

Name: Richard Garrett

Case Ref: APP746066

DOB: Oct 2nd 1973

Parents: Mother - Margaret Elizabeth Brown (maiden)

Father David Harold Garrett – (27/10/1948) - Moved to Scotland through mum's new partner. Violence

Childhood Address prior to being taken into care: 16 Shore Street, Hilton, IV20 1XD

Social Services - Tain Social Services (Social Worker - John McDonald)

Name of Care Homes: Cool Park Children's home in Alness. (*Coulpark Children's Centre, Coul Park, Alness, IV17 0RD*)

Ferintosh Children's Home in Commonbridge (*Ferintosh Children's Centre, Sellar Place, Canon Bridge, Dingwall, IV7 8BU*)

Age in care: Approximately 13 - 15 years old (approx.:1986 – 1989)

Reason for going into care: Physical Violence from Father. At 13, I entered care because of my father's physical abuse.

Apologies for the delay in sending you this, to be honest I have found it hard to sit and type this having to drag through old memories that I had locked away and now bringing to the surface again after all these years.

I will respond step by step to the highlighted parts marked in red in your email regarding personal and supporting statement(s).

The man in question was not my stepfather but my biological father. He had been abusing my mother and myself physically, verbally and mentally for years, my younger sister by two years younger did not seem to get the abuse that my mother and I did. Social work became involved once I was placed in care under an unruly child order placed on me by the police as far as I can recollect, when we lived at 16 Shore Street Hilton, my father had left the family home by this time. A dispute between my sister and I ended up with the police being called resulting in the previously mentioned arrest, and unruly child order placed on me.

Once in care social workers were made aware of my father's violence and a child protection order was placed on me as a child in danger and I was on the national child protection register I was told.

Coulpark Children's Centre, Coul Park, Alness, IV17 0RD - age 13 (1986)

Coulpark in Alness was in the middle of a council scheme called Coulpark.

The home itself seemed clean and decent enough. Meals were provided, not as good as at home but it was ok, cupboards and fridge would be locked after a certain time of night, and the kitchen itself would be locked. I can't really recall getting an allowance or pocket money as such, I think that's in case we bought alcohol or cigarettes, drugs even, though I never recall any of the kids using drugs, there was glue sniffing going on, sniffing lighter gas, sniffing deodorant.

I was hit over the head in Coul Park with a mirror by a girl called Samantha Wood and as previously stated a boy called Robbie MacAllister walked into my room one day whilst I was just lying on my bed and punched me in the face resulting in me having a black eye, for no reason other than I can assume to flex his male masculine superiority over me. He was an avid body builder and clearly aspired to being some muscle-bound tough guy. He was never removed from the home as a threat to other kids in there.

Same as what I have also previously referenced to regarding the little boy Gavin who would be slapped in the face and effectively 'breasted' for the fun and amusement of two girls, one called Kerry Donaldson, and I'm not totally sure of the other girls name but Kerry's name will never leave me as she was the one who would always laugh and find it funny the most, she was the instigator of the abuse towards that little boy, a little boy still in nappies, and no staff supervising, kicking him too.

Makes me feel sick thinking of it, I do so hope that little boy went on to have a happy loving life. What I saw will stay with me for the rest of my life, I was scared to say anything or tell anyone as Robbie MacAllister and Kerry Donaldson got on well, I was scared and thought if I was to tell on the two girls Robbie would beat me up.

The nicest staff member there I can remember is Jaust Auld or Oud, a Dutch guy, I will remember him forever, the only nice staff member there that I can remember. There was another staff member called Alan, a moustache but I'm not sure if he was Ferintosh or Coulpark or both even. He was ok also.

Jaust prevented a fellow male staff member from attacking us one night, myself and another boy called Danny Phew I think it was.

Yeah, we were being little shits no doubt, cheeky, confrontational, but certainly didn't think we'd have to be shielded by a fellow staff member so another staff member couldn't hurt us. I can't remember the guy's name who was trying to attack us but he was short with a moustache and Glaswegian.

In Coulpark it was mixed and varied ages, but girls were at one end and boys at the other end of the building so segregated for sleeping and bathing and toilet purposes.

Ferintosh Children's Home in Commonbridge – (1987) 6 months

I can't remember how old I was when at Ferintosh, 14 coming up 15 and I was out of care before I was 16 and back living with my father, though that wasn't a long term thing

and I ended up staying with a family who knew of my father's abusive behaviour and even though I had initially been placed in care due to violence from my father and placed on the child protection register as a child in danger it seems odd to me that they would of placed me back in his care.

Even though I was placed back in his care residing with him in his council house with his new girlfriend and her daughter I would be locked out of the house all day at weekends and he would go out for the day with them and leave me locked out of the house all day with no access to food, drink or toilet facilities. I was still being beaten by him, and I was scared to tell my social worker in case I was placed back in care.

I remember a time he strangled me with a tea towel to the point I passed out and he slapped me around the face to bring me back to consciousness, then dragged me to the public call box in balintore with the tea towel round my throat and was going to phone the police to take me away. Passers by returning home after being out intervened and I stayed out of my father's home that night.

I can't remember the how's and the whys as to how I ended up in Ferintosh but it was not a nice place at all.

There was just a horrible atmosphere there, it was so much harder for me being English, I got so much abuse everywhere in general for being English but police, care home staff and people in general were basically racist towards me for being English.

A very large woman called Chrissy was an out and out bully, it was like she took great pleasure from having the power to make your life pleasant or miserable and would remind us often that she had the power.

She would happily tell you to fuck off because she was trying to enjoy her coffee and cigarette, her attitude was one of I can and I will because I can.

There was a school at Ferintosh also, a secure school it was called, another staff member Duncan Campbell, ex marines or paras was a mean bully. I saw him drag a girl up the stairs by her hair, Catherine Pass was her name.

There was a male staff member there named Rodger I think, he was ok compared to the other staff members but would still tell you to shut the fuck up or call you a dick head.

Mark McPake was also in the home, a child in the home, he was big, aggressive and violent, he once kicked the door in of the toilet cubicle I was in for no other reason than because he wanted to. He was a troubled lad, a used violence and aggression and fear tactics towards other children there and said he was the 'daddy' there.

As said, if we ran away, once captured and returned to the home Ferintosh, we would be told to get into our pyjamas and once we did this we would be segregated from the other children, placed in a room and told to sit on a chair in the middle of the room and a staff

member would be standing watch over us, if we needed the bathroom we would be escorted to the bathroom and back to the room for however long they wanted us to sit there, nothing but a chair in a room with nothing else but a staff member watching over us. Not even a book, even prisoners in jail get a book or something, we didn't.

The treatment we received looking back just blows my mind, I look at my son and think, well I wouldn't like to say what I would do to someone who did this to my child.

I did still go Tain Academy but due to me being violent at school due to the bullying from other kids and teachers, due to me being English and knowing nothing else but violence, I would fight kids at school which eventually resulted in me not being expelled and I think this is why I was doing my education at the secure school at Ferintosh.

Both homes had recreational communal rooms, we would get to watch TV and staff would take us on excursions. Both homes would lock you out of the kitchen at nights so you couldn't eat anything if you woke up hungry and water from the bathroom tap was all you had.

Coulpark we went wind sailing, Ferintosh we went to London for a trip and did other outdoor activities. Both homes would take us on activities but if you didn't want to go you had to go with threats of some form of discipline and or punishment.

Just certain staff members were brutal you might say and extreme in how they thought best to deal with kids with problematic behavioural issues or challenging behavioural issues, Duncan Campbell, one called Richard who wore glasses I think, he would use physical force you into submission. Both him and Duncan were not a good combination if on the same shift. One night Richard, I think he wore glasses too, in his office or some office, there he forced me to the floor and put my arm so far up my back I could touch the back of my head and I genuinely don't recall behaving in a way that would make him believe it was necessary to do what he did to me. Looking back now was it to rule through fear and intimidation or to show authority.

All this made me feel worthless, hated, despised, I would be called English bastard and English cunt by Duncan Campbell, he was a proper bully, he didn't care if you were a boy or a girl, and he enjoyed it.

It's made me hate authority, distrusting of authority, and I always felt like people were out to get me and want destroy me, so having being exposed to violence from the age of 5/6 till leaving the care of my father as mentioned previously to the care of a family in Balintore violence was all I had ever known, from my father beating me, to being bullied at school to being bullied in care by staff and kids, all for either being English, having a squint and I don't know why my father hated me so much he beat me the way he did.

He would beat me with belts and sticks to the point I would have black and blue marks on my back and my arms and bottom, he would punch me and kick me.

I had police bullying me because I was English, arrested me at 14 from my father's house and took me away in the car without my father present with me and they forced me into admitting to a crime I never did.

his name was Harald Hansen, a horrible man who even said he was out to get me. I was sexually abused, not in care but all around the time I was in and out of care. The police never investigated it properly and the man and woman were never prosecuted.

How this has impacted

I have struggled all my life to get along with people and keep my distance from people, especially people I don't know, when I go out for a meal with my wife, I always sit with it so I can see who comes in and not have my back to the door.

I can't lie, I've struggled in my youth in relationships due to my anger and violence, my rage, I abused drugs like amphetamine and cocaine for years when I was younger to blot out the memories and it took a very long time and having to move away and starting again to be able to try and put it behind me.

I had sort of got myself somewhere that I was dealing with it but it's always there in my head, especially now with all this Epstein stuff and children being abused. These things act as triggers for me.

Having to go through this process has opened the flood gates for me massively, since starting this process I have been struggling to sleep and my mood isn't good, I'm irritable and angry as it's just the system yet again getting away with doing wrong. What did we do as kids apart from have behavioural issues due to the fact our home life was basically shit!

That wasn't our fault and the system deemed it unsafe or unsuitable for us to stay in the family home anymore. We get taken from all that we know and placed in a government care facility intended to protect us from harm and end up getting harmed more.

I don't trust social workers and wouldn't advocate them to anyone but then realistically they do have a purpose and one cannot tarnish the whole system for the acts of individuals abusing the trust placed in them, however, there should of been far far far more oversight but the general attitude back then I think was, 'naughty little bastards just need a good hiding and some discipline'.

I do wish to make a massive shout out to my social workers who also became my probation officer in my later years into my early 20's.

His name was Keith MacKenzie, without him and his belief and faith in me and unwavering commitment and support I do believe I may not have got to where I am today.

He has sadly passed away from what I believe but he was a good man, and it was this kind of person that social work needs more of, and Jaust.

I'm sorry if this seems slightly erratic or anything but it's really not easy trying to drag up stuff you buried to protect yourself.

My mental health has never been right probably due to all this and how my father treated me but have tried to be my own shrink you might say.

My attitude has been what it has been due to what I have lived, this has ruined so many things for me due to my bad attitude and hatred and dislike of authority as I still do not believe you can trust authority.

I always feel that the ones closest to me will be like my father, turn on me.

Basically, I don't trust anyone. I have struggled so much doing this hence why it has also taken so long to do along with my work commitments.

I am not coping very well at the moment with it all.