

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

Tommy HARLEY

Support person present: Yes, Sandra TOYER

1. My name is Tommy Harley. My date of birth is [REDACTED] 66. My contact details are known to the inquiry.

Background

2. My family lived in Kirkcaldy when I was a child. I lived with my mum, dad [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] My dad died in 2015. My mum died of cancer in 2007.
3. I have never been married. I have two children with my ex-partner. My children emigrated with my ex-partner to Australia many years ago. They are both grown up and we still keep in touch.

Life before being put into care

4. My family life was horrible, even when I was a toddler. [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] always picked on me, even as a toddler. [REDACTED] noticed it. I used to get beatings off [REDACTED]. I got beatings right through to when I went into care. As a child, I was riddled with the fear of [REDACTED] coming in and what was going to happen. [REDACTED] used to haul me out my bed when [REDACTED] came in pissed. [REDACTED] would shout "bastard, bastard, get down here." I was only a wee kid. I would go down. Sometimes [REDACTED]

█████ wouldn't be there to protect me. █████ was sometimes at my Uncle █████ and Auntie █████. █████ would just batter me. I thought I deserved it.

5. I used to do stuff. I was fascinated by fires. It was my escape, my reality. I remember █████ once had battered me when █████ wasn't there. I managed to get out the house. I had a wee bike, a Tommy Hawk, and I went to Golden Gate Woods. My head was pure buzzing. I couldn't hear anything coz of the beating. I was only eight years old. I made a fire and lit it with matches. There was a █████ hanging from one of the trees and I remember thinking at the time that if it had been █████ I would have hung myself that day. I shouldn't have had those visions at that young age. I had those visions because I knew what I was going back to at the house.
6. █████ tried to protect me a few times when █████ was battering me. I never once broke down with █████. I used to give █████ a wee smirk as █████ was battering me. It made █████ worse. █████ did it all the more.
7. The school also saw me as trouble. I wasn't wanted at school. I would carry on all the time. I was under a psychiatrist at the Victoria Hospital in Kirkcaldy. I also had social workers involved with me. I also was involved with the Children's Panel. When I look back now I know what was wrong with me. However, at the time I was just seen as a heavy problem.
8. Just before I was put into care I went to stay with my Auntie █████ and Uncle █████. They fostered me. I couldn't live at my own house anymore. They tried to put me back to school. They wouldn't accept that █████ was doing this to me. I was frustrated and I was lashing out at home and at school. I was seen as a heavy problem. I was a nightmare in the house. I had to be constantly watched. I was setting fires. I set fires under the bed and fires in the neighbours' bit. That meant trouble was coming to my mum's door. My parents would be told "Tommy's daein' this and that." I just ended up getting more beatings from █████.

9. When I was at primary school I couldn't understand stuff like maths and English. I couldn't take it in. I was that frustrated and lashed out. I lashed out at the other boys. Their mums wouldn't allow them back in the school unless I was kicked out. I was only a wee boy.
10. My family life was a nightmare. I missed being brought up [REDACTED] when I was at my Auntie [REDACTED] house. I felt like I was being treated differently. I was frustrated.
11. There were bushes behind my Uncle [REDACTED] hut. I took a big box of matches and set fire to the bushes. The flames were shooting up. I then threw on a big space hopper and it exploded. Auntie [REDACTED] came out with her washing. She then dropped the washing and started shouting on my Uncle [REDACTED] to phone the fire brigade. I was just standing there.
12. It was then that my aunt and uncle realised that they couldn't handle me either. When I go home to Fife to visit, I see my Auntie [REDACTED]. She got to understand why I acted the way I did as a kid. It was because I wasn't getting any love and affection.
13. I was also put into a place at the age of six. It was a place for kids with Down's Syndrome. It was for a wee break. It was in Kirkcaldy. I can't remember the name of the place. There was a woman named Rose. My dad hated her. I could see it in his face. She used to take me up to my mum's on a Sunday and she would hold my hand. I was there for a short while and then went back to the family home but it all kicked off again with [REDACTED].
14. [REDACTED] had been on at [REDACTED] to stop doing what [REDACTED] was doing to me. [REDACTED] was on at [REDACTED] to take me out and to spend a bit more time with me. That's when I went with [REDACTED] to Danacare Hotel and woods to spend time together. I was that fearful. I kept thinking that [REDACTED] was going to batter me. I couldn't relax. I hated being in [REDACTED] company. Anytime I was in [REDACTED] company [REDACTED] would batter the fuck out of me.

15. One Friday night, [REDACTED] came in pissed and fell asleep in front of the fire. [REDACTED] was doing the washing in the kitchen. I tried to shove newspapers up [REDACTED] trousers to try and set [REDACTED] on fire. I had been quiet and [REDACTED] came running into the living room. [REDACTED] saw what I had been doing.
16. My mum once took me up to the police because she had no control over me. However, I managed to get away. I had already been banned from buying matches in the local shop. I remember hopping over the fences whilst I was running away. The neighbours saw me.
17. There was this other shop with a hut next to it. I set the hut on fire. I remember standing outside the front gate. I watched as the fire brigade came and the hut went up in flames. My mum knew it was me and she couldn't take it anymore.
18. [REDACTED]
19. It was the decision of Mr Graham McKenzie, my social worker, my psychiatrists and my mum to send me away. I remember sitting in the psychiatrists' bit in the Victoria Hospital in Kirkcaldy. They said to my mum about me going into care. My mum told me that I was going for a wee holiday. I had actually been sectioned. I wasn't aware of that at the time. I was already on medication. I was on Epilim tablets. I would take fits. I would scream and go blue in the face. The tablets were in a purple box. They were prescribed by the psychiatrist.

Playfield House, Cupar

20. I was nine years old when I was taken away. I was all excited. I remember going with my mum to Playfield House. I think my social worker Mr McKenzie was there

too. My mum took a photo of me out the back of the place beside the play hippo. I have the photo. I'm just a wee boy with blonde hair. She stayed for a wee while and I remember being put in a dorm of four.

21. When we drove in I remember seeing what was the children's unit and an adult unit. There was a wee hut for teas and coffees in the grounds where you could go with visitors. There was also a place for the nurses. There was also a morgue.
22. [REDACTED] and I arrived it was strange. The fear and hurt had left me when I went in. I knew [REDACTED] couldn't get to me. I felt relaxed.
23. There was a woman called [REDACTED]^{HYB}. We called her Auntie [REDACTED]^{HYB}. Auntie [REDACTED]^{HYB} helped look after us. There was also a charge hand nurse we called Uncle [REDACTED]^{HYA}. He was in control of the unit.

Routine

First night

24. I remember my first night there. I felt relaxed for the first time ever. I was in with other boys of my own age. They were all from different parts of Fife. I felt settled.
25. It was a secure unit. You couldn't just walk out the place. The staff did not wear any uniforms. They wore casual clothes. I remember Auntie [REDACTED]^{HYB} wore a flowery dress and specs. She was an old woman. The children wore their own clothes. I remember I was wearing a wee Levi 501 jacket the day I arrived. I was as proud as punch. For the first six weeks I felt quite happy.

School

26. We had school in the morning but I used to just play with bits of wood. There was also a sandpit with water. I think there was a wee bit of English but I didn't understand anything. I can't remember if we got maths.

Visits

27. My mum would come and visit on a Wednesday. My mum could see that I was settled but she still missed me. I was still on my medication. Sometimes my mum would get knock backs for a visit if the 'hyperness' was coming out or I was 'carrying on.' There was one time my mum was refused a visit because I had thrown a stone at another wee boy. I remember standing at the play hippo. The wee boy had been nipping my head so I just threw the stone at him. He was screaming.

Medical care

28. I used to see a psychiatrist regularly. He used to talk to me. I don't know what we spoke about. Maybe we spoke about family life. It was when I was speaking to the psychiatrist that I saw that the room where the therapy pool was had a two way mirror.

Abuse

29. My life changed the day when Aunty^{HYB} shouted for me. She said that Uncle^{HYA} was waiting for me in the therapy pool. The therapy pool was a big steel pool with ladders. I remember going in. Aunty^{HYB} took me in. It was the first time I had visited the pool. I had my trunks on. Uncle^{HYA} was already in the pool. I put my towel down and climbed up the ladders. I saw Aunty^{HYB} standing at the door. She stood and watched me climb in. Then she just closed the door. When I got in the pool Uncle^{HYA} just grabbed hold of me. I thought he was trying to drown me. I fucking shat myself. My world just changed that day.

30. That's when the abuse started. I was screaming. I heard people walking past but I learned that no one would come in to get me. I was shouting for my mum to come and get me. My mum couldn't save me. She wasn't there. I understand now why it was called a therapy pool. No matter what you screamed or shouted no one would come to get you. Uncle **HYA** took my trunks off. He was shouting at me and telling me what he wanted me to do. He told me to grab his private parts. I fucking knew it was wrong, something told me it was fucking wrong. We got out the pool and he was shouting at me to wank him off. His shorts were off. It felt like someone had put a gas mask over my face. I couldn't breathe. It was fucking horrible.
31. Once Uncle **HYA** had done what he wanted I was left there standing and shaking. I was in total shock. He shouted at me to get my trunks on and to get myself dried. He said that I wasn't to say anything and that no one was going to listen to me or believe me. When I got out the pool it was as if I couldn't hear anything. I was in total shock. When he touched me I didn't understand what he was doing. I just knew it was wrong. I had no energy. My world changed that day. I had not a lick of energy to get back to my room.
32. Uncle **HYA** got me moved from the dorm into a single room. I had been there six weeks. In that time he had brought me toys. He bought me an action man. I never got toys at home because I would just break them. Even on Christmas Day, I would go get all my toys, put them in a cupboard, climb up, jump off and break them. Uncle **HYA** brought me wee bits and pieces. I knew it was wrong but that was just the start of it. I used to look forward to him being on. I used to ask when Uncle **HYA** was back on. In those first six weeks I used to look forward to him coming. I have learnt since what he was actually doing to me.
33. When I got moved into the single room I used to pish down the side of my bed. I wouldn't go to the toilet when I knew he was on. The room must've been stinking. There was a window in the room that could only be opened a little bit. I used to fantasise about opening it and running back to my mum. I couldn't get out.

34. There was a sign out book. Uncle **HYA** used to take me out. There were electric doors. He would sign me out and take me up through the gardens to his house. All the fear would come back to me with a vengeance. I remember walking through the garden past a greenhouse. I could smell the cooking coming from the kitchen.
35. That first time he took me up to his house I wondered why he was taking me up there. The house was a bungalow just off the grounds. I was scared. I knew something bad was going to happen. When we went into the bungalow I remember there being a living room on the right hand side. I remember the carpet, the mirror, the fireplace and the settee. There were photos on the mantelpiece.
36. I remember just standing there. I was stuck to the floor. There was no energy in me to move. My energy left me when we went into that room. I knew I wanted to get out but I couldn't move. It was like I was stuck. He closed the blinds. I was standing still. I felt as though someone had put a gas mask on my face. He told me to get my clothes off. I just stood there. He grabbed me and he pushed me onto the settee. He pinned me down. He had his knee on my chest. He took my trousers off. I had to take my top off. He took his trousers off. He was telling me what to do. He made me do stuff to him. I had to wank him and suck him off.
37. He had never entered me before we had gone up to his house. When he did enter me I was in that much pain. When he finished what he was doing, after he had entered me, I couldn't sit. This happened up at his house. I bled for ages afterwards. I used to wash my own underwear but the bloodstains remained. There was also blood on my jeans. I couldn't sit down. I was in so much fucking pain after he entered me.
38. I remember when we left the house it was like everything was in slow motion. I had learned to switch off. I learned that from the beatings from **██████**. When Uncle **HYA** was shagging me on the couch it was as though I was standing there watching it. It was like it wasn't happening to me.

39. When we were going back to the unit Uncle **HYA** used to hold my hand. I felt like I wasn't there, like I wasn't really walking. I was in a lot of pain. When we went back, he signed me back in and I went away to my room. He told me that if I told anyone what was happening a lot of bad things would happen to me. I had to cope with the pain. I was pure numb. My jeans had blood on them. My underwear had blood on it. I had to cope with all this.

40. The abuse went on for ages. I just couldn't understand why it was all happening. I thought I deserved all this because of the way I had acted when I was with my family and when I was at school.

Aunty **HYB**

41. Aunty **HYB** knew what was going on. She definitely knew what was going on that day in the therapy pool. She knew what was coming. She stood at the door while I was climbing up the ladder. She did fuck all about it. She was never in the room when it all happened but she turned a blind eye.

42. When Uncle **HYA** was on shift you could cut the atmosphere with a knife. I remember sitting in the dining room. I was sitting by myself. I remember Aunty **HYB** coming over and telling me to pull myself together. That I was to get out of this frame of mind. I was always on my own even though I was in with other boys and lassies. I would just switch off. I went into my own reality. I would have a 'carry on'. Even though I knew the carry on was bad for me I still did it. I would always get punished.

43. Uncle **HYA** would sometimes refuse my mum a visit when I was being heavily sedated. When she did get to visit she would take me to the wee hut and get crisps and juice. They served teas and coffees and you could get sausage rolls too. She asked me if everything was okay. I didn't know what to say. I knew what was going on was wrong but I didn't know how to come out with it. My mum used to go home and get off the bus hysterical from the change she'd seen in me. After I got out of

rehab I revealed to [REDACTED] what had happened to me. She said that they knew, [REDACTED] and her, that something was going on.

Electric Shock Treatment

44. I was still under a psychiatrist at Edinburgh Sick Kids hospital. I was taken there for brain scans with rubber hoses. I was put in a big machine. The machine took its time going backwards and forwards. I tried to tell myself that it didn't happen. However, it did happen. That was my reality. I received eight sessions of electric shock treatment. I was only nine or ten. The treatment was supposedly to change the way I was thinking and acting. I was just a wee boy. What I really needed was to be cared for. I remember going over to the Edinburgh Sick Kids hospital in an ambulance. The nurse sedated me because I wouldn't settle. The treatment was all carried out by the psychiatrists at the Sick Kids hospital in Edinburgh. They needed my mum's signature for me to get the treatment. My mum had agreed to it.

Reporting of abuse

45. I never told anyone what was going on. I don't know if anything was going on with the other kids. I never shared anything with any of them. The other kids were all in their own wee worlds too. I do remember sitting at a big window. A lassie just ran at it [REDACTED]. After we had something to eat we went to the girls section and that's when it happened. The lassie ran to the window [REDACTED]. She was rushed away. There was blood all over the place. I never heard from her again. I don't know what happened to her. A big board was put over the window. My mum visited and asked what had happened and I told her.
46. Before my mum died she said she blamed herself. I told her it wasn't her fault. [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] The first one is the one that my mum took of me next to the play hippo on the first day and another that was taken about six weeks later. You can see it in my face from the first photo to the second that

something had changed in me. I had been a happy wee boy in the first photo. I'd gone from being happy to being robbed of my childhood. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] It's obvious that something had changed in me. It was one of the hardest things I had to do was to look at those photos.

Ovenston, Pittenweem, Fife

47. My social worker, Mr Graham McKenzie, came to visit me at Playfield House. He told me that I was being moved to another place. I had been in Playfield House long enough. I was ten years of age. Mr McKenzie took me. It was a Wednesday. I always remember that. Bad things always happened to me in care on a Wednesday. Even when I was at home as a wee kid and the police were beating the door it was always on a Wednesday.
48. The place I was taken to was Ovenston in Pittenweem. The place was SNR [REDACTED] SNR [REDACTED] Mr and Mrs GBB-IAL [REDACTED] It was a residential home.
49. There was a girls' dorm and a boys' dorm. There were huts that were used as the school. I remember an adventure playground. There was a laundrette. There was also a TV room and a wee room next to it where you were allowed to play records if you were good. I tried for a long time to get in this wee room. I eventually did but I couldn't help myself with the carry on.
50. Mrs IAL [REDACTED] was an evil woman. I just got this vibe off her. I just saw her as evil. She was down on me all the time. She would call me stupid and 'fucking backward'. She would get me in trouble and I would get sent to Mr GBB [REDACTED] for the slipper. I just never took to her. Some of the other boys did. I just didn't. I would never greet when Mr GBB [REDACTED] gave me the slipper. I used to just switch off. That's what I'd done all my life. It was a size 10 slipper. You would get the slipper on your backside. I just never gave in. I was forever getting the slipper. Mr GBB [REDACTED] kept the slipper in his drawer. Mr and Mrs GBB-IAL [REDACTED] were old. They'll be dead by now.

51. What I do remember is that it wasn't all doom and gloom. There was a nurse called zKLJ zKLJ dressed normal. She took to me. She would let me sit on her knee. She used to show me some affection. All the boys would get jealous. Auntie Bunty was the cook and she used to be nice too.

Routine

52. We would get up in the morning, get washed and put our uniform on. At breakfast, I remember we had to eat it all, whatever we were given. You couldn't leave the table until your breakfast was all eaten.
53. School would start the back of nine in the morning. We had to wear a proper uniform. I remember wearing shorts and a tie. It wasn't a long walk to the huts that they used for the school. We were each allocated to a class. There were two classes. I was in Mr Munro's class. Mrs IAL took the other class. We were taught English, algebra, reading and writing. I tried to understand what was going on but they just said that I wasn't listening. I struggled with the writing bit. I didn't know the ABC's. Years later, when I went into rehab, I only knew how to sign my name.

Food

54. We used to have afternoon tea at three o'clock in the afternoon. There were scones. I hated them. I tried to explain that I didn't like raisins. I was forced to eat them though. I remember one time, when I was being forced to eat the scones, I tried to tell them that I felt sick. They were covered in butter. We had already eaten a large breakfast and lunch and they expected us to eat this afternoon tea. I asked if I could leave the dining room. They wouldn't let me leave. Then I spewed all over the table. They shouted at me. I had to get a mop and bucket to clean it up. Everyone looked at me in disgust. They were shouting at me "how fucking dare you be sick in the dining room." I got the slipper for that from Mr GBB for not telling them that I was going to be sick. I did tell them though. They just didn't listen. There wasn't a week that went by that I wasn't getting the slipper.

Behaviour

55. One time, when some lassies came in, I shouted 'hey'. When the lassies turned round I dropped my drawers. Then Mr ^{GBB} came in. I knew I was in trouble. The next day he called us all around him and he played his guitar. He called me up beside him. He said what I had done. He made me strip off all my clothes in front of everyone. I was humiliated. I hated him. He did this as punishment for what happened earlier in the day. It was his way of being in control. I also got the slipper later on that day for it.
56. Another time I upset Mr ^{GBB} was when I took his two Afghan Hound dogs out for a walk. Their names were Sacha and Cara. I let one of them off the leash and she ran off. He went hunting for her but he never did get her back.
57. Sometimes I had a laugh there. However, nine times out of ten, when I was having a laugh, I got in trouble. I wondered why I was getting punished all the time. People just didn't get me because I never came out with anything. I couldn't explain anything. My avoidance was to carry on all the time.

Bedtime

58. Bedtime was the worst. I would lie in bed waiting on something happening. I remember the night shift staff were on. They would check on what I was up to because I tended to carry on. The next day would end up the same. I would be getting pulled up for this and that.

Trips

59. We were taken on trips once a week up to Cosmos at St Andrews. We went up in the minibus. When we were driving up my fantasy was that I was running about in

the clouds, my fantasy was that I had escaped and I was flying. I used to fantasise all the time to get away from reality. That was my escapism.

Home Visits

60. I used to get home for weekend leave. I tried going home. [REDACTED] wanted [REDACTED] to try harder with me. That didn't last.
61. I went home to my mum and dad's one Christmas. My mum was lying on the couch. She didn't keep well. I remember one time she was in hospital and I just knew that she wasn't well. I think she had pleurisy. All my family were there and I had to stay with my Auntie [REDACTED] and Uncle [REDACTED]. They were good with me. They didn't have wee kids of their own. Uncle [REDACTED] would try to explain things to me like English and sentences. Auntie [REDACTED] just couldn't understand what was wrong with me. I'm still in touch with my Auntie [REDACTED]. She got to understand many years later why I acted the way I did.

Rossie Farm, Montrose, Coupar Angus

62. I was fourteen when I was taken to Rossie Farm. My social worker, Mr McKenzie, took me there. I was taken into the dining room. There must've been about 160 boys. I was only a wee boy. I was wee for my age. It was as though my system had shut down, I hadn't grown and I hadn't developed. One of the boys was asked to show me about and my mum and Mr McKenzie went away. I remember being given a bowl of soup. I felt sick with fear. I was shitting myself. It was like a brutality camp. If you didn't do as you were told you got the school belt. You had to stand to attention. It was all 'yes sir, no sir.'

Routine

63. There were twenty boys in the dorm at Rossie Farm. There were shower cubicles. At shower time we all had to stand in a line naked with a towel. The staff stood there

watching. It was horrible. All our clothes were locked up. We were locked up. Anytime I got the chance I ran away I would hear "Harley, get back here ya bastard"

64. Our mail was opened and read. Everything was monitored. If you made any phone calls the staff were on the other side of the phone. My mum used to send me fifty fags. That was what I was allowed to smoke. We had four meals a day. It was a strict regime.

Bedtime

65. When I was up there I slept with other boys. The first night I was there, after the lights went out, I saw boys getting into bed with each other. I thought "for fucks sake". I remember two boys tried it with me and another boy sticking up for me. I was just in the door. I fucking shat myself. In time, I eventually gave in. I started sleeping with a couple of the other boys too. It was a way of getting affection. They became the closest to a family I had. I was experimenting with the older boys. They were maybe a year or two older. It was just the way it was. The staff knew what was going on. They never said anything. It kept the place quiet.

Children's Panel

66. I was taken to the Children's Panel for reviews. The initial decision to send me to Rossie Farm was taken by the Children's Panel. I couldn't go home. [REDACTED] wasn't willing to take a chance as I was either going to kill [REDACTED] or [REDACTED] was going to kill me. I was also refusing to go to school.
67. The people in attendance would do all the talking. I remember my mum being there. Mr ^{IDM} [REDACTED] was there for Rossie Farm. He was the housemaster. Mr Graham McKenzie, my social worker, was there too. I asked if I could get out. I was told that I wasn't eligible. I just knew I wasn't getting out. I wasn't given the opportunity to express my concerns at any time when I was in care. I felt like I was a pest. No-one could handle me. The school couldn't handle me and my family couldn't handle me. The best thing for them was to get me treatment. That's how I got filled with pills.

Abuse

68. I was never sexually abused by staff at Rossie Farm. I do remember boys talking about a Mr ^{GBI} [REDACTED]. I think that was his name. Some said that they had wanked him off. The boys called him ^{GBI} [REDACTED].
69. It was physical abuse there in the form of corporal punishment. They used the belt as punishment. I used to get beatings. ^{SNR} [REDACTED] and the staff were brutal. I remember some of the teachers. There was a Mr ^{IDM} [REDACTED] and a ^{GWC} [REDACTED]. When you were given the school belt one member of staff would hold you down on the boardroom table while the other member of staff would belt you. They would actually take a run up then hit you. They always gave you six of the belt. I remember once I was standing outside waiting to see matron. As ^{GWC} [REDACTED] walked by he told me to stand up straight. I was ill. I didn't do it. ^{GWC} [REDACTED] punched me right in the stomach. I fell on the ground and ^{GWC} [REDACTED] started kicking in at me. I was fourteen and a half years old at the time. Matron came out, saw what was happening and turned back round back into her room. I don't know her name. I used to get beatings all the time off ^{GWC} [REDACTED].
70. There was no care or love. I was just a number and a name. There were boys in there doing sentences for criminal offences. Some were doing five, three and two year sentences. I was in with the Children's Panel. I was in for different reasons. I should never have been in there.
71. When I was fifteen and a half years old I ran away. I walked all the way to Dundee. I phoned my Uncle [REDACTED]. He came and picked me up. I remember having a bath and sleeping for ages when I got to his house. I was filthy. Uncle [REDACTED] still talks about the time he came to pick me up at the Tay Bridge and the state I was in. I initially stayed with my Uncle [REDACTED]. After that my mum hid me in different houses. I was away for about three months. I was eventually caught and taken back to Rossie Farm in handcuffs. I hadn't been taking my Epilim. When I got back to Rossie Farm I refused to go back on it. I was sick of being sedated all the time. The

time I had been on the run was the first time I had been free of prescription drugs. I just told the staff that I wasn't going to take medication. I can't remember if I saw a psychiatrist during that time.

72. I was sixteen when I left Rossie Farm. I had been there for nineteen months.

Life after the institution

73. I left Rossie Farm with no life skills. No-one explained what I was to do. I decided that I was going to cut all ties with the authorities. They didn't work for me. I decided not to trust anyone again. I got dropped off in a van at the top of Kirkcaldy and was sent on my way. I was wearing a donkey jacket and overalls. I went to the nearest shop and bought ten fags, a lighter and some beer. The plan was to go and stay with my parents again for a few days. I had no other place to go. I ended up staying with my cousin. I went to visit [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] got up to me. I stood up to [REDACTED] and I said "Don't you fucking dare, I'll stab you to bits." [REDACTED] never again lifted [REDACTED] hands to me. I used to have visions when I was younger of getting a knife and stabbing [REDACTED]. There was still a lot of hatred there between [REDACTED] and I so staying at home didn't work out for me. I was still fucked up.
74. I had only been out for a couple of days when I started to smoke dope with a couple of boys. I didn't like the feeling of the dope. It made me paranoid. All the memories started to come flooding back. I started to take other drugs. I took speed, LSD and ecstasy. I ended up injecting heroin. Throughout my time as a drug user I always worked. One of my first jobs was as a van boy for Solripe lemonade. I was sixteen and a half. The run was all over Fife.
75. I met the mother of my kids when I was young. She was a complete straight peg. [REDACTED] and I had two children together. There was only seven months between them as [REDACTED] was born three months early. I didn't know how to be affectionate with them. I didn't know how to be a loving and caring father. It caused a lot of problems in the home. [REDACTED] was an auxiliary nurse when we first met. I used to

get up in the morning and have a beer, a line of speed and then I cooked up some heroin before going to work. I worked on a building site driving a dumper truck. [REDACTED] would be on at me. It was constant. She found my stash once and put it down the toilet. She eventually couldn't take it anymore. We broke up. She went on to meet someone else. She then emigrated with the kids to Australia. I was on a methadone programme at the time but I was still taking heroin, valium and the rest.

76. I remember sitting down with the kids and letting them choose what they wanted to do. It was a tough decision. We told them not to think about what we wanted. It was to be what they wanted. They chose to go with their mum to Australia. That was fourteen years ago. I've seen my daughter since. She came back for a visit. I've not seen my son since he left but I'm still in touch with him.
77. I then got my own place. I didn't know how to manage on my own. My mum had to do everything for me. I didn't even know how to boil an egg.

Impact

78. I became a drug addict. I couldn't handle all the head stuff. When the kids left for Australia I got right into the heroin. I used to inject. I just wanted to get out of my face because I couldn't handle the head stuff. [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] I was a pure bampot. I cringe when I look back at myself. Over time I've realised why I acted and did stuff. It was because of my past.

79. [REDACTED]

80. My mum got diagnosed with cancer and she died two years later. I was there with her. I saw her last breath. The Sunday before she died the whole family went to visit her. They were saying goodbye. My mum and I were driving home and she asked me to pull over. She asked me to do her a favour, to not go back the way, but it was too late. I was still taking heroin but I tried to hide it. On the Tuesday morning my mum died. I was there. I never felt anything. I was numb.
81. After my mum died I got right into heavy using of drugs. I kept thinking about hanging myself. However, something stopped me from doing it. I had it all planned out. [REDACTED]
82. In August 2010 I decided I had had enough of using drugs. I saw a guy and a woman in the chemist getting their methadone, they were the oldest junkies in town. I looked at them and decided that that was not for me. I made the decision that I wanted off the drugs. I went to see the community drug team. I told them I wanted off the drugs but they weren't willing to bring me down off it. I got chucked off my methadone because I was still using heroin. That was when I met this guy and he told me about Jericho rehab unit in Greenock.

Rehabilitation

83. I arrived at the unit for my assessment with all my bags thinking that I would get in right there and then. A bed came up for me in the December of 2010. They took me in and welcomed me. They showed me how to take care of myself. They showed me a new way of life.
84. I wasn't sleeping when I got there. I was off the drugs and all the memories came flooding back. Tam was the first person I told about the abuse. My head and shoulders were aching. I felt all this pressure building up. It eventually came out that I had been abused in care. I didn't know how to cry. At no time during my time in care did I ever come close to telling anyone what had been happening to me. It was only when I went to rehab did I tell anyone. I remember grabbing the chair. The sweat was lashing off me. I was at a meeting up in Glasgow and the abuse all came

out. My head was mince. I just cried all the way in the mini bus from Glasgow to Greenock. Justin just sat with his arm around me. He told me to just let it go. I was drained. I was completely exhausted. It was really tough letting it all out. That night I slept all the way through. I learnt to let it go

85. Margaret, one of the workers, told me it had been decided that I needed outside counselling. That's when I saw Elaine at Phoenix every week. It took time to build up a relationship with her. I was in counselling for fourteen months. It was really difficult. Elaine used to find it frustrating as we would get so far and then I'd hit a wall. I have received confirmed funding for more counselling. It's okay to pop in and out of counselling.

Life after rehabilitation

86. I wanted to start living when I left Jericho. I started to feel better after the counselling. It was like the wee kid came out of me. The carry on would come out and its never stopped. I learnt from counselling that wee Tommy was in a safe place and was not alone anymore. Tommy had people who cared about him. I was surrounded by people that wanted to see me do good.
87. When I had been in Jericho I decided I wanted to do what the workers there were doing. I wanted to be the one driving the mini bus. I wanted to be a support worker. So that's what I done. I got involved with Narcotics Anonymous and went back to rehab to do voluntary work. I took holidays with a friend called Del. He was another worker in rehab. I started to live a life.
88. I did a talk at Parkhead football stadium. A woman who had seen me talking phoned me and offered me a sessional job at the Simon Community at Tollcross in Glasgow. I then got offered a full time job as a night shift support worker. I have been there for three years.
89. I've got my own house. I pay all my bills. I saved up hard and I've bought myself a wee Audi. Everything in my life I have worked hard for. I have been seven years

clean. I've not had a drink or a drug. Even though there are times I get fed up, the good times always outweigh the bad times. I know now that the bad feelings will pass. I don't need drink or the drugs to dull the pain. I just go out and do something positive.

90. My dad got to see me clean. Even after all the hurt and pain [REDACTED] I still had feelings for my dad. He got his son back. He was so proud. When my father died I was not only grieving for him, I was grieving for my mum [REDACTED] as well. I had to face all kinds of different emotions. I was hit with all that at the one time. Because of that I took some time off work and I tapped into all the support that I had surrounded myself with.
91. I spoke to Sandra about getting a group together with other survivors. We have now started our own group. It's called 'The Voice Within'. We had to go to the Crisis Centre and have a meeting with Tricia to see about getting premises. We tried to open up another group at Tollcross but they weren't ready for it.

Reporting to Police

92. I have never shared my account of what happened to me as a child with the police. I wasn't keen to do so as I have a criminal record from the time when I was a drug addict. I've not got a bad record [REDACTED] but that's what has put me off reporting my abusers to the police.
93. The most exciting part of my life is my stand-up comedy. It's like a release for me, another type of high. When I'm out and about, I'm always looking for funny stuff. I'm always thinking how I can make stuff funny. I use stuff from my past and I add a funny edge to it. [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] I have gigs lined up over the next few weeks and I've also managed to secure a slot at the Stand Comedy Club in Glasgow. My family and friends are all coming to see me and I'm excited to perform for them.

Records

94. I have the majority of my social work records. I don't have them all. Sandra has helped me get these. Maybe someday I'll get them all. I would really like to see all the records from my psychiatrist in Edinburgh. I have some but there is no mention of the electric shock treatment. It's like I'm not going to get an answer for everything. There are some answers I did get. I'm luckier than other folk. Some folk have not got any records. Some folk have had their records lost or destroyed. Sandra and I are currently pursuing the disclosure of my records in relation to the brain scans and the electric shock treatment. No one wants to admit that they used to do this to children.

Other information

95. I have recently received notification of an approval for a funding grant. It is for £7000. The grant is to allow me to travel to Australia to visit my children. I haven't seen my son [REDACTED] in over thirteen years. I've never been able to treat my kids. I want to go over there and be good to them. I want to be able to establish an emotional bond with my children. I never knew how to get emotionally attached to my children when they were over here. I feel this is the next step in my journey. My life feels like a journey.
96. In the past I have thought about ending it all. However, there was always a voice inside my head that stopped me from doing it. I still lie in my bed sometimes and I don't know why I never killed myself. Sometimes I think that "I cannae dae this," but I can do it. I will keep talking about it. It's horrible when I think back to it all.

Hopes for the Inquiry

97. My hope for the Inquiry is to let people know that it's okay to talk and it's okay to come forward. It's time to let it go for each and every survivor. The past is not a

dirty secret anymore. I have nothing to be ashamed of anymore. It has taken time for me to come forward. I needed to get my sanity back.

98. I wish that people would ask the wee kids what they want and what's right for them. Children should be allowed to get more involved in their future. I get frustrated when I see people being abusive to their kids and I can only stand and watch. I know I can't get involved.
99. 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.....

15-6-17
Dated.....