

Survivor Supplementary Statement

Date completed: **13/08/2026**

Survivor Full Name: **Garry Millar** Other Known Name: **None**
DOB: **13/11/1974** Redress Case Ref Num: **TBC – Initial application stage** Status: **Low Priority**
Mother's Name: **June (Dunnette maiden name)** Father's Name: **Matthew Millar**
Siblings Name/DOB: **Paul Millar - 05/07/1977**
Serious Criminal Conviction in the last 5 years: **None**
Reason for being placed in care: **Bank Robbery**

1. Introduction

My name is Garry Millar. I am making this statement to share my experiences of being in care as a child and the impact these experiences have had on my life. Some of the details are difficult for me to talk about, and some memories are clearer than others, but I will describe what I remember to the best of my ability.

I understand that my records from the time are limited or incomplete, and I want to explain my experiences in my own words.

2. My Time in Care – Overview

I came from a good family. My dad was in the army and my mum worked. I had all my family around me; it was a really good family. I was an A student and always top of my class. I was going to stay on school and had never been in trouble with police before. When I was a boy, I never took drugs or anything like that, then my granddad was murdered which sent me off crazy and I started getting into bad things and doing stupid stuff. My mum and dad stopped my pocket money because I was behaving so bad, so I ended up robbing the bank. I was 16 years old.

I ended up doing it twice that's how stupid and naïve I was. I got away with it the first time then me and a pal did it again but got caught. I ended up going to Edinburgh High Court then sent to Polmont Young Offenders Institution for 18 months. I will describe this placement as I remember it.

Polmont

I was physically abused by the prison officers in there; screws we called them. The names Copeland and Robertson spring to mind, they were scum. There were riots in there once and these two were involved in all that, they were bad. There was an older guy in there who I remember told the screws to leave me alone. He told them I was in there as punishment, not to be punished and they just laughed.

One time the officers came to my room to do a search. They searched and found nothing, but one of the officers lied and said they found a knife. They restrained me with force and dragged me down to the digger, which was solitary confinement. They stripped me naked while laughing at me. They made me bend over and part my cheeks. One of them booted me in the genitals and I fell, and they all started kicking and punching into me. I lay there naked while they all booted into me. I took a real beating that day. I was left naked for hours. I was kept in there for 10-14 days. I wasn't allowed out for exercise. There was a toilet in there, but I would be let out to wash for 5 minutes and clean my teeth then back in there with your cardboard furniture. They would bring me food and hand it to me, then shut door again.

I was assaulted a few times by the officers. I was hit with their truncheons, and you would never say anything as it would get worse if I reported it. They would tell me that I'd get moved to Dumfries and that my parents wouldn't be able to get there to see me. They brought me down and took away my dignity. We didn't have a toilet in our room and had to use a pot that we'd empty every morning. It would be stinking; I'd pee in the sink as I didn't want to use it; it was disgusting.

It was run like an army, as the officers were all ex-soldiers. When my cell was clean, it was still never good enough. They would come in and mess up my bed block even though it was spotless and then take away my recreation as my room wasn't good enough. You would have things taken away from you if they thought things were not good enough or clean enough, even if it was spotless. Some lads kept their rooms spotless all week as they were that scared of losing recreation time and being stuck in their rooms all weekends. We were constantly like their puppets.

At every Saturday morning inspection, you'd have to wear these clothes whilst everything was cleaned out. We had single rooms and you'd have to polish the floors to a certain level, but the screws would mess the floors after you'd cleaned them. They'd scrape their boots across the floor to mark it and say you'd not cleaned it properly. They would check the bed, and everything had to be folded correctly into a 'block', sheets etc on top; it was all very regimental. Senior officers were very strict; they would pick people at random just to get at them, throw stuff about to make it all messy again.

I was threatened constantly by the staff. I witnessed other boys there getting abused too. Just before I got out, the screws were threatening me, saying I wasn't getting out. They told me they could do what they wanted with me. I had to make up stories just to get rid of them. I was relieved to leave there. I felt like I was stripped of my rights and my dignity.

3. Emotional and Long-Term Impact

My experiences in care have affected me throughout my life. I never went back to normal life when I came out; I absolutely spiralled. It changed my direction in life. I have flashbacks and nightmares about being back in there. I tried to make a go of work and one minute I'd be really successful then I'd just mess it all up. I couldn't understand why I was like that and nothing made sense. I did one stupid thing after never being in any trouble with the police in my life and it turned me into a totally different person. I was aggressive and angry. I deal with things differently and see things differently.

I'm always overdoing it due to the things I went through. I have depression and not much trust with people. I can't sleep and wake my partner up all the time. Past relationships have also been affected. I'd think is it me that's the problem? One minute I'm having a family, kids, and then the next minute we're splitting up. It seems, everything seems to be falling the same pattern, but I don't understand it. I don't see my kids much now.

I'm not in jobs for long as I mess up. I never came from a broken home or anything like that. I went in there a normal wee boy and came out different. I've lost all my family now. I went in there a good boy and now I have issues with people in authority.

I've worked in a lot of call centres and seem to work better alone. I just don't want to have interaction with anyone. I think to myself that it's better if people just stay out of my road and

just leave me alone. I struggled with my anger issues after leaving there and I have a short fuse; I try to avoid any confrontation. I worked as a debt collector previously and worked with a guy who had done psychology or something. One day he was making a joke, but I reacted badly to it, and he said I had psychotic tendencies.

I think I blocked a lot of it out. I had undiagnosed ADHD back then, and that didn't help me. I felt like I didn't fit in. I had a lot of anxiety thinking about this phone call and going over it all again as it's opened a lot of demons. All of this has come from me being in care. These experiences have shaped my life in ways that continue to affect me today.

4. Missing or Incomplete Records

I understand that some of the institutions involved have been unable to provide full records of my time in care. This has been difficult, but I know that my memories and experiences are valid. I am sharing what I remember because these events had a significant impact on my life.

5. Closing Statement

I am making this statement to help Redress Scotland understand what happened to me and how it has affected me. I am doing this in the hope that my experiences will be acknowledged and that I can continue to move forward in my life.

Thank you for taking the time to read my statement.

Signed: *Garry Millar*

Date: 13/08/2026