

Statement Addendum

Client Name: David Baillie
Date of Birth: 23/08/1989
Care Setting: Ballycon Raine Care Home
Dates: 2002
Persons Involved: Multiple Staff Members

Full Statement

From there, I was placed in what became the worst place of my entire life: Ballycon Raine Care Home. I was traumatized from the very first moment I arrived. I was immediately singled out and labeled "the bastard." The staff must have read my previous notes because they immediately took all my clothing and footwear from me, stripping me of any dignity or personal belongings. They would make me wear only what they decided to provide, if anything at all.

The staff engaged in systematic psychological abuse, telling me repeatedly that no one was listening, that my own parents didn't even want me. I believed this was true, which broke my heart and destroyed my sense of self-worth. This constant emotional abuse has left deep scars that I still carry today.

Physical Abuse and Restraint

The physical abuse I endured was severe and frequent. They would punish me by locking me in my room with no food, leaving me hungry and isolated. The staff members Bob Bradley and Jennifer, if I remember their names correctly, took pleasure in abusing me. They used what they called a "basket hold" to restrain me, but they would deliberately strip me naked first and then hold me up by my arms and legs like I was an object, not a human being. This was deeply humiliating and traumatizing.

On one occasion, when I tried to defend myself by throwing a football boot at them to escape, they beat me severely. My entire body was covered in bruises—black and blue everywhere. The physical pain was excruciating, but the humiliation and helplessness I felt was even worse.

All of us children were being abused in various ways, but we were terrified to speak out. The staff made it clear that if we told anyone, things would get worse. They would turn us against each other to keep us silent and powerless.

Sexual Abuse and Being Drugged

After showers was when the staff would most frequently attack us. They would restrain us for no reason, use it as an excuse to hit us, and then lock us in our rooms. Many times I was left naked and they would deliberately refuse to give me anything to cover myself with. This was profoundly degrading and has left me with lasting shame and trauma.

The most horrific abuse involved what they called "special hot chocolates." The staff would act like they were giving us a treat, but every single time we drank them, we would feel dizzy, fuzzy, and completely out of control—as if we were being drugged. I know now that we were being spiked with something. I have no memory of what they did to me or the other children when we were in this drugged state, which terrifies me to this day. The thought of what may have happened to me while I was unconscious and unable to protect myself haunts me constantly.

Witnessing Sexual Abuse

One time I refused to drink the "special hot chocolate" because I knew by then that something was very wrong. That night, I witnessed something that has scarred me for life. I saw my friend Sean Burns being sexually abused by a staff member named John Arnold. Sean was completely out of it from the drink—he couldn't even move or defend himself. I watched helplessly as this man abused my friend. This wasn't an isolated incident—I witnessed this happening to Sean on multiple occasions.

John Arnold also gave me these drugged drinks. He physically harmed me and forced me to consume substances that made me feel weird, disoriented, and caused me to hallucinate. I lived in constant fear of what he and the other staff were doing to me when I was unconscious.

The other staff members knew exactly what was happening. They saw the abuse, they saw us being drugged, they saw children being sexually assaulted, but they would just laugh and completely ignore it. They were all complicit in allowing this abuse to continue.

Additional Punishments and Isolation

Beyond the physical and sexual abuse, I was subjected to constant punishment and isolation. They would take away my weekend visits with family as punishment, depriving me of the only potential source of comfort and connection I had. They would lock me in my room for extended periods, sometimes all day long. I would be given very little food and told to eat what I was given or stay locked in my room with nothing.

I received no emotional support, no help, and no guidance during this traumatic time. The staff deliberately kept me separated from other children and would call me degrading names like "bastard" on a regular basis. This constant verbal abuse reinforced the message that I was worthless and unwanted.

I was forced to witness my friend Sean Burns suffer repeatedly. He was a victim of numerous sexual assaults and was denied visits home. I knew what was happening to him, but I couldn't speak up because we were all being drugged with the "special hot chocolates." I still don't know what happened to me during those times when I was unconscious and out of control, and that uncertainty continues to cause me severe distress.

Lasting Impact and Current Suffering

The abuse I suffered and witnessed at these care homes has destroyed my life. I now suffer from severe anxiety that affects me every single day. I have been diagnosed with PTSD and experience flashbacks, nightmares, and intrusive thoughts about the abuse I endured. The memories of being beaten, humiliated, drugged, and possibly sexually abused while unconscious plague me constantly.

I don't trust anyone. The people who were supposed to protect me and care for me were the ones who hurt me the most. This has made it impossible for me to form healthy relationships or feel safe around others.

I will never forget my time at Ballycon Raine Care Home and Monrief Garfield Children's Home. The physical scars have healed, but the psychological damage remains. I feel dead inside—emotionally numb and disconnected from life. The child I was supposed to be was destroyed by the systematic abuse, neglect, and trauma I experienced in care.

The abuse has robbed me of my ability to live a normal life. I struggle daily with the aftermath of what was done to me and what I witnessed being done to other vulnerable children. I deserve justice and recognition for the terrible suffering I endured at the hands of those who were supposed to care for me.