

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

PKW

Support person present: No

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

Background

2. I am providing this statement in relation to my brother, KSB. My brother was born on 1975 in Berkshire. He tragically died on 2023 due to alcoholism and thus has not been able to give his personal account of the physical and sexual abuse that he suffered whilst at the Edinburgh Academy from 198 to 199, at the hands of two masters there, and the physical abuse he sustained from his peers.
3. In the years before his death, my brother started to describe his experiences of abuse at the Edinburgh Academy. My brother could no longer hide the damage that had been done to him by these physical acts of abuse. My brother described the trauma of reliving what happened to him at the Academy as *“going back to the Titanic”*. He said what we covered in our conversations about the abuse he suffered at the Academy was only the *“tip of the iceberg”* and that *“it was not the worst of it, not by a long shot”*. My brother was adamant that the *Lord of the Flies* atmosphere created by masters at the school continued into the boarding house and created opportunities for abuse to happen anywhere, in any way, at any time, by anyone. Significantly, he believed that the abuse at the hands of two masters only happened to him. He described it as daily abuse, 80% at the hands of his peer group and 20% from two of the masters.

4. In the event of his death, my brother wanted me to give a statement to the Inquiry so that in future the eyes of the law should leave no dark corner for the perpetrators of historic child abuse to hide, find no retirement home, no country in this world where the law of the land and its hand cannot reach them, judge them and sentence them, without excuse, with the same weight and grasp in which they held my brother for 36 years. The law must punish them for what they did to him and others like him, no matter whether the abuser is able to realise the depth of their depravity and the effect that they had on the young minds they ruined or not. My brother never knew why these masters chose to punish him. As a child he did not understand why he was beaten and abused at their whim. Under this principle, perpetrators of abuse against children, pertaining to be of an unsound mind, should not be exempt from the hand of justice.
5. In 2008, the Academy knew of multiple complaints of historic systemic abuse at the school, involving multiple teachers. If the school had acted then and created a search for affected alumni at that time, my brother would have received counselling for the PTSD he suffered from the abuse, before it ripped him and our family apart.
6. But the Academy did nothing. It was seemingly too scared of what might come home to roost. Instead of alerting past pupils, parents and family and ringing the warning bell, the Academy pulled away from the carnage, leaving it for survivors to come forward by themselves and report to the police. An action that a survivor with PTSD will not do. Even now, beyond the Inquiry there are more men, like my brother, who will never come forward unless supported. To the Academy and our alumni, in my brother's words, "*It is time to go back to the Titanic,*" to support those survivors still blowing whistles in the dark. The warning bell rang a long time ago and we, the alumni, the families, the survivors, will hold you, the Academy accountable for your inaction.

Family Background

7. My brother was born in Berkshire to loving parents. My father was [REDACTED] of Guinness before being given a similar role at Distillers in Edinburgh. My mother was an aeronautical engineer, but she was at home when we were growing up. When we

lived in Scotland, she did work part-time writing computer programmes for dyslexic children from home.

8. My brother was a beautiful blond-haired boy with a wicked sense of humour. He was a much loved, fun loving and gregarious member of a five children strong household. There were seven years between the oldest and youngest siblings. My brother was the third child and was inclusive of his brother and sisters in his friendships with other children. He was often indecisive but liked to please. He had a very high EQ and IQ. He was articulate, witty, popular and highly sociable. I was the second in the family and [REDACTED] was the third, with an older brother ahead of us and younger twin sisters below us in the order.

9. Growing up, my brother enjoyed reciting jokes and skits to friends and family. He especially loved *Blackadder*, *Red Dwarf*, Terry Pratchett, Tolkien and Eddie Izzard. He was gregarious in a group. He was a passionate musician and loved Status Quo and Queen. Inspired by these he played the electric guitar at junior school, and he sang in the choir. He was an avid reader, and he wrote articulately for student magazines and newspapers as a student journalist. He had many friends and immersed himself in school life in Berkshire, playing chess, sports and taking part in school plays. He attended Winbury Preparatory School in Bray followed by Long Close School in Slough. He then started at the Edinburgh Academy in 198[REDACTED].

Move to Edinburgh

10. The family moved to Edinburgh in 198[REDACTED]. Our older brother remained a boarder at a school in London whilst I moved up to board at Fettes, moving to Scotland earlier than the rest of the family in 198[REDACTED] as I was in the middle of my GCSEs. I later transferred to the Edinburgh Academy for sixth form, where my brother was in his second year at the school. He had started there in the third form as a day boy, turning thirteen in the [REDACTED] that he started at the Academy. Our twin sisters went to St. George's School in Edinburgh.

My experiences at Fettes College

11. I went to Fettes College from 198█ to 198█. I was there for a year and a half and sat my GCSEs there. I moved midway through the second term of the school year. I was artistic so a choice of school lent towards one with a good art department. My parents allowed me to choose between Mary Erskine and Fettes College based on the fact that it was a boarding school. It made sense that I went there.

First impressions

12. When I arrived at Fettes I was allocated a guide from my house. She kept an eye on me for a week. She had OCD tendencies that presented by way of rituals. When I asked her why she did this, she said that she had an invisible thread that should not get tangled. It was clear to me at the time that she had anxiety issues. I felt isolated and alone at first at Fettes. It was harder for me to make friends than I had found previously at other schools. I had experienced four schools by then and I was used to meeting people for the first time across different age groups. At Fettes, there was no system in place for pupils coming in midway through the school. I felt I was living in a fishbowl. Pupils knew who I was, but I didn't know them. There were only a few socials a year to meet the year group and the tuck shop outside of classes. There were sports that I had never played before, so I was not able to take part in team sports, which was a pity as they are a good way to interact across the grade. The masters were more geared towards the boys as girls had recently been introduced. It was a brusque and masculine school. I was not used to that type of environment.
13. Of Combined Cadet Forces (CCF), it created a military atmosphere that was impersonal. We were addressed by our surnames. I remember being given quite a few early rises, which were a form of detention, for minor indiscretions such as uniform worn incorrectly, that a new pupil like me would not be familiar with. We would have early rising and were made to stand in our CCF uniforms in the cold. There were usually only one or two other pupils with me in the February and March when I started at Fettes. I can remember going sailing as part of the Navy section of the CCF. My geography teacher was head of the Navy CCF. I remember our boat came in late one

day and so we were left to come in alone and walk the walk of shame back to school from Leith. It wasn't a pleasant experience at all.

14. I was a very fastidious pupil. I wanted to do well, and I wanted to please. My brother was the same. We weren't rebels. We would toe the line and do what we were told. Places where you could be publicly shamed and humiliated were intimidating, so CCF was not something that I enjoyed.

Living arrangements

15. There were boarding houses within the main school and there was one outlying girls' house called Arniston. I was placed in Arniston House. The housemistress was Mrs Weeks. She lived in the house with her husband, Mr Weeks. [REDACTED] was in my year at the school, [REDACTED]. There were two other girls' houses. The girls from those houses appeared to be strong and confident in our year. Those two houses were together in the main building. I suppose if one is socialising across a group of houses and getting to know more people, it was a stronger platform. I generally got on well with the individuals at Fettes, but I never felt accepted on a whole.
16. I was put into a dorm with the year below me, which was a mistake on the school's part, due to lack of space. There were several dorms for the year below me. I was in one of those dorms. There were about three double bunk beds in these rooms. My actual year was in a big open plan dormitory together with sub-cubicles. I obviously was not part of the camaraderie that happened there, which made it hard. I remember incidents where the girls from the year below me would talk about me unkindly, not realising I was in the dorm room. I found that upsetting.
17. One of the girls in the year below me at Arniston ran away in the night and there was a search of the grounds for her. Everyone was very worried about her as she was struggling with anxiety. The year after I left, I remember hearing that half of Year 3 at Fettes College had been suspended for drug taking and some had been expelled. I had never seen drugs at the school, so this came as quite a surprise to me.

Anti-English sentiment

18. I cannot remember exact conversations, but I remember the anti-English sentiment of the pupils and certain teachers at Fettes. I experienced some pupil-on-pupil anti-English sentiment at Fettes that my brother later complained of at the Edinburgh Academy. Although quite a few of the pupils were from overseas, being English was still a big problem. I was made to feel unwelcome by some pupils. This anti-English sentiment was also taken up by some of the pupils from overseas. I had a discussion with someone about it in my house. They were not from Scotland, but they identified with the anti-English sentiment. When I told one of my friends about a boy that I liked, I was told that he would not be interested in me because I was English. He didn't like the English.

Peer abuse at Fettes

19. There were initiation rituals that I experienced at Fettes at the beginning and possibly they would have happened to everyone when they entered the school. Coming in midway through Grade 4 when I was 15 years old, I was the only person being 'high-jinxed'. It felt exclusive rather than inclusive at the time. These events were possibly bonding for the other pupils, whereas I felt alienated by them. It took time for me to settle into friendships and I was constantly anxious.
20. There were a number of incidents that I remember. Some in the dining room where my meals were ruined so that I could not eat them. On one occasion, vinegar was poured all over my food and on another occasion salt. I cannot remember the names of the girls who did that, but they were from other houses, and I didn't know them well. We ate our meals in the main dining building separate to the main buildings. I was nervous to go and ask for more food. It was an uncomfortable situation to be in. It was not a joke that went wrong. The girls from the main schoolhouses laughed at me. It did not feel great at the time. That happened in my first week. There were no teachers supervising the mealtimes.

21. I remember being wrestled in an attempt to throw me into a cold bath in the night. At the time, I was scared. I managed to escape, and I locked myself in the adjacent stall. For the girls, I'm pretty sure now that it was part of the initiation. I had been at a boarding school before, but none of this was normal to me. When no-one else is going through this with you, one feels that one is being singled out. Another time, the contents of my bedroom, including my bed and personal possessions, were moved into the bathroom. I found this funny and enjoyed the joke. Nothing had been broken or damaged.

22. On another occasion, girls tried to pull my kilt up over my head so that the boys could see my knickers. It was pulled so hard that it ripped my kilt, and I was upset because I knew how much my uniform had cost my parents. Another pupil poured milk over my uniform which then stank. There were things that happened that were not particularly pleasant in the first term that I was at Fettes College. It was not the whole school, but it was a number of individuals.

23. I did not report what happened to any staff member. I think I probably assumed that it would just go away, and it did. But I think the damage was done quite early on and I never felt comfortable at Fettes, although I did have some good friends in my house by the time I left. That is my feeling and my memory of Fettes College. Fettes never felt coherent as a community based on the spread-out campus. Outside the campus, I heard from other girls that pupils from other schools could be hostile. One girl told me she had had soup thrown over her in the street by a pupil from a neighbouring school when walking back from town. I suppose I never felt accepted or safe from ridicule at Fettes. Prior to Fettes, I had attended [REDACTED] Boarding Ballet School. It was co-ed, but predominantly girls. There were only three boys in my years. I boarded there from the age of eleven. We went home once a term. Although I had lots of friends there, and I bonded well with my year group, at the age of eleven I was very homesick. I went to Fettes excited about boarding again. I was older and ready for the opportunity. It didn't live up to my expectations.

My experiences at the Edinburgh Academy

24. In 198█, I moved to the Edinburgh Academy. I joined the sixth form and studied for my A-levels there before leaving school in 199█. I was a day pupil. My parents thought that I was not particularly happy at Fettes, so they suggested that I move to the Academy where there was an exceptionally good art department.

25. At the Edinburgh Academy, only the teachers shared their anti-English sentiment. I cannot remember specific comments, but it was politically driven. The statements were about politics, history, football and rugby. Comments such as, "You're English. You should know everything. You should know this." That felt derogatory to me. It did not make me feel good about myself or the teacher. There were often throwaway comments that made me feel uncomfortable. I was already coming off a base of anxiety from Fettes. I hadn't been exposed to that many history classes in England and none on Scottish history. I was not aware that there were issues in the past between the English and the Scottish since I had dropped history in Grade 1. I was not averse to being educated about it, but I was naïve.

26. The school chaplain took us for a religious studies class once a week. As far as I can remember, he was hardly ever in our weekly lessons. Instead, we were left unattended and allowed to watch *Rab C. Nesbitt* while he prepared his renown after dinner speeches. It was known by the pupils that he prepared these during school time. These lessons were held where there was a television and sofas. I remember it being his private room. He would put a video on and then walk out and leave us. The choice of viewing was inappropriate compared to what I was allowed to watch at home. It had no relevance to the class topics. In hindsight it was an opportunity for him to really connect with the pupils on pastoral topics and form a touchpoint for pupils who were struggling. He could have formed relationships with the pupils where they could have felt able to connect with him. That to me is such a loss and such a pity looking back. Someone that could have been pivotal in the role of pastoral care that was not present. He was a great orator, but his success meant that he was stretched in both roles.

27. For our upper sixth school photograph, there was no seating, no stands or structure. No teacher was present in the photograph. This image is nothing like the photographs taken at other schools. For me, it represents the discontent amongst the boys and a sloppiness in leadership that led to a lack of control and then harsh recourse. One would expect the headmaster and the teachers to be there. I have no documentation of that time other than photographs that I took, which I find interesting. We have almost no school photographs of my brother from his five-year education at the Academy.
28. Some of the teachers enjoyed a sense of power. I was dyslexic. My handwriting was possibly illegible at times. My English teacher said it was totally illegible. The same teacher wrote my spellings and handwriting on the board so that it looked like hieroglyphics and asked the class, "What does this say?" Everyone looked at the board. It was embarrassing and it was intended to be humiliating. It did impact on me. It reminded me of CCF where I was also publicly humiliated for getting the uniform wrong or not knowing the drills at Fettes.
29. I remember boys being pulled up in the same way at Fettes and the Edinburgh Academy. Teachers would make comments about a girl that a boy liked in front of everyone. It was unnecessary. I trained as a teacher and I know that is something you do not do to pupils, especially in teenage years. Public humiliation seemed to be a common thread in Edinburgh schools at the time. There was a fearful disrespect of the teachers amongst the boys.

My own knowledge of abuse at the Academy

30. My recollection was that I was taught by Mr IFP ██████, but I learned from the police that a Mr zIFP ██████ taught ██████ in my year. He was known by pupils to throw board rubbers at the back of pupils' heads. In my first term in lower sixth, Mr IFP ██████ was seriously injured when a large boulder crushed his leg and pelvis on a ██████ field trip. The boulder was accidentally dislodged by a pupil in my class walking above Mr IFP ██████. ██████ reportedly dislodged the boulder. When the news of the accident hit the school, the boys were jubilant. Their response horrified me. Mr IFP ██████ had been badly hurt. This typified the feeling of discord between the boys and the masters.

I thought their reaction was terrible. It didn't make sense that they would celebrate his accident. I was supposed to have been on that trip, but I was ill with tonsillitis and glandular fever. This illness late presented with fainting spells and anxiety that continued throughout my university years. It felt that I had willed myself to be ill because I desperately did not want to go.

31. I can remember seeing Mr IFP [REDACTED] throw items at pupils on at least two occasions. I can remember chalk flying and I can remember a board rubber being thrown. It was after he had had his accident, and the boulder had hit him. He was slow and he wasn't getting to class in time. It was an overtly aggressive reaction to the level of discord generated by his late arrival to class. I wasn't used to this sort of thing. I did not expect to see a board rubber flying through the air and then hitting the blackboard with a bang or just missing somebody's ear. Those sorts of actions were not my understanding of normal schooling. The boys used to talk about it as well, so Mr IFP [REDACTED]'s throwing things probably went on before I arrived at the school.

32. In general, I remember that the boys were fearful of the teachers in a way that the girls were not. There seemed to be an undercurrent of rebellion amongst the boys, and I could not put my finger on the cause. In one class, I remember one of the boy's hands being twisted by a male teacher. I can remember what the classroom looked like, but I cannot remember who was teaching. It may have been another teacher filling in. I can remember there were green walls and I can remember the desk. I can remember what the pupil looked like. He had dark, floppy hair. I think his name might have been [REDACTED]. He was doodling cartoons, and the teacher twisted his hand. He seemed surprised and shocked after the teacher did that. It sounded like it was painful, but it could have been surprise.

33. I also remember another boy having his head pushed hard onto the desk by the same teacher. We were not sure what he had done. Maybe he had fallen asleep. We heard it and it gave him a fright. The boy did not make a fuss about it. Both these incidents happened in my lower sixth. I was continually anxious. Some of the teachers were not kind. Neither boy made a fuss after the teacher did this to them. These pupils were intimidated. I certainly was.

34. Many of the boys talked about the 'pervy' PE teacher. I was friends with many of the boys. There were more boys than girls in my year. I remember hearing something similar about sports coaches at other schools, so I thought that this was normal classroom chatter. The boys in my year were quite insistent that the PE teacher was standing around watching them when they got dressed. I don't know the name of the PE teacher, but they were talking about the PE teacher's conduct when I was at the school in the lower and upper sixth.
35. During my time at the Academy, I couldn't play sport because of illness. I didn't think to report what the boys said about the PE teacher as I thought this was just hearsay. It did not occur to me that it was a real threat to them. It did not occur to me that this was my brother's PE teacher.
36. In my first term at the Academy, a boy in my class and the boy in the year above that I was dating, both told me that the masters in the junior boarding house had been physical with them. I did not understand what that meant at the time. They did not go into any detail. I regrettably did not do anything about it. I did not realise that this continued to happen while I was at the school to boys in the junior and senior school, or that this abuse extended to my brother. Being in the sixth form and a day girl, I was limited to the areas that I saw of the school. I did not know the names of the masters that these two boys were talking about. My boyfriend was very protective of the younger boarder in my class. I thought that he was overprotective of him. The boys' names were [REDACTED] and [REDACTED].

Early awareness of bullying of [REDACTED] KSB at the Academy

37. My brother was at Edinburgh Academy from 198[REDACTED] to 199[REDACTED]. He joined Edinburgh Academy a year later than the main intake. Over that period, he spent time both as a day pupil and a boarder. My memory is that he was a boarder when I was at the Academy, but my parents' recollection is that he boarded in the sixth form. It's possible that he was a weekly boarder rather than a full boarder for some of the time. [REDACTED] KSB

himself told the Academy survivors in a Whatsapp message that he boarded from 199█ to 199█.

38. Being English, with an awkward gait and choir boy looks, made him a target for bullying. During my brother's early years at the school, we were aware that he was being bullied by other boys. He cited reasons such as "*being English*". He would say occasionally that he was badly bullied at school. Having experienced some peer-on-peer isolated incidents myself, I thought we were talking about the same sort of experiences.
39. I noticed changes in my brother before I joined him at the Academy. He told me not to come to the Academy and said that I wouldn't like it. He said that it was a horrible place, but I didn't listen to him. I then witnessed further changes in my brother over the two years that we were together at the Academy. He became anxious, sullen and guarded. He was no longer the carefree, fun loving and quick to smile teenager that we all loved. He even became reticent to greet me at school.
40. In 199█, my parents returned to our home in Berkshire. Our twin sisters went with them. My elder brother was at university in Durham by then and I had finished my A-levels and was at university in Newcastle. My brother was left to board at the Academy in Jeffrey House at his request. He told my parents that he didn't want to go to do A-levels at St. Paul's School because he thought he would be compared to our older brother. That was the reason he gave at the time. He later admitted that he was fearful that he would find the same level of abuse elsewhere. Soon after my parents moved back to England, they realised that the bullying had taken a more serious level. His possessions had been systematically destroyed.
41. I had given my brother a stereo with a headset. It was his pride and joy. It disappeared and he finally admitted to me that it was broken and destroyed by other boys. I cannot remember whether I told my parents about that, but it happened when they were still living in Edinburgh. It was all part of the time when my parents were aware that things were being broken. My brother had also told me that his posters had been ripped and

his bed linen had been ripped. I don't know how much I spoke to my parents about this at the time.

42. My brother became very close to my aunt and uncle who lived near Glasgow. When my brother remained in Scotland to board at Jeffrey House, he spent quite a lot of time with my aunt and uncle, especially for short exeats or long weekends. At the time, my aunt thought that my brother should leave the Academy, and my parents tried to persuade him. My brother was given a place at St. Paul's School. He was bright, but he didn't want to go. At all these junctures where my parents wanted to do the right thing for him, he was so oppositional that they couldn't get him to do what he did not want to do. There was also a feeling throughout his life that if we interceded, he might get worse. It was like this all his life with the people that cared about him.
43. Looking back, there were visual signs of the abuse that **KSB** was suffering. None of us knew what 'badly bullied' meant. None of us could understand what that meant in terms of events and trauma without **KSB** explaining it. The visual signs would have been recognised if we had known how to interpret them and what they represented. My brother told me last year that half of his head was shaved forcibly by other boys in his year so that he looked like a holocaust victim and the remaining parts of his hair were dyed green and parts of it bleached. These assaults on his hair took place over time. At the time, he told us that he had chosen to do this himself using a product called Sun In. His uncharacteristic choice caused concern with my family and me.
44. If this had been an entry initiation process and it had stopped, I believe **KSB** would have been alright. It never stopped for him. When I asked him what on earth he was doing with his hair and why he was doing it, he told me that two boys had done it to him. He said they hacked at his hair and had bleached it. I decided to speak to the perpetrators. They had done it against his will, and it was dangerous and cruel. He told me that they had damaged his personal property as well. He did not want me to report it, and he did not want me to tell our parents.
45. I confronted the two perpetrators who were in my brother's year. My brother later told me before his death in November 2022 that one of them had also stabbed him in the

leg in the middle of the night with a screwdriver as he slept in his dorm. He believed that this was the same boy was one of the ring leaders in his year [REDACTED]

One day I was in a classroom or sixth form room. I looked down onto the quad. I have never been back to the school, so my memory is a bit hazy. There was a hole in the wall that went through to the playground. My brother had pointed the boys out to me, but I chose not to talk to them when he was around. I saw them standing by the hole in the wall, so I decided to go and confront them.

46. I don't know exactly what I said, but I would never have been aggressive. I probably told them that I was [REDACTED] KSB's older sister and that I'd heard they were doing some pretty nasty things to him and if they ever touched him again, I would report them. My brother told me that they stopped bullying him for a while. I remember that they were not big individuals to fear, but together or as a group he would have been scared of them. He was so isolated. I did not hear about it being ongoing after that. My brother retreated into himself. The action I took did not end up solving the problem in the end. It possibly made it worse, especially after I left.
47. My parents discussed his hair and uniform with him and about appropriate behaviour, respecting the school code. His property and clothes were damaged, and belongings were often missing on a regular basis. My parents wrongly assumed that he was being clumsy and disorganised, which led to unjustified admonishment as they did not know that this was being conducted at school by bullies. They now have extreme regret and feelings of guilt.
48. I adored my younger brother. He was funny, good looking and he loved sport. He should have fitted into the Academy without a problem. At some boarding schools there are still initiation activities for first year pupils, organised by the older years and house masters. When pupils are experiencing these traditions with their grade or house, and these are safe and fun activities, the initiation represents an inclusive bonding experience with no one singled out. Coming late into the intake, my brother was subjected to bullying disguised as initiation rites that only happened to him, which

then laid the path for future bullying to become acceptable. None of this was fun or safe for my brother. There was abusive intent behind every action. He started to lose weight and reported to me later that his eating problems started then.

49. My brother's arms and legs often had scabs on them, which we now know, from his own admission, were caused by self-harm and night attacks in the dorm from other boys who had hidden weapons. I can also remember seeing him with black eyes on several occasions and green bruising on the side of his face. As a family, we did not always see them as fresh bruises. Sometimes they were two or three weeks old by the time we saw them. He would wear long sleeved shirts out of season. At the time, I assumed these bruises were from rugby and playground accidents as this is what he told me. He would give excuses that boys are rough in the playground, it was whilst he was playing sport, he had tripped over, somebody in the dorm was playing cricket and banged his knee, he had fallen on a doorknob.
50. I have memories of scolding him for [REDACTED]. I had seen somebody self-harming when I was at ballet boarding school. That person [REDACTED]. I thought that it was very strange behaviour then. When my brother [REDACTED], it reminded me of the boy at ballet school. It irritated me and I told him that he would scar himself. It didn't make sense to me that he was [REDACTED]. I was not aware of self-harm at that stage. Importantly [REDACTED] KSB said, "*Matron had seen the [REDACTED] and did nothing. They didn't want to know about it.*"
51. When I was sixteen, remember my brother telling me that he never slept. It really worried him. I can remember having this conversation with him in his bedroom several times during his early and later years at the Academy. I told him that of course he slept, and he probably found it difficult to go to sleep but that he did sleep. He said that he didn't and that he never slept, and he couldn't sleep. At the time, I thought that it couldn't be true. I sometimes checked on him and I found him asleep, so I dismissed it. I had no experiences of insomnia therefore I could not understand that it existed.

52. From an academic aspect, my brother had been identified at parent/teacher meetings as a potential Oxbridge candidate during his middle grades. This remained the case for a couple of years and then he started to board, and his performance assessment reports dropped in expectations. We now know that he was being physically and mentally abused by his peers and two of the masters. The impact on his academic performance was apparent even if the cause had not been identified.
53. A good friend of my brother's was taken out of the school because he was badly bullied. He was removed by his parents. His name was [REDACTED]. His mother, [REDACTED], called my mother and told her at the time that she needed to remove my brother from the school as well because he was also being badly bullied. My mother tried, but [REDACTED] refused. I do not know what form of bullying [REDACTED] was subjected to, but I would love to talk to him and check that he is unaffected.

Abuse of [REDACTED] at the Edinburgh Academy

54. When my brother was still at the Academy, we did not know that the bullying he had described involved teachers or that he had experienced serious physical abuse at their hands as well. We certainly never suspected sexual abuse at the time. We had no idea that he suffered violence daily, or that this would lead to life-long damage for him, as well as long term damage to our family. His relationships with his children and his two wives were also affected, culminating in their loss of their father.
55. Seven or more years ago, my brother's second wife confided that we as a family needed to step in and help my brother. She told me he was drinking heavily to cope with depression and unresolved trauma from school. He had admitted to her that the abuse at the Academy had involved teachers and not just the boy peer on peer bullying. I was shocked and I found it difficult to know what to do. When I tried to get my brother to talk about it, he shut me down. He was very angry that his wife had betrayed him, and this made it hard for her to confide in anyone else in our family later as his mental health worsened.

56. I should have persisted, but it was hard to know how to help my brother or his wife. It was impossible to envisage the level of abuse that he had been subjected to without him leading the discussion. It took five more years for him to finally open to me about the abuse at the Academy. It was when the abuse at the Academy was in the news that he himself started to approach the subject and this triggered his ability to start talking about what had happened but also pushed him over the edge. Without proper counselling he started to drink more heavily because he could not cope with seeing it in the news and being transported back to what happened there.
57. Over the last months of my brother's life, I had conversations with him almost every day about everything and anything just to keep him company and give him hope. At times he went into detail for the first time about the abuse that he sustained at the hands of two specific masters. Each conversation lasted between an hour and an hour and a half. These conversations took place from November 2022 when I visited the UK for a week, until his death in [REDACTED] 2023. [REDACTED] KSB also visited South Africa in December 2022 with my parents for a two week stay to celebrate Christmas as a family. When he stepped off the plane, he told me he was ready to go to rehab and make changes to his life. By the time he had settled in our home however, he closed up and refused to discuss the next steps.
58. Before he left, he showed me a message that his GP had sent him telling him instructing him to immediately decrease his alcohol consumption by one unit per day, until he reached a 40 unit per week level and then seek rehabilitation for alcohol addiction. His liver showed severe damage from a recent scan. At this stage he was consuming between 2.5 and 4 litres of whisky a day. At this stage, my brother had only discussed the depth of the peer-on-peer abuse at the Academy. During this holiday [REDACTED] KSB wore the same clothes his entire stay. He drank all day and night. He slept intermittently throughout the day and kept awake at night. He could not eat. He would not sit at a table. We were all very worried about him and we decided to try to get him into rehab in South Africa but the opportunity never transpired during his stay.
59. My brother returned home and was emotionally and physically broken. The abuse at the Academy was in the news. Between the time I saw [REDACTED] KSB again, his second wife

had left him, and his mentally handicapped son had passed away from an epileptic fit. Six months passed and his condition deteriorated before I next visited KSB in the UK in June and July 2023. During this stay of three weeks, my brother told me about some of the abuse that he experienced at the hands of the two masters specifically. my brother died on . Throughout my stay there were increasing news articles about certain aspects of the abuse at the Academy but none so far had extended to abuse during my brother or my time at the school. I suggested that he go to a counsellor, but that would be the end of the conversation.

60. In August 2023, my brother said to me, *"I don't understand why everyone else seems to handle life so effortlessly and yet I fail at every turn. I have failed my kids, I have failed in my marriages, I have failed my friends, and I have been a failure at work. It must be me."* This was a turning point for my brother, admitting that true damage had been done. The impact of the abuse he suffered at the hands of two masters killed him as successfully as an aggressor with a weapon, over 36 tortured years. He left the Academy stripped of the coping mechanisms to deal with life. He was unable to achieve his true potential. He described it as having a kill switch. Through fear and self-imposed secrecy, he could not seek the help he desperately needed.
61. At this point, I realised that it was time to do something, but I realised my brother himself was not capable of doing anything and left to his own devices he would surely drink himself to death. I had returned to South Africa and I happened to see a news article on the BBC World phone app that named Giles Moffatt as a survivor. Giles was a year ahead of me at the Academy and the fact that he was mentioned was evidence that my brother was not the only one to have suffered abuse in the years that he and I was at the school. Through this article that I shared with my brother he realised that there were other pupils from his time coming forward who had also been subjected to abuse by teachers. This was a revelation to him. This was the motivation and shock that my brother needed to want to speak up about what had happened to him. I helped him to get in contact with Giles Moffatt via a link that I found at the bottom of the article. This was the lifeline that we needed. It also had a link to the Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry that I contacted in preparation for brother and I to give our statements.

62. My brother started to describe to me the abuse that he had suffered at the hand of the teachers. During my visit in June and July of 2023, we sat for long periods of time discussing the Academy. His memory of it was much better than mine. A lot of the time I initiated the conversation rather than him wanting to start it. We would start but then he wouldn't go any further because it was too upsetting. During one conversation, he became so distressed whilst talking about part of his testimony that he had what appeared to be a heart attack. He started weeping like a child, clutched his chest in pain and his eyes rolled back to the top of his head. He collapsed unconscious in his chair. Not having a cell phone that worked in the UK, I rushed to the neighbours to try to find help. My brother had already been hospitalised with a heart attack a few months before and he had another one a month later. I didn't know what to do after that. He would not accept help. Giles Moffat's engagement along with the EA Survivors a few weeks after this changed my brother's life, albeit briefly. I now worry that I did not do enough for him, or soon enough.

Peer Abuse

63. My brother told me that he was subjected to abuse on a daily basis at the Academy, both as a boarder and as a day pupil, from the age of twelve to eighteen. My brother started the Academy the year after Geits and so his year group had already had a year together to bond. He said that of the eighty percent that was pupil on pupil numerous individuals were responsible. He said he was picked on by everyone, although he said there were ringleaders. From what he described, it was everyone, all the time, doing whatever they wanted.
64. In the daily conversations that I had with my brother in the last six months of his life, I took notes of what he told me. I am therefore quoting exactly what he said wherever possible so that should I be required to write a testimony on his behalf there would be no suppositions. He said he wanted to write a testimony but that if he was not able to then I should do this for him as his witness. He knew by then that he was dying. He told me that he was subjected to "*gang attacks in the corridors most days*". He told me that they had to wait outside classrooms before going into lessons so that opportunistic attacks went on there, including "*punching in the ribs*", "*tripping up*" and "*kicking*".

65. He told me about *“random attacks in the bathrooms”* and *“bog washing”*, but he didn’t go into any detail about these attacks. I know that bog washing involves putting someone’s head down the loo and flushing it. I had heard about it when I was at Fettes. I asked him if that was when other boys had bleached his hair, but he would not go into any detail.
66. My brother described *“random attacks”* at specific locations, such as *“the hole in the wall”*, the bathrooms and the corridors. My brother told me that they had to walk through the hole in the wall and that random attacks took place there that went unseen, but he didn’t go into any further detail about what these attacks involved. They were pupil on pupil.
67. My brother told me: *“My only friend was forced not to be my friend anymore by other boys and he was instructed to beat me up publicly.”* He did not say anything else about that, other than that he was mortified. He said that this friend had been his last bastion from isolation.
68. In November 2022, KSB told me: *“I was stabbed in the leg with a screwdriver by a boy in my dorm in the middle of the night.”* He talked about the incident quite a lot after this. I was horrified. My brother told me that several boys pinned him down. He thought he knew the name of the boy responsible, but this man had got in touch a few weeks before my brother died. My brother had forgiven him. He did not forgive the masters or the school.
69. I asked my brother why he didn’t say anything after being stabbed in the leg. I told him that it could have gone into his artery or become septic. He said he wasn’t aware of those things at that time. I asked him why he didn’t go to Matron after that incident. He told me that he could not have gone to Matron. He said that *“she was an absolutely awful, horrible, despicable woman”* and he never went to her. He said that *“She was known for being violent and difficult with boys and that she was the last person you would have gone to.”* The Matron was a person that my brother feared. I don’t remember her, although I should have memory of her because I should have seen her a lot during the time that I was ill at the Academy as this was most of my lower sixth

year, I was given a room what I thought of as a disused san in the main building, close to the sixth form study rooms, where I could lie down on a bed during the day if I needed to. The disused san had a reception room with a desk in it and an interleading room next to it with a bed. I spent a couple of hours a day there during the first term. I don't remember seeing the Matron in that time. My brother described the Matron as *"the worst sort of person", "one to be feared", "who pushed boys around"* and was *"someone to avoid at all costs"*. He also said he had been told by other pupils that she had slammed somebody against a wall.

70. My brother told me quite concerningly that the boys in his dorm had *"makeshift weapons that were used to attack me in the dorm"*. One boy had scissors and another a screwdriver which he used on [KSB]. My brother didn't tell me whether the boy had used the scissors on him. He only told me about the attack with the screwdriver. Of the boy who stabbed him in the leg, he said, *"He was a long way down the queue in the line of abusers."*
71. My brother told me, *"The threat of violence was around all the time. It could be anywhere, and from anyone."* He said that he did not sleep at night in the boarding school because he would be attacked. He said, *"I was beaten and assaulted at night on a regular basis."* He was always waiting for it and could not sleep. Looking back, I cannot understand how this was not noticed by the housemaster. [KSB] must have been sleeping in class. He must have been exhausted. I find it astounding that it was not picked up on.
72. As well as these attacks, [KSB] told me his possessions were repeatedly and absolutely destroyed. My brother also reported his calculator and books being taken and destroyed so that he would get in trouble going to class. He told me, *"My uniform was ripped and urinated on and smeared with faeces."* He didn't look like the other boys because of his hair being cut strangely and his torn uniform. He must have been told off in class for not having the right books. He told me that he felt in fear of his life. The theft of his belongings was ongoing. He said, *"I often got in trouble for it at home and at school. I had to pretend that I was careless and lost the items."*

73. My brother told me that it only got worse when he started boarding. He would come back from a shower and there would be faeces on his bed. He said that someone would either poo on his bed or smear poo all over his bed. That happened to him many times. It was not a singular event. He told me, *“My clothes were taken and hidden so that I had to run around the boarding house naked to find them.”* He said that he was humiliated. Surely this was noticed by teachers and boarding staff or those staff members responsible for the laundry?
74. I told my brother about my food being ruined when I was at Fettes. I asked him if that had happened to him. He said that his food had been tampered with all the time. He told me that his meals were ruined with salt, pepper and vinegar in the dining room. The boys would spit on his food. It was an inside joke, to see how long it would take him to notice it. He said, *“The side effect of that is that you can’t go and ask for more”*. I understood that this was traumatic after my experiences at Fettes. It doesn’t possibly sound traumatic, but for my brother it was an ongoing thing. He told me that at one point, he struggled to find food because his meals were continuously and completely ruined. As boarders the boys ate their food in the mornings and evenings at the junior school dining room.
75. [REDACTED] told my sister and me that he was called [REDACTED] as a nickname, which was short for [REDACTED]. That was his nickname at school. He was a late developer, and he had a high-pitched voice. The other boys thought that this was hilarious. He didn’t say as much, but I think that started from the time he went into the school. I seem to remember being told at the time that this was his awful nickname.
76. My brother believed these acts were premeditative and he said that they took time to perform. He told me he had no doubt that the masters who taught him, and those within the boarding fraternity, especially within Jeffrey House, were aware of the abuse that took place. These attacks lasted for the whole of his whole senior school career at the Academy, even in sixth form as a full boarder, close to adulthood. He felt that it must have been discussed in the staff room and that other teachers must have been aware of the level of abuse at the school. He felt that it must have been obvious. He also thought that the abusive masters knew about each other’s abusive practice.

77. He did not want my parents to know and he hid it from them. I believe that he probably kept away from me at school because he knew that I would say something. He was good at avoidance. He tried to wear a cap inside at home, which was difficult to understand and he was told off for it by my parents. He wore long sleeved tops a lot during this time. But at school, in a boarding house, where people are getting into showers it must have been noticed. To have all your belongings smashed and ruined is quite severe. These were not pranks. Surely someone in the boarding house must have seen the weapons? Why would these potentially dangerous things be hidden under pupils beds? For me, that should have been an indicator of greater abuse. Wherever this occurs, one should question further. It is possible that it indicates a very real and present danger, either represented by abuse from peers or masters.
78. At sixteen, my brother told me that that he never slept. His insomnia, nightmares and sleep deprivation continued his whole life. This was partly due to the attacks in the dorm but he later told me that he had nightmares because of one of the masters who had abused him. He called this man ‘the other master’ although he did refer to his name once as John Brownlee. He said that he sometimes woke in the night and felt that that master was in his room. It was almost like a living nightmare for him. He rarely slept and then when he did sleep, he woke up again and felt that master was there. He had lifelong night-terrors and these plagued him until his death. My brother said that what that master did to him, created a kill switch in him.

Abuse by masters/Matron

79. My brother told me that twenty percent of the physical abuse he suffered was from masters and that two particular masters physically abused him on a regular basis. He said the attitude towards the English by the masters only encouraged the isolation he experienced from his peers. He felt he was opportunistically selected for abuse by the two masters.
80. He told me that IBU the PE master, was “a dangerous and violent man who was nasty and abhorrent”. As an example, he said IBU would throw basket balls at the boys faces, intent on hurting the pupil in his aim. He was known as IBU. He

said, **IBU** *really had it in for me and would hit me and then beat me when I was alone.* "He even broke my nose....twice". He said that **IBU** punched him. When he spoke about him, he was angry.

81. **KSB** wrote a distressing letter to our grandmother during this time at school in his final year. He had been on tour to another school for a hockey match. During the match someone had stolen 15 pounds out of his wallet in the changing room. He had not been able to report it because he had smashed a hole in the changing room wall and his nose had been broken, according to the letter, in the match. Fifty pounds was a considerable sum of money back then. I do not know why my brother had taken it to the match with him. To give an idea of what this would have meant to my brother, our parents gave us a pound as our weekly pocket money at that stage. **KSB** had accumulated money from doing the paper round every morning before school, on his bicycle in rain and snow. He had done this for two years prior to boarding. My suspicion is that he had intended to run away after the match.

82. I do not remember **IBU** from my time at the school. The way my brother spoke about **IBU** was not the same as when he was talking about the other master who also physically abused him. This was a man that terrified my brother, brought him a lifetime of nightmares that he still could not discuss. **KSB** only mentioned him by name once. I pressed him to tell me his name and he told me that "the other master" was similar to John Brown but ending in "lee". I tried to think back to remember somebody that could possibly have looked like John Brown the other art teacher who I knew well. I asked him if he meant John Brown the art teacher and he said no. I then asked him if it was his housemaster and he said no that it was not Mr **RJX** his housemaster or the headmaster, but that it was someone in authority and that he will never be brought to justice. I asked him if it was Mr Marsh my English teacher and he said no and that he was one of the good ones. After that he only referred to him as "the other master". Around the end of 2023, I became aware of a teacher at the Academy called John Brownlee, who was the Deputy Head, who faced charges of abuse. I have now seen press articles stating that John Brownlee has been deemed insane and will not be sent to jail for the charges he was found guilty of.

83. When I asked about this other master my brother would ask me not to go there as it was a no-go area. He described the other master as the spectre of his dreams and “a more significant evil”. He said that: “I still had nightmares because of that man. He had encouraged a culture of violence amongst the boys”; “I sometimes wake in the night and feel that that man is in my room”; “I rarely sleep but when I do sleep, I wake up again and I feel that that master is there”. In his words, “the other master was the larger part of the iceberg”. He feared [REDACTED] and the other master.
84. Apart from the boarding house, my brother also spent time away from home at camps. Being an avid canoeist, even having his own stunt canoe, he went on a canoeing camp. When he returned from camp he sold his canoe and never did canoeing again.

Suspected sexual abuse

85. My brother denied being sexually abused at the Academy. But in light of the conversations that I had with him about the other master and his admission that there were major incidents that he could not tell me in his vulnerable state, despite telling me some appalling incidents, I believe that he had been sexually abused by the other master. Considering the severity of the incidents that he relayed to me, that he himself saw as minor in the big scheme of things, it was my understanding that my brother was sexually abused, however, it was never confirmed by my brother himself. I have recently spoken to two experts in the field, one a leading UK child abuse lawyer who is a friend of mine and grew up spending a lot of time in our home with my brother prior to his days at the Academy, and one who is a respected psychologist in South Africa. Both have expressed their professional opinion that my brother very strongly displayed all the characteristic signs of someone who had been sexually abused. Both have stated that in their professional opinions they are 99% to 100% convinced that my brother was sexually abused.
86. It is heartbreaking to comprehend why my brother was so protective of his privacy and secretive about what happened at the Academy during our time there and after I left. If he could tell me that a boy had stabbed him in the leg with a screwdriver in the night in the dorm, and that there were attacks on him during the night on daily basis, and

that [BU] who punched him in private, it was understandable that he could not go ahead and explain the whole scale of the iceberg of abuse he sustained. I could not possibly comprehend that there might be anything worse than what he had already told me. When he told me that he was not sexually abused when I asked him, I believed him.

87. Now I know from experts that victims of sexual abuse very rarely come forward. It is really helpful to me to know that that is what we as a family and my brother himself were dealing with. To understand a part of the picture of abuse underlying the school system at that time I would like to share that my brother's housemaster, Mr [R]X [R]X [R]X Colin Wilmshurst, is a convicted paedophile, Colin Wilmshurst's brother in law is Ian Wares, who is currently on trial in South Africa for historical sexual abuse cases whilst also facing an extradition to the UK to face 80 plus counts of sexual abuse at the Academy and Fettes College over the time that my brother and I were at the Academy. Mr Dawson (a convicted paedophile and teacher at the Academy) was Mr Wares' best man. This is only part of the tangled web of nepotism and paedophilic links to the Academy. These convicted paedophiles were all a possible threat to my brother and other pupils during our time at the school through [R]X with my brother's housemaster, Mr [R]X, and if they continued to visit active members of staff on the property.

Pastoral care

88. There were certain people who were in a position of pastoral care at the Academy who should have helped my brother. He assumed that they would have seen the signs of abuse. One of those people was his housemaster, Mr [R]X. My brother told me that his housemaster was not involved in any of his abuse. The person in a position of pastoral care who should have been aware was the school chaplain. But he was too busy writing after dinner speeches. Another individual was Matron who my brother said was missing in action and someone to avoid at all costs. His housemaster, Matron and other staff members must have been aware of the level of abuse he was being subjected to, both from peers and masters. They should have noticed the physical

abuse at the hands of the boys and the physical and sexual abuse at the hands of the teachers. My brother said, *“They didn’t want to get involved in any way. Ostrich syndrome seems to have been pretty prevalent at the Academy.”*

89. A person that I could have confided in, if I had known what my brother was going through, would have been my favourite subject teacher who was married and at the time would have been in his fifties. However, he himself would have found it difficult to raise suspicions about another staff members, since he later married one of his pupils. She was present at the school during my time there, employed as a technician by the school. I mention this as it demonstrates the complexity of reporting abuse internally within a school when there are family members employed at a school or teachers who have strong associations with other members of staff or pupils.

People who did help

90. My brother told me that he had one real saviour, whose name he embarrassingly could not remember. In his own words, *“He joined the house in the year or two below me, kept a tarantula in his room and was a Dead Kennedys fan. Everyone found him fascinating, and he made it his mission to stop people picking on me. I would have loved to thank him one day as he literally saved my life. I don’t know what made him do that.”*

Reporting of abuse to the Edinburgh Academy

91. I was aware that my brother had told my parents about his possessions being stolen and destroyed. My parents then reported it to the housemaster of Jeffrey House, Mr **RJX**. My father spoke to his housemaster in person at a parent teacher meeting. From there, he had written a letter, and that letter was not responded to. My father is fastidious about documentation. He saved all the letters and all the documents relating to our schooling. Three years ago, my parents sold our home of 45 years, my father went through all the documentation that he had saved before he threw it away. He told me that he did not see any correspondence from the Academy about the

complaint he had made to his housemaster, Mr [RJX]. His memory is that the school never got back to him.

92. When I spoke to my brother last year before he died, he said things had got a lot worse after my father reported matters to his housemaster, Mr [RJX]. He told me that the abuse continued and escalated into “a more sinister level of physical violence”, and he kept quiet. My brother became very oppositional and angry with my parents if they spoke to him about the bullying. He was obviously fearful that they would have another word with his housemaster, Mr [RJX]. My brother became a very difficult person, and my father did not understand my brother’s change in attitude towards him.

Leaving the Edinburgh Academy

93. On completion of his final term at the Academy, my parents and I collected my brother from the boarding house a day late after term had ended. We knocked on the door. A master opened it who I did not recognise, and [KSB] left. The master did not say a word to [KSB] or my parents. It was very strange, this being my brother’s farewell to the Academy. I remember my brother telling me that he had stayed his last night at the Academy alone in Jeffrey House with one of the masters.

[KSB]’s life after the Academy

94. After my brother left school, my brother was a changed young man. Instead of being the open, humorous, carefree, generous, confident and vibrant young boy that he was on entering the Academy he was now mainly sullen, withdrawn, defensive, nervous and distracted. He displayed signs of anxiety, alopecia, eating issues, self-harm, insomnia and rejection of authority, all of which were in keeping with the seriousness of the abuse he had endured.
95. My brother was an unusually intelligent young man who could have studied anywhere. He chose to attend Durham University following in our older brother’s footsteps.

Looking back now, it was probably a safe decision for a boy who anticipated that abuse might also be common at university. He had an insular existence in his first year at Durham. He continued to have a fast turnover of superficial female relationships, mistrusting other larger potential friend groups and avoiding stable relationships with girls. He started drinking steadily and skipping lectures. As a result, he failed his first-year exams.

96. Possibly during his second year at Durham, before he left midway, my brother began a relationship with his future first wife, a doctor nine years his elder. He left Durham and took a gap year, before going on to study leisure management at Southampton University. My brother was 23 and newly qualified when they fell pregnant and married the following year. [REDACTED] successfully developed a career in sales and marketing which culminated in a sales director position at [REDACTED] that he held for twenty years.
97. After his divorce from his first wife, my brother married again ten years later. He continued to drink heavily. During this time, he was offered a more senior role at [REDACTED] which he turned down, preferring to head his successful team in his preferred role. He described the new female manager as a bully. My brother was fiercely loyal and had developed strong bonds with his team members over his twenty-year management career. He had issues with people in authority who were bullies. He resisted imposed changes. He was rightly proud of his team's performance, having won a major customer relationship prize the previous year. In hindsight, his team was a place of safety where he had finally realised success. However, his unwillingness to accept these "unreasonable" changes, led to his dismissal. He thought of his team at work as family. He was very loyal and protective of them.
98. My brother was loved by his family and friends. There were over 150 people at his funeral. His colleagues from [REDACTED] set up a website page in memory of him with personal tributes even though he had left that workspace almost ten years before.

Impact of abuse on [REDACTED] ^{KSB}

99. My brother told me that he had bought a snap blade knife on holiday to protect himself in the dorm. He said that he did not know how he would have explained it if he had been caught, but in any case, he slept with it under his pillow. This was after he had been stabbed with a screwdriver. He told me he was suicidal at school. At one point, he told me that he sat [REDACTED] for three hours, contemplating taking one last plunge. He also told me that he had climbed [REDACTED] in order to take his life. He told me he still had acrophobia from that time.
100. My brother told me that he self-harmed on a regular basis at school. He [REDACTED] [REDACTED] to alleviate the pain. He often ended up with abnormal bruises on his cheeks, nose, legs arms and had black eyes. He suffered from digestive stomach issues since his teens and his stomach was often sore, swollen and uncomfortable. He developed food avoidance tactics, either eating nothing or all the wrong things. He had an unhealthy relationship with food, choosing nursery type food such as macaroni cheese, lasagne and fish fingers. He had a self-imposed restricted diet. He would make huge bowls of pasta, eat them and then be sick. It was extreme, feast or famine. Cooking became his love, partly because it was entertaining his need to provide for others, but partly because it meant he could control what was on the menu. He refused to sit and eat at a table. He often felt sick and vomited after meals. This was evident at the Academy and then ongoing his whole life. When he died, his freezer was full of foods, such as macaroni cheese and ice lollies. His cupboards were full of spaghetti hoops, but he would not eat anything.
101. I believe now that my brother was isolated from his peers and opportunistically groomed for abuse by the two masters. Until a month before his death, he did not know that there were other boys in his year and older boys who were also preyed upon. He felt that the two masters who abused him were in communication with each other about him. He never said why, but he thought that they were.
102. In his last few months, when I was having conversations with my brother, I saw the incredible damage that the memory of the other master still inflicted on him even thirty

years on from him leaving the Edinburgh Academy. The grief was unbearable to witness. He would rock and cry like a child. At these moments, my brother said that he felt so ashamed. He would relive the distress and grief that he had experienced in those moments years ago. My brother still feared these two masters, even at the age of 48.

103. My brother told me he had panic attacks when he left school and he continued to suffer from bouts of depression throughout his life. From his teens he abused alcohol and was a heavy smoker. He had acrophobia and became physically sick at low-level heights. He reported that even walking upstairs or standing near a window became an issue. He became increasingly agoraphobic. He admitted that he could not leave the house in the last six months of his life because of the anxiety that it caused.
104. My brother told me he had panic attacks after he left school and experienced high levels of anxiety his whole life. He told me he had lifelong feelings of guilt and shame and suffered from a lack of self-confidence in social situations. These presented as inappropriate overconfidence, or a lack thereof, that was solved by alcohol. My brother drank to an untenable level for the last two years of his life. He drank between 2.5 to 4 litres of spirits a day to help him deal with the daily mental torture that he suffered.
105. My brother would get angry around discussions that made him appear vulnerable. He would never accept charity, help or anything that diminished him. He would not be hugged or comforted at these times. He only liked to be hugged if he initiated the contact. He had abandonment issues and would take offence quickly if you could not make it to something prearranged or if someone decided to change a plan. He took this very personally. He was deeply wounded when friends didn't display the same loyalty or affection for him that he expected or showed himself.
106. My brother reported that he was unable to form normal loving and open, power-balanced relationships. From late teenage years, he became highly secretive around personal information and his relationships.

107. He frequently demonstrated oppositional behaviour. The start of that kind of behaviour was him not leaving a school because he had been told to. You could not get him to do something. If you told him to do something, he would probably do the exact opposite unless it was going to help someone. Listening and doing what he was told would weaken him.
108. My brother was defiant in the face of authority. He did not like to be told what to do. In terms of relationships, he would be defiant. He was very defiant of my father. He would not follow the house rules. He wouldn't take his cap off. He would not conform. If he didn't like someone at work, he'd probably make it difficult for that person. From everything I know from his colleagues, he was an incredible team leader and teammate at work. He would not have conformed to what he was told to do by someone he did not respect. We suspect he lost his job because of issues with authority.
109. My brother exhibited extreme highs and lows. When he arrived at a party, he would make an entrance. He was exuberant but could also be easily depressed. At those times, he didn't want to see a family member. There would be times when he wasn't coping. It tended to be triggered by things not going his way.
110. He was highly defensive. If it sounded like a criticism, he would immediately respond to it as if he had been accused of doing something on purpose. If you underestimated him, he would become boastful. In reverse, he could be so self-deprecating that he could not be made to gather any real liking for himself most of the time. This would either present as him being either irrationally over modest or boastful and over-confident.
111. My brother admitted to a lifelong distrust for people in authority who wield power. As I started to gather information, I started to understand. Going to the doctor was difficult for him, although his GP was trying to make appointments for him and trying to get him to try new medication. He would say that his GP didn't want to see him and that he did not want to take the pills given to him. My brother had hundreds of pills that he would not take and he would say that he did not trust his doctor.

112. I asked him if he would go and talk to the police. He said that you couldn't trust the police and you couldn't trust anyone. He had a blanket perception of authority and power. He thought that there could be somebody lurking who didn't have his best interests at heart. He was also incredibly secretive. The idea of giving over his information to an organisation was something that would take power from him and this was frightening to him. Over the years, I started to see a pattern.
113. He was also highly oppositional of strong female stereotypes. Dominant females reminded him of past relationships and experiences. He really disliked female and male authority. In my own relationship with him, I had to be very careful not to come across as somebody who wanted to manoeuvre him into a situation where he was not in control or breach his trust. He was complicated.
114. My brother identified with those who were pushed out by society. He would support the underdog or people who he thought had had a hard life. When his second wife left him in March 2023, someone from the pub moved in with him. My brother thought that he was looking after him as a favour, but it was really the other way round. It was quite typical of my brother to accumulate people around him who were having or had had difficulties. This made him feel empowered and needed.
115. My brother was fiercely loyal and specific in his friendships. People were either in or out. He did not stay in contact with anyone from the Academy. The one exception was [REDACTED] who had left due to bullying. His lifelong friends came from his time before the Academy when we lived in England and others that he met afterwards.
116. He was extremely generous and empathetic, but he desperately needed approval. He would always give his possessions away. It was a natural trait. He would fly out to visit us in South Africa with only gifts in his suitcase. He was generous with his time. Giving was a currency that made him feel worthy. It gave him joy. That was who he was, an effervescent, gorgeously big-hearted person.
117. My brother reported social paranoia to me. In certain social situations he would rather leave or sit outside smoking than engage with a group he didn't trust. This was also

solved with alcohol. At social events, he would pick on something that someone had interpreted the wrong way and take offence, quietly leaving. It was just his own interpretation of events or conversations. He would take himself out of a social environment if he found that he wasn't coping with the social interactions, or the people were not his type. He would start smoking and sit apart. He sometimes used the excuse of smoking to create his own separate crowd and enjoyed smoking partly because it meant that he could take time out.

118. In his last months, my brother reported living with anxiety on a daily basis. He told me he was always on high alert because he never knew when the next attack would come. He was on edge all the time. My brother was plagued by depression, and in the last few years medical issues related to alcoholism which was his coping mechanism meant that he was house bound, alone, and vulnerable. He stayed in the same clothes. He was broken.
119. Even though news about the abuse at the Edinburgh Academy had become national primetime television, nobody from the Academy contacted him to see if he was coping. This made my brother angry. He was physically unable to get out of his chair without experiencing extreme anxiety. He was unable to go upstairs because of attacks of vertigo. He experienced breathing, digestive and circulatory problems due to damage from alcohol abuse. He became acrophobic and agoraphobic. His only contact with the outside world were the few daily phone calls with family members and the television.
120. My brother lived in fear of his family learning about the abuse he had suffered at the Academy, believing wrongly that it would be too much for them to bear. He believed that it would kill our mother if she knew. But he wanted to help others and help them to realise that they were not alone. He hoped to help to find others like him and help them before it was too late. Even when presented with the knowledge that it was killing him, he did not want anyone to know the full scale of what had happened to him. He didn't want pity, and he didn't want retribution.

121. My brother forgave the boys who abused him. He said he totally understood dropping into a group as a form of defence. He said he probably would have done it too if given the opportunity. He considered them to be a victim as much as anyone. It was his wish to shine a light on the blind spots in schools where abuse still finds safe harbour. My brother had an extraordinary empathy for others. When he was contacted a month before he died by the dorm-mate who wanted to apologise to him for the abuse he had inflicted, my brother told him that he totally understood. This apology had a huge impact on him. It gave my brother peace to know that it was not personal and that it was indicative of the culture that the masters had cultivated.

122. ██████████ in 2023, his mentally handicapped and autistic son died. He had been living in a residential care home. The stress of the rush to get to his son's bedside in time led my brother to collapse with a heart attack. He was admitted to accident and emergency in the same hospital where his son was in ICU. He discharged himself to be allowed to his son's bedside, only to be briefed by a doctor the next day that he had had a heart attack. He ended up back at home, on his own, with increasing agoraphobia, panic attacks, insomnia and feelings of self-loathing.

123. Following the heart attack diagnosis in March, he eventually got through to his GP in May. The GP referred him to a cardiac surgeon, who confirmed that he had had a second heart attack in the following month. The NHS system then took three months to arrange follow up scans and a further six weeks to arrange a telephone review of the results. Unfortunately, ██████████ before the review, my brother died. On that day, an hour before he died he said "It's all over."

124. My brother's mental health and life choices have taken their toll on his family, especially his sons. He died isolated from those who loved him. All efforts were refused.

125. My brother's most destructive characteristic, born from his time at the Edinburgh Academy under his oppressors, was his absolute secrecy regarding the abuse. We don't know if the teachers blackmailed him, but we suspect that his own shame at what occurred held him in a state of perpetual fear of discovery. He also held back the

severity of the abuse in order to shield us, his family, who could have done so much more to protect him. Sadly, this selfless act led to his ultimate demise. We implore anyone reading this who has questions around their own son's or daughter's time at Academy to start the process of reaching out to them. A trigger event in their lives may push them over the edge towards my brother's fate. The teachers changed but the abuse continued and spanned thirty years up until 1995.

126. I cannot imagine what it must have felt like for my brother to carry the burden, the guilt, the shame and the anger generated by the abuse at the Academy whilst he was surrounded by his siblings who did not have the same experience and did not find life hard to manage. The fact that he was able to operate and love us in the way that he did reveals the strength of the survivor in him. I have never been so proud of my brother as I am now, now that I am in possession of the facts.
127. It was a huge relief to us when my brother finally allowed us to support him in his pain. His death has been incredibly hard on us because we truly loved him. It is hard to reconcile ourselves to the fact that ultimately, we could not save him. He chose to drink himself to death because he couldn't live with the effects of the abuse. I would like to reach out to those who continue to suffer in silence. You are in my thoughts. In the last few weeks before he died, my brother was motivated and inspired to tell his story. As a result, he seemingly attempted to cut down his alcohol intake in the last weeks of his life. Unfortunately, without the medical support needed to navigate this safely, the intervention was too late for him. He died on [REDACTED] 2023.

Impact on family

128. I live with guilt every day that I did not seek help for my brother earlier. I am currently attending counselling with a psychologist to help me to come to terms with this. The stress is currently manifesting as vertigo and nausea, which my doctor believes is stress related. Supporting my brother over the last year of his life has been the hardest and most painful thing I have had to do. I thought that I had him in my grasp, but he slipped away from me.

129. To us, as his loving family, we always wondered what had caused such a radical change in the behaviour and demeanour of my happy, gregarious, beautiful brother. My family carry a strong sense of guilt for not recognising that there was an underlying cause from psychological damage and treating it wrongly as a teenage rebellion phase. Through our berating, we merely added to his lack of self-esteem.
130. Throughout his adult years, living just round the corner from our family home, my parents were very close to him. Our parents were hands on grandparents in the early years. My parents suffered severe anxiety at my brother's physical and mental decline. They have agonised as to what more they could do and could have done for their proud and much-loved son. He stopped them from providing private medical help throughout, despite the obvious and evident likely outcome.

Reporting of abuse after leaving school/Edinburgh Academy survivors' group

131. It was arranged through Giles Moffatt for my brother to join the EA Survivors' WhatsApp group on [REDACTED] 2023, twenty years after the first abuse cases were reported to the Academy. Contact from the Edinburgh Academy survivors was life affirming for my brother. He was shocked at how brave the other survivors were. He was really surprised that they could talk about their abuse without shame and openly with one another. He realised that he wasn't alone and it was a revelation to him. It made things a lot easier for him to process.
132. The cyclical nature of abuse is that the abusers become abusers. On the EA Survivors' group, [REDACTED] KSB was able to find support but also understand and forgive his peers for their previously aggressive behaviour towards him. He said it was incredibly brave of his dormmate to reach out to him in this way. It had a huge impact on my brother that he had taken the time to contact him and apologise. It gave him peace to know that it was not personal and that it was indicative of the culture that the masters had cultivated.

133. After joining the survivors' group, my brother immediately identified as having the same PTSD symptoms as the other survivors. They all shared the same symptoms and character traits because of the Academy abuse. He learnt that they shared the same pattern of struggle that he had had throughout his adult life. They had the same relationships issues, stemming from similar experiences of violence at the hands of pupils and teachers at the Academy. This was also hugely impactful on my brother. This was the turning point for him and the starting point for his recovery, counselling and finding of self-worth. I saw a fundamental shift in his ability to cope with the burden and his positivity about the future. My family will be forever indebted to Giles Moffat and the Edinburgh Academy Survivors' Group for reaching out to my brother in a positive way that brought him dignity in his final month of life and for representing the EA survivors at his funeral.
134. At this point, so close to his death, [KSB] finally felt that it might be possible to share his experiences with the inquiry and the police. He started writing his testimony. I did know that he was dying. My sister is a doctor. Two years previously, she wrote a letter to our brother along with a letter that I also wrote, pleading with him to find help. My sister told him that he had two years left to live if he carried on drinking the way he was. We knew that we did not have much time to try and turn things around for him. [KSB] told me he was going to give his testimony to Giles Moffat. He had a flash stick that he planned to give him at an arranged meeting at [KSB]'s house four days before he died. Unfortunately, [KSB] was too ill to see Giles. He cancelled their appointment, and he died four days later.

Lessons to be learned

135. It is my intention to report the abuse on [KSB]'s behalf, to assist schools in finding others like [KSB] before it is too late, and to reach out to schools to put systems in place to support survivors of historic abuse.
136. There is no doubt in my mind that [IBU] and the other master not only physically abused my brother, but that they groomed him for repeated abuse over five years,

irrevocably scarring him for life. If they had tortured and killed him thirty years ago they would have been arrested by the police, held accountable for their actions and locked up in jail for the past 36 years that my brother has suffered. Instead, they abused my brother and rid him of his innocence to satiate their own predatory desires and then were given safe harbour to move on to others.

137. My brother's abusers not only caused him mental torture, but their actions ultimately led to his untimely death. The impact of their actions caused immense damage to our family over this time, whilst these masters roamed free. The pain and suffering is incalculable. It is a disgrace and a travesty that they were allowed the privilege of being my brother's teachers and 'locum parentis' during his informant years, only to be permitted to continue teaching when doubts and rumours must have persisted throughout their careers.
138. They did not spare him. They stole my brother's dignity and the love he so very much deserved and needed from others. They stole his ability to sleep and to dream and his ability to be the father he wanted to be for his children. They stole his ability to become a grandfather, to die one day in the future as an old man in his bed. They stole our family's peace of mind, and they broke my parents' hearts. Surely, justice must prevail so that even if there is only one moment of rational thought left in their life, if there is any chance that they could have a moment of happiness or comfort, that it is taken away from them. And in that way the survivors, the families and the Academy alumni will know that justice has been served.
139. It is important for schools to understand that survivors of historic abuse need support structures in place in order to survive the process of healing. This should be put in place by every school. Knowing now how far the ring of abuse spread in Edinburgh society and how far reaching and entrenched the paedophilic community embedded themselves into establishments where children reside in their care, ALL schools must assume there are historic abuse survivors born from abusers in their institutions in their past. Without support from the school and its alumni, recovery for the survivors is almost impossible. In this way, the Academy continues to fail its pupils. When a school is confronted with overwhelming evidence of past abuse it must prioritise the

safety of the survivors over its own image, brand and prestige. The schools' insurance companies play a big part in what seems to be a blanket 'admit nothing' strategy.

140. My recommendation is that schools are required to have an independent abuse officer, preferably a police counsellor, who works with pupils and teachers to form an independent mandatory reporting channel that records complaints and works with anti-bullying groups within the schools. Reporting suspicions or evidence internally has not proven to be effective both in record keeping or in circumnavigating the ever-present desire of schools to brush abuse claims either under their carpet or pass the offender on to other willing schools. Based on my experience, I would suggest that boarding schools and their alumni stand together against perpetrators of historical abuse and create a support structure to give survivors dignity, a chance to be heard, as well as a chance to report abuse, whilst offering support for the survivors and their families.
141. Alternatively, this safeguarding should be managed by an independent body with the mandatory handover of alumni databases so that communication can be managed and support offered where needed by an external body.
142. I believe it should be mandatory for a school to contact its alumni when reports of historic abuse come to light.
143. Mandatory reporting should be firmly in place. It should be mandatory for teachers to report even a suspicion of abuse. This report should be logged directly with the police and not with the school so that the information is captured and held to create a larger picture across schools and across teachers' careers.
144. The Academy should action a sensitively constructed search for survivors like my brother through Facebook and contacting the alumni.
145. Looking from a bird's eye perspective, delivered by hindsight, it is apparent to me that the abuse that my brother suffered at the Academy generated shock waves throughout his life. The shrapnel devastated all the relationships that he held dear. He was averse to authority, institutions and bully boys. He was so fearful of "going back to the Titanic"

that contacting the police was something he would have avoided, without knowing there were a significant number of other survivors with the same issues. He spent his entire life believing that he was the only one and that he alone had been singled out. He deserved answers as to why he found his life harder to live than everyone else around him. He remained utterly alone and in mental and physical pain.

Final thoughts

146. The rest of my life will always be bittersweet without my brother. He was an amazing uncle to my children, and I will no longer have the special person I relied on to make me laugh, share life’s ups and downs or discuss the state of the world with. **IBU** and the other master and all those who saw but said nothing have stolen this from us. Knowing that my brother’s life was fundamentally devastated by his experience at our shared school carries a sense of guilt that he did not want me to feel. I will be forever grateful that he chose to share his burden with me. That is what sisters are for.

147. I think it would be fitting to end my statement with **KSB**’s own words, which he shared on Whatsapp with Academy survivors: *“The academy did a lot of damage to all of us, and those that broke the law deserve to be judged, but please don’t fall into the trap of passing on the hatred that we were subjected to. We cannot change the past. We cannot undo what’s been done. All we can do is be the best we can be so that we don’t pass on those feelings to future generations.”*

148. 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..... **PKW**

Dated..... 23 January 2025