

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

FIY

Support person present: Yes

1. My name is FIY. My name when I was in care was FIY. That was the name I was known as throughout my time in care. When I came back to civilian life after leaving the army I decided that I didn't want the surname FIY any more so I changed it initially FIY. FIY was the surname on the maternal side of the family. I can't provide a definitive date as to when I changed my name to FIY. I changed my name to FIY about five years ago. I chose that name to please my Germanic and Norwegian ancestors. My German grandfather had always wanted me to be called FIY so that was why I chose that first name. My date of birth is 1978. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.
2. It's hard remembering where I was and at what times when growing up in care and with my mother and father. The majority of it is set out in the records I have recovered but not all of it is there. I have tried to detail as best I can what I remember.

Life before going into care

3. My father's name is. He was ex-SAS, a and in the Territorial Army. My mother's name was. She married so many times that her surname may have been at another time. Her extended family was German and she herself spoke German. My first language was German because of that.

4. I had two very abusive parents. Neither of them cared about me. There were probably drink and drug problems when I was born. I know that the social work department decided that I would be at risk so I had a social worker before I was even born. They wanted to keep an eye on me.
5. When I was born I lived with my mother and father in a place called [REDACTED] which is just outside of Perth. My mother was a nutter. I was breast fed by another woman until I was much older. I remember that my mother once stubbed an iron out on my foot. I am now permanently scarred from that. I remember that when I was four years old I went into the toilet and saw my mother. She was crying and asked me who I wanted to stay with. I asked her if I could live with both her and my father at the same time. She told me that I couldn't do that so I said that I wanted to go and stay with my dad. Can you imagine asking a four year old a question like that? However, that was it. I went to stay with my father.
6. The way I was called changed over the years. Nowadays they would call it ADHD but there wasn't that diagnosis until I was about fourteen or fifteen. I remember that what they referred to me as being was MAD. I was told that it was all my own fault and that I needed to go to a special school. The special school they put me in was a place that had been set up by Malcolm Rifkind as a place for intelligent children. It was made up of a tiny little room which had been cut in half. I remember doing jigsaws and learning how to make teddy bears.
7. I would go to the school for 'x' amount of time before going to see a liaison worker who was a social worker. I remember that one of the liaison workers I had at that time was someone called Drew Swanson, however, there really were loads at that time. She was in charge of social work for Perth Council. I remember that she was concerned about me because of the abuse I was suffering at home.
8. I was with my father until the age of eight years old. That was ok for a while until he assaulted me. He broke my fingers and punched me. My father ultimately surrendered me to the social work. He basically dragged me along to the office and

said “here you are.” He decided that I was too much to handle because I was too hyperactive and naughty. I’d never been in any trouble at all at that point. I was getting on fine at school. I was really good. There had been no children’s panel hearings at that time. He just didn’t want to have me there because of his new girlfriend. As soon as I was gone he had my baby sister.

9. I remember that my father told me before I went to Starley Hall that it was going to be like a “military academy.” I don’t know why he said that. He had an obsession about that at the time. He told me that I was going to go off and become a soldier and everything else. I was taken to Starley Hall by my social worker.

Starley Hall School, Aberdour Road, Burntisland, Fife

10. Starley Hall was located somewhere between Aberdour and Burtisland in Fife. I don’t have a clue what organisation ran the place. I first went to Starley Hall when I was eight years old. That would have been in about 1986. I left when I was twelve years old. That was in about 1990. Starley Hall is still open. There are apparently still children there. I believe that it is still held in the Barton family who worked at the place when I was there.

Layout of Starley Hall

11. The grounds had walls all around them. On one side was the Firth of Forth. On the other side there was a hill. There was a tiny little gatehouse at the entrance. That was where the older boys stayed. As you went forward there were some corrymex that were located next to the road. They weren’t there when I initially went to Starley Hall but were put in place later. Corrymex are like big corrugated iron shipping containers with windows. They are a bit like portacabins but not quite as classy. They tried to make up little classrooms inside them and make it nice but in truth they were shit. After the corrymex was the main house. Further on, and higher up from the main house, was the dancehall. Next to the main house, to the back, was an old ruined tower.

12. The main building where we stayed looked like a big giant castle. I think there were four floors in the main building itself. The very bottom floor was like a basement. The kitchens were located there. There was also a seamstress area in the basement where the woman who was in charge of repairing all of the clothes worked. Other than those areas the rest of the floor was for the staff.
13. Above the basement was the ground floor. As you went in the entrance on the ground floor there was a visible set of stairs up to the next floor. The staff offices were near to the bottom of the stairs. Also on that floor was the main hall, the dining hall, the area where we had our pigeon holes and the girls' bedrooms. The first floor was where we all the boys slept. All the boys' bedrooms were located there. The nurse also had a small office on that floor.
14. The second floor was like an attic. Initially the attic wasn't used. Later on, during the time I was there, that floor was converted into a girls' area. It was like a day room where the girls could go and do girly things. Looking back, I do wonder why they gave the girls their own space.

Staff structure

15. There was a principal and a deputy principal at Starley Hall. The persons who had those roles changed during my time at Starley Hall. All the staff members were referred to as teachers. There were loads of teachers there during the time I was at Starley Hall. I only remember a few of the teachers actually having subjects which they taught. None of the other ones had a subject which they taught you. Those ones who didn't have a subject didn't have a clue how to teach.
16. One of the staff members would supervise us in the main house at night time. I don't think there was a formal system for the staff who stayed over in the main house during the night. I remember that they tended to be teachers who were not really involved on the educational side of the place. They would stay in the office at the bottom of the stairs overnight. Looking back, it didn't feel like we were supervised. I

remember them coming round the rooms once during the night. The rest of the time those staff members just sat on their arses in their wee room downstairs.

- 17. There was no staff member that was assigned to me or had the role of a key worker. There wasn't really a specific staff member I could go to or speak to if I had a problem. If I ever had a problem I would go to the nurse but that wasn't anything official.

Staff

- 18. FXE [redacted] was SNR [redacted] of the place [redacted]. He was [redacted] SNR [redacted] I was aware of when I was there. He was a very red blooded American male. I don't remember what FXE [redacted]'s day to day role in the place was. All I remember is that he was SNR [redacted] and he had a lot of money. As far as I am concerned he didn't do anything but wave money about. I believe FXE [redacted] FXE [redacted] left about a year and a half after I first got there. I would have been about nine years old when he left. That would have been in approximately 1987 or 1988.
- 19. KYU [redacted] was SNR [redacted] when I joined. He ended up being SNR [redacted] SNR [redacted] of the place. He [redacted] the role of SNR [redacted] FXE [redacted] in around about 1987 or 1988. His nickname was "KYU [redacted]." I don't know what KYU [redacted] did day to day further than being SNR [redacted] of the place. [redacted]
[redacted]
- 20. Nigel Lloyd was a teacher who came in some time after I started at Starley Hall. He became deputy principal [redacted] KYU [redacted] SNR [redacted] in either 1987 or 1988. He was old. I don't know what he taught because that was never made clear to me. He used to play rugby. He was a good mate of KYU [redacted]. He smoked a pipe. It was never explained to me what his day to day role was.
- 21. Mrs [redacted] and Mr PPR [redacted] were about the only teachers who were really nice people. They were both older. Mr PPR [redacted] lived in Perth. Mrs [redacted] was a blonde haired woman. She had a couple of daughters. She was absolutely perfect and

lovely. She was never abusive. Her whole family was lovely. I don't know what Mr PPR taught but Mrs taught Home Economics. They ended up marrying one another during the time I was at Starley Hall. Looking back, they were the only two staff members who really cared about the children at Starley Hall.

22. PBT was a teacher at Starley Hall. I'd say he was in his thirties when I was there. I don't know what he taught. All he would do is pull his guitar out in class and strum away. He would say that we were going to learn music but he actually didn't teach us anything. I don't remember us ever having an instrument so I don't know how he was "teaching us music." I remember sitting there just thinking that I didn't want to sit there just listening to The Beatles, Maggie Moo or whatever he was playing.
23. FXB was a teacher in Starley Hall. He was Italian but I don't believe he taught Italian in the school. I don't know what he taught. Mrs was FXB's wife. She taught Italian. She would have been in her late thirties when I was there. She was a lovely lady.
24. Mr FXC was a teacher there but I don't know what his first name was. I am not sure how old he was when I was at Starley Hall. I don't know what he actually taught. He had a hooked nose and he was one of the staff members who would stay overnight in the main building.
25. Miss O'Shinska was a teacher there. She was another staff member who stayed overnight in the main building. I think she later became a teacher in the educational side of the place but I don't remember what she taught. She was one of the staff members who stayed in the main house overnight.
26. There was a younger male teacher who came into Starley Hall. I don't remember his name. He had hairy arms. I don't remember exactly what he taught but I remember him coming into the place and doing silly little drawings of things like "Thomas the Tank Engine" with lots of different faces. I remember he did one for a boy called and called it "Puffing"

27. Mrs FIP was an older lady who was a teacher. She is probably dead now. I didn't like her. There was a permanent female teacher who taught Scottish country dancing. I don't remember her name. I don't think she taught anything in the corrymex initially but later went on to teach .
28. There was a male staff member at Starley Hall who did nothing but drive. I don't remember his name. He wore a lot of very Arran style jumpers. I would say he was in his forties during the time I was at Starley Hall. I might be slightly polite in that estimation.
29. FXE had a female secretary who I don't remember the name of. I remember she always used to come out of FXE's office with ripped tights. There was a lady who worked in the castle who was a dressmaker. She would repair your clothes. There was a nurse who had a small office upstairs in the main building. I don't remember her name. There was a dinner lady. I don't remember her name.

The children at Starley Hall

30. There were children from all over Scotland who went to Starley Hall. It wasn't just people from the local area who went there. I remember there were boys from Kirkcudbright, Kilmarnock, Glasgow, Perth and Dundee. All I knew was that we were all there because we all had ADHD. It wasn't called ADHD back then though. It was called MAD. I can see why they chose the name that they referred to it as.
31. There were both boys and girls at Starley Hall. I remember that, at the age of eight, I was the youngest there. The oldest children there would have been between seventeen or eighteen. The younger and the older children were kept separate. The younger children would stay in the main house and the older children would stay in the gatehouse.

32. I couldn't provide an estimate in total as to how many non-residential and residential children were there at any one time. However, I would say there were maybe about forty boys and girls who stayed in the main house overnight. Of those children I would say that the maximum amount of girls would be about ten. Those numbers are very much an estimate.
33. [REDACTED] was a pupil at the Starley Hall at the same time as I was there. He was from Glasgow. [REDACTED] was from Dundee. [REDACTED] was alright. Like myself he was very troubled. He was the person who got me into smoking. [REDACTED] [REDACTED] was from Dundee. There was a boy called [REDACTED]. I can't remember his surname. There was a boy called [REDACTED] who was from Kirkintilloch. I remember a small boy called [REDACTED]. I don't remember his surname. There was also a boy called [REDACTED] who was there at the same time as me.
34. The girls I remember are [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. I remember them either sleeping in the bedroom on the left or the right on the ground floor. There were two [REDACTED]. One [REDACTED] used to wear a blue jumper and the other wore a yellow jumper.

Routine at Starley Hall

First day

35. The place didn't look great to me when I arrived. I was terrified. I was just so lonely. When I first went into the main building I wasn't introduced to the staff or shown around. All I was told was where I was and what I was going to do. I remember one of the first things that the staff did was give me a number. My number was [REDACTED] [REDACTED] That number was placed on all your clothes, your cubby holes, your cutlery and your napkins. What eight year old wants to be told "you're a number now"? I was then given a little bag full of clothes.

Daily routine

36. After you got up you washed your face, brushed your teeth then got dressed. After that you made your bed before going down to get your breakfast. As you went into the dining room you passed the pigeon holes. Each pigeon hole had your number on it. I would collect my cutlery, which was wrapped in an orange and white napkin, from that pigeon hole before going into the dining room. You would then have your breakfast before going down to the school for your classes in the morning.

37. You would go to different corrymex containers for different subjects. Everything was "go here", "do this" and "do that." I remember subjects that were taught including history, English, Italian and home economics but there were others. During the day there were breaks. I remember that I used to sneak out and smoke fags behind all of the corrymex. I remember going back into classes stinking of smoke and none of the staff cared. At the end of the school day we had to go back to the main house, wash up and get ready for tea. I remember sitting after tea in my pyjamas at 6:30pm in a room watching things like Top of the Pops with the other children.

Sleeping arrangements

38. The girls and boys had separate bedrooms on separate floors. The boys' rooms were above the girls' rooms. The numbers of boys in each of the rooms would differ from time to time. All the bedrooms were different in size. There could be as many as eight or ten children in the bedrooms which had single beds. There were more in those bedrooms which had bunkbeds.

39. The first bedroom I was in was a tiny little room to the left hand side on the first floor. It was right next to the nurse's station. I shared that room with between eight and ten other boys. I was eight or nine when I was moved into the second and final bedroom I stayed in. That would have been in approximately 1986 or 1987. That room was located in the middle of the first floor and contained bunkbeds

40. There were set bedtimes and routines. I can't remember what the times there were surrounding that. I remember that when I was in the left-hand room it was really early. I remember going to bed after Top of the Pops was finished. Looking back, I don't know why I had to go to bed so early. When I was in the middle room it was maybe about half an hour to an hour later. Bedtime was going to bed and that was it. There was no time for reading or anything like that.

41. I remember speaking with some of the older children at Starley Hall who stayed in the gatehouse. They got to go to bed whenever they wanted. From the way they described their time in the gatehouse they had a free run of that place. I don't think there was a member of staff on duty during the night in the gatehouse. The gatehouse was really small. It wasn't big enough to have a space for staff to sleep overnight. It just wouldn't have been possible for it to have contained the number of children they had in there as well as a full grown adult.

Washing / bathing

42. There were showers in Starley Hall. We had showers a couple of times a week. The shower times were whenever the staff felt like it. All the staff took turns supervising shower times. The staff members who I remember in particular as supervising shower times were PBT, Nigel Lloyd and FXB.

43. The staff used to watch us whilst we were showering. It was cubicles but the door was always open so as the staff could see inside. The staff would say things like "make sure that you get there." Sometimes the staff would make you use both of your hands at the same time to wash behind your ears then stare at your crotch whilst you were doing that. There was no reason why they should be looking there and not your ears if they were concerned with your ears getting clean. The way they did things just wasn't right. It did make me feel uncomfortable at the time. Looking back, there is no way that an adult should be watching an eight year old boy washing his penis.

Mealtimes / food

44. I ate most of my meals with the other children in the dining hall. We were told to sit down where we were told to sit. You couldn't sit down where you wanted to. You would sit with whatever teacher was on that day. Later on, during the time I was in the scouts, I had to go and have my food separately from the other children in the kitchen.
45. Breakfast was always porridge. I remember the porridge would sit there for days on end. It was nasty. The other meals weren't any better. They were dreadful. It was just shocking. It seemed like all the meals were made the day before and left in the pot overnight. You don't do that with food. I remember getting given mince and tatties but it wasn't anything like the quality that you would have now.
46. What would happen if you refused to eat something would depend on who was on. You could be either skelped or just left to starve. If it was someone like Miss O'Shinska on she would see if she could maybe get something else for you. I remember occasions where the dinner lady would question why I didn't want to eat something and not give me something else instead. That would just mean that I would end up starving.
47. If it was someone like Nigel Lloyd who was on you would get battered for not eating. When they did something as obscene as that they wouldn't do that in front of everyone else. They would do that separate from everybody else. They'd take you out of the dining hall to do that. I remember that whenever you were taken out of the dining hall you could go one of two ways. If you went one way it wasn't too bad because, nine times out of ten, you could run away. If you went the other way down the spiral staircase to the kitchens then you were really in trouble. It was not nice when you were taken down there. That happened to me. I remember other children speaking about it happening to them as well.
48. Sometimes children were force fed. When I say force fed I mean the staff would hold your nose and force the food into your mouth. They would literally force it down

my throat. I remember being given deserts like semolina. I don't know even to this day what that stuff is. I remember getting things like that forced down my throat. It wasn't right for them to do things like that. PBT [REDACTED], Nigel Lloyd and Mrs FIP [REDACTED] were the ones who were particularly bad for doing that. They would do that in the dining hall in front of everyone.

Chores

49. I remember that we were made to mop the bathrooms. We had to make our beds in the mornings.

Clothing / uniform

50. When I first arrived I was given a little bag full of my clothes. There was no particular uniform. All the clothes were second-hand and looked as if they came from the seventies. The clothes were all dreadful. I wore corduroys, big woolly jumpers and y-fronts with orange piping cord. Everybody wore those sort of clothes but they were all different colours. Thinking back I can identify the other children by what colour clothes they had. What eight year old bairn wants to be dressed like that? It wasn't right at all.
51. I remember that my number was put on all of my clothes. They used to rotate the two sets of clothes that you wore every three days. There were no inspections of the clothes by the staff or anything like that. It was a cold place to stay and you did need more clothes from time to time. It was your responsibility to ask for new clothes or get clothes repaired if you wanted them to be. I remember the amount of shame you would feel when you asked for something like that. I would feel apologetic when I asked for new clothes or repairs. If you needed a new piece of clothing you were just given another piece of bad clothing. Otherwise there was a lady who worked in the bottom of the castle who would sew and repair your clothes for you.

Possessions / pocket money

52. I had no personal possessions at Starley Hall. I didn't have any books or anything like that. My mum or my dad didn't ever send me any gifts whilst I was there. I didn't get any pocket money.

School

53. The school wasn't in the main building. It was located in two places. The younger children went to the school in the corrymex and the older children went to the school in the gatehouse. You went there when you were about fourteen. I never went to that part of the school because I was only in Starley Hall until the age of twelve.
54. There were between eight and ten children in each class. The age ranges in each of the classes were however the teachers saw fit. It wasn't sorted by age. I don't have anything positive to say about the school whatsoever. There wasn't any quality to the education that they provided. I think that they must have all thought that we were all thick because we were hyperactive. I never took anything positive away from the school at all. I had no idea what was going to happen day by day. I wasn't allowed to communicate with anyone because, as I was repeatedly told, "school time was important." In the end I ended up passing everything with flying colours.
55. I remember my first lesson. I was told what I would be reading by the teacher. The teacher was a lady but I can't remember her name. I can't remember what the books were called but they were basically used to gauge what your reading skills were. I remember seeing the book that was given to me and thinking that I was a lot better at reading than the book that had been given out. The teacher must have thought I was retarded or something. I remember that I was reading the book out loud for the teacher and got to the word "awry." I pronounced it the wrong way and then was put straight back down to pre-school books. I was still in the same classroom but those were the books that were given to me. It all felt like a punishment to me. Looking back, I don't know how many eight year olds would be able to pronounce the word "awry." Later on, the teacher asked me to select a tape

to put on. When I pulled the tape out and put it on I realised what I had selected was rubbish. It was Willie Nelson. I remember the teacher being over the moon with what I picked.

Leisure time

56. You could go out in the fields or go to the beach to play. My favourite was going down to the beach. The beach was just down the hill from the main building. Sometimes you were given activities to do in the evenings. I don't think there was anything structured in the way that they put on activities in the evenings. The sort of activities that were done in the evenings were things people like Mr **FXC** would put on. He would drive you to a park or to the beach. He would ask us in the evenings who would like to go and those that wanted to would put their hands in the air.
57. I remember that some of the children had board games at Starley Hall. When I was about ten years old I stole a wee boy called **██████**'s pass the pigs board game. I'd never seen the game before so I decided to steal it. In 1984 they turned part of the corrymex into a clubhouse so as we could go there to relax. There was one of those big standing stereos with all the little levels in the room. It was trying to look like a Technics system but it was actually a piece of shit. We could play records on that.
58. **KYU** got me into the scouts. He didn't have anything to do with them. He just arranged it all for me to join. I didn't want to join the scouts. It was something that I was made to do. I was the only boy from Starley Hall who went to that. I remember that I was made to pay for a scarf and a woggle. I enjoyed some of the things that we did in the scouts because my grandad had taught me things about survival in the past. I wanted all of the badges. However, I didn't find the scouts nice. I had to call people by made up names like "Baloo." At the same time it was a break from what was going on at Starley Hall.
59. We were all made to do country dancing at Starley Hall. We did that in a freezing cold hall in the castle. I remember them making us do the Gay Gordons. It wasn't

nice. I remember having to go and present myself to the lassies and say things like “please would you do me the honour of having this dance with me.” When you were a big ugly freckly boy like I was and there were only ten girls there you would inevitably get turned down. That was horrid.

60. I remember that the older children who were in the gatehouse were allowed to go and do Taekwondo. They were old enough to have driving licences so they would drive there themselves.

Religious instruction

61. I never agreed to anything to do with religion when I was there and throughout my time in care. Everything was very bad. Everything had to be done for Jesus. I have never once cared about Jesus, God or church. I don't know why the staff were all so intent on me serving Jesus when they couldn't do it themselves? We had to say prayers at morning and night. We also had to say prayers when we were about to eat. I didn't want to give thanks to someone who I didn't know existed. For me it was the nasty old lady that was the dinner lady who made the food not God.
62. I was expected to go to church every Sunday whilst I was at Starley Hall. I think the church was in Aberdour. I would hide to avoid going to church and show up later on. Not going to church was seen as being “unholy.” I remember being punched, kicked and knee'd for refusing to go to church. When I was knee'd it was in the guts. I remember quite a few members of staff doing that. I especially remember Nigel Lloyd, KYU [REDACTED], PBT [REDACTED] and another staff member I don't remember the name of doing that. Your punishment might not necessarily be on the morning that you refused to go to church. It might come later on. Nobody should be punished for not going to, or not wanting to go to, church.

Trips / holidays

63. Sometimes we were taken on trips out. I remember once being taken to Kirkcaldy and made to look for abandoned fishing tackle on the beach. We also went to a place in Fife where they had a train. It was an old ruined steam train. It could have been Loch Orr or Loch Orr Meadows or something like that. I remember that you could go sailing on the loch or go paddling. We once went to the theatre in Burntisland. On another trip we were taken to see The Declaration of Arbroath in Arbroath. I also remember going to a place called Beecraigs in West Lothian.
64. I remember once going on a camping trip with the staff at Starley Hall. I can't remember where exactly that was but the police have recently shown me photos and the photos look like the same place that we were taken. I don't know whether it was a place either near Blairgowrie or Aviemore. All I remember about the place was that it was next to a big loch.

Leave home

65. To begin with, every six weeks I would get a break where I would go home for ten days and I would go back to my father's. Later on that was every four weeks. The driver from Starley Hall would take us all out at the same time in a minibus and drop of us off individually where we were going. We would drive all over Scotland dropping various people off at their homes. Given the things that were happening at home when I went there I wish they would have kept me at school.

Letter writing / contact with parents

66. My parents didn't write to me or try to make contact in any other way whilst I was at Starley Hall. However, I do remember that during my time in Starley Hall my father was due to go to the football in Serbia. I didn't know whether I was going to see him again. Something then happened and I shat myself at school. After that happened I got called into the principal's office and told over the phone by someone that there had been a fire at my father's flat. At that time he lived at [REDACTED] in

Perth. Someone set fire to the coal cellar at the bottom of the flats. I think it was some junkie who did that. The place went completely up in flames and my wee sister woke up in the night choking from the smoke. She was the first to wake up. My father, his girlfriend and my wee sister ended up having to jump out the window to be saved by the firemen.

Birthdays / Christmas

67. I was aware of when my birthday was but I don't remember my birthday being celebrated in any way at all. There was nothing done at Christmas time. There were no decorations or a Christmas tree. I remember that we did receive presents from a charity. The presents seemed like what you would get out of a pound shop. If it was for a boy it was a blue thing and if it was for a girl it was a pink thing.
68. I remember particularly surrounding Christmas that my family had different rules because my mother was German. Our equivalent of Christmas Day was on 24th December. That wasn't respected at Starley Hall.
69. I remember that we went out once to see a Christmas play. After that we ended up being made to put on our own. I thought that was diabolical because it wasn't nice. I didn't want to be in the play. I was threatened by the staff with a hiding if I didn't appear in it. I was made to dress up in my dressing gown and self-flagellate on stage for the entertainment of other people.

Visits / Inspections

70. I didn't really have any visitors whilst I was there. My mother didn't ever come to visit me because it "didn't suit her." The only time I saw my dad was when I was dropped off at his home in Perth. The only time he came near Starley Hall was when he dropped me back off there.
71. I was never visited regularly by a social worker whilst I was there. I didn't have a clue what social services were doing in the background if they were doing anything

at all. All I knew was that I was to be kept at Starley Hall until I got “better.” On one occasion a social worker called Alan Keep came to see me whilst I was at Starley Hall. He visited me about the time they were getting me ready to go into “mainstream schooling.” They loved that term. It was as if I was going to be like some sort of superhero for leaving Starley Hall. We just talked shit during that meeting. I believe the meeting was held in front of [REDACTED].

72. I don't remember there being any inspectors or inspections. Looking back, there really wasn't anyone from the outside who came in.

Healthcare

73. I never saw a dentist during my time there. Although the school was set up for children who had ADHD they didn't do anything in terms of treatment. Never once did I see any health professionals come in from the outside. All we had was the school nurse. She had a little office upstairs in the castle part of the place. I remember that when I saw her she would fill in what looked like a little logbook.

Running away

74. I ran away whenever I was expected to do something that I didn't agree with. That could be anything. I ran away three or four times from the age of eight onwards. I would run away both at night and during the day. I remember that there was no one looking out from the top floors of the main house to keep an eye on you. Leisure time wasn't supervised in any way. They just didn't care. The only times that we would be supervised is if we were in a public place outside of Starley Hall
75. You could leave Starley Hall a few different ways. You could go out during your break time out past the tower that was to the back of the main house. You could just go down the hill and no one would see you. At the bottom of the hill was a path that took you all along the coast. If I didn't do that I would turn right as I came out of the entrance of Starley Hall. I was a very good walker back then.

76. I sometimes ran away with other people from Starley Hall. The aim was always to get as far as Edinburgh. For some reason we thought that everything would be nicer there. I only ever got as far as Aberdour or Queensferry. Sometimes I would be gone for just a day and other times I was away for as long as three days. If we were away for a long time we would sleep out rough. I remember us sleeping in bus shelters and bowling club pavilions. We had to break into places to keep ourselves safe.
77. The first time I ran away from Starley Hall I was about eight years old. It was around about Christmas time. I'm not sure why I ran away the time I ran away around Christmas time. It was probably something to do with church. I can't remember whether I ran away with anyone on that occasion.
78. When I was nine years old I ran away with [REDACTED] and a girl called [REDACTED]. I think we just didn't understand why the staff at Starley Hall were doing what they were doing to us and wanted to get away. We thought if we got away things might be a bit easier. We wanted to get to Edinburgh. We all walked to Aberdour then towards Queensferry. Getting to Edinburgh from Starley Hall isn't actually all that of a big journey. However, for a child of the age we would have been it really was. I think [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] were ultimately lifted by the police in Edinburgh on that occasion. No child of the age we were at that time in care should have been able to have run away as far as that. I think I split up with them in Aberdour and didn't get further than Queensferry. I then went back to Starley Hall myself.
79. I remember a time when I was running away during the day along the coastal pathway and I lost my footing. I had to hold onto a branch to stop myself from falling off the path. I still have nightmares about that incident. I don't remember how old I was and when that happened. It's not something I want to go into in this statement as it is still an incident I don't like thinking about.
80. I remember that there were alcoholics around that we came across when we were on the run. They would ask us what we were doing, what we wanted and why we were doing whatever we were doing. I would just lie to them, tell them we were

seeing my mother and give them a fake address. There was no abuse from them but I do remember having to make up things to tell them.

81. The police would pull out everything to get us caught. They would look out for us and get us when they saw us. They would just think that we were kids who shouldn't be where we were. The police were always nice and friendly whenever they caught us. They would then just take us back to Starley Hall.
82. What happened after you got taken back to Starley Hall after running away depended on who you got. Sometimes I was beaten by staff. All the staff members would do that from time to time. If you got Nigel Lloyd or KYU you would get skelped then get restrained for being violent. How could a wee boy taking on someone that big be violent? I was tiny.
83. All the occasions I ran away are detailed in the records I recovered later on. I shouldn't have needed to have run away from a place where I had supposedly been placed in care. Looking back, I should have been listened to and should never have felt the need that I had to run away. I shouldn't have had to run away to get the attention I needed to report what was happening to me.

Bed-wetting

84. I wet the bed a couple of times whilst I was at Starley Hall. I was made to feel bad after that happened. There was a physical punishment for wetting the bed. You were beaten by staff if you were found to have wet the bed. If you pissed yourself you were seen as being "unholy." I remember all the people I am taking to court doing that. Those people include Nigel Lloyd and KYU. I would then be made to take the wet sheets down to the laundry. It was like a walk of shame. I remember the staff ridiculing me when I brought those sheets down. They would say "how dare you" and make it known that they now had to clean my sheets. I remember seeing other children being treated in exactly the same way as me. In particular remember a boy from Kirkintilloch called [REDACTED] also wetting his bed.

85. The reason I was pissing the bed was because I was terrified. The bed-wetting was linked to the abuse I was suffering. Why else would I randomly start pissing the bed? I had no other reason to be doing that. Maybe if the staff hadn't been battering the shit out of me, or other staff members were trying to other things to me, I wouldn't have been wetting my bed.

Discipline at Starley Hall

86. I was the smallest and youngest boy there and the staff made me feel it. I was just a tiny freckly kid. I think people saw me being the size I was and thought that I was an easy target. I was viewed as "the naughty boy" but I wasn't. I really wasn't naughty. I was just a very intelligent boy. When you were disciplined it depended on which teacher caught you. Different teachers did different things. I didn't know why they were doing things to me most of the time.
87. They got us to do manual labour as punishment. We were all bairns and we were made to do that. I don't know why we were made to do that. I remember that on one occasion in about 1984 we had to tidy the corrymex when they made a clubhouse. I remember that we had to lift everything out ourselves. There were children carrying out chests of drawers and things like that. There was no supervision of that.
88. I remember multiple times when I was forced to stand barefoot in my pyjamas on cold hard concrete. I remember being forced to walk to country dancing in my bare feet. The dancehall was freezing cold. I don't know whether they made me do that as a punishment or whether it for something else. I never found out. There was more than one staff member who would make do that.
89. Around about the time that I was made to walk around Starley Hall in my bare feet there was an occasion where I ran into the gym hall to escape [REDACTED] who was a staff member at Starley Hall. I can't remember his surname. I remember [REDACTED] head

butting a window there. The window was one of those windows with reinforced glass in it.

90. There wasn't really anything like lines or detention. I think there was only one time when I got given something close to lines. I think I called someone a "motherfucker" and the teacher who gave me my punishment asked me to write down all of the swearwords. I had to write them all down on a piece of wallpaper. I remember that I came up with some really beautiful swearwords. Looking back, I can't see the point of making a child do that at all.
91. The way they disciplined you was mostly in the form of physical assaults. All the staff were physically abusive. They used that as a means of discipline in the school and in the main house. The only one who wasn't was Mr PPR [REDACTED]. It was brutal. If you didn't make your bed in the morning you would get skelped with an open hand over the back of your hand. They would do a lot of "restraining" in Starley Hall. Why does an eight year old boy need restraining by a forty year old man? Even if you need to do that there are ways of doing that. You don't need to twist the boys arm right up their back. There's no need to have you permanently terrified by the prospect of that.
92. There were times when my shoulder was dislocated during the times that I was restrained at Starley Hall. I remember not being able to reattach it as the staff had my arm half way up behind my back. There were times when I was restrained purely for asking a question. There was no reason why they needed to do that.

Abuse from staff at Starley Hall

93. Starley Hall was a nightmare. I wasn't allowed to do anything. I wasn't allowed to speak to anyone. I was not respected and I was not cared for. There were no "innocent staff" at Starley Hall. They were all bad. In reality, nearly all of them were doing things that were abusive. It was all just what extent they could get away with it. The staff really weren't nice to us. The abuse started pretty much as soon as I

arrived and came in different forms. Everybody was emotionally abused at Starley Hall. I would say 75% of people were physically abused in some way. It was the same way as I experienced later on when I was in Nimmo Avenue. They would beat the shit out of me and call it "restraining."

94. I was abused sexually at least a dozen times during my time at Starley Hall. It just wasn't right. Looking back, I think that it was almost as if all of the staff had some sort of telepathic link as to who they could abuse and who they could do this and that to.
95. I never got the impression that the staff who were abusive cared about anyone else seeing them doing what they were doing when they were abusive. They did do some of the things they did to me in isolation but they also did it in front of other people. Looking back on the way they did things, the way they would get around that is by saying "we had to restrain him." They didn't have to restrain me. If they wanted me to sit down or stand up then all they had to do is ask me to sit down or stand up. They didn't need to dislocate my shoulder to get me to do these things.
96. When the staff hit you they did it in such a way where they would not leave marks. They would cover their fists in things so that they could punch you. They'd wrap their hands with anything that was there. It was usually tea towels. Sometimes they would hold you down in your duvet whilst they hit you with their fists, head or knees. They did that every time they hit you. The staff members I remember in particular doing that are PBT [REDACTED], Nigel Lloyd and Mrs FIP [REDACTED].
97. I remember that the only time the abuse stopped was following an occasion when the staff saw what my father looked like after he came in to see me after dropping me off on one occasion. I think someone saw the size of him and thought "oh fuck." The staff stopped hitting me right up until my father said to Nigel Lloyd "just fucking skelp him." That was like waving a red rag to a bull and they started all over again. They continued like normal after that break. I only had two or three weeks of peace.

98. As soon as I was able to fight back I did. [REDACTED] was of the same mind set as myself. He would fight back when they tried to hit him. He was the only other one I ever remember standing up to the teachers. I remember an occasion when I was looking through the bannisters and one of the teachers tried to call him into the office at the bottom of the stairs and tried something with him. I heard [REDACTED] say "I will fucking stab you you cunt" in response. I don't know which teacher called him into the room or what they tried to do. [REDACTED] just didn't take any shit off of the staff.

Nigel Lloyd

99. Nigel Lloyd was both physically and sexually abusive towards me. I remember him in particular being the disciplinarian amongst the staff. Even when I was a child I knew that was what his role was. As far as I was concerned his role was really only to beat the kids. I wasn't the only one who was physically assaulted by Nigel Lloyd. I remember seeing him battering other boys including [REDACTED].

100. When I was battered by Nigel Lloyd he would cuff me round the ear, kick me and punch me. He did that both in the kitchen and after pulling me out of bed by the mattress or by my legs. I remember him booting me right up my arse and feeling the effect of that right on my coccyx. Most of the physical abuse that Nigel Lloyd did was very masked. When he punched me it was often in the stomach or in the groin area. I remember seeing him speaking to staff after doing that and making fun of me. How can it be ok for a grown man who was a former professional rugby player do that to a small boy?

101. On one occasion Nigel Lloyd nearly dislocated my arm he put my arm up my back. As was the staff's trademark there, it was called "restraint." I don't remember on what occasion that happened or what the events were surrounding him doing that. I can't remember on what occasion Nigel Lloyd did that so I don't know whether there were any other staff members present when he put my arm behind my back.

102. Nigel Lloyd sexually abused me during shower times. He would be in the shower room watching me and other boys. He didn't go further than that. He wasn't one of the staff members which progressed to touching. I remember we couldn't close the curtains. Looking back, I don't know why they thought it was appropriate to have staff members watching boys' penises whilst they were showering. We were basically a free for all for them.

KYU

103. KYU was another staff member I remember as being physically abusive. He would pull me out of bed by the mattress or by my legs. I remember that he would take me down into the kitchens before or after I went to scouts to give me some food. It was horrifying what happened when he took me into those kitchens. I wasn't the only one who was physically assaulted by KYU. I remember seeing him battering other boys including .

104. He once went mental at me because I didn't have all my clothes ready for a camping trip I was going on. He was about to drive me to go to the scouts in Aberdour. He kicked my bags around and demanded that I go down to see the dressmaker. He got my arm up my back and marched me around to get things. I couldn't understand how this guy could be bad to me when he had got me into the scouts.

105. I then had to go on a camping trip with KYU and his son. It was a father and son camping trip so I couldn't understand why I was there. KYU spent all the time with his son. I remember being completely lonely on that camping trip. None of the other kids, or their parents, would help me. No one wanted to hang around with me. I was just left alone. I felt like a black sheep.

106. On one occasion we went to a place called Beecraigs in West Lothian. I remember that there were lots of deer there. I remember that myself and a boy called got separated from everybody else during a walk around this place. We didn't get separated intentionally. Because the staff couldn't find us we were just left there. We were two young boys left out in the wild. We looked to get some shelter and

found some. I remember that the shelter was right next to a road and sleeping out curled and huddled into one another. During that time we didn't hear anyone out looking for us.

107. It wasn't until after midnight that we eventually got picked up by the staff. It was the bus driver and someone else. I think it was ^{KYU} [REDACTED]. They found us in the shelter. When we got picked up they both kicked the shit out of us. [REDACTED] and I were kicked and punched. They did this because we were seen to have been the ones who had done something wrong. We were told that we should have handed ourselves in. Looking back, it was all because the teachers weren't bothered looking out for us that we got separated.

[REDACTED] PBT

108. I remember ^{PBT} [REDACTED] being both physically and sexually abusive. He was another staff member who would pull me out of bed by the mattress or by my legs. When I was either nine or ten years old ^{PBT} [REDACTED] slammed me into the wall during a lesson in one of the classrooms. He did that because he thought I wouldn't let him continue sitting there and play his guitar. I didn't care whether he wanted to play his guitar or not. He did that in front of the rest of the class.
109. He was one of the staff members who would watch me and other children washing when you were showering. He was a fat bastard. I remember on occasions other than shower times where he would get very close to you. He would put you in positions so as he could do that. When he stood close to you you could feel his penis pressing against you. That wasn't right.

Mr ^{FXC} [REDACTED]

110. Mr ^{FXC} [REDACTED] was a sleazy bastard. He was a staff member who both physically and sexually abused me. He was one of the staff members who would pull me out of bed by the mattress or by my legs.

111. I remember that on one occasion Mr ^{FXC} took us to the beach in Kirkcaldy as our night time activity. I was an angler at the time. I was looking for discarded fishing tackle down on a beach near there. The beach was at the bottom of a cliff. The cliffs were quite tall. We weren't supervised whilst we were on the beach but Mr ^{FXC} was standing at the top of the cliff over the beach. I remember that whilst I was on the beach I found something and turned to ^{FXC} to ask what it was. He told me that it was a live bait feeder. I stuck the feeder in my mouth then climbed up the cliff to where Mr ^{FXC} was standing.
112. When I got to the top of the cliff Mr ^{FXC} asked me why I had what I had in my mouth. I told Mr ^{FXC} that I thought it was a live bait feeder. He then turned round and smacked me round my face. What I didn't know was that what was in my mouth wasn't a live bait feeder. It was a type of urinal block that you put things in. I didn't know what it actually was because I never got taken anywhere.

Unknown younger teacher

113. I was sexually assaulted through the night by a man. It happened when I was newly into Starley Hall. I was eight years old. The man tried to suck my penis whilst I was in bed. I don't know for certain who it was because I had my eyes shut and I didn't want to open them. I remember though that the man had big hairy arms and was able to reach the top bunk. The man didn't say anything to me at all whilst he did that. He didn't try to get me to do anything to him or touch him in any way. Looking back, it all just makes no sense to me.
114. The only staff member I can think of who had hairy arms was the younger teacher who came into Starley Hall and did silly little drawings of things like "Thomas the Tank Engine" with lots of different faces. He was someone tall enough to be able to reach into the top bunk of a bunkbed.

FXB

115. FXB always wore black. He looked like a Guido or an Italian muscleman. He thought he was some kind of mafia. He physically and sexually assaulted me during the time I was at Starley Hall.
116. One time we were in the common room having "TV time." We were watching Top of the Pops. Whilst we were watching that a girl told tales on me to FXB. She said that I wouldn't shut up. It all came from something innocent like me saying something like "what's happening there?" I remember being picked up by the throat in front of the whole school by FXB. When he did that I think he was basically trying to show off. Nobody came forward to say that he shouldn't be doing that. He then dragged me out of the room. He hit me whilst he was still holding me up. He only stopped when his wife, Mrs [REDACTED], stopped him. She asked him to stop.
117. FXB was the staff member who went further in the shower room than the other staff members who watched us. I had no idea why I couldn't put the shower curtain over when he was on duty in the shower room. He would masturbate me and make me touch him. I don't know why he thought it would be appropriate to touch me where he did. He also tried to sexually assault me in the kitchens. He pinned me down on the ground and tried to get me to suck his penis.
118. I know that the police have been looking for FXB as part of their investigations into the abuse that happened at Starley Hall. I have been told that they can't find him.

Unnamed male driver

119. I don't remember the name of the driver but I remember him physically abusing me and other boys at Starley Hall. That happened on multiple occasions. One day we were taken out to go to the theatre in Burntisland. I remember sitting in the back of the bus, seeing an old lady and saying "there's an old lady." For whatever reason I

was so happy to see an old lady out and about walking to her destination. [REDACTED], who was a girl who was at Starley Hall, overheard me and told one of the staff that I had said that Mrs FIP [REDACTED] was an old lady. From that I ended up getting the shit kicked out of me from the driver and one of the teachers.

120. Looking back, even if I did say that Mrs FIP [REDACTED] was an old lady then it would have been true. There was no reason why I should have been battered for saying something like that. Why should I have then been isolated from the rest of the school because one other child made up a lie about me?
121. Another occasion when I was assaulted by the driver was after a time when myself and a boy [REDACTED] were separated from the group during a trip to Beecraigs in West Lothian. I have set that incident out above as it also included, I think, KYU [REDACTED]. That wasn't the only time that I saw the bus driver physically assaulting boys. I remember on another occasion seeing him physically assault [REDACTED] as well.

FKK [REDACTED]

122. I don't remember the name of the lady who took Scottish country dancing whilst I was at Starley Hall but I think she may have gone on to teach [REDACTED] there as well. She was a permanent member of staff. I remember that if you did the dancing wrong then she would hit you. On other occasions she would make you stand in your bare feet in the hall. You would be made to do that if you didn't manage to get a partner or you mucked up when you were dancing. Sometimes you were told to go and stand against a wall. When you were made to do that you were told to place your head against it. The walls in the hall weren't plasterboard walls. They were real solid stone walls. It was horrible. Standing in your bare feet or against a wall were the polite things that could happen. More likely you would be given a skelp.

Suspected abuse involving staff and other children at Starley Hall

123. I remember that I used to hide at the top of the big staircase at Starley Hall. At the bottom of the staircase was a little staffroom area. The night staff would use that area when they were on shift. I remember seeing a girl being called down and going into that office. I don't know what member of staff called her down. I don't remember the girl's name. She was in her jammies and her dressing gown. It was the same dressing gown that we used when we put on the play "Joseph and his Technicolour Dreamcoat" at the school. I remember seeing her coming out of that office without her dressing gown on. You have to ask what was going on there. Why would a child have to take their dressing gown off to speak to whoever it was in the office whilst they were in there?
124. A wee boy called [REDACTED] was definitely a boy who I suspect was being abused. I remember [REDACTED] always just being so quiet. He never said anything. He would burst into tears at the slightest thing. I remember him crying when people asked him "how are you doing?" That shouldn't be enough to send someone into tears. We were made to think that he was just homesick. He wasn't homesick though. He was terrified about being abused. One evening I saw him being called into the office at the bottom of the staircase. I could hear slapping noises coming from within the office. It certainly didn't sound like a staff member brushing a boy's hair or something like that. I remember seeing [REDACTED] leaving the office in tears. I didn't see anything directly but I am sure that something happened.

Abuse from other pupils at Starley Hall

125. There were boys who sexually assaulted me during my time at Starley Hall. I don't think I was the only one who experienced that. I say that because I remember an incident during a camping trip where we were away overnight. During the night I turned on my nightlight and turned to one of the other boys called [REDACTED] who was in the tent with me and said "[REDACTED] can you..." Before I could finish saying what I was going to say the boy turned around and said "no I'm not giving you a gobble." I

turned around and asked him what he was going on about. Everybody after that incident put me down as the school puffer.

██████████

126. ██████████ was a fellow resident at Starley at the same time as I was there. I remember him trying to sexually assault me on multiple occasions. The first time he jumped into bed with me and tried to suck me off one night. It was during a time when I was in my first bedroom at Starley Hall. I remember that I cried out when he tried to do that to me. I asked him to "please stop." I told him that I didn't want that. There were other boys in the room when he did what he did. There wasn't a reaction from anybody. No one cared. If it wasn't happening to them then why would they care?
127. The next time he assaulted me he tried to get me to suck him off in the showers. I would have been eight and half at that point. He said "give us a gobble." When I ran away I ran down the stairway near the showers. ██████████ followed me, put two hands on the bannister, kicked me square in my chest and I fell down the stairs. He did all of that just because I wouldn't "entertain him."
128. I have been told by the police that ██████████ has no fixed address. The phrase they used is that he is "couch surfing." I don't understand how they can know that and not just go out and pick him up. If they know he is staying on someone's couch then why can't they just go and pick him up?

██████████

129. ██████████ was another pupil at Starley Hall who tried to sexually abuse me. I remember him going out for years with another pupil by the name of ██████████ He tried to get me to suck him off in the toilets. He had caught me stealing somebody's sweeties then did that.

Reporting of abuse whilst at Starley Hall

130. I wasn't really able to report any of the abuse I was suffering at Starley Hall whilst I was there. There was no one to speak to. The only person I remember speaking to was the nurse. I remember speaking to her about a couple of the physical things that happened to me whilst I was there. I remember asking her why these things were happening without going into detail. All she said was "I don't know" and got on with her treatment. She would say that or say that I was making things up or telling "porkies." She didn't want to listen. I have recently told the police about the times I reported things and I am hopeful that they have chased the nurse up.
131. We would tell the police that we were getting abused at Starley Hall when they caught us the times we were running away. It was always different police officers each time we were picked up. I reported the abuse that was happening at Starley Hall to the police when I was eight years old in a police station in Kirkcaldy after the first time I ran away from Starley Hall. I told them about FXB touching me and going further in the showers. The police did nothing. It was always the same answer when I tried to tell them what was happening. They just shrugged their shoulders and said that we were making it up.

Leaving Starley Hall

132. The reason I left Starley Hall was that they wanted to get me into mainstream schooling. A social worker from Perth told me that. I think the social worker might have been Alan Keep. If it wasn't him it would have been a member of his team. I remember that whoever spoke to me said that I could "go to any school in Perth and Kinross." I said the local high school because I hadn't seen my family for years and I wanted to be close to them. I didn't want to get on an hour long bus every day to go to school. Looking back, I should have said Morrisons Academy in Crieff. That was a private school that might have given me a better education.

133. There was something like a children's panel hearing around the time of me leaving Starley Hall. It was all about whether I could do mainstream schooling. Looking back, I wasn't bad. The only reason I was in Starley Hall was because I had ADHD. I was very confused and didn't understand why they had the right to make these decisions over me. Ultimately, I can't remember the day I left Starley Hall. All I remember is feeling good that I had got away from the place. Looking back, the only good memory I have of Starley Hall is actually leaving.

Life after leaving Starley Hall and before going to Nimmo Place

134. When I left Starley Hall I went to stay with my father, his girlfriend and my wee sister. I would have been about twelve years old. That would have been in approximately 1990. By this time they had moved to another place because of the fire and also because I was older and would be going to stay with them. Their new house was at [REDACTED] in Perth. That was arranged with the social workers involved. My understanding was that I would be there permanently. In the end it didn't work out like that.

135. After I moved in with my father I went into mainstream schooling. I went to Perth High School which was about an hour's walk away from where I lived. I was there during first and second year. I remember that I would find different ways to get to and from school because I was getting bullied by older children every single time I went there. They would kick the shit out of me. I don't know why those kids were bullying me.

136. There was social work involvement during the time I was staying at my father's. They would sometimes come to visit me at [REDACTED]. Other times the meetings were held in a big social work building in the Muirton area of Perth. I remember that when social workers were speaking to me they weren't very concise. They wouldn't explain things properly. They just didn't have the communication skills to be speaking clearly with someone of my background.

137. I remember that when I was about twelve or thirteen I met with Alan Keep, my social worker at that time, and asked him why my sister was going blind and why she needed glasses. He told me that it might be as a result of some sort of sexual abuse. I think he put two and two together. When he said that to me I went mental. I don't think that there was sexual abuse happening. It was all just the social worker talking rubbish. However, if social services were aware or suspected that there was sexual abuse going on in the household they didn't do anything about it. They still let me go back to stay in the household.
138. Looking back on the time I stayed with my father after Starley Hall it was horrible. I had no choice but to just "continue." My father was physically abusive towards me. To everybody else he was cuddly and nice but to me he was just the worst. I remember him pulling my fingers until I could feel them nearly break. I would get hit by him a lot. I would come back black and blue from school. I couldn't help that because the other children were bullying me. My father would then kick the shit out of me for getting into fights at school. Everything had to be my fault. I wasn't fighting because I wanted to. I was really only fighting so that I could stay alive.
139. I remember my father punching me in my stomach when I was about twelve years old. He knew exactly where to hit me. He punched me there because it wouldn't leave a mark. I remember that after he punched me there I ended up pissing blood. I ended up being taken to my GP because of that. I don't remember the name of the GP but the practice was on Glover Street in Perth. I didn't tell my doctor about what happened with my father. I kept my mouth shut because it was better doing that than getting the shit kicked out of me again. It turned out that that my father had ruptured my urea.
140. It was because of all the bullying that was going on, and my father not believing me when I told him that I was getting bullied, that social services began to get more involved. I ended up attending children's hearings between every two weeks and a month in front of a panel. They were held in the social work offices in the Muirton area of Perth. It seemed that if I stepped out of line in any way that is where I ended up. The children's hearings ultimately led to lots of social work meetings. There

seemed to be lots of conferences every couple of weeks in Colonsay House on Colonsay Street in Perth. They were like multi-disciplinary meetings across the social workers to discuss what would happen next with me.

141. I started to again say that I wanted stay with both my mother and father at the same time. That was the second time that I had said that that was what I wanted. I eventually got put to my mum's place in Dumfries when I was approximately thirteen. That would have been in about 1991 just after I finished first year at Perth High School. When I went back to stay with my mother the contact with my father stopped. I remember being under the impression when I moved to stay with my mother that it was all just a step back and the family would be getting back together. That never happened though.
142. I can't remember what my mother's address was at that time. I stayed with her there for about a year. I had my own room in Dumfries. Whilst I was staying with my mother I went to Dumfries Academy. I think I only went to second year whilst I was there. I remember that during this period I joined the Army Cadets. I also remember travelling back up to Perth to attend children's hearings and Cohema conferences. I remember all of those hearings and Cohema conferences as being "what will we do with this naughty boy?" As far as I was concerned I was never naughty. Looking back, the way I was behaving back then was because of my Savant Syndrome.
143. My mother and her boyfriend then split up after my mother claimed that he raped her. My mother then managed to get a council house in Muirton which is an area to the north of Perth. During this period my mother was taking a lot of drugs. She took everything. I remember her having a constant supply of marijuana and cocaine. I remember there were men who would come round to the house and take drugs with her.
144. Over the course of my time living with my mother in Muirton I was going backwards and forwards to various psychiatrists. When I was twelve years I finally started to be taken to see a proper psychiatrist. His name was Professor Mike Field and he was based at the Moray Royal in Perth. At first they couldn't get a diagnosis.

145. My mother eventually said “enough is enough” and I became homeless. It was then that all the social workers and everyone else had to become involved again. I ended up staying over a series of months in a homeless hostel on [REDACTED] in Perth followed by a couple of months with my uncle in his flat on [REDACTED] in Perth. In the end a decision was made to place me in Nimmo Avenue. Going to Nimmo Avenue wasn’t really announced to me. I was basically told at a children’s hearing that I would be going there right now. That was in the panel building in Perth.

Nimmo Place Children’s Home (“Nimmo Avenue”), 22 Nimmo Place, Perth

146. Nimmo Place was also referred to as Nimmo Avenue because it sat on the corner of both roads. Whenever you mentioned you lived on Nimmo Avenue people would say “oh are you in the care home?” It was a council run children’s home located in a council estate called Tulloch which is to the North of Perth. It was a horrible place. It wasn’t much better than where I had been before. It is a place that is really hard for me to think about. It wasn’t short of a borstal. There is nothing that I can say was nice.

147. I can’t remember exactly how old I was when I first went to Nimmo Avenue or how long I was there. I could have gone there when I was approximately thirteen in 1991. I think I left when I was either fourteen. That would have been in 1992. Staying there to me felt like an eternity.

Staff

148. FIZ [REDACTED] was a member of staff there. His nickname was “FIZ [REDACTED]” but he was also known as FIZ [REDACTED]. I don’t think that was [REDACTED] it was just a way of distinguishing him from other [REDACTED] that were at Nimmo Avenue. He is now SNR [REDACTED] of a home called [REDACTED]. The home works with young people who want to go into independent living. He is a man who assaulted me and yet he has been hired again by [REDACTED].

149. ITA [REDACTED] was a member of staff there. I can't remember his surname. He was a big massive guy. He had forearms like Popeye. He was a gentleman. He never once hit me but he was there when other people did. He never caused me any problems. He did try to stop people doing things when he saw them. I remember him standing up a couple of times and saying "no, leave it."
150. There was a staff member called Paula Orange. She was lovely and nice. She was related to Jason Orange out of Take That. I remember her doing some of the cooking in Nimmo Avenue.
151. Carol Murray was the only other member of staff in Nimmo Avenue who was nice. She was lovely. She went on to look after me after I left Nimmo Avenue. She ended up working as a social worker for Perth and Kinross Council. I know that she later on worked for the crisis team there. She doesn't work with kids any more. I think she works for emergency social work. I remember that in adult life I once had a house where the roof fell down and she was my saviour. She helped me get through everything. I have pictures from my time at Nimmo Avenue of me cuddling Paula and Carol. They were both just really nice people. The rest of them didn't care about the children.
152. Other members of staff I remember working in Nimmo Avenue include, FKI [REDACTED], FJE [REDACTED] and a nurse I don't remember the name of. Rod was a chief social worker but he worked as a member of staff in Nimmo Avenue. He was just horrible.

The children at Nimmo Place

153. It was a care home for "naughty boys and girls" but I don't think that we were naughty. It could hold about ten children. It was a mixture of boys and girls of all different ages. I remember there being a really young girl there. There were plenty of children who came and went. A lot of the children who stayed weren't there any longer than a day. Who was there changed regularly.

154. When I first went there the only people there were myself and [REDACTED]. His mother lived around the corner but he hated her. Other children I remember being there at the same time as me include [REDACTED]. She is now a maternity nurse somewhere near Blairgowrie. I think she works near Cupar, Angus. Another was [REDACTED]. [REDACTED] was a girl who had learning difficulties. I can't remember her second name. She wasn't right.

Routine at Nimmo Place

First day

155. My first memories of arriving at Nimmo Avenue aren't nice at all. I was a very confused boy and I had just been dumped in a care home.

Daily routine

156. You had to get up in time for school. It was something like 7:00am or 8:00am. At first there wasn't really much time to get washed and have breakfast. You would then go out to school. If we were at school we would have lunch at the school. We would need to be back in Nimmo Avenue for our tea.

Sleeping arrangements

157. I had my own bedroom at Nimmo Avenue. Over the time I was there I stayed in two different bedrooms.

Washing / bathing

158. I ended up getting moved to a room which had its own sink which meant I could get washed in my room in the mornings. There were showers at Nimmo Avenue. I can't remember but I think there were shower curtains. Showering times weren't supervised or anything like that.

Mealtimes / food

159. The staff cooked all our food. You weren't allowed to do any cooking yourselves. Julie Orange in particular was one of the staff members who cooked the food. I remember that we weren't allowed metal cutlery. I believe that continues to this day with kids who are in children's homes.
160. There wasn't much available for breakfast. It was either toast or porridge. That was the same for everybody. You got lunch at school if it was a school day. In the evenings you got told when your tea was ready. There was a dining room in the kitchen. You could sit where you wanted to during mealtimes. The food wasn't good but it was food. It might as well as been "foreign aid" the quality was so poor. It was pretty much what I would call "council food." There were children there who had special needs, like [REDACTED], who ate when she wanted but that wasn't the same for all of us.
161. There was no force feeding. If you didn't eat then you didn't eat. Sometimes we would eat when we were out because we were hungry. I remember [REDACTED] and I would go to the local Chinese or get fish and chips. If we couldn't afford to buy something then we would shoplift so we could get something to eat. It was diabolical that we felt we needed to do that to eat. We should have had the support available to allow us to get enough to eat.

Chores

162. The only chores that you had was looking after your room. You had to make your own bed and keep the floor clean by hoovering or tidying up. You also had to clean the toilets by way of punishment. Looking back, I much preferred being made to clean a toilet by way of punishment than being beaten up by grown men.

Clothing / uniform

163. There was no uniform in Nimmo Avenue itself. School uniform was pretty much just a Fruit of the Loom jumper and a school tie. The social work department gave me a certain amount of money to buy clothes. The stuff I could afford was of poor quality so I had to steal stuff to get by. The only way I could get anything nice was by shoplifting things that I wanted. Nobody at Nimmo Avenue picked up on that when I wore the clothes I had stolen. The staff there didn't care. They probably did notice but didn't want to give themselves more work by asking questions.

Possessions / pocket money

164. I didn't really have anything by way of possessions other than clothes. You weren't given any pocket money. You could earn an extra £2 by playing pitch and toss at school. Most people did that to get a bit more money. [REDACTED] and I didn't do that though because we were shoplifters. We would get things to order. We were desperate kids trying to do what we could to get by. There was no other way to get the things that we wanted.

School

165. I went to two different schools during my time at Nimmo Avenue. I initially went to Perth High School. Later on, I went to a school called St Columba's in Perth. I can't remember when I changed schools. There wasn't anything like support or help with homework at Nimmo Avenue.
166. The quality of the teaching at St Columba's was very good but it does go back to my ADHD and Savant Syndrome. I was too good for what they were teaching. Academically I was very smart and all of my grades were top. I was three years ahead of everyone around me. If my grades were ever low it was because people weren't listening to me. I couldn't settle because the teachers wouldn't believe me about the work that I did or help me with my work. When I was given work by teachers I did everything there on the spot. Teachers would ask me whether I had

done something and I would tell them I had already finished it. Forty minute exercises would take me eight minutes and that was it.

167. When it wasn't the case that I was being bullied by pupils from Perth Grammar School, which was only 100m away, I was having trouble with the teachers at St Columba's. As far they were concerned I was a "naughty boy." They thought I was the devil. I was everything that a Roman Catholic shouldn't be. The way they disciplined me at St Columba's was through the use of a ruler, cane or a belt. That wasn't new because I had previously experienced that in Perth High School as well.
168. I was ultimately expelled from St Columba's. I was expelled for believing a religion that I wanted to believe in. I had my own religion. Looking back at all of that, they just weren't very forgiving of anyone who wasn't a Roman Catholic.

Leisure time

169. I was at all the raves at Ingliston near Edinburgh when I was at Nimmo Avenue. Other than that our only entertainment was shoplifting and taking drugs. I also sniffed petrol. That sent me really bad. Later on I tried magic mushrooms. I ended up shoplifting so that I could get magic mushrooms. I turned to substance abuse because I was lost, I was lonely and I was a target for everybody. I just wanted to feel something. We were very lonely and set away from everyone and doing what we could to get by.

Religious instruction

170. They were all Catholics at Nimmo Avenue. I didn't have to go to church like Starley Hall but people did. I wasn't encouraged to go by the staff. My religion has always been the same. It is never going to be Christian or Catholic or anything like that.
171. They made me go to mass at St Columba's. I didn't understand why they tried to make me go to that every day. I told them that I wasn't Catholic. I remember having a bracelet on and going in one day with a dead bat around my neck. The staff at St

Columba's were absolutely convinced I was the antichrist. I remember telling them that I was cursing them and they would actually ask me to take the curse off of them. I remember inwardly pissing myself with laughter when they responded like that. I used "taking off the curse" so that I could get Thursday afternoons off at school and they agreed.

Trips / holidays

172. I remember one occasion [FJE] took me out walking in the hills near Perth. I can't remember what age I was. I remember that when he took me out it was quite novel for a staff member to be taking me out for a walk in the hills. That wasn't a regular thing that happened. Whilst we were on that walk [FJE] said "when you are older you are going to be quite an imposing piece of machinery." I don't think him saying that was meant in the sense of him trying to groom me. I think if anything it was more him saying that in the sense "I better watch because he will be big." He would've been right in that because I am now nearly seven foot tall and twenty two stone.
173. There was an occasion where Carol Murray took me away to Drumnadrochit so I could get away from what was happening in the home. That happened after an incident when I was hospitalised following taking magic mushrooms. It was just myself and her on that holiday. Nothing adverse happened on that holiday. We just went and chilled. I remember having food in the local pub. That was the only holiday I went on whilst I was at Nimmo Avenue.

Birthdays / Christmas

174. My birthday wasn't marked or celebrated. They didn't do anything for Christmas.

Visits / Inspections

175. There were no visitors who came in to Nimmo Avenue. If someone came they parked up on the street outside the place. They only visitor I ever had was my

mother. I think she hadn't previously visited me when I was in care because she was lazy. My impression was that the only reason she came to visit me at Nimmo Avenue was to see whether she could follow my father's suit and maybe get a bigger house if I moved in with her. When she came to visit me she would take me out to MacDonald's or something like that. I never stayed with her overnight after she visited.

176. I had no regular visits from social workers whilst I was there. The only time I would see my social worker would be if I was attending a children's hearing. Alan Keep was one of the social workers who was assigned to me during my time in Nimmo Avenue. He was a former marine who had served in The Falkland's War. He was quiet and calm. He had a lot of input around the time of my move from Perth High School to St Columba's. He later on had a lot of input surrounding my placement into foster care.

177. I don't remember there being any inspections of Nimmo Avenue.

Healthcare

178. I continued to see my children's psychiatrist, Professor Mike Field, during my time at Nimmo Avenue. One of the things they touched on was Savant Syndrome. That explained why I was so intelligent, had a photographic memory and could be really socially awkward. Although I wasn't told this at the time I have discovered from my records that I was also suffering from PTSD. That diagnosis in later life was changed to CPTSD. Another thing that I have since learnt I was diagnosed with was ADHD. That wasn't what it was referred to at that time though. It was called MAD.

179. There was a nurse who worked in the home. I'm not very comfortable saying this but she used to put paint thinners on my cuff and I would then sniff them. That would get me high. It was basically solvent abuse. I would then just chill out and not bother anyone.

180. When I was about fourteen I went shoplifting in town and ended up with some stuff. A boy spoke to me and said that I could exchange what I had for two thousand magic mushrooms. I took all two thousand of the magic mushrooms. I ended up overdosing on them. I started hallucinating and it was terrifying. When I was taken to the Perth Royal Infirmary they made me drink coal tar. I remember they were making me do that whilst I was fighting off gremlins that were swishing through the hospital curtains. I was out only a few hours after I had spewed up. I went back to Nimmo Avenue from the hospital. I was physically assaulted by the staff when I returned. I remember that I was still looking at my hand a month later and seeing all of my freckles swimming underneath my skin.

Running away

181. I tried to run away from Nimmo Avenue all of the time. I remember that after being moved to a new bedroom I would go into the girl next door's room and use her window to climb onto the roof of the conservatory. I would then climb down from there and run away. I could climb down from there and easily disappear. On other occasions I ran away from school.

182. I ran to places all over the place. A lot of the time when I was running away I would run away and hang around with travellers. I hung around with them so much that I ultimately was able to speak Cant which is a language used by the travelling community. I was fluent with them. I would usually end up going back to Nimmo Avenue because I was hungry. It was either that or I would get so out of it that I didn't know where I was, be lifted by the police and get taken back.

Bed-wetting

183. Bed-wetting wasn't an issue for me at Nimmo Avenue. When I got given the room with a sink I would just go in there. I remember that the staff would be rough with those children who did wet their beds. They were really bad. The room that was opposite mine was where the staff used to sleep overnight. I remember hearing noises from that room. . I remember hearing the children who had wet their beds

being taken into that room through the night to be cleaned up. I would hear, when that happened, slapping and smacking noises and children crying in pain. It was obvious that the staff were hitting those children who wet their beds. It was almost as if the children were being punished for interrupting what they had been doing. Those children were looked upon as “shameful bastards” the following morning. They were all just young boys with problems.

Abuse by staff at Nimmo Place

184. I wasn't aware of or suspected there being any sexual abuse involving other residents at the home and staff. However, there was mental abuse alongside constant physical abuse. They were very physical. The physical abuse was near enough every day. The staff acted in the same way as they did with me with the other residents in the home. They called it restraining but really they just kicked the shit out of me. They essentially used gang violence to control me. The staff were strong. There was no need for them to kneel on me, sit on me and pin my arms down to the extent that I couldn't breathe. They didn't have to take my knees out.
185. Looking back, that just wasn't the way that you stop a child from being violent. If they had just sat down and chatted with me then it might have worked better. I might have called them names but afterwards I would have apologised for that. There were better ways of dealing with things.

Specific recollections of incidents at Nimmo Place

186. It is difficult to say when the incidents occurred or what age I was. As far as I was concerned I was a bairn when the staff assaulted me. It is also difficult to separate out incidents to particular members of staff because there were multiple staff members involved when I was physically abused. The staff who were mainly involved in that were FIZ, FJE and FKI but there were others too. FIZ in particular seemed to be in charge of beating me. I remember FJE was one of the people who would jump on me when staff were trying to

“restrain” me. He was the first person who started sticking his knee into my back and shoving my arm right back behind me.

187. There was an incident where Rod approached me in the home and asked me whether I had been taking drugs. I told him that I hadn't and jokingly asked whether he had some. He then told me to get out of the room. He said “get him out of here.” The staff then beat the shit out of me because they thought I had been taking drugs but I hadn't. After that the police were called by the home. They were called because I was resisting what they were doing to me.
188. On another occasion I got called up by FIZ [REDACTED] and asked whether I had been taking drugs. I told him that I hadn't. For whatever reason that led to me needing to be “restrained” again by him and other staff. It seemed that every staff member in the department felt the need to jump on me. I remember them kneeling on my arms and my back. I threw one of them off of my back not realising that it was a female staff member called FKI [REDACTED]. That led to me being told that I was abusing a woman. I wouldn't have reacted like that had she not been kneeling on me. I know that in amongst the paperwork I recovered concerning my time at Nimmo Avenue that incident is discussed and there is statement from FIZ [REDACTED] where he admits assaulting me.
189. When I got back to Nimmo Avenue from the hospital after overdosing on magic mushrooms the staff kicked the shit out of me for what I had done. They restrained me, put knees in my back and put my arms behind me. It was really brutal. After that incident Carol then took me away on holiday to Drumnadochit. I'm glad that she did take me away on holiday because it allowed me to get away from the place. Looking back on the incident with the magic mushrooms, I don't know how the staff couldn't see that things were bad. They should have been alarmed that I needed to take drugs to such an extent that I nearly killed myself. I was sad, lonely and just wanted someone to take me away.

Abuse by the police

190. The police were just bullies. What kind of a “big hard man” bullies a child? I was beaten up so many times by the police that my nose is now permanently damaged. It can sound like an arm being broken if you push it from the side too hard. I used to know the names of the police officers who were involved in the assaults but it is long gone now.
191. I remember that the police were called by the home after the occasion I was asked by Rod whether I was taking drugs. When the police picked me up they handcuffed me with my arms behind me, dragged me across the back of their van then lifted me up and threw me in the back. I then ended up in a prison cell at the local police station because they battered me. I got locked up overnight.
192. After that incident myself and a couple of the other residents called [REDACTED] and girl who I can't remember the name of barricaded ourselves in a room. It was the last bedroom on the first floor. It was the bedroom where the staff would stay overnight and all the supplies were kept. It was full of stuff like soap, shampoo and sanitary stuff. We did that because we were getting abused by the staff and were sick of not being listened to.
193. The way it was interpreted by the staff was that we were a load of troublemakers rather than kids really not doing well. That was why the police were then called. I had an arsenal of glass bottles in the room. When the police car arrived I threw those at it from the window. I smashed the police car. I then tied some bed sheets together so as we could climb down and run away. The police knocked the door down and pinned me down to the floor before I could get away. They then hogtied and handcuffed me. They were really rough. They really kicked the shit out of me that night and my face was covered in blood. They then took me to the police station.

194. Following that incident there were more children's hearings. I remember that there were other implications with the police. If I ever came in contact with the police for whatever reason they were ten times worse with me that they had been before.

Abuse by non-staff members witnessed by me during my time at Nimmo House

195. [REDACTED] was a "special lassie." I'm "special" but not the kind of special that [REDACTED] was. I still have a photograph of [REDACTED]. I remember her always wearing very old clothing. For some reason I had seen her father in the past during my time at Nimmo Avenue. I don't know what her father's name was. When I saw [REDACTED] with her father on the bus I saw her father cuddling her and getting close. I saw him "touching her." I remember that [REDACTED] looked terrified.

Reporting of abuse whilst at Nimmo House

196. I tried to make complaints to the panels at the children's hearings I attended about the way that the staff were behaving. All of that features in the records I have recovered so I don't know why all of that was dismissed at that time.
197. I reported what was happening to the police throughout the time I was in Nimmo Avenue. I was reporting things to them all of the time. Nothing happened following any of the complaints that I made. I don't know the names of the police officers I complained to but I do know that that features in the records I have recovered. As far as the police in Perth were concerned I was a bad boy so nothing was done. My statements were just dismissed.
198. I tried to make a formal complaint about the way that the police treated me following the time I barricaded myself in the room at Nimmo Avenue. All that led to some sort of response where they told me that one of the officers had a family and that they depended on him. I didn't understand why that was brought up. Did that mean

because I hadn't got a family it was ok to treat me that way? As usual nothing happened in the end. For whatever reason, my complaint disappeared.

199. Even years later when speaking to the police they say "you're that boy who locked himself in that room at Nimmo" then will ask me what I remember happened when the door came in. I just ask them whether they remember whether it was legal to beat the shit out of a child.
200. I tried to report to the police and Perth Council the assault where FIZ [REDACTED] was involved. In amongst the records I have recovered there is written testimony from him admitting to having stuck his knee in me. That shows what I am saying is the truth. He admits beating a child so it would be very difficult for him to run away from that. I don't think anything would happen from me going to the police again to report him. I think that Perth Council won't ever listen to me about anything I report because FIZ [REDACTED] is now [REDACTED].

Leaving Nimmo Place

201. It was following the incident with the mushrooms that Nimmo Avenue decided that they didn't want me anymore. The staff decided that I was too much for them and that they needed to find somewhere else for me. Later on, after the incident where I barricaded myself in the room in Nimmo Avenue and was assaulted by the police, there were a lot more children's hearings that I needed to attend.
202. Ultimately, I was told that I had to leave. I think the final excuse the staff at Nimmo Avenue used was that it was because I had been "buzzing gas." At that time I hadn't been. I had actually been taking amyl nitrates. A decision was then made to place me on my own in a council house in Crieff.

The council house, [REDACTED] Crieff

203. The house I was moved into was a privately owned place that the council owned in Crieff. It was a standard three bedroom house. I first went there when I was fourteen. That would have been in approximately 1992. I only stayed there for a brief period. It was a matter of weeks rather than months. There wasn't any abuse from the staff whilst I was in the council house. I think that the staff realised by then that I could fight back if I wanted to.

Staff

204. One day there would be a set member of staff from Nimmo Avenue there and the other there would be another. They would look after me in the house on shifts. The staff I remember doing that was a member of staff called [REDACTED] ITA, a guy who owned a motorbike who I don't remember the name of and Carol Murray. The staff would stay in the house overnight if they were on shift.

The children at the council house

205. There were no other children there. Looking back, I was completely alone and didn't know who tomorrow's "daddy" or "mummy" would be. I would just sit there wondering who I would be getting next.

Routine at the council house

206. They put me in the house and gave the staff money to get me food and keep me entertained. The staff would ask me what food I wanted from the takeaway. They never took me out to go shopping or anything like that. I ended up eating pizza and chippies every night. I got fed up with that fairly quickly. I remember asking to have a home cooked meal, like stovies, rather than having takeaways every night but nothing changed. The staff made no effort to make sure that I had anything like a balanced diet.

207. I remember that each night the staff would ask me what films I wanted to watch from the video shop. That happened every night I was there. Depending on what members of staff were looking after me I could sometimes watch films that were meant for over eighteens. I remember seeing films with people like Steven Seagal or Jean-Claude Van Damme in them. At that time I was into my martial arts so I liked that.
208. By the time I was in the council house they had eventually recognised that I needed taught differently and decided to get a specialist in. The teacher they brought in was a Canadian called Roddy McKnight. He would tell me what I needed to do and I would do it. However, even he wouldn't listen to me. By that stage I had achieved eight standard grades with above average scores. I had achieved those just before I was moved to Perth High School. I really was three years ahead of everyone. I remember social workers getting involved and telling me what I needed to do. At the time it felt like I just wasn't getting left alone. All I wanted was to live because I had had my childhood stolen.
209. In reality Carol Murray was the only one out of the carers who came to the house who cared about my education. She knew what I wanted to do with my life and wanted to see me grow. She used to get me books to read. I read a lot of books because of that. In amongst them were nature books. I learnt to say what animals were purely by looking at their picture. By the age of fourteen I had a good knowledge of animals because of that.

Leaving the council house and going into foster care

210. I remember a couple of the staff saying something like "you're really not doing well so we need to do something" to me. They then decided that they needed to get me some place secure. Looking back, by saying all of that they were basically saying that they thought it was time for me to be going into foster care. Nobody explicitly asked me whether I wanted that because I would have said I didn't want that.

211. The staff ended up selling it to me by saying there were all these different sorts of people who I could stay with who would allow me to do this, that or the other by way of activities. I was given all these sort of preconceptions about how good the arrangement may be and all the beautiful things that I could be doing. One of the things I was told was that I could go on holiday to America if I stayed with a particular person. They were basically trying to catch me and move me unawares. Looking back, Perth Council weren't very good at stuff like that. I think deep down I knew what was going to happen but just agreed to it anyway.
212. Ultimately, it was suggested that I could go into foster care. I remember Alan Keep, a social worker who had been assigned to me, had a lot of input into arranging the foster care placement. Polnacha O'Marthini then made a couple of visits to the council house. I remember that I met him whilst Carol Murray was there. By the time he made those visits I had really had enough. I'd just got fed up with fighting against them in terms of what they were going to do with me.

Foster care placement with Polnacha O' Marthini

213. I was fourteen when was placed into foster care. That would have been in about 1992. I would stay in his properties under his care until I was about fifteen. That would have been in about 1993. There was nothing good whatsoever about the foster placement. It was dreadful.
214. When I initially moved in with Polnacha O'Marthini he had a little rented flat in Friarton just to the South of Perth. He called the flat [REDACTED]. That flat wasn't close to anything or anyone. I was given a tiny little room to sleep in. My room was right opposite the entrance. Polnacha O'Marthini's room was on the right hand side. To the right of that was the kitchen. To the left of the flat was the living room. We later on moved to a rented detached three bedroom house on [REDACTED] in an area of Perth called Ashgrove. I don't know exactly when that move took place but I moved with him. I don't know the reasons behind the move.

Staff

215. Polnacha O'Marthini's name was an Irish Gaelic name. He was also known by Paul Martin which was the English version of his name. The name he used most often with his female friends was Pol. With everybody else he used Polnacha or Nacha for short. He probably would have gone by his full Irish Gaelic name in any records that may have been made.
216. When he wasn't in the properties he stayed in he worked for a firm called PGL. I don't know what the letters stood for but it was like an outdoor activities centre up by Aberfeldy. Where he worked was right in the middle of nowhere across from Blairgowrie on the A9. There were various things you could do there. One of the things you could do was grass skiing. He was a bit like a leisure centre manager. He was very well known by everyone. I remember him being very good friends with two members of staff at PGL called Alison and Steve. They would come over to the house quite often.
217. Polnacha O'Marthini was the only foster parent in the houses I stayed in whilst I was in foster care. There were never any other care workers or social workers who came to the two properties to help out with the care of me or my foster brothers. Polnacha O'Marthini was always on his own.

The children at [REDACTED] and Ashgrove

218. When I arrived at the house in Friarton I was the only person to have moved in. I was the only person who lived there long term. My foster brothers did come to visit the houses and went on holidays with us but they never stayed at the houses for any length of time. They would usually only stay for weekends. There would be up to four other children staying over at Polnacha O'Marthini's properties at any one time.
219. I had twenty two foster brothers during my time staying with Polnacha O'Marthini. It was always boys rather than girls. Boys I remember being around during my time in

foster care include [REDACTED]. He was about thirteen or fourteen. He was a champion [REDACTED] when he was tiny. His little brother was called [REDACTED]. He was about one year younger than his brother. He was also a tiny boy. Other boys include [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. They were brothers. They were thirteen and fourteen when they were in care with me. I saw them pretty much every weekend during my time in foster care. They stayed in the houses overnight during the weekends. They stayed during the week with their mum. There was another boy who I remember sleeping in the tiny little box room in one of the houses we stayed at. I can't remember his name but I know that the police know who he is.

220. [REDACTED] was another foster brother. He was very different but there was never really anything wrong with him. He was born into Perth Social Work care. Coincidentally one of maternal aunties looked after him when he was younger. I heard from her that he had actually been born a hermaphrodite. He had a difficulty communicating with people because of the way that he spoke. I remember him getting into trouble and me trying to stop him and calm him down. I know that he ended up being moved to a place that was essentially a prison in Dundee. It had barbed wire and razor wire all the way around it. I believe that happened after he started ripping skirts off of girls and stealing underwear from other boys' mothers. I now know that the only reason he was doing that was because he wanted to be a woman.

Routine during time in foster care

221. Polnacha O'Marhini would make out that he was such an awesome cook but in reality the food was fucking terrible. The only thing I ever remember being bought by him was a Walkman. During the weekends we would meet up with my foster brothers and go to all sorts of different places. I remember meeting up with his colleagues from PGL. One of them was called [REDACTED] who I have remained in contact with. No effort was made for Christmas or for birthdays.

222. When I turned fifteen it was decided at a children's hearing by a panel that I should go to college. I then did what they called Academic Studies at the Perth College. I did quite well there but unfortunately didn't end up with a qualification. I remember being quite popular with the other people there. Until recently a portrait I had drawn at college was hanging still hanging up in the UHI Millennium Institute.
223. I wasn't really keeping in contact with any relations by the time I was in foster care. By that time my grandparents had washed their hands of me. I was aware however that I did have relatives who said it wasn't right that I was staying where I was.
224. There were never any social workers or people from the council who came round the properties to see how I was doing. They didn't care whatsoever. It was pretty much as if they had closed their case on me. After I started my foster care placement with Polnacha O'Marthini Alan Keep stopped seeing me. He stopped having an input into my care. Looking back, I think he knew what was happening with Polnacha O'Marthini. He lived right over the road from one of the properties where Polnacha O'Marthini was staying and working so how could he not?

Abuse at foster care placement

225. I never witnessed or experienced any abuse perpetrated by anyone else during the time I stayed with Polnacha O'Marthini. It was only him.
226. Polnacha O'Marthini abused me throughout the time I was in foster care. It started the first night I was there. After arriving at [REDACTED] I really wanted a bath because I hadn't had a bath in ages. He came into the bathroom whilst I was in the bath. I remember that I had a flannel over my private parts. He told me to make sure I cleaned myself properly and told me to do this and that to get clean. I told him to leave me alone because I knew it wasn't right that he was in the room. The next thing I knew was that he was pepper milling the top of my penis. I said to him "no I'm fine, thank you." I told him to leave me alone and to "fuck off." It wasn't right. I remember thinking to myself "is this what my life is to be like from now on?"

227. Things in [REDACTED] progressed to him trying to get me to masturbate him and do other things to him. I remember him lying flat on his back on his bed with his penis out asking me to give him a blow job. I told him to fuck off and to leave me alone.
228. When we went to Ashgrove he tried to move things on. He held me down on the floor, kneeled on me and tried to put his penis in my mouth. I still remember the smell of his bollocks. They were stinking.
229. During the time we were in Ashgrove, Polnacha O'Marthini would take myself and my foster brothers into his lounge, put on a video of The Joy of Sex, or something like that, and sit down with us. I remember him doing that with myself, [REDACTED], [REDACTED], [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. He would say that we needed to learn about what was on the video. I don't know why the boys I saw in the lounge felt the need that they had to masturbate themselves when he put that video on. Polnacha O'Marthini would sit there in the loose jogging bottoms he always used to wear with his hand down his pants. You just knew he was up to something. Although you couldn't see what was happening it was pretty clear what he was doing with his hand beneath his jogging bottoms. I never saw him going further than showing the porn movies to my foster brothers but given what I experienced I think he would have likely gone further.
230. Looking back, I think that is how he got to a lot of the boys he was supposed to be looking after. There is nothing wrong in a boy masturbating to a porno. However, it is another thing entirely for a foster parent to put that porno on and remain in the room whilst that was happening. There is never any occasion when that is ok.
231. Before going into foster care I had been told Polnacha O'Marthini had taken boys on holiday with him to America and that there was a chance that might happen with me. [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] came on that "holiday" to America with us. That "holiday" was dreadful. It was just another opportunity for Polnacha O'Marthini to sexually abuse myself, [REDACTED] and [REDACTED].

Reporting of abuse whilst at foster care placement

232. There was never a time when I sat down with my foster brothers and discussed what was happening. There wasn't a time when someone said "that's not right." However, there were things going on.
233. I told the police that I was being raped by my Polnacha O'Mairthini. I told the police about the abuse I was suffering because of my foster parent. It was the same answer as all the other times as when I tried to report things to the police back then. They just shrugged their shoulders. They did nothing.

Leaving foster care placement

234. I was telling people what was happening in foster care but nobody would listen to me. I had to find a way that I could get out. When I was fifteen my friend from Luncarty, which is a place near Perth, moved to Edinburgh. I started to go across to Edinburgh to see him and I said to social workers that I didn't mind staying there. As soon as social work could they started talking about getting me a flat or a bedsit. They told me that they would get some place that would be nice and comfortable for me. I ended up moving into a room in Marchmont in Edinburgh. That was part of what they called trying to get me into "independent living."
235. There wasn't anything like a children's hearing or a meeting for that to be arranged. There was nothing formal surrounding the end of the foster placement. All that happened was that Steve Waugh, who was my social worker at the time, gave me £200 to buy furniture in Argos. That was all I got when I moved into that room. I wasn't given any benefits or anything. That was the end of Perth Council's involvement with me. It was as if they sorted the room, gave me the £200 then told me to "fuck off."

Life after leaving care

236. It wasn't long until I was on the streets. I ended up homeless whilst I was still fifteen. That would have been in about 1993. I was sleeping rough in Edinburgh. As far as Perth Council knew I was nice and safe in a flat in Edinburgh. I ended up having to beg on George IV Bridge. I spent my time under a blanket asking strangers for money. That was the only way I could get money for food. I continued to be on and off homeless really until I joined the army at the age of twenty one in 1999.
237. When Edinburgh became desperate I had an opportunity to go to Sweden. A friend and I got a job working on a farm in return for staying there. I remember having to work extremely hard. Later on, I worked for a local wholesalers across there. I remember that in that job I was told by the person in charge of me that I was doing my job too fast. For various reasons I had to move on from Sweden pretty quickly. On the spur of the moment I decided that I would go to Greece.
238. I travelled overland through the Balkans and eventually made it to Greece. By that time I was very fit and powerful. When I got to Greece I worked as a stripper and a bouncer. I was "the giant man in the kilt" who stood on the doors. The punters came in because I was standing outside in a kilt. I didn't have to throw anyone out. When that was over and done with I moved to Kos in Greece. I worked across there and made a lot of money. I didn't know what to do with the money. In the end, I ended up back in the UK and homeless in London.
239. I spent far too long being homeless in London. All I wanted to do was to get back up to Scotland. When I got back up to Edinburgh I was homeless again and begging on the streets. Along the way I was approached by an evangelist from an organisation called Victory Outreach. He offered me the opportunity to go and build a house in return for accommodation. Victory Outreach is known all over the world as being "the junkie church." All the other people I was there with were crackheads or people who injected drugs. When I said to the people who were running it that it wasn't right what they were doing I got ostracised for saying that. I then ended up homeless again in London.

240. I discovered a charity that provided you with free bus travel out of London if you agreed to move to another part of the UK. I decided to come back up to Edinburgh and spent the next few months trying to get into the army. I told everyone I could find in the social work department and elsewhere that I wanted to join the army. I just knew I could do really well there. I eventually sat my British Army Recruitment Battery tests. There are questions that you have to answer as part of that test. You have to press the buttons as quickly as you possibly can when you know the answer. I remember that I scored the highest you could get. At first the sergeant major running the recruitment tests asked me whether I was cheating. He ultimately said to me, after he realised that I wasn't cheating, that I could have any job I wanted in the British Army. I then discovered that there were a load of jobs I couldn't do because I couldn't prove where I had been over the years and because I had a lot of things on my criminal record.
241. I ultimately got offered a job as an electrical and mechanical design draftsman. In short it was the opportunity to become an architect in the British Army. The job I was offered had a three year waiting list and was based ██████████ in England. Over the three years waiting for that to happen I became a highly qualified medic in the army. Within two days of starting I was given a qualification and was immediately sent on deployment to Oman. It happened as quickly as that.
242. My experience in the British Army was just as bad as being in care. I was told where and when I was going and I wasn't able to have any say. Whilst I was in the army I told the padre, which is what we call chaplains in the army, what had happened in my life before and after care. I remember he told me that I should not have joined the army. I ended up being in the army for about three and a half years. I got into trouble and I ended up being asked to leave. I didn't want to leave but they forced me out.
243. I thought I was going to end up sleeping on the streets again but was directed toward the English Churches Housing Group. When I got there it was just the worst. I was given a room in a complex. You were not allowed to go out and you had to get up

and go out at certain times. You weren't allowed to drink, party or do anything at all. It felt very much like I was in care again.

244. As soon as I was able to I got enough money to rent my own place. I also got a qualification in body piercing. I did well in my career as a body piercer. I ended up successfully campaigning to outlaw the practice of body piercing using ear piercing guns. Doing it that way was not hygienic or safe. I had seen so many people over the years injured because it wasn't being done properly and I decided to do something about it. I managed to get the practise changed so it had to be done properly with the availability of medical supplies. Thanks to me you can't now just go into somewhere and get your body pierced with an ear piercing gun. I ended up meeting Prince Charles after coming second in a competition because of that.
245. I've tried to do lots of other stuff over the years after leaving the army. I tried working again as a bouncer. For a little while I worked as a slaughter man in North Yorkshire. I worked as a skinner there skinning all the deer that came in there. I did that for a few years. I left after falling out with my boss because he was trying to make me do something that I didn't feel was right with the offal. I objected to them using stuff that hadn't been signed off as safe for human consumption.

Impact

246. My family and the people involved in my care ruined my life. They ruined my education and everything else. I was supposed to carry on like nothing was going on. I have ended up with complex PTSD. I should have been a doctor. That's what I wanted to be when I was a kid. I don't know what child, at the age of eight years old, has the intelligence of a sixteen year old and ends up joining the army then ending up in a wheelchair.
247. My right shoulder is permanently damaged as a result of the way that they restrained me on multiple occasions at Starley Hall. I can now detach and reattach my shoulder when I want. It is definitely from that rather than my boxing because I am a

southpaw. It pops out randomly. My nose too has been permanently damaged from all of the times I was assaulted by the police.

248. I am now in a wheelchair. I don't know when exactly my health really started to deteriorate. I ended up going to a doctors in Stanley which is a village just outside of Perth. From then on there were people examining me all the time and saying that they were going to do this or that. Initially they thought I may have had multiple sclerosis. Then they thought that I may have Corder Equina syndrome. That's basically where all your nerves press against your back and gives you paralysis. I have now been diagnosed with something called Functional Neurological Symptom disorder. It is known as FND for short. Basically all my nerve endings are ruined from having a childhood of trauma.
249. My life is absolutely shit. I sit in front of my computer for fourteen hours a day. I can't move because of my condition. Holidays and birthdays pass and nothing happens. Everything remains the same for me. Pain is a very difficult thing to explain. I have done physio but it hasn't worked. I passed that with full marks and have been told that there is nothing they can do for the pain.

Treatment and support

250. As part of the examinations and treatment they have tried to pin point when the trauma began. I have had that many traumatic events in my life that they can't pin point that. I've tried to talk about the things that have happened but I felt that the doctor who was treating me just cut me off. It should be something simple. If there is something that happens then there had to be something that has caused it. I don't understand why they can't work that out. I am now stuck with a chronic illness that is never ever going to pass.
251. I am in contact with Future Pathways. I would like a high powered wheelchair that would take me across gravel that could be operated by a remote. That is something that would cost me a fortune if I was to buy that on my own. I haven't spoken to

Future Pathways about getting an off road electric wheelchair because my health has just deteriorated so fast. I feel bad asking for further assistance because they have already helped pay for my manual wheelchair and my disability driving allowance. To ask them for more is a lot for someone like me to do. I would feel bad for asking for something like that after all they have already done for me. Then again I didn't ask for all of the things I have gone through. It is something I need to take into consideration right now.

Reporting of abuse after leaving care

252. No matter what and when I have said anything to anyone about the abuse I suffered in care it hasn't reached anyone. I have repeatedly tried to report what happened during my time in care and afterwards and nothing has happened. All the people who have abused me have walked.
253. There have been several times I have spoken to the police about things that happened during my time in care. Nothing happened. It seems that it's only when other people come forward that things started to happen. It is only then that the police start wanting to speak to me properly. That makes it all a bigger insult to me.

Foster care placement

254. [REDACTED] and [REDACTED], who were two of my foster brothers whilst I was in foster care, reported Polnacha O'Marthini to the police and managed to get him charged. At that time I was sleeping rough and did not manage to speak to the police. The case progressed to a trial and, unfortunately, I had no involvement because I was still sleeping rough at that time and wasn't aware. Polnacha O'Marthini was ultimately prosecuted for sexually abusing [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] and given a prison sentence
255. About twelve years ago, after Polnacha O'Marthini's prosecution, I reported what had happened with Polnacha O'Marthini during the time I was in foster care with him.

That was in approximately 2009 at Perth Police Station. I remember that I was interviewed on the top floor of that building. It took the police seven days to take my statement. I told them everything I have said in this statement concerning what happened during my time in foster care. I gave the police twenty two names of other children that he had interfered with.

256. Later on I spoke to a procurator fiscal. I remember that when I came out of the meeting I noticed that [REDACTED] one of Polnacha O'Marthini's colleagues at PGL we would meet during the weekends, was sitting there in the waiting room.
257. I was told by the police that after they took my statement they took a statement from Polnacha O'Marthini. That was during a time when he was still in jail. The police have told me that he told them that nothing happened. After speaking to Paul O'Mairthini the police spoke to me again. The police told me that because my foster brothers didn't see Polnacha O'Marthini abusing me, and there is no other account of it happening, there is nothing they can do. They are essentially saying that it didn't happen. I don't what know I was supposed to do? It's almost as if they are saying that I had to give x-ray goggles to my foster brothers. I was also told that there is nothing they can do about the abuse I suffered when Polnacha O'Marthini took us to America. I've been told that that would be something for the American police to deal with. I have also been told that Steve Waugh, who was my social worker during the time I was in foster care, has now died.
258. The procurator fiscal is not going to do anything about what I reported. I didn't get my time in court. The whole experience of trying to report what happened has left me feeling lost. I just don't know how the police couldn't take all the things that I reported to them as being serious. I gave them all that evidence and they decided to not do anything. It's my word against his. Still to this day I am not getting treated seriously by the police.
259. To Perth Council Polnacha O'Marthini was a hero. He was seen as someone who was taking all of the naughtiest kids. However, the reality was that he was a paedophile. He is now out of jail. Still to this day he is walking free. They didn't try

to prosecute him for the things I reported. It is almost as if because they managed to get two people to prosecute him then that is perfectly grand. It isn't for the rest of who suffered his abuse.

Starley Hall

260. When the police eventually approached me to speak to me about Starley Hall they told me that they had been looking for me for years. They ended up coming to a house in Kirkcaldy to take a statement from me. I spoke to them about a lot of different people who worked in Starley Hall. I gave them all the names of the teachers I remember.
261. After speaking to the police the procurator fiscal became involved. I was told that I was a key witness against a number of staff members they are trying to prosecute who worked at Starley Hall. I've been on countless trips to here, there and everywhere just to see procurator fiscals to give statements about Starley Hall. I found it hard to keep hopeful when the police and the procurator kept on wanting to go over my evidence. It has left me wondering whether they still consider me the person who got into trouble when I was a bairn.
262. During that process I learnt a few things from the police and the procurator fiscal. I have learnt is that I am not the only one who has come forward. The procurator fiscal has said that everyone had the same story. For him to say to me that what happened to me happened to everyone else too is shocking. Other things that I have learnt is that they haven't been able to locate [REDACTED] because he is "couch surfing" and they have had no luck in tracking down [REDACTED] FXB [REDACTED].
263. I was called forward as a witness in the attempted prosecution of various people at Starley Hall in either 2019 or 2020. Amongst the people that the Crown are trying to prosecute are Nigel Lloyd and [REDACTED] KYU [REDACTED]. The trial was due to commence in April 2020 but had been postponed because of the pandemic. At the time of signing this statement I haven't received anything to suggest when the trial has been postponed to. There's been no revised timescale or anything given to me. I don't want to let

them get away with what they did. I'm hoping that when that trial is held it will be all done and dusted and I will be done.

Reporting to the Council

264. When I decided I wanted to report what had happened during my time in care to the council I was directed to go to Colonsay House in Perth. I remember that I stood outside those offices for ages waiting to go in. When I got into the offices and reported what had happened at Starley Hall, at Nimmo Avenue and what FIZ did I was just laughed at. I don't remember the names of any of the people that I tried to report happened to at the council at that time.

Civil claim against Perth Council

265. I have a raised a civil claim against Perth Council through lawyers at Thompsons Solicitors. They're based all over but I believe the solicitor handling my claim is based in Glasgow. Trying to get through to them is a nightmare. My solicitor has said to me that I need to let him know when I hear something about the trial concerning the people from Starley Hall. I think it should really be him chasing it up for me rather than the other way round.

Contact with institutions I was in care in adult life

266. I visited Starley Hall in adult life. That would have been about four years ago. I just wanted to see the place. I walked in and walked up to the main courtyard bit. Some people came out of the building. I remember I was speaking to some of the kids and telling them that I used to go there. I told some of the teachers who approached me that I was there because I wondered whether anyone was still around who had taught me. I remember the teachers were standing around all "on edge." That just made me think.

Records

267. I recovered the majority of my care records through, and with the assistance of, In Care Survivors. I still have them. There are no records in amongst what I have recovered concerning my time at Starley Hall. Four years at Starley Hall and there is no paperwork of me ever being there. To me that seems that they are trying to hide something. There are records from my time at Nimmo Avenue. A lot of what I have said in this statement is covered there. In particular there is paperwork confirming FIZ [REDACTED], who was a care worker at Nimmo Avenue, assaulted me.
268. I have all of my medical records. There is nothing in my records from my time at Starley Hall. I know that the nurse there filled in a logbook when I went to see her and none of those records feature in the records I have recovered. I haven't recovered my police records but I want to recover them too.

Lessons to be Learned

269. My experience of being in care was not being listened to and not being given any help. It was horrible. No kid should ever have to go into care. If kids do go into care they should be treated a hell of a lot better than I was. It should be a holiday. Even now the same thing is happening with kids in care. My little brother ended up in care and in a house in Perth and the same things are happening. It still continues. You get placed in care at a place so they can take your benefits. You get given nothing and they use your money so that they can continue. Why can't kids do what they want with their money? Why does all of that money have to go straight to the social work? It's almost as if they are saying "yeah we are going to abuse you and completely ruin your life but don't worry we won't give you any of your money."
270. As far as I am concerned councils are supposed to be there to provide services like collecting rubbish or maintaining the roads. If I want to do something with my bins then I speak to the council. If a person is really upsetting me for some reason, but it isn't a big enough problem to speak to the police yet, then I speak to the council. I

don't want councils taking over children's' lives. Councils are responsible for lamp posts not children. No way is it right for them to be involved in saying that a child should be placed in a home.

271. There is no reason why a child have to be restrained by full grown men. My experience of being restrained in care was that I was beaten black and blue by staff. Why was I seen as the bad guy when all I was trying to do was defend myself? Looking back, I don't know why any child should be restrained. If there is a problem or an issue with a child then those who are supposed to be caring for them should sit down with them and talk about it. That's all you have to do with a child.
272. They need to register carers and make sure that those persons who look after children are policed. Children shouldn't be handed across to anyone so as they can abuse them. Experienced social workers should come in and question the carers on how they are going to look after the children in their care. If they don't answer correctly then they shouldn't be allowed to foster. If need be social workers should go in incognito and inspect how carers are looking after the children in their care. They should send in people who wouldn't be noticed to see what is really happening. They should be there to say "stop" and to call people right in if they need to.
273. I have kept in touch with a lot of the kids who were in care with me over the years. For many of them, if not all, their experiences didn't end very well. A lot of them didn't make it or ended up on heroin. There are people out there who are really suffering. It is really bad to think that out of all of the kids I was in care with I am doing the best out of most of them. I have two degrees and seen a lot of the world.
274. I'm really worried about [REDACTED]. It is as if he has just fallen through the cracks of Perth Council. I saw him a few years ago in Perth. He was on the bus. He was starting to dress like a woman and was in the vulnerable peoples' accommodation in Perth. I later on saw him in a Domino's pizza branch waiting for a pizza with a carer. Seeing that made me think that nothing had changed since I was in the council house at the age of fourteen. I tried to speak to him and explained that

I was his foster brother but his carer wasn't happy. They just did not want me speaking to him.

275. Looking back on that I think that they didn't want me speaking to him because they knew that I knew that Perth Council had messed up because they had decided to raise him as a boy in their care when he really wanted to be a girl. I really hope that [REDACTED] is doing well now because nobody ever listened to him when I was in care with him.
276. Why did it all just get left? They knew about Polnacha O'Marthini before he was finally prosecuted. Councils and other organisations knew about the nuns and the men who worked for Celtic Boys Club and did nothing. Nobody listened. It shouldn't have to wait until people are like me or people are taking heroin and killing themselves. I am the one who has had to try to do things. It's taken me to do things by myself to get things happening. There should be people coming forward and speaking to me and asking whether I have tried this or that and making suggestions. I have had none of that.

Hopes for the Inquiry

277. It is never ok for any person looking after children to abuse them. Even if it is mental abuse it shouldn't happen. I don't want this to continue for any child who is in care. When people ask me what is going on I say "you wouldn't know, I had a lot of shit going on when I was a bairn." For some reason people automatically say in response "Celtic Boys Club." That wasn't what happened to me but I am thankful that people are starting to understand and listen to what went on.
278. Looking back, there was never any choice for me in life. The only choice I had was care. As soon as I was placed in care I was abused. All I wanted and want now is a normal life. I don't understand why I was treated the way I was when I was growing up. I just hope that giving a statement to the Inquiry might end up with a procurator

fiscal looking at what happened to me in care again. I hope that the people who I have spoken about in this statement that are still working for councils are got rid of.

279. I have no objection to my witness statement being published as part of the evidence to the Inquiry. I believe the facts stated in this witness statement are true.

Signed..... 

Dated..... 05 March 2021