

## **Supplementary Statement**

**Name:** Henry Parker

**DOB:** 09/12/1957

**Name of Care Home/s:** Glenochil

**Reason for going into care:** Behaviour

**Age in care:** 17 years of age (nearly 18 when he left)

### Saughton Remand

I got crabs and lice from here, but aside from that, nothing else to report here.

### Glenochil:

This place was known as the 'short, sharp, shock treatment' by the Government, which it was for my time in Glenochil of 8 weeks, 4 days and a 'snap' which is what they called your breakfast before being released.

During my time here over those 8 weeks, I endured repeated physical, mental, and emotional abuse. I was punched in the stomach, slapped on the head, and had bars of soap thrown at me for simply taking too long in the toilet when I needed to do a poo. You had to ask for permission to use the toilet, and if you took too long, they would throw soap at you, drag you off the toilet, and sometimes this would make a mess leaving it on you. If you needed to go to the toilet at night, and were bursting, you were denied access even though we had piss pots that we were not allowed to use, or they would throw it over us.

I recall Derrick Dormant breaking a window to get his toilet waste out, only for the staff to throw urine all over him from his piss pot. Often, people would try to use newspapers to do a poo and throw it out the window, but then there was a punishment called bomb cleaning, where we had to clean up other people's faeces, sometimes without gloves, and this would happen in the morning as a form of punishment. We also had chores called 'ablations', which included cleaning the toilets.

We had to endure marches and mile-long runs, often for a couple of hours straight, each time being forced to beat our previous times. Beatings again were forced to run immediately after dinner for a couple of hours, which made us feel sick, and they timed our laps. The staff, one in particular called Ross I think, would bark commands like 'left, right, left, right', and if you stepped incorrectly, they would slap you on the left cheek and say 'that's your left', then slap you on the right and say, 'that's your right', deliberately humiliating you.

The staff were very strict, mostly ex-army, and we referred to them as screws. There was a strict criteria for making your bed known as bed blocks, and if it wasn't done correctly, they would throw things around your room to create more mess or give you a slap. I was so scared to go to bed and mess the bed covers up that I slept underneath it on the bare lino floor, to keep it ready and perfect for inspection. We would have also to clean the lino floors so they were shining. Even now, I fold my socks in half, just like we had to do back then.

The psychological abuse is more severe because it goes unnoticed, while the physical abuse is felt temporarily; you might be in pain for a day or two, but the mental scars linger on. The fear aspect, combined with the physical abuse, was the most damaging, as it left you feeling controlled and on edge, like a ticking time bomb. A staff member, Smith, made you feel battered and broken. He would make me touch my toes then hit me with a cricket bat across my

backside. I was slapped and punched in the stomach, with most of the physical abuse occurring in the first four weeks to condition my mind to be submissive.

I was struck on the head because there was a specific way to prepare my soup and bread, which required halving the bread first. Everything had to adhere to the strict process of how we were permitted to eat. We were not permitted to talk to each other during meals so everyone would sit there in silence. Mental abuse was a daily occurrence; the entire environment was built on this shockingly harsh treatment. I endured cold showers, and if I was shivering from the cold, I was yelled at to stand up and stop shaking. There was no privacy during shower times, the staff were always there.

The staff bullied me constantly. I was kicked repeatedly, including in the groin, for talking back. They would openly mistreat individuals in front of witnesses. I tried to endure everything out of fear, just to make it through that period.

My girlfriend used to visit me in Glenochil. There was a prison officer there, he would come into my cell and say that she looked nice and asked me if she would like a piece of him. He would then flash his penis to me. He had been drinking. The officers used to drink at the weekend. The officers slurred their speech so you could tell they had been drinking'.

I've experienced a lot of depression in my life, but I avoided discussing it with a doctor because it brings me back to that dark place. I prefer to move forward and not relive those memories. I started using drugs shortly after my care to shut it out.

I would say I struggle maintaining and forming relationships, I was working at Heathrow airport constructing the pillars for what would be the departure lounge and when everyone was done you went home, but still go full pay, as we walked off to go home when we had finished, the manager told him to go back to work on a different department when everyone else got to leave, I was quite standoffish and I did swear and tell him to do one as everyone else is leaving, so I left with them, anyway I was half way down the road when I got a call telling me know there was no work for me anymore, So I was laid off due to this and it all stemmed from my struggles with authority following the abuse I suffered and wanting to protect myself from having that feeling again. I struggled to get other jobs after this due to word spreading amongst the trade.

since I have been speaking about all this, I think about it more and more it has opened up a small wound and is in my thoughts daily.