

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

KPT

Support person present: Yes

1. My full name is KPT. My name at birth and whilst at school was KPT. My date of birth is 1969. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

Life before care

2. I was born in Edinburgh and lived with my parents and older half-sister. The four of us lived in a one bedroom flat at [REDACTED] in Edinburgh. We all slept in one bedroom. My parents slept in a double bed and my sister and I on a bunkbed.
3. My mother's name was [REDACTED] and her date of birth was [REDACTED] 1932 or 1934. My father was [REDACTED] and his date of birth is [REDACTED] and I think 1942. My sister, [REDACTED] was about eight years older than me. She was from my mum's first marriage. My dad also had a son from his first marriage but I never met him.
4. My mum was brought up in a convent and I found out as an adult that she hadn't had a good childhood. She had basically been left to fend for herself when she left the convent. She had wanted to become a nun but only because she had nothing. She had a breakdown when she was a teenager and then married her first husband who was abusive and led her into a life of crime. By the time she met my dad, she was involved with drugs and petty crime to cope with life and support my sister.

5. When my mum married my dad, he used her as a cash machine and never gave her a penny. He was a blacksmith with his own business for a while, but that failed. My mum sold drugs and did what she did to survive and to provide for my sister and I.
6. I was always ill when I was little. I had a condition as a baby called Pyloric Stenosis where the muscle in your stomach contracts and stops you from digesting food so it came back up constantly. I had surgery to fix that when I was eighteen months old. I always had chest infections as a child after that and was rushed to hospital in an ambulance and hospitalised a couple of times.
7. My dad was a heavy drinker and very violent. My mum got the worst of it, then my sister and then me. My mum used drugs to help her cope with the abuse from my dad and to just function.
8. My dad would always mentally torture me. When I dropped a plastic rose in some vinegar and water when I was four years old, then picked it out he told me it was poisonous and I would die. I was in hysterics. He would always tell me they didn't want me and they tried to give me away but nobody wanted me, and that I had an ugly smile, so I never smiled.
9. My mum paid for my dad to go on holiday to Florida for four weeks, even though we never went on holiday much ourselves. He came home and found someone in the house and wasn't happy about it. My mum was later washing me in the bath. I was five years old at the time. He came in and punched her in the face and then stuck her head in my bath water and started to drown her. I was standing screaming and asking him to pick me up because the water was turning red with the blood.
10. I was scared and didn't want him to touch me but I still asked him to pick me up, which he did. I remember my mum crawling away and he told me that she made him do it. A psychologist later told me, when I was an adult, that I had gone into survival mode and saved both our lives by doing that.

11. Life at home was volatile because of my dad's drinking and violence. He raped my mum lots of times in the bed in front of my sister and I while we were in the bed. It was obvious from the things he said and done that he knew we were awake when he did it. My sister was older and understood more than me. I just knew that he was hurting my mum and I wanted him to stop. I hated him from as far back as I can remember.
12. The police were involved and they saw her injured face but they didn't care because we were all considered his property so he was allowed to treat us how he wanted. He was never charged once. The police would do raids on the house because of my mum selling drugs. I had been trained from an early age that when the police came to the house, I was to grab my teddy, which had a zip on the back with drugs in it. I was like a trained monkey.
13. My mum tried to remove me and my sister from the violence so she moved a lot with us to get away from my dad. I remember sleeping in different houses in peoples' living rooms or on their floors. My dad would always find us and kick the door down wherever we were and drag us home. If my mum was out, he would hold me down to the floor and punch me until my mum came back. Once we tried to leave the house, and he heard me say something to my mum and he battered me black and blue. I was about ten years old at the time.
14. My mum was away for a while and I was told she was in hospital. I learned later that she had been in prison for selling drugs. I feel terrible saying it because I don't want her to sound bad when she wasn't. She didn't live a lavish lifestyle with the money. She just did what she did to survive.
15. I think of my childhood as being schizophrenic because I had this other side of my life where I spent time with my granny at the weekends and she would visit me at school at lunch times. She was my dad's mum and was my best friend. She was a beautiful, incredible woman. I remember walking with her at four years old and telling her that I wanted to be a girl when I grew up, and she said I could be anything I wanted to be. She supported me, accepted me and loved me unconditionally.

16. My psychologist has told me that having my gran as an anchor saved my sanity because she made me feel normal. My mum tried but she had her own problems.
17. I felt like I was a girl and wanted to be a girl and couldn't understand how people didn't get it because it felt so natural to me. My mum and gran accepted me and bought me dolls because I loved playing with them, and so did my aunty, who my gran lived with. She bought me a Cindy House with all the furniture.
18. I went to James Gillespie Primary School. I was a loner and had two best friends who were girls, but one used to bully me a lot.
19. I started James Gillespie High School, but only attended there for less than a year. That was where the bullying got really bad.

Going into care

20. The bullying got really bad in High School when I was about twelve years old. I started to skip school because I wasn't getting any respite. I was having a terrible time getting bullied at home by my dad and also getting bullied at school.
21. It wasn't that I was stupid or didn't want to learn. I just needed a break and needed to breathe. I just skipped school to be alone. Most of the time I ended up walking alone in the Botanic Gardens to have some space.
22. Skipping school landed me in the worst position. I was referred to a psychologist or Counsellor when I was about twelve years old, and I think it was the school who referred me but I'm not sure. I think his surname was McCabe and he was based in the Royal Edinburgh Children's Unit.
23. I remember Mr McCabe used to ask me horrible questions like if I just wanted a hole to pee out of. I didn't even know if that was what women had. I would tell him that I just wanted to be a girl. My mum told me that he told her that I had a hatred for men,

which was just rubbish. She told him that wasn't true. I had hatred for my dad but there was good reason for that.

24. I have now seen my records and read the reports from that time and they all blame me for skipping school and for what was happening to me. In the first report the psychologist describes me as being slightly plump and having a "mincing walk" and that I kept playing with my hair. The language used is really homophobic and transphobic. I don't know why he was using such offensive language to describe anyone that way. He obviously made up his mind about me before even knowing me. It is sick that that a so called specialist would describe a twelve year old child that way.
25. Two of the reports said that I had a strong personality and I was liked by the adults who worked with me, but I was upsetting other children because I wouldn't dial it down. I was being condemned for being trans. One report even acknowledged that I was being bullied at school and was extremely vulnerable, but it was still made out to be my fault.
26. None of the reports mention my mum's criminal past, but it does mention the relationship between me and my mum being very close. The language used is quite sinister and makes it sound like something sexual was going on, which couldn't be further from the truth. There is also mention of my father being a violent, heavy drinker in one report. I don't know if I told him that, or my mum or sister, because he spoke to them too.
27. The final report from McCabe, which made the decision to send me into care, makes everything out to be my fault. It states that my actions were causing marital disharmony between my parents and that I was making things difficult for people around me. Everything was made out to be my fault despite his knowing about my dad's violence and the bullying at school. He didn't recommend stopping the bullies, but instead just tried to stop me being me and decided to send me away because he didn't know what to do with me. That psychologist did a real number on me.

28. There was also social work involvement and they have written a report too. I don't remember when and how they got involved but I remember a nice woman social worker first, who gave me a corduroy bean frog when she left, then a man took over.
29. There are reports from social work and from the psychologist that are written at the beginning of my time at High School and one at the end, yet there are about three sentences that are identical, so one obviously copied what the other said.
30. When I was told I was being sent away to Starley Hall, I felt like it was my fault. I wasn't involved in any of the discussions and just felt like I was being talked at and not talked to. My understanding at that time was that I was being sent away because there was something wrong with me and I was causing problems for everybody else around me. It wasn't about protecting me but about fixing me.
31. The bond between my mum and I was damaged for many years after that because I thought she had a say in the decision. I later learned she didn't have a choice, and my granny had dementia by then so she couldn't stop it happening, otherwise she would never have let me be taken away.

Starley Hall School, Burntisland

32. I went into Starley Hall School when I was about thirteen years old. It was on Aberdour Road in Burntisland. The place felt like it was on a cliff edge with a drop right on to the Firth of Forth. It was quite isolated with only one other mansion house near it, which I think was a private house.
33. I don't remember my first day but I remember the journey took over an hour. I didn't really have an understanding about what the place was when I was taken there. I felt like I had arrived at a prison camp as a punishment. I found out later that it was a place for what they considered to be, emotionally disturbed children.

34. It felt like there were hundreds of kids in the place but there wouldn't have been. There were maybe only about fifteen, if that, and only three were girls. I remember some of them being younger than me, some my age and some slightly older. The kids don't really stick out in my mind.
35. I started as a day pupil at first and caught the bus there by myself, went to classes and then left every day to get the bus home. After a while I was made to stay there.

Layout

36. As you drove up to Starley Hall, you'd pass a gate house although I don't think there were any gates there. Then there was a lodge, which was an old cottage with portacabins attached to it that were used as bedrooms for older kids. Further up there were about three portacabins which was where the school was. Then further along, you came to the main house in front of you, which was like an old, imposing mansion. There was also a newer building beside the main building, which I think was also used for classes but I am not sure. There was another old building behind that which was used as a gym.
37. There was a forest if you kept walking past the gym, which I think was still within the grounds.
38. As you went into the door of the main building, there were steps to the right and I think there may have been a reception desk but I am not sure about that. Straight ahead as you went in was the main living room. To the left, there were two bedrooms on the ground floor which were for the girls. I think there were two girls in one and one girl in the other. The dining hall was also on the ground floor and I think the kitchen was downstairs.
39. Upstairs, on the first floor, there were three bedrooms for the boys, which were like dormitories. There were more stairs going up and there was a flat on the second floor which was for staff and I remember a man, who I think was a carer, staying there at one time. I only remember going up there once.

Staff

40. An American man called **FXE** was to my knowledge. I don't think he stayed on the premises.
41. **KYU** was **SNR** the place. Other staff I remember are Mr Leech and Miss Griffiths who were teachers, and Mr **PBT** who was one of the carers in the main house. Mr **PBT** was a tall, fat man as far as I can recall and he had curly hair. Mrs **FIP** was also a carer in the main house and then later on in the lodge, and there was also Mr Lloyd who I only remember as being the carer in the lodge. There were maybe two or three other staff members but I don't remember much about them or their names.
42. There was an older man, who was a carer that worked in the main building when I first went into Starley Hall. He lived in an upstairs flat in the main building. I remember him taking me up the stairs in the main house and going into the flat. I don't remember anything after that and I don't know why. I have always wondered if I have suppressed an unpleasant memory.

Day pupil

43. I first attended as a day pupil and went to classes then went home. One day, I was speaking to one of the pupils in Miss Griffith's class and she told me to stop talking. I said "oh for fucks sake" under my breath. She asked me what I said so I repeated it. I was very strong willed. She then sent for Mr Leech and I was scared because he always seemed like an angry man to me. Mr **FXE**, came instead and told me I didn't have to be there if I didn't want to so I left straight away. I went out the door, got on a bus and went home. I thought I had a choice. I don't know why I thought that because I had never had a choice in anything else.

44. I was made to start boarding soon after that but I don't know if it was straight away or a few weeks later. I thought I was being punished and locked up there because I wasn't normal, and that this was the children's version of prison. I found out later, from my records, that the plan from the start was always to make me board there.

Boarding

45. When I started boarding, Mr FxE spoke to me in one of the offices in the school building. He told me that I was going to be living as a boy and it would show me if I wanted to live as a boy, even though I knew I didn't. I felt like my whole identity was being stripped away because I had been adamant my whole life that I wanted to live as a girl.
46. I was put in one of the bedrooms on the first floor in the main building with other boys. I think there were eight beds in total in the room I was in, but there were maybe less. I just remember rows of beds and it felt like we were warehoused.
47. As I got older I was moved to the bedrooms in the portacabin attached to the lodge, which had its own living room and kitchen. I was in a room with three beds there which I shared with two other boys my age. There was another room in the lodge which also had about three beds in it. There was a carer called Mr Lloyd who stayed in and had his own bedroom there too.
48. Mrs FIP was the carer when I was in the main house and then when I was moved to the lodge, she moved there too and worked alongside Mr Lloyd.

Routine at Starley Hall

49. A member of staff came and woke us up in the morning. We got up and brushed our teeth and washed our faces. Then we went downstairs for breakfast in the dining hall in the main house. I don't remember many details about the routine.

50. We went to school after breakfast in the portacabins.
51. After school we just went back to the house. Then there was tea time in the dining hall and we watched TV in the living room or played bingo because Mr ^{FXE} liked playing it. There might have been other games provided for us but I don't remember what we did in our free time. I think kids could play football or sports outside if they wanted to but I didn't like sports so I didn't.
52. You got in trouble for going to the toilet at night so I used to have to sneak to the bathroom on the first floor if I needed to go. Going to the bathroom at night was the only privacy I got. I would open the window because it overlooked Edinburgh and blow my mum a kiss goodnight.
53. The weekends felt like the same routine except we didn't have school. They sometimes took us out for the day when the weather was nice.
54. The routine was the same when I moved to the lodge, except we got ready, washed and had our meals in the lodge.

Mealtimes / Food

55. We sat at tables in the dining room in the main hall. The food came up from the kitchen, downstairs.
56. I don't remember what the food was like but I remember refusing to eat something once and it was served up to me several times over two days. I still refused to eat it and it was eventually just thrown away. I wasn't force fed and I don't remember anybody else being force fed.

Washing / bathing

57. We had showers in the main house. I don't remember details but the shower room must have had cubicles because I would have found it traumatising showering in front of other people because I didn't like my body or feel like it was mine. There was always a carer supervising. I remember there always being a member of staff standing in the doorway watching. It was sometimes Mr KYU and sometimes Mr Leech. There was no privacy.
58. There was a bathroom at the top of the stairs on the first floor which had a bath in it but I don't remember ever having a bath.

Clothing / uniform

59. When I started boarding I was given a uniform to wear. It was a jaggy jumper, a shirt and corduroy trousers. My hair was cut short too. Everyone wore the same and had the same clothes. We were like little clones stripped of our identity. You weren't allowed to have any individuality or personality.

School

60. The school was in the portacabins in the grounds. The classes were all on the left hand side and the right hand side was offices, including the headmasters office.
61. Miss Griffiths taught me most of the time. Mr Leech also taught sometimes and that sticks out because he used to give out prizes for whoever did the best work and it was always the same girl who won. Then one time he made us write out job applications as a task and I won that time but mysteriously there was no prize for that. I wondered why I even bothered because everyone else seem to get rewarded but I got nothing.

62. The education was basic. I think I got a better education when I was in primary school. I remember realising at the time that I wasn't learning anything or being challenged. We didn't seem to follow a curriculum and we didn't sit any exams. My friend [REDACTED] was really intelligent and he went out to a proper day school every day.

Trips and holidays

63. I remember being taken to parks in the warmer months. They would take us to different parks after school and dinner, and just leave us to walk around while the staff member stayed by the van.
64. I only ever remember Mrs FIP [REDACTED] taking us but there might have been other staff members who took us out. They basically just took us so they didn't have to look after us or do anything with us.
65. There were no holidays away anywhere.

Birthdays and Christmas

66. My birthday was during the school holidays so I would be home. I can't really remember if anyone's birthday was celebrated.
67. I think I would be home for Christmas too. I would have remembered if I had to stay there over Christmas.

Visits / Inspections

68. I don't remember any visits from a social worker or anyone. I didn't get any visitors. I think my mum came to visit on the open day.
69. There were other visitors that came to the school who looked official. I didn't speak to them because the staff selected certain kids to speak to them, and I wasn't one of them.

Family contact

70. I used to write to my mum but you weren't allowed to seal the letters because I assume the staff read them first so I never wrote about how I felt or what it was like in there. I was young but I wasn't stupid. My mum wrote to me once too and I think it had been opened when I got it.
71. I got to go home every second weekend. We were taken in a blue van and dropped off at home one by one, and then picked up again some time before school on a Monday morning. I went home for the school holidays too.
72. My mum had gotten a house and lived apart from my dad when I went into Starley Hall. For the first time I felt like I could breathe when I was home because he wasn't there.
73. A few times, I don't how many, maybe even once or twice, I got ill when I was home and so would stay for a few days longer until I got better.

Healthcare

74. I was made aware that the psychologist, Mr McCabe, who had put me in there had made an issue out of how close my mum and I were. The word he'd used was co-dependence, which I had never heard before. I never saw Mr McCabe again once I went to Starley Hall.
75. When I was at Starley Hall, I learned quickly that they were trying to fix me, as they saw it. Mr ^{FXE} told me I was going to be living as a boy even though I was adamant that I was a girl and that was how I wanted to live.
76. I didn't get any psychological treatment or any kind of care in there. It was just a holding place. There was no doctor or nurse there and I don't remember being sick while I was there.

77. Mr FxE tried to psychoanalyse me by asking me which of my two friends in the school, or I wanted to kiss. He was trying to use psychological questions as if he knew what he was talking about when he clearly didn't. Even at that age I knew he was being ridiculous. I told him I didn't want to kiss either of them because they were my friends. It would have been different if he'd asked if I wanted to kiss boys or girls. I could have answered that.
78. I used to get panic attacks at night, and I would go to the bathroom on the first floor, lift my pyjama top up and lie on the floor. It was the only thing that would cool me down and calm me down. I had to sneak to the bathroom because you got in trouble for going to the toilet.

Running away

79. I didn't ever try to run away but other kids did. I remember being told that they were caught in the middle of the night trying to escape and were made to run around the gym hall in circles. I think they got hit too. I heard that from other kids, but I don't know if that was just a story to scare us into not running away.

Abuse at Starley Hall

80. I remember walking upstairs in the main building with an old man, who was a carer. This was soon after I arrived there. We walked up to his flat and I remember walking in and I don't remember anything after going inside. It is like a steel shutter comes down in my memory. I don't know if that is because my mind is protecting me from something by shutting it out or if nothing happened in there. He was an older man with a balding head with bits of grey or white hair at the sides. He must have left soon after I got there because I don't remember anything else about him.

81. If you didn't pay attention during bingo or were talking, Mr **FXE** would lose his temper and start shouting. He would get right up in your face and scream in your face. The discipline used was intimidation, fear and shouting.
82. One time me and another girl were talking and laughing in the living room and Mr **FXE** started screaming in our faces. It wasn't even while we were playing bingo. I was terrified but started laughing. The more he shouted in my face the more I laughed. It was the most surreal feeling. I tried to stop because I thought he was going to hit me if I didn't. I could see it coming. I must have stopped laughing because he didn't hit me. The other girl was the same, she couldn't stop laughing but I could see the fear in her face too.
83. On one occasion, I was coming down the stairs and I saw Mr **PBT** going into **█**'s bedroom who was one of the girls there. I think she was in the bedroom on her own at the time and had been refusing to come out. He went into her room and I stopped at the bottom of the stairs and couldn't move for some reason. He didn't close the door. I heard **█** arguing and her refusing to leave and then she started screaming. The next thing I saw was him coming out the room and she was on the floor behind him as he was dragging her along by the hair. Her arms were flailing about but she couldn't get a hold of him. I remember the panic and fear in her face. He dragged her from her bedroom to the living room by her hair.
84. I don't remember anything after that. I was frozen where I was standing and felt so helpless. I felt like the violence I had seen from my dad was happening again and wondered if life was just like this.
85. I was physically abused by Mr **PBT** too. I don't know what provoked it. I was probably cheeky but I know I didn't swear because I had learned not to. He just came at me, without saying anything, put his hand round my throat and pinned me against the wall near the front door. It felt like it lasted forever and I wondered if this was how I was going to die. I think my eyes might have rolled back because I felt like I was going to pass out when he let me go. Nothing else was said after that. I was just left there.

86. I didn't tell anybody about it because I had seen violence with my dad and had seen Mr PBT doing it to [REDACTED] so I just thought it was what happened. I also thought I would get more if I said anything to anyone. Mr PBT could also be nice sometimes, but then so could my dad be. It was a pattern I had seen before.
87. One time I was late to go back to Starley Hall after visiting my mum at the weekend. She had kept me back for a few days because I had been ill. I remember being in Mr KYU's office with my mum when I got back. I don't know what the chat was about. I was sitting in a metal chair with a padded seat and wooden arm rests. Mr KYU told my mum to leave. I asked her not to go and leave me because I didn't want to stay there. He told my mum to leave again so she did.
88. As soon as my mum left and turned a corner, Mr KYU came across the room towards me in a flash. He was standing over me and he had pinned my wrists down on the arm rests holding me down. I lost it and started screaming and called him every name under the sun. I was struggling to get free but he was a big rugby player and it felt like I was in a vice because he was so strong. I kept fighting because I am stubborn but I had to stop because I felt like my wrists would snap and he'd break my bones. He wasn't arguing with me or anything.
89. For weeks after that, my wrists were black and blue but nobody saw them because I wore long sleeves. I had always seen my mum hiding and covering up her bruises, so I thought that was what you did when you had injuries.
90. It felt like a prison camp and that nobody liked me, let alone cared. I never relaxed the whole time I was there. There was always a feeling of fear. I was made to feel like the person I was, was wrong and I was unnatural. The abuse was mental as well as physical.
91. The only time I felt like anyone cared a little bit was when I was moved to the lodge, and Mr Lloyd was the carer there. He was the only one who didn't show me any dislike.

Sexual offence

92. I felt like Mrs FIP hated me which she proved by her reaction when I told her I had been raped.
93. This happened when I was living in the lodge, and we were being taken out on trips to parks in the spring and summer. On this one evening, we were taken to a park in Fife, but I don't remember which park. It was still light because it was summer and we were left to wander for a certain amount of time. I went off on my own because I wanted to get as far away from Mrs FIP as possible because I knew she didn't like me.
94. I remember going into the toilets in the park, which had a corrugated roof. I remember going through the door and there were urinals on the left hand side. I would never use urinals because it felt weird to me so I went to one of the cubicles. There was a man standing in the toilets. The cubicles were behind him and there was one to the right hand side.
95. The man was just standing in front of the cubicles, almost like he was waiting for someone. I went into the cubicle on the right. When I came out, I remember he led me back into the same cubicle without saying a word, and he raped me. He penetrated me. I just remember the pain. I don't remember details, but I remember the feeling and the smell. I could smell urinal cakes and mustiness, which must have been urine. I remember the wall I was looking at and the pain I felt.
96. I can see the toilets and I can see the shape of the man who raped me but I can't picture them together, but I know the rape happened here. When I picture the man, all I see is wet clay where his face should be. I can't visualise his face.

97. I remember it being over and the man being gone. I don't remember leaving the toilet but I remember being back to the van, and Mrs FIP standing by the van door with her back to me. I said "Mrs FIP, I went to the toilet and a man did things to me." I didn't call it rape because I didn't know that's what it was called. She turned and looked at me with sheer disgust as if I had just told her I had murdered someone and then looked away again. I was so confused and wondered if I had done something wrong. I knew she'd taken in what I had said and heard me, but she just didn't care. There was no compassion or empathy.
98. I remember going back to the school and I was in so much pain that I couldn't sit down. I remember sitting on my hands on the seat and pushing myself up with my hands so it looked like I was sitting but I wasn't really. Mrs FIP told me off and told me to sit down even though I had told her what had happened.
99. I remember my underwear being full of blood and there were stains on my trousers too. I don't know why I did this but I put my pants in a plastic box at the side of my bed. I remember then coming back from a visit at home with my mum. I came back later than I was supposed to because I had been ill again, and while I was away, some boys had found the pants. I was teased mercilessly by them because the blood had dried and turned brown and they thought I had soiled myself. They teased me about it and I felt like it was my fault.
100. The box with my underwear had disappeared. Not one of the teachers or carers spoke to me about it. I didn't say anything to anyone because of the way Mrs FIP had reacted when I told her. She made me feel like I had brought it on myself, and when nobody spoke to me about it I just that it was my fault and I had let it happen. It felt like complete neglect from the staff.
101. I couldn't talk to my mum about it either when I went home for visits. I had seen her being raped by my dad and she had never called the police or anything, and would cover her bruises with make-up and sunglasses, so I just felt like abuse wasn't something you talked about. There was nobody I felt like I could speak to.

Leaving Starley Hall

102. I was in Starley Hall for about a year and a half. I left when I was fifteen, just before my sixteenth birthday. I think I left because you could leave school at sixteen. I had realised I would be getting out after I had been moved to the lodge.

Life after being in care

103. I went back to stay with my mum when I left Starley Hall. She was living in Holyrood in Edinburgh at the time. I didn't go back to school then because it would have been pointless. I had also had it drummed into me that I was stupid and worthless so I didn't see the point.
104. I started getting bullied by people in my area because I was trans. I had rocks thrown at my window. I had a brick smashed over my head when I was out and was covered in blood. A policeman saw me and carried on talking to whoever he was talking to. I was also chased by a group of teenage boys who were the same age as me. I realised they were trying to corner me and managed to get away.
105. My mum was still selling drugs and there would always be drug users in the house so it was chaotic at home.
106. My sister, [REDACTED] started using drugs and she overdosed at home when my mum was away on holiday with my dad. I had to call an ambulance to save her life.
107. My mum tried to kill herself and I was the only person there when it happened. She went to hospital and when she came out, she blamed me because apparently I had let an addict into the house who stole her drugs and money. This was when I had been trying to save her life and hadn't been thinking about her money and drugs. I seemed to be getting it from every angle.

108. The police used to raid our house regularly. When I was about seventeen, they would always target me because they saw me as my mum's Achilles heel. They always had me strip searched and would make me bend over, which was humiliating, but they never found anything on me because I didn't have anything to do with drugs. They once accused me of being on drugs when I had the flu, even though I never took drugs and having the flu was nothing like being high.
109. The police locked me and my mum up for the weekend one time after a raid. They put me in a huge cell with about twenty or thirty men. The cells were like dungeons underground on the Royal Mile. Then they moved me to a cell on my own. They got a court order to carry out an internal examination on me even though they knew I had nothing on me.
110. When the internal examination was carried out, there were two policemen there as witnesses. One of them looked away as it was happening, while the other one stood and watched and was clearly enjoying it. I never trusted the police because they never did anything to help.
111. My mum was sent to prison for about eighteen months on drug charges. This was when I was seventeen years old and was still seeing a social worker. I also remember being sent on a Youth Training Scheme, in a building on Johnston Terrace, which I think was called Castle Rock at the time. I don't even remember what I did there. I think it was woodwork or something. The building is now Castle Cliff Hostel, or at least part of it is.
112. There was a man who worked in an office in Castle Rock, who I think was a manager of some sort. He turned up at my house door one night and sexually touched me, and made me touch him. I thought I would lose my place in the scheme if I didn't comply, so I did. It happened a few times and was really traumatic. I didn't stick at the scheme for long after that because I wanted it to stop happening.

113. After that, I continued to stay at my mum's flat and just existed. I didn't have much money so I was eating cold soup and beans straight out of the cans. Nobody had taught me how to live or do washing. I had to figure everything out myself.
114. I used to hide from my dad who would come up to the house because he thought he could control me, so I would live in the dark and pretend not to be home for fear of seeing him. I stopped talking to him when I was eighteen years old and he washed his hands of me too.
115. My mum was to get evicted from her house because she had been convicted of a drug offence. The authorities made me move with all her stuff because I was still in the house. I moved to Gilmerton with all my mum's things, which was a place I never knew. It was in the middle of nowhere and I was completely isolated. The AIDS pandemic had started and I was scared I had been given AIDS by the man who in the park who had abused me, so I further isolated myself.
116. I met a psychiatrist called Dr Bankcroft when I was about eighteen years old. It must have been a referral from my GP. He was a godsend and acknowledged that my wanting to be a girl wasn't something that was going to go away and that I should get surgery. He was the first authority figure who was kind to me and understood. That scared me more than the abuse, because I wasn't used to kindness. He would ask me why I wasn't wearing earrings, or why I was wearing big boots with my dress. I told him he was old and didn't get that this was the style. He even said in his report that I should have surgery as a teenager, but it didn't happen until a few years later because the waiting list was so long.
117. When my mum got out of jail, we lived together but we just argued all the time. I applied to get my own house and got a housing association house in the Dalry area of Edinburgh when I was about twenty years old. I was happy for a while until my upstairs neighbour found out I was trans and started giving me a hard time. I had to move house because of that.

118. I changed my name when I was about eighteen years old. I didn't do it by deed poll, but just started using my new name and it was recognised and accepted at the doctors and for bank accounts and my passport. I changed it on my birth certificate later on after the Gender Recognition Act was passed. I want to change my birth certificate again because it still has my dad's name on it and I don't want anything to do with him.
119. I had my gender reassignment surgery just before my 22nd birthday at the Western General Hospital. The wait to have it done felt like an eternity. I felt strange after it. I knew it was what I was supposed to have but it wasn't perfect. I was in hospital for about three weeks that time. I remember a male nurse told me that I had chosen to be there whereas there were real sick people who deserved to be there. I felt like I was getting a hard time at every turn I took.
120. When I left hospital, I wasn't given any guidance. I had never had sex education or anything so didn't have much understanding of things. I was just given a hollow glass tube and told to insert to dilate myself, with no real instructions. It was really scary.
121. I was referred to an LGB group at the time, but there were no trans people like me. I met a group of trans woman through one of the gay men that attended there. I made friends with an older trans woman called [REDACTED] who was the same age as my mum. She treated me so well and was like a second mum to me. She would travel from Ayr every day to visit me in hospital when I had to have further corrective surgery.
122. I got my implants after my surgery and had to have corrective surgery because it wasn't perfect the first time. I can honestly say I have never regretted doing it. I felt whole after it.
123. I moved to Glasgow and [REDACTED] moved there too. We lived together and she looked after me there when I was transitioning. She really cared about me. She got a lot of abuse because she looked masculine. She had been through hell herself with electric shock therapy. She died 25 years ago, sadly before transitioning.

124. I got less abuse than [REDACTED] because I looked female, but then I got a lot of hostility if people found out I was trans because they felt like I had tricked them.
125. I met a guy who worked in the RAF and he was the first man who treated me as a woman, and with respect. I absolutely loved him but I hadn't told him I was trans because I knew I would be rejected and I was still legally male.
126. I lived in a flat on the ground floor in Glasgow, and one morning an acquaintance climbed in the window of my bedroom and raped me. I didn't fight because [REDACTED] was in the other room and I didn't want her to get hurt. I just let it happen because I thought that was allowed to happen. That men could do whatever they wanted. I didn't report it the police because women weren't getting convictions for rape, so I was less likely to get one because I was still legally male. I also knew my past would be dragged up and be in the papers with my old dead name, and I would be humiliated.
127. I had my implants replaced a few years ago. One of the nurses even then was hostile towards me. I felt like I needed to reassure her even though I was in a vulnerable position and she was unkind to me by saying that she could tell I was trans.
128. I think things have changed for the better for trans people in Scotland but not as much as the Scottish Government would like. They do try to help us with their campaigns and Nicola Sturgeon has really given me hope. It would be my dream to meet her. She has made me feel proud to be Scottish.
129. When my sister, [REDACTED], was older she told us that my dad had molested her. I never saw that happen but that's what she told us. [REDACTED] had been a straight "A" student at school and had been really popular, but she threw it all away and became a drug addict.
130. My mum died thirteen years ago and I am glad that I made amends with her before she died because it wasn't her fault I was put into care. My father is sadly still alive.

Impact

131. As an adult, I have always felt like I wasn't worthy of love. I felt like my mum didn't love me because she had put me in care and wanted rid of me. I felt like my dad hated me and wanted nothing to do with me.
132. My dad did a lot of the damage to me so I can't blame it all on my experiences in care, but they did reinforce all the negativity and everything that he had made me believe was wrong with me. They proved him right.
133. I wondered what was so broken with me that the staff in Starley Hall thought I deserved to be treated the way they treated me. That I deserved to be pinned against the wall by my throat, pinned down on a chair and raped without them caring. It made me not trust people or authority so I didn't even report incidents that happened in my adult life.
134. I didn't trust men but I didn't dislike them all. I was so used to violence and abuse in my life, that I panicked when my psychiatrist, Mr Bankcroft showed me kindness. I was scared that it was all just an act and he would turn. Miss FIP taught me I can't trust women either and that women can also be dangerous.
135. I was always made to feel like I was stupid in care and was not given the chance to learn or get a proper education. It took until I was an adult and getting professional help to learn that I was not an idiot, but part of me will still always think that I am.
136. I was programmed my whole life, including in care, to feel like I am not normal and I believe I am too old and too damaged now to be de-programmed from that feeling. The mental abuse is worse than the physical because the physical ends, but the mental scars stay.

137. A lot of people might say that things were just like that back then for trans people but I don't agree because Mr Bankcroft who helped me get my surgery was around when people in care were around and he got it. There were people around who understood that children could be free thinkers. I was just handed over to the worst people like the psychiatrist Mr McCabe and staff at Starley Hall. If authorities had done their job correctly and protected me as a child, the abuse should have stopped with my dad when I was twelve years old and professionals first got involved.
138. I have lashed out in the middle of having consensual sex when I was in my twenties and thirties. This is because I have had flashbacks of my abuse in the park toilets when I was at Starley Hall. I haven't been able to have a relationship for many years. That is because of the rape, partly because of being trans and partly because I can't trust people.
139. My dream was always to get married and have children but I realised early on that wouldn't happen for me and that was hard.
140. My self-worth was so damaged that I can't understand why anybody would want to be my friend. I didn't understand why my older trans friend cared so much about me to look after me. I put my friends through the ringer and also asked one of my best friends why she was friends with me and she fell out with me because of it. I just couldn't understand why anybody would care about me when the people who were supposed to care about me in my life had never bothered to. My friend and I made up when I explained this to her.
141. I just have such low self-worth that I think everyone has an ulterior motive and my friends need to constantly prove themselves to me but it is because I don't think I am worthy. It is almost like I have imposter syndrome and there is constantly two people arguing with themselves in my head. I know my friends care about me but I also keep questioning why and lash out at them.

142. My anxiety and panic attacks got worse when I started Starley Hall and I have suffered with them my whole life. I have to take medication for that. I don't like going out and very rarely go out alone. I tried to kill myself once by taking all my mother's medication and washing it down with [REDACTED] but I survived because of my friends. I have constant depression that doesn't go away.
143. I don't let anyone other than a few very close friends in, because I know how people prey on the vulnerable, as if we give off some signal that attracts them to us. I have experienced that my whole life so I now have a fence around me.
144. I still have flashbacks and nightmares that someone is at the door coming to take me to Starley Hall. I still have nightmares about mine and [REDACTED]'s attacks at Starley Hall and the rape in the park toilets. I have been diagnosed with Complex Post Traumatic Stress Disorder for this.
145. I remember bumping into Mr ^{FXE} [REDACTED] and Mr ^{KYU} [REDACTED] outside the jobcentre once. I froze in terror because I thought they had come to take me back to Starley Hall. I spoke to them because I didn't think I had a choice. They asked me when I was coming back for a visit. All I could think in my head was that I needed to get away from them.
146. Being put into care ruined the bond that my mum and I had because I thought she had agreed to it. I am glad that was repaired to some extent before she died because she was the most beautiful woman I had ever known.
147. I was never able to work because I didn't trust anybody and knew I would never be accepted. Back then trans people were just seen as the butt of jokes.

Reporting of Abuse

148. I spoke to Dr Sandra Ferguson at the Royal Edinburgh Hospital years ago, and she contacted the police for me about the abuse I suffered. They got back and said they didn't have any reports about Starley Hall and couldn't do anything about it.

149. I called the police roughly eighteen months ago to report the abuse again. I asked if I could speak to a trans police officer because I had once seen one, but they said no as it had to be someone from their team.
150. Two plain clothed police officers came to my house the day after I made the call and took a statement from me. They were from Fife. I told them about Mr ^{PBT} being physically abusive and also the sexual abuse in the park, but I realised they weren't interested in going after anyone who did anything to me because there had been no witnesses to back it up.
151. The police have told me that a lot of kids at Starley Hall remembered me because I was a bit different. They wanted me to give evidence to corroborate other peoples' abuse in a case that has five alleged abusers. I know that Mr Lloyd, who was my carer in the lodge at Starley Hall, is one of the alleged abusers. I can't picture him doing anything like that because he was the only one who was nice to me so that has messed with my head a bit.
152. Starley Hall is still open and one of the alleged abusers in the court case owns the place. I can't believe that is allowed to happen.
153. The police told me that I was going to be called as a witness in the trial to back up what Mr ^{PBT} did to . I had a panic that my dead name was going to be outed in the press. I was stupid enough to think the system would protect my identity as a victim, but the police said they wouldn't. They have now agreed not to use both of my names. I just want a quiet life and to be left alone to exist.
154. I haven't been called to give evidence yet so I think the trial is still to happen.

Records

155. I got my records from Birthlink in 2021. It confirmed things that I already knew as well as reading that the psychiatrist, Mr McCabe, who I saw while I was at school had referred to me as a plump twelve year old with a “mincing walk.” I don’t understand how a professional could talk about a child that way. He was supposed to be assessing my mental health, not how I looked or my mannerisms.
156. There were also sentences about it being unnatural how close me and my mum were. The same thing was repeated almost identically by the social worker and psychiatrist one and a half years apart. It made it sound like my mum was abusing me when actually we were survivors just trying to survive and protect each other.


Current treatment

157. I was released into the wild after my surgery and I coped with my mental health as well as I could. I always suffered from anxiety and panic attacks and that has never gone away. I muddled through for a while with anti-depressants but they made me worse.
158. When my mum was dying, my doctor put me on diazepam and temazepam, which was messed up because that was what my mum was addicted to, and I was the only one in my family who didn’t abuse alcohol or take drugs. I didn’t even take headache tablets. I am still on those because it is the only thing that works for me. I have a stronger tablet I take when things get really bad, and it just knocks me out.
159. I have been diagnosed with Dysthymia, which is constant low level depression, Complex Post Traumatic Stress Disorder, borderline personality disorder, and asthma. One person said I had suicidal ideation, and I do have constant suicidal thoughts. One psychologist who met me for ten minutes said I had body dysmorphia. I don’t think that is true but I do know that I feel ugly and don’t want to look in a mirror but that is more to do with low self-esteem and from being told I was ugly since I was a child.

160. I was put in touch with my community psychiatric nurse at Tollcross Health Centre about twelve years ago and he is amazing. It took me five years to trust him. He helps me cope with things. He just gets me.
161. I have been speaking to a counsellor through Future Pathways for the last year and a half. I have nearly dropped her a few times because of trust issues even though I have told her everything.

Final thoughts

162. I am not naïve, I know that I am limited in my life due to being trans, but I was damaged even further in care because I was trans.
163. Children are put into care because they are already vulnerable, but then those places attract adults who prey on the vulnerable. Adults should not be touching children. Being in a position of authority and care, they should realise that the damage they do lasts a lifetime.
164. 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...  KPT

Dated... 21.7.2021