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To Whom it may concern, re Historical Child Abuse - Scotland

My name is [REDACTED] BKX I was born in Glasgow on [REDACTED] 43 and placed into the care of Dr Barnardos' Homes when I was four months old.

I lived at Comlongon Castle from [REDACTED] 1944 and then Glasclune, North Berwick, East Lothian from [REDACTED] 1949 - 1956 when I emigrated to Australia where I still reside.

My earliest memory of sexual abuse was when I was about 9 or 10 years of age and myself and my sister [REDACTED] would stay at Mr and Mrs [REDACTED] farm for school holidays, Mrs [REDACTED] had a brother that we were told to call "Uncle" [REDACTED] BKU this man would put his hand inside my underwear and sexually assault me and this would happen on numerous occasions, I was too afraid to tell anybody and I didn't know how to stop this abuse.

When I was at Glasclune the [REDACTED]

Mr BDO [REDACTED]

this man touched me inappropriately on a number of occasions, he would rub himself up against myself and the other young girls and touch our breasts and grope us at every opportunity.

On occasion he would decide to "punish" me for reasons unknown to myself and force me to

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strip completely naked and bend over a bath where he would smack me on the backside with the back of a brush, I remember feeling embarrassment, shame and fear and would often wet myself in terror.

I would frequently wet my bed and was punished for this by having my wet underwear wrapped around my face and left to sit in a dormitory full of other children for up to an hour at a time to be tormented and bullied to "cure" me, another punishment was to make me stand facing a wall for hours on end, to the point where I frequently fainted.

Presents given to me for Birthdays and Christmas were often taken from me to punish me for reasons like wetting myself or taking a biscuit or a peice of fruit without asking.

I suffered at the hands of predators like **BKU** and Mr **BDO**, I had nobody to confide in, nobody that particularly cared, no support network, I felt isolated, afraid, vulnerable and abused and these feelings of helplessness are as raw today as they were when I was a young child.

As young, innocent, vulnerable children we were at the mercy of these sexual deviants and at the same time at the mercy of brutal and

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cruel discipline and punishments meted out by the very people charged with protecting us.

I am happy that the Historical Child Abuse Inquiry has allowed me finally, at the age of 74 to have a voice and to share my experiences of sexual, psychological, physical and emotional abuse, in the hope that people in a position of trust are held accountable for their actions and that these abuses will never again be hidden and no child has to suffer the indignities and abuses that I once did.

Thankyou

BKX