

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

FIY [REDACTED]

Support person present: Yes

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

Life before going into care

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

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

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

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

Starley Hall School, Aberdour Road, Burntisland, Fife

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Secondary Institutions - to be published later

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Life after leaving Starley Hall and before going to Nimmo Place

134. When I left Starley Hall I went to stay with my father, his girlfriend and my wee sister. I would have been about twelve years old. That would have been in approximately 1990. By this time they had moved to another place because of the fire and also because I was older and would be going to stay with them. Their new house was at [REDACTED] in Perth. That was arranged with the social workers involved. My understanding was that I would be there permanently. In the end it didn't work out like that.
135. After I moved in with my father I went into mainstream schooling. I went to Perth High School which was about an hour's walk away from where I lived. I was there during first and second year. I remember that I would find different ways to get to and from school because I was getting bullied by older children every single time I went there. They would kick the shit out of me. I don't know why those kids were bullying me.
136. There was social work involvement during the time I was staying at my father's. They would sometimes come to visit me at [REDACTED]. Other times the meetings were held in a big social work building in the Muirton area of Perth. I remember that when social workers were speaking to me they weren't very concise. They wouldn't explain things properly. They just didn't have the communication skills to be speaking clearly with someone of my background.

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

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

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

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

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

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The council house, [REDACTED] Crieff

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Leaving the council house and going into foster care

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

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

Foster care placement with Polnacha O' Marthini

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

Staff

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

The children at [REDACTED] and Ashgrove

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

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

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

Routine during time in foster care

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

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

Abuse at foster care placement

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

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

Reporting of abuse whilst at foster care placement

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

Leaving foster care placement

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

Life after leaving care

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

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

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

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

Impact

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

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

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

Treatment and support

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

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

Reporting of abuse after leaving care

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

Foster care placement

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

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

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

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

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

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Lessons to be Learned

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

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

271.

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

If there is a problem

or an issue with a child then those who are supposed to be caring for them should sit down with them and talk about it. That's all you have to do with a child.

272. They need to register carers and make sure that those persons who look after children are policed. Children shouldn't be handed across to anyone so as they can abuse them. Experienced social workers should come in and question the carers on how they are going to look after the children in their care. If they don't answer correctly then they shouldn't be allowed to foster. If need be social workers should go in incognito and inspect how carers are looking after the children in their care. They should send in people who wouldn't be noticed to see what is really happening. They should be there to say "stop" and to call people right in if they need to.
273. I have kept in touch with a lot of the kids who were in care with me over the years. For many of them, if not all, their experiences didn't end very well. A lot of them didn't make it or ended up on heroin. There are people out there who are really suffering. It is really bad to think that out of all of the kids I was in care with I am doing the best out of most of them. I have two degrees and seen a lot of the world.
274. I'm really worried about [REDACTED] It is as if he has just fallen through the cracks of Perth Council. I saw him a few years ago in Perth. He was on the bus. He was starting to dress like a woman and was in the vulnerable peoples' accommodation in Perth. I later on saw him in a Domino's pizza branch waiting for a pizza with a carer. Seeing that made me think that nothing had changed since I was in the council house at the age of fourteen. I tried to speak to him and explained that

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

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

Hopes for the Inquiry

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

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

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

Signed..... 

Dated..... 05 March 2021