

## Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

ITL

Support person present: No

1. My name ITL. My date of birth is , 1972. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

### Life before going into boarding school

2. I was born in Dundee. My parents went into the hotel trade when I was two years old, so we moved to Pitlochry. They stayed in the hotel trade. I spent most of my time growing up living in hotels. I have two sisters and two brothers, all older than me. is the oldest, she is twelve years older than me. is next, who is eleven years older. is eight years older and is a year younger than him. My parent's names are and .
3. Life in Pitlochry was pretty good. It was strange compared to my friends, in relation to staying in a hotel. My parents were very busy, so I didn't have a lot of supervision and I didn't have set bed times. I would just come and go as I pleased. There was quite a good bit of freedom. I think, as far as my parents were concerned, it was a good basis for me being independent and looking after myself.
4. I think if my parents had the money, they would have sent us all to private schools, but they didn't make proper money until I came along. My parents didn't think the local school was very good. They had a family meeting without me and asked my brothers and sisters if they should pack me off to boarding school and they all said yes. I didn't like that very much.

5. We were in Pitlochry for five years, then we were in Rhu, then Culloden. I think my brothers and sisters did a little bit of private school stuff, for a short time. They were staying in a bed and breakfast when they went to Lomond school, I think. So by the time I went to Fettes they were university age really.
6. I had been at Duncan Forbes primary school in Culloden. I liked that school, I thought it was very good. Then at twelve years old there was the transition to high school. I did one month at Culloden Academy. I think Fettes runs off an English school timetable, rather than a Scottish one, so I went to Culloden before Fettes started their term. Something my dad was pretty shocked at was, having been at Culloden for a month, I only had one school book, which was just a maths text book. My dad thought that that was outrageous that it was the only book I had.
7. I went to Fettes when I was twelve years old. I think my parents liked the glossy brochure and the big gothic building. I think they thought it was a very posh place and that's what they wanted. My parents made out that I had a choice in the matter, but when I said no, they said I was going anyway. I said a firm no, so there was no choice. They made me feel as though I had to go. I was quite resentful about that.
8. I sat an entrance exam to get into Fettes. I wished I'd had the cleverness to have failed that. There was no preparation for me going other than logistical stuff like getting me school uniforms and things. I wasn't mentally prepared at all. I didn't know what I was going to, and neither did my parents, so I don't think they knew how to prepare me. Neither of my parents had ever been to boarding school. It was just a case of, "Someone will look after you, off you go".

### **Fettes College, Fettes Avenue, Edinburgh**

9. The big thing for me going to Fettes was that I felt rejected by my parents. That was the overwhelming thought, and I'd been sent to this terrible place, so I was pretty negative from the start. I'm not so sure of my thoughts on the first day, but I certainly didn't like the idea of a dormitory. I was a bit bewildered by the whole thing really, I didn't know what to do, what to expect.

10. We got a little tour of the school when I went down for my exam and there was nothing that impressed me about it. My feelings were pretty neutral about the place itself. It was more about the fact that I was being sent away was the big issue for me.

*Fettes Junior School*

11. I went into what Fettes called 2J, which was part of the junior school. There was 1J, then 2J, then senior school. So I started the year before senior school. The house we were staying in what was a new build and I think they probably built that quite well. There were dormitories of six or eight people, I think we had six in ours. There were a couple of common room areas and things, so the actual building was fine. It would have had a name, but I can't remember it. It was attached to the main part of the junior school. The building was in an 'L' shape. The school was on one side of it and the boarding house on the other side. The boarding house was out of bounds during school time. There were about sixty people staying in the boarding house.
12. All of the junior school were in the one house. It was mixed with boys and girls. If they had an overflow there might have been a few of the girls in Arniston, which was the senior girls house. The boys were downstairs and the girls upstairs. It was eleven and twelve year olds in the house. There were more boys than girls. I would say the junior school was more fifty fifty, maybe sixty forty, boys to girls but the senior school had four boys houses and two girls houses.
13. Generally we went in through the school and there were the showers and changing rooms first. Past this, you turn left and it's a corridor for the dormitories. Halfway down you have the common area, TV room, a common room sort of thing with bean bags, then more dormitories further down. The housemistresses flat, Miss FGA, was at the very end.
14. The junior school didn't have a separate name, it was just called Fettes junior school. It was sort of old and gothic. It had big Victorian stone walls and old fashioned desks. Some of the classrooms had seats that you sat on and they had half a desk attached to your chair on your right hand side. I'm left handed, so it was almost impossible to

use. I was perched on my seat, sideways on to use the desk. That was just in some of the classes. Mostly we had old fashioned desks that had a hole in them for your ink well and it flipped open to put your books in or whatever. Very old, uncomfortable seating and big draughty rooms. It was a building on its own, separated from the senior school.

15. Mr **CRS** was **SNR** for the junior school. So he was **█** of the school and Miss **FGA** was in charge of the boarding house. I think we were divided into houses, but I can't be sure. I'm not particularly sure of there being a school ethos. To me, straight off, it was a bit like a prison camp. From the age of four or five I'd been allowed to just come and go as I pleased. I just had so much freedom and then suddenly there's roll calls every day, and everyone has to do their homework at this exact time, and everyone has to go to bed at the exact time. I didn't take to that very well at all. There was no initiation system in place, certainly not in the junior school. There wasn't a 'fagging' system in the junior school either. There was in the senior school, which officially didn't happen, but it did.
  
16. I can't think anyone enjoyed being at the school. It didn't matter whether you were a bully, or bullied, I can't imagine anyone enjoying it. For those that were bullied, there was a lot of fear. I'm not sure about those doing the bullying. I can't see them enjoying the existence in the house either. It was just the regimented nature of it, lack of freedom, lack of autonomy. If you want to get noticed, there wasn't many ways to do that, and if life was getting you stressed then you just take it out on someone else.

### **Routine at Fettes College, Fettes Avenue, Edinburgh**

#### *Mornings and bedtime*

17. In junior school everyone got up at the same time and we all marched down to breakfast as a unit, at the same time. The school dining hall was shared with the seniors, so we had about a half a mile walk to get there. We went as one group, but you could come back as and when you were finished your breakfast.

18. I think it's likely that we were up at seven thirty, starting school at nine o'clock. I can't remember exactly, but I think it would have been a bell that woke us up. We then packed into the showers, got dressed, then off to breakfast. The junior school had one corner of the dining hall and you could choose where you sat in that corner. Miss FGA would stand, maybe not at breakfast, but meal times generally, and make sure you had enough vegetables on your plate. That didn't sit right, you get your tray of food and somebody else would inspect it before you could go and eat it. It was canteen style, so someone would plate up the food and pass it over to you.
19. After breakfast you went back to the house, picked up your school stuff then started school. There was cleaning stuff to be done, so we would do all of our chores, brush the stairs or Hoover. We knew that the cleaners came in after us, so it seemed a bit meaningless. It was there for the purposes of controlling us and getting us to conform rather than to actually clean the place. I can't say it's a bad idea, it was just one of many things made you feel that you had no self-autonomy. Having to do what you're told. There was a rota. I can't remember it as well at junior school. Senior school was very much on a rota system.
20. Sometimes we would move classroom for different subjects, but typically we stayed in the same classroom and the teachers moved around. There isn't much more to say about it really. The teacher would come in, tell us to shut up and get on with it. There was a morning break time, where you would get a little carton of milk and a frosted bun or something. At lunchtime we would go back to the main canteen again. I think at lunchtime we just went on our own, we didn't go as one massive group, like at breakfast. After lunch, depending on what day of the week it was you might have games, which was your P.E. sessions. It's a major rugby school, so there was an awful lot of rugby. This was on Tuesday and Thursday afternoon from two o'clock until five o'clock, so that meant Monday, Wednesday and Friday you had a long school day. School finished at seven o'clock on these days as you had a half day on Tuesday and Thursday.
21. There was a programme, where you could rotate round different sports. There was volleyball and fencing, handball and squash. It was quite good for giving you tasters

at different sports, but really it was rugby and cricket that were the main sports. If you were really good at either of them you didn't get to do any other sports, which was a bizarre thing. There's no other choice if you were good at rugby, so that was it.

22. I hated sports. The bullying was rife throughout the school, but during games of rugby, that was licensed bullying. So that was pretty awful. I was a tiny, tiny thing, and I wasn't good at sports generally. I dreaded it, but there was no choice, you had to participate.
23. I discovered the fencing club and this was on the rotation of sports to try out. I did a little bit there and managed to get excused from rugby and cricket, so that I could go fencing. I still had to play some rugby, at least one day a week. This was when I was still in the junior school.
24. Everybody got ready for bed en masse. There was about half an hour after prep, then ready for bed and lights out about half an hour after that. So everybody was brushing their teeth at the same time and having showers. Again, not a lot of autonomy.

#### *Mealtimes / Food*

25. At breakfast you could get bacon, egg and sausages, fairly standard food, and fruit. At lunches and dinners we would have things like spam fritters, lasagne and fish and chips. It was varied enough. If Miss <sup>FGA</sup> didn't think you had enough vegetables on your plate, she would send you back to get more. I don't think I ever got sent back. If you didn't get more on your plate, she would have shamed you into going back to get more vegetables. The kind of thing she might say is, "Do you think that's an appropriate quantity of vegetables?", in a rhetorical fashion.
26. I don't think anyone liked the food, but with hindsight I think it was nutritional enough. The standing joke was that people in the armed forces that went to boarding school, generally had no problem with the army food.

### *Leisure time*

27. Leisure time was reading a book or watching TV. You weren't allowed out. Every day you had homework, that was called prep, for about an hour and a half to two hours. So school would finish at seven o'clock, then pop along and get your dinner then prep from eight o'clock until nine thirty, then off to bed. So there wasn't really any free time. On the days that we did sports you had a bit more free time in the evening, but again you're doing around two hours of prep smack bang in the middle of what could be your leisure time. You had to leave the door wide open during prep and Miss FGA would patrol the corridors to make sure everyone was behaving.
28. Saturday and Sunday were a little bit freer. I started junior school as a weekly boarder, so after school on a Friday I would jump on a train, off to Inverness. I'd come back down again on the Sunday evening. I was a full boarder in Senior school, weekly boarding didn't exist there.
29. In senior school, you would get three hours to yourself on a Sunday afternoon, when you could actually leave the school. Saturday was a half day at school, then you had games in the afternoon, so this was the same effectively as a Tuesday or a Thursday. On a Sunday there was a roll call at two o'clock and another at five o'clock or thereabouts. Between them you could leave the school and go into town if you got permission from the housemaster.
30. You had chores to do in senior school, more so than in junior school. Everyone had a chore. There was a rota, Thursday was cleaning stairs, Friday was cleaning bathrooms, that sort of thing.

### *Washing/bathing*

31. The showers were open plan. One big room with everyone showering together.

### *Clothing/uniform*

32. There's a shop on George Street, in Edinburgh, that specialises in school uniforms for private schools. I went there with my parents with the shopping list and got everything from there. There was a shop within the school, so if you needed an extra pair of trousers you could get them there.

### *School*

33. There were some teachers that were very good and some that were awful. I don't think the quality of teaching at Fettes was better than other schools particularly, but you had smaller class sizes. There were only six people in some of my classes at senior school. So you had one teacher between six, which is a better quality education. Some of the teachers were really good and some were really bad. In physics I was having a terrible time. I was quite good at the sciences, but there were three sets. Set one was for the brainiest lot. I was in set two with a really good teacher and someone that I got on well with, so I was top of the class and got put into set one. I didn't get on with that teacher at all, I didn't learn a thing from him and got sent back down. Every term I just kept getting put up, then put down, again and again. There wasn't anyone I could have a conversation with about that.
34. I only found out recently that the school were contacting my parents and telling them how well I was getting on and how well I was being cared for. I was quite shocked to find that out because I was having a terrible time of it. There were day pupils at the school. I was quite jealous of them, because I was bullied non-stop during the evenings. There was no distinction between them and the boarders. I think they may have been a bit more adjusted than the rest of us.

### *Trips & Holidays*

35. The school did some skiing days at Glenshee. That was quite good, and they had the cadet summer camps, which were awful. I don't think I had anything else. The summer camps were for a week. They had some adventure week, away in Abernethy. There's

an outward bounds place there. That was actually quite good fun. That was lots of running around the woods playing capture the flag games, doing assault courses and things like that. I thought that was quite good.

36. There were moments of fun, normally when I was being mischievous, I used to crack a lot of corny jokes and people would laugh at them. That was a good thing. It wasn't a pleasurable existence, so it's hard to appreciate the little happy bits. I think there's a level of being institutionalised, when you're looking forward to your doughnut at coffee break time, because that's all you've got to look forward to, that suddenly becomes delicious and the best thing ever. There were moments of happiness, but I could never have been a happy person there.

#### *Religious instruction*

37. We went to church every day but I didn't, I skived quite a lot. We did fifteen minutes of church every morning, which isn't much really, but it's not my thing. You were at church for eight forty-five then at nine o'clock you were in your classes. On a Saturday it was congregation practice. That was somebody up front, teaching you to sing all the hymns. Sunday was an evening service. My parents did send me to Sunday school for a while, but I hated that and broke out. I'm not religious and to have religion forced on you is not something I approve of.

#### *Birthdays and Christmas*

38. My birthday is in the summer, so I didn't spend it at school. We were off over the Christmas holidays.

#### *Personal possessions*

39. There was nothing to keep your own possessions in at the junior school. You had a desk with drawers in it, but I don't think it had a lock on it. There was no privacy. In third form there was absolutely nothing. In fourth form you had a locker.

### *Visits / Inspections*

40. Both my sisters lived in Edinburgh, so on Sunday afternoons I would visit one of them generally. I never told them anything that went on. It was a lovely moment of calm as far as I was concerned and I didn't have to think about school, or anything. Occasionally I'd call home to my parents, but quite often that was just to ask for money. There was one payphone for the whole house and very few hours when you would have time to actually make calls. There was always a massive queue and there's somebody telling you to get off the phone, or hanging the phone up for you so that they could take their turn. There was no privacy to make a call at all.
41. Parents would come to the school on Founder's day, which was in the summer. They were invited to come and the school would have a big celebration and show off all the facilities and things. My mum came once. She didn't like it, so she never came again.
42. I don't recall anyone coming to inspect either the junior or senior school while I was there. It might have happened, but I don't remember any of that.

### *Healthcare*

43. They had a sanatorium and if you were ill you went there and were seen by a doctor. There was a doctor there every day, in the morning. It was good that you could see a doctor any day. There was always a handful of people queueing up to see the doctor and it's never a pleasant experience.

### *Junior to senior school*

44. There was a pecking order in Fettes. It was a main thing, published on the notice board. If your name is above someone's on this pecking order, then you have preferential treatment over them. I think every house had it. So when we moved up to fourth form, when it comes to picking which desk you sit at there was this strict order of who gets to pick first, second and so on. If you are at the end of that list you were last to pick for absolutely everything, unless a new pupil joins the school, then they are

below you. From a psychology point of view, to be told you're above someone, but below someone else is clearly awful, and there's an awful lot of entitlement trained in using that system. A deliberate system for setting folk against each other. I don't know if that's part of what they called character building, and learning to know your place. That was the really strict system they had, that the same person always gets preferential treatment. If you had been at the school the longest, and you're the oldest person in the year, then you're at the top of that list and you always get the first pickings of everything. I think that was really awful. Dr Marshall, my housemaster, published it, but I think other houses had it. It gets updated when new people arrive. So if you are in the same year, it's whoever has been at the school the longest. If you joined together, then it is the oldest who has priority. This was used in our roll call. Depending on what day of the week it was, the roll call was either twice a day or three times a day. In my opinion it added to a very awful culture.

45. There was a lot of discussion about what boarding house you were going into. You apply to what house you want but you don't necessarily get your choice. The main bullies that I had in junior school as a group were all applying to Carrington, so really my application was anywhere but there. My life might have been even worse if I'd went to Carrington. I think the bullying there was even worse. I went to [REDACTED].
46. During the summer holidays I was dreading going to senior school. Not knowing what to expect. I think my first thing was to find out who else was in the house that I knew from junior school, and the worst of the bullies went to Carrington. I felt I got a lucky escape. My first year in senior school was Dr Marshall's first year as housemaster. He also taught biology. I actually think he was a very good teacher.
47. The junior school was just one big corridor with dorms off it, the senior school was like a 'U' shape and you entered through the middle of the 'U'. You go into a corridor and if you turned left you end up in the big area where a lot of the senior pupils have their studies. It's on the ground floor and there are lots of little studies. Downstairs two people shared the studies and upstairs was the older pupils and they tended to have a study each. You have a lock on the door, but it's meaningless as you have a study

mate too, and people kicked in the locked door all the time. It was just a small room, a couple of desks squeezed in and enough room for a bean bag or a comfy chair. There was a snooker table in the big area but if you are in the middle of a game and some bully wants to use the table, then that's it, your turn's over. We had a little table tennis room as well and a little kitchen, which was very basic, but it was very good actually to make things like egg on toast. If you went the other way you have all the downstairs toilets and changing rooms. There was also the third and fourth form study's, the bigger rooms, the sixth form common room, then Dr Marshall's flat. It was called a house, I think it was a flat on two levels. There was another teacher on the ground floor at the far end, who didn't have anything to do with the house really. You saw him walking about, but he wasn't supervising us in any way. Upstairs were all the dormitories and showers, there was two levels of that, then there's another teacher's flat on the top floor. Mr <sup>KPB</sup> was in there for a while.

48. The bullying took place everywhere in senior school. The dorms, the prep rooms, corridors, toilets, everywhere. The daily routine was very similar in senior school. The difference was, you walked up to breakfast yourself rather than go as a supervised group.
49. Fagging was a formal system once upon a time at the school. It had been outlawed, which meant you weren't allowed to have fagging, but of course it happened. When I first went to senior school I tried to suss out all the prefects as they were going to have a selection process to see who they would get as a fag. I got tactical with that and I very quickly figured out who were the nasty ones, and who weren't so bad. I approached this guy and asked him if I could be his fag, which took him aback as that was weird, but essentially I'm protecting myself from being picked by someone else. So, I was polishing his shoes and doing errands for him, seemingly voluntarily, but that was just trying to engineer a lesser of evils. It worked out that way, and only lasted for a couple of weeks. Very occasionally he would ask a favour of me and I would do it, but he was alright, he wasn't one of the nasty ones. So after a couple of weeks the novelty wore off and he stopped asking me to do things. Officially I was a fag for someone, but I didn't have to do a whole lot. So I think that was quite a good tactic. There were people who were having to go and sit on the toilet seat and warm it up for

their prefect or sort their laundry out for them, sit and act as their chair. They basically sit on you. It's almost like a power trip sort of stuff.

50. I became very anti-education about the whole system, and I got reasonable results in my Highers. The fact that we had small class sizes I think was a benefit, so I think I did better than I might have otherwise. I absolutely resented the whole thing. I was just busy surviving, I wasn't trying to get good grades. I was planning what I was going to do at the break time rather than listening to the teacher. I was planning to kill myself every day, so I didn't need an education.

### *Discipline*

51. There wasn't a listed set of rules at the school. Everyone was doing the same thing every day, so you just fell in line with what everyone else was doing. In terms of disciplining they had a really awful system. When someone did something wrong and they didn't know who had done it then everyone gets punished, and you keep getting punished until the person owns up. Of course, the person is never going to own up. They did that a lot.
52. Miss <sup>FGA</sup> would put us in stress positions at the junior school. I had forgotten about it completely, and I was watching one of these programmes on the TV of SAS training, where they were putting people in these stress positions, and I thought, "Oh, I've done that". That was when I was twelve years old and getting punished because someone else had stolen something. One of them was sitting ninety degrees to the wall, it was called 'ninety degrees'. That was the most common one that they did. So you brace yourself against the wall, and your knees have to be at ninety degrees. You were there for maybe twenty to thirty minutes. Another was standing, leaning with your hands against the wall, with your legs spread out. If somebody broke their position, then that gives everyone an extra five minutes. So you'd get these if something was stolen, or if someone had broken a window, or graffiti was found, things like that. If they couldn't tell who had done it, everybody is punished. It would be all sixty of us in the corridors, outside the dorms. In the year that probably happened three times.

There was no record of these punishments noted down to my knowledge. My parents weren't aware of these.

53. You had to write lines if you hadn't done your homework or something like that. That was quite common. There were extra cleaning duties. SNR ██████████ Mr CRS ██████████ was also the ██████████ teacher. He would throw chalk at people or the blackboard duster if you were messing about. I got bits of chalk thrown at me, but I never got the duster, which was wooden, thrown at me.
  
54. On one occasion, we were playing a game of British bulldog, and I got a massive bruise on my leg and Mr CRS ██████████ was interrogating me about how I got it. I was terrified of him and wouldn't say anything. It felt like I was in trouble, but I didn't know what I would be in trouble for. He was a really stern man. There was no way you could go to him with a problem, he was just too scary. He asked me for weeks, but I didn't tell him.
  
55. Overall, Dr Marshall the housemaster, was incompetent. I grassed up another pupil called ██████████ to him and he knew that I was being bullied incessantly, by ██████████. He did punish him now and again but that didn't solve any problems. He had no idea how to stop bullying. He certainly didn't go to any effort to find out. Then he had me sharing a study with ██████████ for a year. In third form you did prep in a massive study room, and by the time you are in fifth form you are in shared studies, two persons to a study room. So he forced me to share a study with ██████████ all year, knowing that I was getting seriously bullied by him. Whether that was incompetence or deliberate, I don't know. Anyway, Dr Marshall did a terrible job. I spoke to him about the bullying a couple of times in third form, probably once in fourth form and then I gave up. And the punishments he gave ██████████ were like, "I hear you've been bullying, go and clean the bins out". There was no effort in any way to solve the problem. In third form I thought he was taking me seriously. He didn't know how to help, but I thought he was genuinely wanting to help. As time went on I got the impression he was disinterested. He knew that bullying was rife throughout the house and he did nothing. In fact, what he did do was reassure my parents that I was fine and he was looking after me well. I don't know if he told them that I'd come to him about bullying, but I suspect not, and my parents were satisfied that he was looking after me. He had a house that was part of the

building. His wife wasn't officially looking after us. She was a very unpleasant person. Her name was Anne Marshall. My grandad had died, and she announced the news to me and laughed. I was thirteen when this happened. We didn't have much to do with her. She was a science teacher for the juniors. She was always around, but we didn't have much interaction with her. They had two children of their own I think. When I was thirteen they were probably six or seven.

### **Abuse at Fettes College, Fettes Avenue, Edinburgh**

56. For me, the worst thing was that it was just non-stop. I don't think there was a single day when I wasn't bullied. And it would generally be all day. That's overall the worst part of it was that it was non-stop. The fencing club was my little oasis. At the senior school I was fencing twice a week, so for that five hours during the week I didn't get bullied. I felt safe in there. I wasn't bullied every minute of every day, but I could never let my guard down. It wasn't, "Am I going to get bullied today?", it was, "What's the bullying going to be like today?". It was often physical, but mostly psychological. People would threaten me in order to get me to do what they wanted. That may be to humiliate myself in front of everybody if I didn't do whatever it was, so there was an inferred, sort of implied, violence. So, I wasn't getting physically hurt that often but the threat of it was there at all times.
57. Some of it was physical. There was this one guy, [REDACTED], who was violent, and if you walked past him in the corridor he would punch everyone in my year group as they walked past him. You knew it was coming, but there was no way you couldn't walk down that corridor, so you just braced yourself, walked past him and got your punch. It would be on the arm, giving you a dead arm. He was in the year above me. This was when I was in the senior school.
58. The bullying started from day one. New kids coming into the school and people were establishing pecking orders. I think the junior school wasn't as bad for me but it was more physical. You got punched or beaten up quite regularly, but if I compare that with the psychological stuff at senior school, the threat of being punched was always far worse than being punched.

59. In junior school I was bullied by most of the people in my year. Really, in both junior and senior school, you were either a bully or being bullied or you were both. There were some people that didn't fall into either category, but that was a real rarity.
60. Rugby was a license to bully. In the scrums there was a lot of punching and kicking going on. I was never big enough to be in the scrums luckily. Somebody would tackle you pretty hard then punch or kick you when you were down. Again, it's the threat of the violence. Somebody would deliberately pass the ball to me, because he's made a pact with this guy who's going to take me out, so they will engineer a situation where they can pile on you. There's a good tackle and there's going over the top and taking you out. So that's the worst of it, you know something's going to happen, but you don't know what it is. It was pretty violent in the changing rooms as well, before and after. You would regularly get punched, have your ear flicked or slapped around the head. Somebody would steal your rugby boots and throw them out of the window.
61. I think the violence was encouraged by the staff. The teachers would never openly encourage it, but there were a lot of blind eyes. They knew bullying was happening, but they would just leave the room. It wasn't their problem. So with the absence of supervision the bullying could run riot.
62. No-one was supposed to grass on anyone for bullying. That really came from the teachers as much as it did from the other pupils. A few boys in my year were being bullied by a boy called [REDACTED], and we decided to grass him up, as a group. The other guys in this group were seriously bullying me and I wasn't to grass on them, but as a group we were going to do it about [REDACTED]. We knew our housemaster wouldn't be able to do anything, so we thought we would go up to the deputy headmaster, Mr Henderson. We told him what was going on, that [REDACTED] had got hold of a riding crop and he'd whip us with this on a regular basis. Our punishment for grassing was to be paraded outside, we had church every day, so paraded outside the church in immaculate school uniform as an example to everybody. So everyone would walk past us going into church every day. That's when I really realised the situation I was in. There was no-one you could go to. The deputy headmaster was punishing us for grassing. He made us write signed confessions that we were bullies. So I wrote a false

confession about how much of a bully I was, so that he could keep on file and I could never grass on anyone ever again.

63. I was really feeling helpless throughout my whole time at school. My parents weren't believing me, I couldn't go to the teachers, I thought about going to the police, but the school closes ranks and I would be in trouble for going to the police. So there was absolutely nothing I could do. It didn't matter what happened to me in terms of bullying, there was absolutely nothing I could have done. I think that happened in fourth form, so I would have been fourteen years old. Mr Henderson told us how lucky we were, that back in his day things were much worse and gave us this big speech about how we were spoilt rotten. ██████ got suspended for a week, so they did actually do something to him. From our perspectives, he got a week off school, which was a luxury, and we got punished. The other boys in the group were ██████, ██████, ██████, ██████, ██████, who was my main bully. Possibly ██████. There were six of us.
64. What happened was, we were putting on a play and we were backstage during rehearsals and this riding crop was a prop for some play or other, but he had found it. We were in the eaves and ██████ was whipping us with it, so we would have to jump on stage to get away from him and we would get in trouble from the teacher. He was whipping us on the backside and the back of the legs.
65. Mr <sup>ITQ</sup> ██████ was my ██████ teacher, but he was also a ██████ coach. He threw me down a flight of stairs once. I was twelve years old when this happened. I accidentally slammed a door in his face, so he threw me down the stairs. A boy called ██████ was chasing me around the gym, he had a piece of rope with a knot in one end, and he was whipping me on the back with this rope. I was running to get away from him and I burst out through the double doors and the door hit Mr <sup>ITQ</sup> ██████ in the face. Without asking what happened he just picked me up and threw me down the stairs. There were about seven stairs. I don't think I touched any of them. I landed on the floor, then slid and hit my back against the wall and the door down at the bottom. So you couldn't go to the staff. They were complicit.

66. I fractured my toe on one occasion when someone threw a hurdle weight at me. It would have hit me in the chest, but I jumped backwards and it fell in front and landed on my toe. I went to hospital and was x-rayed for that and was told I had a dent in my toe, but it would heal by itself. I had to make up a story that this hurdle weight was sitting on a table and I banged into the table and it fell on my toe. This happened before we grassed on [REDACTED]. We already knew there was a culture of no grassing, so to grass on the guy who threw the weight at me would have caused me so much trouble I was better off keeping it quiet. It was a boy called [REDACTED] who threw it at me. It might have been [REDACTED] with a [REDACTED], but I'm not certain.
67. In relation to [REDACTED], really I was his entertainment. We generally were in the same classes together and sat near each other in prep. There was no getting away from the guy. I had no friends, as such, he was one of the group of guys in my house. We hung out with the same people, in the same year, so there was no getting away from folk. You can't go and be on your own anywhere, so you were with these guys all the time. He would constantly humiliate me and often hit me, but it was very much more about the threat of violence. He would tell me to do press-ups, and if I didn't do them I'd get a beating. He had full control over me.
68. There was a variety of violence. Generally I would be punched. If it was about humiliating me then it would be a slap around the head, or something similar, pinging the ears, or he would wrestle me to the ground and just sit on me while having a chat with someone else, while I'm pinned to the ground, helpless.
69. He also encouraged other people to bully me on his behalf. We were sharing a dorm and there was one night he got a few guys together and they stripped me naked and tied me to the bed. We discovered if you spray deodorant very close to the skin you get a freeze burn, so they used a deodorant can to burn my testicles. You never knew what you were going to get next. This was in the senior school. The other boys were [REDACTED], [REDACTED] and [REDACTED].
70. In second year sixth, in the final year of school, Dr Marshall had a deck of cards to choose your room there and there was one room that was small enough that it could

only fit one person. The others were shared rooms. So in second year sixth you weren't in the dormitories anymore. So I was lucky enough to draw the right card and got the single room, which was amazing. That was the only bit of privacy I'd had in my whole time at the school, but you couldn't put a lock on the door, somebody would kick it in. [REDACTED] got the new intake of third form, to bully me. They would come into my room and throw everything out of the window, my mattress and all my belongings. As I was bringing the stuff back in, they were throwing the stuff out that I'd just brought back in. That's even in the final year of school, I was bullied relentlessly, as much as any other time. He just found different ways to do it. He would watch while laughing.

71. I went through to the third form dorm one night and had a good talk with them, saying, "I know why you're doing this, because if you don't [REDACTED] is going to beat you up". And they all said, "Yep". And I added that it is unfair, and because I don't beat you up that you're alright doing it. I told them I had no intention of beating them up but I was hoping they would respect that. Probably the nicest thing that happened to me at school was that the next time they just took the beating from [REDACTED] because I'd reasoned with them. That shouldn't be the nicest thing that's happened to you.
72. [REDACTED] was always very much a ring leader, getting other folk to do things, but for him it was entertainment. He found new and different ways to bully me, and got others involved. It was very much his thing. That's the big ones really. There were lots of power trips. If I was going to the shops on a Saturday for myself, he would give me a shopping list to get things for him. He would pay for his stuff, but also stole a lot of my stuff, chocolate bars and things. He would just help himself to them. There was a tuck room, where everyone had a tuck box. That was a locked box for your treats and things, but you'd get followed in. There was one time I just came back from a weekend away and my parents had got me a lot of goodies for my tuck box and everyone knew I'd just been home, so I walked into the room and about seven people followed me in and just ransacked it.
73. My coping mechanism through school was really being suicidal. I'd play a trick on myself that I'd always plan to kill myself the next day and that meant I only had one day left, and that made it bearable. For whatever psychological reasons, that worked

really well. So every day I planned to kill myself the next day, knowing full well that I wouldn't, but in my mind that was the last day I would have to tolerate it. So that was the best coping mechanism I could come up with.

74. I was probably bullied worse than the vast majority of people at the school, but bullying was through the whole school. It was definitely the culture of the whole school. When I went to Fettes, corporal punishment had been abolished a few years earlier. This is supposition, I have no evidence, but the feeling was that if the teachers couldn't use corporal punishment any more, then they got the prefects to punish you in whatever way they saw fit. So the prefects would beat you up on behalf of the teachers. Now I never heard a teacher tell a prefect to beat someone up, but that's the feeling of it. The prefects were generally in charge of the disciplining, and the teachers didn't want to know how they did it.
75. I struggle to think of any specific examples of this, but my memory is of prefects disciplining younger pupils. You had school prefects and you had house prefects. The school prefects weren't a problem, they were put in charge of duties, like people queueing at the canteen for lunch. It was the house prefects that were the problem. You would have maybe six or seven house prefects and their supervising your prep time in the third form. A lot of the prefect abuse happened at prep time. You have a seventeen year old put in charge of you and if you talk or whatever during prep they can discipline you any way they like. When you were thirteen you were prep supervised, at fourteen you weren't.
76. My memory of the abusive stuff isn't necessarily being disciplined for being bad. There was a guy called [REDACTED], who was supervising our prep. He wasn't even a prefect. If you were in sixth form and you weren't a prefect, you were called a backbencher. Sometimes a backbencher would do some of the prefect's duties. So he was supervising our prep time, but he had two boys go and stand in front of him and they had to pull their trousers down and touch each other's testicles. He was making several of us kiss each other. This was prep, our homework time, and this is a guy who is supposed to be supervising.

77. I have a bigger issue with that, in that several of us grassed him up as a group to Dr Marshall, who was our housemaster, and Mr Henderson, the deputy headmaster, was brought into it as well. Dr Marshall lied to us a lot. He wasn't a good housemaster, he was pretty incompetent as far as I was concerned, and he would lie regularly to us. I think that [REDACTED] got asked to leave the school, he didn't get expelled, he got asked to leave. Dr Marshall told us that the police were involved. I believed him at the time, then it occurred to me that none of us had been interviewed by the police. We would have talked about that to each other, if some had been interviewed and others hadn't. There was no conversation about it. So, I think Dr Marshall and Mr Henderson covered this up deliberately, and they told us that the police were involved to settle us and perhaps to stop us going to the police independently. Nothing was reported to our parents. Everything was covered up. It's the school reputation at stake and all that. This happened before we went to Mr Henderson about [REDACTED]. This happened when I was in third form, we went to see Mr Henderson when I was in fourth form.
78. On another occasion [REDACTED] called us into this big area where we did the roll calls every day. I think there was a room behind it and there were these big folding, wooden doors. So we lined up there and he had a hockey stick and a tennis ball and we had to stand there perfectly still while he bounced the tennis ball off the floor then smacked it with the hockey stick towards us. I was very lucky not to get hit with the tennis ball. He was hitting it really hard and some folk had big, massive welts on them from getting hit. It was just another of those helpless things, where you're standing there, essentially like a firing squad and you just had to stand there until he got bored with it. There was a couple of other guys in his year there, but I can't remember who they were. One or two of them had a shot, but really it was [REDACTED] who was doing the bulk of it. The crowd of us getting hit with the balls was pretty much the same crowd that went to Mr Henderson's office, [REDACTED], [REDACTED], [REDACTED], [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. This was in the boarding house, where a majority of the incidents took place. You get bullied everywhere but you are in the house most of the time, unsupervised. The age range in the boarding house was thirteen to about seventeen or eighteen year old.

79. There was a guy called [REDACTED], who was another one who would punch you as you went past him. He was a big, very muscular guy. He was the year above me. Within our house, third form and fourth form shared a dormitory. There was about twenty beds in it. He would punch us to sleep at night. He would go round everyone and give them exactly one punch each. Third form went to bed before fourth form did, but you daren't fall asleep because you would get wakened up by that punch. In the grand scheme of things, that one was so trivial and not an issue for me. Folk wanting to randomly punch a group of people wasn't that big a problem. If he is punching everyone, then you are not being singled out, so it is not so bad.
80. You were either a bully or you were bullied. It was everywhere and from my perspective it was non-stop. I was probably getting bullied every hour in some way or another.
81. Mr <sup>KPB</sup> [REDACTED] was a problem. I actually quite liked him personally, and I quite liked him as a teacher. He was a [REDACTED] teacher. I was in the cadet force, which was compulsory. I absolutely hated the cadets, and it was another piece of licensed bullying. If someone outranks you, they can do what they want to you. Whether that's tell you to do press-ups or star jumps, or whatever. They are entitled to do that. So I very quickly learned that I needed to get promoted so that people weren't above me. I was in the RAF cadets and there was a summer camp. I got wind that they were struggling to get people to go, so anyone who did go got an automatic promotion. So as much as I hated it, off I went to the summer camp to get my stripe. That worked and I got my stripe and I just needed to keep going to summer camps and get promoted ahead of other folk.
82. There was guy that I was really scared of, [REDACTED], and he was the highest ranking army guy and I was the highest ranking RAF guy. Every time he got a promotion he would seek me out, but I got a promotion at exactly the same time as he did. He was seeking me out and folk were telling me to watch out, but because I was the same rank as him he left me alone. The last camp that I went on I didn't get my automatic promotion and he did. I went into the stores and talked to the guy behind the counter there, who I was friendly with, another pupil. I asked him for the crown on

my stripes for my next promotion and he knew that I hadn't been promoted but he was happy enough to give me them. [REDACTED] came to seek me out again and realised I was the same rank again. The officer in charge, who was a teacher, challenged me, "Oh I notice that you've promoted yourself", but the guy who had given me the stripes said, "No sir, you promoted him, I was there". So the two of us managed to wangle it and I got to keep my promotion. [REDACTED] never laid a finger on me, it was just the threat. He was out to get me. If he outranked me he could have told me to do whatever he wanted, clean the bins, whatever, and he's entitled to do so.

83. At my first camp, Mr <sup>KPB</sup> [REDACTED] was one of the officers there. Because I'd got my promotion on this camp there was an initiation ceremony that I think he organised, or was party to it. That involved the whole camp crowding round, someone asked me to come down as Mr <sup>KPB</sup> [REDACTED] wanted to see me. There was a big circle of cadets and I was in the middle of the circle and they stripped me naked and dragged me around the grass by my ankles. Mr <sup>KPB</sup> [REDACTED] was watching this and eventually he says, "That's enough", and they let me go. I ran off into the barracks and into my room. Mr <sup>KPB</sup> [REDACTED] came up and chapped on my door and said he had come to check that I was alright. I put a towel around myself and opened the door to let him in and he took photographs of me. I don't think that was sexual gratification, to him it was a funny joke. I was thirteen when this happened. I think it was at Linton-on-Ouse, I'm not sure. They were all in England, and all RAF bases look the same. This reinforces what I said about you being unable to go to a teacher for help. The teachers are in on it.
84. The conversations you have are with those that are abusing you. You sort of have to, or it would make you even more of a target. Not the people I would choose. I was absolutely miserable, thoroughly depressed pretty much at all times. I had a really weird dichotomy, and this probably saved me between school and going home to Culloden. At school I was the lowest of the low, yet during the school holidays, going back to Culloden, I had a great group of friends and I just felt like I was on a high. I had a brilliant time. I had very good and loyal friends, we had a lot of fun, we got up to mischief together, so I had an understanding, to some extent, that the bullying wasn't because I had no worth. I understood that in Culloden I had value and at Fettes I had no worth and that's not my fault that was the situation I was in. So I think that was

probably really helpful. A saving Grace almost. Blissful, really good. And I was a happy person then. It was living in two opposite worlds and life was pretty complicated.

### **Reporting of abuse at Fettes College, Fettes Avenue, Edinburgh**

85. I told my parents about some of the small stuff, just telling them about being hit, or being humiliated, but I was just testing the water with something small to see how they would react to that and they just didn't believe it. I really don't understand their rational for not believing it. They knew that I didn't like the school and they thought I was making up stories so that I didn't have to go anymore. I think the reality is that they didn't want it to be true. My dad was an advocate for me learning karate and becoming big and strong to fight back. He had no idea. It didn't matter how big and strong you were, nobody was safe. There was a big, muscly guy in sixth form that was relentlessly bullied when I was in third form.
  
86. I ran away from school when I was in third form. I intended to get a train home and tell my parents what was happening. I got to the train station and managed to get a ticket, but had two to three hours to wait on the train. While I was waiting Dr Marshall, with a couple of boys, drove into the station and found me. He took me to my sister [REDACTED]'s house. My parents were already there with the rest of my family as my grandfather was dying. I told them I had ran away because I was being bullied, however the conversation was more to do with my grandfather dying and I felt that I couldn't express my bullying issues because of that.
  
87. My parents took me back to the school and Dr Marshall reassured them that he would look after me. He took me to his flat and gave me a hot chocolate and I told him a lot of what had happened. He told me he was available at any time, reassuring me that he was there for me. However I never found him to be helpful and on one occasion I went to him and told him I was being bullied and he said, "What are you wanting me to do about it".

## **Leaving Fettes College, Fettes Avenue, Edinburgh**

88. I was going to university, because it was expected of me, both from my parents, and everyone that goes to private school then goes to university. So I didn't see it as a choice, just the next stage in the path. I was dreading this, but then I turned up and people were being nice to me and it was lovely, it was great, so really, as soon as I'd finished school and started university I was very happy. I was an absolute party animal. I'd just been so repressed for years and then going to university and having fun, so essentially I became this party animal, and haven't really stopped.

## **Life after being in care**

89. Life is good now I have to say. The fencing coaching I do has always been part time. I was also competing. So I'm doing my own training to a certain extent. It's hard to train and coach at the same time. So really doing some coaching and doing the British fencing circuit really filled up the time, travelling to tournaments as well as coaching.
90. I have been back to Fettes, as there have been fencing competitions at the school. That was somewhat uncomfortable. I've just had to be professional, I'm there to coach and fence, so I just get on with it. It flags up a memory or two, so it's not nice. The times I've done it have been for fencing things, so I've had to be a professional coach for my fencers, therefore I just get absorbed with coaching them and not think too much about the school.

## **Impact**

91. I have internally rebelled against society a lot. I have a level of independence, despite school, rather than because of school. They're not getting the credit for it, where I can choose not to take part in the system at any time, because the systems that I know, there's no way that I could have got a proper job. I worked part-time as a fencing coach because that's the only way I could be my own boss. I couldn't have a career. I couldn't work under somebody ever. There's no way I could have someone telling me what to do. My life is screwed. It's got major limitations, I just can't be part of any employment

system. I can't have some manager telling me what to do. I can't have someone having control over me. I can't risk someone saying I'm not good enough. I earned little bits of money here and there doing sales jobs, and I like sales, so that really quite suited me, but I would only take a commission only job, I wouldn't take a salary, because then someone's got a hold over me. If I don't sell anything, I don't get paid. That's the only way I could do it. That's the biggest impact. If someone offered me some amazing job now, I wouldn't even consider it. I can't have someone managing me.

92. The worst thing was that I've actually been in a couple of abusive relationships, which I thought I would have seen coming, but didn't. That scares me. It's really interesting with my current girlfriend because she was at Fettes too. We didn't know each other at school. I've lived my whole life doing part-time fencing, she's lived her whole life playing the violin part-time. She's lived out of a camper van her whole life and travelled around playing pub gigs. I thought, how amazing, someone just like me, who has a similar lifestyle. I thought, has Fettes conditioned us to be like that? She says the same as me, she can't get a proper job. I find that fascinating. I like to think my life has been all my own choices, but that leads me to believe that it's less of a choice and more of a consequence of school. She was bullied at school, but not nearly to the extent I was, so she didn't feel the need to give any evidence. But it's affected her in a similar way. We are great together. It's just a curious thing that we turned out to be very similar people, having had a similar experience.
93. Who knows, if I'd had a better education would I have been a doctor, a lawyer, I don't know what path I might have chosen. I possibly wouldn't have had the grades for that sort of thing, but I have no idea what I would have wanted to do. I wasn't thinking about careers and things when I was at school. My parents wanted me to be a hotelier. That is a career path I could have done. They would have funded my beginnings at that. Again, I would have had to work in other people's hotels and train up in different things, and the way my parents ran hotels, that was sixteen hours a day, seven days a week, which I wasn't interested in. So I ruled that out.
94. I think that the only reason I didn't kill myself was that I wasn't brave enough to. That's the only reason. That strategy I had of promising myself I'd kill myself tomorrow, I've

caught myself doing that so often in adulthood, if I'm in a stressful situation, I'll catch myself playing that trick on myself. That worked at school. I was very glad of that technique, I had nothing better. It's not healthy. So yes, my mental health has really suffered. I drink an awful lot. Whether that's because of school or not, I don't know. I went to some counselling in my late twenties maybe, but didn't get on with it.

95. I think I was thirty-three years old and I started a relationship with this girl, which turned out not to be a healthy one. She wasn't very nice. I'd call her manipulative rather than abusive. What happened there was when I realised I was being manipulated all the memories from school came flooding back and all the stuff that I thought I'd got passed just overwhelmed me completely. I was very close to committing suicide. I rigged up [REDACTED] and tested it, then I went for one last walk outside. I completely broke down and called my sister, [REDACTED], for help. I was determined to find a way to sort this out. I discovered neurolinguistics programming and I went on one of the Tony Robins big seminars for that down in London. For me that was utterly amazing. Within one weekend he had really solved all the psychological issues that I had, so quickly and so well. I thought, this is brilliant, I'm signing up for more of this stuff and I started going on courses and learning about that. I thought, if I had known this, back when I was a kid, I would never have been bullied.
96. The next course I wanted to go on was whoever was doing neurolinguistics programming for bullying and learn all about that. I googled and searched everywhere and there wasn't a single thing that I could find. So I invented a few techniques and trained up and then went out and started helping people who were being bullied. It worked really well. I knew what would work and what wouldn't. So I tried to make a business of it but it's kind of a charity type of thing and trying to run something like that just doesn't make any money, so I lost money. I did it for about seven years. I got a lot of good out of that for myself as well as helping others, but I had seven years of no income.
97. The thing with my previous relationship caught me out, as I hadn't suffered from flashbacks, etc. When I left school I just thought, right that's in my past now, bury it and then when I was thirty-three was the next time I thought about it and it all hit at

once. It was powerful. Having done the neurolinguistics programming, which was great, that actually allowed me to think about the stuff at school and control my own thoughts. I feel sorted now. I'm not scared of flashbacks.

98. Our family is really close. I always resented my dad for school, but that thing when I was thirty-three, a big part of my process there was to have it out with my dad. I told him I needed him to come, sit and listen. I told him I didn't need him to say he was sorry, just to hear what happened. That allowed me to forgive my dad. But we are close, we've always been close. That was a niggling resentment that was always there and that gave me the chance to clear it. I needed him to know what he had done and the consequences of him not believing me.

### **Reporting of Abuse**

99. I have never considered reporting the abuse I suffered at Fettes. My girlfriend knew someone who was giving evidence to this Inquiry and I said, I have some things I could say, so I got in touch and that's the first I've told anyone, other than my dad.
100. I spoke to the police on the back of contacting the Inquiry. It was good. I found it cathartic. The police officer I was talking to was very good and very professional. I think he did an excellent job. What frustrated me was he was only interested in crimes, obviously, as his job is with the police, but being mentally tortured for six years wasn't a crime? When I told him about the guys burning my testicles, he was interested, but actually that wasn't the worst of it. The psychological stuff was the worst of it, but that's very difficult to evidence. To me that's the bigger crime. So that frustrated me with the process, but the officer himself I thought was very good. But the police process, and trying to pick out crimes that are appropriate and they are actually able to pursue and deal with, versus how I felt I'd been wronged, I felt there was just a bit of disconnect there. Ultimately, he said it was going to take years. He said there might be an incident I've spoken about and someone else has spoken of a related incident, so by the time they get evidence of that one and that grows arms and legs, and there's another incident connected to that and so on. He said it could take years to follow the path, however far the path goes.

## **Records**

101. I have never considered getting my records from Fettes as a possibility, I've never thought of that. My mum recently sent me an article that someone has just successfully sued Fettes and I thought I could do that. So, I'm thinking about that. My first thought was, my parents should get all their school fees back. They didn't provide the service they were supposed to provide. They certainly, actively failed in their duty of care throughout. As a secondary thought, having seen that article I thought if I could get some compensation for that, it would be reasonable.

## **Lessons to be Learned**

102. The headmasters, the teachers, and those in charge were either incompetent or they were deliberately creating this culture and more often than not I think they were doing both. I can imagine there was maybe one or two teachers that were oblivious to what was going on but the vast majority of them knew. And I don't think any of them were asking, "How can we do our jobs better?". So if you're asking what lesson can be learned, these folk would not learn the lessons, they wouldn't want to learn the lessons, so there's got to be something about the type of person in the job. Are they doing it for a pay check or do they genuinely want to help people learn and do they want to keep people safe. I think you have to strip it right back to the core of, what kind of people are we allowing to look after children. Because you can't just send a teacher on a training course if it's not what they want, I don't think.
103. Now I'm very biased about my anti-bullying stuff because that was very much my business once upon a time and what I discovered during that was frightening. I did a pitch to Glasgow City Council offering my services. I told them what I was doing with my clients and what my successes were and where I was being successful and the person in charge of pastoral care for secondary schools in Glasgow told me, "Well, if you are as successful as you claim you are, we don't want you". Those were her exact words. She said, that would put the extent of the bullying problem in Glasgow into the public eye and they didn't want that. So what we are talking about is historical stuff, but I can promise you, right now, Glasgow City Council do not care. And worse than

that, they know that the bullying is rife and they are actively choosing to not fix it. And the government funded anti-bullying service for Scotland, 'Respect Me', that started up, well I have no respect for them. They are doing a lot of talk and I don't see anything practical that they are doing to help. I think they have very good intentions but I think they waste an awful lot of money because they're not doing very good stuff. What is good, I think, is down south there's an organisation called 'Kidscape'. I've not been involved with any of their stuff directly but I've looked into what they are doing and it's absolutely excellent. They are actually giving training to children and doing role playing scenarios in training, and saying, "Right, this is how to stop a bullying situation happen".

104. When I had my business, what I was pitching was preventative measures, you can train people in the skills to prevent them being bullied, and I think that's the direction that we need to go down for individuals. That should be taught to everybody. Unfortunately bullies will learn and adapt, they're getting the training too. My feeling of helplessness at school, that's a lot of where I'm coming from right now. I don't want to have to go to someone for help, I don't want the bullying to be there in the first place. It shouldn't be, 'if you are being bullied this is what you should do', that's too late, it's happened. We need something that's a preventative measure and I think all members of teaching staff need to have some training in preventative measure stuff. They're going to need to have some training for when people are being bullied as well, which is what 'Respect Me' supposedly do.
105. There's one teacher who told me in confidence that the way bullying is solved in her school is a circular system of conversations. She is a guidance teacher to some pupils and she noticed that a girl was being bullied. She chose an appropriate moment and spoke to the child and she confirmed that she was being bullied. So the guidance teacher said she was going to help. The policy in the school was that she had to talk to her head of department and tell her about it. The head of department then has to tell the headmaster about it. The headmaster then had to tell the guidance teacher about it. She was the guidance teacher. So everyone is kept in the loop that this bullying is happening and they have a conversation about it, and they have a conversation with the child and the child's parents. This teacher went on to say that a

couple of weeks later she saw the child being bullied again, and she asked the child if she was still being bullied and the child said no. So, absolutely nothing was being done to help this child, all the adults are doing is ticking the box and handing it on to the next person. This is what is being trained in Scotland right now. Everyone talks to everyone else and no-one solves the problem. What happens is, now the kid says the bullying isn't happening anymore, so tick, we've solved the problem. But that kid knows, what I knew back in the day, there's no point telling folk because there's no help to be had. So what we're doing right now is awful, and it's particularly awful because the fact that we had something in place, a government funded body doing this, is blocking anyone else from actually doing anything to help. I certainly couldn't, as an independent, they want everyone to go with the government funded one. So, the best model I would say was 'Kidscape' down south. I think they're doing an excellent job and we should be copying that. Or finding our own thing that's similar to that.

### **Hopes for the Inquiry**

106. I'd quite like two or three folk to go to jail. Mr Henderson must be in his nineties by now, but if he served his last years in jail that would make me very happy. The thing is, we need to truly learn from it and change how schools operate. This is a focus on private schools but there's bullying in every school. I'm hoping we learn what works and what doesn't work. But that example I just gave with the circular conversations and it just comes to a tick box is success, that is worse than not helping, that's preventing somebody from helping. So it needs a bit of a reality check on what is actually happening in schools and bullying.
107. I remember everything went big about cyber bullying for a while, and suddenly this is the latest horrendous form of bullying. To me that is just evidence based bullying. Your saying that's awful because you can read the message that's been sent, and because there's evidence of it, it's rife, there's lots of people cyber bullying. But the same people are bullying, they are just bullying in different ways, because of different technology. That bullying would be there, with or without cyber.

**Other information**

108. 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.....ITL [Redacted Signature].....

Dated.....11/07/22.....

ITL 11/07/22