

## Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

FPM

Support person present: Yes

1. My name is FPM My date of birth is 1974. My contact details are known to the inquiry.

### Life before care

2. My mum's name was She was also known as because she had been married to my big sister's father before I was born. My father's name was He was married to someone else. My mum had been having an affair with him for years. I was kept a secret so he wasn't on my birth certificate. When my dad's wife found out that the woman he'd been having an affair with had a wain, she got a bit worried about losing him. She had a wean about nine months after I was born and then she had another wean, my half-brother and half-sister, and I met them when I moved to Dalbeattie with my children.
3. My big sister, is seven years older than me. Her father was called She was taken off my mum and her dad because they were alcoholics. She died in 2000. My sister's dad had separated from my mum before I was born. I never saw either. I think his wife must have told him to stay away from my mum.
4. Home life was lonely when I was growing up. I just knew it was me and my mum. I didn't know anything about my dad. I didn't really know that I had a big sister when I was younger. The social work department had given my big sister to my nana and she was bringing her up. I didn't have anything to do. When I was four or five, I used to

play in St. Michael's graveyard. I would sit at Burns' Mausoleum. I would jump about the grave stones and hide when people came in so that they couldn't see me. I tried to interact with other kids, but I found it hard. I don't think I fitted in very well.

5. I started off at St Michael's Primary School. Shortly after I started school, my mum moved. She got a house in [REDACTED] and I moved to Lincluden Primary School. I was still in Primary 1 when I went there. The headmaster was Mr Ogilvie. He was the head of the Burns Committee and he was quite well known in the area. He was a nice enough man, but he didn't look it. He looked about seven feet tall. He was lanky-legged and quite mean looking. He didn't crack a smile very often. I was quite good at school so I never got the belt or anything. Other children did, but I was never in trouble.
6. School was the only time I got out. Apart from school, I was basically in the house all the time by myself. If my mum was in, it was quite lonely. If my mum was out, it was quite lonely. I don't know what was better. I saw different men at home. I didn't know who they were. It was my mum meeting different friends. There were just a lot of different faces. Some of her friends were not very nice people so I never knew what was going to happen. Sometimes, when I came home to an empty house it was better. I made my own world. Because I was used to it, it was normal.
7. My mum would lock the door before she went out so folk would think there was nobody in the house. I was to pretend that there was nobody there. I just brought myself up. I sneaked out the back window sometimes. I would meet a couple of boys from nearby. They were the closest thing to friends that I had. They accepted me to play with them. I was allowed to play football with them. I would sneak back in the window before my mum came home, drunk, so I didn't upset her.
8. A lot of things happened at my mum's house. She didn't come back one night when she hurt herself. A barman had pushed her when she was drunk and she had to get stitches in her chin. My mum didn't come home and I went to my bed. I hoped she'd be back the next day. The police brought her back really late at night. They saw me there. They left my mum in the house and went away. They knew, when they dropped her off, that I was bringing myself up.

9. My mum didn't have a lot of money. She was out of work and, back then, the government didn't give her much as single parent. She had her own ways of making money. She went about with folk who schemed and I think a lot of things were done between them. Some days were better than others. If we were short of money, she would send me to go and speak to a man who was obviously her sexual partner. His name was [REDACTED] He was a big person in the town and he owned a [REDACTED] garage. I didn't know what was going on. Sometimes, I was just asked to pass a note to him. He would then come up in the car and see her. He would disappear into the bedroom with my mum. I was told to stay away and I'd be in the other bedroom and [REDACTED] would leave afterwards. Then I would get a treat and we'd have ice cream and things.
10. When I was at home, I'd never heard of people like social services. My world was quite small. I can't remember what age I was, but I figured out that I had a sister. At Christmas time, there were presents for me and my big sister. I would spend time with my big sister every Saturday at my nana's. That was the only time that I got to see my big sister.
11. I won competitions and things at primary school. I became captain of the school and I came highest in mathematics. School was the only thing that I liked doing and I achieved there. I went to Dumfries Academy, which wasn't a normal high school. There were a lot of snobby people there. I think it was the time when schools received funding if they took kids from poorer communities. I was one of the first children there and I wasn't really wanted. I was obviously poor and I didn't dress fancy. I wasn't like a lot of the kids there. Nobody tried to beat me up or anything, but nobody was friendly towards me. I knew a couple of folk from Lincluden so I talked to them, but they were making new pals.
12. I was the top boy in my maths class. I don't think the other kids were too happy because a lot of them couldn't do maths very well. I think they were jealous. I also didn't have a lot in common with the other kids. I didn't know much about the world. I didn't have a telly when I was younger, until a neighbour gave my mum a wee black and white one when everyone else went on to colour. I didn't have any hobbies or

things to talk about. The only things I knew about were cowboy films and war films because I used to watch them with my nana. I knew more about that kind of world. My nana would buy me a packet of soldiers each week. I liked war and the army. I would set my soldiers up in battle scenes and smash them all down. My nana would ask me why I did all that work and then knocked it down. That was my world.

13. I would go to school, ignore everybody and just get on with the work. I would go back home and go to my bedroom. My mum never hurt me. It was just scary when she was drunk. She would make scary faces and was very loud and threatening. I would just do as I was told. When she was in a mood, I stayed out of the way.
14. When my sister was old enough, she fell out with my nana and came back home to stay with my mum and me. I was about ten and my sister was eight and a half years older than me. My mum battered my sister. She hit her with the poker over the head. I couldn't do anything. My sister had a baby. My mum chucked the baby across the room onto the couch. I had to save the baby. My big sister took a beating. There was so much going on. My mum brought my big sister into the sex for money situation.
15. I don't want to go into details about what happened, but I must have been about ten or eleven when I was brought into the bedroom. I knew some of the things that had been going on, but I hadn't been asked to go into the room until that time. I was told to take all my clothes off and watch [REDACTED] having sex with my mum. He asked me to get an erection and I wasn't allowed to leave the room. My sister was brought in at one point. [REDACTED] had asked my mum to bring her in.
16. [REDACTED] was different than the other men that my mum went about with. He was quite well-to-do. He was seen as one of the nice men in the area. He won things and he had a lot of money and a lot of sway. His father before him was known for doing things with women and he was married. I think [REDACTED] inherited it from his father. He took what he wanted. He was confident in what he did. It hit home when Jimmy Saville's abuse came out. He was a bit like Jimmy Saville and he had the same kind of haircut. Nobody would think twice about anything he did. I couldn't guard against



someone like that or say anything. I didn't know who he might be friends with. I didn't know what to do. All I knew was that I needed to be out of that situation.

17. When I was about twelve, I'd had enough of seeing everything that was going on in the house. I couldn't watch it anymore. I think I just snapped. I ran away. I climbed out of my window in the dead of night. I just wanted somewhere to be that was better. I remember Esther Rantzen speaking about Childline shortly before I ran away. I think that might have been the trigger. She said children should phone her if they were in trouble. I borrowed a ten pence piece from a girl in the neighbourhood. I used the ten pence to phone Childline, but they put me on a waiting line. They were busy or something. It took my ten pence. I didn't have any more money to phone anybody else. I did try and get help, but the line was busy.
18. The only thing I could think of was to be by myself. I found an empty garage and I slept in there all weekend. It came to Monday and I realised I had to get to school. I didn't know what to do, so I went to school. When I walked into the school and sat down, everyone was looking at me. I didn't realise that I'd been on the Borders news all weekend as a missing child.
19. My registration teacher, Mrs Douglas, asked me to step out of the class with her. I was taken to an office and social workers were brought to the school. The social workers were John O'Neil and Holly something. They were smiley and jokey and they made things quite light. They asked me why I'd ran away from home and I told them that my mum was an alcoholic. I didn't tell them anything else. I knew not to because I'd been warned by [REDACTED] not to talk about the things that I'd seen.
20. The social workers took me in a car and asked me whether I wanted to go to Ladyacre or Closeburn. I didn't know what they were. I didn't even know what a care home was. I said that I didn't know. The social workers said they thought Ladyacre would be best for me. I was petrified. I didn't run away from home for any other reason than to get away from it. I didn't think about what would happen afterwards.

## **Ladyacre Children's Home, Craigs Road, Dumfries**

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

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### **Leaving Ladyacre**

52. The first time I left Ladyacre, I went into foster care. I'd been in the children's home for a while. I think they thought I might be better suited to being in foster care. I think it was a case of trying, to see how I got on with the FPO-SPO

### **Foster care at the FPO-SPO, Dumfries and Galloway**

53. I was about thirteen when I went into foster care. I hadn't met the foster parents before I arrived at their house. I didn't do anything wrong at the FPO-SPO I went to school and I didn't get into trouble. Everything went okay in that respect. They weren't a friendly family. They were there, but they weren't really talkative towards me. I was just ordered to do this, do that, eat my dinner, got to my bed. I never had a relationship with the foster parents. They never tried to build a relationship with me.
54. The FPO-SPO didn't have children of their own, but there were another couple of foster children there. They put me up in an attic room. There was a wee boy in the attic room as well. He was quite a lot younger than me. I felt sorry for him. I was quite big compared to him. He looked quite intimidated, quite scared. I didn't know him very well, but I think his name was

55. I remember being asked to cut down a tree to make a bird house for Mr FPO garden. I tried to do the work, but I wasn't going fast enough so Mr FPO wasn't very happy. I'd never cut down a tree before. I'd never even used a saw before. I was sawing the tree and he'd keep coming out to tell me that I was taking too long. I was just a skinny wee boy. I did it.

#### **Abuse at the FPO-SPO**

56. There was an incident when I went into the house to have my tea. Mr and Mrs FPO-SPO were big, fat people. They were quite intimidating when they were standing over me. I sat on the couch and I did what I was told. I was trying to eat my dinner and I was enjoying it. It was pizza, beans and chips. I hadn't had a lot of good meals in my time so I was quite happy. I wasn't a big person and I didn't have a big stomach. I'd never been brought up with big, good meals. It was too big to eat so I couldn't eat it all. I ate what I could and left the rest.
57. The wife put her hands on her face and burst into tears. She wouldn't stop crying. I didn't know what had happened. I didn't connect it to me not finishing my meal. The husband came through and asked what was going on. She said, "He doesn't like my food, he doesn't like my food." She started making a big deal about the fact I hadn't eaten my meal, saying that I didn't like her food. The foster father told me to step out of the room and go up to my bedroom. He followed me out. I got to the bottom of the stairs. He grabbed me by the throat and lifted me off my feet. It was very scary. I told him that I did like the food, but I couldn't eat it all. He told me to get to my bedroom.
58. That incident was enough. I realised that the FPO-SPO were not nice people. I realised it when he lifted me off my feet, up against the wall. I remember looking down and seeing my feet hovering. That was scary enough. Not even my mum had done that to me.

### **Leaving foster care**

59. After Mr <sup>FPO</sup> lifted me off my feet, I realised that I couldn't be there. I wanted out of there that moment. I couldn't just leave. I had nowhere to go. I had to wait until the social worker came round and asked me how I was getting on. We were sitting in the living room. She asked the <sup>FPO-SPO</sup> how they were getting on with me. She asked me how I was getting on at my placement and I said only one thing, "I need to leave here." That was all I said. I kept saying that I needed to leave.
60. The social worker told me I should give it a try and that she could come back in a few months. I told her that I needed to leave and either she got me out of there or I would run away. Either way, I was leaving. I'd waited until the social worker arrived so that there was someone there. I felt that I couldn't speak in case I'd get battered. I was saying what I needed to say while the social worker was there. If she had left, I was going to run away. I wasn't staying in the foster placement after speaking up. I never told the social worker what Mr <sup>FPO</sup> had done, but I knew I would get battered for speaking up unless I got out of there.

### **Ladyacre Children's Home (second time)**

61. The social worker realised that I wasn't going to behave, just sit there and give it a try. She took me back to Ladyacre. <sup>Secondary Institutions - to be published later</sup>

<sup>Secondary Institutions - to be published later</sup>

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Secondary Institutions - to be published later

63. Secondary Institutions - to be published later they said I'd have to go to a different school but it would be a school for troubled children. They thought about sending me to Elmbank but it was too close to Dumfries Academy. I don't know how Ladyfield East came up. They tricked me and I'll never forgive them for that. There was a meeting at Ladyacre and they told me lies. There was a man there, who I later found out was the psychiatrist at Ladyfield East, Doctor Powell. They said I would be sent to a part of Ladyfield to be schooled, but I'd come back to Ladyacre to stay.
64. After a wee while of being schooled at Ladyfield East, I was told that I couldn't leave. I told them that I had to go back to Ladyacre because that was where I stayed, but they said they'd made a decision that I had to stay at Ladyfield as well as being schooled there. I never agreed to that and it hadn't been discussed at a meeting. The agreement was that I'd stay at Ladyacre Secondary Institutions - to be published later and go to Ladyfield to be schooled. That happened for two or three weeks and it had been going okay. When they tricked me and locked me up in the Crichton Hospital, it gave me even more mistrust. They must have done it all behind my back and made the decision. I wasn't happy with that at all.

### **Ladyfield East, Crichton Royal Hospital, Dumfries**

65. I went to Ladyfield East when I was about fourteen years old. I think I was there for about a year, a year and a half. It was part of the Crichton Royal Hospital. It was the childhood wing for teenagers. I don't know what it was designed for. I was never diagnosed with anything. I was never helped with anything. I was never given any medication. It was just a case of, "You're going there." That was it. I was put in a mental institution with a lot of kids who had mental problems. I became like them. Everywhere

I went, I blended in. As I went along, I became more like the people who I grew up with and less like me.

66. There were about twelve children at Ladyfield East. They were all teenagers, boys and girls. Ladyfield West was for younger kids. There was a boy in Ladyfield East from Ulster. I don't know what his name was. I don't know what he had been through. He had a skinhead. I think he must have been on quite weird medication. I don't know whether he was schizophrenic. I was told not to go near him and not to go near his room. He had a big room to himself and he didn't really interact with the rest of us. I never saw him kick off or do anything wrong. I also remember [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] now [REDACTED] [REDACTED] was from Carlisle.
67. Ladyfield East was like a big house. There were two big bedrooms at either side of the house and one side was for boys, the other for lassies. It was a very old building. It was musty smelling. I didn't like the smell of it and I didn't like the feel of it. It felt very old and it smelt very old. The kids looked a bit weird, what I would class as weird at that age. I felt uncomfortable being there. We weren't locked in, but I felt like I was locked in mentally. There were two big bedrooms at either side of the house and one side was for boys, the other for lassies.
68. I had to learn about a whole lot of new staff. Their ways were different from Ladyacre's ways. It took me a while to figure things out. The staff that I can remember are [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] Trisha, Josie Coyne and Jessie. There was Andrea, who was the occupational therapist. Neil and Douglas were the two teachers, who were there during the day. Doctor Powell was the psychiatrist and there was also a Doctor Edith. The staff were very distant. I got the feeling that they didn't like me very much at Ladyfield East. I wasn't like the rest of the kids there. I didn't really have much interaction with any of the staff. There were a couple of staff who were nice to me, Josie and Jessie. They were friendly towards me and gave me fags. Jessie would give me whatever fags were left in her packet at the end of her shift.

## **Routine at Ladyfield East**

### *First Day*

69. I found Ladyfield East quite intimidating when I first arrived. I drew up in the car and I looked at the building. The first thing I saw was a lassie jumping out of the room, which I later came to realise was the room where the morning meeting took place. It was like something in a horror movie. She just jumped right out [REDACTED]. She made a scary face and landed right in front of the car. [REDACTED] was on the ground floor but it was a level up from where she landed. In front [REDACTED] there was a railing and stairs going downwards. If she'd landed there, she could have broken her neck, but she managed to miss that. The girl's name was [REDACTED]. I think she was from Falkirk. That was my first impression of Ladyfield East. It was scary.

### *Mornings and Bedtime*

70. I shared a room with another boy at Ladyfield. I think he was a bed wetter. He used to cry a lot. There were two staff on duty through the night. They would be in a room in the middle of the bedrooms which had a glass window. In the morning, we were woken up by staff and had our breakfast. All the kids there were then taken into a room. The staff would sit and ask us things and try and figure us out, in front of everybody.
71. All the staff and all the kids would sit in this room first thing every single morning. Some of the kids would start crying. Some of the kids were very uncomfortable and they didn't want to talk. They were sitting in front of people they didn't know. I was just new in there and the kids were being asked to talk about things. We all sat and looked at the kid who was talking. Doctor Powell would then look at somebody else and start targeting them. A book was kept during the meeting and different kids would be asked to take notes. They had to write about what was said in the meeting. I don't know where the books were kept.
72. There were a lot of times when the other kids were uncomfortable, but I took the attention away from them. I found that it worked so I kept doing it. I just kicked off. I

kicked the table and did whatever I had to. They didn't have time to talk to kids and drill their heads with questions because they had to hold me down. Some of the other kids realised it worked so they did the same. We tried not to talk by doing whatever we had to. We got into trouble for kicking off. We didn't harm anybody. We just became a nuisance so they would stop doing it to us.

73. A lot of times, I would sing songs when they were talking to me. I would sing whatever song popped into my head all the way through the meeting. I would ignore everything they said to me and keep singing. The psychiatrist asked why I was singing and whether the words were important. I couldn't do anything, I couldn't breathe without it being analysed. It was the most horrible thing. It was torture for everyone.
74. I thought it wasn't right and it shouldn't be happening. Kids didn't have a choice over whether to speak or not. It was a case of talking to them and talking to them and going into their heads until they broke, that was what it felt like. A lot of the kids were vulnerable and looked intimidated by these people. It was a bit like *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*. When I watched that film, it reminded me of Ladyfield East. I was like Jack Nicholson's character. I just wanted to have fun. I didn't fit in so I was seen as trouble.

### *Clothing*

75. I didn't get any new clothes at Ladyfield. The clothes that I had must've been okay. I never went shopping or anything as there was never a need to buy me new clothes. The kids there didn't really have much in the way of clothes. We basically lived like Crichton patients. Nobody saw us so it didn't really matter. We weren't going to school so we didn't need school uniform. We just wore pyjamas or whatever we had. I can't remember washing my clothes, but I do remember that there was a wee washroom with a washing machine in it. I remember [REDACTED] one of the girls being in there, trying to burn herself [REDACTED]. I went in and took [REDACTED] off her.

### *Mealtimes/food*

76. The food was hospital food. It came on silver trays, like it does when you're in hospital. It wasn't the best. I ate it and I stayed alive.

### *School*

77. The school was attached to the unit. It was like a conservatory. All the residents went to the school during the day, but I think the school day was shorter than in normal school. The teachers were assigned to Ladyfield. They came during school hours and that was the only time we ever saw them. All the children were in the same class. The other kids weren't as smart as I was. I had to do whatever they were doing. I never really got an education. It was a tiddlywinks school. It wasn't a school where children sat their exams. It was for troubled kids and it just gave them something to do.
78. The maths teacher found the way I did maths strange. He said that I did it differently from him. He raced me at a problem and I did it my way and he did it his way. We both came up with the right answer and neither one of us was quicker than the other. He was quite impressed with the way that I did it.

### *Leisure time*

79. There were no organised leisure activities at Ladyfield. I would smoke fags and sit in the living room. Sometimes, I would just be a nuisance. Ladyfield was open, but we weren't really allowed to wander around the grounds. If I had done that, the staff would have come after me. It wasn't something we did. I remember being allowed out to go to the Chem-Key shop, so we were allowed out at some points. I went with another boy, [REDACTED], and we bought fags. It was maybe at the weekend.

### *Trips and Holidays*

80. I remember the staff took us to a forest. We did some sort of orienteering. We stayed in an old school or something like that.



### *Birthdays and Christmas*

81. I think we got a present for our birthday, but there wasn't much in the way of a celebration. I can't remember anything standing out in that way.

### *Visits/Inspections*

82. I remember [REDACTED]'s mum and dad visiting from Carlisle. I never really saw anybody else visit. I never had any visitors anyway. I don't think I went home from Ladyfield. My mum never came to visit me. She didn't take anything to do with me. She came to a meeting with Doctor Powell on one occasion. She said she wasn't listening to anything. She argued with Doctor Powell and then she walked out. That was the only contact that I had with her when I was at Ladyfield.
83. I think I remember seeing my social worker sometimes. I'm not sure who my social worker was at that point, but it could have been Sandra Gracie. I have memories of seeing her around about that time. I'm sure she had a lot to do with the kids in Ladyfield East, so maybe she was assigned to it. I don't know how frequently I saw her. She went into the office and talked to the staff. She must have checked the reports and how I was doing.

### *Healthcare*

84. I was never medicated at Ladyfield. I was psychoanalysed all the time, but I was never treated for anything. I saw Doctor Powell on a one-to-one basis on one or two occasions, but that didn't happen very often. We never got anywhere. He was asking questions, but I couldn't answer them without putting myself in danger. The questions I was being asked were pointless. I didn't get any progress reports. I never had any injuries or health problems, so I don't know what happened if a child was ill.
85. I think there were nurses there. Some of the other children received medication. One of the other children, [REDACTED] was anorexic. She was fed through a tube in her nose. She kept pulling it out. I saw [REDACTED] later on in life. I was doing a detox in the Crichton



Hospital. She was one of the nurses there. She came over to me and told me not to tell anybody about her past. I think she was worried I would speak about how I knew her. I thought her past would make her more experienced at her job, but she must keep her past hidden.

86. Towards the end of my time at Ladyfield, I'd had enough of being there. I was in a really dark place. I had [REDACTED] I went into the room where the meetings were held, where they kept drilling our heads and asking us questions. [REDACTED] I broke the chandelier and it fell down. One of the staff came into the room. It was KZV He just looked at the chandelier and didn't say anything. He walked back out of the room and left me. [REDACTED] There was no talk about what happened. It was just ignored. Nobody spoke to me about it and I never spoke to anybody. It was just something that happened.

### *Running away*

87. I ran away from Ladyfield East a couple of times. I wasn't away for long. It was just a case of being free for a wee while. I just went for a walk through the fields and became a kid for a while. I don't remember being punished when I got back. I might have been grounded and not allowed to leave the building. In most units, being grounded was the punishment.
88. On one occasion, I ran away with [REDACTED]. She used to run away quite a lot. She had a lot of [REDACTED] from self-harm. She was quite a wild lassie and the staff couldn't deal with her. We were picked up by the police and the police brought us back. When we were in the police station, I saw something weird. The police were talking to [REDACTED] and she was admitting to all these crimes that she hadn't committed. She hadn't done any of them because I was with her. They were tying up loose ends and pinning crimes on her.

89. The police were trying to get me to admit to things as well. They said that I'd broken into a car and stolen a car at Bank Street. I still don't drive to this day. I know nothing about cars. I told them I didn't steal a car and I didn't know what they were talking about. You could put me in front of a car and I wouldn't know what to do with it. [REDACTED] liked the attention. Every time she ran away, she was always charged with these crimes. She never appeared in court because we were kids. The police were just trying to clear their numbers up. It made it look like they had cleared up the crime figures. [REDACTED] must be a crime lord, the amount of things they were trying to pin on her. That was when I first saw how corrupt the police were. The whole system is a farce.

### *Discipline*

90. I didn't do well at Ladyfield. I didn't like what they were doing to me. I rebelled against them. If you didn't behave, you were sat on top of and your arm was put up your back. I was restrained a few times. I remember seeing other kids being restrained. They would be restrained if they became upset at the morning meeting. If a child didn't want to talk, they kept going on and on at him until he became upset and went off on one. The staff would then use restraints. It wasn't nice. I ended up playing up to take the attention off the other kids, so it was mainly me who got restrained. I was never injured as a result of the restraints.
91. I remember being punished one occasion. They didn't know what to do with me. [REDACTED] KZV a member of staff, took me out to a building that was like a gym. He locked the door and locked me in. I was there for a while. I was the only child who got put in there.

### **Abuse at Ladyfield East**

92. Sometimes, there were student nurses at Ladyfield. There was a student nurse there called [REDACTED] EON. I don't know his second name, but he looked Spanish. We were in a group and we had to stand in a circle. There were two or three staff there and he was one of them. We had to pass cards to each other, for example we had to pass a card to

whoever we thought would be the best mother when she grew up or pass a card to whoever would have the best job. I don't know what happened, I just remember standing in the circle. I remember disagreeing about something but I don't know what it was. I stepped forward and EON punched me in the face in front of everybody.

93. It left me stunned. I stood there, stunned. Then I stepped back and just carried on as if nothing had happened. I'd never seen that before. I didn't like the place very much, but the staff weren't violent people who did things like that. I don't think there were any other incidents like that, which is why it stunned me. I don't know whether it was EON inexperience, but it felt like he just lashed out. It was really quick and everyone just acted as if nothing had happened. I've never quite forgotten that.

### **Leaving Ladyfield East**

94. At one point, I got the kids to rebel against what was going on. I wasn't as easy to control as the other kids. I had already been controlled by [REDACTED]. The kids had had enough and they didn't know what to do. I didn't want them to get into trouble. I told them all to stand up and stand behind me and walk with me. They did. They all stood up and they marched behind me. We marched down the stairs and along to the classroom. We ignored them. We didn't do anything or say anything or cause any trouble, we just showed them that we could unite. If we were united, there was nothing they could do about it as long as we didn't do anything wrong. The staff had to stand there and watch it.
95. After that, Doctor Powell said that I was dangerous. He said that I was a danger to the other children and they couldn't have me there. I was banned from the Crichton. I was banned from a mental institution at fourteen years old. The social work department put me in Ladyacre until a Children's Panel could take place.
96. When Ladyfield East sent me away and banned me, some of the staff were unhappy that Doctor Powell had made that decision. The staff who were okay with me tried to fight for me so I wouldn't be sent away somewhere worse. They wanted to keep me

but Doctor Powell said no. I have some of my notes from Ladyfield East. I came across a part of my notes, stating that Doctor Powell was unhappy because he hadn't been invited to the Children's Panel. When I look back, I remember that he wasn't there.

97. At that Panel, it was decided that I would go to Closeburn. It had a school and I had to go somewhere with a school. Ladyfield didn't want me and normal school wouldn't have me, so there weren't many options. Closeburn was where they sent the bad boys.

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

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The Panel didn't want to send me to Closeburn, but it was evident that Secondary Institutions - to be published later I wasn't liked at Ladyfield. I didn't want to be in either of them. I knew I was a bad boy so I told them just to send me there. The Panel didn't want to, but I told them that they may as well because I was classed as a bad boy so Closeburn must be the place that fits me. I forced their hand and told them to get it over and done with.

### Closeburn

98. I'm not sure how old I was when I went to Closeburn. I think I was about fifteen. The timescales are hard to define. I was there for about six months.

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### **Leaving Closeburn**

133. I think I was at Closeburn for about six months. After I had been at Closeburn for six months, a social worker came to assess me.

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Eventually, they moved me back to Ladyacre and I went to school from there.

### **Ladyacre Children's Home (third time)**

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### **Leaving Ladyacre/care for the final time**

140. I was in Ladyacre for a few months after I turned sixteen and left school. Secondary Institution

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141.

### **Life after leaving care**

*Continued abuse by* [REDACTED]

142. When I left care, I was given £29 a week for the YTS. I gave my mum £10 for staying with her, but she said that I had to buy my own food. I didn't have a lot of money. I left the YTS, but I continued to stay at my mum's. [REDACTED] was still around. I couldn't stand up to him. The fear that I had of him never went away. Even when I had been in care, he was always there to meet me when I went home. He would come up and see my mum when I was there. If I didn't do as I was told, he'd make my mum's life hard and she'd make my life hard. I had nowhere else to go.
143. The way [REDACTED] abused me changed. After I left care, he would ask me to go in the car with him. He would bring me to different people's houses. There would be different women. They were older women, closer to my mum's age. Sometimes, I had to watch [REDACTED] doing things with them, sometimes I had to partake while he watched. Sometimes he brought people up to my mum's house. He would go away to his work and leave these people at my mum's. He owned [REDACTED] Hotel. He'd

take one of the women up to a bedroom in the hotel and tell me to meet him at a certain time. I'd then be taken up to the room where the woman was.

144. The abuse never stopped. Every time I tried to get away from [REDACTED] he'd always find a way to keep a hold of me. Sometimes, when I was in [REDACTED] car, I would see police cars. [REDACTED] would look over at them. I wondered why the police weren't noticing what was going on. There were loads of times when they saw me with him. Nobody ever took notice of [REDACTED] It was as if he was invisible, no matter what he did.
145. I met the mother of my children when I was about twenty. Her name is [REDACTED] She fell pregnant shortly after we met. I didn't want her not knowing me so I told her what had been happening with [REDACTED] I told her about my predicament, that I was scared and that I needed to get away. She didn't take it too well at first. She was going to leave me and go back to her mum's. She then decided that she was going to confront [REDACTED] and tell him to stay away from us. It didn't turn out like that. He ended up controlling her. He talked her round to his way. Instead of having me, he then had my partner as well. He gave her money to keep her sweet. That was when we started taking heroin.
146. [REDACTED] had been involved in drugs before she met me. She knew more about it than me. That was how I got involved in heroin. [REDACTED] subsidised it and life got worse instead of better. [REDACTED] seemed to be involved in a lot of things. He knew everybody. Because he owned the [REDACTED] garage, he always turned up in different cars. He would go to different places.
147. I think he was into cocaine, which was never my thing. Later on, it became a big thing in his life. He would give a young lassie he was involved with, [REDACTED] lots of money to pick up drugs for him. Eventually, [REDACTED] became more involved and got it from the dealer himself. He became more involved with poor people and the drugs side of life as time went on. A lot of people knew him and came into contact with him. It was another reason not to speak up against him. People desperate for drugs will do

anything and [REDACTED] had these people eating out of the palm of his hand. If anybody caused him trouble, he could have them dealt with.

*Social work involvement when my children were young*

148. [REDACTED] and I had two children, [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] [REDACTED] is four years older than [REDACTED]. There was social work involvement with the kids. They basically wanted rid of [REDACTED]. They tried to talk me into it and that was really their only involvement. They weren't helpful or supportive. They didn't provide any family counselling or help us to work out any problems.
149. My sister died in 2000. At that point, I'd been away from [REDACTED] for over a year. [REDACTED] was staying at her mum's and I was off the drugs, bringing up our kids by myself. [REDACTED] was a baby. When I got the news that my sister died, I went to her house. Her four kids were there with a social worker. My sister was a single mum. The social worker was talking about taking the kids into care. I couldn't allow that to happen. I offered to help. The eldest daughter went to stay with my nana, but the three younger children were left in my care. I had five children to look after.
150. I tried my best with the kids, but I wasn't physically strong enough to cope with everything. I asked Jasmine Bell, the children's social worker, for help. I was really tired and trying to hold back the tears. I told her that I wasn't coping well and that I needed help. I didn't want the kids to go into care, but I was so tired that I didn't know how to look after them. I was worried about how things were going. She said that I was doing fine and she left.
151. A woman came to take the five kids to the park for an hour. I waited until she came and then I went down to my sister's bed to be with her. I took an overdose and fell asleep in her bed to die. [REDACTED] came to visit the kids and was banging on the door. I told her to phone her mother and tell her to come to the house. I thought that if I died, she could look after the kids. I couldn't live with them going into care. I just went to sleep, but the ambulance got to me in time. I was taken to the hospital and put under some kind of section.

152. The next day, I was taken to a meeting at the Crichton and assessed by all these people. I was eight stone at the time. I was left in what I had been wearing when I was taken to the hospital, a pair of thin, white boxer shorts. There wasn't much left of me. The psychiatrist at the meeting said that there was nothing wrong with me. He said that I was grieving and the best thing for me was to be with my family. They let me out of the hospital. [REDACTED] collected me and I walked through Crichton in my boxer shorts to Sandside. Everything was just a haze. The social worker came with a police escort and told me that my kids and my sister's kids had been taken away from me. I was told not to go near them and given the keys to my house.
153. The police and the social worker left and [REDACTED] said it would be okay. After the police left, [REDACTED] knew when to come. He gave [REDACTED] money to buy some heroin and then I fell asleep. That was where I lived for the next five years. I just slept in my bed. Every time I woke up, I smoked some more heroin and went back to sleep. I tried to pick myself up and be there for the wains. [REDACTED] wanted her dad. I tried to get myself together, but the social workers kept being negative and they kept making things hard. Every time I got to a Children's Panel, they would say that the social workers hadn't prepared reports and I'd have to wait another six months or that I had a new social worker and would have to wait another six months. They kept putting things off.
154. When the kids were staying with [REDACTED] mum, [REDACTED] The social work department promoted the kids' nana. Jasmine Bell wanted [REDACTED], [REDACTED] mother, to adopt the kids. She was trying to force the issue. I managed to get the kids back before that happened, but it was scary. I thought that I was going to lose my kids forever. I remember how that felt and it was scary.
155. When the kids were with [REDACTED] I was able to collect the wains and take them to the school. I was still part of their life, but I couldn't do a lot because I wasn't well. The only thing I did care about was my kids. [REDACTED] was always watching me. I knew a lot about him. He was always there, everywhere. One time, the kids came out of school. [REDACTED] stopped his car and offered to take [REDACTED] and the kids in his car. I had real issues with that. That was him telling me that he could get to my kids.

██████████ drove ██████████ and my kids home. I spoke to Jasmine Bell about it. I told her that it couldn't be happening. She just said that ██████████ was a grown adult and that she knew how to deal with things, then she walked away. I was asking her to at least make sure that ██████████ didn't do that, but it was clear that I had no say, as a dad.

156. I kept trying to come off heroin and make my life better. I would go cold turkey and come off it, but ██████████ never did it. I did it ten times, once every year we were together. ██████████ was scared of doing it. She kept taking drugs and then I would end up back on it again. ██████████ made it too easy for her. He controlled her, he controlled my mum, he controlled my sister, he controlled everything around me. I couldn't fight him. Every time I tried, there was nothing I could do.

157. I was told to get rid of ██████████ The social workers said I had a better chance of getting the kids back if I got rid of her, but if I stayed with her, I'd never see them again. So I got rid of ██████████ got myself together and got my children back. I was in a one-bedroomed flat when I got the kids back in 2005. ██████████ was nine and ██████████ was five years old. The social work said I'd need a bigger house. I was offered a house in Dalbeattie and I had no choice, I had to take it. The week I moved to Dalbeattie, my nana died. Joyce Gibson, the kids' social worker at the time, went on holiday. She told me to go to Martin McKenzie if I needed anything.

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I just got on with it. That's all I've done since I moved to Dalbeattie, I've just got on with it.

158. I was involved with Alcohol and Drugs Scotland (ADS) at the time. Because I moved area, I needed a new doctor, social worker and ADS worker. They gave me all these new people. I hadn't thought about that when I was moving, but it made life really hard. It was hard enough moving, dealing with my nana's death and bringing up the wains, but the support they put in place was all new. The doctor wouldn't prescribe my medication because she said her practice didn't give that kind of medication. The ADS worker they gave me was an ex-addict, ██████████ He was stopped by the police when he took me shopping. He was later sacked because he was still taking Valium.



159. During that time, when all these things were going wrong and I was feeling quite down, it was another thing that added to the craziness of things. They gave me a new worker. When he came to see me in Dalbeattie, he took me out to get some shopping. I had had that sort of support before, to get a bit of time for me. He must have complained that he had to go shopping, but he hadn't raised any concerns about that with me. I think he was just annoyed because he got stopped by the police. I later received a letter asking me to go to a meeting in Dumfries. It said that [REDACTED] wasn't there to take me shopping. I didn't understand why I was getting pulled up about it. I thought about it a lot. I got the bus to the meeting. I hovered roundabout the building and I felt that it was wrong. I went in and told the secretary that I was disappointed that I had to attend a meeting and that I didn't want the support anymore. I wasn't asking for anything that hadn't been agreed before. It felt like everything was sending me over the edge. I was fighting social work and trying to fit into a new town that didn't like single dads. It just felt like the whole world was against me. I felt like I couldn't breathe and everything was going wrong.
160. The social worker they gave me, Scott Kennedy, wouldn't help me. When things were going badly between my kids and their nana, I stopped the kids from visiting her. The kids weren't happy because their mum would fall asleep when they were visiting [REDACTED]. I tried to raise it with her, but she started shouting at me and the wains would have been able to hear. I stopped contact and said that my kids weren't going to their nana's until it was sorted out and my kids were happy. There was a meeting about it at Dalbeattie Town Hall. Scott Kennedy was on her side. I had an advocate with me. The advocate said that he thought it was time to listen to Mr <sup>FPM</sup> [REDACTED]. The social worker just stood up and said, "I'm not interested in Mr <sup>FPM</sup> [REDACTED] opinion." The advocate said he had never seen a social worker do that.
161. After that meeting, there was a Panel meeting. Scott Kennedy continued to be hostile towards me. He wasn't there for me or the kids. He was sitting with [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] on the other side of the room. I didn't want this man anywhere near me or my kids because he had lied and treated me in a hostile manner since day one. I told the Panel that either they removed the supervision order or they took my kids away. I couldn't

deal with it anymore. It was like a war. The supervision order was removed. I was allowed to leave the Panel with my kids.

162. That was the last time that I ever saw the social work. They couldn't come near me unless I asked them for help and I didn't want them anywhere near me. I met good social workers when I was younger and I know they're supposed to be a force for good. I know the difference between a good social worker and a bad one. I don't know what's wrong in Dumfries, but their attitude is really bad. Many of the social workers are quite old-fashioned. Times have changed. They don't try to build up a relationship, which is the first thing that they should be doing.
163. Social workers are supposed to keep families together, but not once did they promote [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] having contact with my sister's kids. They were cut off. I was being punished. I'd lost my sister's kids and that was it. They were sending me to hell and that was how they treated me. It was never about keeping families together. That behaviour was disgusting and totally vindictive. Thereafter, social workers weren't friendly or helpful. In the end, Scott Kennedy stood up in the Town Hall in front of an advocate and said that he didn't care about my opinion. It was the final straw. It was the last time that I ever had anything to do with a social worker.

*Life in Dalbeattie after cessation of social work involvement*

164. [REDACTED] abuse finally stopped when I was moved out to Dalbeattie in 2005. He couldn't get to me. It was scary, but at least I had a life. I was in Dalbeattie, bringing up the wains. That was when my life got better. I came off drugs. I did an art course and tried to get back into work. I set up a home and I learned gardening. I gained a life.
165. When the kids were at school, I was looking for something to do. I did a course at the Town Hall in Dalbeattie. They told me about a course in Dumfries called Apex. I didn't have any help or support at that point so it was just a place to be. A woman at Apex thought that I was artistic and directed me to art college. I applied in 2007 and spent a couple of years at the art college. It moved to the new campus at the University of

the West of Scotland in Dumfries. The University is on the Crichton campus. It was weird going up there. I must have been on every wing of the Crichton.

166. When I applied for the art course at the University, I recognised the name of the man running the course, Neil Cocayne. He ran the YTS painting and decorating I did when I was sixteen. I had fallen out with him because I felt like he was trying to pick on me. He told me I could leave if I wasn't happy, so I left. The last person I had met when I was sixteen was the first person I met when I stepped back out into this new world. This time, we didn't fall out. He taught me painting and decorating when I was sixteen. This time, he was teaching me to relax. It was the opposite of what he had done when I was sixteen. That was the start of a lot of weird coincidences. I kept bumping into people from the past.
167. The social work department came back to me when my niece, [REDACTED] turned eighteen. They said that she was messed up on drugs and that she wanted to stay with me. It came as quite a shock because they had never allowed me to have anything to do with my sister's children. I have issues with that because they broke up a whole family connection. They brought [REDACTED] back, admitting that they were in a mess and that they wanted me to fix it. I took her on and she stayed with me. I caught up with the past and what had happened when she was moved to foster care.
168. I can't fix everything. [REDACTED] has a job, her own flat and a family now but she still has a lot of anger. I think she has issues that will stay with her for the rest of her life. I see a lot of myself in her. I think Jasmine Bell said a lot of things to my sister's kids and painted a really bad picture of me. I only really have a relationship with [REDACTED] I don't have a relationship with her siblings. I think they feel that what happened was my fault. It wasn't really like that. I was told that I couldn't go near them, but they think I didn't bother to see them. I wasn't allowed to and there was nothing that I could do.
169. My children don't see much of their mum. They've never really had much of a relationship with her. I brought the kids up myself. I came off methadone after moving to Dalbeattie. I'd been off heroin for longer. My mum is still alive. I have contact with



her. I find it hard. Half of me doesn't want to see her, but half of me feels that she's old and I should be looking out for her. It's a conflict.

170. The building at Closeburn is still there. Secondary Institutions - to be published later

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

## Impact

171. When I went into care, I gave up on education. It became a war. Everything became a war. Maths and me parted ways. I would like to learn some of the things that I never got to learn. After second year, I never really got an education. The schools I went to at Ladyfield East and Closeburn were schools for troubled kids. Children there didn't sit exams. They were just given things to do. I just got suspended and moved about and sent back and then I left school. I never did fourth year, I never did exams, I never did anything. When I go for a job, I'm a complete failure. There's no point in even going for a job. There's no point in trying. I've no achievements. I let the world get on with it. I was a smart person at one point.
172. People sometimes say to me that I'm well-educated. I feel like saying, "I'm not educated at all. I've not even had an education." Since I woke up and came off heroin, I've tried to pick up what I can. I've had to spend time focusing on myself, gaining skills, looking for files, bringing up the kids and keeping an eye on them. I've not had much time to fit in with the world or socialise. I'm not sure where I'm at now, but I've done a lot of work.
173. I need answers. I did mathematics. I'm adding up all these people and all these things that happened. The equation's wrong. Everything doesn't add up. These people took the mickey and they got away with things. I need the equation to work out a bit better because it's annoying my head.

174. I needed money to survive when I left care. I couldn't survive on £29 a week. I ran into people I knew from when I was in care. They were involved in crime. I started to see what they were up to. They would give me money to be lookout for them. That was the beginning of my involvement in crime. I went to jail when I was eighteen. It was bad to be involved with these people, but it was also like a safety net because if I was out with them then [REDACTED] couldn't get to me. It was be with them or go home. I was stuck between a rock and a hard place.
175. When I went to the Apex course in Dumfries, I didn't realise it was for people who had been in trouble. I just thought that it was a course. I bumped into faces from my past, people who were still on heroin. I got to see how things looked from the outside. I keep seeing people from the care system in the years since I left. When I see them, I don't talk to them but I feel connected to them. I can't just walk up to them and start talking to them because I'm not a part of their lives and never was. I just happened to grow up in a children's home with them. I'm never sure what to do. I feel confused because I feel like family, but we're not family. We're just children who grew up together.
176. Most of the people I grew up with are dead. Most of them died from drugs, but some had health problems, psychosis and things like that. I feel like the last soldier. It hurts. If a family member dies, it hurts. These are all my brothers and sisters. I grew up with them. When they die, it hurts and I don't always understand why. Because I grew up with them, it's like bits of you going missing. It's horrible.
177. I had no support from social work when my children were young. I needed a lot of support. I needed help with a lot of things. The social workers' view was that they were the kids' social worker, not my social worker. They made it quite clear that they weren't there to support me. I didn't feel supported by any of these people. I hate them. I hate how hard they made things. I hate the feelings that I've got inside. I've got a lot of anger towards all these people. None of them have ever answered for anything, whether it be in my childhood or what happened with my own kids.
178. I still see staff from the care homes in Dumfries. I find it hard to go out because I see folk. I get flashbacks. I don't like seeing people in this area. I saw EON from Ladyfield

a couple of years ago. He was walking with his wife and a child. It kicked off the memory of what happened there. I feel like doing something to these people. I can't go out and see any more people. I saw one of the guys that worked for [REDACTED] [REDACTED] in the Loreburne Centre, walking with his walking stick and enjoying his retirement. I feel like I can't breathe. Everywhere I go, I'm running into all these people and coming across all these things and I'm meant to act normal and not do anything. I feel weak because I'm not doing anything. I can't go out because I can't take the chance of anything going wrong. Nobody understands. If I was to do something, it would just look like some bad guy did some crazy thing. I can't do anything. I can only stay in my bedroom.

179. I was medicated at one point. When I moved to Dalbeattie, they took the medication away and said that they didn't prescribe that medication. I've not been treated for years. My heart gave in. The anxiety makes me feel really weak. When I come across people from my childhood, it takes a lot of energy out of me. I don't know what's going on with my body, but it doesn't seem to be able to take it anymore. Trying to get help and trying to get out of this place is so hard. I feel as if I'm going to die here in this hell with all these people playing golf and having their tea. I feel like a mad man. I'm glad I'm safe and I'm glad I've got a daughter to look after me. I'm glad I'm Christian in nature. I don't know who I am anymore. I don't know what's going to happen. My brain's just frazzled. I don't know who to trust.
180. I know all about control. I was controlled by [REDACTED] When people try to control me, it tends to go very badly. That was evident when I came across the police later on in life. I don't like being around it. I get pretty ill and pretty upset when I am around controlling behaviour. The way that rich and powerful folk like politicians conduct themselves can sometimes set me off. I have to be careful when I watch the news because I can see exactly what they're doing. I think it's because of what I saw when I was growing up. My mind is more open than other people's. I see things a lot easier and I can't just shake things off.
181. I can't go near the police or anybody else anymore, not until I have somebody in place who's here for me. I've nobody in place. I've no support. I've nobody keeping me

together psychologically. I physically fell apart and had a heart attack. I'm not overweight and I don't live unhealthily. I was pretty active and my life just fell apart. My mental health fell apart. The people supposed to help me wouldn't help. The only reason I've managed to bring myself half back in terms of my health is by isolating myself since early 2018. I don't see anybody. I took away social media and changed my phone number. I need help. I need physically and mentally put back together. Nobody is on my side. I feel like they're all coming at me from all angles and I'm really confused about a lot of things. I have no trust.

182. I'm not surprised I had a heart attack. I'm not surprised that my body just died. I've written down everything that happened and all the dealings that I had with all these people. There was no help. The CPN told me to take responsibility. The doctor didn't want to help. He said that they don't get money for me. Everything that I didn't want to happen was happening. It was like a nightmare. It's been brutal. When I think of sod's law, I feel like Job with all the things that keep happening to me. I have to do everything with a witness now. I'm sick of all these things happening to me and nobody is there. If I ever see a psychologist, I hope they'll understand that I can't go into a room and speak to them unless I have someone else with me. I need someone with me all the time to witness what's happening. When I speak up, I don't want to be shut down.
183. People who are meant to help send my mind spiralling. Police who come to me act unprofessionally. The man who used to manage People's Advocacy acts as if I haven't even asked for my files. It feels as if everybody is just railroading over me and doing whatever they want. I have no power to stop anything. The doctor wouldn't help me when I was falling down and being taken away in an ambulance. He wouldn't even refer me to the pain clinic. I've contacted a lawyer about my heart attack. The doctor at the hospital told me that I'd been living with heart disease for years. I had been told that it was all in my head and there was nothing wrong. I'd been asking for help for years. They've just been horrible and unhelpful. Even with my trauma, they just keep ignoring me and offering me antidepressants. Every time I try to speak up, get help and get them to listen, they ignore me and send me away. They ignore me when I ask for help. Nothing ever gets done.

184. Around 2018, my Personal Independence Payment money was taken away because I couldn't explain what was wrong with me. I had no understanding of where my mind was. The doctor wrote a report saying, "I don't know what's wrong with him," after me being registered there for over a decade, which highlighted the lack of care I had. The doctor made me suffer even more by having my PIP taken away. This highlighted to me even more that the medical practice had no interest in helping me.
185. That's what has led me to my isolation. My mind snapped and my body broke and I wasn't getting the help. Now that my daughter is helping me, I have someone to look out for me. I can't be in a room with professionals one-to-one. I need someone with me to witness what's going on. Everything in my life keeps going wrong. Until I get back into a mentally stable place where I can trust and I can work like everybody else, I need them to understand and help me. It's hard to get help to come out of this hard place.
186. Future Pathways gave me a support worker from the Richmond Fellowship. The workers have come round to the house multiple times. They don't really say much, and I feel as if I need to speak. I don't really want to talk about everything to a stranger. I don't know if the Richmond Fellowship will be able to meet my needs right now. I've said to them that I need to get out of here, I need to do something, I need help. I'm quite confused. I've now had seven different workers. It's something and it's been the first help that I've had, but I've spoken to Future Pathways and told them it needs to stop. I find it difficult to trust people and different people keep being sent to my door. It doesn't help my illness and makes me more nervous and uptight.
187. I started writing when I was fifteen, sixteen. Sometimes, I didn't write anything for a few years at a time, but it came back into my life again a few years ago. I enjoy sitting with a notepad and writing things. It helps me. It's amazing what comes out of your head. Wee rhymes come out of my head. I'm not educated, so I don't put it into any format. It's my take on everything. Everything is upside down. Some are short, some are long, some rhyme and some don't. It's all different types of writing and different influences. It helps me to get some of the bad stuff out and to sleep better. I've shared some of my writing with the Inquiry.

188. I've seen films about the Jewish people being taken to gas chambers and how they suffered. I don't mean to be offensive, but to me that's more humane than the way I've been treated. In my mind, it feels like the system are Nazis. I feel like they're killing me, but it's a very long, long death and lots of suffering. It's more humane to march people into a chamber and kill them straight away. I don't want to make it sound like these people had a nice death or anything, but some days I wish I'd died as quick and as easy as that because it would have been a lot less painful. I wouldn't have had to suffer for as long. I wouldn't have had to see anymore. I'm sick of seeing more and more things.

### **Reporting of abuse after leaving care**

189. They psychoanalysed me all my childhood. I never talked about anything. I knew better. [REDACTED] was connected to the police. He was connected to everybody. He told me what would happen if I ever spoke to anybody. He told me that he would find out if I spoke to anybody. When I was an adult, he proved it. He found out and my life was threatened.
190. [REDACTED] had a former police officer working at his garage, [REDACTED] When I was young, he used to take my mum's notes off me at the spare parts. [REDACTED] would come back and tell me what to do. He was been fed information by the police. I think that was why he got away with everything for so long. He was kept right. It was never really investigated or challenged. That's the thing about Dumfries and that's the thing about the police force. They're aware of what happened, but the attitude is, "It's okay, we'll just let it go and just ignore it." They're aware which police are involved, but they've never been reprimanded and I've never had an apology.
191. In the late 1990s, I finally spoke up to the kids' social worker, Jasmine Bell. It was roundabout the time that my son, [REDACTED] was born that she became the children's social worker. I was doing a detox in the Crichton Hospital, coming off heroin. The social workers were concerned about [REDACTED] being with her mother whilst I was an inpatient. After she'd been involved for a while, I spoke to her about what had



happened to me when I was younger. I told her how much danger I was in and how I couldn't get away from [REDACTED] It still didn't help. He still got away with it.

192. I had told her not to tell anybody. When I spoke to her, I told her that [REDACTED] was a powerful man and asked her not to speak to anybody because I was scared. Because she was a social worker, she thought she could deal with it. She went ahead and spoke to the police. My life was threatened one night. [REDACTED] took me in a car and said that Jasmine Bell had been speaking to the police and causing him problems. He didn't say that it was me, but he said that he would be very angry if his wife ever found out about what he had been doing. He told me that it would only cost £2000 for someone from London to come up, shoot the person and disappear. It was obvious that he was threatening me since Jasmine Bell was the kids' social worker.
193. I was under a real threat. I knew that I wasn't safe at the police station. I wasn't safe talking to anybody. I retreated away from it all. I'd made an early partial statement. I think the police officer's name was [REDACTED] He was nice enough to me. I felt bad because I couldn't tell him why I stopped making a statement and why I couldn't come anymore. The police had said before I started making my statement that it would be safe for me to go to the police station and speak to them discreetly and no one would know. They said that my file would be kept by the highest charge at the police station in a locked filing cabinet so no one could see my statement. I was given this reassurance before I even started making my statement. But when I sat there in the car and listened to my life being threatened and knew he had found out; I knew the police were corrupt and all was a lie. It was not safe to talk to anyone.
194. I had a psychologist, Ian Hancock, when I was going through my statement. He said he was going to bring down [REDACTED]. One thing sticks in my head that I can't make sense of. He said that he had been working with the police and that they had been investigating [REDACTED] for 25 years. That was back when my sister died in 2000. That meant they had been investigating [REDACTED] all my life. Not once did the police stop me from growing up in a house all by myself. Not once did they stop anything. My mother was always out. [REDACTED] was always coming to my mothers' house. The police must've seen something. How could they have seen nothing in 25



years? I don't believe it. I don't believe in any justice. There was mass corruption by the police force for that to have gone unnoticed.

195. They could have charged [REDACTED] but they didn't. They left him with a clean record. [REDACTED] died around 2008, a few years after the police discovered everything. There were times when they could have brought a lot of it to light and stopped it, but it never happened. He had that power. Somehow, he always got away with things. They had a chance to at least acknowledge what had happened and charge him with something. It was all washed under the carpet. Nothing was brought out. He got away with things because he was connected to the police. I hadn't realised that they were telling him how to get off with things, what to say and what to do. The police kept him right and they kept him out of trouble. Why did the exploitation team not take it further? Why did they leave that man to get away and to die? I have no answers.
196. I wouldn't have found out about it if it hadn't been for a social worker who came and apologised to me in 2000. I was at the art college and trying to move on and bring up my kids. She came to my dentist and drove me back to the art college. She said that she was sorry that she hadn't listened to me. She said that the police had approached her and asked her who she had spoken to. She then told the police who were investigating which officers she had spoken to about [REDACTED] That's how it was discovered, that the officers she had spoken to were giving him information. I don't know who they were. I think they were suspended. The social worker retired early on half a pension. There would have been more police involved because [REDACTED] had been doing things for a long time, but none of the corruption ever got investigated.
197. Everything started to go wrong again in 2017. I had a dental nightmare, my dad died and just before that a policeman came from the Exploitation Team. The officer wasn't very helpful. He said that he was there to talk about [REDACTED], the babysitter who had abused me when I was really young. My mum used to leave me with babysitters and [REDACTED] tried to do something to me. It was part of the statement I'd made before [REDACTED] threatened me. The police must have gone over the statement and seen that. I don't know whether he was still alive and they maybe wanted to take him to court for something else.

198. Many years had passed. I'd done all these things. I'd brought up the wains and moved on. I was getting to a place where I was nearly ready to go out to work. Out of the blue, this police officer turned up and screwed my mind. It wasn't just a case that he came and asked me about all this stuff. Everything came back to me about making the statement. I'd found out information from the social worker, that the police had been involved and they had been caught. All of that was going through my mind when I was sitting talking to him.
199. I told the officer that I was more concerned by the fact that I'd been abused by [REDACTED] and the police force covered it up. They were part of the fact that I couldn't come to the police when I was younger and that I had to live like this. He said that the police couldn't do anything about a dead man and that I'd have to get my mum charged with neglect. It wasn't even a thoughtful response. He just shot me right down. At least he didn't deny that he knew anything about it because he must've known something to respond in that way. The response he gave me when he shot me down was two negatives to stop me from investigating things. Nothing positive and no encouragement to talk up. Instead he shot me down.
200. The officer was only in my house for about ten minutes. He then said that he'd leave me to think about [REDACTED] and that he'd come back in a couple of weeks to see how I felt. He lied. He never did come back. He left me hanging. Because I brought up [REDACTED] his superiors must have told him not to come near me again. I sat on tenterhooks for months, waiting for him to turn up at my door again. That was when my mental health became really bad. I was sitting there, waiting for the officer to come back, and he didn't. He came in, brought up the past, smashed up my life and left me with all these feelings of anger.
201. I phoned the police station to find out who the officer was. They said they knew nothing about it and they had no record of it. My mind was falling apart. I was wondering if it was some kind of conspiracy. It felt like they were taking the mickey. I kept phoning back. They sent the police out to my house because they were concerned about me, as if I was a problem. They looked around the living room, probably checking whether I was on drugs. They weren't there to help me. All I wanted was to know was who the

man was and when he had come. I felt like I was a bad person and they were coming to arrest me.

202. Eventually, I got his name. The police managed to track him down. His badge number was Victor 205 and his surname was Richardson. He was a uniformed officer. It caused me a lot of stress and hassle to get his name. I kept on and on at them until they gave me his name. It's all in a diary I kept. I kept notes of everything that happened and everything that went wrong. They said that he was on a training course and that he'd get back to me.
203. Officer Richardson eventually contacted me by telephone. I asked him when he came to see me and he said that he wasn't sure. I told him that I needed to know. He told me that it was roughly August 2017. He asked me why I wanted to know. I told him that since he came to my house and some other things happened, my life had gone into disarray. My physical and mental health went bang. I told him that I had no idea what was happening. People were dying, I'd tried to commit suicide in the forest and I'd been stood on by the benefits people for my Personal Independence Payments.
204. The officer told me that they'd decided not to proceed against [REDACTED] and that was why he hadn't come back to see me. They wouldn't tell me why, whether he was dead or there weren't enough witnesses. He could have at least phoned me to explain, that he wasn't coming back, instead of leaving me wondering whether he was coming or not.
205. The officer told me that he'd been demoted. I don't know why he had to tell me that. I didn't respond to that. I told him that ever since he had come to my house, my life had gone in a really bad direction. I had to go and deal with all this stuff that I thought was over. I told him that I was sick of it all. I thought that I had a chance of having a life. I told him that I had accepted that it didn't matter what I did, I was never going to have a life. It doesn't matter where I go, the past always comes and haunts me. I let him know that I was speaking to the Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry about the past. He was interested in that and said that he would know when I was up.

206. His response to me saying that I was sick of it confused me. He said, "We're all sick of it as well." I thought to myself, "You're all sick of it?" Seemingly the police are all sick of this stuff. They're the guys that aren't supposed to be sick of it. They're meant to be addressing what happened. It's their predecessors fault for failing to deal with it. They should be pointing their anger at them, not the victims for complaining. I didn't like his attitude. I don't think his training had helped him. He wasn't interested. He just wanted it dealt with. That lacklustre attitude is why folk keep getting away with things.
207. I don't believe the police are interested in helping me. It would involve them admitting that they had done wrong. They're not going to admit that. I've seen by their behaviour that their attitude stinks when it comes to dealing with these things. Officer Richardson cemented that fact when he contacted me.

## **Records**

208. I tried to get my records from the social work department around 2007. I went to the People's Advocacy and dealt with Paul Thomas, who was the manager. He left the People's Advocacy. He wrote to me and said that Pamela was in charge and I could speak to her. I felt like I couldn't go through it all again. Paul offered to see me on an independent basis as a counsellor. I started to see him at First Base. He applied for my files. He was told that my files had been water-damaged in a flood in Stranraer. Paul wrote back to them and said that the way they had dealt with me had been callous. Eventually, they said they had miraculously found the files.
209. I asked Paul Thomas to keep my files for me. I need help to go through them because a lot of things in them wound me up. Some of the names were blacked out. Because I was trying to get help and bring up the kids, I had to keep stopping. I needed to take breaks so my life wouldn't fall apart. It was hard work. I phoned Paul Thomas up after I buried my dad, after I'd been refused PIP and I was going to the forest to end my life. He said he was in Inverness. I told him that I needed my files, but he's never sent them. I think he's got rid of my files or misplaced them in the move. I've left him voicemails, but he never gets back to me. I keep trying to contact him and he says

he'll come and see me, but he never does. I don't want to keep phoning him because I don't want to pester him. I've tried to call Paul Thomas a couple of times and he still hasn't sent me my files. I don't really know what to do about it.

210. After I'd recovered my social work files, I went to Frank at Pass and recovered my records from Ladyfield East. It was hard getting them and when I did get them lots of parts were blacked out. When I asked for my hospital files, they sent me files relating to my time on methadone. That wasn't what I was looking for. I was looking for the stuff relating to my time at Ladyfield East. It's emotional and hard work, getting my files. It drains the life out of me. There were only certain points when the wains were younger that I had the strength to go through with it. I would then have to step back and leave it for a while.

### **Lessons to be learned**

211. When I was in the care system, it was very cold. The staff were there to do a job. There wasn't much love and it didn't feel like a loving environment. When you're with your mum and dad, you gain skills growing up. Your dad might fix cars and work on cars a lot. Your mum might help you to learn to cook. There's none of that in the care system. When you're in care, you miss out on all of those things. Members of staff could help kids to learn things like that. Driving is an important thing, especially nowadays. Staff should take more time out to make sure that kids are learning these kind of things. I know nothing about cars or anything and it's held me back. I have a lot of fears. They should get kids confident with things like that. You don't get taught these things at school. They need to look at what kids get taught at school and what kids get taught by their parents. These things should be taught to children in care so they don't miss out.
212. There are always lessons to be learned in everything. There are always things that need to be fixed. I think the main lesson from what happened to me is that if I was quiet, there was a reason. If I was playing up and going crazy, there was something wrong. They never picked up on any of it. They never picked up on the fact that I didn't

fit in. Their attitude was that they were there to work, do as little as possible, finish their shifts and go home. Nobody stopped and took notice. I didn't feel like anybody really cared. It certainly didn't feel like a family environment.

213. There needs to be more taking notice of children in care and more nurturing. They need to take notice of where their weaknesses lie and point them towards help. They should be strengthened up in different areas instead of doing as little as possible for them and then chucking them out. When I see weaknesses in my kids, I give them advice and I try and help them. I didn't feel that in the care system. If you got into trouble, they didn't like you and they ignored you. I didn't feel like there was anybody that I could talk to.

214. 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.....FPM.....

Dated.....25 January 2021.....