

**Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry**

Witness Statement of

PPF  
[REDACTED]

Support person present: Yes

1. My name is PPF [REDACTED]. My surname was PPF [REDACTED] when I was born. When we came out of Quarrier's in 1979, my mum had remarried. She decided that we should take my step-dad's name, which was PPF [REDACTED]. My date of birth is [REDACTED] 1967. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

**Life before going into care**

2. My mum's name was [REDACTED] and I think my real father's name was [REDACTED]. I probably have met him, but I just don't remember it. I've no idea of his date of birth, but my mum was born on [REDACTED] 1941. My step-dad's name was [REDACTED]. My oldest sister, [REDACTED], is now 57, then there is [REDACTED], who is 55, [REDACTED], who is 54, [REDACTED], who is 53, then me, aged 52, then [REDACTED], who is 51, and [REDACTED], who is 50. [REDACTED] was adopted, possibly when he was one and a half. His surname is [REDACTED]. My sisters all have different names now through marriage.
3. I was born in Bootle and the family home was in Liverpool. My memory of that time is very vague. My mother wasn't very good at filling in the details for us, so I only have snippets from sisters. My real father was extremely violent. From what I gather, we kept being removed periodically for our safety. Social services would remove us and then place us back with our parents. I think that continued up until I was about two years old. There's definitely a photo of me with my brothers and sisters, taken when I was about eighteen months old. The story I've been told is that we were all brought together to have the photo taken before [REDACTED] was adopted, as a memento for him.

4. My memories are very hazy. We moved to Broomhouse in Edinburgh, but I only know that because my sisters told me. It's only tiny snippets that I remember. I must've been about two and I just remember hiding under a big Silver Cross pram and screaming. I also remember sitting under a table with [REDACTED] and somebody, maybe one of my sisters, was trying to calm us down with a sweetie. I vaguely remember police being there and blood. I just know there was a person covered in blood.
5. From what I gather, the violence was directed towards my mother. I've no memory of my father being violent towards me or my siblings. I think he was violent towards us at times, but more verbally abusive, from what I gather. My sisters have told me that. I think I was too wee and I really just have tiny flickers of memory. My memory has a very good way of shutting out things that I don't want to know. I have huge gaps from my time at Quarrier's.
6. My mum had a breakdown. I think we went into care because of a combination of my mum's breakdown and my father's violence. My sisters told me that my father held us hostage at one point and threatened to kill us all. The police were called. It may have been after that we were taken into care. I try not to pry about that time because I don't want to know. My sisters and I don't really talk that much about our past life at home. We talk a lot about the violence at Quarrier's, but we're not very good at talking about our early lives or any sexual abuse. We don't really discuss that with each other.
7. I don't remember being taken into care, but I do have a distinct memory of my brother, [REDACTED], being taken away. We were all there when he was removed. I think it's my clearest memory from that time. We were all trying to hang onto him and we were all screaming. I think that was quite disturbing. We had no contact with him until about twenty years ago.
8. I know that my sister, [REDACTED], was removed to a care home somewhere. I think my siblings were possibly in separate places for a while until they were brought back together at Quarrier's. I know that they went to somewhere in Bonnyrigg and they weren't treated well there because [REDACTED] has told me that. I'm not sure what happened to my oldest sister, [REDACTED]. Later on, she stayed with my gran and then she was taken

to a place called Thornton's Girls' School, which was for children with behavioural problems. She never came to Quarrier's with the rest of us.

9. I forgot I had brothers and sisters until I was seven. I'm not quite sure when I was removed from my family. I think I was separated from the rest of my siblings because I was ill. I got very ill with dysentery when I was about two and a half. I was taken to hospital. The notes are very unclear, but I've tried to put things together. I think I was removed backwards and forwards to lots of different care homes. I think I was in about eleven different places. I have no recollection of those places or social workers.
10. After all the placements I was in, I stopped speaking. I was taken somewhere in Edinburgh, but I'm not sure where. There was a piece of paper in my records from Quarrier's that said that I was taken there because I had disturbed behaviour. It said that my behaviour had continued to deteriorate and that I was very disturbed because of everything I had witnessed and my mother's bizarre way of coping with stress. If adults came into the room, I would go and face the wall, hit myself and put my fingers in my ears. It said that I had stopped speaking to all adults.

#### **Glenallan Children's Home, Edinburgh**

11. Glenallan is the first place I remember. I think that I was there from the age of four until the age of seven, I know I was there for a couple of years. I don't remember going there but I remember being there. I think I went to Glenallan from the place I had been taken for my disturbed behaviour. All my memories of Glenallan are so fractured. My memories are just full of fear.
12. Glenallan was a white stone building. It had a white fence around it and a little back yard. Strangely, I can remember it, room by room. When you came in, there was a toilet at the back and a stairway that went up on one side. When you came round, there was another toilet and stairs. You went in through a door and there was a passageway that had a dining room on one side and a kitchen on the other. When you walked through the dining room, there was another door and then a set of stairs that

went up the other side. There was an office to the left. In front of the office was our sitting room, which had toilets at the side. The bedrooms were upstairs.

13. I think Glenallan was owned by the local authority. The only staff member I can remember is Uncle Rory. There were other staff, but I can't remember them. Glenallan was for boys and girls. I don't remember there being as many children as Quarrier's, so I'm guessing there might have been about six or seven. There were children there as young as me and there were older girls. I know as an adult that they must have been over twelve, because the girl who was abusing me had pubic hair.

### **Routine at Glenallan**

#### *Mornings and bedtime*

14. There must have been staff around at night time, but I can't remember them. I shared a room with either one or two older girls. I definitely went up to bed before the bigger girls, but I don't know what time it was. I had my own bed. I remember getting German measles and going into a room of my own. I was really happy that I was in a room of my own because the older girls were abusing me.

#### *Mealtimes / Food*

15. Mealtimes were very structured. I remember mince and potatoes. I think we got fried egg and something on a Saturday. The food was fairly standard. Most of the time, I would just pick at it. I have no memory of being punished for not eating. I really struggled to eat and I was very underweight, although I didn't realise it at the time. I was so tense all of the time. I remember being very frightened at mealtimes. I definitely have a memory of being abused by an older girl before a meal. I think I associated mealtimes with stress, but I don't know if that's because I was being abused before mealtimes.

#### *School*

16. I remember that I attended St. John Vianney's Primary School. I remember a sports day there. I think I wore a school uniform, but I can't remember my clothes in the home.

*Chores*

17. I remember doing chores. I was very small for my age, so they got a seat over to allow me to reach the sink and do the dishes. We had to make our beds and things like that.

*Leisure time*

18. I tended to be on my own. There was a park and a river beside the home. I used to go and wander about there. The home had a tortoise. I remember being friends with it. I would go and talk to it. They also had mice. I would go and speak to them, but I wouldn't touch them because I was scared of them. We had a cat who gave birth to kittens in the back bathroom. I spent a lot of time with them, but I think they gave the kittens away.
19. I do remember going to a house across the road. There was a wee girl there. I caught German measles from her. I had a doll in a round, plastic bag. It wore plastic welly boots. I did have a toy pram, but one of the older girls smashed it up. It was a pink pram, made of hard plastic. I remember loving it. I remember her telling me she had smashed it up.
20. One of the only memories I have of staff is of sitting on a staff member's knee when Brotherhood of Man won the Eurovision Song Contest. I asked if the guy that was singing was my dad. I clearly wanted him to be my dad.

*Trips / Holidays*

21. I have a memory of being on a boat. I think they took us to a Scottish island. I went to Tiree when I was in my thirties. I had a horrific flashback of being there as a child. When I was in Tiree as an adult, I had a memory of being on the beach with adults and other children. One of the adults was an adult that I remembered from Glenallan.

I remembered that there was a fire and we were jumping waves. That was a nice memory, not a disturbing memory. I then had another memory of sitting on a cattle grid, eating a bowl of cereal. There was a farmhouse or something close by. I was able to go and see where it was and the cattle grid was still there.

#### *Visits*

22. I have no memory of social work visits at all. There was a note in my records that said I was beginning to show less signs of disturbed behaviour, after being placed in Glenallan.

#### *Family contact*

23. Up until the age of seven, I had no contact with any of my siblings. I didn't actually know I had siblings. There was also a note in my records that said they'd written to my mum to say that the kindest thing she could do was to let me stay there until I was sixteen, due to everything I'd witnessed. I'd had no contact with my mother from about two and a half until seven. I had no memory of her.
24. I have a vivid memory of coming home from school one day. There was a man with a beard. He was one of the staff and his name was Uncle Rory. He told me that my mum and dad were coming to visit me. I remember being really excited because I didn't know that I had a mum and dad. Nowadays, there's no way they would do that. Maybe there were things that had happened before that, but I don't remember them. The staff made me put on a clean dress.
25. This woman appeared with this man. She told me that she was my mum. I remember that she wanted me to hold her hand and I didn't want to hold her hand. She told me that the man was my new dad. I didn't want to hold his hand either. They'd brought me a little mini plastic box with a clothes line and pegs, to hang up dolls' clothes. I really liked that, but I remember thinking that I didn't want to be with these people.

26. They took me to Princes Street. To be honest, I was probably not nice. I remember the woman calling me, "Princess." I said that I wasn't her princess and she wasn't allowed to call me that. She told me that I had to call the man, "Dad." I wouldn't do it and I think she got cross with me. I remember there were squirrels on Princes Street and the man had a bar of chocolate. I then liked him because he had a bar of chocolate. We fed the squirrels. I thought he was alright because there was a squirrel about.
27. Those people were my mum and [REDACTED]. I'm assuming that they were then allowed to take me away, to stay with them overnight. I think that happened more than once. I remember being taken by them to a bedsit. It was tiny. I had to sleep in the middle of them. I remember being terrified of that. Looking back as an adult, I think it was because I'd suffered so much at the hands of other people and I was with two random strangers. I know it was my mum, but to me they were random strangers. I would lie rigid, awake in the bed all night because I was too scared to go to sleep. I didn't want their skin touching mine. There was a white scottie dog in the bedsit and I remember it bit me. My step-father was still violent and I was scared of him, but I don't remember much about it.
28. My notes said that my mum came to visit me when I was seven. She told me that I had brothers and sisters. I was ecstatic. I don't know how long it was after that, but I went with my mum to visit my brothers and sisters in Quarrier's. They all lined up along the path. They all told me their ages and their names. They wanted to give me a bath, so they gave me a bath. I had a doll in a round, see-through plastic bag. I remember [REDACTED] wanted the doll. Once they'd bathed me, they took me to the park. I remember that being quite a nice memory.

#### *Healthcare*

29. I don't know how I got it, but at one point I had an injury to the base of my spine. It's possible it could have been caused by the slipper, but I don't know. It bled for a long time. I still have a scar from it. It was right at the base of my spine, just above the edge

of the crease of my bottom. At the time, the scar was huge. I couldn't sit for a long, long time. Even walking hurt. Just moving my right leg was painful.

30. The school must have noticed when I was unable to sit. I had to sit at a tilt because it was so painful. Whatever was on my back would pop open again and bleed. I remember my underwear was stuck to it and trying to pull it off. Whoever washed the clothes must have seen that. It bled onto the bedsheets as well. I remember trying to pull it, slowly at night time so that the scab wasn't ripped off again. It was never dressed. I remember it always being open and it must have become infected, because I now know it had pus in it. Nobody ever asked about it. I think it must have healed itself because eventually I was able to sit down again.

### **Abuse at Glenallan**

#### *Peer abuse*

31. My recollection of Glenallan is of being very frightened. I was definitely being bullied there by older children. There was a girl at Glenallan. I have no idea who she was, but she abused me and terrorised me. She convinced me that the devil was watching me all of the time. I had no idea what the devil was, but she told me. I was very young and I had this monster in my head. She told me that he lived under my bed and that if I ever told anybody what she was doing, he would kill me. I think my issues with eating started there because I was so tense. I only know this as an adult, using my adult perspective on it. That girl was just horrific. She was horrible.
32. I remember the older girl abusing me before a meal. I'm guessing that when she came home, there was a space when nobody was in her room. She made me wash my hands in case anybody smelt them. She would make me do things to her with my hands. She would call me vile names. I can remember a member of staff shouting me down for whatever meal it was. The girl pushed me all the way to the bathroom and said that if I told anybody, she would kill me. By the time I got down for dinner, I was rigid.

33. The girl would lie on her bed and take her underwear off. She made me put my hands inside her until she came. It happened frequently. I don't know when it started, but I think it started not long after I got there. I was very frightened of her and another girl from a very young age. I think I shared a room with them. I remember being terrified at night, so it's possible it was happening at night. I remember being happy when I got German measles because I got to go into a room of my own. I was still terrified that the devil would get me.
34. There was another girl, who was also resident at the home, but I don't know if she was sexually abusing me. She was physically abusing me. She would punch me and assault me to the point where I would vomit. She and the other girl, who did sexually abuse me, would laugh. I had a pink, plastic doll's pram, which I loved. One of the older girls smashed it up.
35. There was a lot of bullying. There was also an older boy who stayed in the home and bullied me. I tried to keep myself to myself. I didn't really interact with lots of children. My memories are of being on my own a lot of the time, just wandering about the park. Looking back, I think that was because I was scared of the other children.

*Physical abuse by staff*

36. There definitely was discipline. I'm not sure what I'd done, but I think I might have spoken at the table. I was taken upstairs by a male member of staff. He took my pants down and leathered me stupid with a slipper. I was so frightened that I wet myself. I remember getting smacked again because I'd wet all over the staff member's knee. It was incredibly painful. I couldn't sit down afterwards. I remember looking at the marks on my bottom and worrying that I might die because it was bleeding. I also have a vague memory of someone being hit around the face with a shoe, but I'm not sure if that was Glenallan or Quarrier's because it was round about the same time.

**Reporting of abuse at Glenallan**

37. I never spoke to anybody about the abuse at Glenallan. I genuinely believed that if I told anybody about the sexual abuse, not only would the girl kill me but that the devil would get me and take me to hell.

**Leaving Glenallan**

38. After visiting my brother and sisters at Quarrier's, my memory goes to being in Liverpool with my mum, my step-dad and [REDACTED]. I was seven and I'd left Glenallan. My first memory after Glenallan is of sitting with [REDACTED] in an old close in Liverpool. We were dipping our fingers into a packet of purple, fruity powdered drink. Our fingers were stained. It was warm, so it might have been summer.
39. We lived with my mum and step-dad in a basement flat in [REDACTED] in Birkenhead. The only sibling there with me was [REDACTED]. I have no idea why [REDACTED] was removed from Quarrier's. I don't know how long we were there for, but I do know that [REDACTED] and I went to school.

**Life at home, [REDACTED], Birkenhead**

40. We were absolutely terrified of our step-father. He was a violent alcoholic. [REDACTED] and I were amazing allies. We would try and hide from him. We'd try not to be left alone with him. Our mum worked, so we were left alone with him. I remember asking him what his job was and he told me he was a mercenary. I asked him what that was and he told me that he used to slit children's throats for a living. He wasn't a mercenary, he was a cooper. Of course, I believed him. He used to tell me he could slit my throat in a second whilst I was sleeping.
41. My next memory is going to Quarrier's with my mum. We went on the train and then a bus. We were going to collect the rest of my sisters and my brother. They were coming

back to live in Liverpool. We all went to school in Liverpool. I've no idea how long that lasted, but it couldn't have been long because I was still seven when I left for Quarrier's. ██████ wasn't there. She doesn't figure in my memories of that time. I don't know where she was.

42. My step-dad's violence was completely out of control towards us. It was towards us and not my mum. Apart from ██████/QAK/QDM/QDN in Quarrier's, he was the most violent man I ever met. How he never killed anybody, I don't know. He used to stand over my brother with a hammer at night, saying that he'd crush his skull. We used to pretend to be asleep. He hated ██████. I have no idea why. I was terrified that he'd kill him because he was so out of control.
43. One day, my younger sister and I came back from school first. We thought our step-dad was dead. I was actually pleased, which is a terrible thing to say. ██████ and I were wondering what we should do. We were really confused as to what we should do. Our mum must've been working. ██████ and ██████ came home. ██████ said he wasn't dead. I'm not sure what happened, but my mum appeared. We were living in Birkenhead and I think we went across the water to my mum's dad in Liverpool.
44. My memories are then vague. I remember two women in a mini-bus. They drove us to St. Andrew's Bus Station in Edinburgh. My mum came with us but she got out at the bus station. I think she said she was going to the toilet or to the café or something. She never came back. We all became quite anxious because she wasn't coming back. ██████ was saying that she would go and get her and the two women were saying, "No, no – it'll be fine." We were left on a mini-bus with these two women. They then drove us all to Quarrier's. All of us were there except for ██████, who had been adopted, and ██████.
45. We all freaked out completely. I just remember it being chaos. We were crying. They didn't tell us what was happening and my mum didn't tell us. We were panicked past ourselves, saying they'd left our mum, where were they taking us and what was happening. I thought they were kidnapping us. I now know that those women were social workers. We kept saying, "She's not back yet. You can't leave without her." We

were paranoid that we'd left my mum in the middle of nowhere. We kept trying to get them to stop the bus and go back and get our mum, but they said we couldn't. My mum wasn't able to say cheerio.

46. I kept asking the women not to take me back to Glenallan. I thought they were going to drive me back to Glenallan on my own. They didn't tell us where we were going at first, but then they said we were going to back to Quarrier's and they told us all to calm down. We were beside ourselves, saying we wanted to go back and see our mum. That's how I ended up in Quarrier's. I was still seven when I arrived at Quarrier's, so I wasn't at home for long.
47. Looking back, I think it was a terrible thing for my mum to have done. Maybe she had her reasons, but she would never discuss anything about Quarrier's after we left.

#### **Quarrier's Village, Bridge of Weir**

48. I arrived at Quarrier's in 1974 with [REDACTED], [REDACTED], [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. I don't remember arriving in the mini-bus. I'd only ever been to Quarrier's once before and that was to meet my brothers and sisters. I remember being quite overwhelmed when I first went there. It was quite an imposing place. It was very isolated. I remember feeling like we were absolutely in the middle of nowhere.
49. There were two big gates at the entrance. They used to have things from the bible written on them in flowers. I used to help the gardener plant them. Occasionally, the flowers would say, "Welcome." Most of the time, it was quotes from the bible, such as, "Suffer little children." As you came in through the gates and went along, there were cottages everywhere. There were 43 cottages, as far as I know. There was a drapery, there were greenhouses, where I spent most of my time, a swimming pool, a hospital, a dentist, the church, the school, the park, a big hall called Sommerville Weir Hall, where we used to do concerts. There were baby homes, where I used to go and help with the babies. There were homes for adults with learning difficulties, which were called "Epi homes", which is dreadful. There were two of those that I can remember,

but there might have been more. There was also a farm, at the top of a wee winding road from Quarrier's . I think we got our milk from there because it came in a big silver urn with a ladle.

50. I think Doctor Minto was the director of Quarrier's. He had white, forties style hair which was flicked back. Him and his wife were always very kind to me. As far as I know, they stayed in Quarrier's village. I would occasionally go by the Mintos' cottage, which I think was up by the Elise Brae Hospital. Doctor Minto had a dog who bit me when I was in his house. I was always trying to interact with dogs. It was eating and I stroked it and it bit me on the hand. I was always drawn by animals so I would go up and see the dog. There was another man, who was quite influential, who also stayed at Quarrier's with his wife.
  
51. We were placed in cottage 17. We were there until the very end, until we were moved to cottage 21. That was just for the last eight months. I think they were modernising cottage 17, so everybody in the cottage moved. Ruth Wallace was in charge in both cottages. Later on, she wanted us to call her mother but we used to call her Aunty Ruth. I wasn't sure of her age when I was a child. I just knew she was an adult. Looking back, I reckon she might have been in her thirties or forties. Ruth Wallace was like a giant to me. She was at least six feet tall. She was very thin. She had short, black cropped hair with speckles of grey in it. She got more grey as the years went on. She always wore tweed skirts with American tan tights and nylon blouses or nylon, stay-pressed trousers with an elasticated waist. My memory of Ruth Wallace is just fear so I never really thought of her as looking smart. I tried never to look her in the eye, but I suppose, looking back, she did dress smartly.
  
52. Ruth Wallace was helped by Aunty Carol and Aunty Betty during the day. I never knew their second names. There was another aunty in the cottage who died in her sleep, but I can't remember her name. There was a woman who came in to clean, who I knew as Mrs Glasgow. At the trial in 2006, I'm sure they said her name was Mrs Glassford. Ruth Wallace always stayed in the cottage at night, but the aunties stayed in the aunties' cottage, which I think was up by the Sommerville Weir Hall. I'm not sure what time of day they left for the evening.

53. The other children in the cottage were [REDACTED], [REDACTED] and [REDACTED], although [REDACTED] didn't come until later on, when she came from the baby homes. There was [REDACTED], QDL and [REDACTED]; QAK, QDN and QDM; later on, there was a boy called QGR. There was a man who left just as I got there. He seemed like a man, but I think he was an older child. [REDACTED] would have been the youngest child when we first arrived. She was five. Later, [REDACTED] was the youngest. She very small when she arrived. She had curly hair and we used to say she looked like Shirley Temple. I think she was about three years old when she came into the cottage. QDM [REDACTED] was the oldest in the cottage. I thought she was much older than she was, but I think she was sixteen or seventeen. At first, I thought QDM [REDACTED] was one of the aunties because she slept in Ruth Wallace's room. I don't know why she slept in that room.
54. We didn't really associate with other cottages unless they were Ruth Wallace's friends. We had lots of interaction with cottage 15, which I think was Auntie Moira's. We also had lots of contact with John Porteous' cottage, but I can't remember the cottage number. There was a cottage that had a big parrot that used to walk about the playroom. Ruth Wallace was very good friends with John Porteous and Auntie QDJ in cottage 8.

### **Routine at Quarrier's**

#### *Mornings and bedtime*

55. There were four bedrooms upstairs. I think the first bedroom was called the red bedroom, but I could be wrong. There was a bedroom with two single beds and a set of bunkbeds, then there was a toilet and then there was the boys' room, which had four boys in it when I first went in. Ruth Wallace's bedroom was across the hall from the boys' room, then there was her bathroom, which we weren't allowed to use. Along from that, there was another girls' bedroom. We all had our bedtimes. If you were younger, you went to bed earlier.

56. The routine was rigid. Ruth Wallace would come in quite early in the morning and shout that it was time to get up. I don't think she had any concern with us getting up. She was so violent that we learned very quickly that we just got up when she told us to. You weren't allowed to come down to the breakfast table without your clothes on. After breakfast, we washed all the dishes and then we went to school. The church clock used to chime all the time to tell us when it was time to go to school and come home for lunch. Everything was regulated by the church bell. We lived right next to the church.
57. We weren't allowed to sleep in at the weekend. We all still had to get up early and get breakfast. Everybody got up at the same time.

*Mealtimes / Food*

58. I think somebody came in and cooked the food. I don't think Ruth Wallace cooked the food. Maybe the other aunties cooked. I do remember Ruth Wallace having two fish fingers in her hands at one point, but I don't know if she cooked. Sadly, I remember every meal at Quarrier's.
59. There was a big long table, with a bench attached to a wall, and a smaller table. I remember sitting in different places, but I don't know whether we had set seats. I think the aunties tended to be there at breakfast time. There was always someone there. Breakfast was cereal and sometimes porridge. We'd have tea in the morning. We went back to the cottage for lunch. We'd have milk at lunch time. After lunch, we did the dishes and then we went back to school. Our lunch was different on a Saturday. We got chips, pie and beans.
60. After school, we had time to play outside and then we went back to the cottage for dinner. We washed the dishes after dinner as well.

*Washing / bathing*

61. There was a tiny bathroom upstairs, which had really old red linoleum. It had a tiny toilet and sink in it. Downstairs, there was a big bathroom that had four sinks in it, a tiny toilet and a bath with a shower cubicle at the side of it. There was a big, old, stone Victorian shed with a toilet in it, but you used that at your peril because there were boys waiting in there.
62. Washing was chaos. Older children were given younger children to look after. For a while, █████ looked after me. She made sure I brushed my teeth and my hair. We didn't really get baths or showers in the morning. I think █████ looked after █████. When █████ and █████ left, I looked after █████. As a family, we stuck together and helped each other.
63. I think there was hot water for baths. Bath time was at night and adults weren't around for it. Bath times were terrifying. The top of the door didn't reach the ceiling. If you were in the bath, the boys would hang over the top of it or try and get in the door to do stuff. Bathing was quite a terrifying thing to do. I think I managed to avoid a lot. My memories of bath time are quite limited.

*Clothing / uniform*

64. We got our school uniform, jackets and shoes from the drapery, but I think the rest of the clothes were donated. Most of us wore duffel coats. I think we sometimes got new clothes for going away to Girvan and Ayr. I remember getting new shorts for that and new shoes from the drapery. Our clothes were communal. We didn't really own our clothes. We just wore what fitted us. Sometimes, we would claim things for ourselves. I knew that certain dresses were █████'s because they only fitted █████. I used to get jealous because I'd wait for █████ to grow out of a dress, but then I'd have to wait for █████. Even though █████ was my wee sister, she was actually bigger than me so I'd have to wait twice.

*School*

65. I have very little memory of school at Quarrier's. I was at primary school. The teachers rotated. I got on quite well at school. I was quite academic at school, but I was punished for being able to read really well when I first came to Quarrier's. They did a test to see how well we could read. We were all to go to the library and choose a book. I picked *A Thousand Leagues Under the Sea*. The teacher told me that was ridiculous and that I should put it back. I told her it was what I wanted to read. She said that I couldn't read it and I told her that I could. I don't know the name of the teacher, but she told me that I had to read the first chapter in front of the class. I did and she was livid. After that, when everybody else did reading, I was made to sit outside the class.
66. As I got older, I remember one teacher called Mrs Lamont. She was really kind to me. I remember her because she told me that she had daughters called [REDACTED] and [REDACTED], like my sisters. She told me that I was a good drawer and that I could write. Ruth Wallace had a thing about doing girls' hair. We all used to wear what was called a half moon. Your hair was pulled back into a pony tail at the back and the rest of it was left hanging down. We wore a navy ribbon. Mrs Lamont would say that my hair looked nice.

*Chores*

67. Everybody had chores. We would polish shoes and peel potatoes and peel vegetables. We had to strip our beds and make our beds. Occasionally, we had to clean our sheets, even though they were taken away by a laundry service. If Ruth Wallace was feeling like it, she'd make us wash them in the shed sink. I remember using an old-fashioned mangle. It had a big handle and rubber rollers. Maybe it was for the sheets. We had to sweep the yard and polish, that kind of thing.

*Pocket money*

68. I think every child was supposed to get pocket money every week, but it was sporadic. It wasn't a consistent thing. An ice cream van came on a Saturday and we could buy

sweets from the drapery. It had the big old-fashioned wooden trays with slots full of sweets. We got five pence pocket money and we'd go and buy whatever sweets. I used to get McCowan's toffee bars, dainties, and Cremola foam. Cremola foam was more expensive though. I think it was 8p.

*Leisure time*

69. We had time to go outside after school, after dinner and at the weekend. I always went outside. We went back for our tea when the church bell rang. I played with my brother and my sisters. I think that's what saved me at Quarrier's. We used to play a game called, "Five stones." We'd collect five stones and it was like jacks. We played with tennis balls and skipping ropes. We had elastics. A lot of the time, we played cowboys and Indians down at the park or [REDACTED] would tell us stories.
70. When [REDACTED], [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] had left, I used to take [REDACTED] with me a lot. Sadly, I would also tell her to go away. I wanted to spend time with my friend, [REDACTED]. I discussed it with [REDACTED] recently and told her that I felt bad because I used to send [REDACTED] away. I just think that was brutal. By then, I was eleven and a half and to me she was a pain in the backside. I think she was probably even more abused because I wouldn't take her with me.
71. At first, I wasn't allowed past Quarrier's. Then, as I got older, I could get a pass to go on a bus to Bridge of Weir. Unbeknown to them, I used to walk into Bridge of Weir all the time with [REDACTED]. I was seven and she was five. It was about two miles. We went to Bridge of Weir because there was a payphone. We would try to phone my mum all the time. We didn't know our mum's number. It was in the days when there was an operator. We used to tell her that we were stuck there. I don't know what the operator must have thought.
72. There were lots of organised activities. We did Easter parades and Easter bonnet hats. There was lots of marching. There was Boys Brigade and Brownies. We'd march to the church in our Brownie uniforms with banners and flags. There were lots of days where they raised money for the "black babies in Africa," as they called them. There

were lots of concerts. I remember singing, "I'm on top of the world." Ruth Wallace chose the song. She made my brother, [REDACTED], [REDACTED] and me sing together because she wanted us to be like the Von Trapp family. It was torturous.

73. I was banned from ballet for talking. I was always talking to [REDACTED]. I played the coronet in the brass band. I remember vividly that I didn't want to play in the brass band. Ruth Wallace and a man from the church wanted me to play. I played it for four years but I hated it. I remember loathing it, but I was made to play.
74. There was a man called Simon, who was the gardener. He was really nice. He'd let me harvest the tomatoes with him. He'd also let me sit in the glasshouses in winter. It was Victorian greenhouses, so it had the old hot water pipes underneath. I'd help him do the weeding and the display at the front gate. I think I might have taken [REDACTED] up there sometimes, but she wasn't interested in that kind of thing. I absolutely loved it. I got lost in it. I loved the smell of the damp earth in the glasshouses. I remember eating a tomato and feeling safe, eating it. I was really shocked that I could eat it because I would pick at every meal. In the glasshouses, I could eat the little tomatoes and I wasn't sick afterwards.
75. The farmer was really nice to me. He let me go up to the farm all the time. I don't know what he thought of this little girl. I had a best friend, who was a bull. Animals were much safer than human beings. I had no concept that the bull was dangerous. It was kept in a stone paddock with metal bars. I was so thin that I could get in through the bars. There was a stone that would jut out and I would sit there after school. The bull had a ring through its nose and I would tell the bull how sorry I felt for it because of the ring. I would sit there, right next to the bull. The bull was huge. Its head was probably bigger than me. It used to sniff me. Sometimes, it would sit down and let me stroke it. I used to tell it what I had been doing throughout the day. I don't know what the bull thought of me. Maybe I was just very lucky, but maybe the bull realised I was no threat to it. It was certainly never aggressive towards me.
76. I did that for a long time, possibly a year, until one day the farmer found me. He was traumatised by the sight of me. He got a big stick and told me to edge out slowly. I

wondered what he was doing because the bull was my pal. He was holding the bull back with the stick. He told me never to go in again and that the bull was dangerous. I was really upset because I thought the bull was my pal. I wasn't allowed to visit the bull anymore. He used to come and check, to make sure I wasn't there. He just said to me that the bull could have killed me at any moment. He gave me a real talking to, so I never told him that I'd been going in there for nearly a year.

*Trips / Holidays*

77. There were people who came into the cottage randomly who we knew as, "The Group." They came and they took us on days out. Every year, we went to Girvan to somewhere called, "The Den."

*Birthdays and Christmas*

78. The only thing I remember about Christmas is my step-dad appearing once with Christmas presents in the boot of the car. Someone also came on a horse and cart, dressed as Santa, and delivered a present for each child. I was excited about the horse. I wanted to go out and speak to the horse and I was allowed to go out. It was a big Clydesdale. I have no other memories of Christmas. I spent four Christmas at Quarrier's. I went home to my mum's for one of them and I remember it all, but I don't remember anything else about Christmas at Quarrier's.

*Religious instruction*

79. Religion was a big part of Ruth Wallace's life and it was a big part of ours because of that. Ruth Wallace used to talk about the church all the time. I remember her talking about the elders all the time. I'm not sure whether she was an elder. I hated church. We went to church on Sunday morning, then we went home for lunch. After lunch, we went to Sunday school. We came home for dinner and then we went to church again at night and had the exact same service.

80. Everything was centred around the church. In church, every cottage had its own pew. If I remember rightly, our cottage numbers were written on them. We all went to church. When the bell rang, everybody left their cottages and we all marched to church. We all went in a line. We weren't allowed to talk in the church. I was always talking in church and on one such occasion, Ruth Wallace cut my hand with her long nails. She used to keep a comb in the back of her hair, but she took it out on a Sunday. She'd keep the comb in her pocket. She'd wrap you over the fingers with the comb or whatever she had. Sometimes it would be keys. People could see that. She couldn't have hidden it. The cottage mothers all used to sit at the end of the aisles.
81. Ruth Wallace reminded me of Hyacinth Bouquet, from the TV programme, in church, only with more class. She always wanted to see the minister. It was so fake though. Even as a child, I could see that. She used to say, "My darlings are all with me. We love coming to the church." Even then, it felt strange. She definitely had a persona about her, but I can only see that looking back. She hung about with people from the church who seemed to have a lot of say in what happened at Quarrier's. They organised events and things.
82. Church was a huge thing at Quarrier's. They had a tannoy system in the cottages that used to announce the psalm for the day. I'm assuming that went out to all the cottages. We had one in our cottage. I was really friendly with a girl called [REDACTED], who was in cottage 8, and she had one in her cottage.
83. We didn't do a lot of praying in the cottage. Ruth Wallace used to say that we had to pray. I pretended to pray, but I was frightened of God. I used to think that he was a giant. I look back now and I laugh about it. There was a picture of children going up a hill with a giant hand behind them. I thought God was a giant, living behind the church. I was terrified of him. I thought there was no way I was praying to him, in case he actually visited me.
84. Sometimes, when we came back from church, Ruth Wallace would randomly ask us what the sermon had been about. When you're seven to twelve years old, you don't care. You just want church to finish. I hated church. It was boring. Sundays were so

stressful because we had to find white socks and Ruth Wallace would also force feed my sister with roast beef and force feed me with milk. Sundays were not good days. When she suddenly asked what the sermon was about, nobody could ever answer.

85. On many occasions, she then told me that I would have to make my own sermon. One time that I remember, she told me that I was useless and I would burn in hell for not listening. She told me to make up a sermon and then I was to tell everybody in the cottage about it. She gave me a bible and said, "PPF [REDACTED], make up your own sermon." I was in the playroom thinking that I didn't know how to make up a sermon. I remembered the story of Adam and Eve. She came to get me and asked what my sermon was. I just waffled utter rubbish about Adam and Eve and the Garden of Eden, so she beat me up. There was some joy in it, just to see her face and the look of utter disgust, that I clearly hadn't read the bible. She told me again that I'd go to hell. There was lots of stuff about God and Jesus and how we were corrupt children and should all be thankful that we were there.

*Visits/inspections*

86. I don't remember regular social work visits. I think we got more visits towards the end of our time there. Our social worker at that time, Mrs Paisley, is the only social worker that I can remember. She visited more regularly than other social workers. I don't know how often she came, but it was definitely every couple of months or so. I told Mrs Paisley that Ruth Wallace was cruel and that I was frightened I was going to die. That was towards the end of my time at Quarrier's. Nothing was done.
87. I can't remember any other visits, other than Doctor Minto's wife. [REDACTED] had told her about Ruth Wallace, although I don't know what. She stopped by the cottage more than once. Somebody else came to visit, but I don't know who that was. The only reason I remember that is because Ruth Wallace set her couch on fire. She pretended to everyone that she didn't smoke. She had a cigarette and she flicked it behind the couch because this person appeared randomly. It was an old, nylon, flammable couch so it went on fire. It smoked. She accused one of the kids of having a cigarette and

said it was them. She would keep cigarettes behind her ear and fling them places if anybody visited.

88. Ruth Wallace was friends with a man who was later charged with abuse at Quarrier's, John Porteous. He came to our cottage a lot. I remember Ruth Wallace and him being in the kitchen. I think it was to do with the church. When people came to visit from the church, she would put on what we would call her "posh Glaswegian voice". She was always trying to present a face to visitors. She behaved completely differently.
89. We had a visit from someone who might have been a social worker, but I don't know. Before the person came, she put biscuits on a plate. She said to us, "I'm putting biscuits out and if any of you [REDACTED] touch the biscuits, you'll be in trouble." The person appeared and we went into Ruth Wallace's living room. She took the plate and asked if we all wanted a biscuit. Of course, we all said no. She'd play with your mind. She then said that we were just trying to embarrass her and that we should take a biscuit. Then the rules of the game have changed and you think that you should take a biscuit.
90. She was saying, "Stop it, why are you doing this? This is ridiculous. Just take a biscuit and stop being silly." I thought that maybe it was safe. I couldn't eat mine because I was so tense. [REDACTED] ate hers and I think possibly [REDACTED] too. As soon as the person left, she went bananas and was slapping us and pulling our hair, saying, "What did I tell you, [REDACTED]?" She never called us by our first names, we were just, "[REDACTED]" She called [REDACTED], "[REDACTED]"
91. [REDACTED] was behind the porch door on one occasion, in the vestibule. Someone was coming up the steps, but I don't remember who it was. I remember Ruth Wallace trying to get [REDACTED] to come out from behind the door. [REDACTED] wouldn't go and was saying that she was there because Ruth Wallace had made her. She started saying it in a loud voice. Ruth Wallace became really agitated. By then, we'd sussed her. When anybody came to the cottage from the outside, she would be sickly sweet and just another person. [REDACTED] was really vocal. She wouldn't come out from behind the door. When the woman came up the stairs, [REDACTED] was saying, "I've been put here, I've been put here." Ruth Wallace said, "Just ignore her, she's just playing a game. [REDACTED], don't be

- silly. Away you go. Run along and play." She was twisted. I don't know how long [REDACTED] had been there for.
92. Ruth Wallace would change in a second if she saw someone coming and do her posh voice. She'd say kind words to us and then she'd go straight back to how she was the second that she left. Looking back, I don't even think that she was good at it. It was so extreme. I remember that I used to feel embarrassed for her. I remember wondering how she could do it and that people must know. I couldn't understand how she could do it and suddenly change. If the minister came, I'm sure she was trying to earn points in heaven.
93. I don't remember many people from the outside coming in. I do remember lots of old women and men visiting on coaches. For some reason, in my head, I thought they were coming to pick children. I was totally convinced that they'd pick me and [REDACTED] would be left on her own. I used to go and hide in the park. When I look back now, I don't know what they were doing. Maybe they were benefactors or something. They would do tours of the cottages. As soon as I knew they were there, I'd disappear, so I don't know what they did in the cottages.
94. [REDACTED] dad came to visit them. I remember he brought them comics and fizzy juice. Visits from my mother were very sporadic. We didn't really see people much. Maybe she visited more than I think she did and I've blocked them out, because they were so painful. I do remember her visiting and absolutely begging her to take us away. I remember my step-dad visiting with Christmas presents. We were so desperate, we even begged him to take us away.

#### *Healthcare*

95. I did see a dentist. The only reason I remember that is because a tree came through the window when I was there due to high winds. I used to see the doctor quite a lot because I was covered in eczema. I had really severe eczema behind my arms, in the creases of my knees, across my stomach, between my thighs and behind my ears. It used to crack and bleed. Sometimes, they used to cover me in some kind of coloured

lotion and wrap me in bandages. I think they might have used coal tar. The eczema stopped when I left Quarrier's.

96. I used to get styes in my eyes all the time. I used to go to the Elise Brae Hospital every morning before school. I would have my eye bathed in cold tea, with a spoon covered in a bandage. The sty would sometimes be so poisonous and big that they'd lance it and cover my eye with a patch.
97. Ruth Wallace took us to the doctor. I think we got check-ups and that might have been when they discovered that I was underweight. I remember the doctor being really worried that I was so underweight. After that, I used to see a doctor all the time. I was always quite significantly underweight. I think it was because I would start to worry about lunchtime when I was still at school. By the time I actually got to the cottage, I would be literally shaking. I could barely eat, which made it worse because Ruth Wallace would be shouting at me. Only as an adult, I realise that my stress levels got worse and worse. I was so stressed that I physically couldn't eat. As a result of that, I became very underweight. I was prescribed what I think were vitamin tablets and a syrups. They gave me something because I had really low iron levels. I was also made to take cod liver oil. I was on that the whole period that I was there. I remember I had to go and be weighed all of the time.
98. We definitely got a check-up before I left. That's the only one that I really remember and it was extensive. We were taken outside of Quarrier's to get that check-up. I don't know where it was, but we went in a car. Ruth Wallace kept saying that I wouldn't pass it and they'd make me stay. I believed her. They did say that I was underweight and malnourished. When I went home, I was still being given vitamins and things.
99. When I was at Quarrier's, I had to have an operation to have my ears pinned back. I went to Canniesburn Hospital in Glasgow, but there's no record of it. I actually got my medical records and there were literally three lines. I was at Quarrier's for five years. There were a couple of lines about how bad my eczema was and they mentioned that I was underweight. After the operation, I was wrapped in bandages for about six weeks. We were getting ready to leave. When I left Quarrier's, I was still wearing one

single bandage round my head. I'm assuming that because I was being seen in Glasgow, Ruth Wallace was more cautious about where she hit me.

### *Running away*

100. We used to try and help [REDACTED]. He once ran away from the Elise Brae Hospital. I don't know why he was there. He appeared in his dressing gown and pyjamas in the night. He'd climbed out of a window. It wasn't really late at night and my sisters and I found him. We knew he'd get beaten up if it was found out that he'd left. We took him back to the hospital.
101. I ran away with [REDACTED] not long before we left. I remember thinking that they were going to kill us and that we had to leave. I was ill-prepared. I'd packed us a sandwich and a plaster. All the food was locked and we didn't have access to it. There was bread, so I made one jam sandwich. We'd eaten the jam sandwich within half an hour. We walked for what seemed like miles. I then realised that I had no idea where we were going, so we turned back. We went back and nobody ever knew. I swore [REDACTED] to secrecy. She knew the consequences, so she didn't say anything.

### *Siblings*

102. My siblings got taken away, one at a time. [REDACTED] and I were there on our own for two years. That was when the violence with Ruth Wallace really increased. The violence with the boys increased as well. [REDACTED] had been tormented horrifically by Ruth Wallace and the boys, but to me she was like a hero. She would stand up for me. I felt like I had some kind of protection when she was there. We'd speak about escaping and running away. We'd talk about what it would be like if we weren't there. That kept us going, the thought of escaping it. [REDACTED] was really good too. She'd tell us stories at night about us all living together in a wooden cabin. It kind of made it bearable. When they left, it went to a completely new level. It was like hell on earth. There was a real risk we would actually be killed and there was just nobody.

*Bed Wetting*

103. My little sister, [REDACTED], wet the bed. Ruth Wallace used to rip the wet sheets off the bed in a rage. She would wrap the wet sheets around [REDACTED] and say that she was a "disgusting pisshead". Sometimes, she'd take her down to the playroom so everybody could see her. We'd be told not to speak to her because she was a pissy bed. Ruth Wallace was very good at humiliation. If she was to do a CV, that would be one of her key skills. She'd put her in a cold bath and I remember trying to run in and put the hot tap on. If she caught me, she'd ask me what I thought I was doing. She'd get me by the hair, slap me and tell me not to go near her. She might make me go into the cupboard.
104. Ruth Wallace would get [REDACTED] to try and wash her sheets in the shed sink. She was only five. I would try and sneak in to help her wash her sheets. We all tried to help her. When [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] left, they told me that it was my responsibility to protect [REDACTED]. We couldn't reach the sink because we were too wee. We used to stand on an upturned bucket or an upturned crate. She only had cold water as well, as there was one cold tap. Who would do that to a five year old?
105. [REDACTED] also wet the bed. She wasn't there all the time. She went to boarding school. I'm not sure whether she was punished for wetting the bed in the same way as [REDACTED] because she was only there for a while. The sad thing about Quarrier's is that I genuinely tried to focus on my family, so I'm not sure what was happening to others in the cottage.

**Abuse at Quarrier's***Ruth Wallace – physical and emotional abuse*

106. I remember my first experiences of Ruth Wallace's violence. Someone in the cottage told me to say, "Bloody," to Ruth Wallace. I asked what it meant and the person told me that it wasn't a bad word. Ruth Wallace asked me something and I used, "Bloody,"

in whatever the sentence was. She punched me in the face and made me go and stand behind the kitchen door for hours. It must have been the weekend, because if not she'd have made me go to school. My nose was bleeding. I'm not sure whether or not I had a black eye afterwards. I had so many black eyes at Quarrier's that I'm not sure. She was extremely violent.

107. After that incident, I was really shocked. At Glenallan, I got the slipper but a lot of the fear was around the devil and the other girl who said she was going to kill me. I hadn't experienced that kind of physical violence at Glenallan. Ruth Wallace was huge. She was a big woman. I don't mean that she was big-built, but she was at least six foot tall. To me, she was huge, like a giant. From that first incident, my memory of Ruth Wallace is just fear. There was so much violence.
108. On one occasion, she said nobody was getting pocket money because a window was open in the playroom. It wasn't a security window or anything. It was just a normal window. When you're living in that fear, that becomes a big deal. She would say stupid things like, "Nobody can leave the playroom because the window's open." We would think, "Oh my God, the window's open." But when you look back, you realise that the window was open all the time. She ruled with stupid things like that so you never knew what was okay and what wasn't okay.
109. I was new at the time, so I was only seven. She had made us all sit in the playroom. The other children said that she might be nice to me because I was new. Everybody whispered that I should go through and say that I had opened it. I didn't know what they had been suffering and didn't for a second know what I was in for. I went through and told Ruth Wallace that I had opened the window. She went absolutely bananas. She got hold of my ear and pulled me down. She pulled me all around her office by the hair. She hit me in the face and said, "If you ever come through here again and lie like that like that, you'll get worse." Then she shoved me back through.
110. Lunchtimes were hell. I think I remember every lunchtime at Quarrier's. They're indelibly printed on my brain. I was terrified of lunch because of the cups of milk. That sounds ridiculous, but Ruth Wallace was very inventive with her cruelty. I hate milk. I

can only drink a tiny bit in tea. Ruth Wallace knew I didn't like milk. She force fed me, every lunchtime, with milk. She was cruel to other children as well. With me, it just happened to be milk. She'd force feed [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] fish.

111. Ruth Wallace would try and hold my mouth open with forks and things. She'd hold me by the front of my fringe, pull my hair and tip my head back. She'd physically get me into a body hold. She'd grab my mouth, get the fork and ram it into my mouth to try and keep the bottom of my jaw down. She'd pour the milk in. I would be sick during it, but I was also choking because I was being sick whilst someone was flooding my mouth with milk. I'd vomit and then she'd make me eat the vomit. At one point, she put a fork through my lips. She stabbed it through my lips to hold my bottom teeth down. She was vicious.
112. The other children were sitting at the table when it happened. It wasn't a secret. The other aunties would definitely have seen it too. On more than one occasion, Auntie Carol said to me, "Please, just drink it, PPF [REDACTED]. Do whatever you can." She taught me to hold my nose while I was drinking it. She said that if I held my nose, I wouldn't taste it. She was trying to help me, but the aunties never intervened. Everybody sat silently. I think the aunties were afraid of Ruth Wallace.
113. If you didn't eat a meal, Ruth Wallace would bring over what we called a brock bin. It was full of the waste that went to the pigs up at the farm. It had potato peelings, onion peelings, milk or whatever was left from making meals. It was full of sludge. If you didn't eat your food, she would insist that you had to eat the contents of the brock bin instead. She would fly into a rage if you didn't eat all your food. She'd fling your food into the brock bin and make you eat whatever was in it. The first few times she did it to me, I thought that there was no way she'd make me eat it. I sat in front of it. It was before she'd started forcing me to do things. She'd leave you to sit with the brock bin through the night. She meant what she said, so you sat there all night.
114. She never force fed me anything from the brock bin. Only once did I eat something out of the brock bin. She then dragged me round by my hair and the back of my neck. She

flung me about and hit me over the head and called me names. She made me go and get my school clothes on and I went to school, having sat there all night.

115. Ruth Wallace really liked [QAK/QDM/QDN]. They were her favourite people. I never saw [QAK/QDM/QDN] get punished. Our family did, as did the [REDACTED] and the [REDACTED], although not so much [REDACTED], who she thought was cute. She hated my younger sister with a passion. Ruth Wallace was really cruel to [REDACTED]. She singled [REDACTED] out. She was really vicious to her. She hated [REDACTED], who was a tiny little boy with NHS glasses. I think he had a squint because he used to wear a patch on his glasses. [REDACTED] couldn't pronounce the letter, "C". No wonder he was emaciated. Whenever we had cake and custard, Ruth Wallace would taunt him. She said that he could only eat it if he could say it. We all had to wait and nobody was allowed to eat until [REDACTED] said cake and custard. Ruth Wallace would then mock him. He would sob. He was a tiny wee boy. It was awful, watching his fear of her. He was so frightened of her. I don't know why Ruth Wallace hated my sister and [REDACTED] so much. I genuinely think she was a psychopath. She was one of the most terrifying and disturbed people I have ever met in my life. I think there was something wrong with her.
116. In her rages, Ruth Wallace was something to behold. I was absolutely terrified of her. When she became enraged, she would curl up her tongue in her mouth, so that it almost stuck out, and she'd bite down on her tongue. She would scream. She was all fists and hands. She was an absolute lunatic. She behaved like that in front of the other aunts. The only time she didn't behave like that was if Doctor Minto or someone from the church visited. Then, she was like a twisted sycophant. I don't know which one I was terrified of more. In fact, I actually think I was more terrified when she was pretending she was okay. At least when she was her normal, violent self, you knew that was who she was. When she put on this other face, you never knew what was going to happen. She was more twisted and more violent.
117. Ruth Wallace did some really twisted things. [QAK/QDM/QDN] were involved in a lot of that stuff. We used to go to a holiday place in Girvan called, "The Den." When we were there, Ruth Wallace and [QAK] called me and [REDACTED]. They said that we

had a letter from our mum and that we were going home. QAK said that he had read the letter too. I will never forget the feeling of utter joy, that we were actually going to get out. I was ecstatic. She stood and laughed in my face and so did QAK. They said that we hadn't had a letter and they were just joking.

118. Ruth Wallace would suddenly appear at our door at night and slam the light on. She'd be screaming that we were filthy animals and things like that. She'd make everybody get up, although not QAK/QDM/QDN. She'd make us clean the cottage through the night. She did that sort of thing all the time. The shed was made of stone flags on the floor. One night, she gave us our toothbrushes and made us clean the stone flags with them. She said that we were scum and that we were dirty.
119. The most violence I ever saw her inflict was during an incident with my brother. It was during the day. She got us all in the shed. I don't know which other children were there, but my family was there. She said something to do with potatoes, that [REDACTED] couldn't peel them properly or something like that. We used to get big canvas sacks of potatoes delivered. She picked up a sack, that was half full of potatoes. She poured them over [REDACTED] head. He was tiny. He crumpled to the floor.
120. One day, she held my little sister against a radiator after a bath for wetting the bed. She dragged her from the bathroom. The radiators were burning hot. She pushed [REDACTED] against it and held her there. She said that it would keep her dry. [REDACTED] was screaming. [REDACTED] was burned, but I don't think she has scars from it.
121. She was cruel to so many people. She was also emotionally cruel. She'd get us up during the night if she thought that we were talking. Sometimes, there was no reason. We'd just be dragged out of our beds. We used to make it into a game. One of the things she did one night was put us into different corners of the playroom. She put the light out and said we had to stay there for the night. She didn't go to bed. She went away, but she came back to check on us. She must have been exhausted. We used to play fairies and things.

122. I never saw Ruth Wallace hurt [REDACTED] QAK/QDM/QDN . They were never involved in any of the humiliation. [REDACTED] QDL had done something. She made him stand on a chair in the playroom. We all had to walk around him, shouting, "[REDACTED] QDL is a baby." She was just twisted.
123. Once, she put me, [REDACTED] and someone else under the kitchen table. There was an Easter cake on the table with silver balls on it. We were too scared to come out, but [REDACTED] figured that she could put her hand up and reach the top of the cake. I remember at the time we were both really happy that we had the cake. We ate the top of the cake. We were beaten senseless in the morning for it. Her favourite thing to do was to grab you by the back of your hair and pull it right up so you'd be on your tiptoes. She'd fling you about. She'd grab you by the arms and dig her nails into you. She had really long nails. I constantly had fingerprints all over me. She once cut me in the church because she said I was talking during the service. She had really long nails, which were brown with nicotine.
124. Ruth Wallace hated our mother. She used to say that she was scum, that we'd never get home and that we should be thankful that somewhere like Quarrier's and Jesus had taken us in. She said things like that all the time. I used to stop noticing because it was so constant. She used to laugh in our faces and tell us that we'd never leave. She'd say things like, "You [REDACTED] think you're going to leave here and none of you will leave. She'll never get you back and the sooner you start getting that into your thick head, the better." She'd say things like that to the [REDACTED] family as well. The [REDACTED] were adopted, so I don't think they were there for very long.
125. A lot of physical abuse took place on Sundays because of the imaginary white sock scenario. Sundays were a day of stress. She would say that she wanted us to wear white socks, but the reality is we had no control over the laundry. It was taken away in big wicker baskets and then it came back. At the time, I didn't realise it. I figured it out when I was in my twenties. I was sitting one day, thinking about Quarrier's, and I suddenly realised. Ruth Wallace would ask where our white socks were and we'd all be frantically looking around the cottage for pristine white socks. In our cottage, we

- weren't allowed to wear socks to church unless they were pure white. The reality was, we could never find a pair.
126. Every Sunday, this happened. Every Sunday, all the girls would look for the mythical white socks. When I think of all the time I spent looking for the mythical white socks and they just didn't exist. She must have known that they didn't exist. We would go to Ruth Wallace with a pair of socks that were off-white and she'd beat us up. She'd slap us around the face and grab us by the hair. She'd pull us around. She always wanted to grab you by the skin. She'd nip you and get hold of your skin and pull it. It wasn't beating us up by punching us, it was more pulling us around. She would say, "I want the white Sunday socks. Where are your white Sunday socks?" I used to sit by the door, crying. I would be thinking, "Just let me find a pair." We never found a pair because there weren't any. She'd suddenly produce new socks that she kept somewhere, but not before she'd beaten you up. She used to keep things in cupboards in her living room and bedroom.
127. Ruth Wallace also used implements. She broke my nose once. I never got medical treatment, but I assume it was broken because it wobbled for a long time and I still have a scar. She threw a shoe at me and it hit me in the face. It was a red lace-up shoe that they had in the seventies, with a big, thick heel. She was always a good aim. It hit me straight on in the face. She said I hadn't polished the shoes well enough for Sunday. It split my nose open. It clearly needed stitches. I got black eyes because of it. You can still see the faint line that goes across my nose.
128. She attacked me with shoes more than once. I wasn't the only child who got hit by shoes. She threw shoes at everybody, except for QAK/QDM/QDN. I certainly saw her attack my brother around the face and head with shoes. I'm not sure what that was for. There was so much violence all the time. Sometimes, it could be for nothing. Sometimes, it could be that you just gave the wrong answer or she just didn't like your answer.
129. One day, not long before we left to go to cottage 21, I heard [REDACTED] screaming during the day. By that time, I think I was demented because I didn't think I was going to make

it out of there alive. It must have been the weekend. Ruth Wallace was up the stairs with [REDACTED]. I actually just lost it. Ruth Wallace had thrown a mattress at [REDACTED]. [REDACTED] was underneath the mattress and Ruth Wallace was jumping up and down, on top of the mattress. I lost the plot completely. For the first time ever, I attacked Ruth Wallace. I jumped on her. I told her that I was going to kill her. I think she was really surprised because I was usually so quiet. I remember getting hold of her hair and thinking that I had to kill her. I think that's why part of me struggles with anger, because I remember thinking that I had to kill her and that was the only way that we were going to survive.

130. I think she did get a fright. I was like an animal. I'd had it and I thought that if I didn't kill her, she was going to kill me and [REDACTED]. We ended up from the back bedroom suddenly at the top of the stairs. There was a cupboard, three stairs down from the top on a landing. She punched me somewhere in the head and she managed to get my head back. She tried to push my head into the cupboard. I had my legs round her waist and I wouldn't get off her.
131. Ruth Wallace started screaming for another aunty so there must have been another aunty there. She was saying that I had gone mad and that I was an animal. I was trying to bite her in the face and attack her as much as I could. I just thought that I needed to do anything to get her. She punched me again and I flipped backwards, but I still had my legs around her waist. She got a hold of my legs and threw me down the stairs. My head hit a metal, brass thing that went around the stairs. I remember everything went black for a while until I came round at the bottom of the stairs. I suddenly jumped up and then I ran. I don't know what happened to [REDACTED]. She told me later than she tried to run away as well. She ran in another direction.
132. I broke my ribs and fractured my skull, although I didn't know I'd done that at the time. I still got up and ran out of the cottage. I thought that if I just ran away, then they couldn't get me. To me, it felt like I ran for ages but looking back, it wasn't ages. Clearly, I'd been really badly injured so I couldn't run far. I ended up being unable to run because I couldn't breathe. My head was bleeding. My arm was cut because it had

been caught in the bannister. I ran really fast for a couple of minutes, but then my injuries caught up with me. I collapsed.

133. They did get somebody because some man came to the cottage. He gave me something, but I don't know what it was. I think it might have been a sedative because I remember sleeping. He told me that I had broken my ribs and he bandaged them in the living room. I wasn't taken to the hospital. I was black and blue from fighting her. I had a huge cut across the back of my head and I couldn't see properly for about two days. For about a week, my head was pounding. The reason that I know I fractured my skull is because I had a riding accident about fifteen years ago. They asked me where I had the two old fractures on my skull from. I said that I'd never fractured my skull and they told me that I had.
134. Ruth Wallace wouldn't let me go anywhere. She must have been injured as well. I genuinely thought I was fighting for my life. I bit her in the face and I had whole handfuls of her hair in my hand. She must have had marks. It was the only time I had ever seen her concerned. I couldn't eat and she was giving me water. She kept me downstairs at night, in her living room. She was more cautious around me after that. She wasn't as violent towards me. I think maybe I had given her a fright.
135. There was so much violence that it seemed like it was almost normal in the end. I know now that it wasn't normal. There was just so much of it. There could be serious violence going on and, it saddens me to say it, you took no notice of it. That's how brutal it was. Somebody would be getting beaten up somewhere and you would genuinely not interact in any way. I would try and find a cupboard to go and sit in. I spent much of my time at Quarrier's at the farm, in the greenhouses or in a cupboard. If she was beating someone up, I would hide. I don't know what other children did, but [REDACTED] came in the cupboard with me more than once and [REDACTED] sometimes came in the cupboard with me. It didn't have a lock, so you could get out of it.
136. I would try and get myself put into a locked cupboard under the stairs. It had all the cleaning woman's cleaning products in it. Ruth Wallace would lock us in and keep us there overnight. She would lock us in there, put us behind doors or put us in the pantry

if she didn't like the way we said something or we hadn't done a mythical task or we hadn't eaten the way she thought we should have. I would do anything to get put in the cupboard. Even if she beat me up, I would do it. I would be delighted to get put in the cupboard. It was a space I liked to be put in because it was quiet. I realised that if I rocked backwards and forwards, I would feel calm. It was really dark and it was really warm. I was safer in the cupboard than in my bed. Ruth Wallace had the key, so if I was going to be abused it was only by her rather than four boys. It was the lesser of two evils for me.

137. I never knew Ruth Wallace to show me any kindness, compassion or praise at all. My entire relationship with her was one of fear and terror. She did show kindness to QDM . She didn't really show affection to QAK or QDN . Looking back, I think she was frightened of them. I remember QAK talking to her in a way that was really aggressive. If any of us had spoken to her the way that he did, the chances are she'd have killed us and buried us somewhere. QAK/QDM/QDN were the only people to whom she showed any humanity. The police told me that when they went to interview Ruth Wallace, she had a picture of QAK/QDM/QDN on her mantel piece, which I find very bizarre. She also used to talk about someone who had been there, a boy, although I don't know his name. He became good on the piano or something like that and she used to talk about how proud she was of her boy and that he'd made her a proud mother. He had been there before I came.
138. Shortly before I left Quarrier's, I had an operation. My head was covered in bandages. Ruth Wallace became very careful about what she was doing, I assume because I was being seen by doctors in Glasgow. She didn't hit me round the head. That gave me a bit of space from the physical abuse. There was still physical abuse from Ruth Wallace, but it wasn't to the extent that there had been. She avoided my face and head. On one occasion, she went to grab me by the back of my hair but the whole of my head was bandaged and she stopped herself. She grabbed me by the front and shook me about instead.

*Ruth Wallace – sexual abuse*

139. Ruth Wallace sexually abused me. It only happened a couple of times. Once, I was feeling really ill and I went through to her bedroom. I think I'd been sick. I was wearing what was almost like a onesie. It was a sixties version of a onesie. It was purple with frills on the bottom of the legs. She told me to get into bed with her. I remember thinking that I really didn't want to do that. It wasn't because I thought there'd be sexual abuse, it was just because I didn't want to be in close proximity to her. I couldn't say no so I got in. She was putting her hands between my legs and trying to find a way to get inside the onesie thing. It buttoned at the top, so she couldn't. She was trying to use her hands to penetrate inside me. I just lay rigidly.
140. Strangely, considering everything that was going on, I was shocked. I just never saw her like that. I thought it was only the boys who did that. I'd only ever known physical violence from her, not sexual violence. Even though I didn't have the words for it at that time, I remember thinking, "Oh my God." I think it was one of the few times I actually thought, "What is she actually doing?" It seemed so alien for her. I was so used to being beaten up and emotionally and verbally abused, but not that kind of abuse.
141. The second time it happened, I went into her room with caution. I had the runs and I was covered. It wouldn't stop. I thought I'd be in big trouble. In the end, I thought I couldn't hide it. I had to go and tell her. I'd taken off the things and tried to clean them. I went through to her room and told her that I felt really ill and it wouldn't stop. She gave me a clean nightdress and told me to get in with her. I felt so ill. I knew that if I went in there with her, she might do what she did before. Again, I had no choice. She was saying, "Get in, PPF, get in."
142. She had a spare bed in her room. The bed QDM had slept in was still there. I said, "I'll just sleep in that bed." She said, "No, no. You come in here with me." So I went in and she just did the same as before.

*Sexual abuse by another aunty*

143. I don't know of any of the aunties, other than Ruth Wallace, being involved in any of the physical abuse. There was an aunty who got us all into the playroom. I don't know who she was. I'm sure my brother was the boy, because it happened more than once. The aunty was trying to get him to have sex with a girl. I don't know who the girl was. The aunty was in the room, instigating it. She made them take their clothes off. She was calling them stupid because they weren't doing it right. She said my brother was stupid because he couldn't get it in. I must have been quite small at the time because I remember wondering what he was trying to get in. I don't know how many children were watching. She made children come through, specifically to watch. She thought it was hilarious. She was laughing.

*Uncle FHD*

144. There was a man at Quarrier's, who I knew as Uncle FHD. I think he might have been in his fifties. I'm not sure which cottage he was from, but for some reason cottage 2 is in my head. He ran the cricket team. He would come into our cottage and have cups of tea with Ruth Wallace. Sometimes, he came to eat his tea as well. He also came to visit us in Girvan, so he was a good friend of Ruth Wallace's. He would take one of us out in his little car. He would do what he called his "tickling game". He would tickle you and try and get his hand in your skirt and in your pants. He took me out in his car a couple of times, just around Quarrier's. I tried to avoid going out with him. I stopped going to cricket because of him. I think he did the same to other girls because [REDACTED] told me that he had done it to her.
145. It's strange that we would tell each other about Uncle FHD, but not some of the other abuse. I think we all knew anyway. It was like a secret, but everybody knew about the secret and sometimes watch the secret or participated in the secret. It was so twisted that I look back on it and it makes me feel sick, that there were even points that I was standing watching another child being abused and had absolutely no emotion other than thinking, "Thank God that's not me."

*Friendship with [REDACTED]*

146. I was best friends with a girl in cottage 8, [REDACTED]. Her house parent was Aunty QDJ [REDACTED]. I remember she had a dog like Lassie. I really loved the dog. [REDACTED] used to have injuries, but we didn't talk about it. She used to ask me who gave me my "shiner". I'd tell her. We didn't even commiserate with each other because it was just part of life. We held hands going to school. I remember for years I thought we were being called, "Lesbeans," but we were actually being called, "Lesbians." I was more affected by that than all the times that I would meet her and she would be back and blue.
147. I remember once I clearly had some kind of venereal disease or something. I couldn't sit properly. She was asking me what was wrong and I said that I was really itchy. I was openly explaining to her that something was wrong, but not the abuse. I was so swollen. I remember telling her about it. We were only seven. She just said, "Oh, that's a shame."
148. When somebody called us what I thought was, "Lesbeans," I was outraged that they would call us names like that, when they told us what it meant. She was my best friend, yet we didn't protect ourselves when she had injuries or I had injuries because it was so normal. Quarrier's could not stand up and say that nobody knew that was happening. If any person in that place stands up and says that they didn't know that was happening, they're liars .

*Sexual abuse by older boys*

149. I once went in to the bathroom and QAK [REDACTED] was there with my wee sister. There was a partition just beside the bath, into the shower. I could hear [REDACTED] and QAK [REDACTED] in there. I asked what they were doing. QAK [REDACTED] told me to fuck off. [REDACTED] sounded like she was crying so I asked what he was doing again. He said, "It's none of your business." I asked again what he was doing and he said, "PPF [REDACTED], fuck off." I asked [REDACTED] if she was okay. The reality was, I knew she wasn't okay,

- which makes me feel terrible. There was nothing I could do. I was tiny. I thought I'd do whatever I could. She said she was okay and I sadly went away.
150. I've never learned what was happening to [REDACTED]. My siblings and I don't talk about sexual abuse amongst ourselves. When I was in the bath, the boys would certainly try and get in and get over. At the beginning, I was quite verbal. I would shout. [REDACTED] or [REDACTED] would come into the bathroom with me, so there was more than one of us. I think that put them off in some ways. I also started to wear a swimming costume in the bath. It made me feel safer.
151. I thought the [REDACTED] boys were about fifteen or sixteen, but the police said they were twelve to thirteen. When you're very small, people look much bigger than you. I still don't know if they did rape me because my memory cuts off. They were attempting to rape me when I was nine or ten. It was gang rape. [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] were there, [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. [REDACTED] had not long arrived. He had blonde, curly hair. He was extremely violent and he encouraged them. I think I might have been trying to play the piano because I have a memory of playing the piano. One of the boys grabbed me round the waist. I was trying to fight them all. Before I knew it, they had me pinned down. I remember being on the floor. They each had an arm and a leg and [REDACTED] was at the top. They were tickling me to the point where I was trying to be sick. They wouldn't stop. They were laughing at my face. I think I wet myself. [REDACTED] then started to hold my nose. [REDACTED] was getting really excited by it and was encouraging him, to see how long it would take to kill me.
152. [REDACTED] let go of my mouth and they took turns trying to see how far they could ram their hands inside me. When I spoke to the police, I could never say whether they raped me with their penises because it's as if my brain just switched off. I know they raped me with their hands. I was screaming. Ruth Wallace came in. She actually came in while the boys were doing that. She told me to stop screaming. She said that I was drawing attention to myself and that I should stop, and then she left. Only somebody who is a deranged psychopath could do something like that. I genuinely thought they were going to kill me. They told me that they were going to kill me.

153. There were other incidents of sexual abuse by the boys. I don't know how many. My mind just cuts off. I know there were incidents when QAK [REDACTED] would lie under beds in the dark. I was in the first bedroom at the beginning, when I was seven. We had eiderdowns. QAK [REDACTED] would be under the bed at the side of me. I remember being terrified because I thought it was the devil from Glenallan. That was my first experience of him. He rolled across under my bed and then got into my bed. When he was under the bed, I would know that he was there. I don't know how long he waited for, but it felt like he was there all night. He would slide out and then climb on top of your bed. He'd also wait in places. He'd stand and you'd see him. He'd put his hand to his mouth and say, "Shh." He definitely sexually abused me when he did that. I have lots of memories of things starting and then my mind cuts off.
154. The boys would play with trying to hold my breath for as long as they could. Not long before I left, I had got to the point where I thought I wasn't going to survive. By then, [REDACTED] had left. I remember thinking that I had to kill myself to get out of there because otherwise, one of the boys would kill me first. The fear had become so bad that I was living a half-life. I used to sleep under a bed or in a cupboard so that I could hide from them. It just got to a point where it was so bad that I thought the only way to get out of it was to be dead. I didn't quite know how to kill myself. I had lived in an institution for so long that I had no idea how to go about killing myself. I was also terrified of leaving [REDACTED] to them.
155. I think by then I was at a stage where I was demented. I think I was probably very ill, mentally, by that time. I couldn't sleep. I would sleep under a bed in the room next to Ruth Wallace's because I knew the boys didn't want to go past that room. I took to sitting up during the night. I mustn't have done it every night because exhaustion would have got to me. I couldn't sit up properly because I was in a bunkbed, but I used to just rock. I used to think I was dying. Ruth Wallace told me I was dying. She used to tell me that all the time, so much that I believed her. I now know that it was anxiety attacks that I was having, but at the time, I didn't know what an anxiety attack was. Because I was cut off from the world, I had no adults who would intervene, help us or talk to us. There was nobody I could ask what was happening.

156. The sad thing was, I just tried to focus on my family. The abuse became so commonplace that I didn't get involved. I needed to protect myself, which sounds terrible as an adult. I now realise why that was, but for a long time I struggled with fact that I watched children being sexually abused and hurt and did nothing. But what could I have done? There was absolutely nothing I could have done. It got to a point where I thought that was how the world was. We had nothing to gauge it against because Quarrier's was completely isolated. There was a TV, but we had limited access to it. I didn't sit and watch the TV because the boys used to sit there. I would only go in there if the boys weren't there. We were completely cut off from the world. I had nothing to gauge my life against other than what was going on around me. What was going on around me was hell on earth but, sadly, to me it became normal.
157. By the end of Quarrier's, I spent every day thinking that it would be my last. For almost a year, I thought that I would be murdered. I'm not exaggerating. The boys took it to the limit with me. They took it to the point where it became fun for them to see me with no breath in my body. They would hold my nose and mouth and put things over my head. They'd take turns with two of them holding their hands over my nose and mouth. I could have died on any of those days. I don't care what anybody says, adults knew what was going on. Ruth Wallace came into the room the first time that happened and she saw what was going on. You could not have misjudged what was going on in that room. There is not a chance. She walked away. In the last year of Quarrier's, I fought for my survival every day.

#### **Reporting of abuse at Quarrier's**

158. I definitely talked to adults about Ruth Wallace's cruelty. Mrs Minto was quite kind. [REDACTED] had told her about some of the things that were happening with Ruth Wallace, but not the sexual abuse. I don't know what [REDACTED] told her. Mrs Minto took to dropping by the cottage after that.
159. People must have seen it. We saw teachers every day. I can't tell you how many times I went to school with my nose burst open. The injuries that we had, people had to have

seen them. They were either stupid or blind if they didn't see them. I remember one teacher at the school, Mrs Lamont. She tried to be kind to me. She must have sussed that there was something wrong, although I don't remember her asking me about injuries.

160. I once spoke to a social worker, Mrs Paisley. It was towards the end of my time at Quarrier's. I don't think I told her everything, but I told her that we were scared of Ruth Wallace and that she hit us. I remember speaking to her about [REDACTED] because I was really worried about her. I told her how cruel Ruth Wallace was and how frightened we were. I remember saying to her that I was worried that if I was left there, I would die. Nothing was done. I genuinely thought that woman would help us. You just got to the stage where you just felt like you meant nothing to anybody.
161. On one occasion, Ruth Wallace cut my hand with her nails at church because she said I was talking. I'm not sure if [REDACTED] was still at Quarrier's when that happened, but I know [REDACTED] was still there. We managed to get into her sitting room and phoned my mum. We told my mum that my hand was cut. My mum went bananas and threatened to come up. [REDACTED] and I were crying and saying, "Please come and get us." Years later, my mum said that she reported that to social work. If she did, nobody ever came.
162. My mum visited sporadically. We never told her about the sexual abuse, but we sadly did tell her about the other stuff. She would say that she would tell somebody about it and that they'd know about it. She believed us and I think we sometimes still had injuries. Certainly, I still had a black eye on one occasion. She confronted Ruth Wallace about it. I don't know what happened, but I remember my mum saying, "If you lay a finger on my children again, I'll come and kill you myself."
163. At one point, my step-dad threatened Ruth Wallace. I can't remember why. He appeared with Christmas presents and he threatened her. We'd asked him to take us with us, that's how desperate we were. He said that he couldn't take us but that he was going to go in and sort her out. I don't know exactly what was said, but he threatened her and I know that she was frightened. The reality was that as soon as he left, she beat us senseless. She beat us after my mum threatened her too, because

we'd told someone. It wasn't just pulling hair, it was punching us on the face and pulling us about.

### Leaving Quarrier's

164. Before we left Quarrier's, [REDACTED] had come back briefly because there had been an allegation of sexual abuse against my step-dad. They'd been on holiday in Wales and she told us that dad had done things to her in the caravan. I'm assuming police and social work were involved, but I don't know because I was still in Quarrier's. There must have been social work involvement for her to be sent back to Quarrier's. It was also written in her notes. They'd proven that he had sexually assaulted her. He said that he was drunk and that he thought she was my mum and that was why it happened. It shows you how screwed up the system was in the seventies. [REDACTED] was allowed to go back and live with them. It defies all logic that she was allowed to go back, even though it had been proven that our step-dad had sexually assaulted her. She was thirteen and I was twelve. [REDACTED] and I were then sent home months after that.
165. In the weeks before we left, Ruth Wallace would say every single day that we would never leave alive. Given what was happening to me, I believed her. I was totally convinced that I would fail the medical and have to stay with Ruth Wallace, because that's what she told me. I don't know whether we had to pass the medical to go home, but that's what she told us.
166. Ruth Wallace wouldn't give me and [REDACTED] our clothes to wear because she said we weren't leaving. She wanted to have her last twisted kick. She removed our clothes. She said we came with nothing and we'd leave with nothing. About an hour before we were taken for the medical, she appeared with clothes. The medical wasn't in Quarrier's. I'm not sure where it was, but we went in a car. They measured our height and weight and that kind of stuff. They checked my ears because I'd had the surgery and I was still wearing a stretch bandage, to keep my ears flat.

167. We went home the day of the medical, in the afternoon. We went back to get clothes. Quarrier's had bought us a new pair of shoes, cords, a top and a jacket for going home. I don't think I had any other personal possessions. By the time I got into the mini-bus with [REDACTED], I was a wreck. Even though it was one of the best days of my life, it was also one of the most torturous. That's why I've never been back to visit Quarrier's. The fear of walking through those gates and not coming out alive still sticks with me, even though it's not true.
168. We came out of Quarrier's just after my twelfth birthday. I think a social worker drove us home. It might have been Mrs Paisley. We went to live in [REDACTED] in the Pilton area of Edinburgh. My mum, step-dad, [REDACTED], [REDACTED], [REDACTED] and me. My sister, [REDACTED], and her husband-to-be came to live with us as well. I didn't really know [REDACTED]. We came home in time for their wedding and [REDACTED] and I were bridesmaids. They moved to Liverpool after a few months. Then all of the girls were in one room, [REDACTED] was in another room and my mum and dad were in a third room.
169. My mum decided that we should take my step-dad's name. Because we weren't known in Edinburgh, when I went to school, that was my name. They named me PPF [REDACTED] PPF [REDACTED].

#### **Life after being in care**

170. [REDACTED] and I were the last of our family to leave Quarrier's. We weren't really allowed to discuss Quarrier's at home. It was a taboo subject. My mum would openly say that she didn't want to hear about it, so we never really found out what happened. I think we went there because of my step-dad and his violence. Although my mum would never have admitted it, she didn't know who we were as people and I don't think she had a relationship with us. My step-dad would always come first. I don't understand it because my child would come first before anything, but I think my mum came from a generation where your husband came first. From what [REDACTED] told me, nobody would support my mum. My gran wouldn't help her with us. She was probably mentally still

very unwell and maybe she just couldn't manage it. I've spent many years trying to figure out my mother. Sometimes successfully, sometimes not so successfully.

171. We didn't stay in Pilton long and then we moved to Wester Hailes for a bigger house. At first, I went to St. David's Primary School because I had missed the intake for high school. My mother was Catholic. I then went to St. Augustine's Secondary School. School was fine. I made a really good best friend. I didn't seem to have any issue making friends. I was never part of the in-crowd, but [REDACTED] and I were very close and still keep in touch even now. I never told her what had happened to me at Quarrier's.
172. I suffered from anxiety attacks at school. I saw a GP, who told me I had anxiety. I didn't really know what that was. If the class got really loud and there were lots of boys at once, I felt like I was going to die and I had to get out of the class. That happened quite a lot. [REDACTED] was in a lot of my classes and she was really good. She seemed to understand anxiety. She'd tell me to breathe. She was a great friend and we went everywhere together. In some ways, in amongst the chaos, there were some really nice things. We made up dance routines together and went to the discos together. We got drunk and got the bus to London and did stupid things like that.
173. With my mum and dad, it was just hell. It was going from one hell to another. In some ways, it was a more bearable kind of hell but it was just chaos. My step-father was horrific. He was drunk all the time. I'd seen how violent my step-dad was and I'd heard him. I also remembered him from when I was wee. His violence was just brutal. I was really frightened of him. I couldn't sleep. I would wait till everybody else fell asleep and I would sit up and rock. It was just fear that was causing it.
174. I don't think I'd been home long when my mum was out somewhere. My dad appeared and he was really, really drunk. He accused [REDACTED] of eating a Cadbury's crème egg or something like that. She hadn't, but when he was that drunk he wouldn't listen, he was irrational. He got [REDACTED] by the throat and was strangling her. She went a horrible colour. I was stood, frozen to the spot. He lifted her off her feet and was literally shaking

- her. I was frozen at first because I was so frightened. I thought he was going to kill her. We had an old coal fire. I picked up the poker. I was going to hit him over the head, to get him to drop her. As I raised it, my mum came in. She shouted to drop it. He dropped my sister and I dropped the poker. I realised years later that she wasn't shouting at him, she was shouting at me. I burst into tears and said he was going to kill [REDACTED].
175. It continued like that until I left, with assaults. He broke my ribs twice before I was fourteen. He had a game he used to play a where he would get you in a bear hug. Sometimes, he wasn't drunk. You'd be walking, minding your own business. He would suddenly grab you and literally crush and crush you. Twice, he broke my ribs. Once, I saw the GP but my mum made me say that I had fallen down the stairs. The second time, he and I heard my ribs crack. My mum told me that if I told anybody, I'd be taken back to Quarrier's. They kept me off school because I couldn't breathe properly. He did it to [REDACTED] as well. I don't know if he broke her ribs. He seemed to target me and [REDACTED] for that kind of thing.
176. My step-father was especially violent towards my brother, [REDACTED]. He hated my brother. He was constantly violent towards him. He really beat him up, like a man would. He would punch him and beat him up. [REDACTED] took up karate. When he was seventeen, my step-dad went to attack him and [REDACTED] beat him up. He stopped attacking any of us from that day onwards, until I was pregnant with [REDACTED] and he tried to hit me.
177. My step-dad was a real bully. We were already so damaged. It sounds naïve, but we'd lived in Quarrier's and been isolated from the world. When I first came out of Quarrier's, I was shell-shocked. The world just seemed so full on. If I'd been in supermarkets when I was younger, I'd forgotten. I didn't know anyone. I knew every child in Quarrier's. We went to school together, we went to church together. It was as if I'd been taken to another planet and I didn't know the rules for this planet. Even though terrible things had happened at Quarrier's, in terms of normality and emotional growth I was probably stuck somewhere around the age of three or four.

178. I did not understand and probably didn't ask all the right questions. I also felt like a freak because nobody else rocked themselves to sleep at night. I was so anxious that I ended up covered in hives. They thought I had chicken pox, but it wasn't. They said it was stress, but I didn't know what stress was. My step-dad did stupid things, but I genuinely didn't question it until I was an adult. He used to call me "short-arse" or "half-pint", which might sound like a term of endearment but it was not. He told us that we were only allowed to use two squares of toilet roll if we went to the toilet. I genuinely believed that he did count the squares on the toilet roll. It was ridiculous, but adults had been so horrific that I believed they were capable of anything. He would ask me how many pieces I had used and I would only ever used two.
179. My step-father was just a horrible person. He would time me in the shower. He'd stand outside and shout that I'd been in there long enough. He told me I had cancer. I developed an anxious thing where I used to clear my throat all the time. He told me I did that because I had cancer. He'd suddenly announce that we were watching a family movie. It didn't matter whether you were interested or not, you had to sit still while you watched it. It was always John Wayne or something. I was so anxious that I couldn't sit still and I would clear my throat all the time. He'd fling things at me if I did it. I would immediately need the toilet, because I was so stressed at the thought of having to sit still for an hour and a half. He wasn't just like that to me, it was to everybody. In fact, I think if anything he was less violent towards me than [REDACTED], [REDACTED] and [REDACTED], especially. I think in some twisted realm, he had some kind of soft spot for me.
180. My mother assaulted me twice. On one occasion, I was about fourteen and [REDACTED] was fifteen. We were shouting about something in the kitchen. I think it was to do with toast. My mother came in. She was always stressed, I think because my dad was always drunk and because of the violence. Maybe she did feel bad about the violence towards us. She punched me in the face and then she punched [REDACTED] in the face. She was really strong. Her rings had caught me in the face. She burst my nose and she dislocated [REDACTED]'s jaw. We had to see a doctor, who came up to the house. Her name was Doctor Trevellan. Instead of saying that it was shocking, she told us how shocking we were, that we'd caused my mother to be so stressed that she had to resort to

physical violence. She said that we should be ashamed of ourselves. My world of adults was so abusive. I almost expected adults to be violent.

181. Once or twice, I remember when my step-dad would beat us and my gran would say how selfish we were. I remember her using the words that that was her man, referring to my mum. I remember wondering, as a fourteen year old, what that meant. He didn't beat our mum up. He beat us up, really seriously. We were the ones with the physical injuries. There was a pattern where my mum would leave him after he had assaulted one of us. We'd leave all the time and go and sleep on my mum's sister's floor or wherever. It got to the stage that school would keep clothes for all of us. The school knew about it as well. There would be aggression towards us about how selfish we were and that we were ruining her life and that she needed to go back to him, so we all went back. That was the pattern from when I left Quarrier's until I left home at the age of sixteen.
  
182. I decided I couldn't live there anymore. I left school. When I left home, I went to live in Broxburn with my sister, [REDACTED]. She had joined the RAF to get away from them. I lived with her for just under a year. I briefly moved back home and that was awful. [REDACTED] and I moved out together and got a flat. We just weren't equipped for the world, in any way, shape or form. We rented with two other girls and it was awful. That fell apart and we briefly moved back home again. I moved out and found a flat on my own that I shared with a group of people.
  
183. I managed to settle in that flat and I was always able to hold down a job. I suffered really badly from what I now know to be chronic anxiety. I didn't know what it was at the time, but I would be absolutely crippled with anxiety. People would talk openly about what they used to do and that they were going to their family at the weekend. I used to think that there was no way that I was going to my family. I still had a bit of a Glaswegian accent and they would ask where I had grown up. There was just no way I was going to tell people where I lived. I used to lie and tell them that I grew up in an eighteenth century cottage in the middle of the country and that I'd gone to a private school. There was no way I was sharing where I had grown up. I didn't want to be a

person who had had that history. I set about to completely eradicate Quarrier's from my life.

184. I had my son, [REDACTED]. His dad didn't want to stay and I decided to have him on my own. As soon as [REDACTED] was born, I just adored him. I thought he was amazing. [REDACTED] got very serious asthma and was in intensive care more than once. He had to be nebulised all the time. Things started to go really downhill. I didn't have a very good family network around me, although [REDACTED] was very good. [REDACTED], [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] were in Liverpool by that point. [REDACTED] was in Edinburgh, but he had started drinking. It's only now, looking back, I realise that all the damage was beginning to pour out.
185. I had my first breakdown when [REDACTED] was about sixteen months old. I was terrified that other people would hurt him and that then turned into a fear that I would hurt him. I also became convinced that if I died through the night, [REDACTED] would be left in his cot. I couldn't bear the thought of him suffering. I used to do things like leave three bottles at the end of his cot, so that he'd be able to drink if I died. They took me into hospital after that. Looking back, I think Quarrier's robbed me of such an important time in his life. I wasn't sectioned, but I needed to be in hospital. [REDACTED] went into voluntary care because I wouldn't let my mum and step-dad look after him. [REDACTED] was mentally ill with anxiety and the extended family didn't really have anything to do with us.
186. It was the first time that I had ever spoken about Quarrier's. I began to tell the first psychiatrist I had ever seen about Quarrier's. She told me, to my face, that she didn't believe a word that I was saying. She told me that my story was like something out of a Dicken's novel. I don't know her name, but it will be in my medical records. I remember thinking at that point that maybe I wasn't allowed to talk about Quarrier's. I was so naïve. Even after the breakdown, I didn't tell my best friend, [REDACTED], what had happened to me. I just said that things had been difficult. I didn't want to share that stuff with anybody.
187. When [REDACTED] was in voluntary care, he was assaulted by his foster carer. There was an inquiry and it was left as an open verdict. It was discovered that a child in the foster carer's care before [REDACTED] had died. The Sick Kids hospital were lovely. They let me stay

there overnight with him. They kept him for an extra week. They said that if I discharged myself from hospital, they would section me because I wasn't well enough to look after him. I was in the most horrific position. I had to give him into voluntary foster care for a second time. I decided I had to get better so that I could protect him. I did get better and he came home to live with me. He had a really good upbringing. We were really happy. In some ways, [REDACTED] really helped me heal. Being able to play with him and have real fun was quite nice.

188. After I recovered and [REDACTED] came home, I did a diploma in psychology. I also did a qualification in teaching English for adult learners. I then went on and worked with Scottish Human Services as a consultant. To support the government, I used to write research on inclusive education, including not just children but adults. It involved ensuring that practices were in place that kept people safe and well and happy. I then went to Canada and did graphic facilitation for maps and paths for people. It was so people could have a physical, graphic representation of where they were in their lives, what they wanted, how it would look in the future and what they needed to put in the middle to get there. Academically, I've always done very well.
189. I'd been writing research papers for what was then the Scottish Office. I used to put legislation into easy-read for people, so that they could be informed about policies and procedures and proposed legislation. It was to give them a chance to put their voices to it. When the Scottish Parliament began, I wrote all the easy-read, accessible information about it. I wrote the first easy-read booklet in graphics for adults with learning difficulties, so that they could have a vote if they had capacity. I used that to get an unconditional place at Edinburgh University when I was 32.
190. I got a degree in community education and social policy. After that, I went into child protection. Everything was going really well. My younger sister had been talking about Quarrier's. There was talk of going forward and speaking out about it. We all sat together and agreed that we would do that. It had taken me years to recover and I thought that I had recovered. The reality was, I never spoke about Quarrier's. I gave really graphic details to the police and it just didn't touch me. I could speak about it

- with no emotion, as if I was speaking about someone else. I look back now and realise that I was not recovered at all. At the time, I thought that I was.
191. Before the trial, I was in a high-paid job. I was a senior child protection officer. [REDACTED] was doing really well. I had a horse and I used to go horse-riding. Our life was great. Then the trial happened. Ruth Wallace got three years' probation and the men weren't prosecuted. It was incredibly stressful. After the trial was one of the most difficult periods of my life. I didn't want to engage with Quarrier's. I had become very ill with a growth in my womb. It was so big that it grew out onto other organs and my femoral artery. I ended up having to get life-saving surgery, so I was seriously ill.
192. In amongst all that, my step-father had been diagnosed with rare lung cancer. I'd never let my step-father see [REDACTED] or speak with him, although [REDACTED] knew him. He was such a horrible man that there was no way I'd let him have a relationship with my son. I therefore had a very fractured relationship with my mum and step-dad and, for many years, I didn't speak to them. I didn't speak to him for five years before he died. I avoided my mum at all costs because I didn't know how she could have done what she did.
193. My mum called me to tell me that my step-father was dying and that he'd asked if he could see me. I thought he was dying and he was frail so I went and saw him. I did forgive him. I thought he needed to be able to die in peace. Holding onto those kind of grudges can destroy you. He apologised and said that he wished that he had spoken more about his own life. For me, that doesn't cut it. I may have forgiven, but I haven't forgotten. He was an adult and he had a choice.
194. The day I came round in intensive care, the nurse told me that they were putting my step-dad into a medically induced coma. They asked if I wanted to say cheerio to him. I couldn't go to his funeral because I was too ill. After we had left home, he had started to assault my mum. She then divorced him. When he was dying she renewed her wedding vows with him, but I'll keep my thoughts on that to myself.

195. There was a lot going on. My son had started to dabble in drugs. I had never smoked in my life and I stopped drinking at the age of 36 because I was allergic to it. When I look back, the stress of the case affected him too. He was only fourteen during the trial. I begged him not to read newspapers or look at anything. I was also away from home. He went to stay with his dad in Stornoway. I have no doubt that he did look things up. I think that had a major impact on him. He would ask me how I was feeling and I would tell him I was fine, but inside I was dying.

### **Impact**

#### *Flashbacks and triggers*

196. I went to visit Tiree when I was in my thirties. I had the most horrific flashback there. I realised that I had been on the beach and I couldn't figure out how I'd been there. I was able to get round the island. It disturbed me. I couldn't figure out how I knew the place, but when I got there I knew where it was. I was able to take my partner to the beach and I knew the way. He asked me how I knew the way and I didn't know. It was one of the most disturbing experiences of my life. I realised I must have been there as a child. I remembered being on the beach with adults and other children. One of the adults was a staff member I remembered from Glenallan, so I knew I must've been there with Glenallan.
197. Recently, memories have suddenly come back to me when I've been speaking to my counsellor. Sometimes, I'm affected by smells. Sometimes, it will be someone on the bus with a certain smell. It just creates terrible panic. Because a lot of my memories are really suppressed, I sometimes don't even know what the triggers are. I can be going along and someone might speak to me or look at me in a certain way and I'll immediately be full of fear. Now I know that's to do with trauma. I recognise it and I know I need to get away from it.
198. I went to Gibraltar with work about four weeks ago. I stayed in an Airbnb. It was only supposed to be me, but when I got there it turned out that there were three men staying

in other rooms. I was absolutely terror struck. I couldn't stay there. I went to stay in another hotel for the first night. I couldn't be in a space where there were three strange men behind the doors. I went back the next day and my friend's husband came out of the next door. He was there for three weeks. I was able to stay because he was there and I could trust him. I knew that if anything happened, he would be straight out.

### *Relationships*

199. After I left home, my relationships with men were disastrous. They were never violent, but I definitely had a view of myself as somebody who was odd at that point in time. I couldn't hold a relationship together. I didn't see lots of men. In the three relationships I did have, it was very clear that I didn't value myself. Men just treated me terribly. I was always making sure that I was doing things right. I think it was because I didn't know the rules of the world or relationships. I had never had guidance. It was only through studying psychology that I began to realise that I never had any of that and it was no wonder that I behaved the way that I did. I didn't like crowds. I didn't like being with lots of people. I didn't pick up on social cues that other people seemed to find dead easy. I think that ultimately, I was just so scared of everybody.
200. I've never been married and I don't ever foresee that happening. I've had some relationships that have been loving and caring, but I think Quarrier's is definitely the reason that I'm on my own. I have massive issues about being in a bed with another human being. I can't even share a bed with my sisters. If I go to stay with [REDACTED], she'll share a bed with one of her daughters because she knows I can't share my bed. She doesn't even ask me why, but it's been known for years. That's definitely a legacy from Quarrier's. When I had partners, I used to get up through the night and sleep on the couch because I couldn't physically bear another human being lying beside me.
201. For many years, I didn't speak to my mother after I had my son. I couldn't understand how any parent could allow what happened to us to happen to us. If somebody touched [REDACTED], I would go to prison. It said in the notes quite clearly that she didn't want [REDACTED] and me back. That really hurt when I first read that. I remember thinking that if she hadn't taken us back, we might have died. All that time, she was saying to me that she

would get me back. There was always a reason why she couldn't, like they didn't have a bed. It was ridiculous stuff. I had very fractured relationship with her. If I think about it more kindly, this was a woman who was given children with whom she had no relationship. She was traumatised herself. She'd suffered years of abuse from my own father and had a mental breakdown.

*Mental health*

202. I ended up having my first breakdown when [REDACTED] was about sixteen months old. It turned out it was just utter trauma. Having [REDACTED] was like the catalyst. I realised that I trusted nobody, not even myself. I became terrified that people would hurt [REDACTED]. [REDACTED] would offer to take him overnight, but I wouldn't let anybody look after him. By the time he was sixteen months old, I'd also turned that into, "What if I hurt him?" It was so disturbing that I actually went to see the GP. I was saying the professionals, "What if I wanted to hurt [REDACTED]?" They were telling me that I didn't and I was saying, "But what if I turn into somebody that does?" I think they must have wondered why I was saying this. They would ask me if I had urges to hurt him and I would tell them that I could never hurt him. Quarrier's and my step-father did that to me. It was truly terrible.
203. I went into hospital and [REDACTED] went into voluntary care. I was able to see him every day, but they told me that I needed to have a rest. They told me I needed to have one day at the weekend that was mine. I had a constant fear that the foster parent would hurt him. It was like I was re-living Quarrier's again. I was thinking, "How could it be that the one thing that I feared the greatest has actually happened?" Then his foster parent did assault him when he was eighteen months old.
204. After Ruth Wallace's trial in 2006, I was not coping. I would go to bed and cry all night. With all the pressure, I did then have a really serious breakdown. I remember going to work one day and thinking that I couldn't bear to hear any more trauma. I started to have chronic panic attacks. I was struggling to recover from the surgery. I was worrying myself stupid about [REDACTED] and drugs. My entire world fell apart. Everything that was Quarrier's came to meet me at full force.

205. Quarrier's itself was suddenly sat, staring me in the face. I kept trying to kill myself. I didn't want to die, but I thought that the only way to get rid of the fear that I felt was to die. There was nothing else for me. They'd given me medication. The fear was so great that the anxiety never left me. I stopped eating. I couldn't eat. Every time I sat with a meal, I felt like I was sat in cottage 17. It was the worst period of my life. I think the damage that I did to [REDACTED] was truly dreadful. He found me once after I'd taken a massive overdose. He had to watch while they resuscitated me. To do that to your child is unforgivable. I had no way of coping with Quarrier's. I didn't know how to manage the fear. I felt really lost at the time and poor [REDACTED] had to witness it. He didn't see the other attempts, thank God. I am now so grateful that I am alive. I don't feel like that anymore and, if I did, I'd go and speak to someone. I am so grateful that I survived.
206. This is the part I find the most difficult to share, but I think it's the most important part for the Inquiry to hear. The Inquiry needs to hear what Quarrier's did, because this was Quarrier's. That was Quarrier's and all the fear and all the terror and all the abuse. I want the Inquiry to hear what it did to me and to my son. I took myself into [REDACTED] [REDACTED] I took [REDACTED] [REDACTED]. I don't drink, but I drank [REDACTED] I cut my wrist [REDACTED].
207. That moment for me sums up Quarrier's. I didn't actually want to die at all. I remember feeling so sad that I was leaving [REDACTED], but I couldn't get rid of the fear. I remember being so angry about it, because it wasn't what I wanted to do at all but I felt like I had absolutely no other choice because the fear was so great. I couldn't figure out how I could cope with even another minute of it. [REDACTED] relieved that it was all over but sadness that I would leave [REDACTED]. For me, that's what Quarrier's did.
208. Strangely, I was found by someone who knew me. [REDACTED] [REDACTED] They told me that I shouldn't have survived and that they didn't know how I'd survived. I'm so pleased that I'm here to be able to tell Quarrier's that I did survive and actually get a second chance to say to them that this is what they did to me and my son.

209. [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] I got a tattoo across my right arm a couple of years later with, "But still, like dust, I rise." It reminds me that, no matter what, I'll always be able to survive and that I have to live to spite them. Not just to spite them now, but also so I can have a life and so can [REDACTED]. The damage has been huge. People only see the façade of who you are. They don't see the reality. They don't see the trauma. I never share my stuff with anybody. No child I have worked with has ever known that I was even in care. My colleagues don't know. My boss knew I was coming to give evidence, but she doesn't know the story attached to it. I don't want my life to be defined by Quarrier's, but sadly I had no choice at one point. It had such an impact that I had to accept it into my life and let the trauma out. It's still a work in progress.

*Counselling, treatment and support*

210. After the last attempt on my life, I received counselling at the hospital. The psychologist I saw at the hospital was great, but the hospital itself wasn't. I don't think they understood mental health. Because of all the work I'd done, I was quite shocked about the care for people with mental health and the lack of understanding. I think prisoners get better treatment than mental health patients. Mental health patients should not be ashamed of their mental health problems. At the time, I was ashamed. I was made to feel terrible that I had done what I had done. The staff were very clear about making me feel terrible about it. At one point, they said that they weren't going to speak to me. They said that I was attention seeking. I remember thinking how naïve they all were.
211. The only way I could get better was if I found something that wasn't hospital. I went to Redhall Walled Gardens. I remember thinking that there was absolutely no hope for me. I'd never met anybody who had genuinely wanted to kill themselves. When I left hospital, they told me that they had little hope for me. They said that they didn't think I would survive because I'd tried to kill myself five times. Jan, who ran the Walled Gardens, told me that there's always hope. She was one of the first people I spoke to in depth about Quarrier's. I told her about the anxiety. She said to me that I had post-traumatic stress disorder. I realised that she was right. I think being there saved my life. Jan gave me the opportunities to find ways to manage anxiety. She was able to

What I remember is already so horrific. I genuinely think, "Do I really need to relive it?"  
The answer for me is no.

215. Before, I couldn't function at all because of the fear. I couldn't do anything and I would shake. I couldn't sleep. I would rock backwards and forwards. Now, I can go to work every day and I'm a normal human being. I have lots of periods when life is really good and I feel genuine joy and happiness. But there are days when anxiety will suddenly cripple me. I have a moment, maybe an hour or so, when anxiety just consumes me. I keep a journal. I have journals from my time in hospital right up until now. I keep a journal for really difficult times, but I also have one that I write really positive things in. I have a real love of nature and I find lots of peace in nature, so I'll sometimes write that I've seen a bullfinch. It might not seem like a big deal, but to me it's quite nice to be alive to be able to see a bullfinch.
216. I've received counselling through Future Pathways. My counsellor is really good. Sometimes, I'll smell something and I have the most horrific feeling in my stomach. I'll do breathing or I'll move away from it. Since going to my counsellor, I've cried. It's the first time I've cried since Quarrier's. I think crying is better than what I used to be. It's horrible, hearing it out loud. It's not something that I ever talk about. I don't even talk about my time in care to my counsellor. We've only just starting to talk about it. It's difficult for me to hear it, played out. For years, I was able to completely disassociate myself from it. I could talk about Quarrier's to the police very openly and with no emotion. Now I connect myself to it and it feels brutal. That's the big thing that I struggle with. It's sad that it's taken me until the age of 52 to be able to look at myself.

#### *Physical health*

217. My physical health has been affected. I suffer from high blood pressure. The GP thinks it's stress related. For many years they thought I had multiple sclerosis, but I have functional brain and nerve disorder. It mimics the symptoms of multiple sclerosis. There is still a query that I have dormant multiple sclerosis. When [REDACTED] was very small, I was in a wheelchair. I couldn't walk from when he was two years old until he was

- support me to breathe when I was really anxious. I started going for massage with a woman who came into Redhall. I built up a relationship with her and was able to trust her. Hospitals are not holistic spaces, especially not the Royal Edinburgh Hospital. Redhall was a holistic space. Through that space, I was able to recover.
212. I continued to see the psychologist, who was really good. I spoke to her about not being able to eat properly. I didn't have anorexia or anything like that, I just had a terrible fear of being in front of food. It evoked such fear inside me from memories. With the psychologist and Jan, I was really able to understand that. For a long time before that I'd wondered why I couldn't just eat. The adrenalin was stopping me from feeling hungry. They gave me a good understanding of what was going on for me. The past twelve years have been a gradual recovery. I know I still have a way to go. There are things I haven't been able to achieve because of fear.
213. I'd been abroad and worked abroad for weeks at a time, but Quarrier's left me with a terrible fear of being away from home in case I died. I know it's irrational, but when you've had years of being told that every day it's very difficult for your brain to rationalise with your emotional brain. A really big thing for me was to be able to go to Gibraltar with the support of Future Pathways. I was able to do that and I was there for seven months. I've since been able to go to Gibraltar on my own and work. Even getting on a plane on my own is huge. After I severed my wrist, I couldn't even go down the garden path. Now, I walk for seven miles at a time. I started to paint. I had to think of things to do that would distract me. I realised I hadn't drawn since I was a little girl. Those kind of things and medication have helped me.
214. I still take medication. If I have to take that until I die then so be it. I'm happy to take it if it helps me to get through my life. I think it's a small price to pay for how life has been. I'm prescribed lorazepam. I used to be on 4mg a day but it's now down to 2mg. I used to be prescribed sleeping tablets, but I no longer take that. Lorazepam affects my short-term memory. Unfortunately for me, I remember all the long-term stuff. There are huge chunks of my childhood that I have no memory about. I've never wanted to know what those missing parts are. People have said that I could have hypnotherapy and stuff but I don't want to know what they are. They're clearly hidden for a reason.

about nine. I met a physiotherapist who really helped. There are days I still have leg weakness and I need to use a stick if I'm tired.

218. I've damaged by body through five serious overdoses. [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]

*Professional and economic impact*

219. Counselling has made me realise that the reason I'm very good at work is because I know the rules for work. That was quite a revelation for me. It's sad that it's taken me to the age of 52 to realise that all the things I should have had. I never had nurture, being able to make strong emotional attachments, having an adult who made me feel safe, being able to say I had a worry. My siblings and I didn't have anybody to do that. We had each other and we tried to figure it out as five, seven year olds. We probably got it wrong most of the time. I now realise that I still don't understand most of the rules of society and people, but I'm okay with that. Counselling helped me to figure that out and that part of the reason I'm good at my job is that there are rules and guidelines that I can follow.
220. I now work as a senior counselling practitioner in schools. I'm also a human being and I know that I'm also good at my job because I love working with the kids. I'm not a crusader in any way, but it's nice to see a child come out through the other side. I'm also aware that I work with some children who don't come out the other side. I'm not on a crusade mission. I did have to make sure that when I went back to work, I wasn't going to be triggered by children and that I wasn't trying to save the world.
221. I think my experience of Quarrier's impacted my choice of career. I would love to say that it hadn't, but it definitely has. I remember seeing something on television in Quarrier's about a nurse and thinking that I would love to be a nurse. Now I realise I'd make a terrible nurse. I'd be on the floor at the first sight of a needle. Quarrier's has shaped some of my choices. At first, there was a curiosity to understand human minds. I didn't understand people for many years. I didn't understand the world. Quarrier's was so closed that when I came out it was a very strange world to me. All the people

around me behaved very erratically and chaotically. When I studied psychology, I think it was out of a curiosity. I wanted to see how people's minds work and how my mind worked. It furthered more curiosity about my own childhood. Some of the reading was disturbing though. It made me think that I should be in prison or dead or shooting up drugs. Sadly, for a lot of people, that is their reality. I genuinely think I'm really lucky that I'm not dead and I'm not a statistic with drugs.

222. The financial impact of my experiences has been massive. I was awarded Criminal Injuries Compensation after the trial. Sadly, I also had a breakdown. I had to declare the compensation money that I had received. For two years, I had to use the money to support [REDACTED] and I to live. I also couldn't go back to doing child protection. I do some child protection work now, but I'm not a child protection officer anymore. I had to give up my job. Even now, I wouldn't go back to it because I know it would be too much for me. I've had to give up my career.

*Emotional impact*

223. I feel very sad about it but my overriding emotion is anger. The number of adults who must have been involved in my care, how could they have let me just meet my mother and this man when I hadn't had any contact with her for about five years? They then allowed me to meet brothers and sisters. It's just disgraceful. There was even a letter on my records, advising that I shouldn't have contact with my mum. That was completely disregarded.
224. My world with adults was just so abusive. I almost expected adults to be violent. To this day, one of the things that worries me is the level of anger that I feel. I've spoken to my counsellor about it. When I've been pushed, and it's been extreme when I've been pushed, and I've responded, I would've killed my dad with the poker and I would've killed Ruth Wallace, if I could've. That really disturbs me. Those incidents really distress me. They're the two times that I've lost control. Is there a bit of me somewhere that's a horrible person? I've not talked to the counsellor about it in great depth, but I have said that violence and feeling angry really terrifies me. It's a legacy from Quarrier's and being at home. I try and rationalise how I responded with the fact

that I was in such extreme circumstances. But for a long, long time, I genuinely believed that there was a part of me that was violent.

225. When I read about people who were said to be dead quiet and really nice and then shot eight people, I genuinely used to think, "What if that's you?" The damage runs deep, in places that you never think it would run. I used to torture myself about it. I saw what I was capable of doing as a human being. It took speaking to this counsellor and another counsellor for them to rationalise it with me and tell me that in reality, most of the time nobody's in those positions. That really helped. It just shows you how other people's violence can affect yourself, in ways that you could never dream of. For years, I worried myself stupid that I'd be like either Ruth Wallace or my step-father.
226. I still have this irrational fear that if I visit Quarrier's, I won't get out alive because I managed to get out the last time. My last goal in life is to be able to visit Quarrier's and be able to leave. I want to go there and stand and shout, "Fuck you, you wankers." And scroll it all over the church. That's on my bucket list.
227. In amongst the chaos, my life hasn't all been dreadful. I'm really lucky that I've been able to make really good friends. Even at Quarrier's, there were nice things. It's given me a complete love of nature. I still look in hedges for nests at the grand age of 52. Without what happened and if the circumstances had been different, Quarrier's would have been an idyllic place for children. There have been lots of points in my life that have been lovely and amazing. I've met amazing people who have been really kind and lovely and formed lasting friendships.
228. I have written a poem about the impact of my past which I would like to share with the Inquiry:

*The past, it clouds my judgement,  
Created chaos, split me open, I felt so broken  
Too many words unspoken*

*The gap, so wide  
too much to hide  
The pain so raw,  
a cavern full of fear  
I lost myself in that  
dark place there*

*Days, it seems a battle  
Still to be won  
Anxiety clings until I'm done*

*The cut was deep as I  
lay waiting to be gone  
My thoughts so sad,  
so bloody angry, so bloody mad*

*I didn't want to leave or go,  
but terror consumed and  
pushed the pills below*

*My son, my child, my  
life, my heart lay broken  
a gaping, bleeding hole,  
tendons slipped away like my life*

*The tears bled into the  
grass. The raping of my  
entire life in this  
one moment, so lost so broken.*

### Reporting of Abuse

229. The police appeared at my door when I was 26. [REDACTED] was two and a half. They asked me if I had been in Glenallan. I was gobsmacked to see them. They said that there was an investigation into two men who had been at Glenallan. They said the men had been taking photographs of children. They asked me if I had any photographs of myself as a child at Glenallan. They were sifting through thousands of photographs. They said the photographs were mainly of boys. I only had one photograph from my time there, but I think my mum took it when I was in Glenallan. She must've been visiting. They asked if I remembered being abused by any members of staff. I told them that I didn't. I said that there had been an incident, but it was a girl. The police said they would look into it if I wanted and I said no. It was pretty brutal, to just appear at the door.
230. [REDACTED] and I initially phoned the police about Quarrier's. [REDACTED] then had her first son, [REDACTED], and she felt that she couldn't and it was too traumatic. We left it at that point. When I was working in child protection, my siblings and I started talking about Quarrier's and speaking out. We sat down together and agreed that we would report it. My sisters and my brother, initially, all wanted to do it. Amongst ourselves, we spoke quite openly about the cruelty at Quarrier's. We still don't discuss the sexual abuse. I think it's so private that we just feel we can't. We know that each one of us has been sexually abused, including my brother, but we don't know the details. I don't think we need to. There's no point. What purpose would it serve?
231. It took about eleven years to get to court from when [REDACTED] and I had started the initial investigation. We then dropped it and there were so many times when we were going to take it back up and then didn't. We finally decided that we would take it up, altogether. We then phoned the police again when we all decided to proceed. I think we took it back up around 2002. It took a good couple of years to get to court after that. They had to investigate the children that lived in the cottage before us, with us and after us. [REDACTED] went to the police with us initially, but he dropped out. He just felt that he couldn't do it. I think he was terrified to confront them all and see them all. We

did report Uncle FHD to the police. He wasn't charged, but I can't remember why. I'm not sure whether it might have been to do with his age or his health.

232. The boys who abused me were men by then. There was enough evidence for them to be charged with attempted rape. The police had found somebody who had been in the playroom at the same time as I was attacked. We went to the High Court. The day the trial was due to start, their lawyer argued that the trial shouldn't go ahead because of time periods and the date a precognition had been taken. That was it. The police were devastated. They'd worked so hard. That was extremely difficult, after all those years of trying to get to that point. The boys were laughing, leaving the court. They thought it was funny. Being in child protection, I knew that child protection would be involved with them. That was the only good thing to come out of it for me. I knew that they'd always be viewed with suspicion. I don't always agree with that if it happens to an innocent person, but I thought they deserved it.
233. Ruth Wallace was initially charged with the sexual abuse of me, but there wasn't enough evidence for it to proceed. She went to the sheriff court in 2006 and she got three years probation. To see her and to see the boys was incredibly stressful. After the trial, it felt like one of the most difficult periods of time in my life. I felt like we'd been slapped in the face. I thought, "Is that what our lives were worth, all those years of abuse and suffering and she has to see a probation officer?" For the men to walk free, it was sickening.

### **Records**

234. I obtained photocopies of my records from Quarrier's when I was about 36. My siblings and I all got our notes together. It was one of the most disturbing periods because I had no memories of things. To find out as a grown woman that I had stopped speaking was scary. The notes about my childhood are terrible. In those days, they didn't keep proper notes. The medical records are laughable. There's just nothing. All it says on my medical notes is that I had eczema and I was severely underweight. I had surgery, constant infections and constant sties in my eyes, for which I had to wear a patch. I

was taken out to Glasgow for the surgery, so it wasn't even as if it was in Quarrier's own hospital. I had some kind of infection that I only know as an adult now was clearly some kind of venereal disease. The notes didn't help fill in any gaps. They just left me with a thousand questions. I've no longer got any of my notes. I destroyed them all after the trial. I set fire to the whole lot, outside in my garden.

### **Lessons to be Learned**

235. I think the Government has no idea. They just see people as adults, sitting here, giving out traumatic stories that are difficult to listen to. For a young child, my biggest message would be to understand the utter terror and fear. If I could liken it to anything, and I realise it might sound dramatic, it's like a child being taken to Auschwitz and left. For me, that's how traumatic Quarrier's has been. It affects me every day of my life. I go in and do professional meetings. I work with children who have been abused. I'm very professional and I'm very good at my job, but there's always a bit of me that will never leave Quarrier's.
236. I can live alongside Quarrier's now, but it's taken nearly the cost of my own life to get there. I just think that they can never right the wrong, but if they can learn something from the story. It isn't a story, it's my life. I hate when you hear people saying that I'm brave. It's very kind of people to say that I'm brave for having survived, but what I want to hear is what they're putting in place to change it so that no child ever has to suffer even twenty minutes of what we suffered. Twenty minutes is too much.
237. I feel very strongly about the impact my experiences in Quarrier's has had on my child. Even though I lived through Quarrier's, my child has had to witness the near destruction of his mother. It has affected him and it's affected him really badly. The cycle will continue unless proper supports are put in place. They need to learn from these examples in order to understand how to put proper support in place for a child in that environment. If they don't learn from what people are saying now then the world is screwed.

**Hopes for the Inquiry**

238. Staff should be trained to a high standard with trauma informed practice being a focal point of their training. Training should be updated regularly and staff have space to talk about their training needs, but also fears and accomplishments within their roles. Staff should be paid a wage that adequately reflects the complex trauma work they are doing. Practice should reflect well written policy. There should be time and space for reflection and supervision for staff.
239. Early intervention is key. Foster carers should also be trauma informed. They should be given more support, rather than a social worker just popping in or phoning. They should have training about adverse childhood experiences and self-harm behaviours in order that they can think outside the box. A lot of the children who go into foster care tend to be older and are labelled as being attention seeking. They need attention. The way we use language around children is important. Children pick up on negative labels they hear about themselves and these can have a huge impact on their self esteem and core beliefs about themselves
240. The government should have a young person's advisory group that shapes and supports decisions for young people within the care system. Children and young people's voices should be key to implementing policies and procedures, but their voice is heard. Each child should be seen as a unique individual with unique hopes, dreams and aspirations.
241. Young people should not be judged upon arriving at a new young person's unit or foster placement. Staff should be reminded that they are often seeing the end result of a long and traumatic journey for that young person. At the point of admission, each child should be automatically assigned and advocate with no waiting list.
242. I think that the transition to a care environment should be done with real care and consideration. It's one of the most key and important times for children and it should be as smooth as possible. I know the impact of there being no preparation for transitions. It's traumatic for children. Children are still moving from place to place and

- still literally being given black bin bags. Social workers could keep rucksacks in their office that are age appropriate. Young people still appear with nothing, not even with a photo of their mum or dad. Even if their parent has been abusive, to that child at that point in time. A photo is important and this should be recognised.
243. The fact that children in care might have had no nurture means that it is so important for a child to be hugged. It could be set up so that hugs are only given where other people are present. Hugging and physical contact are integral to positive nurturing experiences and emotional growth.
244. The role of early intervention is crucial. The earlier a child can have input from a positive role model, play therapy etc the better their life chances. Waiting lists for services currently are hampering recovery and the emotional life chances for young people. Statistics show that the earlier that intervention happens, the more positive the outcomes. We should not be asking, "Will this cost money?" more, "Will this save lives?"
245. 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... 30 . 09 . 2019 . .....