

Name: Anthony Lewis

DOB: 19/09/1959

Name of Care Home/s: Longriggend Remand Centre

Reason for going into care: Getting into trouble with the police

Age in care: Approximately 15, 16 and 17 years old

I was sent to Longriggend by the court on 3 separate occasions. Each time I had to undergo a full invasive body inspection. They were joking and laughing with each other whilst carrying out the intimidate searches. It felt humiliating and like I didn't matter.

I had a flashback about it recently while watching *The Shawshank Redemption*. The staff covered me in a white de-icing powder every time. I was told to shower right before and the water was freezing. The powder was thrown on me whilst I was still naked, wet and cold. It burnt my eyes.

I was always hungry we were never fed properly. There were tiny portions and sometimes the food smelled and tasted rotten, from time to time, I'd get hit on the head with a baton for no reason.

Violence between prisoners was constant. There were times when other inmates would threaten me for my tobacco. I often had to defend myself, and that's when the staff would get involved, not to stop the violence, but to beat the hell out of us. They never cared who was at fault; both of us would get the same abuse. I could tell that some of the staff enjoyed it. They laughed while hitting us and that's how I knew it was all about power.

The second time I was in, things were even worse. I was kept in a cell for three full weeks. I was only let out once a day for a meal and once a week for exercise. I had to use a bowl as a toilet. I wasn't allowed to speak to anyone, and I often got in trouble with the guards for things I didn't understand. I had clothes, but one of my shoes was two sizes too big. It was freezing, and all we had was a thick, hairy blanket. Education was non-existent, just violence and abuse, I lived in fear and alarm waiting for the next incident.

Unfortunately, I had to go back a third time, this time over Christmas. Most of the regular staff were off, so we were left with a skeleton crew. We were supposed to get a 15-minute visit, but sometimes that didn't even happen. In the mornings, we had to empty our chamber pots. Some people would wrap their waste in cloth and throw it out the window to avoid the stench overnight. I remember having to clean it all up the next day, they made me clean up the waste and we were never given any protective clothing. You were made to feel like the scum.

Occasionally, the warden would ask if I was okay, but the guards were always standing right next to him, so I could never say anything. There was no privacy. Sometimes we had to share cells with other inmates. I never witnessed sexual abuse, but I heard stories and I often heard screams at night. I never knew exactly what was happening, but I had a feeling.

I was a very angry person. I still struggle to toe the line. I lost all faith in religion. I still get flashbacks from time to time. I find it hard to feel happy, don't trust anybody, I have anxiety and PTSD. I don't celebrate Christmas or birthdays. I'm not sure if it's depression or just the way I am now.