

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

EMR

Support person present: No

1. My name is EMR. My date of birth is 1965. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

Life before going into care

2. My father was called . He was a hard worker and a really nice man. My mother was called . I have an older sister called . My father had an affair with my sister's babysitter and a child was born out of that. He was just three months younger than me. His name was as well. Because of this, me and my mother never really bonded and we had a lot of emotional differences. She also wanted a son. She did go on to have another child which was my brother, .
3. There were two years between me and my sister and me and my brother. I was quite surprised that after having me and having such a dislike for me, that my mum went on to have another child with my dad. I think I reminded my mum of the affair that my father had with my sister's babysitter. I think that's why I was cast adrift.
4. I grew up in Kelso. We moved to Kelso from Edinburgh which was a disaster because we no longer had the support of the external family. We moved for my father to find work and to get my mother away from the drink. Also my mother wanted to move to get my father away from the babysitter. I think I was a few months old when we moved.

5. My dad was a precision engineer. He was a hard worker. I am not saying he earned a lot of money because it was always quite a poor household. In fact I think my mother and father felt quite different on the estate because it was the time where everybody was buying their council houses and my mum and dad couldn't afford to buy theirs. It made them feel a bit different from the rest of the people. It put a division up. My mum worked hard as well. She worked as a cleaner and she also had various part time jobs.
6. My granny came to live with us when I was quite young. This is my earliest memory and I think I was about two. My granny was called [REDACTED]. She was my mum's mum. This was the first time my father ever hurt me. My granny was moving in and I was sitting on a piano she brought with her. I stuck my tongue out at my granny and my father slapped me so hard that I fell off the piano.
7. Later on that day my granny put me into an empty cardboard box. I was petrified. As a child I thought it was massive but in reality I don't know how big it was. I certainly couldn't get out of it. I remember being really scared and I remember my granny laughing at me. Ever since then me and my granny had a very difficult relationship.
8. My granny was basically the main carer. I think that is why I was able to get estranged from my brother and sister. She kept us separate. She didn't like me mixing with my brother. She kept me up the stairs all the time, in my bedroom. It had a lock on the outside at the height only an adult could reach. I wasn't allowed in the living room and I wasn't allowed in the kitchen. If I was walking from the back door I wasn't allowed to make contact with anybody in the house or even clap the dog, I had to go straight to my room. I got a jammy piece for my tea and that was it. Sometimes she would put salt in the jam. I would stand there crying and I would have to eat it. She would sometimes put salt in my cup of tea. If I took a drink of milk she would put salt in it.
9. My sister slept in my granny's room with my granny. My wee brother was in the cot in my mum and dad's room. I had a room all to myself. I remember sleeping in a cot at

first. They put up a really old fashioned bureau, with two mirrors on either side, in front of the window just to block the window off.

10. I have always had night terrors. I still get them now. They are terrifying. I remember my granny coming in to the cot and saying "No wonder you can't go to sleep." She was really quite aggressive towards me. She took all my comfort toys out of my cot and threw them away.
11. My granny and I just never hit it off. She would use my little brother to wind me up. My little brother and me weren't at school so when I was a wee bit older she would taunt me. She would give him sweeties or biscuits or goodies. It was quite a bullying, emotional time.
12. My mum and my granny didn't have much time for me. They didn't like me. My mother started drinking when my granny came to live with us so drink had a great part in my upbringing. The emotional abuse was really bad. It was really quite horrific. I witnessed a lot of domestic violence by my mother towards my father. A lot of the arguments were about me.
13. My granny didn't like me seeing my dad. She didn't like me being anywhere near him. When he came home from work I used to sit on the stairs to talk to him when he was taking his work overalls off. I remember shouting "Daddy, Daddy" and he would come up. I'd think he was magic because he'd bring me something like pieces to eat. I didn't realise until many years later that the pieces had fluff all over them so he must have made them and then put them up his jumper to bring up the stairs.
14. When I was about three years old my stomach was so sore I went downstairs. My daddy was awake and I told him I had a really sore stomach. He gave me a cream cake. I thought he was the best thing since sliced bread because my stomach got cured. This was because my stomach was no longer hungry but I didn't know that at that age.

15. After my dad left, my granny put me out of the house in the morning so I would wander around in isolation, I didn't have any friends. I wasn't allowed to go home. I wandered a lot down by the flats at [REDACTED] at the bottom of the [REDACTED] near the primary school. This was literally two minutes from where I lived but to me it was a great adventure. I think all the neighbours started noticing there was something wrong because I was wandering around at that age. I think that's what led me to be very vulnerable as a youngster in Kelso. By the age of four I started travelling further afield which led me into abusive situations. I could have been stolen by anybody.
16. There were three men in Kelso who regularly sexually assaulted me. One of them was in charge of the [REDACTED]. He looked after [REDACTED] as well. He did the functions. The abuse started with him. He had glasses and dark greying hair. He was quite small but he was well built. I can't remember his name.
17. He used to give me peanuts from a tin of peanuts, the catering size. He would put me up on a stool like the bar stools that they have and meddle about with me down below. He was licking me down below and he was making me lick him and touch him. This took place within the [REDACTED] itself. It was a vicious circle because I got fed at the [REDACTED]. I would get sandwiches and food and I would get sweeties. I wasn't getting much food at home and the food I did get was often spoilt by my granny putting salt all over it.
18. He lived in the back of [REDACTED]. There's a house there and he lived in there with his wife and his daughter. I think they knew what was going on because there was one time it was happening and he told me that his wife liked him doing it. I said to him why not go and do it to your wife. Then I cut my finger on the foil on the peanuts which had a rough jagged edge. He told me to go and see his wife and get a plaster. I went down to the house. The daughter and the wife were in. They must have known what was happening but they just put on a plaster and sent me straight back. That's why I think they knew that he was a pervert.

19. The man in the [REDACTED] daughter was about three years older than me so I don't know what age that would put him at. He was probably in his fifties but I thought he was a really old man at the time. I think she was probably a victim to this man as well and I think that is why they were quite willing for me to go back and be abused instead of the daughter. I think his wife encouraged it, to save her daughter.
20. This man introduced me to somebody else called [REDACTED]. [REDACTED] was also a council worker and he worked [REDACTED] in Kelso. Whenever [REDACTED] saw me he would take me by the hand and take me somewhere quiet in the flats and sexually abuse me. He wanted me to touch him and lick him. He would touch me and he would lick me. I would say the guy [REDACTED] was in his fifties. He [REDACTED] and he walked with a shuffle. [REDACTED]. He didn't have much hair and his head was quite large. His communication skills weren't very good. He had difficulty forming words.
21. The man at the [REDACTED] introduced me to [REDACTED]. I think that the man in the [REDACTED] [REDACTED] worked with him. I think they did gardening work or something together. [REDACTED] was also a council worker. I would say he was in his thirties. There was a big, white house opposite the [REDACTED] which sat alone. I think it must have been a council property. [REDACTED] used to work in this white house looking after the gardens. He used to take me behind there and again it was licking, touching, feeling, that sort of thing. I was really scared of him because he wasn't as gentle as the others. He was rougher with me.
22. [REDACTED] had glasses and dark curly hair. He was a big guy. He had a learning disability. I don't know how I knew that but I just did. He struggled with people. [REDACTED] was with the guy in charge of the [REDACTED] one day. That day, the guy in charge of the [REDACTED] took my pants off and put me on the stool. He told me to lean over and eat the peanuts he had put out for me. I leaned over the counter to eat the peanuts as instructed. He had a butter knife and used the handle to open my vagina. He said to [REDACTED] "This is what little girls look like." The man from the [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] were standing behind me. It was really perverted.

23. After abusing me, in order to keep me clean, the man in charge of the [REDACTED] used to give me money to go to the local swimming baths. I would go and hire a swimming costume and a towel, and go for an hour long swim. I find it incredible that nobody picked up on the fact that I was there on my own. The man from the swimming pool knew my family. It was another opportunity to rescue me from abuse that was missed.
24. There was some event going on. I can remember the tables being set in the [REDACTED]. I ended up at the [REDACTED] because the man in charge of the [REDACTED], [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] were actively looking for me. The guy in charge and [REDACTED] had me between them lying down on a table cloth. They gave me sweets and took all my clothes off me and started rubbing up against me. They were making strange noises, grunting, like they were encouraging each other. It was a horrible noise, it was frightening. It had a really profound effect on me. Afterwards, they gave me money. I used that money to go swimming and get cleaned up. The money you had to give over for the hire of your swimming costume and towel would get refunded to you after you handed the swimming costume and towel back, and I used the refunded money to buy chopped pork.
25. [REDACTED] lived in Kelso and I used to go down to his mum and dad's house so these people couldn't get me. His dad used to be the minister in [REDACTED]. I thought that Mr [REDACTED] had left the back door open especially for me. I would go in and there would be chocolate biscuits. In my naivety I thought he had done that for me. One day somebody did break into their house and they accused me of doing it. Mr [REDACTED] pulled my hair and told me never to come to his house again. I could see the spittle coming out of his mouth. I felt so rejected, I was so disappointed. I don't think he realised his place, in my mind, as my protector.
26. My neighbours in the surrounding area noticed that something was wrong because sometimes I would stand outside in the back and punch myself in the face [REDACTED]. I didn't know how to handle these feelings I was having. The men who were abusing me kept saying "I know where your mum

lives. I'm friends with your mum, I'm friends with your dad. I know where your sister lives and we know [REDACTED] too." This made me anxious for their safety. It made me anxious that they were going to tell my mum and dad. I thought my mum and dad would blame me and I didn't know who was going to believe me. I used to get into trouble and I used to smash windows. I was always getting into trouble because I didn't belong anywhere.

27. I saw a child psychologist called Sulla Wolff quite a few times. My dad told me that she said there was more wrong with my mother than there was with me. She said that my mother needed the help and that I was okay. I saw Dr Wolff once after that when I was about five after I started going to school.
28. I went to Edenside Primary school. I got lost my first day at school because my mum wasn't there to pick me up and I went over to this housing scheme because it looked like my mum's. I couldn't find her so I started crying. An older girl who was at the big school took me in and fed me along with her two younger siblings. She gave me a bowl of tomato soup. Then her mother, [REDACTED], took me up to my mum and they had a big shouting match at the door. [REDACTED] shouted "Why the hell did you leave your bairn the first day at school?" They were friends but they started to fight with each other. [REDACTED] used to help look after me along with a lot of the neighbours.
29. I was at Edenside for about six months. I had a teacher called Mrs Brown and she was really nice. She phoned the social work department because the school started to notice that I didn't have dinners. I think it Mrs Brown noticed because I was stealing sweets and she told me I couldn't do that and that she was going to spank me. I just lost the plot with her. I didn't want her to see my bottom as I was afraid she might realise about the abuse I was suffering and she might tell someone. She just knew something was wrong.
30. My first social worker was called Mrs Ashby. She was really nice. I saw her quite a few times within a short space of time and she called a Children's Hearing. This was in the winter months because I remember it was dark and raining. My mum said "If

you blow that broolly inside out I'll blow you." Next thing that happened, the broolly blew inside out so that was me petrified for when I got home.

31. At the Children's Hearing they spoke to me alone. They asked my parents to leave the room. It's up to the parents whether they leave or not but they did. The Panel asked me to be honest and tell them how I was getting on at home. I said it was terrible. I told them it was like poison, really nasty and horrible. The Children's Hearing made A Place of Safety Order and I was sent to Elspeth Scott House. This was in 1971. I went straight from the Children's Panel to Elspeth Scott House.
32. Mrs Ashby took me from there in her car to her offices first, in Kelso social work department. Then she took me up in the car to say cheerio to my mum and dad and to pick up my stuff. My mum was really drunk and my father was really upset. My Granny just, "Hurrumphed." [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] were not there. My brother and sister did not go into care. My sister has often wondered why I was taken into care and not her as well.
33. My granny had always said they would put me in jail or put me in a home so I thought going to Elspeth Scott would be terrible like a punishment or like a haunted house on the hill. I was really scared.
34. I know from reading the very first page of my social work file that I was in poor health, that I was malnourished and that I was extremely anxious. My clothes were dirty. I never had many clothes but what I did have was dirty. When I was being sexual abused by the men they would wash me down and wipe me so that was why I was always relatively clean. I never got baths at home.

Elspeth Scott House, Newtown St Boswells

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Foster Care – EMT-EMS, Scottish Borders

96. Secondary Institutions - to be published later

Secondary the social work department were trying to get everybody out into the community into foster care or back home to their families. There was a big drive on foster care. They really pushed it hard in the Borders. They wanted the young ones and the middle ones to be fostered. They didn't ask me, they just told me I was

getting fostered. I said that I didn't want to be fostered because if my own family couldn't look after me then I didn't think it would be right that anybody else's family should look after me. Also it made me feel disloyal to my own family because even though there was a lot of emotional abuse at home and a lot of really bad things happened, I didn't want to be with anybody else's family if I couldn't be with them. I was dead against it from the start. My dad was dead against it too.

97. I was told that I had to go and that a family had been chosen for me. The foster parents came and picked me up at the children's home and took me to Eyemouth for the day. That was the only time I met them before they fostered me. The house they had was called [REDACTED]. It was a big grand old building in its own grounds within the village of [REDACTED]. I thought they were really rich. I was quite scared by that, I wasn't used to rich people
98. They had a daughter that was younger than me and she really resented me. She was really jealous and I think she didn't want to share her mum and dad. She ended up having a lot of emotional problems of her own because of this. Her name was [REDACTED] the same as her mother. I think the foster father's name was [REDACTED] EMS I can't remember what I called them. I found it very difficult to call them anything so I would approach them and just say "Hi."
99. Before I went into foster care I had been given a tartan duffle coat by my mum for my Christmas. I always treasured things that I got off my mum because I felt that was the only link I had to her. I really loved this tartan duffle coat and I wore it everywhere. It was so important to me. When I got fostered [REDACTED] EMT-EMS took my tartan duffle coat from me and either gave it to charity or put it in the bin. There was nothing wrong with the coat but it was just because it was connected to my family. I was absolutely heartbroken but they never said a thing. I was given a grey duffle coat that was itchy.
100. I found it very difficult to take care of my hygiene when I was there because they made me use the downstairs bathroom. They used the upstairs bathroom. I would go for a bath and I would get really self-conscious because they would be standing out

the back with the window open. There was nothing in it but I just got really self-conscious and scared. This meant I wouldn't bathe. They would tell me to go for a bath and they would say they couldn't hear me splashing so I would just splash the water.

101. EMT-EMS treated me differently from their own daughter and they made me very much aware of that by telling me. They told me I was the foster child and she was the natural child. Mr EMS was nicer than Mrs EMT. He had his own business making woollen jumpers but I felt had he been in the house more I would have felt safer.
102. I was in foster care for about six months. It was six months of pure hell. In my own innermost feelings and thoughts they were horrible and nasty. They would speak in French. I had taken French for six months at Kelso High School so I knew one or two words of what they were saying. They were speaking in French one day and I told them I used to be able to speak some French. Mrs EMT said "La maison de petit [REDACTED]" and asked me what it meant. My answer was 'the house of little [REDACTED] the daughter's house. She replied, "Yes. My daughter's house." The way she replied was in a stern tone. I knew there were implications behind it. It felt hostile, like she was putting me in my place.
103. The daughter resented me being there and used to pick on me and get me into trouble. She would do things like kick me under the table or say that I'd done something that I hadn't. I would get into trouble and they gave me the cold shoulder which was actually worse than telling me what I had done wrong. The daughter couldn't understand why I would be in bed half an hour later than her at night, getting slightly more pocket money or even getting the same as she was getting. She found it a real struggle.
104. I don't think anybody should foster a child if they have got older siblings unless there is a good age difference. She found sharing her house and sharing her family really difficult. She ended up taking fainting fits. She would pretend that she would faint while I was there so that she could get attention. She was an attention seeker. I think she would have been better had they not fostered.

105. The bedroom that I got was the second spare bedroom. It had really old fashioned furniture in it, really rich looking furniture. I was allowed to use the two drawers of the bureau and one side of the wardrobe for my clothes. I wasn't to touch any of the rest of the furniture in the room so it didn't feel like my bedroom it felt like an old granny's bedroom.
106. I was never allowed in [REDACTED]'s bedroom either. One time I was speaking to her and I told her my birthday was coming up. I told her I was going to ask my dad for a pair of black, corduroy jeans. Somehow my dad got the money and I got them for my birthday. I was so chuffed. After my visit with my dad I went back in and [REDACTED] came into the room and she said "Look what I got today." It was a pair of black, corduroy jeans. I felt gutted. EMT-EMS [REDACTED] never bought me anything new. The only thing I got was a pair of school shoes that I would never wear because they were horrible. They were like something out of St Trinian's. They were really old fashioned and because I was at high school I didn't want to wear them.

School

107. I just started Kelso High School while I was at Elspeth Scott and then when the summer holidays came I was moved to [REDACTED] where my foster parents lived. I had to move high school. After the summer holidays I went to Duns High School. It was the second term of year one of high school, I was about eleven or twelve. Due to the change of school at that time, I never got my Tuberculosis inoculation.
108. I was in the English class at Duns High School and the English teacher read out my essay. This was the first week of class. He said this was how an essay should be written. I think he thought it was a good thing he was doing but I felt it separated me even further from everybody else in the class. Suddenly everybody in the class knew my name and knew about me and I was the star attraction. It really did damage to me because the other pupils were asking me bizarre questions about why I was in care, why I didn't have my own family, and about adoption. I was fostered and I wanted to be in the shadows. I didn't want people knowing my business because

then they would start calling me names and then I would start to feel isolated again. I didn't want people to know I was living with strangers. Everybody was asking me where I was from and where I had been before I went there. I didn't want to tell them I had been fostered and I had come from a children's home. I felt that all the kids in the village were told to shy away from me.

109. I was in the school play. I was asked to read the part of Dopey the dwarf because somebody was off that day. I ended up getting the part because I really put my heart and soul into it.
110. The clothes I wore were different. The shoes were flat shoes. I had to wear tights and a skirt. I hated wearing a skirt because of the abuse I had suffered in the past. I wore a second hand school blazer or a cheap one. It was polyester. EMT-EMS bought me the uniform.
111. One time Duns High School got snowed in. I had to stay in school with a teacher in the first aid room. Everybody else was able to go home but because I was under a social work order, a social worker would have had to approve any change of residence in advance. There was no one to do that, so I had to stay in school because so I couldn't stay with a local family like other children were doing. The school weren't sure how to handle a child that was fostered. In the morning the teacher went to get a cup of coffee and I was left alone in the school not knowing what to do. I felt like an outsider.

Christmas/birthdays

112. The only Christmas I was with EMT-EMS I remember the dog eating the liqueurs and getting drunk. EMT-EMS was spoilt rotten that Christmas. She got loads of presents, I think I got about three. It reinforced the fact that I was different.

Clothes

113. They never got me any new clothes. They got a clothing grant from the council once a year for me and they bought me school shoes which I wouldn't wear and they bought me a new duffle coat. This was terrible because they had thrown out the one my mother had bought me and expected me to wear this horrible grey one. I was really hurt by EMT-EMS

Trips

114. We went on a trip once. There was a double bed, a single bed and a pull out cot bed. EMT-EMS slept in the double bed, slept in the single bed and I slept in the cot bed. Mr EMS was getting undressed to go to bed and I turned my face to the wall. He teased me about this. He should have picked up then that there was something wrong, that there had been abuse in my past but he missed it. He didn't report it and he didn't mention it ever again.
115. EMT-EMS were going to France during the school holidays. They said they weren't going to take me because I didn't have a passport and it was too expensive. Or maybe it was because I was under a social work order. I got moved back to the children's home again. Secondary Institutions - to be published later
Secondary Institutions - to be published later I went back to Elspeth Scott House Secondary Institutions - to be pub That was the third time that had happened.
116. EMT-EMS came to the children's home to collect me when they got back from France and I refused to go. Ian Davidson said I had to go but I told him I was staying there. I told him to get a Children's Panel arranged because I wasn't going back. They had packed my clothes and I unpacked them. EMT-EMS stayed for half an hour talking to Ian Davidson and it was decided that I could stay at the children's home for another couple of weeks and see how I felt after that.

117. A couple of weeks went by and they came back to get me again but I told them I had made up my mind I wasn't going. Nobody asked why I didn't want to go back. Nobody asked me any questions about anything. I think Ian Davidson must have contacted my social worker because Steve Grist came to see me and I told him I didn't want to be fostered and that I didn't want to go back to EMT-EMS.
118. I didn't have a great relationship with Steve Grist because I had only met him a few times but he called a meeting and Joan Moutrie who was the divisional officer for the social work department in the Borders Regional Council attended. Ian Davidson, the EMT-EMS and Steve Grist were there. I was called in at the end of the meeting and they asked me what I wanted to do. I said I really didn't want to go back. Mr EMS said that he just wanted to wish me all the very best in whatever it was I decided to do and that was the end of it.

Elsbeth Scott House Secondary Institutions - to be published later

119. I was about thirteen Secondary Institutions - to be published later
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123. I joined 'Who Cares?' when I was about fourteen in [REDACTED] and then we would go to Glasgow and Stirling for meetings. I became [REDACTED] at fifteen and even though my life was all over the place I was still able to hold it together enough for 'Who Cares?' I spoke to people about self-harming and my substance abuse. That was to divert young people away from that kind of behaviour. On the one hand 'Who Cares?' was very good for me in developing some self-worth and self-confidence but on the other hand it was bad for me because I was dealing with similar issues that I had faced day in and day out. I was feeling under pressure to try and help these vulnerable young people. I was able to give advice but I wasn't able to take it.

124. I remember going to see a doctor in Glasgow about my substance abuse. This was because they were really worried about me. I just went once. Steve Grist took me to see her. She was a psychologist. They weren't sure of the long term effects because I was a chronic substance abuser. There was a big study going on about substance abuse and the long term effects.
125. The doctor in Glasgow said I was doing it to escape reality and that she was quite worried about me because I was doing it on my own. She tried to make me promise to do it with people if I had to do it. She didn't address any problems specifically about why I was abusing substances. After I had been to see the doctor in Glasgow I went back to Elspeth Scott House but I was still abusing substances. It was decided that I would be taken to Howdenhall Assessment Centre in Edinburgh and be locked up for my own personal safety.

Howdenhall Assessment Unit, Edinburgh

126. I got taken there by Steve Grist and Colin Anderson, another social worker. They put the child locks on the car but I rolled down the window knowing I could open the car door from the outside. I took my seatbelt off and I was ready to tumble out of the car. They did an emergency stop and pulled over and Colin Anderson came and sat in the back seat with me. When we got to the assessment centre I kicked him in the ankle really hard and tried to run away.
127. I started self-harming when I went into Howdenhall. It was a secure unit. I had my sixteenth birthday there although it wasn't recognised. I was in Howdenhall for quite a few months. I wasn't allowed out at all. I had no visitors or sweets or toiletries or luxuries. Everybody else got visits and presents. I got nothing. I didn't even get cigarettes to smoke. I think they just forgot I was there. I was the only person from care in there. They didn't have any understanding of my background. The others were in for skipping school mostly or committing small offences. It was mixed boys and girls. The other children had their parents coming to visit them and they were getting pocket money and sweets.

128. Howdenhall was a secure assessment centre with a residential school. I sat my 'O' grades there. I was badly bullied in the school by the girls and the staff let it happen. I had a big fight in there with one of the girls because she kept on saying that nobody wanted me and that I didn't get any sweeties or visitors and that I was just a lump of trash. She wound me up all the time. One day they were having cigarettes and she was laughing at me and teasing me because I didn't have any. I attacked her with a book. I was pinned down, restrained and taken up to the cell by staff.
129. The cell was upstairs. It was a small room with a raised wooden ledge for your bed. I spent quite a lot of time in the cell. That's where I first self-harmed. You got your mattress, your cover and your pillow at night but during the day you had nothing in the cell at all. Your shoes were taken off you and left at the door. The toilet was in a small recess but the flusher was on the other side so the staff flushed the toilet. There were spy holes. There was one at the toilet and there was another one at the door where they could open the latch and have a look at you to see if you were okay.
130. The woman that took me there after that fight was the assistant deputy. I was sobbing my heart out uncontrollably. I told her just to leave me but she refused to leave me while I was upset. She eventually left and I self-harmed. That was the only way I could let me feelings be known. I did this all night. I think I was in the cell about three nights on that occasion.
131. I got pinned down quite a lot. You would get restrained by two or three staff, males and females, and you would get your clothing removed. It would take two to hold you and somebody to strip you. Somebody pressing a knee into your back took the wind out of your sails. They put you on your front, straighten your arms out and put them down your sides. One person held on to both your arms with their knee in your middle back and somebody else sat on your bottom half to make sure your legs were straight. Somebody else removed your clothes. Then they put a blue t-shirt on you and left you in a t-shirt and a pair of knickers. They removed anything moveable from your room and then locked you in the room.

132. There was a dorm that slept eight of us when I first went. The times we were put on pin down we were taken to a single room. Anything that could move or be moved like the drawers was taken out of your room and chairs were taken out. You were left with a bare mattress. This happened a lot to me and others. It was part of the plan at that time.
133. It depended on how bad you had been if it was pin down or you were put in the cell. If you had hurt other people, like I had hurt that girl, then you got put in the cell. I went in the cell a lot because I wouldn't conform. I went on hunger strike when I first went there. I used self-harm and hunger strikes as coping mechanisms.

Running Away


134. I once managed to run away and I got caught by the police almost immediately. It was shower time so the others were all lining up in the shower room. Me and another girl barricaded the door with our wardrobes and the beds so the staff couldn't get in. We broke the window, jumped on to the roof and climbed down a drainpipe. I ended up in a housing scheme. I got caught later on that night by a policeman and he took me back to the assessment centre. The person that was on charge that night came up to see me and he asked me what I was trying to do. I told him I was just trying to get away from that place. He said I wouldn't be doing that for a while. I had a member of staff with me at all times to make sure I didn't run away again.
135. One of the staff always wanted to have a go at me. I can't remember her name. She was a bit touchy-feely. When you showered you had to line up naked to go into the showers and if she was on duty she would say that she would wash "that bit of you." She would touch your buttocks and your breasts, she would rub soap into them. She was a dirty old pervert. Another time she asked me if I wanted a square go, a fight, in the cell with her. She terrified me. She was a big woman and I think she was a bit of a bully.
136. As I was self-harming, they got in touch with a doctor called Rob Wrate at the Young People's Unit at the Royal Edinburgh Hospital in Morningside. He came to see me at

the assessment centre. He asked me questions about my childhood. I didn't tell him about any sexual abuse. I told him about the substance abuse and that I didn't want to be in the children's home. I told him I was leaving care and that I was scared. I told him I didn't know what was going to happen to me and that I was going to die.

137. I told him everybody I had met in my life had been manipulative, nasty and abusive towards me. He was the only person that really did ask me questions. He said I was very articulate and asked if I would like to come and stay at the hospital for a while and see if I could get some help for the way I was feeling. I was transferred to the Young People's Unit in Edinburgh. To get this place meant I had to stay in the assessment centre a bit longer. I was admitted to the YPU directly from Howdenhall. I was in the YPU about eight months.

138. Secondary Institutions - to be published later
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Young People's Unit, Royal Edinburgh Hospital, Morningside, Edinburgh

139. Secondary Institutions - to be published later
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140. While I was still in the YPU I got a job in Edinburgh. I was working in a vegetarian restaurant on the Royal Mile and I was supporting my granny who lived just up from there. This was my granny [REDACTED] who was a lovely person. She had two bedrooms and she had told me that when I left care that I could come and live with her. I could keep my job on and go to night school and be with my cousins. I was up for that and so was my dad. It was a big thing. But for some reason in their wisdom they decided, despite what I had been through and despite having extended family in Edinburgh, to put me in this pokey wee place in [REDACTED] with absolutely nothing and lay me open to more potential abuse. They wouldn't let me live in Edinburgh with my granny.
141. I was on a Place of Safety Order at the YPU. I was to go to the Elspeth Scott House at weekends which was really bizarre. I was to get the bus from St Andrew Square bus station to Galashiels and then change bus to go to Newtown St Boswells. I left statutory care while I was in the YPU. Leading up to this event, when I went back to Elspeth Scott House at weekends they had given my bedroom away. They gave me a bed in the room beside a girl but it was no longer my bedroom, it was her bedroom.

Life after care

142. When I did leave Elspeth Scott House to go to my own house, which was in [REDACTED], I got nothing. I had no television, no carpets, no radio, no fridge, and no washing machine. I had a second hand cooker, a box of kitchen utensils which were bought at the auction. I had a square of carpet that didn't fit, a two seater settee and a single bed.
143. I didn't get my record player or anything from when I left care. I didn't get presents that I had got from my mum and dad. On reflection I consider they didn't expect me to live very long because of the way they treated me and the lack of human value they put on me. I had the feeling that they expected me to die from drugs or something.

144. Secondary Institutions - to be published later

145. The first night I stayed in my flat I had no curtains on the window, I tried to stick a blanket over the window. Two of the boys who had left the home a few months earlier than me kept on knocking on my front door using the letterbox. I was really scared because I just automatically assumed that they had their own sexual agendas.

146. After about eight months of living on my own I had my wee brother staying with me because he was skipping school. I was seventeen and he was fifteen. My brother came to stay with me because they were going to put him into a residential school. My dad and I went to see the headmaster. He only had eight months left of school so I didn't see the point of putting him through that. I said I would take him in. I got a lot of support from my dad and a lot of support from my brother's guidance teacher.

147. Initially I had a YTS job in Galashiels and then I got a job [REDACTED] in Kelso at the time as an assembly line operator. I was able to get my brother on to the school bus. This helped me get to my work so it kept me on the straight and narrow. I didn't hang about street corners. I was too interested in helping my brother. I used to get his child allowance book and I got him free school dinners. I used the flat as a working base because my little brother was staying with me so I had to support him.

148. I was scared of the neighbours. I didn't know who lived in what house. Secondary Institution
Secondary Institutions - to be published later

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

149. For some reason I didn't go back home to my flat in [REDACTED] one night and I stayed in Edinburgh. I knew the YPU would be closed. My friend [REDACTED] and I broke in [REDACTED] and stole [REDACTED] and a torch. We stole whatever we could. I never got charged for it. We took an overdose [REDACTED]. I woke up in a psychiatric hospital after taking my overdose but [REDACTED] was sadly successful and she ended up in the Royal Edinburgh where she later died. She died when she got out on a pass and took [REDACTED]
150. I had travelled to Glasgow to be at a distance because I didn't want to be connected with the break in at the YPU. I just wanted to be somewhere where nobody would know me or know anything about me. A girl found me fitting and the ambulance came and they took me to the Southern General. They took [REDACTED] off me. I got my stomach pumped and charcoal to absorb [REDACTED]. I know this from reading my mental health notes. After a few sickly days I was okay. I was then admitted to Dingleton Hospital psychiatric hospital. I was in Kiloran House, the acute admission unit, then I was transferred to Eden ward which was a psychotherapy unit. Ian Davidson came up to visit me a couple of times and then I went back home and I started back at work again.
151. I had spent some weekends in psychiatric hospitals in Ward 10 in the Royal Edinburgh and it used to petrify me. I think they did that deliberately, but Eden ward was the first adult psychiatric unit I had been admitted to. I celebrated my eighteenth birthday in there so I may have been there for eight to ten months. I was given chlorpromazine to take the anger off me and injections as a sedative. Sometimes I was given injections of Paraldehyde. I was sectioned under the Mental Health Act by Colin Anderson who I knew from my childhood experiences in care. My care just ran over from child protection services to an adult mental health section.
152. I was discharged from the mental health section and I decided to do something with my life. I decided to hang on in Glasgow for a while and I fell in love with the people

and the city. The doctor who was looking after me was Dr Binns and he was an excellent doctor but he used to give me an injection of dipixol once every fortnight which was meant to take the anger and the feelings of wanting to kill myself away. I came here for my medication and I got a job.

Life after being in care

153. My first job in Glasgow was with 'Who Cares? Scotland'. I worked there for six years and I loved it. I became the [REDACTED] and I looked after young people who were in care to get their rights and responsibilities heard and acted on. I have always been driven but I got quite handsome wages for that time. After about two years of working at that job I decided that I would like to take my career a lot further so I enrolled at Anniesland night college and I did my Highers. I paid for them myself. That was through the winter months and it was quite gruesome. Then I went to Strathclyde University night school. I did Social Sciences. You had to do a language as well so I did Italian. Again I paid for this myself. I was at Strathclyde University for two years at night school, twice a week and I really enjoyed it. All this work was to enter a university course. I had to do all this work because my childhood education had been so fractured. At that time I was engaged to be married.
154. I then went to the University of Glasgow for five years as a full time student. I was working two jobs, one in [REDACTED] Housing and one in [REDACTED]. I got a Masters in Social Sciences and completed the coursework for a Diploma in Social Work, but I didn't get the certification because of another episode in my mental health that resulted in my detention in Leverendale Psychiatric Hospital.
155. I worked in Dundee for quite a while at a project for vulnerable young people who were at risk of custody. I helped set up a group called [REDACTED] to help the people who were going to go down that avenue. They worked throughout Scotland. Our main base was St Andrews/Glenrothes. Prince Charles would give us his land which had a cottage on it and we would take the young people there. I really enjoyed this

work. I think I did this because I had never had my own voice listened to. I wanted to make sure that other people's voices were getting heard.

156. I was one of [REDACTED] Children's Rights Officer in Scotland. I went on Scottish Women. I have done a lot of [REDACTED] work during my life. I have helped manage to close down a unit for pre-fives in a hospital in Dumfries. I used to work for the centre for residential child care based in Glasgow and one of the remits we had was to go and investigate this place. It was for children that were having problems going to the toilet for bowel motions. They were taking them away from their parents because of that and I didn't think it was right. They needed more parental involvement if anything.
157. I have been with my partner [REDACTED] for fourteen years. He's a special guy. He hasn't had it easy either so that has bonded us. A lot of the things that I have achieved are thanks to [REDACTED]

Impact

158. I cannot understand through all the care system that nobody ever talked to me to see what I wanted. All these things were happening to me and had happened to me and nobody asked me one question about why or how and even if they did I think I might have been too scared to tell them. Nobody developed a relationship with me. There was no trust building. You didn't build up a relationship with your social worker in those days because they were so far removed.
159. I have been attending the psychiatric hospital in Glasgow for years. I was a revolving door patient. I have been diagnosed with recurring depressive disorder. My paperwork says 'suffers from chronic mental health difficulties against a background of harrowing and traumatic experiences in early life'. It has also been found that I have Multiple Sclerosis.

160. I used to think I had 'victim' tattooed on my forehead because everywhere I went it seemed that somebody was able to hunt me out. This complex made it difficult to remain in meaningful relationships. I didn't trust anybody, I couldn't.
161. I wasn't taught how to look after myself and I still can't cook. Secondary Institutions - to be published later I got quite a shock when I first saw the size of a normal tin of beans because I had only seen the catering size ones before. I didn't know how to portion food. Instead of peeling one or two potatoes I would peel the whole bag. Secondary Institutions - to be published later does the cooking for me. I literally can't cook. You don't understand how debilitating that is. When I was working in Secondary Institutions - to be published later I had to make dinner for 36 people and you had to have a vegetarian option and I used to do that no problem but I can't cook for one.
162. All my life I have felt like an outsider. Even now I don't feel I've had a similar background to most people and it shows both physically and mentally with me because my body is covered in self-harm scars.
163. Being in care always comes back to bite you. I have been engaged to be married twice. The first time it was quite a controlling relationship where he didn't want me to have any contact with my proper family. The second time it was a dishonest relationship. Because of the sexual abuse that happened in my past I have never been able to have proper sexual relations. That's because I can't relax enough into that situation. I have never had a proper healthy active sexual life. My ex-partners would say it was because of the way I was abused in the past. They were scared to touch me. They felt it as well as me, even though I hadn't told them anything it was obvious to them that things had happened.
164. My biggest regret and torment in all of this is that I didn't have children. I think if I had had children it would have changed my life. I think I would have made an excellent mum but I was petrified in case I turned out like my mum and nobody explained to me that that doesn't necessarily mean to say that because you were in care that your son or daughter was going to be or that they were going to be abused or hurt. Nobody ever explained that it wasn't my fault so I always thought if I had a son or a

daughter that they would end up in care. I wouldn't have been able to live with myself if that happened.

165. I never had a proper relationship where I could trust anybody properly because of my past. Psychological abuse has had a massive impact on my life because there are very few people in my life. I keep myself to myself. I don't make a lot of friends. When I have friends, I keep them and I keep them close but I don't go out to build friendships or build any meaningful relationships with others. It's just not something I am used to. I have never been able to have any stable relationships. This is due to a lack of self-confidence and low self-esteem. I sometimes put on a brave face but inside I am squirming.
166. Society can't deal with you for whatever reason so they shove you in hospital, dope you up with drugs and expect you to come out the other end. You don't come out the other end all right. I still have a psychiatrist but I haven't had any hospital admissions since I got off my community treatment order in 2013. The last time I was in hospital was around 2011.
167. I have always been on the run. As an adult I have left four houses fully painted, decorated, and furnished. I can't help doing it. I feel this is due to my past.
168. I don't like to be on my own in a one to one with anybody. I don't like meeting families with young children. I have never enjoyed being around a family because of what happened with my family and what happened with the foster carers. I can manage it now but for many years when my younger friends were having children it was a problem because I couldn't understand unconditional love, so much so that I didn't get married and I didn't have children and I fell I've got nothing.
169. I rekindled a relationship with my sister when my niece was born 23 years ago. My niece is a teacher now and she stays in Dunbar. She has just bought a house not far from her mum. My sister is a single parent and I think she has done a great job. I have a good relationship with my sister but it will never be brilliant because the bond between us was broken. She knows what happened with my mum and my granny

because she was there and her way of coping with it is to pretend it didn't happen. This made it difficult for me to have a relationship with her when I first came out of care and it wasn't until many years later that I could. Even now we are not that sisterly. I love her but I'm not really quite sure I know what a sister means which is another impact of having been in care.

170. My brother [REDACTED] and I got back in touch. We had become separated while we were both working and he had his family. He was diagnosed with lung cancer and he had a brain tumour. His partner committed suicide because she was being bullied by [REDACTED]'s children. I did the eulogy for her funeral and my brother's.
171. My journey has been difficult I have had very little help or support to get me into work, to have a career. I did that myself because I didn't want other people going through what I had been through. My ability to develop as a young woman was really diminished.

Reporting of Abuse

172. Dr Joe McKane took over my case from Dr Binns. He told me that dipixol was the wrong treatment plan for me. This was after I had self-harmed. I had skin scrapings taken to peel off the scars, to make them look more like a burn. Dr McKane developed a relationship with me over many years and took the rough with the smooth. Little by little he lowered my defences and got me to write a bit more and eventually the abuse just came out. After that I was able to speak about it. He wasn't surprised by what had happened to me. He was just waiting for me to tell him. He said he knew I had a lot of trauma but he didn't expect it to be as bad as it was.
173. The only person I told what had happened to me as a child was my psychiatrist and my long time good friend Dr McKane. This was as an adult aged about forty. I never reported my abuse to an official body. I didn't think there was anything available to people like me who have gone through the system.

Records

174. I first wrote to the Borders Regional Council on 1st November 1994 asking for my records. I got a reply from the director dated 7th November 1994 letter saying he would give consideration to my request and would advise of his decision as soon as possible. I received a reply back from Dr Ross, the assistant director of social work, on 22nd December 1994. It said 'that the council will not let you have your social work files. They will, however, ensure that the files are retained for another 25 years to allow you further reasonable planned, supervised, access to them if you so wish. Your files will not be destroyed against your wishes and you may check out information from them.'

175. On 3rd July 2003 I received a letter from Anne Blackie, Senior Service Manager for Children and Families, Scottish Borders Council. It said 'Despite an extensive search we have been unable to trace your case files relating to when you were in the care of this local authority. Prior to 1995 we were not required by law to retain case files. The case files were marked with a destruction date. I have spoken to Colin Anderson who I believe you have contacted before. Colin will be happy to meet you to discuss his involvement in your care and the memories you share'. Colin Anderson was the senior social worker at Kelso social work department. He was my social worker's boss. I had been in correspondence with him about my records.

176. I don't have any idea about my history, I know nothing about my brother or sister because social workers chose first of all to keep the files away from me on the advice of their solicitor. I have a letter stating this. The fact that they did not keep them was shocking. I don't know where I was, what I was doing, why or when. I have no history of my childhood at all. I have no photographs, I have no information about my family. I have not taken this any further because I don't know what to do about it. It can't be left like that. I have contacted Future Pathways to see if they can help me.

Lessons to be learned

177. There needs to be a lot more involvement with the young person and their family so that they are all singing from the same hymn sheet. There are so many different ways of recording information now. Young people should be given a dongle with photos and their information on it so that it can't be destroyed. I used to talk when I was younger about life story books and about social workers and care workers telling young people to write a life story book but I think it would be better to do this using technological equipment so it can't be destroyed if they are angry or in a bad mood.
178. There should be weekly house meetings where young people can speak about any problems they are having with any other young people or member of staff in the children's unit. I think there should be more regular reviews about the young person's care and I think possibly the head teacher from the school should be there as well so that they can understand what the young person needs.
179. I think there should be some way that young people can have privacy and confidentiality but things will still be acted on. I don't think it should be written in the log book. I think there needs to be a lot more done with education and written work for the young people. I think young people should have the freedom to go to groups. You get support groups for young people whose parents are alcoholics. If there could be some after care survivor's group, some support group for when people have left care. There needs to be a lot more money invested into young people's futures when they are leaving care. Show them that they are worth more than what they think they are.

Other information

180. It seems that most of my chosen acquaintances now has experience of a mental health problem. The government are putting more focus on to mental health problems for children and young people. Early intervention is good but I don't think they should label people that are going through school. There is too much emphasis

on labelling young people with mental health problems nowadays. I see this as detrimental. They need to find another way of looking at the problems/issues.

181. I would like to see all local authorities introduce some sort of standardised record holding and storing of information which would allow young people leaving care to access support and for those authorities to recognise statutory obligations in respect of those who have been in care until the age of 26. Although I am not sure how this may be done I would propose something similar to a membership card recognising that the holder may require assistance from a local authority because many people leaving care move from one local authority area to another. Too many people are slipping through the net. All young people leaving care should be given some sort of leaving care handbook.

182. Secondary Institutions - to be published later

183. I think it is very good and brave of the Scottish Government through the Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry to undertake this recognition and investigation on behalf of survivors of abuse from times gone by. The staff working on such projects give us a valuable resource of skills. The Government need to harness the wealth of expertise of the Inquiry staff and Future Pathways staff, as survivors of abuse would benefit from that wealth of experience for future projects. Even the quietest voices need to be heard.

184. I have no objection to my witness statement being published as part of the evidence to the Inquiry. I believe the facts stated in this witness statement are true.

EMR

Signe

Dated

22/11/2019