

Name: David Jackson

DOB – 24/10/1966

Social Services/Local authority – Glasgow City Council (children’s panel)

Name(s) of Care Home – St Andrews list D school Helensburgh, Went in at age of 13 until 16,

Reason for going into care - Placed into care as not attending school

Age in care: Approximately 13 - 16

Personal statement

Care setting 1 -

St Andrews List D School in Helensburgh, I attended from the age of 13 until 16. This decision took away my entire childhood. This decision was made by a children’s panel.

For the first six months, I was unable to speak to anyone due to my fear and inability to socialize. I was very young and did not understand what was happening to me. I faced punishment while in care, including being caned, and this was done in front of everyone.

It was a degrading experience. I was slapped, kicked, pushed, and punched. I was punished for no reason, simply whenever they felt like it. It was evident that they took pleasure in my suffering; I would cry and feel my heart breaking over this treatment.

They spoke to me in a horrible tone and called me names, mocking me for being athletic and for having a pigeon chest when I was younger. I was often pulled in front of the other children without any clothing on, and they would whip me across my bare backside. The pain I endured as a child was immense; I remember being unable to sit down.

I was frequently locked in rooms and cupboards, left in darkness for hours at a time. This occurred regularly. As a result, I developed PTSD and suffer from severe anxiety and depression. Panic attacks are a constant issue for me. There are days when I cannot leave the house. I want to, truly, but my anxiety is overwhelming.

I was forced to take cold showers and had no privacy, as they watched me constantly, instilling fear in me to avoid stepping out of line. Before this, I was made to stand naked without any clothing, and they would march me in. It was humiliating, and I felt vulnerable and scared being exposed in front of them. I would reside in a dormitory with numerous other children.

During the night, I would awaken in a state of fear. Men would be watching over me throughout the night, preventing me from sleeping. I would observe other children being dragged from their beds, and I was aware of what was about to occur. These children were being sexually assaulted, and I was terrified that I would be the next victim.

I would constantly attempt to escape; we were allowed to leave every few weeks. If any of the children who left for the weekend did not return, everyone would be denied visits for the subsequent weeks. This situation occurred frequently, and I was often not permitted to go out because of others' actions. I would get caught at my mother's house, and the police would bring

me back. The police were generally kind, but the thought of returning was horrifying, and my anxiety would resurface.

I remember having measles, and on one sports day, I was forced to run despite my poor condition. I was ill, vomiting, and bedridden, yet I was compelled to participate in the sports event.

Although I was not sexually assaulted, I witnessed such events. While swimming, I observed all staff members inappropriately touching the children. I saw them touching other boys. I am currently seeing a psychiatrist, as this experience has had a profound and lasting impact on my life, leading me to distance myself from my family.

Communicating to a child that they are worthless or unloved, inadequate, or valued only to the extent that they fulfil another person's needs is damaging. Living in a state of constant fear and alarm every single day, I felt neglected as a child. There was a failure to respond appropriately, either by omission or commission, considering the age, developmental stage, and basic needs of a child regarding food, education, bedwetting, and physical or emotional safety.

I have never really said a lot to my psychiatrist – I struggle to socialise with other people and even struggle to socialise with my family. I can't even get out sometimes to see my grandchildren because of the anxiety and panic I feel. This has all stemmed from the way I was treated in the care system.