

# Statement Addendum

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**Client Name:** Thomas Wallace  
**Date of Birth:** 22/05/1959  
**Care Setting:** glencle detentiomn centre - sterling  
**Dates:** 1975  
**Persons Involved:**

## Full Statement

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After some time, I was allowed to return home for a short period. However, this did not last, and I was then placed back into care through a court order. I was taken to Kirkland Park again, where the abuse continued. From the moment I arrived, there was no empathy, no support, and no attempt to help me settle. I was once again made to feel completely alone, frightened, and unwanted.

The staff there were extremely harsh and aggressive. They were very strict, but not in a caring or structured way—it was controlling, intimidating, and abusive. The way they spoke to me was degrading, like I was less than human. They were constantly angry in their tone and behaviour. If they gave an instruction, it had to be followed immediately and perfectly. If it wasn't done quickly enough or to their satisfaction, I would be punished with violence—kicks, punches, and beatings. This was not a one-off incident; it was a regular and ongoing part of daily life.

We were made to sleep in what I can only describe as cells, not proper bedrooms. These spaces felt like punishment areas rather than places of rest. I was beaten badly by staff inside these cells on multiple occasions. One particular incident stands out to me very clearly. I was kicked in my private parts, which caused me severe pain. I screamed and cried out, but instead of helping me, two officers dragged me to my cell. Once inside, they beat me further, threw me onto the floor, and left me there. I remained in that cell for a full 24 hours without any food or drink. I was in intense pain, emotionally distressed, and completely confused about why this was happening to me. During this time, the staff would torment me and laugh at me. I felt humiliated, helpless, and broken. No child should ever have to endure something like that.

Starvation was also used as a form of punishment. This was not only done to me but to other children as well. It was a pattern of behaviour within the establishment. The physical abuse we suffered was severe and constant. Being kicked in my private parts in front of other children was not only painful but deeply humiliating. It stripped me of any dignity I had left. We were not allowed to defend each other or even show concern when others were being beaten. In fact, we were often forced to watch. I found this extremely distressing, but I had no choice.

We were regularly dragged and forced into cold showers. Staff would stand and watch us while we were made to stand under freezing water. We were only given a few minutes, during which they would point out what they saw as flaws in our bodies, humiliating us further. This was degrading and made me feel ashamed

of myself.

We were not allowed basic comforts. We were often prevented from lying in our beds. Instead, staff would use a “bed block” to stop us, forcing us to sit on cold floors for hours as punishment. Even the way we moved around the building was controlled—we had to march everywhere.

I remember one incident where an older boy was deliberately kicking and injuring my heels while I was marching. I asked him to stop, but he told me that he had been instructed to do this by a staff member, who I remember as Officer Forsyth. When I asked him again to stop, he became violent. He strangled me, slapped me across the face, and kicked me to the floor. This showed me that not only were staff directly abusing us, but they were also encouraging other children to harm us.

We were not allowed to speak to each other, even during meals. We had to sit in silence at the dinner table. We were denied any form of normal social interaction. Even when we were occasionally allowed to watch television at night, we were not permitted to speak a single word. This environment was not a childhood—it was a place of control, fear, and abuse.

I was subjected to this treatment for approximately three months, during which I was constantly terrorised. The impact this has had on me is profound and lifelong. I suffer from severe post-traumatic stress disorder, anxiety, and depression as a direct result of what I experienced.

Even now, I struggle daily. I cannot control my emotions properly, and I find it extremely difficult to build relationships or trust people. I have become very withdrawn and anti-social. I live with constant anxiety and fear, and I find it hard to feel safe or secure in any environment. My experiences in Kirkland Park have affected every aspect of my life, and I continue to suffer the consequences every single day.