

Scotland's Redress Scheme

Application form **Part 2**

Additional statement pages

Name

William Clabby

Date of birth

Day 29

Month 09

Year 1968

Your statement for additional care settings

In Part 1, you will have already provided information about the care settings you were abused in. By providing this information here, your case worker can join together the name of the care setting with your statement of abuse.

Q1 | What is the name or location of the relevant care setting you were abused in?

(For example, the name of the care home, or the city or region where you lived in foster care or while boarded out).

Polmont Young Offenders

Do not worry if you are uncertain about dates or time. Please provide your best estimate.

Q2 | When were you abused?

For example: a single date, an age, or an approximate time or time range.

1985

You do not have to provide names, if you cannot remember or do not feel comfortable doing so. If you do provide a name it will be passed to Police Scotland.

Q3 | Who was involved in your abuse?

For example: a member of staff, a peer or someone outside the care setting.

The information you provide will be used by Redress Scotland to make a decision about your application. Redress Scotland will use the "Assessment framework" to help them do this, available on [gov.scot](https://www.gov.scot). Please be aware that it contains graphic descriptions of abuse.

Q4 | On the next page, please provide as much information as you can about:

- the abuse you experienced while living in this care setting
- what life was like for you during this time
- how the people responsible for your care and welfare failed to carry out that duty (within or beyond your care setting)

You can continue on additional pages if you need to.

Part 2 of the application form provides more information about what you may want to include.

Your statement for additional care settings

I was placed here because I received a fine that I couldn't afford to pay. As a result, I was arrested and sent there. I was only 17 years old, had never been in a place like this before, and I was terrified. The abuse I experienced was mainly mental, but there was also physical abuse. Whenever we had been out of our cells and had to return, the officers would wait until I was back on my own before coming into my cell. They took advantage of the fact that I was scared, vulnerable, and didn't want to cause any trouble. They would slap me, hit me on the back of my head, and kick my legs. It happened regularly, and every time they shouted, "Get in that cell," I knew I was going to be assaulted. At first, I tried to deal with it on my own, but it eventually became too much. I lived in constant fear and didn't want to tell my mum because it's not something you want your mum to know. When she came to visit, I had bruises on my face and I was in tears. She could see I wasn't coping, and I begged her to get me out. What hurt the most was that the abuse came from the officers. When you are sent somewhere like this, you expect to be looked after and kept safe. I expected trouble from some of the other boys, not from the very people whose job it was to protect me. They were grown men bullying and abusing a frightened 17-year-old who couldn't fight back. I was not a criminal. I was only there because I couldn't afford to pay a fine, yet I was treated like I was nothing. This place broke me. The abuse and fear I experienced sent me down a downward path, and I spent most of my life battling drug addiction. Instead of helping me move on from a minor offence, the people responsible for my care traumatised me, and the impact of what happened has stayed with me for the rest of my life.

The officers seemed to get a kick out of abusing us. It felt like they enjoyed intimidating, humiliating, and hurting us. They would laugh, smile, and treat it like it was a game, while we were left frightened and powerless. We were just young boys, and they abused their position of authority for their own amusement. Sometimes two officers would come in. One wouldn't even do anything, he would just stand there and laugh at me whilst the other officer hurt me. It was cruel, degrading, and something that has stayed with me for the rest of my life.

The things I witnessed there also had a lasting effect on me. It had turned me into a different person. I saw other boys locked up, and I even saw someone who had hanged himself. Seeing things like that at such a young age was deeply traumatic. The whole environment was frightening, and instead of feeling safe, I was constantly surrounded by fear, violence, and despair. Those memories have stayed with me ever since and only added to the trauma I was already experiencing. I do not trust any officers. A couple years later, my mum passed away. The trauma I was