

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

KWQ

Support person present: No

1. My name is KWQ. My name at birth was KWQ. My date of birth is 1972. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

Life before attending Edinburgh Academy

2. My name at birth was KWQ which was the name of my uncle who was my mother's brother. We're from Indian origin. My mother's family is from Mauritius and my dad is from Sighthill in Edinburgh. There was one reasonably wealthy family made up of dentists and doctors on my mother's side. Her family in Mauritius were very wealthy and my great uncle had been a senior civil servant. Some of the family came from Mauritius to the UK in the 1960s to become dentists. My mother was born in London, and later on the family moved to Edinburgh. She met my dad there and he was the son of a labourer, just a normal guy. Then I came along.
3. My mother's name was . My two uncles went to Fettes College, one of them is twelve years older than me and other is ten years older. They were my mum's brothers. My mum wanted to send me to a private school, and I remember going to all the test days at the private schools in Edinburgh, and I got accepted for them all. I remember going to George Watson's College and I remember going to Heriot's for their test, but I can't remember going to the Academy to sit a test there. My mum decided to send me to Edinburgh Academy because that was the only one that her own brothers weren't accepted at.

4. From day one my parents worked hard. I spent a lot of time at my granny's house, because my parents were busy. My mother went to college and studied accountancy. Meanwhile, she ran her own [REDACTED] business with my dad. They were self-employed, until she decided to work for Standard Life and she worked her way to a good job. Her goal was to give me the best start possible and sending me to private school was in line with the rest of the family. My parents always worked hard in their jobs and in their own business in [REDACTED]. It meant there was always something going on and their hard work was always focussed on me. I was an only child.
5. My dad was called [REDACTED]. My parents met and married in Edinburgh and I was born in Edinburgh. We lived in the Wester Hailes area in the city. My mother decided to do everything herself and she wouldn't take money off my grandfather. We lived in a council estate and my parents sent me to private school. They did their best for me, there was nothing they did that wasn't aimed in my interests.
6. When I got to the age of four or five, I went to a nursery school in the Baberton area of Edinburgh before I started at Edinburgh Academy.

Edinburgh Academy Primary School, Denham Green, Edinburgh

7. I started at the Academy in the first year that I could, and that was in 197[REDACTED]. My dad used to drop me off at school every day. I've no real recollection of being at Denham Green, but I know I went there. I would have been five years old when I started there. That would have been in P1. I can't remember anything about the building at Denham Green and I can't remember the teachers at Denham Green.
8. My biggest issue was that my family always called me [REDACTED] and I didn't know my real name was [REDACTED] until I started at the Academy. I changed my name legally as an adult as I've never been comfortable with being called [REDACTED]. The reason for that was because of how the Academy made me feel about it. When I turned up for school on my first day and they called out my name as [REDACTED] I didn't know they meant me. At five years old you don't know any different and as far as I knew my name was [REDACTED].

9. The first day at school can be quite confusing and it was for me. I went home after school and told my parents and they had to explain it to me. That was my lasting memory of my first day at school. The school continued to call me **KWQ** and after a while it progressed to them calling me by my surname. They did use surnames quite a lot for all of the kids.
10. My memory is quite blurry about my time at Denham Green after my very first day at school. There was nothing else of relevance that happened in Denham Green. I think I must have been at that school for two years.

Edinburgh Academy Prep School, Arboretum Road, Edinburgh

11. I don't remember getting any visit to the prep school before I went there. I do remember getting dropped off at the main road. There was Arboretum Road and Newfield playing fields, which was the playing field for the upper school. We didn't play there. Then we'd walk along a short drive, that seemed long at the time, and we got to the buildings. There were our playing fields and it opened up to a car park. The headmaster's house was at the back. The school building was a two storey 1970s style. There were three or four steps all the way along to the playground. Next to that was the lunch hall. I remember walking to that.
12. As you went up the stairs, and into the reception area of the building, I remember at the top of the staircase was Mr Burnet's office. He was the headmaster of the prep school. If you walked past his office you went to the gym. Then there was a corridor that went along, and there was a set of toilets. They had all the pegs along the wall for our coats. Then there were the classrooms and an upstairs that was identical. There were two tiers of classrooms. Every year you changed class. The older boys were upstairs. You stayed in that classroom for nearly all the subjects you were taught. They taught fantastically well and it's meant that my general knowledge is really good.

Routine at Prep School

Early memories

13. The earliest I can remember of the Academy was my second to third year at Arboretum Road. My dad would drop me at the school gates in the morning, and the school day would start at a quarter to nine. I think we went to our classrooms first, and then went to assembly and the chairs were set out in the main gym hall for us. After assembly, we'd go back to our classrooms for lessons and after that was morning break before more lessons. After lunch there were more lessons and afternoon break and then it was home time. We had homework to do every night that I did when I got home.

Clothing/uniform

14. The uniform was shorts, grey shirt, tie, jumper, blazer. We only wore the blue blazer at that time in prep school. It was always shorts, all the way through prep school. There was a navy-blue duffle coat that was part of the uniform and I hated it and refused to wear it. Instead the school allowed me to wear a navy-blue pea coat with three buttons and I was expected to wear it as an overcoat on top of my blazer.

Mealtimes/food

15. I had my lunch at the school in the dinner hall. You used to sit at a long table and your teacher used to sit at one end. There were gastro tubs and they'd serve the food from them and the plates got passed round the table. The food was ok. We had proper dinner ladies and we got a proper cooked meal and we were fed well. After the end of the school day, I think the boarders would hang around and they had their tea in there at 5:00 pm.

Schooling

16. In prep school we remained in the classroom belonging to the form teacher for most of the day. We had female teachers until the final year of prep school. I don't think we

changed classroom at all, apart from when we had gym and music lessons. In prep school the work was dictated to us, and I managed that fine and I was able to learn. It meant that my grades were always good.

17. The first teacher at the Academy that I recall was in P3 in the prep school. She was called Mrs Cairns and I remember her clearly as my first teacher in prep school. Mrs Cairns was lovely. I can vaguely remember what she looked like. Everything was fine and normal until I went into P4 and that was when things began to get strange.
18. My next teacher, in P4, was called Mrs Baxter. She wore a brown tweed suit with her hair in a bun. It started off with her intolerance and she constantly looked down her nose at me. All through my time at the school I remember very few other boys of colour. There was an Indian boy who came into the upper school, but for the whole of prep school there was nobody I can remember of any colour. I was quite dark skinned when I was younger, with bowl cut hair.
19. These women teachers in the prep school were very old fashioned and very harsh. They were curt and intolerant. In particular Mrs Baxter. The way they used to teach, they used an old-fashioned photocopier called a 'bander machine'. The teachers used to write on a piece of paper and it was like a screen print. The ink went on it and left an indentation. Then it would go into the bander machine and it was a hand photocopier. They used to mass print the worksheets. Everything was done on worksheets. Everything was done on dictation on the board. When I was learning through dictation that was quite straightforward. It was later on in school that I found things difficult.
20. There were other teachers there that you came across as you got to P5 and P6. The school worked on the English system and we did P1 to P6 in Arboretum Road. Then we did P7 in the upper school, and they called that Geits.
21. Going into fourth and fifth year was when things started to get weirder for me. In the school play, a Christmas Carol, I was the dark king. In the Phantom Tollbooth I was

the Arab trader. I didn't notice the stereotyping at the time, it's on reflection as an adult that I do.

Music lessons

22. I played violin, really badly. My music teacher was an old guy called Mr Watson who was in his seventies. He couldn't work out why I couldn't play the violin. I couldn't read the music and it made no sense to me whatsoever. He thought I should be able to read the music and to him it was straightforward. The school had an orchestra and at weekends we used to go and play music at other schools. We'd sit in the hall and we used to play music. I used to sit with the violin and just not be able to play it properly, but it was never noticed.

Sports

23. Gym lessons took place once or twice a week in the hall. The hall was a rectangular room, at the back was a balcony with a clock and there was a corridor all the way round with pillars. If you went up two steps there was a stage where school plays were performed. Assembly also happened in this room in the morning. There was a changing area with benches and wire baskets underneath them. Your gym kit was a pair of plimsols and a pair of blue cotton shorts, and that was it. I had a female gym teacher, Miss Cutting, who I complained about to my parents, but nothing ever happened.
24. From day one of gym they made you wear this pair of cotton shorts and plimsolls, and no underwear and absolutely nothing else. They used to check that you weren't wearing underwear. I don't know what the relevance of not wearing underwear was. There was no proper changing room and she used to stand and watch us, and we were told no underwear was allowed. She would enforce the rule that we didn't wear underwear. Young boys might have a wee dribble, and if you're not wearing underwear it gives everyone else chance to laugh at you. It meant you could be humiliated from a very early age and the teachers never actually stopped that happening. They almost encouraged it.

25. Later on, some gym teachers in the upper school would make you stand in a row and hold your shorts out so they could check you weren't wearing underwear. That was done by a gym teacher called IBU [REDACTED].
26. We had sports maybe twice a week. Opposite the school there were three playing fields, but I can't remember where the changing rooms were. There was a wee pavilion and I remember the grounds keeper who was a nice guy. We played cricket in summer and rugby in the winter, playing rugby was enforced. If it was really bad weather you just used to do cross country, and you'd wear your rugby strip for that. There was athletics in the summer as well. I was terrible at sport.
27. I didn't have issues with other teachers in prep school, other than with one called Tony Dyer. The school had some squash courts, and in fifth year you could play at break time and you could join the squash club. I started playing in break time. Tony Dyer was the coach. He was a shortish guy, with no redeeming features. I quite enjoyed playing squash and it was one sport I was actually good at. It was also another way of not going to class, because you had a squash lesson. A one-to-one sports lesson could be at 1:00 pm on a Wednesday, which could be halfway through an academic lesson, and that was fine.
28. Schooling at the prep school wasn't hard. I didn't find anything hard apart from music. Trying to learn violin or the recorder were pushed on us, and I was terrible at it. You were probably blamed for that as well. I was doing fine academically and I was an A grade student all the way through prep school, until my first year in upper school.

Religion

29. Every morning you had to say prayers, and grace at mealtimes, and I refused to. I'm from Indian origin and I have no religious belief. My parents never forced it upon me. At school I did openly refuse and was punished for that as well. I was frogmarched in front of the headmaster for refusing to say prayers, and told I was a non-believer and the fear of God thing was used.

30. The school was heavily religious. Every morning there was a hymn and I'd just stand there and refused to open my mouth, and I did that all way through school.

School trips

31. There were a couple of trips in the prep school, but I can't remember where to.

Boarders

32. I never went into the boarding houses when I was at Arboretum Road, but I knew they were next to the play grounds. I wasn't allowed to accompany a boarder in there after school. The terror and grief you felt from boarders, they were miserable. I didn't know what to put that down to at that age. Its only when I was older that I could understand that they missed their mum and dad. I would have missed my mum and dad.
33. Half way through my P4 year, a French boy came along called Giles Moffatt and a boy called [REDACTED] who was from Hong Kong. They were both boarders. I remember that [REDACTED] sat and cried for six months in the classroom. He was homesick.
34. Giles was in my class from P4, and so was [REDACTED] and all the way through to when I left. They were constantly crying and upset in the classroom. They were always on edge and nervous. I never saw anyone among the teachers consoling them or comforting them. Mrs Baxter had no empathy at all for them and wasn't interested in them.

Other pupils

35. The difference in wealth and class was quite obvious between me and other pupils. I was the only one living in a high rise flat in Sighthill. We didn't move away from there until 1981, when my parents got their first flat in Haymarket. I used to be at school with sons of wealthy business men, doctors and army officers, and my dad was a motor

mechanic-turned-accountant. I felt there was always a stigma, as if I shouldn't be there and that's how other boys looked at me.

36. No-one from school ever came back to my family home because my mum and dad wouldn't let it happen. There were kids at the school who were fine with me and some of the parents were ok. There was a boy at the school called [REDACTED] who was a 'wee shite', but his mum was lovely. As I got older, I used to get the bus back to my granny's house, and his mum used to give me a lift as they were going past where my granny lived, on their own way home.

Healthcare

37. I think there might have been a matron for the boarders and I think she was also a nurse for the day pupils. I can't remember going to see her as I'm not a sickly person and never have been.

Leisure time

38. After every day at school I went back to my granny's house because my mum and dad were working or at college. Every holiday I was at her house. My granny had ten kids of her own and was proper old fashioned. She ran a traditional household. People were expected to have manners and you were polite and did what you were told. If you didn't, you were 'skelped' for it, and that was how it was, but it was great.
39. My school life and my home life were completely different. We stayed in a high rise flat and didn't have people round. I didn't really go to other people's houses. It changed when my parents bought their first flat. I understand that, and I don't blame them for it. I basically had two lives, one in school and one at home.

Discipline

40. There was never much physical punishment and I never witnessed it, apart from being kicked two or three times by Mr Dyer. The punishment I received was more emotional.

41. Generally, discipline was done by lines in the prep school and it would be twenty-five lines. This number increased to five hundred lines in the upper school. Also, we had to copy out, word for word, articles from the 'New Scientist' magazine and pamphlets from scripture union. I'm sure the scripture union pamphlet was given to me deliberately because I didn't believe.
42. Mrs Baxter's teaching was really harsh. She'd never punish you in a physical way, but from her class in P4 onwards, to the end of prep school, I was sent up to the headmaster's office regularly and not really knowing why. I was quite defiant. We had outdoor shoes to wear and we had indoor shoes. The indoor shoes were disgusting brown sandals and I refused to wear them. I was the only person in the school to have a pair of black slip-on shoes.
43. I wouldn't wear my school duffle coat and I had a really nice one. As well as not fitting in, I didn't conform either. According to my dad, it was completely my choice not to wear the brown sandals or the duffle coat. I created my own identity and annoyed them as well. At the school they clearly saw that I wasn't conforming.
44. I can't remember much about prep school after I had Mrs Baxter, but I do remember I was blamed for everything. If there was a scuffle in the playground, if there was a dispute, if anything was wrong, and I was in the area, I was pointed at by other boys as being to blame and I was punished for it. The teachers automatically blamed me.
45. Mr Burnet was the headmaster in the prep school, and Mr Brownlee was his deputy. Both men were horrible. Brownlee wore brown clothes as well. I never had Mr Brownlee as a teacher and I think if I was in his class I would have been destroyed by him. Other teachers would call him in to deal with me. It was mostly him because he was the deputy head. The women teachers would never take me to the headmaster's office, it was always a man who did that, and generally Brownlee. Apart from him grabbing me, I was never hit by Brownlee, but I know some of my friends were. Brownlee would get me by the scruff of the neck and my collar in an old fashioned military style. It was very military in the school and the behaviour of some of the teachers was very military. Brownlee placed a hand on my right shoulder and I was

frogmarched by him to the head's office. I didn't know what I was being punished for, because that was never really explained.

46. I think we were being moulded into what the school wanted us to be. I was getting frogmarched to the head's office for nonsense, and to be told how I should behave. I would have been accused of causing an argument in the playground like pushing someone or not doing work correctly or not paying attention in class. Something that should just deal with by telling the child to behave and to get on with their work, but there was always a big scene made of it. When I did go in front of the headmaster, Mr Burnet, I got the same blurb every time. In the headmaster's office, Burnet would be sitting behind his desk. I'm sure he was bald with glasses. He looked up from his desk and I could see him think 'you again'. I got blamed for everything and they wouldn't listen to me. That was quite mild compared to what happened to me later on. There was no corporal punishment in the prep school. The headmaster would just talk down to me.
47. I was frogmarched to the headmaster's office at least once a week. I think it got worse as I progressed through prep school, but I wasn't a bad child. My dad told me at an early age that the school would physically punish boys. I think that the parents were told that physical discipline was used.
48. I would get derogatory comments from Mr Brownlee, and references to 'people like you' was a common one from him, as he marched me to the headmaster's office. I knew exactly what he meant at that age. Brownlee was the one who would grab my shoulder and he'd always walk just behind me and continue making physical contact.

Abuse at Prep School

49. The teacher, Tony Dyer, would do playground duty as well as coaching squash. I remember seeing him one day kicking one of the boys, and then he did it to me. He did it to me about three times. He'd do it when you weren't watching out. He'd run up behind you, rugby kick you and boot you right up the arse. I'd be about eight or nine

years old at this stage, and I'd be lifted off the ground by him. You might have done something in the playground and he was the playground monitor, but he did it for no reason. He was quite good at it and I saw him do it to other boys. I'd see it happen a couple of times a week when he was on playground duty.

50. I told my dad about it. He had an old fashioned attitude and said I must have deserved it. That's the way we were brought up and I'd think maybe I had done something. That was what was drilled into your head. That was the beginning of the violence at school and you knew you could get a kick from him. I think it happened to me in P6 as we were allowed to do squash as an extra activity by then. I can remember asking him in the playground, 'Mr Dyer, can I play squash?' and he'd say 'Yes, of course you can'. That's how I got introduced to him, because he was in the playground.

Leaving Prep School

51. My time at the prep school was quite uneventful in comparison to what happened at upper school. Looking back, we were like pieces of clay that they were trying to mould into the shape that they wanted, to then push into the next stage of school where you'd get put in the oven.
52. My feeling of being an outsider was mainly coming from the teachers, but it did start to rub off on the kids and the kids started to see that. The teachers almost encouraged the kids in the same way that they, the teachers, behaved. The teachers used the kids they liked as pawns in the game to make my life a misery from start to finish. Some of the other kids were clypes and there were some bullies.

Edinburgh Academy, Upper School, Henderson Row, Edinburgh

53. We possibly had a day at the upper school before we started there, but I can't remember for sure. My first year in the upper school was P7 and I would have been

aged eleven or twelve when I started there. This was known by everyone as the Geits year. That was probably in 198█ I was one of the youngest in the class.

54. The upper school had the big Greek building in the middle and it had a big playground in front. To the right was a sandstone building in the corner and it had two storeys. This was the rector's office. He was called Mr Ellis. Underneath was the book store where we bought hardback jotters and pens and it was billed to our parents. Further up, was the staff room for the masters, as the teachers were called, and the library. At each side of the Greek building were classrooms.
55. Further up, on the right hand side, next to the library, was a science block which was a single storey. The chemistry labs were off it. Right at the back was another Greek-style building which was the gym. It had steps up the front to it and downstairs it went down to woodwork. To the right of that was another classroom building where a teacher called Mr Dawson had his classroom. There was another science block at the back of the big building and you had the physics department.
56. If you went to the other side of the school, and the other side of the big Greek-style building, you had hut-like buildings on both sides and they were the classrooms for registration. At the back of there was the music department, and down the back you went to another small playground and then there was the biology department. Behind the row of hut-like buildings were both the art department and drama department.
57. In the grounds there was also the house that belonged to the school chaplain. The chaplain was called Mr Hazlett. Hazlett, I remember, from day one of the upper school, if he saw me he would always stop me and ask me if everything was ok. I thought he was a nice guy as he would always stop to talk to me. He must have known other things were going on in the school. I was at school with the chaplain's son from day one. His son was alright too. The chaplain never had an issue with my religion and never questioned the fact that I was quite openly not interested, and I would have thought it would be the opposite.

Routine at Upper School

Clothing/uniform

58. From P7 onwards we wore long trousers at school. In winter, we wore a green tweed jacket instead of a blazer. I think we still wore the grey shirt and tie for normal days, but for photograph days we wore a white shirt and for assembly days we wore a white shirt. It was quite a strict policy. If you did forget, and turned up in a grey shirt, you were excluded from school photographs. They wouldn't even give you a spare shirt.

Trips and holidays

59. I took Russian lessons at school and I went on a school trip to Moscow and Leningrad which was excellent. It was a joint trip with St George's School. There was me and another boy, [REDACTED] we were the youngest on the school trip and the rest were fourth, fifth and sixth years. St George's pupils were aged the same.
60. The school owned a property called Blair House. I can't remember where it was, but I remember we had to climb up Lochnagar when I stayed there. I can't remember how it was organised, but the school had its own hiking kit that they kept in a hut. You collect your kit and then you'd go up in the school minibuses to this wee house. You'd travel up on the Friday after school and climb up the mountain in the dark, carrying big poly bags and you'd sleep up there. The next day you'd wake up at 6:00 am, above the cloud line, and with an amazing view. Then you'd climb down, and the next day you'd do another big walk.
61. Blair House was a two storey cottage with two or three dorms and bunk beds. It had a strange and uncomfortable feeling about it. I didn't feel safe or secure. There were a lot of things that didn't feel right at that school. I don't know if I was more aware of things by then. The first time I was meant to go there I pretended to be ill, but I had to go on the trip in the end. The majority of the kids were oblivious to the strange atmosphere of the cottage that I felt. I wasn't comfortable the whole time I was there. There was something creepy about the teachers coming to check on you at night.

Healthcare

62. I can't remember going to see a nurse at upper school.

Religious instruction

63. I knew the chaplain, Howard Hazlett, because his son was in my year from day one. I remember in the first few weeks, in Geits, he asked me how I was. I didn't think much of it at the time, but every time I went past him he would acknowledge me. It was before anything really bad happened to me at school. I think he knew what was going on at the school as he lived there in the grounds, but he's denied anything abusive happened. I never went to Hazlett with the issues I had with the school, probably because of the religious issues. If I had been religious I could have gone to him, but I don't have that in me and it's not a route I would naturally take.

External Inspections

64. I don't remember any inspectors coming into the Academy.

Schooling

65. There was always assembly in the morning. You took your bag into the classroom and then went across to the main hall. If you were in Geits you had to walk upstairs to a big balcony at the top. There was a speech by the rector, and then a religious reading by one of the sixth years. They would be one of the ephors and that was the name the school used for the prefects.
66. We now started moving around classrooms for different teachers, depending on your timetable. There were single and double lessons, morning break, lunch and afternoon break. Twice a week we had sport lessons and it was either rugby or cricket. We had to walk from upper school all the way up past the botanical gardens to Newfield. That

was opposite the Arboretum building and they were the playing fields, which I think they still have.

67. My first registration teacher was called Johnny Drew. I can't remember what the class number was. He was fine, quite young and quite nervous. We got put into streams according to ability and we got introduced to new teachers. Everything in my first six months was ok. I was now in the big school and I was actually being taught interesting stuff, and things were not bad. In the first term they broke you in gently.
68. As I moved towards the end of the first year of upper school and into the second was when things went wrong for me. My school grades were always fine until the end of the first year of upper school.
69. It was in second year of senior school that things went wrong for me. That was when studying went from dictation to us working from textbooks. I didn't realise at the time that I was dyslexic. My reading skills are terrible. Words on a page turn to mush for me. I can look at words and they turn into completely different words. I went through school not knowing I was dyslexic. I was actually diagnosed by my acupuncturist many years later. I was talking to her and explaining my issues with reading. I can read words on a phone screen and I didn't think it was dyslexia, but when the words are on a piece of paper in front of me I can't read them. When it comes to technical things and looking at a picture and somebody describes it, that's no problem for me.
70. When it came to reading and learning from a textbook at school, I couldn't do it. One of the regular quotes I heard from a teacher was, 'Did you actually read that book?' I'd say that I'd read it, but I got something different from it.
71. My partner recently looked at my Academy report cards from the time, and she asked me what went wrong around then. It was when the style of learning changed, from us being dictated to and being taught on the board, to being given a textbook and being told to read it and learn it. School also became much more harsh and much more regimental, and we were taught by masters who wore traditional black gowns. In

second year, if you were academic, you were fine and you were left alone, by teachers especially.

72. My history teacher from first year in upper school was Hamish Dawson, who we used to call 'Doughy' Dawson. You went into his classroom and it was down the back of the school beside the chemistry labs in this pre-historic looking classroom. Some of the masters had high desks, but he didn't. They all wore robes and they all used chalk to write on the blackboards that rolled up and down. We were then introduced to this teacher, Hamish Dawson, that everybody talked about. He was a Jekyll and Hyde character and we just didn't know what we were going to get in his lessons. He kept it well covered for the first term and everything was fine, and we were learning things and it was interesting history.
73. I had biology lessons with Miss Arbuthnot who was quite a posh teacher. She was the only female teacher in the upper school. She was lovely and a good teacher. She did all this weird and wonderful stuff with experiments. She created a haven for kids in her classroom. We weren't allowed in the classrooms during breaks, but she allowed kids in during breaks. I never understood why, but we could huddle in there. It meant we weren't picked on by the ephors during breaktimes. She either did it without realising or did it because she knew she was doing the right thing.
74. The other teacher who did that was Kim Needle, an Australian art teacher, who did exactly the same thing. He opened up his classroom throughout all the breaktimes and he was never in the staff room. We were otherwise forced to be in the playground and under the rule of the ephors and the teachers on patrol. The playgrounds were quite brutal places and there were lots of fights and bullying. I'd really like to thank them both for that. I'd always find myself gravitating towards one of those classrooms especially from my second year onwards.
75. There was another teacher, known as ^{zICL} [REDACTED], who I never had as a teacher. His classroom was in the block of huts and he was never shy of making a flying comment here and there to me. He also called me derogatory names. He was another officious military type.

76. Going into my third form, I had Adrian Watt as my registration teacher. He was northern Irish and young, straight out of college. He was both my registration teacher and my religious education teacher. He introduced me to scripture union and I knew the paragraphs very well. He took an instant dislike to me. He was staunchly Protestant and very openly talked about it.
77. There was a boy called [REDACTED] in my class who was my nemesis. We started off being fine, and we were friends for most of first year. Then, later in first year, I remember going to his house in [REDACTED] after school. My mum and dad lived in Haymarket by that time, so it wasn't far to walk. I was in [REDACTED]'s house one day after school and his dad came in and asked 'What's he doing in here? Get him out of my house'. That was his dad's attitude to me. From that day, [REDACTED] took the same attitude as his dad. We were then fighting constantly in school for the next two years I was there.

Sporting activities

78. There was an Indian cricket player called [REDACTED], and of course my name was [REDACTED] KWQ. People at the Academy assumed I could play cricket. The next nickname they gave me was [REDACTED]. I was terrible at cricket and couldn't hit the ball. Then, the name-calling changed from that to calling me, 'wog' or 'black boy' or 'jam boy'. You were put up on a pedestal to fail, but if you succeeded you were great, and you'd be in the first-fifteen and respected by the teachers and get an easy route through school.
79. There was another boy who was fat and bad at sport so he got tormented as well. There was a Pakistani boy who was older than me, but he was fine as he was in first-fifteen cricket. There was an Indian boy who arrived later on in my year called [REDACTED], who was really overweight and got 'dog's abuse'. I can remember maybe half a dozen boys of colour in the school.
80. Another teacher was [REDACTED] IBU, and he taught gym. His nickname was [REDACTED] IBU and I had him once or twice a week. He was short, stocky and balding and he used to wear

tight adidas trousers. His own wee office was off the gym hall, and his office had a chaise longue in it.

81. IBU [REDACTED] was quite fun to begin with. He was the [REDACTED] rugby coach and I think he was a rugby referee at [REDACTED]. He'd line you up for the start of class and made you hold your shorts out to make sure you weren't wearing any underwear. He'd walk along the line and peer into everyone's shorts. One of his nicknames was 'IBU [REDACTED] IBU [REDACTED]'. He was called IBU [REDACTED] because after gym he would make everyone take a shower and he'd stand and watch them and he'd say 'Quick spray boys' and then he'd just stand there.
82. Another thing I refused to do was shower at school. This was happening sometime between me being aged twelve and fifteen. After rugby, I used to go home in muddy clothes which the school used to detest, because it was letting them down. I wouldn't set foot in the changing rooms, I used to just get my stuff and go, because of what happened in the changing rooms.
83. You'd get changed in the changing room with showers at the back. You were allowed to wear lace-up shoes for sports at that time. Everyone wore the same ones, Dunlop Green Flash. I begged my parents to spend the money on buying them, because if you didn't wear them, you'd get picked on for it. Our shorts were cotton rugby shorts with a draw string. We didn't wear a top, even when we were playing sports in the playground.
84. They made us play a game with the clacken that's like rounders. They had courts at the back of the school for playing a game like squash, but called Fives. You had a glove and didn't have a racquet. When we played outside in the courts we wore shorts and no top. To determine which team you were on you wore a sash.
85. There was a [REDACTED] teacher called IZM [REDACTED] and he was a strange wee guy. He was my [REDACTED] teacher and absolutely fine as a [REDACTED] teacher, but he also took rugby after school on sports days. We were split into first-fifteen, second-fifteen, third-fifteen and so on, I think I was in the [REDACTED] team. You'd have to walk from the upper school,

then over the bridge on the Water of Leith, up along past the botanical gardens and up to Newfield to get changed. When we were at the Newfield playing fields, we used the pavilion that was described in Inquiry hearings as smelling of carbolic soap. It had quarry stone tiles and in those days we had rugby boots with metal studs, and you could get sparks off the tiled floor.

86. There were quite a few changing rooms with showers in the pavilion. Because we were the worst team, we were sent to the furthest pitches. We were useless at rugby, but we didn't care about that. We all used to hate games lessons, and if it was winter it was rugby and in the summer it was cricket. We had rugby in all weather, but if there was snow on the ground and the pitch was too hard, we had to run around Inverleith Park.
87. With regard to the pavilion at Newfield, it had this really bizarre atmosphere. Our pitches were the furthest away and we had to walk the length of four or five rugby fields to get changed. We were the last in the building and there was always a shower running and a teacher hanging about, that was whoever your master was. There was just something about it that was wrong. IBU [REDACTED] was always about as he coached the [REDACTED]. All the masters were involved in games, so there was always a mix of them. There were always naked boys in the showers. There was a rumour that one of the masters used to join the kids in the showers. I never witnessed it. It's that thought of a teacher telling boys to make sure they wash themselves properly and the constant seediness.
88. I would get changed and leave the building as quickly as possible. I'd put my blazer on and change out of my rugby boots, but I was still wearing the rest of my rugby kit. Then I'd leave the building. I refused to shower which caused more letters home about me not conforming. I never witnessed anything, but I just knew something wasn't right in the pavilion and the atmosphere was horrible.

Combined Cadet Force

89. The school had the Combined Cadet Force or CCF, which was compulsory in third year. I refused to do it and that was another one of my own choices. Thankfully I left the school in my third year. You had to pick from army, navy or air force and you did all the regimental activities that I wasn't interested in. There was a shooting range in the school that was based under the dining hall. It had live bullets and rifles, and pupils could go there at lunchtime and use them. I'm shocked that there was never an incident and I wonder how the school got away with having it on site.
90. There was an incident at the school when the kids from Broughton school had been throwing things at the Academy kids going up to Inverleith Park. One of the Academy teachers, whose name I can't remember, instructed the pupils to shoot at them. There are bullet holes on the bridge over the Water of Leith where the teacher told the boys to aim in order to scare the Broughton pupils. They actually fired the rifles, from the Academy grounds, at the kids from Broughton school. This happened as I left or just after I'd just left the school, it was around that time.

Discipline

91. The school was regimental and we had to stand to attention and do as we were told. If you didn't do that, you were getting punished. That was both teachers and other kids. I got shouted at plenty of times. I was always told by my dad and my uncles to stick up for myself, and I always did, and got into more trouble every time. I can't say that I was bullied by kids at school, but I was verbally abused.

Ephors

92. The ephors were like a military police who worked underneath the teachers and who could give punishments. They could hit you with their hands or give you detention. They had just as much clout as the teachers, and were encouraged by the teachers to be complete bastards. They were horrible. There was only one that I knew who was decent, but he was only there for one year and then he left the school.

93. The ephors wore a different coloured tie. We had a white and blue striped tie in big stripes. They had a blue tie with a white pinstripe at a different angle. The ephors were from the sixth form and generally from the first-fifteen rugby and the first-team cricket, and they were allowed to wear a different jumper. They were the chosen ones and they were elected to the role.
94. If the ephors saw something in the playground that they thought was wrong, they could drag you to the teachers, they could give you detention or they could give you punishment exercises which meant lines. I kept out of their way so I wouldn't come up against them. I learnt that quite quickly. They could give out lines and they could hit you. I didn't get a physical beating from them. I got punishment exercises from them.

Abuse at Edinburgh Academy, Upper School

Hamish Dawson

95. Hamish Dawson, the history teacher, would just erupt into a blind fury in class. It would start if you weren't paying attention and he'd throw a bit of chalk at you and he was a really good aim. It progressed from a piece of chalk to him throwing a wooden duster which he would throw across the room and hit you on the side of the head. That could leave a bruise or a cut.
96. He basically had this arsenal of implements to hit you with and they were displayed on the wall and they all had names. He had a clacken, and that was used quite often, to bits of wood and a lino tube. It was a six feet long lino tube with a name written on it. It was a solid bit of cardboard and you knew it when you got hit by it. I remember getting hit by him often. I remember the lino tube more than anything. It was administered in front of the class and you'd be told to bend over and he'd hit you on the backside. He'd take a run up to you with whatever implement and hit you two or three times. If you moved, that hit didn't count and you got another one. If he missed,

and he'd hit you on the back, he'd give you another one. Any excuse he could use to hit kids he would.

97. You would do your work and when you'd finished you put your hand up. Then he'd call you up to his desk for him to check your schoolwork and he'd fondle your backside while you stood there. The other boys would be at their individual desks and keeping their eyes down. If you'd got anything wrong in your work he would pull his chair out and put you over his knee and he'd start caressing you. I remember him going to skelp my backside and not feeling any pain, and instead it was his hand fondling me. If you'd got your work right, he'd fondle you and then finish that with giving you a jelly baby, which I could never eat until recently.
98. Then, if you weren't paying attention in class, you could be brought forward and he would either hit you or he'd put you over his knee. It was either one or the other. If you were over his knee he'd caress your backside. It was quite openly done in the classroom and we were just terrified. What could we say when we saw something like that being done? We put our heads down and just didn't want him to do it to us.
99. Dawson was a sadist. He also had brollies to hit you with and hockey sticks. Dawson hitting boys with implements was a regular thing. The implements were on the classroom wall and displayed with their names written on them with marker pen. Any other teacher going into the classroom would see them. It was common knowledge that Dawson would batter boys.
100. Dawson's favourite thing with me was to come up to me in class, when I was at my desk, and he'd take the chalk duster and wipe my face with it, and then tell me that was much more acceptable. That was in front of the rest of the class. It still makes me cringe when I think about it. I would have been aged twelve then. The difference between now and then is, if we'd access to the internet then and we knew about things, I would have known it was a racial slur. We just had access to Encyclopaedia Britannica.

101. I got introduced to racism in first year of senior school and I didn't really know if it was bad or not. I heard the words 'black boy', 'wog', 'jam boy' and 'boy', and these came from the teachers. Dawson was one of the worst. He was an animal. I witnessed things in the classroom that no child should have witnessed. There was a blatant disregard for my feelings. The man was a sadist.
102. I remember other teachers walked into his classroom and then they just walked back out again. That would happen on numerous occasions. They'd knock on the door and come in to hand papers to Dawson, as he was head of the history department. Despite everything, he was a good history teacher. The other teacher could come in when he'd got someone over his knee. Dawson didn't care if he was seen. If I was to put myself into that scenario now, I would be asking him what the hell he was doing. These were quite young teachers, and this was happening in the early-eighties in different times. I'm not trying to justify teachers not saying anything, but in a scenario like that, what do you do? As children, we were sitting there and cringing. All you could do was keep your head down and hope that you're not going to get the same. You'd try to disappear within the class and into your work. If you showed any sign of engagement or made eye contact with him, then you could be next.
103. When he had boys over his knee most of us had long trousers on, but I remember that the boarders, for some reason, had to wear shorts for Geits year. Boys like Giles and [REDACTED] had to wear shorts. Dawson had his hands up their shorts and fondling them while they were on his knee. For me, and the boys in trousers, he would rub my backside and never my front. He was able to fondle the boys in shorts. How do you explain that at that age, you just don't know. To us, this behaviour became normal.
104. We had history lessons every day, and Dawson would do something to me every week. There would be at least one boy in the class being physically punished or humiliated each lesson. He always made it out to be a big joke and then he'd lose his rag. He had a split personality. Luckily for me, I only had him for one school year of three terms because he retired from teaching at the Academy at the end of my Geits year.

105. I told my dad that this guy was a lunatic who would hit you with things. I didn't know if he just didn't believe me or if he thought I was exaggerating. I don't know if I told him about my face being smeared with the board duster. That's the one that really stuck with me.

Mr IDZ

106. I was called nicknames by teachers. There was one teacher in particular, who was known as IDZ. His classroom was in one of the huts. He was quite a big guy, bald and very posh. He wore brogues and tweed. He was quite old and aged in his sixties. The name calling was never public, it was like a whisper in my ear as I'd walk past. That was IDZ in particular. Dawson did that too. It was the older military style teachers who did it.

107. Mr IDZ taught and and I had him as a teacher in my second year at upper school. He used to destroy me quite regularly for not being able to do properly, because I couldn't read.

108. Mr IDZ used to stand behind my right shoulder as I was sitting at my desk. The next minute he would smash my head off my wooden desk and I'd feel dazed. He did it to other boys. I'm sure there were kids who were concussed. He also used to make you stand in front of the class and face the wall, and then you were told to put the bin over your head. The bin would have had stuff in it when you were told to put it on your head. You were expected to stand like that all through class. You would have done nothing to make him do that to you. Mr IDZ was a horrible man. He would also stand in front of you, shouting at you and spitting into your face at the same time. He would do similar things to all the children in the class.

109. I stutter when I read, and we'd have to read out chapters of books in class. They were also the most boring books for a twelve-year-old child to read. I'd have to stop and re-start my reading, and I couldn't read properly from a book. The words just didn't make sense. It was just the way I'm wired, and that was what I was punished for. You'd have to read a chapter and write a review. My review made no sense with the chapter.

The school decided to put that down to me being thick. Dyslexia is something I always had and I didn't know what it was.

110. By the end of my Geits year, I went from being an A-grade student to a D-grade student. You had your grades from primary school to go into Geits with. Then your grade at the end of Geits was used to stream you again and take you into the second year of upper school. I wasn't performing in class, but there was never any sitting down with me to try to work out what was going wrong. The notes written in my school report always said I could do better.

IBU [REDACTED]

111. You went up the stairs to gym hall and there were climbing frames that used to come out from the walls. There were ropes to use to climb the frames. The big issue for me in gym class, was being told to climb up a rope and I couldn't climb it to save myself. IBU [REDACTED] would scream at me to climb the rope and I'd just slip down it. This happened at least twice. I just wasn't physically strong enough. Then, at the end of the lesson, he'd say to me 'You, go to the end of the hall'. He then told me to strip naked to have the rest of the class pelt bean bags at me because I couldn't climb a rope. He humiliated me, as a thirteen-year-old boy standing naked, while the class pelted bean bags at me as punishment. It happened twice to me, and I remember it happening to someone else.

[REDACTED]

112. I had [REDACTED] classes with [REDACTED], who was also [REDACTED] [REDACTED], in third year of upper school. There was a game that was invented in his classroom that was called 'Pelt the Paki'. This was invented by a boy called [REDACTED] [REDACTED], who I mentioned earlier in this statement. The other boys would get their rugby boots, or whatever they wanted, from the cubbyholes at the back of the room. We kept our sport kits and books in these cubby holes as it was also our registration class. Basically, they could throw whatever they wanted at the back of my head in the classroom. [REDACTED] would just stand at the front continuing to write on the

blackboard and would occasionally turn round with a grin and he would allow it to happen. This went on for the whole of the school year.

113. There was another game called 'Pak attack' which was proper fighting in the classroom. I'd forgotten about it until another former pupil, Giles Moffat, reminded me. It meant boys could get up from their desk, take a run at me, skelp the back of my head or push me and then run back to their desk. All the time, [REDACTED] had his back to the class.

114. [REDACTED] would instigate the whole thing. It was all his idea, and he made sure this behaviour continued throughout the year. The class teacher paid no attention and just let it continue.

IZM [REDACTED]

115. IZM [REDACTED] was my [REDACTED] teacher and he coached us in rugby. He was notorious for kicking the crap out of us on the rugby pitch and he'd be really devious. He'd kick you above your waist when you were walking past. He'd have his studs on his shoes, but he wouldn't leave obvious marks. The teachers were good at that, it was one of their ploys. They would be able to kick you on the rugby pitch because they were the referees. They'd boot you, but it was always in a place where it wasn't seen by other people afterwards. If it was seen, it was explained away by happening on the rugby pitch. I remember being kicked just above the waist and having stud marks. There was another boy called [REDACTED] who got a really heavy booting off IZM [REDACTED] one day. He was sore for weeks. He went to complain about it, but nothing came of it.

116. IZM [REDACTED] was fine in the classroom but had a different persona on the rugby pitch. I think that was because he couldn't be bothered with being there, and we were so useless at the game. He kicked me two or three times. You couldn't see the stud marks because they were under your rugby shirt. I told my mum and dad about it. It got to the stage where I hated doing games so much that I'd try anything I could to get out of it. I'd forget my rugby kit deliberately.

Reporting of abuse at Edinburgh Academy

117. I went to the rector, Mr Ellis, to complain three times about Hamish Dawson, IBU and all of the teachers. Ellis was a verbal bully. He would verbally destroy you in his office. One of his sayings to me was 'Show offs and disruptors will be punished'. I was told I was lying and making it up, and I was disrupting the class by showing off. I was told the school was there to make a man of me and I should be thankful to have the chance of a wonderful education.
118. The first time I complained to Ellis, it was about the behaviour of Dawson. I was told by the headmaster that this was what my parents were paying for and this would make me into a man. Then, when I complained a second time, it would have been about IBU and IDZ. Ellis got annoyed and I was told I was a liar, a troublemaker and an attention seeker. Then the third time, coming to the summer term of my third year, I complained again. I was told it was time to leave the school. Instead of expelling me, so their figures were good, I was asked to leave the school. He contacted my parents afterwards and told them it wasn't working.
119. I was in upper school for three years and I complained every year. My parents weren't at any of these meetings I had with Ellis. My parents got divorced shortly after I left the Academy, and that was why it wasn't a big issue having to leave the Academy. I think I told my dad I'd complained to the headmaster and he told me 'Well done' and it was the right thing to do. I don't think he was too bothered about me leaving the Academy as it meant a new start for all of us. It was probably a weight off his shoulders too, not having to pay the school fees.

Leaving Edinburgh Academy

120. On my last day at school, I had a proper meltdown. The Academy science block was a single storey building with a lot of tennis balls on it. We weren't allowed footballs, so there were lots of tennis balls that had been kicked on top of the roof. I climbed up there on my last day and I was throwing all the tennis balls back. A couple of teachers came along and told me to get down, and then I was pelting tennis balls at the teachers. It was great fun for me and I really enjoyed it.

Life after Edinburgh Academy

121. I finished at the Academy in 1981 at end of my third year in upper school. Then, after the summer holidays, I started at James Gillespie's High School and I went back a school year and started there in S2. At the Academy, we were about to do O' Levels and when I went to state school it was very different and we were going to be doing Standard Grades.
122. I learned to fight in the first week. I was in a brand new uniform and no-one else was wearing a uniform. I got involved in the wrong crowd and started going to football matches. I joined up with the Hibs group and started fighting at matches. I stopped it very quickly because I couldn't hurt anybody, it felt wrong. After joining a group of guys who I thought were similar, the whole ethos behind it was just fighting other people. It felt wrong and hurting somebody for no reason just because they supported another team. To this day I hate bullies, and people who take liberties with others and that's what they were.
123. This school was like breaktime all the time. They didn't teach us anything and school felt pointless. It was a complete eye opener. I felt very secure at school and we were allowed to have friends. The people were real and just normal kids, and I still keep in touch with some of them.
124. I was at Gillespie's until the end of fourth year and I could leave school. My mother had studied there when it was an all-girls' school. The deputy head when I was there had been a teacher when my mum was there. Some of the other teachers knew who

I was. They were asking why I was leaving when I did and telling me I was intelligent and should stay at school for longer.

125. I took eight standard grades and walked out with four in English, French, maths and computer studies. I failed the other four because, when I went to sit the exam the words just turned to mush and my head couldn't compute the words. They didn't realise I was dyslexic either. I'd been an A-grade student and then I was sitting doing my standard grades and sitting in the exam hall and I'd been fine, but then suddenly none of it made sense and it turned into nothing.
126. I left at sixteen and got a job on a building site doing 'grunt work'. I didn't tell my mother I'd left school because she would have been so disappointed. She was living separately from my dad by this time. I lived between both parents. My mum ran a pub and a restaurant and the family got involved in the licensing trade.
127. I then met my partner when I was eighteen and we got involved in running pubs and clubs. I've never really been employed. When we had kids I looked after them until they started school. Then I started to get involved in the running of the pubs. I know for a fact that I went off the rails for a bit. I don't drink anymore, but I did drink for a while.
128. We moved through to Glasgow at one stage. I went back to work and I did my time as an electrician. That tied in fine with doing work in the businesses that my partner was running. My partner was then diagnosed with Multiple Sclerosis (MS), which was quite an eye opener. I looked after the family, did as much work as possible, bits and bobs on the side and where I am now is doing whatever I need to for the businesses.
129. I now have three grown up children of my own and a stepdaughter. I separated from my partner for a long time, but we got back together. I had a lot of problems and I just didn't know where they were coming from. There were so many issues with communication. Since the stories about the Academy have come out, and I've been able to talk about my own experience, we've got back together and now we stay in the same house again.

130. Now, I feel I can talk to anybody. It's created a different me. I've got a hell of a lot of anger and I do admit that, but I'm not violent. I've always tried to be as good a parent as possible. Talking about what happened at the Academy has allowed me to be able to communicate. At school, we were so oppressed to the level that we said nothing and you just sat there and took everything. After ten years of that at school it becomes normal. As an adult now, I can look back. I apologised to my partner for being a complete arsehole and selfish. I'm quite embarrassed by what it turned me into. At the end of the day it's moulded me into something that I'm not proud of, but I'm doing my best. At the same time, it does make me angry.

Impact

131. I've drunk a lot of alcohol and there's been some drugs as well. I put that down to me not understanding who I was. I didn't know how to be a parent but learned that quickly and did an alright job in the end. I was in a relationship where I didn't have a clue. Then it all came to a head, and everything fell apart. We split up, but now that all of this is out it's answered all of her questions about why I behaved in the way I did. She has a long list of my behaviours and things I did, and how I treated her. I couldn't talk about anything. There was no intimacy and it was just a poor relationship. She thought I was just being an arsehole and then, when all this about the Academy came to light, my behaviour began to make sense to her. Now we're closer than we've even been.
132. It's taken me to the age of fifty-two to accept who I am, what colour I am and where my family's from. I'd never accepted my ethnicity until about two years ago. I used to deny the fact that I have brown skin. That's what happened at school did to me. I tried to blend in and not be different and it didn't work. Now, I can open my mouth and talk about it.
133. It was hearing Nicky Campbell's podcast in 2022 about abuse at the Academy that started it. My wife played it to me and I just burst into tears. Dealing with it is a lot easier now, but sometimes it just hits me. I never used to be emotional and emotions

were just not there for me. I was taught at the Academy that I must be a man and I must behave like a man and show no feeling and I must be strong. It's just not being a human being. That's what they did to me.

134. I get depressed, and when I get depressed I sleep. We have separate rooms because I watch TV half the night. Before, I was perceived as being lazy and I couldn't get up for my work. I can sleep for two or three days and I won't leave my room. That's my way of coping with my depression and I don't take medication. These are the kinds of things that have ruined my relationship before. Now, I just turn my phone off and announce I can't see anyone, and I'm just going to stay in my room and when I come out I'll be fine. I associate my depression with everything that happened to me at the Academy. My parents split up, but that happens to a number of people so it's not a big deal to me and is not the cause of my depression. I had a great extended family, my grandparents and aunts and uncles. The only thing in my life that has caused me damage is my years at the Academy.
135. I don't have close friends, but there's two or three people I could totally confide in. I'm quite insular. It's made me self-contained and I'm very happy on my own. I don't know if it's a good thing or not. People talk about loneliness, but I don't get lonely. I stayed on my own for ten years and was perfectly happy, but people see that as being selfish.
136. My dyslexia was diagnosed about fifteen or twenty years ago and that was by my acupuncturist. I go for treatment every month. I was chatting away to her one day and I was talking to her about my eyesight. She told me I had dyslexia, but I initially denied that as I can read words on my phone screen and my computer screen. I can't read books, after trying to read a few lines I fall asleep, but a textbook with pictures is fine. My job is technical and involves audio visual work and that's fine. After having been told I had dyslexia, it was only last year I pieced it together with what happened to me at the Academy. How I went from getting A-grades in prep school and then D-grades in the upper school.
137. Because of how the Academy treated me, they've made me feel that I'm thick. I feel inferior, and that's how the teachers made me feel and the pupils made me feel inferior

too. They've instilled this system in its pupils where, if you're not like them then you're not one of them, and you're a sub-species.

138. It's created a part of me that I'm not proud of, and I really have no respect for establishment and authority. I'm not a bad person and I'm not a criminal, but when it comes to people trying to tell me what to do, I can't handle it. It's instilled in me a hatred for a certain group of people. It can be silly and pathetic things, like I had a disagreement with my lawyer recently when he was talking down to me.
139. The school has instilled in me a habit that makes me double take and makes me think twice. I question if I'm right in saying something, and should I say some things out loud or will there be consequences if I do. I should be able to express my opinion and it should be heard, it's just as important as anyone else's. It's made me double take everything, it's made me think twice about everything. It's meant I've made so many mistakes and backed down so many times, when I know I was right and it's made me question myself and all my decisions so that I end up thinking, what's the point? I didn't notice it until two years ago when I started looking back at my behaviour. I think back to things I've done and tell myself if only I'd stood my ground and said something different and did what I thought was right, because in my eyes it was right. Even if it was wrong, I would have still made the decision for myself.
140. The school makes me feel embarrassed about what they've done to me. I feel really angry. If I saw an incident in the street that I know is wrong, before I would have been hesitant to get involved, and now I would think 'enough' and I wouldn't see someone go through that if it was wrong, even if they were a stranger. I've got decent morals. The school tried to mould me into what they thought was correct. The guidelines of the Academy, and the guidelines of Edinburgh's establishment on what you should do and how you should behave, and how you should speak and conduct yourself. It was 'Yes, sir. Of course, sir' and head down and don't make eye contact and be bullied into submission.
141. When I met other former Academy pupils at the Inquiry hearings, we all went for something to eat afterwards and started talking to each other. Some of them I'd never

met before. In the group of us, we've all got this thing we call the 'Academy syndrome' which is a certain set of characteristics. I can't have somebody standing behind me at my right shoulder, because the teachers used to stand there. They'd stand there to watch you. For example, I can't have a massage as I can't have anyone touching my shoulders. Even though there's ten to fifteen years between some of us, we all share the same traits.

Reporting of Abuse

142. I heard Nicky Campbell's podcast when he mentioned the police, so I looked online and came across Operation Yewtree and phoned them up. Within five minutes, someone phoned me back to set up a meeting with me. When I met them it was the first interview I'd had about it, and it lasted four or five hours. I've had three interviews with them afterwards. They were great and were really nice to me.
143. I contacted lawyers and gave them a statement. It wasn't initially with a view to any compensation claim, but I don't know where it will go. Then, I was at the lawyer's office in Glasgow on 27 October 2022 when I gave a statement to them. That's when all the things that had happened to me at school started to hit me.
144. After that I attended the Inquiry hearings about Edinburgh Academy and applied to also give my statement to the Inquiry.

Records

145. My mother had kept all of my report cards. She died around twelve years ago and the report cards have now been lost. I don't have any other records.

Lessons to be Learned

146. Now, the school would never get away with what happened to me. The kids have all got phones and cameras and there's evidence about everything. The kids now, in a lot of ways, are really lucky and they've found other ways of being 'wee shits'. There's always someone now who will record an incident. The way that IDZ [REDACTED] behaved in class, banging boys' head off desks for ten or fifteen years, he would never get away with now. It would be in the media and on television news. The teacher would be prosecuted and jailed.
147. I look at the Academy website now, and they have all these dates that they mention like Denali, the Seikh festival and dates for various religious festivals. They have all this ethnicity. They claim to be so perfect. The current rector, Barry Welsh, has been so outspoken about the school's history. He's admitted it and apologised. It takes people like that to make changes and to admit it was wrong. If the Academy has so many different ethnic holidays and celebrations, it's fantastic. They still need to remember that only forty years ago it was a completely different story.
148. To me, the 1980s at school feels like yesterday, but to other people it was forty years ago and it's ancient history. That's why I stopped looking at the on-line information from the sporty pupils or the academic pupils at the school who say this abuse never happened, and it's all lies. It certainly happened to me. The amount that I've buried and not admitted happened is scary.
149. I'd always hidden from my colour and being of Asian origin. It's taken me my whole life, when I should be proud of my heritage as my relatives did a lot for Mauritius. Why they've done that to me, I don't know. I've never been to Mauritius, but I'm planning to take my partner there next year.
150. It's time we dropped all the racist crap. We're all the same. You see in the news, every day, reports of genocide against people, because of the colour of their skin or religion. We need to evolve into recognising that we're all the same. These groups dictate and keep it in such a barbaric and old fashioned way. There's no need for it. It doesn't

matter what colour or religion you are. It won't be in my lifetime. Hopefully, my granddaughter, who's aged one, will grow up and have things be different. If we can all make a bit of a difference that's what I'd like.

Other information

151. 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.

KWQ

Signed.....

Dated..... 05/12/24