

Statement Addendum

Client Name: Thomas Macintyre
Date of Birth: 04/07/1981
Care Setting: the kibil
Dates: 1994
Persons Involved:

Full Statement

This was the worst place of my life. From the moment I arrived, it was completely overwhelming and terrifying. There were children screaming and fighting everywhere, and the whole environment felt chaotic and unsafe. The staff immediately intimidated me, dragged me to my room, and began telling me the rules as they forced me inside. There was no care, no reassurance—just control and fear.

As I was being taken to my room, I remember seeing a young boy being restrained. His arms were forced up behind his back while a staff member sat on him as he screamed. Watching this triggered something in me straight away. My trauma responses came flooding back, and I went into panic mode. I felt completely terrified and unsafe, like I was about to experience the same treatment at any moment.

The staff in this place were horrible. Some were worse than others, but overall there was a culture of bullying and abuse. There was one woman in particular who clearly did not like me. She encouraged two other boys from the home to attack me, and together they would beat me black and blue on a daily basis. This was not random—it felt organised and encouraged by staff. There were also two other boys, Ronnie Ferialt and his friend Danny Smiley, a ginger-haired boy, who took pleasure in bullying and beating me. The staff allowed this and, at times, it felt like they set them up to terrorise me every day.

I remember specific staff members: Derek Young, Gemma Boyle, Chris Collins, and I believe Irene Kerr. These individuals treated us terribly. They bullied us, degraded us, and physically abused us. We were not treated like children—we were treated like animals.

One night, I remember being beaten with a pool cue. A staff member, who I recall was a Liverpudlian called Toni, struck my legs with it. The pain was severe, and the memory of that incident has stayed with me ever since.

Food was treated as a privilege rather than a basic right. It was often used as a punishment, and there were many days where I felt starved. We were not allowed snacks, and meals could be withheld or restricted. This added to the neglect and suffering we experienced daily.

Any form of free time or entertainment was often taken away from me. I was also banned from speaking to my family at times. The staff knew that I did not want to go home because I had experienced abuse there as

well, yet instead of supporting me, they used this against me. They would continue to bully me emotionally, telling me that I was not wanted. My biological mum lived in America, and staff would say things to me like I was never wanted by her. This was deeply hurtful and damaging.

There was also a gym instructor, a very tall man with red hair, around 6 foot 6. He would drag us to the showers and stand watching us. He would say he had to wash us, which made me feel extremely uncomfortable, embarrassed, and violated. It did not feel appropriate or safe in any way.

On one occasion, another boy tried to sexually touch me. I defended myself and put a stop to it, but instead of being supported, I was punished by staff and beaten again. This made me feel completely unprotected and reinforced that no matter what happened to me, I would always be the one blamed and hurt.

The punishments in this place were extreme. They would double lock my windows and lock me in my room, which had nothing in it except a mattress. I would be left there alone for long periods. Staff would bang aggressively on the door, which was terrifying. Sometimes I was not even allowed to go to the toilet. These conditions were degrading and inhumane.

I was there for three years, and during that time I experienced constant bullying, name-calling, physical abuse, and emotional torment. Staff would watch me being beaten and abused and laugh while it was happening. That level of cruelty has stayed with me—it made me feel worthless and completely alone.

The restraints used were excessive and painful. My arms would be forced up behind my back, restricting my breathing and causing intense pain that would last for days afterwards. I would be screaming, but no one would help me.

I was a constant target. I felt like a victim every single day. The impact of this has been lifelong. I have suffered greatly with my mental health as a result of everything I went through. I have been diagnosed with Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD) and Borderline Personality Disorder, and I firmly believe these conditions are a direct result of the abuse I experienced.

I continue to struggle with severe anxiety, emotional instability, and trauma. I find it extremely difficult to build relationships or trust people. I often feel unsafe, even when there is no immediate danger. My life has never been the same since these experiences. I feel that what happened to me has ruined my life in many ways.

I will never forget what I went through. The memories are still very real to me, and the emotional impact is ongoing. I feel like I have been suffering my whole life because of this. It has shaped who I am, how I see the world, and how I relate to others. The damage caused during those years has been deep and lasting, and I continue to live with the consequences every day.