

Name: Daniel Day

DOB: 31/10/19890

Name of Care Home/s: Geisland Residential School

Reason for going into care: Placed into care at request of social worker as was being assaulted by parents. Older brother murdered stepfather in retaliation of abuse.

Age in care: 13 years of age

Personal Statement

My upbringing was challenging; it was marked by hardship and violence. My brother lost control and ultimately killed our stepfather. My mother was a survivor of Dr. Guthrie's, and being the child of a survivor presents its own difficulties, especially when they inflict the same violence they abhor upon you. My mother physically assaulted me at school in front of teachers, leading to my own placement in care.

Geisland Residential School

There were three units that accommodated approximately thirty-six of us. I resided in the Garnet unit. While physical violence was present, it was referred to as tactical crisis; this was merely a euphemism for those who were permitted to inflict severe harm upon you. They would render you unconscious and seize your testicles. One of the staff members, Gary, would tickle you before grabbing your genital. Craig Adams and Ian Sutherland were two additional individuals. Gary was a former Mr. Scotland, or at least he aspired to be he was a muscle-bound steroid user who would explode with aggression at any given moment. I also suspect he might have been homosexual or a child predator, as he inappropriately touched individuals an alarming number of times, making his intentions clear.

I experienced bedwetting and faced humiliation for it; these individuals would not pass up the opportunity for amusement. The staff would align with and encourage the more popular boys, who were the bullies; that was the established order. I witnessed others being beaten. Some children attempted suicide, and I did as well, cutting my wrists, though not as deeply or effectively as I had intended. I ran away and sometimes slept in abandoned cars; when I did, the staff treated it as a sport, pursuing me like hounds after a fox. No one ever questioned why I was running away. One night, a staff member, whom I believe was named Francis, head-butted me in my room. At other times, staff would strip you of your clothes to ensure you were not hiding anything. Children wept at night, and I joined them in their tears.

My mother passed away recently, and with her, some of my past has also faded; that connection I had, the bridge to my childhood, is now lost, leaving me stranded until I can find true closure and make sense of it all.

