

Statement Addendum

Client Name: James Nisbet
Date of Birth: 18/07/1971
Care Setting: GELANOCLE DETENTION CENTRE
Dates: 1987
Persons Involved:

Full Statement

I was very young when I arrived, and I remember feeling completely confused, overwhelmed, and terrified. I was upset and scared, and there was no empathy shown towards me at all. No one tried to comfort me, settle me in, or explain where I was or what was happening. I was simply thrown straight into the deep end with no support whatsoever, which left me feeling abandoned and completely alone from the very beginning.

The staff were extremely violent and cruel. They were horrible people, and even now, I still suffer from nightmares about what they did to me. The violence was constant and severe. I was beaten daily, to the point where my body was covered in bruises. I was black and blue all over. They would kick me while I was on the floor, often wearing steel toe cap boots, and I suffered serious injuries, including broken bones. The physical pain was unbearable, but the fear and psychological damage were just as bad.

During the time I was there, I witnessed other people committing suicide. Seeing this at such a young age deeply traumatised me and has stayed with me ever since. It had a very serious impact on my mental health, and those memories still come back to me.

We were often locked in our rooms all day, most days, with nothing inside. There was no stimulation, no comfort, nothing to distract from the fear. The staff would come into the rooms, beat me, and then leave me locked in there again for hours. It felt like a prison. I was also physically pushed and shoved around the corridors regularly, treated with no dignity or care.

Punishments were extremely harsh and inhumane. We were either starved or forced to eat freezing cold, hard, stale food. If we cried or reacted, we would be beaten for it. The staff would slap us around daily. The level of violence was constant and extreme, and there was no escape from it.

They would also deliberately encourage older boys to gang up on us and force us to fight each other for their entertainment. I was bullied not only by the staff but also by other children because of this environment. It created a constant state of fear and isolation.

The showers were another source of distress. They made us feel extremely uncomfortable by standing and watching us, which was humiliating and degrading. They also stopped my visits as a form of punishment on

more than one occasion. I felt completely powerless and too scared to speak up about anything that was happening to me.

We were forced to wear their clothes, including donkey jackets that did not fit properly. I was constantly targeted and bullied. They would make me wear boots and march up and down the stairs for 8 to 9 hours at a time. If my boots were not polished to their standards, I would be punched and left with black eyes.

The way they treated me made me feel like I was not human. I was treated like I was in the army, shouted at, controlled, and abused. I felt like an animal rather than a child. They would beat us with wooden battens and deliberately humiliate me, calling me names in front of the other children. One of the most traumatic memories I have is being beaten with an old police truncheon that the staff used. That is something I will never forget.

I was there for six months, and during that time I suffered greatly, both mentally and physically. The impact of what I went through has affected my entire life. I continue to suffer from PTSD and anxiety as a result of the abuse I experienced.

Even now, I struggle deeply. The trauma has never left me. I try to forget about it, but the memories come back, and it affects me in waves. I have difficulty building relationships and trusting people. This has affected my personal life and my ability to connect with others, and my family have noticed these struggles as well.

I also struggle with feeling safe and managing my emotions. I am often on edge and find it hard to relax or feel secure. What happened to me has changed me permanently. I have never felt the same since, and I do not believe I ever will. I still cannot understand why this happened to me, and that question has stayed with me throughout my life.