

Statement Addendum

Client Name: Mark McCormack
Date of Birth: 17/05/1970
Care Setting: Glenhoples Young offenders
Dates: 1976-1978
Persons Involved:

Full Statement

I still remember the day I was taken into Glenhoples Young Offenders. I walked through those doors thinking the worst part of my life had already happened. I had no idea that what waited for me inside would leave marks far deeper than

anything I'd faced on the outside. The moment the gates closed behind me, it felt like the world had decided I didn't matter anymore. And the staff made sure I felt that every single day.

The abuse didn't start with fists. It started with looks, with the way they spoke to me, like I was something less than human.

They'd bark orders, mock me, call me names meant to break me down. At first, I tried to ignore it, telling myself it was just part of the system. But it didn't stop. It grew. And soon the mental abuse turned into something physical.

There were three of us they targeted the most. Maybe we were quieter, maybe we looked easier to control, or maybe they just chose us at random. Every day, without fail, they would find a reason to drag us aside. The beatings were sudden, unpredictable, and meant to remind us that they held all

the power. I learned to flinch at footsteps, to brace myself whenever a staff member walked too close. I stopped sleeping properly because even rest didn't feel safe. Then came the solitary confinement. Five months. Five months in a small room where the silence was so loud it felt like it pressed against my skull. They said it was punishment, but I knew it was something else. It was a way to break me. A way to make sure I didn't speak up, didn't fight back, didn't exist in any way that challenged them. Days blurred into nights, and nights into something even darker. I counted cracks in the wall just to remind myself I was still there.

As if that wasn't enough, they played games with me—twisted, cruel games. One day they planted a weapon on me, something I had never seen before. They acted shocked, pretended they had "found" it during a search. I remember standing there, stunned, trying to explain, but they didn't want explanations. They wanted control. They wanted fear. And they got it. The mental abuse was constant. They'd whisper things as they walked past me, insults, threats, comments designed to get under my skin. They wanted me to believe

I deserved everything happening to me. Some days, I almost did. That's what prolonged abuse does—it reshapes your sense of self until you barely recognise the person you were before. Looking back, I'm still not sure how I made it through. But I did. And surviving Glenhoples didn't make me weak—it made me aware. Aware of how systems can fail. Aware of how people in power can misuse it. And aware of how important it is to speak about what happened, even when it hurts. Because staying silent would mean they

won. And after everything, I refuse to let
that be the ending.