

(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

TITLE

Written by  
Author's Name

Copyright (c) 2025

Draft  
information

Contact  
information

(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

Lets start at the beginning. The woman who adopted me, Agnes McNab was abusing my family even before I was born. I have a witness to this, my sister Jeannette.

I had 4 sibilings, Hugh, Sandra, Jeannette and Elizabeth. Agnes hated them all, as she later hated me. Jeannette knows more about this than I do, as I wasn't even born, and she has said she will leave you a statement if you contact her. Her number is: 07704 992583.

Lets move on to my adoption. It is made clear in the notes I sent to you that Agnes McNab and my dad David Kennedy were in collusion to have me adopted by Agnes. The sole reason for this was so I would not have my mind poisoned against my dads side of the family, from my mothers side of the family. I was not adopted for love, or compassion, nor any particular motivation as to improve my life. I was solely adopted because my dad did not want me brought up to know my mother, or her side of the family.

When I was adopted I was 1 years old. I was staying at Quarriers with my sibilings. I am too young to remember any of this time. The story goes that I was kept in a room at the end of a long hall away from my sibilings and every day my sibilings would run down the this hall to see me. Only this day I was not there. They were not told where I went, or who I was with. The message was, he's been taken away.

The reason we were in Quarriers was because of a horrific family home at Langholm Street in Yoker, Glasgow. Once again I do not remember any of this family home and for this I am quite thankful.

The story goes that my dad raped at least two of my sisters, Elizabeth and Jeannette and horrifically physically abused my mother, and all the kids. My brother always said that if that home was to continue that my dad would have killed us all, including me.

My dad was then put in prison and my mother abandoned the family, then we were sent to Quarriers.

From behind the bars of prison, my father, now a convicted pedophile took it upon himself to fight for me to be taken from my sibilings at Quarriers, along with the efforts of his sister, Agnes McNab.

How any of these people were given the right to do this, I will never know. It should have had nothing to do with them and this ultimately was the decision that destroyed my childhood.

The McNab family were made up of Agnes, David McNab (father) Alex McKay, Jim McKay, Tommy McKay, Debbie McKay and Billy McNab.

Agnes had been married before to a guy called Tommy McKay and had four children in that marriage, then she later married David McNab and had another child, Billy.

All the McKay kids were older than me and Billy was about 15 months younger than me.

I was 1 years old at this time, maybe 2 but it wasn't until another couple of years that my memories actually begin in my life.

My first memory of my life is being forced to kiss an erect penis of one of the McKay kids until he ejaculated. This is wrong on so many levels and I live with that memory every single day of my life. I was 3 or 4 years old. The thing that really frightens me is what happened before this? The things I don't remember because I was too young. It is a very scary thought for me.

I was an outsider in that family and they loved to show me how much of an outsider I was with daily beatings and torture and sexual humiliation.

Alex, Jim and Tommy all took great delight in hitting me whenever they could, especially Tommy. I was covered in bruises for as long as I can remember and I was forced to wear long sleeves all year round to cover up the bruises. Tommy liked to get me on my back, put his legs on my shoulders and punch me in the face.

Whenever I got a jag from school the three McKay brothers would line up, twist my arm and punch the hell out of the injection point.

I couldn't walk past them without getting a push, a kick, or a punch.

I was ordered around like a slave, do this, do that. In fact their nickname for me was 'Somebody,' somebody better do this, somebody better do that, somebody better go to the shops, etc etc.

Agnes McNab was a tyrant to me and my family. David McNab was an alcoholic, woman beater.

My memories of David McNab are seeing him drunk sitting in his chair with his ashtray beside him. He would come home drunk and fall asleep on his chair, stamp his feet while sleeping, swear and then wake up drunk and argue with everyone. He did not like the McKay kids, nor did he like me, this was plain to see. He was never a father figure to me, in fact I called him Davy.

I was slowly waking up to my life at this time. I had two dads and two mothers and all four of them hated me. As well as this the McKay kids hated me too.

I was brought up in a house full of alcohol abuse, physical abuse, sexual abuse and psychological abuse and it was about to get worse, with the release of my dad from prison.

I was six when my dad was released from prison and this was the first time I had met him that I can remember. It was good to have my dad there with me. That is, it was good until he moved into the house with the McNab's, the McKay's and now the Kennedy's.

Considering what my dad had done to get put into prison, the rape and torture of his own children, it was surprising to me that he was allowed to share a bed with me. My dad was an alcoholic, he suffered from PTSD from his time in Malaya, he was a psychopath, a very violent man, he was a sexual deviant and he was one of the most pathetic men I have ever met.

That bedroom which we shared is a room of nightmares. No curtains, no toys for me. There was a double bed, which we shared, a wardrobe and a bedside cabinet which had on top of it a bottle of black heart rum, a tin of chocolate raisins, which I was not allowed to eat from and a small transistor radio.

The walls were painted a deep purple and the light bulb hung bare from the middle of the ceiling. I can still remember the old black bulbous light switch which every night my dad would ask me to turn off because he was too drunk to walk. That room gives me the shivers thinking about it. My dad, every night would tell me to turn the light off. Before telling this he would talk about monsters hiding in the cupboard, that there was monsters and great white sharks under the bed. So every night I would walk around the big double bed whilst he's in bed, talking to me about monsters and murderers and stories of his memories of Burmah. When I flipped that light switch off and the room went dark he would scream and tell me that I was being followed by a monster and I ran as fast as I could around the bottom of the bed to my side, absolutely terrified of the dark. He would lie in bed in the dark, drinking his rum, smoking he cigarettes, with the radio on. He would then ask me to comb his hair for hours on end and if I stopped he would shout at me. It was a terrifying experience for a 6 year old. Here I was meeting my dad for the first time and it turns out he was a horrific man, full of hate and spite for me and my siblings. He hated us all.

In the summer time in that bedroom he would put on the light, open all the windows and allow in the flying insects into the room, and I mean hundreds of them. He would collect those insects and put them under the covers of the bed so when I went to bed it would be crawling with insects as I tried to go to sleep.

You cannot tell me that this is a normal childhood.

When you read the document I sent to you you can see that none of this is reported officially.

So, I was about 7 or 8 years old when my dad left. He had to leave because we were moving to a smaller house, a janitors house as David McNab found work being a janitor. I can still see him walking down the garden path, out the gate and away from me. I was crying at this and it was the only time in my life that David McNab put his arm around me and he said to me, don't worry, it'll be fine.

It wouldn't be fine.

Soon after my dad leaving Alex McKay broke my wrist with a football. I was 7, in goal and he kicked the ball so hard toward me that it bent my hand back and snapped my wrist. You see I wasn't allowed any grace, given my age and that I was a Kennedy. This event will be on record as I went to hospital to have the cast put on my arm.

Apart from Davy McNab putting his arm around me the day my dad left, there was no affection from anyone in that family toward me.

There was no hugs, kisses, getting to sit on your parents knees, no conversations, no reading stories, no toys, nothing at all.

We went nowhere together. Not once in all the years I was there did we go to the cinema, or a cafe, restaurant. For a meal, a drink, a holiday, a day out, a visit anywhere. My time there was full of kicks, punches, psychological torture and aggressive pressure.

At bath time I wasn't allowed to go for a bath, instead they brought out a metal bath tub thing for a child and Agnes and the 3 McKay brothers would watch me bathe in the living room, laughing and ridiculing my 8 year old body. Commenting on my sexual organs, how small they were. Degrading and inhumane behaviour to treat a child like that.

Alex continued to sexually touch me as much as he could, walking past he would put his hand down the front of my trousers. He would also make me strip naked in front of him. I hated that.

The three brothers picked on me endlessly about how I looked, how I talked, how I walked, what I was interested in, my friends.

They especially picked on my ears. They would call me by shouting 'earso come here so.' They would pick me up by the ears, they would rub them ferociously until they were red raw. They called me the Scottish cup, or that I looked like a mini with the doors open.

All this was obviously there to put me in my place, to push me down, to degrade me and it worked. Every day for 10 years, it felt like a prison I can tell you.

I am 55 now and I still have a complex about my ears. I grew my hair long to cover them when I was 17 and kept it long until I went bald. Then I had to make a big decision, which I did and shaved my hair. I was 40 at this time and so self conscious about my ears I had to be dragged out by my wife anytime we went out. At 55 I wear a a hat, a woolly hat, to this day to cover them. A life time of misery brought on by those 3 brothers.

My brother Hugh and my sister Sandra came to see me at this time, this is on the record. All this did was confuse me, I desperately wanted to be with them, but I was beaten into submission, I did not have a voice nor was ever asked what I wanted. This depressed me further. There was no one else present, just me, Hugh, Sandra and Agnes.

The daily grind continued, I was trying to study for school exams to go to secondary school, I was not given a second of peace, nor any help regarding studying. To this day I am a hopeless academic.

We moved house to the school house on Linkwood Drive. This house was half the size of the house on Invercanny Drive and I spent the next 7 years being crushed in spirit and being crushed mentally and physically. I absolutely hated being in that house, in their presence, under their influence and being treated worse than an animal.

The sleeping arrangements were three sets of bunk beds in one double bedroom, Debbie had a small bedroom and Agnes and Davy had their own room.

This house was much further away from secondary school than the first so it was a long walk for me to get too and from school every day. Drumchapel is a hilly place and both my school and my house were at the top of hills.

I had to walk by a constant stream of Catholic schoolchildren going in the other direction from me and every day I would get verbal sectarian abuse from them when I walked too and from school. More misery for me to endure.

By the time secondary school came around in 1981 I was a broken child. My new school mates named me depressing Davy, I would just sit and say nothing in class, I understood nothing about friends or friendship and I showed no interest in the girls. I never had a girlfriend when I lived in Drumchapel, not through school and in fact it took me many years after Drumchapel for me to even consider that I could get a girlfriend.

In 1981 I discovered street drugs. Me and a few friends from school. We began to take LSD, speed, smoke dope and sniff glue.

We got caught in school taking the drugs and we were reported to our parents. This opened up a whole new vein of verbal and physical abuse, which was justified from the 3 McKay brothers. They called me junky and I can remember cowering in a corner having boots flying at my head. It was the best I could do to curl up in a ball to try and survive the beating.

The drug taking did not stop, it in fact became a focal point of my early life.

In 1982 Agnes said to me that I should get a job to pay my digs. I was 11 years old. I got a job on a milk run. I got up at 4am every morning and worked until 8.30 then went to school. Agnes would take 75% of my wages from me to cover my digs. The rest I would spend on drugs, drink and football tickets.

It was around this time that I realized that this family absolutely detested me. I was visiting friends houses before school and I could not believe the difference between my household and the other ones.

Two people in particular struck me. Jim and Scott. Jim was being brought up by his mother and Scott by his father in single parent households.

I could not believe the amount of love between my friends and their parents. They would eat breakfast together, talk to their parents and get a kiss before going out the door. This absolutely blew my mind.

Also at this time I can remember sitting in my Uncle Dennis's house in tears and I asked him, 'why doesn't my mother love me?' He replied, 'they only in it for your money David.'

For my whole life up until then, every single day I thought to myself, why me? Why am I being put through this? What have I done to deserve these people in my life?

No mother, no dad, no brothers, no sisters, absolutely in a void. The closest thing I can relate it to in my adult life is Auschwitz, and I do not say that lightly.

That feeling of the world abandoning you, that feeling of what abuse will I face today. That feeling of getting through the day with a minimum of violence, of verbal abuse and general disregard that I was even a human being. Yes, that's the closest thing I have read to compare it to my years with this family.

Agnes was the commandant shouting out the orders and the 3 McKay brothers were the willing SS agents carrying out the orders with glee. Davy McNab was the drunkard who was a scary guy when he was drunk, a big heavy man, although he never once touched me.

That is the best analogy I can come up with.

I lived on the streets trying to stay away from the house on Linkwood Drive, I hated it. I would get drunk, take drugs and run wild with a gang of my mates from school. On Saturdays we would go to the football and fight the opposing fans. We were 12 to 13 years old at this time.

In the early 80's my brother got married and I was invited to the wedding, none of the McKay's were invited. He stayed in Renfrew and I had cousins, the Smyth's who lived there. My Uncle Jim was a great man and my Aunt Mary was a great woman and with the kids, David, Gordon, Billy and Janet I, for the first time in my life had a family who liked me. On the night of my brother's wedding he asked me to stay with him, so I did. We lay on two couches holding hands and talked to each other for the first time in our life. We were both in tears at my story. This night forged a special relationship with my brother up until the day he died 3 years ago.

I miss him every day, he saved my life, as did his wife Jackie, although I had to endure another 4 years of torture with the McKay's.

I recall a time in the school that Davy McNab was the janitor at. There was a boiler house, a coal boiler house and every day the boilers had to be fired up for the hot water and heating for the school.

This would have been around 82, 83. The school was surrounded by wasteland on one side and there was a lot of wild cats wandering around.

One of these cats managed to get into the boiler house and had her kittens in there, out the cold, away from the foxes. Ideal you might think.

The kittens must have been a couple of months old, they were furry. Davy McNab, as he usually did, told me to go and light up the furnaces, which meant shoveling a lot of coal into those big ovens. He then told me to throw the half a dozen kittens into the fires. As you can imagine I was mortified by this. He shouted at me and as I say he was a big guy. So, I done what I was told and threw those kittens into the boilers.

To this day I am extremely disturbed by this event. It shows the ultimate cruelty of that man and that family. How can you treat animals like this. I am still heart broken to this day about that event. Davy McNab was one of the cruelest men I have ever met.

It was also around about this time that Agnes told me Davy was hitting her. She said she didn't know what to do. I told her to leave. She asked me where can I go? I said well you work in the west end of Glasgow, just move near your work.

Her reply was this, that all the men in that area were only after one thing, sex. I said so what. Get yourself out of this abusive relationship. She stuck it to the end of her life, him and her both the most miserable people I have ever met.

And just to add this. Tommy at this time had a girlfriend, he was about 7 years older than me, I was about 13. Agnes one day said to me Tommy had a sore back, then she said to me, do you know why? Obviously I said no. She said to me and I still cant believe this answer, that he was shagging that girl so hard that he put his back out. I had never heard, nor have I ever heard any parent talking to a child like that in my life. The torture continued. I was not one of these people, nothing like them in mannerism, nor intellect, nor ethics, nor honesty, nor just downright abusive in nature.

At secondary school I took up sword fencing , it was one of the teachers classes. I greatly enjoyed it. At my first and last tournament in Edinburgh, which was the UK championships I finished in 4th place in the under 16 category, I was 14. On the way to 4th place I beat the UK champion, which I was very proud of. I had done something, it was amazing. When I returned home I had a bag of things from the promoters of the tournament and for finishing 4th I got quite a lot. Alex and Tommy flushed it all down the toilet and broke anything that was hard. So my glory lasted about 2 hours after the tournament finished. I gave up sword fencing after this. I have seen athletes and footballers, tennis players all lay their success at the feet of their parents, how they helped them get to venues, how they funded their passion, how they encouraged them to keep going, to be the best, to improve and live their dreams. I got the McKay's.

On Saturday mornings the weekly shopping would get done. Obviously it was me who done this shop. As I say, I stayed at the top of Linkwood Drive, quite a steep hill and I would walk down the hill to the shopping centre with a wee old ladies shopping trolley. Embarrassing enough for a 13 year old, especially in a place like Drumchapel. The shopping consisted of loads of tinned foods and frozen stuff, so the shopping trolley really weighed an awful lot for someone so young. On the way back from the shopping centre, Davy McNab would wait with his car at the bottom of Linkwood Drive and drive slowly on the other side of the road, watching me heave that trolley back up the hill, rain or shine or snow. That is how lousy a man he was. Once home Davy would ask me to go to the bookies for him. His nom de plum was 'wee Billy.' So I'd go to the bookies for him.

Then Alex would ask me to go to the bookies for him. Then I would be sent to the shop to get spam, fresh spam. If the McKay's didn't think it was fresh enough I got sent back, and sent back, and sent back to the shop until they were happy with the quality of the spam.

Jesus the embarrassment never ended with these people. I would then be sent to the other shops to get bread and milk. And the same again, if the bread wasn't fresh enough, if the milk wasn't fresh enough, take it back. They were a laziest most arrogant people I have ever met. Obviously it was all part of the abuse, of the domination. They done it, because they could get away with it. Following orders, just like those soldiers in Auschwitz.

When I was around 13 years old Tommy McKay was at this time in the army cadets. He would practice hitting me, pinning me down, put me in headlocks, arm locks and finger locks, just to practice his moves. He thought it would be a good idea to invite his friends from the cadets to also practice on me. They were thorough, violent and inflicted a lot of pain on me.

One night this huge guy, Mark Hope, came into the bedroom. After the two of them threw me around for a while, Mark Hope lifted me up by the throat, he was a strapping lad. He hoisted my up in the air by the throat with one hand and held me there until I passed out. He let me drop to the floor. I was gone, suffocated. They opened a window and put half of my body out the window and began punching me in the back to revive me. I came round after a minute or so of not breathing.

This was attempted murder in my book, if not deliberate, a strong case for manslaughter. Nothing happened and Mark Hope did not come back to the house.

We had a family dog, Rannie. By the time I was 15 she was old and the family decided to put her down. Remember Davy McNab had a car. The closest vet to do this was in Clydebank, on Drumry road East. They decided that I had to take the dog to the vet and get her put down.

So, I went on the bus with the dog, who was very old and frail and waited in the vets for the dog to be put down. I had to sign a piece of paper to state that I allowed the dog to be put down. There was one problem, I wasn't legally old enough to do this being under 18 years of age.

I had not option but to take the dog back home. Everyone in that house was furious with me, I was told I was fucking hopeless and they even complained that my age was getting in the way of things. I got a thrashing for this happening as well as weeks of verbal abuse.

My birthday falls on 23rd December. This was a huge inconvenience for the McKay's and the McNab's because they had a rule in the house that I was not to get anything without everyone else getting things too. This rule did not apply for everyone else, only for me.

So, I never once had a birthday party, never once had anyone sing happy birthday, never once had a birthday cake, or to blow out the candles. I got plenty of punches, dumps, they called them. They weren't dumps, they were full blown punches to my arms and body.

Happy birthday. To this day I hate singing happy birthday, I find it embarrassing.

How small things can ruin your life.

On my 14th birthday everyone forgot, so when I reminded them it was my birthday. Agnes gave me a pound and told me to go to the shop, buy myself a birthday card and sign it from all of them. How sweet of them.

For my 15th birthday I was given a housing application form, so it was clear that now the money was running out from the social services they did not want me in the house any more

Overall, I feel that I have suffered greatly in my life due to that family. Two suicide attempts so far, alcohol addiction, something I am still dealing with.

Emotionally I suffer from serious abandonment issues, hyper vigilance, expecting the worst, living my life to a loss, catastrophic thinking, low self esteem, low confidence, a feeling of defeatism even before anything has happened.

Massive anxiety attacks, a life on anti depressants but the worse thing is that I have lived my life like a dream.

Absolutely nothing gives me happiness and has given me happiness, not my work, not my wife, not my children.

I know live with four serious health conditions, macular degeneration, ischaemic heart disease, osteoarthritis and diabetes.

At this moment in time I am waiting to die and that is all my life means. I can't work, I don't have any savings, I have nothing.