

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

KTT

Support person present: No

1. My name is KTT. My date of birth is 1970. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

Life before boarding school

2. My Dad is originally from Burma and my mum is from Scotland. I have a sister and half-brother, but they didn't come into my life until I was about sixteen. My father worked for a multinational company and his career took him all over the world. This meant we moved around a lot and I was still young when we went to Australia.
3. Because we moved about and there was no other family around us, I suppose I was quite an isolated, lonely boy, but I was happy. When we were in Australia I was diagnosed with a very mild form of muscular dystrophy and childhood arthritis. In a psychologist's report carried out because my grades were falling, I was assessed to have a very poor attention span, poor short-term memory and very bad at judging social interactions and emotions. I was found to have a very high IQ and was in the top one per cent. I also had a tendency to trip over my own feet. I now know I had dyslexia, dyspraxia and am on the ADHD/autistic spectrum.
4. The relationship between my parents was at times fractious. When we were in the Philippines, where we moved to after Australia, my parents had a trial separation. All of a sudden, we packed up and my mum and I moved back to Scotland.

5. My mum and I were living in the Edinburgh area, so mum and I went around a few private schools to find one suitable for me. We tried a few schools, but they declined to take me. I am not sure if this was because of my mum's slightly bizarre way she spoke to people, like Mrs Bucket from the TV programme 'Keeping up Appearances'. We then tried Edinburgh Academy primary school where we met the headmaster. I can't remember his name, but he was the only school head who actually talked to me. We had a good chat, then he talked with my mum. They were the only school willing to take me based on the psychologist's report, compiled when I was in Australia, and said they could support me. My father's company were paying my school fees.

Edinburgh Academy junior school

6. My first year at Edinburgh Academy was as a day pupil. I boarded for the next two years. In my fourth and last year at the academy I returned to being a day pupil.
7. I was ten when I started in year five as a day pupil in the primary school. I did my first year with Mr Logie as my form teacher. At the end of that year my dad appeared and told me he had been promoted at work, so I was to move into the boarding school. We visited Mr Brownlee in Dundas House. He was very polite and told my parents there was a strong family atmosphere in the boarding house and he treated the kids like his own. He said his own family lived in the house and it was all very homely. My dad mentioned to him I was a bit spoilt so may need a firm hand. Mr Brownlee told my dad that he shouldn't worry and that my requirements would be properly taken care of by the school. He sold the idea of me boarding to my parents, so in 198█ I boarded for the next two years. I started boarding right at the start of sixth form in primary school.
8. The first year I boarded in Dundas House, with Mr Brownlee as the housemaster. My second year I think was in Mackenzie House, with Mr IDX█ as the housemaster.
9. In 198█ when my mum and dad left me to board, they went abroad to Hong Kong. Two years later, because things hadn't worked out between my parents, my mum came back to Edinburgh. I was in my Geits year by that time which is S1█. I had moved into

Mr [DX] 's boarding house, Mackenzie House. She took me out of boarding school, but I remained at Edinburgh Academy as a day pupil for the next year. I left in 198 and went back with my mum and dad to Hong Kong.

Dundas House

10. Dundas House was on three levels. There were two dorms in Dundas House on the second floor, which was the top floor. I was in the smaller one with three beds which was supposed to be for boys in sixth form. The other dorm was slightly bigger and was for mixed ages. Beside them was a room, where I found out another teacher might stay. Beside that were the bathrooms.
11. On the first floor was another bigger dorm, and on the ground floor was a big changing room, bathroom and common room. There was a door which led to Mr Brownlee's and Mrs Brownlee's quarters, where they lived with their son. We never saw very much of him and I don't think I ever really spoke to him as he was much older and was in the senior school. Also supervising us in the house was Mr Fisher. He was a nice man who came from Australia. Because I had lived in Sydney and so had he, we had something in common. I didn't really speak to him about it very much, because I was shy, but he was a nice man.
12. There was another lady who came in on Sundays to wash our hair, and she was one of the cleaners. All the boys loved her in their own way because she was very approachable. After washing our hair, she would sit and watch cartoons with us. She loved Scooby Doo, and she was nice. I think myself and the other boys longed for that sort of attention and normalcy.
13. I can't actually picture Mr Brownlee and Mr Fisher being in Dundas House at the same time. Mrs Brownlee didn't have much to do with any of the boys and wasn't much of an entity. I saw her going about, but never really talked to her.

Routine at Edinburgh Academy junior school

First day

14. I remember going to Dundas House when I was first going to stay there as a boarder. When I arrived, I knocked on the door and Mrs Brownlee answered. She wasn't very friendly. She took me upstairs to the dorm right at the top of the building. She left me to carry my own bags, although I didn't really expect her to help me. She pointed out my bed to me, then told me I was to have a bath. Because it was my first day at the boarding house, I was somewhat confused, and I don't think I was taking everything in.
15. I went into the bathroom beside the dorms to have my bath and locked the door, got undressed and filled the bath. All of a sudden there was banging on the door and Mrs Brownlee was shouting, asking me why I had locked the door and demanded that I open it. I was a shy boy, so I got my towel and wrapped it round me and opened the door. Mrs Brownlee told me that the door was never to be locked. She then watched me get back in the bath and she just stood there and stared at me. She had a look of borderline disgust, which made me feel very ashamed. She then told me to get dressed and go down to the common room, then she left.
16. I didn't know where the common room was, but I found it and met some of the other boys, so I introduced myself to them. The boys told me about the routine in the house and what I was expected to do. Mr Brownlee and Mrs Brownlee didn't tell me anything and from then on I don't think I ever spoke again with Mrs Brownlee. There was never any family atmosphere. Neither ever showed any kindness or helped us in any way.

Daily routine

17. The bed I had in Dundas House had an iron metal frame. The mattress, which was made from horsehair, was slightly bowed and frayed round the edges. It had different coloured stains on it, no doubt from previous bedwetters.

18. Every morning, we would be woken up by a bell. We would get up, get dressed and go downstairs, then over to the primary school dining hall, where we had our breakfast. After that we returned to the boarding house where we got our stuff ready and lined up to go to school. Mr Brownlee would inspect us before we were allowed to leave. We all left together for school.
19. Mr Fisher was often there when we were going to bed, and he would be nice to us, then would switch the lights off. During the night, we never saw Mr Brownlee unless he got really angry at the level of noise we were making. Mr Fisher might come in if we were noisy too. His room was nearby, so if we needed him for anything we could go to his door. I remember doing that once when a boy called [REDACTED] wasn't well.

Leisure time

20. After school we would go back to the boarding house where we would drop off our schoolbags. Often, we would then go out and play and Mr Brownlee would lock the door to the boarding house so we couldn't go back in. We usually played in the school grounds which were quite considerable and there was the nearby Botanical Gardens. There were playing fields in front of some of the other boarding houses and a wooded area. This would depend on the weather. We would then head to the dining room for our dinner. At the weekend we could stay in the common room although there were no activities laid on for us. We could also leave the grounds. There was basically no supervision at the weekend.
21. Mr Brownlee was very strict about us not trying to get back into the boarding house too early. After school, and when we went out in the morning at the weekends, he would lock the front door so we couldn't get back in. We were allowed to go back after dinner time, but if we knocked on the door to get in too early, he would punish us. One of the group I was with would be chosen to knock on the door and the rest of the group hid. A lot depended on his mood. Usually, the punishment would be writing out 200 lines saying something like, '*I must be more patient.*' When you had done your lines, he would rip it up in front of you and put it in the bin. This happened to me quite often.

22. Every so often there was an event within Dundas House. We might get a video to watch but this was very few and far between. One time Mr Brownlee woke us and we all went downstairs, and his son gave us ice cream. I think this was in response to a parent complaining about not getting 'midnight feasts' and the atmosphere not being pleasant.
23. There were some Saturday mornings when we were told we had to watch the first fifteen play rugby. There wasn't really a choice. On Sunday we went to church and I actually quite enjoyed Sunday school. Again we didn't have a choice, we had to go.

Mealtimes/Food

24. All our meals, breakfast, lunch and dinner, were within the school. We had to go to the primary school dinner hall, which was on the other side of a busy road. We had to go there regardless of the weather. The quality of food was a bit ropey. There was plenty of it but it wasn't of great quality.

Trips and holidays

25. I went home to my parents for the easter and summer holidays. I just travelled on my own and the flights took between seventeen and eighteen hours. The school knew I was travelling on my own and were quite happy with that, even though I was only ten. They never took me to the airport or picked me up. I travelled back and forward to Australia, Hong Kong and the Philippines. My parents were told by the school that it was perfectly normal for children of my age to travel unaccompanied. We had a couple of family friends in Edinburgh who I would spend half term holidays with. I wasn't really close enough to them for me to say what was happening at school and that I was unhappy.
26. Once a year, with the school, there was an organised field trip, and we went to the Highlands. Conditions were quite austere and there was a mangle to wring your wet clothes and a very small kitchen. Some of the teachers were good and they got everyone involved and told you about the geography of the area. Other people who I

didn't know would just stand there and watch us swimming in the river. There was one man who came to these trips, and I think he was a retired teacher. I presume he was just helping out.

Schooling – primary school

27. When I was in my first form, 5■ our form room was in a new building at the back of the school. Beside that were two Nissen huts. A teacher called The Major was in one with his class. I moved into the other Nissen hut when I was in sixth form. Some of our lessons were in these rooms but we moved to other parts of the building for other classes. Some teachers floated around. Subjects like art, geography and French were in the main building. History was in the new building at the back, upstairs. The art department was very well equipped and there were loads of supplies and the teacher was really good. In the primary school the quality of teaching could be described as quite varied.
28. I think it was in my first week at primary school that I was passing a teacher and I politely asked him the time. He grabbed me by the shoulder and snappily asked me to repeat what I had said, so I did. He then told me that pupils should refer to male staff as 'Sir'. I repeated my question, calling him sir, and he then told me and walked off.
29. There was another occasion when I corrected a teacher with something he had said to the class, that I thought was wrong. I knew I was right because it related to Asia where I had lived. He told me that I was wrong and not to be cheeky. I was upset so when I got home, I went to the library across the road from my house and found a book that confirmed I was correct. I subsequently showed the teacher the book and he got really angry. I was given lines for being cheeky.
30. I wasn't particularly sporty at school, but the female PE teacher was really nice and included me in things. I couldn't catch a ball and had poor upper body strength, but I didn't feel left out. There was another teacher who took group 4 rugby, and he was a really good teacher.

31. I remember another two teachers who were really good. One was Mr Logie, who was my form teacher in 5■. The other we called The Major, and he was an ex-soldier, but I don't remember his real name. He was very welcoming, and because I was a bit shy, he teased me out of my shell. He would have debates in the class, and we did class presentations. The Major was my form master at some point and was very good at what he did. Some of the other teachers were abysmal. Some threw things at you just to get your attention. I can't remember the name of my form teacher in year six, but his nickname was Beaky.
32. In general, I would have to say that the standard of teaching was poor. It was recognised that I had a high literacy level, but was slow, and punctuation and spelling was poor, which we now know is because of my dyslexia. Because of this I was often taken out of my maths class to get remedial lessons. It was always the maths class I was taken out of and that made me really fall behind in maths. Mrs Petrie was helping me in the library, and she was lovely. She was very personable, caring and approachable, as were a lot of the other women in primary school. I have positive feelings when I think of these women.

Homework/prep

33. In Dundas House there were tables in a room where we sat and did our homework. Mr Brownlee or another teacher would just sit there. They never checked what we were doing. I could just have been doodling or reading a comic for all they knew. There was no supervision.

Work

34. In Dundas House we didn't really have any chores to do, apart from basic sort of duties like helping to clean up after meals. Cleaners came in and did the majority of the cleaning. The only other thing we did was sometimes help Mr Brownlee in his garden.

Personal possessions

35. You were sometimes allowed to take money out which would be debited from your account. Mr Brownlee was quite formidable, so most people didn't.

Bed Wetting

36. I started bed wetting when I was in Dundas House, and it continued into Mackenzie House with Mr [REDACTED]. Mr Brownlee was horrible the way he dealt with it. At first, he ignored it and left it for the laundry lady to deal with. I would have to strip my bed and put the sheets in the laundry basket. It would then be cleaned by the laundry lady. There was always lots of linen to remake my bed. Mr Fisher sort of tried to help me. All he did was suggest I try going to the toilet before I went to my bed. I was sometimes soiling myself too because I was too frightened to go to the toilet. This was during the day as well as at night.
37. There was another boy in my dorm who had toilet problems. I can't remember his name. Mr Brownlee attacked him because of it and had him pinned against the wall. Mr Brownlee's arm was against his neck, and he lifted the boy up. The cleaning lady, who also came in to wash our hair, got really annoyed at the wet and dirty sheets, and the dirty underwear. She must have said something to Mr Brownlee, and he got really angry with us. Sometimes he would try and goad us into going to the toilet, telling us to "go for a shit now" and then he would squeeze our buttocks as if that was going to help us go. It didn't.
38. While at Dundas House with Mr Brownlee, I developed anxiety about going to the toilet. I became anal retentive and would often try my hardest not to go the toilet in Dundas House. This was after an occasion when Mr Brownlee forced his way into the bathroom and shouted and hit me. I tended to go to toilets within the school which were off the beaten track.

Family contact

39. Sunday was letter writing day. The early letters I wrote were the old airmail style so I would have sealed them. I know that my mum didn't get some of my letters which I was writing on a weekly basis. I know this because she commented that she thought I had stopped writing. In some of my later letters I would have sounded miserable because of everything that was going on. I received letters from my mum, which sadly I didn't keep. Letters were the only contact I had with my family. We weren't allowed to phone our parents.

Fagging

40. Fagging wasn't supposed to be a thing at the school but when you were in senior school you were expected to do things for the older boys. You had to shine shoes and basically do things they wanted you to do. There was nothing like that when I was boarding in Dundas House.

Boarder/day pupil culture

41. There was definitely a different culture between the boarders and the day pupils. It was like chalk and cheese. Within the school there definitely was racism. It was common amongst the boys to say things like 'Don't be Jewish'. There were a couple of boys who were Jewish, so it wasn't nice for them. I tended to gravitate towards any minority group. I think I got a bit of solidarity in these groups, but also I hoped that the other boys would see that my skin wasn't as dark as some of the other boys who were of colour. We often talked about the racism within the school. There was a lot of name calling and racist comments, and in some cases actual aggression from some of the pupils and the teachers.
42. When I became a boarder some of the teacher's attitude to me changed. There was a constant apprehension and feeling of menace. It almost became open season for them. Some of the teachers also became far stricter and more heavy handed. They would give out more lines, detentions and lash out with their hands. It felt that because

I was a boarder they knew there was no-one looking after me so they could get away with more.

43. When I was in fifth form, as a day pupil, I would often meet up with friends at the weekend or go to their houses. When I went to Dundas House Mr Brownlee stopped this. Boarders were not allowed to go to day pupil's houses. We were allowed to do it again by the time I was in Mackenzie House. It was only Mr Brownlee that imposed that upon us. One time, when I was at Dundas House, I was invited to a day boy's birthday party. Mr Brownlee had to drive me there and he cursed all the way. Most of the time he would turn down invites or make excuses why we couldn't go. I am not sure how I was allowed to go to this party. This was the only time I was allowed into another boy's house when I was at Dundas House. It all changed when I went to Mackenzie House. Another time, a boy spoke to me about not being able to go to his party. I didn't even know I had been invited, but Mr Brownlee had apparently said I had something else on.
44. When I was leaving Dundas House to move into senior school, I still had some of my stuff in a locker. Mr Brownlee told me that when I came back after the holidays I could come back and pick it up. I went back as he had said but my locker was empty. I was told by another boy that Mr Brownlee had put it all in the bin.

Abuse in Junior School

45. In primary school, it seemed to be acceptable that teachers pushed or kicked pupils. This wasn't behind closed doors and would have been done in full view of everyone.
46. In the morning, after we had breakfast and were ready to go to school, we would all line up. Mr Brownlee would walk down the line and inspect us. If your fingernails were dirty, or a shoelace was untied, or something like this, he would do a weird thing. He would grab you by the shirt collar and jab his knuckle into the back of your neck. Sometimes he would grab you by the ear and dig his nail into your earlobe, which would leave a mark or make it bleed. When he was doing this, it was like his eyes

were rolling into the back of his head, it was scary. This happened almost on a daily basis. Sometimes he would completely lose control and beat you with his hands, punching and kicking you. We were all frightened of him.

47. When Mr Brownlee was hitting me, he would regurgitate to me that I was [REDACTED], a [REDACTED] and a spoilt child. When he was doing this, he would tense up and snarl. His face was often distorted with anger. Sometimes he would call me these things in front of other teachers, pupils and their parents. There was no recognition of political correctness at that time, but it wasn't right.
48. One time I was in the boarding house and needed to go to the toilet. Someone was in the toilet on the second floor, so I went down to use the one on the first floor. When I was in there I flushed the toilet a couple of times then all of a sudden Mr Brownlee kicked the door open. He came in and grabbed me and started shouting at me asking what I was doing. He was very racist and was using racial epithets. He was lashing out with his hands and was punching and kicking me. I don't know what I did that made him so annoyed. I went up to my bed and cried. None of the other boys said anything to me or asked if I was okay. I know they were terrified of Mr Brownlee too.
49. I have seen him grabbing one boy round the neck, then throw him against a wall. Mr Brownlee was completely out of control. One time, one of the boys had hidden my shoes. Mr Brownlee had been arguing about something with his son. He saw me looking for my shoes and for no reason he completely lost his temper, grabbed me and started punching and kicking me. My ear ended up bleeding from where he had been holding on to it. He was quite happy to openly kick boys in front of other people and he did it wearing solid leather shoes. Mr Brownlee would regularly grab me by the hair, slap me across the face, punch me and pinch my ear lobe.
50. I was told that one time he punched a black British boy in the stomach. I never saw this, but that boy warned me about Mr Brownlee and to stay away from him.
51. I know that sometimes I might be a bit dreamy and would be lost in my own thoughts. Another time we were watching the first fifteen on a Saturday morning and my mind

must have been elsewhere. I started talking about Star Wars when Mr Brownlee came up behind me and kicked me hard on the backside. My legs went to jelly, and I fell to the ground. He then made a racist comment to me. At that time there were other teachers and parents all around, but they didn't do anything. A couple of other boys helped me stand up.

52. Mr Brownlee was far more openly aggressive and violent when we were in the boarding house, as opposed to when we were in the school. At school he would tend to just be rude to the boarders. I was physically assaulted by him, in the year that I boarded, on a lot of occasions. In that first year boarding at Dundas House, because of Mr Brownlee, I was in acute distress bordering on despair. He was the only teacher who was physically violent to me. Some of the other teachers were violent but not on the same scale as Mr Brownlee.
53. There was one teacher called ^{KTU} [REDACTED]. He had a reputation for groping the boys. I can't remember his name. One time in [REDACTED], this teacher came and sat beside me and pretended he was interested in what I was doing. He put his hand on my crotch over my clothes. This was in front of the whole class. Apparently, he had a thing for blond haired boys who were good at [REDACTED]. I was neither blond nor good at [REDACTED], so I am not sure why he picked on me. It only lasted a few seconds and didn't go any further. I felt very uncomfortable. There were other teachers who had reputations for being inappropriate. Nothing ever happened to me with them. It just seemed that it was normal for the school.
54. There was a groundsman, who had a little room beside the changing rooms. He was a strange guy and when he spoke he was unintelligible. He had wild whitish hair, but I can't remember his name. One day, I was walking in the grounds with [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. The older boys often teased this man and on this occasion they were shouting something at him. We just carried on walking, and the man picked up a pitchfork and threw it at us. It got caught up in the branches so never hit anyone. Me and [REDACTED] ran up to Dundas House and we saw him chasing [REDACTED]. I never told anyone about this incident. Not long after that incident the groundsman disappeared.

55. There were a couple of other teachers who were a bit touchy feely, and some people came into the primary room changing rooms and watched us when we were getting changed, or in the shower. The showers were communal and there were no cubicles so there was no privacy. They had no reason to be there and just stood there watching us. It was embarrassing. I didn't even know who they were.
56. The same thing happened on field trips. One time we were at a small house in the Highlands. One of the adults told us to strip naked and go swimming in the river. I was going to but realised that for some reason I had soiled myself, so didn't. I think I was in sixth form when that happened.
57. When I finished at Boarding school and became a day pupil again, the abuse stopped, and everything went away. My grades started to improve. My mum was copied into a letter around that time from the child psychologist to the headmaster, who said that it would be a bad decision for me to be taken out of school now that I had settled in and was doing well. Had they asked me how I felt about it, I would have told them that even though I wasn't being bullied and traumatised, this didn't mean I was happy.
58. There was one boarder called [REDACTED] who left the school when I was still at Dundas House. When the others in the house heard that he was leaving, this boy received vitriol from them. They were telling him that he was being taken out because his parents didn't have any money and couldn't afford the school fees. Some of the boys were horrible to him and pushed him into nettles or sometimes kicked him. One time I was with him when it happened, and his knees were bleeding. These are the same boys who had been bashed by Mr Brownlee. When he was leaving, I thought he was so lucky, and I wished it was me.

Bullying in general.

59. When I was in fifth form in junior school, there was a lot of racism and a lot of bullying. It increased in sixth form when I was in boarding school and became more toxic. In the senior school it became far worse.

Senior School - Mackenzie House

60. For my first year at the senior school, I moved from Dundas House to Mackenzie House, which were basically across the road from each other. Beside Mackenzie House were two other boarding houses which you progressed to as you got older.
61. The housemaster at Mackenzie House was Mr IDX. I may be mistaken as it could have been Cockburn House. He lived there with his wife and one or two daughters.
62. Living with Mr IDX was a complete change. I wasn't just changing boarding house, I was also moving into senior school. At the start I felt a sense of relief because I was away from Mr Brownlee. Mr IDX and Mrs IDY were far more of a positive presence than Mr Brownlee ever was. They had their own quarters but there seemed to be more activities, particularly at the weekend, when they were involved. They had a more hands-on approach.
63. I tended to be quite an excitable individual, and was effulgent in the way I would express myself. I would jump up and down and shake my head. The more excited I was, the more animated I became. The teachers would clamp down on it. If I had given an answer to the class, they would make me stand up and say it all again. I became more stilted in the way I talked, and I tended to talk a lot. I now know it would have been annoying. I think it was because of this, the housemaster, whose room was next to our dorm, moved me into the section with the older boys. I think the idea was that the older boys would keep me under control. It actually turned out that they didn't care, and I could more or less do what I wanted.
64. I was then moved to sick bay which I loved. I had my own bed with a bathroom next door. I found a stash of comics which I thought was great. I did become a bit lonely, and my reputation was growing that I was a little bit weird. My mum turned up for some reason, but I think it was because she saw that I wasn't washing, and my grades were terrible. She spoke with Mr IDX who told her I was in sick bay because I was talking too much and was a distraction to the other boys. Shortly after I was put back in the original dorm in Mackenzie House. The bullying started up again and the boys were

throwing shoes and other things at me when I was in my bed. As a result, the bed wetting started again.

Education in senior school

65. Similar to the primary school there were a number of teachers who were really nice, and good teachers, but some who were poor. My Latin teacher was nice, and he realised that Latin wasn't for me, and he recommended I drop that subject. I did and took up classical studies which was right up my street. The French teacher on the other hand told me that I was thick, dumb, and stupid. I can't remember his name.
66. In the classrooms, quite a lot of the teachers would throw things at you to get your attention. Some of them would throw your homework in the bin. It was almost like there were two schools. Some teachers were bullying, jingoistic and downright nasty. It was as if they were being sergeant-majors in the army and making men out of the boys. Other teachers were obviously interested in their subject, and were far more sensitive and encouraging to the boys. The headmaster, who I met once or twice, didn't make much of an impression on me.
67. There was a chemistry teacher whose name I can't remember. He was quite acerbic and tended to just ignore me. I think there were some complaints about him. On the other hand, there was a physics teacher who was a good listener and at one point I was close to telling him what was going on. I started to stay behind after lessons and I hoped to tell him what was going on but I couldn't bring myself round to saying anything. I can't remember his name, but he had a visible birthmark. There was also a lab technician who was good. I can't remember his name either. Most of the other teachers didn't care and weren't interested in teaching us.
68. One time we were mugged by children from another school. The teachers at Edinburgh Academy weren't interested, and all they did was suggest we walk together as a group, or take a different route to avoid them.

69. My [REDACTED] classes, when I went to senior school, were briefly taken by Mrs IDY [REDACTED]. She taught me at the weekend or on a Friday evening. Homework was still done in common-room within McKenzie House and there was no supervision. I did that for one term then my [REDACTED] classes stopped. My grades deteriorated even more after that.

Senior school ephors

70. In the senior school there were prefects which were called ephors. They were allowed to cane the boys with a clachan for any bad behaviour. The clachan was a wooden bat. I think it was when I was in my first year at senior school that the law changed, and I heard that it was illegal for the ephors to hit us. After that they were only allowed to give 'lines'. I was hit by the clachan a couple of times over my clothing by ephors.

Healthcare

71. There was a matron who we would go to if we weren't well. At some point I got mumps, and I told the school, but they didn't do anything about it until you could see that I had mumps. Because the matron didn't stay overnight at the boarding house, I ended up staying with a day pupil at his house.
72. Another time, I pulled a tendon, and the school didn't do anything about it. After I got home I was taken to the doctors, and I was bandaged up. There was no-one else you could tell if you weren't well.

Bed wetting

73. For the first while in my first senior year, my bed wetting got better, but halfway through that year the bullying from the boys increased, and I started to wet the bed again, but not as badly as before. Mr IDX [REDACTED] was never really involved in the morning after I had wet the bed, and if he was aware, tended to ignore it. The matron in Mackenzie House helped me hide the wet bedsheets. She didn't make a big deal of it, but she wasn't very sympathetic either. She would just put my wet sheets into an industrial washing

machine. One or two of the boys in my dorm knew it was happening, but they didn't make an issue of it and in fact didn't say anything.

Discipline

74. Some of the teachers in senior school hit the boys. All the teachers were supposed to have a clachan. Most of the teachers tended to slap you on the back of the head or shove you. There was no-one who was as bad as Mr Brownlee. It all became very normalised.

Abuse in McKenzie House

75. The bullying didn't stop in Mackenzie house. Initially things weren't too bad, but it soon turned out there was a real culture of bullying. The older boys would often kick me out of my chair or push me down the stairs. Sometimes they might knock my stuff over. We seemed to watch more films which were sometimes Ninja type films. As a result, the older boys went to a hardware store where they ground down metal throwing stars, and blow pipes which were like Ninja martial arts weapons. They would aim and throw the stars at the younger boys to frighten us. Sometimes the older boys would be excited after watching such a film and start using the younger boys as punchbags.
76. At lunchtime we sat at a big table. If you weren't the flavour of the month the boys would spit in your food. There would be two teachers sitting at either end of this table. None of the teachers did anything to stop the boys behaving like this.
77. Most of the peer bullying was in the sight of the teachers, but it was all just treated as a joke and that this was normal boy behaviour, so the school didn't do anything about it. One time another boy punched me on the face and burst my nose. I was helped by other boys back to the house. The matron and Mr [REDACTED] just treated it as nothing and brushed it under the carpet. It was superficially better in this house than Dundas House, but underneath there was the same culture. As time went by it became more persistent from the older boys.

78. I think it was because of my behaviour that I stood out from the other boys because I didn't really fit in. I compiled a matrix of all my friends which was probably seen by most as quite weird. I became more of a target for the older boys. The older boys would sometimes do dorm raids at night, and the older boys would sometimes take it a bit too far. They would hit us or smash our stuff. Some of the boys got a bit sexual. They would follow me into the bathroom and would try and grab me between the legs. I didn't really know how to respond. There were two boys in particular who did this. One was a day boy and the other a boarder in my dorm. There was also a homophobic culture too, so anyone who was that way inclined, ended up without any friends.
79. On one occasion at nighttime, a boy jumped onto my bed and put his hands under the covers and grabbed my privates and started laughing. I pushed him off, got up and ran out and spent the rest of the night in the bathroom. By then I knew where all the safe spaces were in the building. Nothing was ever said about that incident. Some of the boys were sexually aggressive but most were just bullies. It was almost like that sort of culture was expected.
80. I haven't gone into a lot of detail in relation to the peer abuse because I often thought that they were trapped, and they were as much the victim as I was. Even though some of the boys were absolutely horrible to me, I have no antipathy towards them. There was definitely a culture of the older boys being mean to the younger boys. Having a younger brother was seen as a nuisance and it made the older brother especially unpleasant to their younger sibling. I was surprised at this sibling rivalry.
81. One time when I was at a school a teacher told me that I was filthy and that I was to have a shower. This was at the time when I had moved on from Dundas House to Mackenzie House. My standards of hygiene had dropped, and I wasn't washing properly. He took me to the showers and told me to shower. There was no-one else there. All the time he watched to make sure I washed properly. When I finished washing he left. I didn't even have a towel and had to put my uniform back on wet.
82. In my first year at senior school, I was in class 1■. We were considered to be in the lower stream, the remedial class. I had Mr Dawson as one of my teachers and

originally, I liked him. He used to be a firefighter during the war and one time he brought in his fireman's helmet. He was the kind of teacher who liked to set puzzles, and being the person I am, I love trying to work things out like that. There was a mercurial aspect to him.

83. He had a collection of personalised sticks, bespoke bats and clachans which he hit you with, and he had special names for each stick. He was very proud of his collection. He had a record of what punishment deserved what punishment with what weapon. If you got something wrong in class he would hit you with a particular stick, depending on what you had done. He might hit all of us. We would all line up and he would hit us in turn. The boys who annoyed him the most would get hit harder. Sometimes he would hit you on the knuckles with a stick and it would leave welts. At other times he would hit you on the backside and sometimes he would put you over his knee and hit your backside. When he hit you on the backside it was over your clothes, although I do remember one boy being hit on the bare backside in front of the class. I can't remember who this boy was. At different times Dawson hit me on the knuckles, the backside and on the backs of my legs. Dawson was in control all of the time, unlike Brownlee who just seemed to lose it and saw red.
84. He would also do this weird thing where he would ask you to sit on his lap. That happened to me once and I remember I could feel his erection through his trousers. I didn't realise at the time that it was anything sexual, and just thought it was weird, but looking back now I realise that it was. I tried not to stand out in his class, so he didn't pick on me. Sometimes he would put his favourite boy or the smartest boy on his lap, and he would become quite childlike. He resembled Patrick Troughton when he played Dr Who, childlike, weird, expressive and had unusual ideas. But suddenly he would change, and he would hit you.

Second year at Senior school as day pupil

85. My mum appeared at some point completely out of the blue. I was overjoyed to see her. She said she was staying at a hostel which wasn't suitable for children, but she was moving back to Edinburgh. My mum was raising concerns with the school and Mr

IDX. Mr IDX apparently pooh-poohed my allegations and that she was wrong and said that I was weird. He patronised her. This was the point when I was moved back to my original dorm. A short while later, mum moved back to Edinburgh as she was going through another trial separation with my dad. She managed to find somewhere to stay which meant I didn't have to board any more. I was taken out of the boarding school but remained at the school as a day pupil.

86. Almost immediately, I had no more toileting problems, and my grades started to improve, although never recovered fully in maths and some other subjects. I spoke to another boy about it, and he said that they just picked up on the smallest thing and would bully you because of it. It must have been extremely difficult for anyone growing up at that school if they had homosexual tendencies. The whole culture was moribund, oppressive and to me, everything just turned bad. One of the boys who had attacked me was starting to brag about it, so everyone started to turn on me.
87. I now look back at the boys who bullied and realise that they were just as much the victims as the boys they bullied because they were surrounded 24/7 by an atmosphere of male aggression. It is a similar aggressive culture as that in hostels, work camps and prisons. Edinburgh Academy felt like a prison in respect that you couldn't show weakness. You had to learn to keep your head down and do your best not to stand out.

Reporting of abuse at Edinburgh Academy

88. When I was at the end of my first year at senior school, I told my mum about some of the physical abuse. I didn't go into any detail in relation to the violence as I found it difficult to put into words. I never told her about any sexual abuse or that the teachers had touched me. She could see that I was distressed, and I told her that I had been bullied by teachers as well as students. My mum went to the school to talk to the headmaster about it. My mum was told that I was always 'away with the fairies', a chatterbox, talking and singing and wasn't paying attention in class. For the remainder

of that term and for the last year when I was back as a day pupil, I regularly saw an educational psychologist.

Leaving Edinburgh Academy

89. After my second year at senior school at Edinburgh Academy, my mum and dad got back together so I was taken out of the school, and we moved to Hong Kong, where I went to school. Because I was only there for four years, and never fitted in, I have never considered myself to be an ex-Edinburgh Academy pupil.

Life after boarding school

90. I went to a school in Hong Kong which by accident or design was a good school. There was a good mix of students, and some teachers were really good and others who obviously didn't care. I still had a tendency to avoid everybody and hide away, eating my lunch in fire escapes, or sit in bathrooms where nobody went to. I did this so I didn't have to talk to anybody. I slowly started to make friends and because there were teachers who picked up on some of my interests, they were a bit more interactive with me. My grades got a little bit better but if there were teachers who I didn't like I just avoided their classes. I was subsequently put on academic probation meaning I had to sign in at each class. I found out that signatures could be forged and at other times I went to the matron feigning illness, and I encouraged her to make me lie down and I missed the classes I didn't like.
91. My mum and dad subsequently broke up again, and I moved back to Edinburgh with my mum. After returning to Edinburgh, I went to [REDACTED] then George Wallace secretarial school. I subsequently did a science degree at Napier University then after a couple of years I did a master's degree at Edinburgh University. I found that the culture at Edinburgh University was similar to that at Edinburgh Academy. The teachers in tutorials started calling me stupid and the other boys, usually the public schoolboys, were bullying me. It felt like I was back at Edinburgh Academy, and it was

quite triggering for me. I would get anxious and panicky and would run out. I decided to take a year out. I didn't do very well on that course and ended up doing another degree.

92. For fifteen years I worked as a palliative care assistant home help. I enjoyed that and met a lot of interesting people. In that job I often slept overnight in different care homes. This was good for me because it was a feeling of escape from normal living. I also worked in a private care home. I did various other jobs like working in an antique shop and an office job with HMRC. After moving to East Lothian, I started a tenants and residents association, which I have since left because it was becoming too stressful doing all sorts of community projects.

Impact

93. After fifth form, I started to fall behind and my grades started to nosedive. Looking back, I stopped looking after myself in relation to hygiene and washing. When I was in Dundas House with Mr Brownlee, I started wetting the bed and this continued into the next year when I was in the boarding house with Mr IDX.
94. I think I was doing my best all the time at school to be invisible. A lot of the time I just didn't turn up to classes. As long as I was signed in, nobody noticed I was absent. I quite often just hid in various parts of the building. It ended up I was the bottom of every single subject. There were times when I felt panicky and out of breath, and had to go outside for air, and I would go to places where I knew nobody would go.
95. My family photographs show me before boarding school as a happy, smiling child. Once I was in boarding school any photographs taken, show me as a grim, grubby looking boy. It took me a long time to get over that.
96. For about ten years after I had left Edinburgh Academy whenever I heard music which I remembered from my time at boarding school I would get sweaty, couldn't breathe and had this desire to run away. At school in Hong Kong, if there was a teacher who

was harsh or unfriendly, I would avoid them out of fear that they were going to be another Brownlee or Dawson.

97. After I married, my wife and I went to an event at the Botanical Gardens. When we got off the bus in Stockbridge, which is not far from the senior school, I started to feel a bit funny. As we got closer, I started to feel funny and agitated and more and more panicky. By the time we got to the Botanic Gardens I couldn't wait to get out of there. Even now I don't like going anywhere near the school. I also actively avoid any social media in relation to the school because I find it all too triggering.
98. I am not one of those people who likes to blame a particular event or series of events to explain someone's behaviour. I had a terrible time at Edinburgh Academy, and it has taken me a long time to push my experiences to the back of my mind and have naturally got over it. I cannot truthfully say that the boarding school ruined me. I don't blame the school for my lack of achievement, and I haven't been left with any physical scars. I had no support resulting in a great lack of confidence. What happened to me was criminal and deeply traumatic, but I would like to think that I have a say in my own fate. I think that there are a lot more people who have suffered worse abuse than I did.
99. I have no doubt that Edinburgh Academy has left me with indelible trauma. I still suffer from anxiety, low self-esteem and still suffer from panic attacks. I have been left quite suspicious about people. One of the reasons I gave up working on the residents' association, was that I sometimes got triggered by middle aged men, when they had the attitude that I was wrong about things and disagreed with me. I found myself getting tense and panicky again. I think I was still raw from the mental injuries I sustained from the teachers at Edinburgh Academy.

Treatment/support

100. In my third year at school, when I was in Mackenzie House with Mr [REDACTED], I started seeing an educational psychologist. My mum didn't really want this to happen. None of this is recorded in my own GP medical records.

101. I remember the educational psychologist wanted to talk about my bedwetting, but I was really embarrassed. I wanted to talk about my abuse but couldn't find the right words, and when I tried my response was worded wrongly, in respect that I said that the gay teachers and the gay students keep wanting to touch me and mistreat me. I wish I had expressly told them it was abuse rather than mentioning the word 'gay'. I was told that because of my age I was possibly uncertain of my masculinity. They also suggested I was misreading what they were doing, and only wanted to be my friends, or that they were actually punishing me for something I had done. They asked if I knew what it could have been. I realised that there was no point in taking it any further as they had made their minds up. I spent the rest of the time with the psychologist talking about my school classes.
102. When I was at Edinburgh University, I started to suffer from panic attacks and anxiety. I went to my doctor, and it is recorded that the doctor thought I was exhibiting paranoia even though I mentioned bullying and my past issues with the school. .
103. I have never sought counselling or therapy because, when I was still at Edinburgh Academy and was being seen by the educational psychologist, although they seemed to be listening to me, they didn't really help me. At Edinburgh University when I started to become anxious, the lecturer just told me to go on anti-depressants, but that wasn't something I wanted to do. I felt it wasn't something within me and was more the environment that needed to change. It undermined my confidence, and I don't find talking to therapists very helpful.

Reporting of Abuse

104. One time when I was out in the grounds, I saw the rector and I remember he had told everyone at assembly to go and see him if ever they had any issues. I can't remember his name, but he taught Religious Education. I approached him and told him all about Mr Brownlee and Mr Dawson. He seemed to quickly remember that he had to do something and made excuses to leave me. He told me to go to my next class and he would come back to see me. He never did, and every time after that I think he tried to

avoid me. If he did see me, he just gave me a funny look. This would probably have been when I was in my first senior year when I was boarding at Mackenzie House.

105. Sometime around 1987 to 1988, [REDACTED] after I had left Edinburgh Academy, we were receiving a number of obscene telephone calls to our house. I reported this to the police and when the police came to see me, I mentioned the abuse at Edinburgh Academy. They took my complaint about the obscene telephone calls but said it just muddled the waters to talk about the abuse.
106. A couple of years later I phoned Gayfield police station and told them I had been abused and that it had, and still was, affecting me. I was told that it was all in the past and because nothing was going on now there was nothing they could do.
107. Around the last 1990s I wrote a letter to the police as I had heard there was an investigation into abuse at Edinburgh Academy. I included the fact that I had experienced, and witnessed, abuse at the school. They replied and told me that they couldn't confirm or deny there was an investigation ongoing. I never heard any more from the police. I felt then that I had hit a brick wall and drew a line after that and decided there was no point trying to pursue anything with the police. Even when I read about things coming up in the national news, I still felt that no-one would ever believe me. Given that my mother had told the school and I had told my doctor and others I had the mindset that no-one was interested in my story or would believe me because I might not have had all my facts correct.

Records

108. I believe I still have my report cards because my mum saved all these things. My mum also kept the letters I sent her, but there are only six or seven. I am not sure if this is all the letters she received from me or if perhaps the later letters, which weren't sealed, were intercepted and never actually posted. I suspect Mr Brownlees sometimes read and didn't send my letters for whatever reason.

109. I contacted the school for my records and the admin staff I spoke to were very friendly and invited me to go in for a coffee and a chat. I am not sure she understood the reason I was looking for them. I got the records, and they can only be described as perfunctory. All they really showed was the dates I was there and my form classes. There was nothing in relation to my time in the boarding school.
110. I have managed to obtain my medical records which cover all the way up to the end of my time in 5th. After that time, there is nothing at all in the records until I moved back home with mum, for my last year at Edinburgh Academy. I was given inoculations in that time which should have been recorded and been available to me. There was one letter which my mum was copied into which was from the educational psychologist to the headmaster of the senior school. My mum didn't want me to see this psychologist and complained to the school that they were not addressing the bullying.
111. My doctor's surgery helped me try and get medical records from the school. They contacted a department which monitors privately held records. They did a search for my name and the school, but all the records have gone. This seems very unusual because I had a prescription for some medication. My GP has told me that this is very unusual for these records to have been misplaced.

Lessons to be Learned

112. The headmaster of the primary school was very nice but now as an adult I question how, if the abuse was going on in plain sight, why didn't he do anything about it. The answer could be that it was a cultural thing and was seen as acceptable in the 1980s. Hitting kids can never be classed as acceptable.
113. Part of me is deeply pessimistic that there are likely to be any changes as a result of this Inquiry. On the other hand, it shows that people are interested and there is some engagement, and that progress is being made. What the Inquiry is doing appears to be shedding light on areas that have been sequestered far too long. There has always

been the attitude of not telling anybody and not whistleblowing. So far, I have found this process quite cathartic and am positive that things will change.

114. Edinburgh Academy is not the same calibre as Eton, Harrow or Gordonstoun. It was a second-rate academic establishment and people got sucked into it as an easy way to get into being called 'public school' which opened doors for some.

Other information

115. Despite being promised a homely atmosphere by Brownlee, that definitely wasn't the case at Edinburgh Academy. My parents were also promised that I would get appropriate support educationally for my ADHD and dyslexia. That never happened and as far as I am concerned the school was mis-sold to my parents.

116. Around the same time that I wrote a letter to the police I wrote a letter to the academy. They didn't respond probably thinking I was some sort of crackpot. [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] I wrote to them but never heard any more from them.

117. 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..... KTT [REDACTED]

Dated..... 25/11/2024