

## Supplementary Statement

**Name:** Martin Brolly

**DOB:** 19/09/1977

**Application Number:** APP709727

**Name of Care Home/s:** Starley Hall School Burntisland (Nov 1991), Geisland in Beith (Jan 1993)

**Reason for going into care:** Truancy

**Age in care:** 14-15 years of age

### **Starley Hall School, Burntisland**

At 14, I was sent to Starley Hall in Burntisland, where I stayed for about 7 months because I wasn't attending school. During my time there, I showered daily in a private cubicle. After showering, I would encounter Mr. Barton, a staff member, and Mrs. Berry, a female staff member, who would be waiting with towels. One of them would dry me while the other dried one of the other boys. Standing there naked while they dried me was highly embarrassing at 14, especially since I was capable of drying myself. This situation made me reluctant to shower. I was also forced to eat food I disliked; if I refused, I would go hungry. On every second weekend, I was allowed to go home to my family. I often tried to avoid returning, which led me to run away frequently, only to be brought back by the police. Once, I attempted to jump out of a window, but my foot got caught, and I landed on a plastic bin, which cushioned my fall and prevented injury. Another time, while running away along a live railway line, my social worker caught up with me. The place was just scary, there was shutters at night you couldn't see a thing it was just black. This place was a special needs home, you had to wear a uniform and shoes, a tie and shirt.

### **Geilsland in Beith**

Eventually, I was moved to Geilsland in Beith, where I stayed for about a year and a half. I felt frightened when I arrived; everything was unfamiliar to me. Once, while playing pool with a staff member, he won and called me an 'Alloa Fanny.' The next time we played, I won and called him a 'Kilburnie Fanny.' He punched me, causing me to fall, and then he began kicking my head. I got back up, but the room was spinning, and I thought I might faint. I ran out the door, and he chased after me, apologizing and saying that if I told anyone, he would lose his job and home, and that he had a wife and family. I was too frightened to say anything anyway. The following day, I woke up with a bruise on the side of my eye. He brought me cigarettes the next day to keep me silent. Once, the PE

teacher hit me on the knees with a shovel. I thought we were going to play pool, but it turned out to be football. He tried to force me to play, but I refused. He sent everyone away and locked the hall doors, then chased me around the hall and hit me on the knee with a shovel, leaving me bruised. I once saw a staff member hit another boy, and when I commented on it, a staff member named Hammy punched me in the face, splitting my lip. I also witnessed other kids get punched by staff members.

Now, I see a psychiatrist. Back then, I was too scared to talk about it because I feared my mum would be arrested if she complained. I was young and didn't understand. I have flashbacks of being kicked in the head and nightmares of running down a dark hall while a staff member chased me.

When I first went to Geilsland my social worker, she was nice, there was a few of them nice but not all, she went in with my mum and with the teacher and I was asked to sit outside and then my mum came out and she was a bit upset so she must have been told I was about to get kept there, and I was trying to get to my mum in the car and they were saying no and I had to end up entering the unit and they introduced me to a couple of boys, I was sat with one of them that had been brought in and it was his first day and one of the other boys kicked him right in the face, I was terrified, I said well I'm gunna have to get out of here myself, and then that's when I started drugs, the boy that shared a room with me brought cannabis and drink, and we were drinking and smoking cannabis, those drugs just led on to stronger drugs when I got out of there.

There was another time where other boys, some older, they smashed all the windows of the room we had been closed in. I don't know what happened to them but they sent me home, I think this was because I was saying what had happened and I had said if that boy hadn't been hit there wouldn't have been a riot. And just like that I was sent home and not made to return, I wasn't even 16 but when I told them I was going to tell my family what had happened they just told me I could go home permanently, one of the workers drove me home in this Toyota thing and it's a good job I turned round as he fell asleep at the wheel and mounted the curb. He said he'd not had much sleep.

Today, I am on a methadone program, my brother died in 2004 from a Heroin overdose and I've not touched the drugs since 2004, I'm on methadone and I'm on anti-psychotics and anti-depressants, I've got a lot of medication and stabilisers. I'm under the mental health, I have a mental health worker that comes every fortnight and I've got a drug worker that comes every week to the house because I don't like going out for meetings, I don't like going outside. My niece comes up and makes sure I take my tablets and comes to meetings with me. I had a girlfriend years ago, but this ended as she wanted to go out and about and I didn't want to go out, she wanted to go to the pictures but I couldn't do it. I knew I had Schizophrenic disorder and depression at first it was Schizophrenia, I was having delusions, paranoia and all different things I was in the ward just a couple of years ago and I've been in and out of the mental health works

for years. I was in with the police, because I got done for assault and got sent to prison but then the psychiatrist said come and see me and said I should be in hospital so I had to go back to the hospital then when I attended court I got found not guilty and I thought I was getting to go home but I had to go back to the ward because I was under the Psychiatrist, she's retired now but I've had problems all my days with mental health.