

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

KWS

Support person present: No

1. My name is KWS. KWS is my married name while KWS is my name before I was married. I am known as KWS for certain jobs I've been in, but legally I am known as KWS which is on my birth certificate, my bank card and driving licence but people in jobs I do know me as KWS. As a child I was known as KWS. My date of birth is 1977. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

Life before going into care

2. I was born in Forth Park, Kirkcaldy. My dad's name was and my mum was. I have two younger brothers called and, being the youngest and there is three years between us all. Mum was great to us, but dad could be short-tempered and I would say quite fearsome.
3. Life as a child was pretty good and at the weekends we would get up, washed, fed and out the door not coming back till nightfall which would depend on what time of the year it was. We would play football or go down and play in the fields and in the woods or go up to the railway tracks and watch the trains go by or travel in them to Cowdenbeath.
4. On a school day we wouldn't be out as much as we would get home, get changed, tidy our rooms then get our homework done but the weekends were our time. The police were always at the door because of me and the thing that kicked it all off was

that I once got my hands on a load of fireworks, made a small bomb and put it through a neighbour's letterbox. She nearly had a heart attack and that was the clincher. I was forever making weapons like bow and arrows, nunchucks, slings and things like that.

5. Putting the firebomb through a neighbour's letterbox is what first got me sent into residential school as they said I needed help. I first had gone to St Ninian's Primary in Kirkcaldy but was fairly out of control and on one occasion I got a row from the head master and didn't appreciate it so put a brick through a class window. The brick hit a teacher, which I didn't mean to do, and I got expelled. That was probably the final thing for the school as I had been unruly in class and been setting off fire alarms. This was just before Christmas in 1983 or 84 and I was six or seven.
6. I was seeing a child psychiatrist at the time called Dr Steer who diagnosed me as having ADHD and put me on 1,500 mg of drugs which was a heck of a lot of drugs for a bairn. He also later diagnosed me as epileptic. The doctors wanted to control my epilepsy before they controlled my ADHD but that didn't happen.
7. My psychiatrist says that that was the reason why I was so out of control. They should have dealt with my epilepsy from day one because that is the way you are, the reason you act that way and I was out of control. I felt I had zero support. Dr Steer was there to control my epilepsy but my psychiatrist now says that if they had controlled my ADHD that that would have controlled my epilepsy because I was just taking fits right, left and centre.
8. It started when I was coming home from school when I was four or five and a thunder storm started and I was terrified. I went in to the kitchen and told my mum it was raining outside and I was greeting and screaming when suddenly it went "bang" and I hit the floor and that was it. Next thing I knew I was at the doctors and the psychiatrist every week and was getting pills dropped down my throat left, right and centre.
9. Due to my behaviour I was sent to Stratheden Hospital, Cupar. If there was any social workers involved in this decision then I wasn't aware of it but I think it was my nana's decision to send me there and I think her experience of having been a nurse gave the

family reason to accept what she said. Her name was [REDACTED] and she was my dad's mum.

Playfield House, Stratheden Hospital, Cupar

10. It was just before my birthday in 1984 when I was just about to turn seven when I got picked up from my house at about 9:00 pm by guys in white jackets, it was like something out of the movies and all the neighbours were watching as I was taken away. The guys picked me up and carried me into a van as I was kicking off trying to bite and scratch them. Mum had to sign a paper as I was taken away. If anybody was trying to explain what was happening then I wasn't listening. I don't know what was going through my mind at the time.
11. When I arrived at Stratheden I was sedated with an injection as I was refusing to calm down. This was done in a cold room with metal beds and bars on the windows and was done because I was apparently upsetting other children. The room I was in looked to me like a prison for bairns.
12. While there we did get playtime and school but we were locked up and you only got playtime if you behaved yourself. It was a secure place and we were never outside. However they would try and get me to go to bed at 12 in the afternoon and I wasn't having that. I think I picked up a pen or something like that and tried to stab one of them and I ended up being locked up in a cell for three weeks until, I think, my nana got me out.
13. Apparently I was in Stratheden on the basis that I was safe, wasn't getting mistreated and was getting help. My parents had come up to see me each week but weren't allowed to see me and I think it was the fourth week when my nana came up and got involved that I got out. Although I was still under the care of Dr Steer at the time I don't recall seeing him or any other psychiatrist while in Stratheden.

14. All the staff wore white coats and the doors were all controlled by having to press buttons to access them and you had to go through three doors just to get where I was. I don't recall any of the other kids which was probably because I was doped up so much.
15. I don't really recall much of my time there and the only thing I recall doing was painting and drawing. When I was older I looked Stratheden up online and saw that there were about 200 kids in there. Looking back I would say that I was unruly and the staff probably acted within the parameters of their job and I wouldn't hold anything against them.
16. I think it was my nan who got me out of Stratheden and I was transferred to Ovenstone. My parents told me I was an order of the state and that if they didn't agree to me going there the state would have sent me anyway. I think it was an orderly who told me I was going to Ovenstone and he seemed to take pleasure in telling me.
17. I was happy leaving as it got me out of a padded cell which I had been in for about three weeks of the three months I was there. It was like going from a locked prison to an open prison for bairns. I was dosed up when I left Stratheden and sedated throughout the journey.

Ovenstone Residential School, Pittenweem, Fife

18. I remember my first day at Ovenstone, I'll never forget that. When we drove in I remember seeing loads of walls and doors but the place was mainly windows, massive big panes. There was a big long corridor at the end of which I got told was the girls' dorm though I didn't see any girls. I was told that if I ever went in there that would be the end of me. I was taken to see SNR [REDACTED] and in his room he had this big redwood desk and two massive Doberman dogs which were very well trained.
19. He explained to me why I was there and told me I had to accrue 2,000 points and I would then get out. I think if you were good you got 5 points a day. He said that I would

go to school like everybody else, would eat like everybody else and that I would behave, go to bed at night and that if I followed all the rules everything would be fine.

20. He told me that if I misbehaved I would be sent to see him and that if I misbehaved again I would see him again and that I wouldn't be happy to see him again but that everybody got one chance. That is a saying that I still use myself to this day that everybody gets one chance. I don't recall his name. He also told me I was not allowed to go into the dorm on the right which was apparently the girls' dorm.
21. The staff were all called Mr but the only one whose name I sort of recall was named KXB [REDACTED]. There was always staff on day and night and the headmaster would be there Monday to Friday but not at the weekend. No new staff ever came in when I was there and all the staff were in their 30s or 40s. Some staff would be there overnight. Staff did the teaching as well as being the carers. Cooks and cleaners came in to help staff with those jobs.
22. After I spoke to SNR [REDACTED] I was taken to a dorm where I settled in and started at the school the next day. At the time I found the place scary but I was out of the padded cell and there was a lot of open space which I liked.
23. Children were in Ovenstone because they had mental disorders, some were there because they were nasty wee buggers but nobody was there for no reason. I never did see any girls but was told they were there. I would say there were between twenty and thirty boys aged between six and ten years old. I think that older than that they got sent elsewhere.
24. We slept in dorms, there were two with about ten to fifteen in each dorm and we slept in single beds.

Routine at Ovenstone

25. We got up in the morning at 7:00 am and would go straight in for a shower. We would then go for breakfast in our pyjamas after which we would go back to the dorms to get dressed. We weren't allowed to take breakfast in our uniforms in case we spilt anything on them.
26. We had school starting at 9:00 am which would start with registration and then get a break in the morning before going for lunch. We would then go back to school in the afternoon finishing at either 3:00 or 4:00 pm which would be followed by tea and then we would have playtime. I think we went to bed about 8:00 or 9:00 pm.
27. At weekends we had the time to ourselves and we could do what we wanted. We would play football in the big field at the back but I don't recall them putting on specific activities for us. The only special activity I remember was firework's night when we would also have a wee party.

Mealtimes/Food

28. The food was great. We had breakfast in the morning, then a lunch at midday, snacks between then and tea-time which I think was about 4:00 pm. I think we then got toast or something like that before we went to bed. All the boys ate in the cafeteria at the same time as it was huge.
29. If you didn't like something it wouldn't have been a good idea to speak up because staff would slap you on the back of the head. I have a problem with onions and they make me physically ill. If I ate onions I would be sick and I would get a slap but I learned to drink water with something I didn't like and ate it that way so it didn't touch my taste buds.

Washing/bathing

30. We got a shower every morning when we got up. The showers were in a room with tiled walls and a drain in the middle. It was an open shower with a non-slip floor and we all showered together. I can't remember if there were enough shower heads to take

all of us at the same time or if we took turns. There was no privacy as you were showering with a bunch of other boys. There were no problems around showering.

Chores

31. You had to keep your dorm tidy and make your bed but cleaners were brought in to keep the place clean while we were at school.

Clothing/uniform

32. The school supplied our clothes and we all wore the same thing. I think it was a uniform but I don't remember what it was. Laundry was done on a certain day of the week. We wore casual clothes at the weekend.

Pocket money

33. We didn't get any pocket money but we didn't need any to buy anything as everything was provided for.

Schooling

34. I was quite bright and the schooling was easy for me and we did it during the week with classes starting at 9:30 am with breaks. I think we had a different subject each day. I don't remember ever doing any homework.

Healthcare

35. At the time my epilepsy was really bad so they must have had my medication coming in. I don't know exactly how it was that they dealt with it but I know I never went to see

a doctor or a psychiatrist when I was in Ovenstone and nobody was brought in to see me.

36. I had been diagnosed with ADHD and epilepsy before I went in there but I have no recollection of them helping me with these things. I don't ever recall seeing either a doctor or a dentist and if somebody was ever injured and required to be taken to a hospital then I wasn't aware of it.

Trips and holidays

37. We were never taken on any trips and I think that was because they couldn't take the risk of letting us outside.

Birthdays and Christmas

38. On their birthdays some of the parents of the other boys would visit them but mine never came for my birthday. At Christmas there was a party and staff got us presents of chocolates, toys and things and we would have a big dinner in the canteen. It was usually a good time.

Personal possessions

39. We didn't have possessions to speak of but if a visitor brought you something in then you were allowed to keep it.

Bed wetting

40. Some boys did wet the bed because they had weak bladders. They would get points deducted for that and told they should be able to get up themselves if they needed the toilet but I don't remember any boy who wet the bed receiving any kind of support.

Visitors

41. Nobody ever visited me though I know others got visitors. When others did get visitors they were usually supervised and I think they met in the cafeteria. I was told in the summer and at Christmas that I was due a visit from my parents but they never came. I never got to have any visits home.

Review of care/inspections

42. There were monthly reports on how we were doing by way of one on one meetings with a teacher.
43. If anybody came in to inspect the place then I wasn't aware of them.

Discipline

44. SNR [REDACTED] said that if I misbehaved I would be sent to see him and if I misbehaved twice I would be sent to see him again and I wouldn't like it. I never did get a third strike as I was too scared to. As such I never did get the belt but was aware of others getting it.

Running away

45. I was bullied a lot. One boy, who only had three fingers on one hand, and I had some run ins and fights and I lost every one of them even though he was shorter than me. There was a bigger boy who was the resident bully. One day I decided that I had had enough and I wrote a note saying I was going to run away which I gave to him because he was a bully and was favoured by the staff who I assumed he would have passed the note to. However, he said he would run away with me so we ran off through the fields.
46. After what felt like hours, I didn't know where we were going, we got to the trees and there were cars waiting for us and SNR [REDACTED] was there. He told us if we came out and they didn't have to pursue us then they would let it go. This was my first strike but he threatened to bump it up to my third strike if we didn't come out.

47. The bully told me he was already on a second strike and warned me not to dare go out to them but I caved. They were bigger than us and if we had started to run they would have caught us. I went out and SNR [REDACTED] said that since it was a nice day we would just walk back to the school and told one of the others to take his car back.
48. As we did he said he understood why I had run away and knew that being there was tough and he added that he thought I had been doing really well. However, he said that I had betrayed a trust by running away and that he would be adding 200 points to my total but that that would be as far as it goes. He warned me not to do it again and reminded me that I was in their care and that I wasn't allowed to run away.
49. He was actually really nice about it which kind of took me aback. There was no further punishment for having run away. I don't know what happened to the other boy. The reason I had run away was that I was miserable and terrified. The staff could do what they wanted to us and nobody could stop them.

Abuse at Ovenstone Residential School

50. When in school we had to line up against the wall in the morning and a member of staff would then do registration to see who was all there and if you were late he wouldn't be a happy man. A new boy came in and he thought he was the man. He was asked his name and told me to "fucking tell him". He was asked what he had just said and repeated it.
51. We were all instantly dismissed and got sent to breakfast and he was taken to a room. All we heard was raised voices and shouting as we left the room, mostly coming from the teacher. We were in the halls eating and all we heard was a commotion and screaming and shouting.
52. The new boy then came flying in the air through the swing doors, having been kicked through them. I had never seen a child kicked like a football and he was screaming

and greeting. He was bruised and battered, had clearly been set about and we were all taken aback. The boy was tanned, maybe Italian and aged about seven. He was well spoken. He went to SNR [REDACTED] room and told us later that he was told he had deserved it. That was when it hit me what sort of place I was in. The boy's face was all red as if he had been continuously slapped but I don't recall his name.

53. The teacher who assaulted him may have been the one called KXB [REDACTED] who would tell us that we were in a jail for bairns and that staff could do what they liked. He was about 5' 10" or 11", pudgy but a decent weight with a serious looking fat face, maybe in his 20s or 30s with really short spiky hair and always seemed to need a shave and was always smartly dressed.
54. We were all carrying on one night pillow fighting. Things got out of hand and I hit a boy hard and his head hit off a wall and he was knocked out. We all got called in to see SNR [REDACTED] who told me that that was my first time but showed me the belt and warned me that if I was sent to see him a second time then I would get the belt. Seeing the belt and the fact that he still had the two dogs beside him terrified me.
55. Another boy had already received two strikes of the belt and as I walked out I heard the swish of the belt and a boy crying. I later saw the welts he had on his arm, shoulder and back. I don't recall the boy's name. The boy that had been knocked out had been taken away.
56. We were all outside one nice day and a woman teacher said she had to go to her house and asked me and another boy to go with her so we got in her car. She was a nice teacher and was never bad to us and it was a chance to get out so we went with her. All the way she was saying to herself "This is wrong, this is so wrong, I shouldn't be doing this". We didn't go too far, maybe about fifteen minutes away.
57. When we arrived at her house she went upstairs with the other boy and I watched my conker which I had put in a cup. The other boy then came downstairs and was quiet and clearly upset about something but I didn't think anything of it at the time. The teacher's hair was all wet as if she had had a wash.

58. She then said to me "Come on [KWS]", I remember a strong smell of soap up close to her and that's the last thing I remember. The next thing I do remember is that I'm walking out the front door and there are cars and vans all over the place. The home had found us. The police were there and as soon as she went to her front door the police grabbed her and we got huckled.
59. She screamed "I never done anything, I never done anything. Tell them I never done anything. What are you doing, leave me alone. Boys, tell them I haven't done anything". I was clueless as to what was going on and had lost all sense of what had happened since I had been looking at my conker.
60. As the police grabbed us [SNR] came over and said to them "They're with us" but the police said that they had to take us in for questioning. [SNR] said he wanted to have a word with us first before they took us away. He told us that the school were responsible for us, that the police couldn't do anything for us and not to say anything to the police about the school.
61. The police were really nice and wanted to know everything. They said they wanted to know what had happened in the house and wanted to know what was happening in the school. I told them what I could remember about what happened in the house but nothing about what happened in the school.
62. They told me that they had had reports of what was going on at the school and told us we could trust them and not to worry about anything happening to us. I told them I couldn't tell them anything that was happening at the school. I told them I had been warned I couldn't say more.
63. The police continued to try and get me to tell them what was happening at the school but I refused to say anything and only told them what I could remember about what had happened at the teacher's house because I knew I was allowed to talk about that but said nothing about the school.

64. Myself and the other boy had been separated and while staff from the school had followed us to the police station they weren't allowed in while we were being interviewed. I don't know what the other boy said to the police.
65. I don't know what police office it was we were taken to and I don't recall the name of the other boy involved. I think it happened sometime in June or August and was quite a while after I had arrived at Ovenstone. The woman was an English teacher, in her 30s and drove a blue Ford Mondeo. I don't remember her ever coming back to the school and I don't know if anything happened with regards to that police inquiry.
66. Kids getting battered was a regular thing and could happen at any time by anybody though I don't recall getting hit myself. It tended to be slaps or pushes that they gave us rather than punches. What the staff did was condoned by SNR [REDACTED] whose attitude seemed to be that if staff were hitting us we must have deserved it.
67. If staff saw marks on a boy's face we would say that we had walked into a door. I was bullied regularly and did tell the staff about it but they would just tell me to "man up and stop being a wee bitch". My recollection is that there were no CCTV cameras that would have captured anything happening.

Reporting of abuse at Ovenstone

68. I know I was in Ovenstone for over three years but I never reported anything to anybody. My mum and dad didn't visit but even if they had what could I have said to them? They had signed me up to be there so they wouldn't have done anything about what was happening there. Those of us in Ovenstone had been signed over to the state and they were responsible for us and owned us.
69. I'm never going to get any answers about what happened that day with the female English teacher and what happened to me in her house. I know something happened to the other boy that was with me and I'm sure something happened to me but I just can't remember it. Maybe there is a good reason why I can't remember it and it was

just too traumatic but surely there must be police records somewhere about what happened that day.

Leaving

70. The first time I realised I was leaving Ovenstone was when SNR [REDACTED] turned round and told me that I had reached my 2,000 points and that I would be leaving. They had to process my paperwork first so it was three days or maybe a week after that that I left. I felt ecstatic to be getting out.
71. My mum and dad came to pick me up and if any paperwork was done regarding my release it wasn't done in front of me. If any of the staff said anything to me before I left it would just have been for show. On the journey home mum and dad were asking me things but I didn't know what to say and just didn't feel normal.
72. When I went back to my old school I didn't think much had changed though I was quiet in class. I wasn't as outlandish, outspoken or explosive in the way that I acted or talked as I had been before. It had been a while that I had been away though it seemed to the others that I had never left. I had missed a lot of work having been away but I wasn't bothered about that as I was able to transfer what I had learned in Ovenstone to my primary school. I actually seemed to be further ahead than the other kids.
73. When I went home things felt alien to me and I felt as if my mum and dad and my brothers were acting differently towards me. After I left Ovenstone I was again seeing Dr Steer pretty much as soon as I left. I would see him weekly or fortnightly in Victoria Hospital.

Life after being in care

74. I went to St Andrew's High School in Kirkcaldy where I spent most of my time doing practical jokes and that was the start of my comedic career. I was always being a funny

guy. I was funny as a bairn, funny as an adult and am funny now. I did well in maths and English and got standard grades in the other subjects.

75. I got in to stand-up comedy around pubs and clubs and friend's houses doing stand-up and I loved it and went to Theatre and Performance at The West of Scotland University. I've been doing acting ever since and been self-employed as an actor for ten years. I love acting but have hated other jobs I've had to take to allow me to do it and am presently working in a council tax office. Acting is what I love doing.
76. I am married with four children though a fifth child died when very young.

Impact

77. I feel that when I was in Stratheden and Ovenstone they shouldn't have been concentrating so much on my epilepsy. It was pretty serious that I was taking seizures so frequently and sometimes I had epileptic seizures four or five times a day. There were so many times that I woke up on the floor having had a seizure and didn't know what had happened. I would be sitting talking to somebody then the next thing I knew I would be on the floor wondering why everybody was looking at me.
78. The problem is that my ADHD, the way I talk about things, was a big part of why I was sent away. I was out of control and talking out of turn to anybody and it didn't matter if it was a policeman or a teacher, my mum or my dad, a neighbour, people in the street, it didn't matter. I spoke the way I thought and that was pretty bad. There was no control.
79. They should have really focused on that because I actually think that that was why I was taking all those seizures. My brain was completely out of whack, out of control and I was up to high doh about every single thing and it was the same feeling as if I had had numerous cups of coffee. I feel that they dropped the ball and Dr Steer should have picked up on that.

80. I feel that by the time I was in those institutions it was too late for me and that the damage had been done and that was why I was in those places. They weren't bothered about why I was in there, their attitude was just "Right, you're in here now". I don't feel either place ever tried to help me with my ADHD. I feel that when I came out of those places that I was worse and had become institutionalised.
81. I feel as if everything is a joke to me. I end up laughing at things and my wife says it's because I don't deal with things and that's why I act like that. My psychiatrist says the same. She says I laugh at even serious things and that the reason I do so is because I'm scared. It's a sort of defensive mechanism that I have and I don't like talking about such things as I'll make a joke and get defensive. Maybe there is some truth about it. I don't know but I do know that I can be sitting talking about something serious and I just end up laughing about it and then people get annoyed and upset with me.
82. To be honest it was only when I started reading about The Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry that I started to remember about my time in Stratheden and Ovenstone. I had told my friends and my partner about it but I couldn't really go into any great detail. All I knew was that I had been in both places when I was younger but I couldn't tell anybody any details or what happened, it just wasn't there. It was possibly a mental block or maybe I just didn't want to remember.
83. The drinking I was doing didn't help. When I was drinking I blamed everything on my mental state and couldn't work out why. I was crazy and I didn't know why. I thought about the things I did, the way I acted, the way I treated people badly but because I was a drunken mess I couldn't explain it.
84. It was my wife who saved me. She saw what was going on from the very start and knew something was wrong. She and my friends tried and tried to tell me there was something wrong and that I should seek help telling me to get my shit together. My wife said to me at one point I had to phone the doctor we were done.
85. Something then clicked with me and I knew I had to call the doctor. I told him my problems and he said he had to see me as soon as possible. I was then put in contact

with Dr Richards who is an ADHD nurse and knows what he is talking about. He put me in touch with Dr Sahid, also a psychiatrist.

86. I don't want to sugar coat things. I was a bad bairn who was out of control and I could put it down to my psychological and mental stability and could blame everyone but myself. However, at the end of the day, I was bad and got put away, that's it and I've no issue with that. I'm not going to blame anybody, I was bad and I paid the price and that was it.

Treatment/support

87. I see a psychiatrist and was on medication for my epilepsy, not anymore, now I am for just my ADHD. My psychiatrist says that if I had waited any longer to get it dealt with I could have been institutionalised or in a bad way. Apparently getting the medication I'm now on and the help that I'm getting means I caught it in the nick of time.
88. I was spiralling out of control. My marriage was on its way out and my wife was at the end of her tether and didn't know what to do. My friends even noticed and, in fact, everybody noticed it except me. Every time that it was brought up that I needed help I just brushed it off. I didn't want to deal with it, I couldn't. I actually thought I was just a crazy person and thought that was the reason for everything that happened in my life, I was just nuts.
89. Apparently that was one of the reasons that I went into the arts, nine out of ten actors and actresses have psychological problems, one in four Scots have mental issues and we have more mental health issues than anywhere else. Even in adulthood I have ended up in all sorts of bother, drinking especially. I've ended up in bother with the police, I've ended up being committed because of suicide attempts.

90. I couldn't deal with everything that was going on in my head and at one point I [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] and the next thing I knew I was in hospital.

91. A psychiatrist came to see me and asked what was going on and I stupidly told her everything and she then said that I couldn't leave and that she would have to contact the police though they were already there. She said they would have to take me up to the hospital to have me committed. I objected to this but ended up in the psychiatric ward for a couple of weeks. This was before I saw my present psychiatrist.
92. I'm on pills now but It's different. I still think bad and I still talk bad but it's more abrupt, more clear and I'm even more focused on what I'm saying though it doesn't make a blind bit of difference. So far we haven't discussed my background and it's all been about getting my medication right. The doctor says that my ADHD might already be irreversible and all we can do is hope.

Reporting of Abuse

93. I have never reported anything that happened to me in care to the police or any other person in authority other than what I've already said about what happened with the English teacher.

Records

94. I have no interest in trying to recover my records. What I would say is that my present psychiatrist says he tried to get my records from Stratheden but that they were locked away and it was only with special permission that he was able to get hold of at least

some of them which suggested to me that they were trying to cover up what went on in there.

Lessons to be learned

95. A lot of the bairns that were in Stratheden and Ovenstone were unstable wee so and so's and, in our own eyes, we deserved to be there but there are reasons behind that. Kids aren't just basically unhinged wee buggers, it's all to do with what is going on in the house and your mind, but I don't know what you can do about that. You can't have CCTV cameras set up in every house just in case parents are drug addicts or alcoholics. You can't "Big Brother" everybody.
96. I think when kids are sent away to homes it's like they are sent to a prison for bairns and they are treated like criminals. They certainly don't come back out as better people, we came out far more damaged than when we went in. It's a sad truth but that's just the way it is.

Hopes for The Inquiry

97. I want for this to never happen again. A bairn shouldn't be sent away just because the professionals dropped the ball with regards to their treatment. We were in care and they were supposed to be looking after us but we were battered and threatened with more batterings if we said anything.

Other information

98. People who were abused in homes or in care or in your home, and grow up and realise that they are ashamed. They ask themselves why they should speak up, who's going

to believe them? It's not as if they're telling lies. And what is there to be ashamed of? Because you were abused? I thought talking and admitting this was a sign of weakness. I told myself to man up and deal, get over it. I know now that was the wrong way of thinking.

99. People that grew up having suffered this kind of abuse grow up sad and confused about what happened to them and find themselves unable to speak out about what happened to them. I can tell anybody what happened to me because at the end of the day I can, I have, why shouldn't I? Why shouldn't you?
100. 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.

Signed..........

Dated.....14 November 2022.....