Again they wore white coats. There was more freedom in Ladyfield West. I was transferred there after a year.

61. Ladyfield East was physically brutal. If you looked at the staff the wrong way you were reprimanded or clouted. If you stood up to them and argued back you were leathered with belts, cat o' nine tails and cricket bats. This was the start of more brutality and psychological abuse. As I was ten years old, I was standing up to them. In their eyes I was uncontrollable, violent, a nuisance, a pest and obnoxious.

Mornings and bedtime

62. We got up at eight o'clock, washed, dressed, had breakfast and then went to classes. Again we were taught English, maths and RSA. We then went to the dinner hall at lunch time. The place had a clinical or surgical smell. After lunch we went back to the classes until three o'clock, then we went back to our rooms or went and played in the annexe for half an hour. We then had our dinner and stayed up till eight o'clock. We went to the recreation room, there was a pool table there. Staff supervised us in there.
63. At the weekends we would clean up our area, tidy our room. We would do other chores like help out in the kitchen and lay the tables. We didn't go to church, we weren't allowed anywhere outside the grounds. I can't remember any of the staff names.

Washing and bathing

64. You got a shower about twice a week, we had allocated times. There was no privacy they we as we were always supervised. There was a tin bath and you had to stand in it and have a strip wash. This happened once a week in both Ladyfield East and West.

Healthcare

65. We were never taken to a doctor outside the institution. If you were injured you were treated internally. We were given medication three times a day, every day, after our

meals. You were supervised taking it, they made sure you did. I can't recall ever going to a dentist.

Trips & visits

66. We never got any pocket money, we were never taken on any trips. I never had any visitors. Nobody ever sat me down and asked me how things were going or how I was. No social work, no family, nobody.

Bedwetting

67. I was still wetting the bed in Ladyfield East, and West, up until I was thirteen or fourteen. When you did, it was treated like it was the crime of the century. You were battered, made to wash your sheets, humiliated by being told you were a 'pissy bed' in front of everybody.
68. I was wetting the bed every day in Ladyfield East, so it happened quite a lot. I wet the bed and wet myself in class because you couldn't ask to go to the toilet and disrupt the class. When this happened I was humiliated and degraded. Other kids were too. In the last class before lunch you would go down and wash your shorts in cold water with carbolic soap in big, square sinks. You then had to go into class in your underpants. It was humiliating. They put plastic sheets on the bed to stop the mattress getting soaked.

Ladyfield West

69. I don't know why I was transferred to Ladyfield West. I saw it as just going to another place because there was a bit of distance between them, even though they were in the same complex. It was easier there, apart from wetting the bed. There wasn't much difference the first three or four months, but after that they would take you out to places in groups. We were sedated with medication before we went and people would see that there was something wrong with you. It was the first time in any place that we were taken out. We were taken a walk out to the town centre.

70. It was my view that I was in a mental asylum for children. I heard a member of staff saying, "He's in an asylum now and it's the only place for him".
71. It was the first time I had seen pets, little animals like hamsters, guinea pigs and rabbits. They kept them there. The difference with Ladyfield West was that I was beginning to accept and realise there was an easier way to do things. Nobody was listening to me, so the performances were wasted. I realised that if I went along with them it might get easier and I might get changes in my life.

Mealtimes

72. The food was always the same. It was cooked for you. I wouldn't say it was cuisine, but it was edible. There were no problems if you didn't eat it.

Running away

73. I ran away several times. It may sound daft, but my last memories of the horrible woman that called herself my mother was seeing her being beaten up by one of the drunken boyfriends. Even though I didn't like the woman, or know her, I ran away to make sure she was safe, even though I hated her. And even more so the younger brothers and sisters. I only knew them from when I went a day out with them when I was at Larbert, for about a day. I got out for a day with staff. We went to Stevenson on a beach thing, with staff from Larbert. 'The thing' wasn't there, but some of my brothers and sisters were there. This was my only meeting with them until I was thirteen.

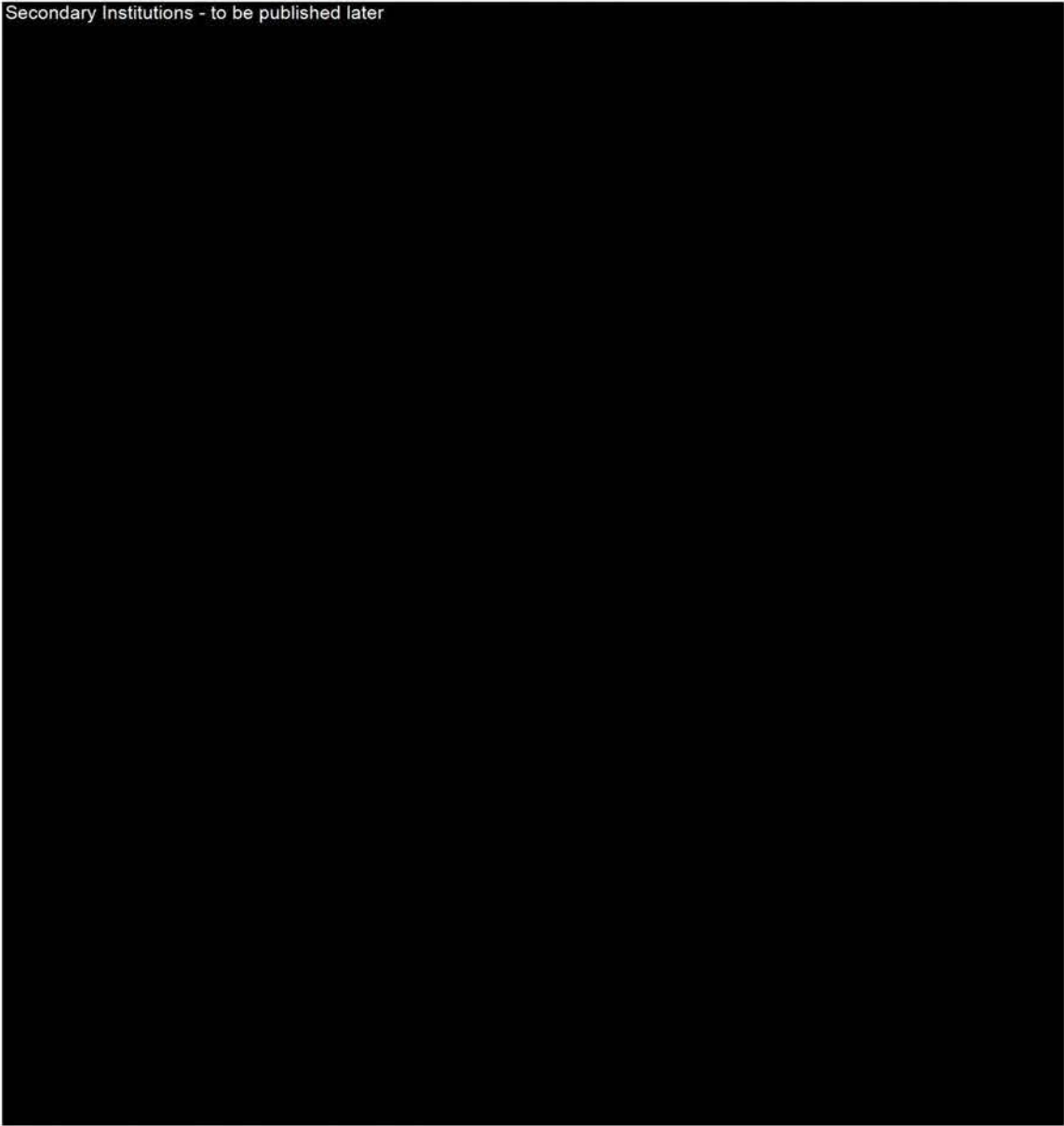
Abuse at Crichton Royal, Dumfries

74. There was a few of the staff that were innocent of the physical and emotional abuse, but they were more guilty of neglect, but with a lot of the staff the way to control us was with physical abuse, beatings and slaps for misbehaving. I can't remember any of the staff names from either Ladyfield East or West.

Leaving Ladyfield West, Crichton Royal, Dumfries

75. From Ladyfield West I went to Merton Hall in Newton Stewart. I was twelve. I was there at least two years. I remember the social worker when I was there, her name was Liz Maloney. She told me I was going there and came up and got me about a month later. There was only me and her in the car.

Merton Hall, Newton Stewart

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Secondary Institutions - to be published later

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91. Liz Maloney came to see me one day from Paisley. She told me she was taking me to the hospital as my biological mother was ill and wanted to see me. I was thirteen or fourteen. I told her I didn't want to go and see her. She recovered and I didn't have to go.

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Secondary Institutions - to be published later

When it came to me going back to Ferguslie to try to interact with the family, Liz Maloney took me along with someone else from the social work department. This was near the end of my stay at Merton Hall. It happened about three times but I never once saw out the full time there because I kept getting leathered and battered. The house was still the same. We stole scrap metal from these old houses and gave my mother the money. She was sitting with these three old alcoholics, who were abusing her. She spent the money on alcohol. It was just over four pounds. In those days it was a good bit of money. I asked her if she had got food with the money I gave her and she knocked me right down a flight of stairs. This was on my first visit. I was meant to be there for four days but lasted a day and a night. A neighbour downstairs called the police and they took me back to Merton Hall.

93. Liz and two other social workers took me back a couple of months later. I had a bag of new clothes with me. As soon as they left the older siblings took the bag and put the new clothes on and I got the tatters that they'd had on. I was there for three days then the police took me back again. Liz saw that the place wasn't fit for humans to

live in. The third time I was meant to be there for two days. The neighbours called the police again because I was getting such a beating from my mum with a carpet beater. To my knowledge no-one sat me down and asked what had happened on the three occasions I went home.

94. A few months after that Liz came back and told me that my mum was poorly and wanted to see me. I said, "Tough". However I went to the Hawkhead Hospital, I think I was about fourteen then. I had five cigarettes on me. I walked in and I had one. Liz asked if I was ok. I told her I wasn't wanting to be there. I walked through the ward and a nurse followed me and Liz to the bedside. There was another nurse tending to things in the room. I just went in the door and the nurse said, [REDACTED], there's ^{HIK} [REDACTED]. You've been asking for him". I didn't know she had been in a couple of weeks beforehand and everybody had been going to see her. When I got there, there was nobody, just the two nurses, Liz Maloney and me. 'The thing' immediately started screaming at me, "What the fuck is he doing here, get him to fuck. Get him out of here, I hate him". I was upset and crying and told Liz to take me back to Merton Hall and I walked along the corridor. The nurses came back out as I was having a cigarette outside and told me I had to go back in, I told them I wasn't. They said I had to go in and identify the body as she had just died. I didn't even know the woman, but she saved her last words for me. I wasn't expecting a mouthful like that.
95. After that day Liz Maloney took me to my aunty's house the one I thought of as my mum, [REDACTED] in Foxbar. All the relatives were there, aunties, uncles, cousins, nieces and my brothers [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. They were all saying they were sorry to hear about my mum. I told them she wasn't a mum to me. My Auntie [REDACTED], one of 'the thing's' sisters, clouted me across the head and said, "You've always been a little bastard".
96. I got taken back to Merton Hall at two o'clock in the morning. I tried for a couple of weeks to get her words out of my head, then Liz came back down and told me she was taking me to the funeral. I didn't want to go but she took me. When I got there I didn't know many people that were there. After the service, I know it's horrible, but I ended up pissing on her grave. I had scraps with uncles and 'step-dads'. None of my

family spoke to me after that. I was supposed to be there a couple of nights but lasted one night and ran away. I couldn't cope with what was going on, I didn't know who to turn to and Auntie [REDACTED] called the police. They got me in the centre of Paisley and took me back to Merton Hall.

97. I was there for another year at Merton Hall, then I went to Monken Hadley. This was about a mile and half away from Merton Hall. The year was easier knowing I wasn't having to go to see 'the thing' or other family members. Nobody came to see me in that year. I wouldn't have known if there were inspections.

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

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Leaving Merton Hall, Newton Stewart

100. I got moved from Merton Hall because I kept getting into trouble, running away, breaking into places. I think I was seeking attention, but going the wrong way about it. They didn't tell me I was going to Monken Hadley. [REDACTED]

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

101. I didn't get any notice. They came and got me and said I was going to somewhere not so far away from Merton Hall that would be easier and better and help me move on with my life. This was in 1974 or 1975. I was taken by [Secondary Institution] one of the people from the local social services. I don't know the name. I presumed it was under a child protection order. I was never consulted. It's about a mile and a half away, the journey took about twenty minutes.

Monken Hadley, Newton Stewart

First day

102. I hated Monken Hadley immediately, as soon as I walked through the door. There was a member of staff dragging this young kid, who was kicking off as I walked through the door with [Secondary Institution] this member of the social services. I said it was out of order and got pushed into an office.
103. I was there about three months. Staff were casually dressed. I don't remember any of their names. It was mixed, with boys and girls, about ten unruly teenagers. This wasn't a Barnardo's home, I'd left them after Larbert.
104. I ran away the next day and was caught in Newton Stewart. It gave me the creeps. You could hear kids screaming all the time, echoing round the place. I ran away because I thought something was wrong with the place. I suffered more violence from the staff. The police brought me back. I told them I was being hit, but they never listened to me, they didn't believe me. When I was brought back I was told off. I was put in a closed block, you were locked up, you weren't allowed out. I got no privileges and I was left in a room on my own. I had no medication.
105. I felt I wasn't cared for, protected, respected or looked after. I felt the same as I did in every place. I didn't understand why I was there, and also what help they were meant to be giving me.

Bedwetting

106. Nobody came to see me at Monken Hadley. It was just like the other places I'd been in. It was a dirty place. When I wet the bed they didn't change the sheets and would beat me and slap me. I lay in the wet sheets for a few days before they changed them. You only got to change clothes twice a week if you pee'd the bed. If you didn't pee the bed it was almost every day you got a change of clothes. We only had two sets of clothes, school clothes and casual clothes, tracksuits, etc. The social work supplied the clothes.

Abuse at Monken Hadley, Newton Stewart

107. They would discipline you by hitting you and grounding you, keeping you in your room. There were a few kickings and beatings, to teach me a lesson, to teach me to respect people. I thought I was doing this but they thought I wasn't. To teach me not to misbehave, not to interfere, to keep me under their control. They would shout at you right in your face, calling you horrible names, "You will do as your told", then slap you. It was what I witnessed, seen and went through behind closed doors, **Secondary In**
Secondary Institutions - to be published later Staff regularly slapping kids, punching kids, dragging them, pulling them by the ear, by the collar.

Leaving Monken Hadley, Newton Stewart

108. After Monken Hadley I was in either Thornley Park or the Kibble, both were in Paisley. I think Thornley Park was last. I was fifteen, nearly sixteen. I was there for nearly a year. I was in the Kibble for a couple of months. It was just a holding place. It was a closed block. I was becoming the age of a young adult, so they wanted to send me nearer to Paisley, as such I was moved to the Kibble. I wasn't given any notice. I was taken there by the social services. I don't know their names.

The Kibble, Paisley

109. Kibble was a closed block. There was a guy who got called, 'GHK'. I don't know his real name. He would stand with a bamboo cane, bending it in his hands threateningly. He was horrible. I can't remember any of the names of the staff there. It was all boys, there was about twenty plus. They were all teenagers. We were called adolescents. It wasn't modern, just an old closed block. You couldn't get out. The staff wore casual gear and all the boys wore the same uniform. It was a khaki coloured rough material, which was provided by them.

First Day

110. I went in the front door and to the left was like a main office. We went in there and they were taking down details. They had files on me from different places. They noted details from me and told me I would only be there a couple of months. They said they were looking for another place to move me forward.
111. A similar incident happened as did on the first day of Monken Hadley, but even worse, staff were holding a lad down. I was told that was a normal occurrence in there. It was physical all the time, abusive and humiliating.

Routine

112. The routine was like a borstal routine. You got up early, made up your bed packs, like an army regime. If you didn't call the staff 'Sir', you got a clout. You did induction training, like you were joining the army. There was no school. If you had a bit of fluff on you on parade you were given extra work. You had to polish your boots, polish the floor, usually a big corridor. This was done to the rhythm of the staff members voice, fast or slow. Four of you were given a scrubbing brush, carbolic soap and knee pads and we polished the corridor, which was very long. It was called the mile corridor.

113. I can't remember if I was in there for Christmas or my birthday. If I was they weren't celebrated. We got no pocket money.
114. I got the cane, the belt and the cat o' nine tails for good order and discipline. The belt and the cat o' nine tails was given on the hand, three on each one. You were given the cane over the backside. You pulled your trousers down, but kept your pants on. The gym instructor would do this. I can't remember his name.
115. You would run around the football field at seven thirty in the morning, carrying these 'lugs', which were weights. If you couldn't keep up you got extra, like a circuit. When you first went in you got a fitness test, say for instance you could only do ten press-ups, they would pressure you the next time to do more. You then had to do more the next time and if you couldn't this is when you got the cane or the belt. When they hit you, you had to say, "Thank you sir". It was just to try to break you.
116. I don't know why I ended up at the Kibble. I think just because it was nearer Paisley, although I got no visits while I was there. The weird thing is, I was in Scotland a few years ago for a funeral and [REDACTED] was there and he told me he was the headmaster of Kibble, his name is Colin Braidwood. He said it's totally different now.

Leaving The Kibble, Paisley

117. I was delighted to leave the Kibble. I just got picked up by social services from Paisley and taken to Thornley Park. I hadn't been told I was going. I don't know the names of the social workers. I was to be going to Thornley Park until I was sixteen and a half.

Thornley Park, Paisley

118. Thornley Park was a bit like Merton Hall at first. I was taken there and given something to eat. It was mixed with boys and girls. I was taken into an office and there were a lot of big files with my name on them. On the top one there was a

stamp in red ink with the word 'Approved' and 'Uncontrollable' written on it. I didn't see what was inside. They were thick files. There was an induction, which was basically going through the rules, where you can go, where out of bounds were, what you can and can't do.

119. There were about ten of us there at most, all teenagers. I remember a couple of the staff. There was one who's first name was Myles. He had blondish hair and a blondish, gingery bushy beard. He was one of the helpful ones, but nasty when he got started. There was a woman called Carol Black, who taught you horse riding. She came in from some outside stable. They took you pony trekking and things like that. There was a Mark Somerville. He was a teacher from Glenburn. He taught art and taught us how to draw. I remember the faces of others, but not the names.

Routine at Thornley Park, Paisley

Mornings & bedtime

120. We got up at eight o'clock, got washed and dressed. You had your own room with a sink and a little cupboard. You would then go downstairs and sit at the table. They tried to teach me manners, like saying 'excuse me' when I was getting up of my chair and things like that.
121. We were taught basic maths and English again. We had lunch then most of the staff had theirs after us, so we had time in the grounds to play football or tig. You could just walk away from the place if you wanted, you didn't need to run. We then had afternoon classes. After school we watched TV for about an hour, then we had dinner downstairs. The food was ok, it wasn't steak or things like that, but it was edible. We would then play games and activities, before bed at ten o'clock. The lights went out but your door wasn't locked.

Schooling

122. We were never taught one to one at school. They were showing you, then telling you. I never thought I got an education in any place. It was just more of a case of, we had to do it.

Weekend trips

123. At the weekend they would take us to Linwood, Johnstone or Barrhead. We would go to the cinema or swimming, but I wouldn't go swimming. I was terrified because at Monken Hadley I got shoved in the deep end. That was the first time we had ever went out at Monken Hadley, to the swimming baths. We got out every other weekend at Thornley Park. If they didn't have the staff then you wouldn't get out. There had to be a member of staff to every four kids.
124. They would take you to all these places then search you when you came back, because they would catch us with cigarettes. We would hide them and have them out the dorm window, or in the big field across from where we played football.

Washing & bathing

125. The washing and bathing was very hygienic. You could shower when you wanted to. You weren't supervised. You were given a towel and toiletries and you had privacy.

Healthcare

126. I can't remember seeing a dentist. I have a full set of false teeth that were done by the Blackpool police when I was older. If you had a cut or scrape you'd be seen by someone who was medically trained. There wasn't a doctor there. Once I was taken to Royal Alexandra Infirmary. I was playing football and fell on a broken jam jar, cut my knee and needed stitches. That's the only time I went to hospital over all the years in these different places.

Christmas & birthdays

127. At Christmas I think we got the same compendium of games that I'd got previously. Birthdays weren't celebrated. I had no personal possessions. I didn't see a comic until I was sixteen and a half to seventeen years old. We didn't get any pocket money. Everything was bought through the social services.

Visits & visiting

128. The other kids went home at weekends. I stayed there. Even though I lived about four or five miles away from Thornley Park, I didn't get to go home, because I had no mother then. They kept me away from my brothers and sisters, but I didn't know them anyway. Sometimes I went to one of the staff's homes on a Thursday night for about an hour and a half and watched Top of the Pops and had some supper, before returning to the home.
129. While I was in Thornley Park a couple tried to adopt me, but for some reason it was blocked. They were called the [REDACTED] and they came from Seedhill. They came to Thornley Park and were doing arts and crafts with some of the kids, it was like a night class. One time they took me to their house, when all the other kids were home for Easter. They spoke to me about it and said they were in the process of trying to adopt me. They didn't have any children of their own. They were doing paperwork and putting proposals through.
130. I was there for about three hours at the end of the month. When kids were going home at weekends I would stay at theirs on a Saturday night. They were absolutely brilliant. I don't know why it was blocked. I was getting no other visits, from family or social work.

Abuse at Thornley Park, Paisley

131. There was physical and verbal abuse at Thornley Park. They would say I was being cheeky, breaking the rules, being disruptive and encouraging others to run away,

things like that. I got walloped, clouted and kicked. Sometimes I would retaliate and get restrained. I was sick of it. The belt was used. It was a big, thick one, you had to double your hands, or you got it on the backside, or across the legs. I got it at least once a day for about a year. To me it was part and parcel of life. The cane was always over my backside. This was by various members of staff. I can't remember any of their names. It was still better than other places I was in. Other lads got it too.

Reporting abuse at Thornley Park, Paisley

132. I reported it to the heads of staff, and a person who came every fortnight to speak with each of us, to check if you were alright, if you had any mental health problems, etc. I don't remember any of their names. The person was sent through the social work. Nothing was ever done. If you told someone, when they left you would get a bollocking from the staff, who would shout and scream at you.

Leaving Thornley Park, Paisley

133. There's nothing really bad I could say about Thornley Park. I took it that it was because I was growing up. I was a teenager, not a young boy like the first few places. I left because I was either too old, as I was nearly sixteen, or they'd had enough of me.
134. I don't remember where I went, or who I went to live with. I can't remember anyone sitting down with me and telling me I was leaving. It was 1976 and I was fifteen and a half. I think I went to live with one of my horrible sisters, [REDACTED], in [REDACTED] [REDACTED] in Ferguslie Park. I knew the area, although I never grew up there.
135. I wasn't there long, maybe a couple of months. I was nearly sixteen and [REDACTED] was twenty-four or twenty-five. She had her own children that I didn't know of until I went down to live there.

Longriggend Young Offenders Institute, North Lanarkshire

136. In 1976 or 1977 I went to Longriggend. As they classed it, I was a schoolboy, so they had to open a schoolboy unit. I was remanded to there from Paisley Sheriff Court by Sheriff McLean. I got bail for a pound, but nobody paid it, so I was placed at Longriggend on remand for three weeks. This was for housebreaking, breaking into a shop. After the three weeks I pled guilty and got three months in Glenochil.
137. I remember the prosecutor going up and saying I had been in and out of children's homes. To me it felt like I wasn't wanted anywhere, and they said the best thing for me would be a short, sharp shock. This would have been taken from my records. They asked me why I did it. I told them it was because I was hungry and needed food. No family member came to court with me. Nobody even paid the pound bail.
138. It was a place where they thought they would teach me a lesson. It did scare me because it was the first time I had been behind bars. I remember it very well. They waited until four o'clock, when the courts finished, to see if anyone would pay the bail, but nobody did. This was the first time I'd been taken away by the police, in a black Maria. All the other times I was actually taken back to places by the police. I went to a juvenile court. I was handcuffed with a block sort of thing. I didn't understand what they were talking about. Nothing was explained to me until I went to the detention centre. I had a solicitor representing me, but the first time I met him was in the holding cells at Paisley Sheriff Court.

HMP Barlinnie, Glasgow

139. Initially Longriggend didn't have a closed schoolboy unit, so I went to Barlinnie for seven days. I was petrified, I'd heard a lot about it, but it wasn't too bad. There were three other children and we were kept away from the adults. It was tight and strict but not as bad as Longriggend or Glenochil.
140. In Longriggend I was in a cell by myself at first. I was mixed with the adults, but I wasn't allowed to associate with them. There was a gate that separated us. I was

cocky, a chancer. I didn't like it at all. There was a 'piss-pot' in the cell, not a toilet. We had a shower once a week. I was on the 'shit-parcel patrol' because there was no toilets in the cell. Prisoners would do the toilet and throw it out the window and for four days I had to walk around the outside myself with a wooden barrow, like a four wheeled trolley, and pick it up. After the four days there was three or four of us doing it. Sometimes you would be shouted at by the older prisoners and they would throw shit-parcels and piss-pots over you. It was awful.

141. They shaved your head on the first day. It was an old Victorian place. Every day there were different screws that would hit you. You had to say 'Yes sir', 'No sir', and stand to the side if the prison officers came walking towards you, a bit like in Larbert. If you didn't call them sir, you would be punched and kicked. There used to be a cold water bucket and there was a towel in it. They would drag you to a room, wrap a towel in cold water round their hand and punch you. It stopped you bruising. It was awful. I can't remember any of the screw's names.
142. I was thrown into Longriggend as a number, a shit collector, but it was the start of my criminal side. By the time I went to adult jails I was institutionalised, but the adult jails were a lot different to the juvenile ones. In the young offender places they got away with knocking you black and purple.

HMP Glenochil, Alloa

143. All these places, Longriggend, Glenochil, etc, were similar in routine. They were regimental with no schooling. Banged up all the time except for half an hour of TV. I was given three months in Glenochil and I did the full three months. As soon as I was sentenced at Paisley Sheriff Court I thought it would be the same as the rest of the places I'd been in. How wrong I was.

First day

144. When I got there we went through these big gates. It was like Fort Knox. We went into a reception and there were young boys arriving from different courts. Some were crying, some were laughing. You could see the hurt and the fear. When I got in it all went silent in the room. I went through a door and was told not to speak to anyone unless they spoke to me and to call them 'Sir'. It was shouted right in my face, "Do you understand?". I said, "Aye", and I got a punch in the side. I said, "What was that for?", and was told, "It's Sir". In reception I was trying to whisper to someone and I heard someone shouting, "No fucking talking". They shouted at me and I said, "What?", and I was shouted at again, 'HIK [REDACTED]', and again I said, "What?". Three screws grabbed me, kicked me, punched me and told me to call them, "Sir". I thought, I'm not doing that, and in doing so I made it hard for myself. I was in isolation more than anything for refusing orders, no discipline, disobeying orders and assaulting a prison officer.
145. The first day I went in was the worst day of my life, and this became the norm all my life. I was assaulted every day. I refused to do anything they told me. It was like an army concentration camp, march, stand to attention, stand at ease. If you did anything wrong you got extra work, or put up in front of the governor. When you went to see the governor there were four screws with you. The first day I went to see him I was in the block the next day, which is isolation. This was for disobeying an order, cheek and insolence. They put me through a degrading body search and strip search.

Mornings & bedtime

146. I had a cell to myself with just a bed and a piss-pot. In the morning you were allowed one trip. That was to carry your piss-pot, a bowl and a jug. You had to empty your piss-pot down a slop-out and rinse it out. There were no cleaning products or chemicals. You put it down, filled your jug with cold water and half cold and half hot in your bowl, which was for washing yourself. This water was to last all day. You couldn't empty your bowl and piss-pot again until dinner time.

147. After emptying your things you had gym and then breakfast. We then went to work and then back to your cell for the cell check, a head count. This took ten to fifteen minutes. You picked up your meal then went back to your cell. You ate your meal in your cell, there was no dining hall in Glenochil. You were then banged up until the staff had their dinner. Your cell was then opened up and you filled your jug and emptied your piss-pot and cleaned your food tray until the morning.

Clothing

148. They gave me these prison clothes, grey and brown jeans and a little grey jacket. You also got a kit pack. When I was meant to be marching I walked normally and they would push me. I got my kit thrown at me by the screws. They showed me how to make up a bed pack, but I said, "I'm not doing that".

Mealtimes

149. The food was disgusting. It was like a ruined pot of stovies, all thrown together. If you didn't eat it you got slapped and you would be given the food at the next meal time. So I threw it all over the place. This is why the screws started getting hard on me. I was getting treated like a wrong one. I accept that I broke into a shop to get some food, but there was no need to treat me like they did. I shouldn't have done it, but they were excessive.

Abuse at HMP Glenochil, Alloa

150. In Glenochil they also shaved all your hair off. They humiliated you, degraded you. None of the other prisoners mocked you because we were all in the same boat. We were all young, we were all scared. I was done for three things the first day. I went down to the block for good order and discipline, cheek and insolence and disobeying an order. Three things by the time I'd left the reception. In the morning I had to do circuit training at the gym. I was still half asleep. If you spoke you would get punched in the side, kicked, slapped or a dig to the side of the head.

151. I went to the governor in the morning and I left my bed how it was. I was told I should have been up with my bed pack. I said, "I'm getting sick of this". I hate being abused by official, authorised bullies. They pushed me through the governor's door. He said to me that I was only just in and had three reports already. As soon as I started to speak I was told to shut up. The screw then gave his evidence. I wasn't allowed to speak. It was a kangaroo court. After the governor, who was called McMaster, finished he said, "We're going to get on very well, great, and I guess I'll be seeing you a lot more than I should be". I got three days all round, that means three days in the block, three days loss of earnings, a week's wages was about seventy pence then, and three days loss of privileges.
152. In solitary I had nothing in my cell. It was a concrete block with a mattress on it and a bible sitting on the side. I lay on the bed with no blanket. They would get me up to clean around the block or do some scrubbing and things like that, being watched over. If a screw came towards you, you had to get up, stand to the side at attention and say, "Excuse me sir". I never did this and kept getting battered, hit, things like that. They had me scrubbing this big tiled floor, like a kitchen, but not. There was a screw called GRK, who would hit me on the side of the head if I ever spoke. He would say, "Are you fucking yacking?", and hit me on the side of the head. This was my third day and I wouldn't get up from the floor. GRK came up and shouted, "Why are you not scrubbing?", and he kicked me on the ankle and he pulled my ear, saying, "Why are you not scrubbing that floor?". I said, "You fucking scrub it", and threw the bucket all over him. This was down in the block. There were no alarm bells in those days, it was whistles. He blew his whistle and a few screws came running. Some slipped on the water, which made it worse. I knew what was coming, so I curled up in a ball and was dragged into a room by three or four of them. If you tried to explain things to a Senior officer or a Principal officer, you'd get battered.
153. This is what happened constantly for three months. I was only meant to do two months, but I think I was only out of the block for a day or a day and a half then back in. I spent most of my time in it. They wanted me to polish these little metal bins to make them shiny. I wouldn't do it. They wanted me to strip the telephone wires, I refused. I refused to do any work, every day I refused. I got a week's remission. I

could have got out after two months but I done the three because I wouldn't conform to the system.

Leaving HMP Glenochil, Alloa

154. I had no more contact with the social work after Thornley Park. Nobody spoke to me from any services. I did my three months and was let out. There was no training for freedom. They gave you a travel warrant and a nylon holdall with prison issue clothes and a discharge. I was nearly seventeen. I went back to my sisters. Glenochil was a horrible, government authorised, legalised bullying of kids. Physically and psychologically. All they knew was violence.
155. I wasn't in my sisters long, maybe a couple of months, then I went back into Glenochil. I was in and out of young offenders institutes. I was in Glenochil three times, every time was the same. I was seventeen when I went in to Polmont and was there when I turned eighteen.
156. The second time I went to Glenochil I had been arrested and went back to Paisley Sheriff Court, where I was detained on a recall license. It was exactly the same as the first time. I was there for three months again. I went back to my sisters again when I got out. She had moved to [REDACTED]. When I was out I got slashed and had thirty-two stitches on my left cheek. I was mistaken for my brother [REDACTED] and got slapped, but the guy had a razor between his fingers. I just felt the slap, then the heat. The cut was inside and outside my face, so I had sixteen stitches inside and sixteen outside my mouth. I had to grow up with this. It left a thick red line on my face. That's why I grow a beard. I was seventeen when this happened. The police asked me who was responsible but I never told them.

HMP Polmont, Falkirk

157. I was arrested again and this time I went to Polmont. I got sentenced to one to three years and completed eighteen months of it. I again went from Paisley Sheriff Court to Polmont. It was the very same as Glenochil, a strict, regimental routine. The first six

weeks you had to do your 'Ally Cally', which is marching, training, that sort of thing. I don't remember names of staff there.

Daily routine

158. Everything was the same in Polmont. You got inspections on a Saturday. You did your running and circuits outside. If you didn't do it right you got whacked with a cricket bat or a cane, or battered. The routine was the same, breakfast in the dining room then you went to work. You returned to your cell about half past eleven for a head count. You then had your dinner and went back to your cell. A buzzer went and you went back to work until about three or half past three, then back to your cell. You got out of your work clothes and went for tea, then back to your cell. There was association for half an hour to an hour then you were locked up for the night.
159. On Saturday morning we got an inspection from the deputy governor or the governor himself. Everything had to be spotless. They checked your kit too. You were pulled up for a bit of fluff on your jacket or dust on your shoes. You would get a warning, but I was put on report all the time and put in the digger. That would be for twenty-four hours. You were put in either blue or yellow. Yellow was when you were an escapee or absconder, blue was if you were a danger to screws or other inmates. I spent most of my time in the digger, I regularly got seven days confined to cell. I got twenty-eight days once for hitting a prison officer, because he hit me. When you were in isolation you had nothing, all you could do was read the bible. We were banged up all day on Sundays. You could go to church, but I wasn't religious. I went now and again, just to get out of my cell.

Washing & bathing

160. The washing facilities there were four or five sinks in a row with a mirror along them. You had to shave every morning in cold water. I found it hard shaving because of my scar, but they had a close-up shave inspection. If you had a few hairs, or a day's stubble you got a clout and put on report. There were showers but you were only allowed one a week.

Mealtimes

161. The food was terrible. If you didn't eat it you went hungry. I made up a saying years ago, 'For what we are about to receive, the pigs have refused'. I put it on the hatch door in the dining room and was put on report for it.

Recreation

162. The recreation was playing pool, table tennis, draughts or chess, or watching TV when you were on association. The TV stayed on whatever channel was being watched at the time.

Healthcare

163. I wouldn't say there was a real doctor, it was a locum, a prison doctor. You never left the place, you went to the hospital wing. My stitches were out but my scar was bright red for years. I can't recall seeing a dentist.

Clothing & chores

164. We wore a uniform and it was washed once a week. We wore jeans and a shirt when we weren't working. You had a net sack with your name and number on it, and you put your washing in it, so it would come back to you. The work was cleaning and scrubbing. You could go to the gardens, or in the kitchens, or on the farm, etc. I never got any of them as I was always in the digger.

Christmas & birthdays

165. Christmas was celebrated by everyone kicking their cell door at midnight and wishing everyone else a merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. We got a Christmas dinner, if you could call it that. There were no birthday celebrations. I turned eighteen when I was in Polmont. I don't even remember it, it just passed me by. Nobody

wished me a happy birthday. People took their own life in there. I didn't see it, but it happened while I was in, because they couldn't cope.

Visits

166. I didn't have any visitors from my family and I was finished with social services. The chaplain visited me in my cell once a week. I felt as if he was there to try and make it easier for you. I don't think it helped. I felt I got no help from anyone. I didn't get any advice from anyone when I was leaving.
167. I might have wrote a couple of letters to my sister. Someone from the prison read them and sealed them. I never got a reply. There was no money allowed in the prison. You got seventy odd pence a week for working and that went on tobacco. You got a free letter of one page a week that they paid the postage on.
168. The only difference between Glenochil to Polmont was that it was a longer sentence. It was the same routine, same regime, same orders and same bullying.

Abuse at HMP Polmont, Falkirk

169. There was a lot of physical abuse, punches, kicks, with cold water, with mattresses, truncheons. The guards were just legalised, controlled bullies. It's what I've been used to all my life. It was demoralising, nothing but thugs getting away with beatings. Their way of solving things were beatings.

Life after being in care

170. I left Polmont in 1979. Five of us got out on the same day and we got on a bus and ended up in Blackpool. My life was wild, hectic after that, with lots of ups and downs. I couldn't settle with any woman. I have fifteen children. I had seventeen, but lost two. There are thirteen mothers to the fifteen children. My oldest child is forty-four. I was never married. I am in regular contact with eight of my children. This has only been over the past few years.

171. I have never had a job. Anything I did was cash in hand, on the doors, doing gardens, security, that kind of thing. Most of my life I've got into trouble. I have been in jail most of my life. From the age of five I have spent forty-eight years in homes, mental institutions and prisons. The longest sentence I've had is five years. It's mostly for assaults, I have a lot of police assaults on my record. The last time I was in prison was 2010.

Impact

172. My time in all the places has led me to be the person I am, a lot more stronger. I just keep moving on, I can't settle, because it impacts on me. I can't trust people, I can't befriend anyone because they just take the piss. It's the reason I had so many children to so many women. I was a Jack the lad, making up for what I'd missed during my teenage days. I couldn't trust women because of my 'thing' of a mother, who was meant to love me and care for me, protect me and keep me safe, and didn't. I've lived with a couple of women for a couple of years but I couldn't live with them giving me earache, because I've never lived with that. I was taken away for care and protection when I was five years old and over all those years I was never cared for and never protected in these places. It was all violence and discipline, and the discipline was violence.
173. The lack of education had an impact, seeing my own kids growing up and going to school and college. It annoyed me because they were showing me things I didn't know. When they were asking me to help them, I would put them off, because I didn't know how to do things the way they were taught. I'd have been a different person if I'd had an education.
174. I can't stay in my house because I feel like a prisoner and institutionalised in my own home. While I've got my freedom there's a big, wide world out there. Now I don't go far. I'll sit in café's and chat to people and listen to them. I've supported and helped people, putting my problems to the back of my mind. I've had a few scraps in my life to get me where I am today. Otherwise my name would be carpet, people would walk all over me.

175. I have flashbacks and nightmares all the time. I wake up panicking and crying. I even wet the bed sometimes. I have tried to get help from psychiatrists, psychologists, counsellors, occupational therapists and doctors. I tell them about my past and keep getting referred to others and having to start again. But again, there was mistrust, so I couldn't really open up to them. Doctors have referred me to counsellors, but within a couple of months they would tell me what my goals should be. I told them I'd done all that in prison. I could recite it word for word. I saw a counsellor a month ago from the Fenland Adult Locality Team, (FALT), from the mental health unit. It felt like someone was just keeping me company for an hour, because they didn't do anything for me or to help me. As soon as I mentioned the Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry and explained that it was about being abused they weren't interested. They looked at me like I was a sex offender and going on trial for it. I had to explain it was about others abusing me.
176. I've always been on prescribed medication. I came off the tablets that make me 'zombietised', like zopiclone and amitriptylene. I take Levothyroxine, a GTM spray for my heart, I had a heart attack and died seven times in a day, and dihydrocodeine for a trapped sciatica nerve in my back. I've had it for over twenty years. I get shooting pain down my leg.
177. I was a bad alcoholic for a long time but I haven't drank for twenty odd years now. I took cannabis, and still do now and again, especially when I'm low and down.

Reporting of Abuse

178. I complained to the police many times about the abuse I suffered when they picked me up when I would run away. I didn't report it after being in these places because no-one listened to me or believed me. I'd tried to tell heads of staff, but nothing ever got done about it.

Records

179. I have applied to get my records many times. I have went through doctors. The last one was in Swaffham and that's when I was told records are missing from the age of five to thirteen. I told my doctor I was going to write a book and asked him if he would help me retrieve some of my records. He tried to get them and told me from thirteen years old he could find them, but from 1965 to 1973 there was nothing. I have paid probation in two different areas to get records. I've tried through social services, but it always comes back as no trace. Right now I am trying through Future Pathways. I have no records at all, but I've been told there are no records of me from 1965 to 1973. I don't know what name I was registered under as a child, I have no recollection of my father and I have always been known as HIK [REDACTED].
180. Over the past two weeks I have received lots records from three separate council areas. There are records from Forth Valley council, which covers 1969 to 1970, and includes information from Larbert. There are records from Dumfries and Galloway council, which covers from 1970 to 1972 and almost three hundred pages of records from Renfrewshire council, which covers from 1976 to 1981. I haven't read them in full, but they are proof that I was in these places and they bring back a lot of painful memories. In a lot of these records my name is recorded as HIK [REDACTED]. My name has always been HIK [REDACTED]. I have no idea where this came from.

Lessons to be Learned

181. If kids are taken in for care and protection, then they should be cared for, protected, loved and wrapped in cotton wool, shown the rights and wrongs. I think there's still a lot going on behind closed doors. It's been going on from the sixties and beyond, and there's a lot more that will come out.
182. I class people with authority as legalised, authorised bullies. I feel like I was illegally abducted, kidnapped and taken away, and my life was destroyed by these people who are legalised kidnappers and bullies, and yet when you look on these websites you see how many people have been done for sexual abuse, raping children. In

those days they were so quick to take kids away, whereas now they try to keep them with the family. They give the family a chance.

183. I blame myself for how I am, although they made me the way I am, anti-authority. I was shown no respect, shown nothing. Because of what I went through, I suffered physically and psychologically.

Hopes for the Inquiry

184. My hopes would be that the places where children are, whether they have disabilities or mental health, or whatever problems they have, they are protected and cared for, treated with dignity, loved and protected from harm. But they can't be while these abusers are still getting away with it, and the new ones coming in are just following on with the rules of the house.
185. I was watching a programme recently and it came on about that predator Jimmy Saville, which was going on around my time. I was disgusted. Everything was around that 'Top of the Pops'. It showed you bits with him groping girls. If he hadn't died, the truth wouldn't have come out and I wouldn't be sitting here. Because all these famous people were making out to be carers and protectors, they had the trust, they had the keys to do what they wanted.
186. I would like the protection, safety, health and wellbeing, trust of the kids in care today, to be in safer places. Over the years I've met lots of different people in different places of authority, whether it be children's homes or mental hospitals and they've ruined my life, destroyed my life. Why is that still happening.
187. Before my death bed I'd love to see and hear there's no abusers, that kids are being educated, being led down the right path. Maybe in years to come that will happen, but while there's a government that turns a blind eye, it will always happen, it will never stop.
188. I don't want people to feel sorry for me, I just want people to listen to me, to hear me.

Other information

189. 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.....*24/2/22*.....