

Name: Troy Beveridge

DOB: 30/07/1972

Name of Care Home/s: Polmont, Glenochil and Longgriend

Reason for going into care: Sheriff Court, Linlithgow.

Age in care: 13-17

PERSONAL STATEMENT

POLMONT

On my first day at Polmont, one of the windows broke when the guards left me in my cell and slammed the door. They took me to the governor's office, where I was punched in the stomach, it was my first day. This also occurred in Polmont, where I was given just a blanket and no mattress; there was no table or anything, just me in the room with a pee pot. Additionally, I was forced to stop out in all these locations. In Polmont, it was even worse due to the lack of organization, and sometimes it would sit there for extended periods. The smell was so bad that some people would get sick.

GLEONCHIL

The guards and inmates at Gleonchil were quite harsh. You had to march everywhere, every day and many of them were ex-army. They would shout at you and intimidate you. One member of staff was Mr Wheatley; I received a few slaps from the guards for actions they disapproved of. The guards constantly yelled at us, calling us names like 'bastard' and 'cunt'; it was a daily occurrence. We all had the same prisoner haircut, and they forced us to shave even when the water was cold. There was no privacy whatsoever; you stood naked in front of the other boys, usually about ten of us in the room. Showers. I was woken up at all three locations during the night, hearing screams and witnessing people getting beaten up. This was a common experience in the young offenders' institution. I was assigned work here, which typically involved fixing gym equipment and cleaning it for the inmates. You were perpetually tired because you were always busy; you even had to polish your boots and march in the morning. The guards were all ex-military, making it feel like being in the army. They would enter wearing white gloves to check for dust, and if it wasn't clean, you would be slapped. You had to make bed blocks, and everything had to conform to their rule book; otherwise, you would be slapped or lose your canteen privileges. There was no chance to relax. I was subjected to a strip search, standing completely naked in front of two guards, who would often make me bend down and spread my butt cheeks. They made me feel terrible, frequently commenting that I was too skinny and needed to be put down.

I was sometimes placed in the digger/solitary confinement for entire 2 weeks. because of my actions. I would remain there for about three days, and it was quite loud, making it difficult to sleep. All I had was a blanket, with no mattress.

I was only at Longriggend for two weeks I also witnessed boys getting beaten here.

As an adult, I hardly sleep at all, I believe this has had an impact on me. I experience flashbacks of the abuse and find it hard to sleep. I would say it has also influenced my relationships, and I often feel anxious, but I have never discussed this with doctors and haven't visited a GP in about 15 years because I feel unable to open up about my experiences in person. I have depression and anxiety.