

## Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

### Witness Statement of

QDQ

Support person present: Yes

1. My name is QDQ. My date of birth is 1952. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

### Life before going into care

2. QDQ is my birth name. My great-grandparents were I was born at Glasgow. When my mum married my dad, she took his name. There are a lot of different stories about my dad.
3. The information I have is that my mum had been down to England and had been with my dad. She came back up to Scotland, had me and then gave me up. From papers I have, I think that my dad knew about me. I have a brother named He's been doing some research and has found out some information about my mum. My mum had been married quite a few times and used different names. The name she's been known as mostly is
4. I have some paperwork from social work and there's a picture of a big house with nurses with babies all in cots. The information is that I was placed in this house. My mother apparently handed me over as a baby. I don't know the exact date. The papers say that my mum got paid for handing me over. I was only there a short time as a baby. From there I was taken to Quarrier's.

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

5. I was taken to Quarrier's as a very small baby and didn't leave until I was about six. I don't know which cottage I was in but I think I was in the same one all the time. There were a lot of children in the cottage, boys and girls. There were ones older than me; I don't think they were any older than seven or eight.
6. There was a woman and a man in the cottage, who always seemed to be together. I can't remember their names. The woman was a big, well- built lady. She always seemed really powerful to me. The man was really tall, had dark hair and was slim. He wasn't powerfully built like the woman. They would stand and watch us children when we were in the room. The man and woman oversaw everything. They watched over everything we did. It was as if they were waiting for you to make a mistake, waiting for you to get it wrong or not do what they precisely asked you to do.

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

7. The routine was very regimental. We got up very early in the morning, and had to make our beds. Your bed needed to be completely tight with no wrinkles. Everything had to be folded. There had to be nothing on the bed and nothing under the bed. The bed frame was metal. That was where I learned to do "the envelope" with the sheets. Even the pillowcases, everything, had to be set in a certain way before you could leave it. You stood at the bottom of your bed before you went for breakfast.
8. Then the woman would shout it was time to go. You went steadily, there was no running. We would follow each other in a queue. That was always difficult for me because this particular woman would constantly pull me out. Every day she'd pull me out the queue and give me a row for something or other. We'd go to bed after supper. Lights out would be at about 8 pm.
9. I wasn't an eater. I ate very little. That's one of the things that was a real problem for me. I just remember potatoes, cauliflower, brussel sprouts and a bit of veg. There

was soup sometimes. I think there was custard. Every day could be different. If you didn't like the food, you were made to suffer. I suffered because I wasn't an eater. The woman would remove me from the table and take me away from everybody.

10. The woman would take me into a room. She would shout at me, telling me I had to eat the food and if I didn't she would make me eat it. The woman would hold my arm really tightly and take me back to the table. The woman held my hair tight and pulled my head back. She forced me to eat by spoon-feeding me. I tried to swallow but I couldn't. I would be choking. I felt sick and the food would come back up. The woman made me swallow what came up. This would continue until I finished the meal.
11. Sometimes they'd take us back from school to the cottage for lunch. I don't remember about tea. Supper would be about 7 o'clock at night. Then we'd go to bed.
12. Bath times were used as an opportunity to abuse me by the man and the woman. It felt like they abused me every time I was in the bath. I remember being stripped in the toilet. I remember that I felt so embarrassed and dirty. The man and the woman made me take my clothes off. They would stare at me. They forced me into a very hot bath.
13. I remember there were a lot of chores. We had to clean where we slept, the windowsills and the skirting boards. They needed to be brushed and cleaned. Anything that was in that room had to be spotless. Every morning, the woman would go about checking it. She'd check your bed, even the frame. I remember doing a lot of cleaning.

#### *School*

14. There was a school in Quarrier's. I think 9 am was the time we went to the school. I loved to learn but I found it really difficult. For whatever reason, I closed down mentally. I couldn't understand what they were teaching. I got punished for that. I couldn't answer questions. It was a man teaching us. He would get really angry.

15. I was left handed and the teacher made me write with my right hand constantly. He sometimes used a ruler on my hands if I didn't write properly. I just couldn't write with my right hand, no matter how hard I tried. He was always shouting and screaming at us. When he was shouting at you, or when he was angry, he would come really close to you. I always felt really scared.

*Leisure Time/ Birthdays and Christmas*

16. There was a room in the cottage where the children had a playtime, time to get together, but there were no toys or books. There were text books at school but that was all. I didn't have much leisure time as I was always being called out of the room by the woman and the man. When we came back from school, there was never leisure time for me.
17. I think at Christmas there was a Christmas tree. There would be a pair of slippers for everybody. I don't remember birthdays.

*Visits / Inspections/ Review of Detention*

18. There were times when people visited. They were mainly men but sometimes women visited. We all had to stand at the end of our beds and not speak. The woman in the cottage would come in and tell everybody to have everything ready for these people coming.
19. We were warned to be on our best behaviour "or else". The visitors didn't speak to us one to one. They'd just come in and look at us. One of the women would talk to the matron.

**Abuse at Quarrier's Village, Bridge of Weir**

20. Apart from the physical and emotional abuse, I felt the sexual abuse was the worst for me. I eventually put up with everything else. The first time it happened I was just a wee girl.
21. I would be taken away from the group of children to another part of the cottage. The woman in the cottage would call me out from the group of kids. She always called me 'QDQ [REDACTED]'. My friends would see the woman shouting my name and taking me out.
22. At bath times the man and the woman would make me take my clothes off in the toilet. The man and woman would make me stand for a long time and they would just watch me. They would make me get into the bath. It would always be really hot. If I asked them to put in some cold water, they wouldn't do it.
23. The man would wash me and the woman would stand and watch. It was very sore as the man would rub your skin hard. He rubbed your skin with something that felt hard and brittle. I don't know what it was. It felt like they did this every night.
24. There were times when the woman was on her own and she would hold me down under the bath water. The first time she did it I was terrified. I couldn't breathe. I just remember hitting out and I couldn't push the woman's hand off my face. I didn't have the strength. It became a regular occurrence when she bathed me. I don't know if she did it because I was scared.
25. We would stand in twos in the queue going for dinner or breakfast. The woman would walk by each of us. The woman was always staring at me. She would make me know that she was there. She would pull my hair at every opportunity. The woman would literally pull me out of the room by my hair. I remember it was always painful. That happened quite a lot.

26. There was a cupboard in the cottage and the woman would take me into it. She would scream at me and shake me. She would tell me about my mum not loving me and how unlovable I was. The woman would say I was the most horrible child, that I was a disgusting child, and that I was always getting punished because I was so thick. The woman would hit me and slap me. Sometimes she took my pants down and smacked me. Sometimes she put me over her knee. The woman liked to look at you. Even when we were in the cupboard, the woman would just stand and at look at me.
27. The man would also constantly remove me from the other children. Again, he would take me into the cupboard. The man would strip me. He would touch me between my legs and rub his hands up and down my body. If I cried he got angry. I had to hold in my feelings. You couldn't say no.
28. When the man's hands penetrated my private area it was really painful. He would also touch my back passage and penetrate it. The man would put his privates in my mouth. It was disgusting. It was a regular occurrence. Sometimes it felt like it happened every day. It continued until I left Quarrier's when I was six years old. As a result of this type of abuse I have always had difficulty eating.
29. There was a time when both the man and the woman were there. They stripped me. Again they stood for a time just looking at me. Then both of them touched my private parts. They made me feel vile and dirty. It seemed to go on forever. The man and woman made me do so many things.
30. The man took his zip down and put his privates in my mouth and the woman was touching me. I remember feeling extremely sick and was retching. It seemed to go on for such a long time. The man made me touch his privates and all the time the woman was doing other things at my back.
31. The woman would tell me that I was nothing. She would tell me that I deserved having them treat me like this. I will always remember her saying to me that I was nothing. She said that even my own mother didn't want me and didn't love me.



32. In the cottage, the man and woman shouted a lot. This was a regular occurrence. I don't remember them talking in a normal voice. It was like they were always angry at us. The boys would get dragged off too. It just seemed like everything you did was wrong. The man and the woman disciplined the other kids. I don't have any happy memories of Quarrier's. When I was about six years old, I was taken to foster care in Blantyre.

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

33. There was a couple in Blantyre who fostered children. I don't know who made the decision that I was to be fostered by this couple. I remember being told by [REDACTED] one of the older boys who was fostered by them, "It's government guided this, it's the government that chose to put us into this home".

### **Foster Care - [REDACTED] - [REDACTED] Blantyre**

34. I went into foster care when I was six. I stayed there until I was 24. My first memory of foster care is getting out of the doors of a wee blue van. I was taken to the foster carers' house by someone from Quarrier's. When we arrived a tall man was standing there. I was crying.
35. The man was my foster father, Mr [REDACTED] QEJ. He took me into the front room and shut the door. He was about six feet tall. I felt like it was just all happening again. He raised his voice. Mr [REDACTED] QEJ seemed really angry for some reason. He told me there was no crying allowed in this house. He said that I must do whatever he told me to do. Mr [REDACTED] QEJ cleaned in a bookies office. As far as I know, he didn't work for a lot of years.
36. [REDACTED] QEJ/SPO were a good age. Some of the girls at school used to kid me on that they were my grand-parents. [REDACTED] QEJ/SPO had a family of their own. They

had two daughters. One, [REDACTED] died when she was in the Land Army. The other was [REDACTED] [REDACTED] was a lot older than me. [REDACTED] was married and didn't live in the house with us.

37. My foster home was a council house with two bedrooms, the front room and the back room. There was a front and back garden. There were seven children in the house. The children were all fostered. The other children's names were [REDACTED], [REDACTED] [REDACTED], [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. There was somebody else there for a wee while but I can't remember their name. There was about five years difference between each of us. [REDACTED] was five years younger than me. [REDACTED] was five years older than me. Then there was [REDACTED] then [REDACTED] and then [REDACTED]

38. I didn't meet the other children straight away. There was nobody else there but Mr and Mrs [REDACTED] [REDACTED] I met the other children later that day. It was good because they were nice. [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] were exceptionally nice. [REDACTED] gave me the feeling that I was going to be alright with him.

39. The boys slept in the front bedroom and the girls slept in the back bedroom, in one bed. [REDACTED] [REDACTED] slept in the living-room in one of those old fashioned pull down beds. I wet the bed and Mr [REDACTED] [REDACTED] physically punished me for it. Mrs [REDACTED] however did not punish for bedwetting. He would be really angry because it meant washing the sheet. They didn't have a lot of bedding.

40. I know Mrs [REDACTED] didn't have a lot financially but she did well, making sure we had clean clothes. Sometimes she needed to wash the clothes when we came in from school to get them dry for the next day. That was our regime. We had to get the clothes in quick to get them washed.

### **Routine in Foster Care**

41. We'd get up early in the morning. Mrs [REDACTED] was the "good guy" out of the two. She would wake us up. It would be around half past seven before we got something to



eat. The girls would all be in the toilet, we would take turns to get washed. [REDACTED] looked after me and [REDACTED] [REDACTED] guided us how to get washed, dressed and ready for school.

42. Mrs [REDACTED] would give everybody something for supper. We'd go to bed early, maybe about 8 pm. We had a bath once a week. It was Mr [REDACTED] QEJ that would bath us.

43. We would get something to eat with the boys. I had a total disdain for food. I had developed real problems with eating. If you put food in front of me, I felt sick. I lived off very little. There would be cereal and milk but I was never hungry. The food was alright. Everybody else managed to eat it. It just seemed to be a difficulty for me, Mr [REDACTED] QEJ got annoyed and angry with me. I was told I must eat something.

44. Cauliflower was my favourite. Mrs [REDACTED] tried different things to help me eat. I remember the first time; it was just me and her. I had started to lose time at school because I was unwell. Mrs [REDACTED] said to me, "Now, [REDACTED] QDQ". Calling me [REDACTED] QDQ was always bad for me because of what happened at Quarrier's but when Mrs [REDACTED] said it, it was so different. Mrs [REDACTED] said, "I've made something for you", and the two of us sat down on the couch. I had a plate and she had a plate. Mrs [REDACTED] just encouraged me to eat and I loved it.

45. From early on in foster care, Mr [REDACTED] QEJ used to force feed me at times when Mrs [REDACTED] wasn't in the house. I'd be sitting in the kitchen and Mr [REDACTED] QEJ would put food in front of me. He would tell me that I either ate it or he would feed me. When I couldn't eat it, Mr [REDACTED] QEJ would hold my hair and my neck back slightly and spoon the food into my mouth. There would be times I was going to choke and I'd ask him to stop but he didn't. Mr [REDACTED] QEJ forced me to eat until I felt sick. That was something he did regularly.

46. Mr [REDACTED] QEJ was a hard taskmaster. [REDACTED], [REDACTED] and I each had chores to do. [REDACTED] had chores to do even though she was very young. There was vinyl on the floors. We had to roll up the carpet runner in the hall and scrub the floors. I remember many a time Mr [REDACTED] QEJ would grab me by the hair and lift me off the ground. Mr [REDACTED] QEJ

disciplined you by kicking you with his shoes on. He kicked me up and down the hall many a time.

47. The only possessions I remember having were given to me by [REDACTED] one of the other foster children. He had started working as a landscape gardener. At Christmas [REDACTED] would buy presents for us. My first toy was a "Barbie". [REDACTED] would maybe buy us a cardigan or a jumper too. Other than that, we didn't celebrate birthdays or Christmas.
48. [REDACTED] went to church regularly. The strange thing was that Mr <sup>QEU</sup>[REDACTED] didn't stop him going. Before Mrs [REDACTED] died, we used to attend to Sunday School every week. That stopped when she died.

### *School*

49. When I was younger, I had to be taken to school. [REDACTED] and I went to High Blantyre Primary School. We got the bus. Mrs [REDACTED] would take us sometimes. As we got older, Mr <sup>QEU</sup>[REDACTED] would take us to the bus stop. I never told anybody I was fostered. At that school, nobody treated you any differently. [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] went to David Livingston School because they were older than me. We stayed at school at lunchtime. School was very difficult. No-one really understood why I was having difficulties educationally.
50. My teacher was an old lady and she was lovely. She did everything to try and help me with things. The school persevered. There was a lady who helped me who lived in Blantyre. The teachers and the headmaster, Mr Crawford, were so nice. Mr Crawford had a rough voice but he was kind.
51. Because I had problems with breathing, I didn't find mixing in the playground easy. I would stand on my own. Mr Crawford used to come out to the playground and if he saw you standing by yourself, he'd come over and ask what was wrong. At that time, I didn't really talk much to people but he was nice. I remember one time Mr Crawford offered me a biscuit and a glass of milk. He took me into the school. All the other pupils were watching. It was a big thing for the headmaster to look after you. Mr

Crawford got me a glass of milk and digestive biscuits from the tea trolley. I'll never forget it, I loved those biscuits.

52. [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] would help me with my homework. I found things really very difficult educationally. It was very difficult because Mr [REDACTED] QEJ was always watching. If Mr [REDACTED] QEJ saw me not being able to do things and [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] trying to help me, he would get really angry.
53. You got the belt at school if you were caught talking in class or if you hadn't done your homework. There came a time that I struggled with homework because Mr [REDACTED] QEJ wouldn't let [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] help me. This meant that I had to go to school with work that wasn't done and I'd get one of the belt.

#### *Healthcare*

54. When I was about seven years old, I started having serious breathing problems. It was asthma. It stopped me going outside. I couldn't run and there were a lot of things I couldn't do. The children would be playing "catch the ball" and different things that involved exercise and running about. I found all that difficult.
55. Mr [REDACTED] QEJ wouldn't let us see doctors. A couple of years down the line, [REDACTED] used to secretly take me to the doctor about my asthma. One time, Mr [REDACTED] QEJ found out that [REDACTED] had taken me to the doctors. He was really angry and I was disciplined for it. [REDACTED] got into trouble too. Mr [REDACTED] QEJ was angry that we had gone behind his back. That was just a "no, no". We didn't see a dentist. Mr [REDACTED] QEJ used to pull our teeth with a hankie. I started going to the dentist myself when I was about seventeen.
56. The asthma became chronic early on in foster care. When I was eleven years of age, my lungs were full of fluid. [REDACTED] took me up to Doctor Easton at Strathclyde Hospital to get an x-ray. The doctors weighed me and I was two and half stones. They took me from Strathclyde Hospital straight to Hairmyres Hospital. I was in hospital for a year while they sorted me. I moved around the wards. Doctor McCluskey was the



head doctor. I was in the Ladies Ward when a nurse and a doctor examined my tummy and private parts.

57. When I was in Hairmyres, I saw a Doctor Buchanan. He was a psychiatrist or a psychologist. I went to his office from the ward quite a few times. He was a lovely man. I remember Doctor Buchanan talking to me but I wouldn't talk to him. Doctor Buchanan asked me if I liked where I was, was I getting punished, how did I feel about my foster mum before she died and how did she treat me. He asked me how Mr <sup>Q</sup>EJ treated me. I couldn't tell Doctor Buchanan what was happening. I was too scared. I'd always been told by Mr <sup>Q</sup>EJ not to speak to anyone.
58. About a year later, [REDACTED] had gone into the Royal Air Force and was home on leave. I'd taken a really bad asthma attack. Mr <sup>Q</sup>EJ wouldn't get a doctor or an ambulance. [REDACTED] took the law into his own hands and there was a lot of shouting. The doctors got me into Hairmyres Hospital where they stripped me and x-rayed me. Years later [REDACTED] told me that once they got me settled, the doctors took him in and questioned him. They asked him about bruising on my back and my private parts.

#### *Visits/Inspections*

59. People from the government came to the foster carers' house once a month. The man from the government had a black book with all the foster children's names and dates of birth in it. The man had this book right up until I was an adult. The book would be ticked and signed by Mr <sup>Q</sup>EJ to say that we were in good health and that we were being well looked after. There was a group of questions that would be ticked, saying that Mr <sup>Q</sup>EJ was complying with things.
60. When the government man came, we weren't allowed to speak to him. We were in the front room. We had to sit and keep quiet. As my asthma got worse, I had bronchitis, so I would cough a lot. [REDACTED] had to hold his hand over my mouth so the man wouldn't hear us. You couldn't make a sound. Mr <sup>Q</sup>EJ did not want the

government man to know we were in the house. Nobody came into the room to check on us.

61. No-one came to speak to us at all. There was nobody to speak to about what was happening to me. Mr Q<sup>Q</sup>EJ had such control that even the boys wouldn't question him. When my foster mother died, there was no change of any kind. Nobody official came to see us. The government man seemed to stop coming to the house when I was in my teens.
62. Mrs [REDACTED] died when I was nine years old. She had a fall and a poisoned leg. I think she was about 65 when she died. Just after my foster mother died, the two [REDACTED] sisters knocked at the door. They were kindness personified. If someone came to the door, we weren't allowed to come out. We stood at the living room door, it was a wee bit ajar. I heard the sisters saying to Mr Q<sup>Q</sup>EJ, "We know Mr Q<sup>Q</sup>EJ that this is a really hard time for you and the family. We were just wanting to offer to help you in some way, even if Q<sup>Q</sup>DQ could come and stay a couple of nights with us. It would take her out of all that's going on and just with her health, we would love to offer that." They were lovely ladies and Mr Q<sup>Q</sup>EJ wasn't nice to them. He was quite indignant. Mr Q<sup>Q</sup>EJ whole manner changed with them. I remember quite clearly him saying, "No, they're staying here and that's it". I never forgot that these two ladies had come to try to help.

### **Abuse in Foster Care**

63. When Mrs [REDACTED] was alive, she tried to stand up to Mr Q<sup>Q</sup>EJ as best as she could. The next door neighbour was Mrs [REDACTED] Mrs [REDACTED] daughter would do Mrs [REDACTED] hair and Mrs [REDACTED] would always take me next door with her. Later on in years, Mrs [REDACTED] told me that Mrs [REDACTED] had, "tried so much. She tried to protect you and tried to stand up to him. She had a horrendous life with him".
64. The sexual abuse in foster care started early. Mrs [REDACTED] was still alive. I was seven or eight years old. Mr Q<sup>Q</sup>EJ would have been about 59 or 60 years old. There was a



time when I wasn't at school because I was unwell with asthma. Mr **QJ** used to take me outside for a walk. He'd take me down the Whins Road in Blantyre. Even if I was unwell, he would still do that. Initially, I enjoyed being outside but then he took me to a secluded place.

65. I remember seeing trees. I was scared. Mr **QJ** made me lie down and took my underwear off. He lay on top of me. I was doing everything I could to think about other things. I remember the trees and trying to focus on them. Mr **QJ** touched me between my legs and inserted his fingers into my private area. It was really painful. Mr **QJ** would hold his hand over my mouth so I wouldn't scream. That was difficult for me because of my asthma. I was having great difficulty breathing. At that time I didn't have inhalers or anything.
66. When he was doing this Mr **QJ** would say similar things to what they used to tell me in Quarrier's. He'd say I was disgusting and filthy. Mr **QJ** would repeat the thing about my mum not loving me and giving me away. He said nobody wanted me and nobody cared. Then he'd get off me. Mr **QJ** would get up and say to me that I couldn't tell my foster mum. He'd say I wasn't to tell the girls and boys what had happened and if I did, he would punish me.
67. That was the beginning of the sexual abuse. It became a regular occurrence. Mr **QJ** would take me to the bookies where he worked part-time. It was a smelly and smoky place. There was a big jar of coins as you came in the door. Mr **QJ** would clean and I'd stand about. Then Mr **QJ** would take me through the back and sexually abuse me in the same way he had before. One day, someone else came in and shouted "**QJ**". The man came through to the back. Mr **QJ** told me to do whatever the man told me to do and if I didn't, I'd be punished. This man sexually abused me in the same way as Mr **QJ** had. This was just the beginning. It happened on different occasions and it was done to me by different men.
68. There's a place called the "Calder's" in High Blantyre. It's quite an isolated place. It was before my foster mother died, on days that I was off school; Mr **QJ** would take me up there. When you get into the Calder's there's a big steep brae. There



were brick toilets there. The first time Mr QEJ took me into the toilets there were two men. Again, Mr QEJ said, "You'll do what they ask you to do". He pulled my pants down. The men took turns in touching me and inserted their fingers into me. It felt like they were rubbing themselves off me. That was another beginning of things. That was a weekly occurrence for as long as I remember. When my foster mother died, it got worse.

69. A year before Mrs [REDACTED] died, when I was eight, Mr QEJ moved Mrs [REDACTED] into the back bedroom and moved me into his bed. That was the beginning of things happening in the house. Before, it was always places out of sight that Mr QEJ would take me to. The sexual abuse carried on, even when I was an adult. This man had so much control over me. Mr QEJ played mind games. I had to try and learn to read him, to know what was happening next. When Mr QEJ was angry, it would be sexual abuse. If Mr QEJ was being quiet, he would watch me going about the house. He convinced my foster brothers and sisters that I couldn't be trusted. He destroyed the relationship that I had with them.
70. I didn't tell anyone what was happening to me. None of the children in the house spoke together. Mr QEJ kept us all separate in a way that I can look back and understand now, though I didn't see it then. For instance, [REDACTED] and the other children would be out playing and I would be kept in the house. If they were in the house, at weekends, Mr QEJ would take me out walks.
71. After Mrs [REDACTED] died, [REDACTED] got married and he went away. He hardly visited. At Christmas, [REDACTED] would bring a present but he wouldn't spend any time with you. He'd come in have a cup of tea and go back out the door. [REDACTED] went into the Royal Air Force. Then Mr QEJ put [REDACTED] out. I was about twelve by then. That left [REDACTED] [REDACTED] and me in the house with Mr QEJ. The things that happened in the house, they were different as I got older. He still had me in his bed.
72. Later on, I found out it had been happening to [REDACTED] too. There were different things with [REDACTED] [REDACTED] played football. When [REDACTED] came in at night, Mr QEJ would rub her legs with oils. He did a lot of that with her. Mr QEJ seemed to have a better

relationship with [REDACTED] he wasn't angry with [REDACTED] the same way he was with me. [REDACTED] eventually got away and got married.

73. I remember one particular time when [REDACTED] was getting older and had met someone that she wanted to go out with. [REDACTED] had to ask Mr<sup>Q.E.J.</sup> [REDACTED] permission. He wouldn't allow it. [REDACTED] was sitting at the fireplace trying to talk to him about it. I was standing beside the chair. Mr<sup>Q.E.J.</sup> [REDACTED] was at the coal fire with the poker. At one point Mr<sup>Q.E.J.</sup> [REDACTED] was getting angry and he was telling her, no way was she having any boyfriends, a boyfriend wouldn't be allowed in the house and it wasn't happening. Mr<sup>Q.E.J.</sup> [REDACTED] was shouting and he turned with the poker. He actually lifted the poker and I don't know to this day if he was going to use it. I don't know where I got the strength from but I stood in front of him. I wasn't a child like that. Some people have that in them. I didn't think that I was like that.
74. It ended up that Mr<sup>Q.E.J.</sup> [REDACTED] refused to allow [REDACTED] back into the house. When I was about nine or ten, I remember [REDACTED] came back and Mr<sup>Q.E.J.</sup> [REDACTED] told him that he couldn't stay at the house. It seemed as if, as time went on, Mr<sup>Q.E.J.</sup> [REDACTED] wanted rid of the boys. [REDACTED] was like us as he didn't have any family or anybody. I remember getting really upset and trying hard to keep [REDACTED]. I remember holding onto [REDACTED] and begging Mr<sup>Q.E.J.</sup> [REDACTED] to let him stay because I knew, if [REDACTED] went, then there was nobody to stop what was going on. It was only because the parents of one of [REDACTED]'s friends were willing to let [REDACTED] stay, that he had anywhere to sleep. [REDACTED] tried everything to see us but Mr<sup>Q.E.J.</sup> [REDACTED] wouldn't even let him see us or visit us.
75. I left school and started work when I was 16 years old. Mr<sup>Q.E.J.</sup> [REDACTED] still had a lot of control over me. I had to give him my wages every Friday night and I got "spending money". I did extra work in the hotels. For instance I'd go in if they were short of staff. Any money I made there, I had to give him. It was really difficult financially but I just had to manage.
76. As I got older, the control Mr<sup>Q.E.J.</sup> [REDACTED] had over me mentally, the mind games and the manipulation, seemed to be greater. I don't know how it got to that extent. Whatever



he said, I did. I remember a particular time when he had soreness on his privates. I was seventeen or eighteen years old. Mr <sup>QEJ</sup> stood in the kitchen. He dropped his trousers and he had no underwear on. Mr <sup>QEJ</sup> told me to put the cream on his privates. He made me do that two and three times a week, over several weeks. I didn't do things like that in the past. As I got older, I had to do sexual things for Mr <sup>QEJ</sup>. He was still coming into my bed at night-time. That continued right up until I left the house. I didn't feel able to stop it.

77. I eventually left the house when I was 23 or 24 years old and Mr <sup>QEJ</sup> was about 75 years old. He was a good age. Mr <sup>QEJ</sup> was 89 years old before he died. I left the house because I was pregnant with my daughter, . In my mind, I didn't want to bring  up in that house. I know it's a contradiction because, a few years later, I took her back into it.

78. Later, I was staying in Larkhall. Mr <sup>QEJ</sup> was now elderly and was getting nurses in to look after him. My Auntie  who was a relation in Blantyre, visited where I was working and pleaded with me to move back into Mr <sup>QEJ</sup> house because the nurses and doctors couldn't cope with him. I was about 26 or 27 years old and  was three. I moved back into the house and took  with me. In terms of looking after my daughter it was a bad decision.

79.  Mr and Mrs <sup>QEJ/SPO</sup> daughter, never came near the house. When  was 16 years old she was going about with a married man, whom she later married. Mr <sup>QEJ</sup> disowned her. I used to meet  in the street. I never had the courage to talk to her about what was happening. Later on when my foster mum died, if I got the opportunity, I'd go down for a wee visit without Mr <sup>QEJ</sup> knowing about it. To me, she was like my mum and she was built like my mum. In later years, I wondered about how far back this abuse had gone on because  never came near Mr <sup>QEJ</sup>. It was only when he died, she came to the funeral.

80. 's oldest son, Mr <sup>QEJ</sup> grandson, frequented Mr <sup>QEJ</sup> house when we lived there as children. The grandson was friendly with . They went about together.

They were about the same age. The grandson was a predator. When my daughter was eight, the grandson got a hold of her. He did everything but rape her. The grandson was prosecuted.

### Life after Foster Care

81. I left Mr **QJ** house when I was about 23 or 24 years old. I was pregnant with my daughter, **QJ**. **QJ**'s dad was a friend. He was a lovely guy. The relationship was just for all the wrong reasons. I wanted a way out. **QJ**'s dad went back to work abroad. For some reason I didn't have the wherewithal to just walk out of Mr **QJ** house.
82. When I told Mr **QJ** I was pregnant, he arranged that I would move in there and it would all be fine. He was making all the plans for the pregnancy. Mr **QJ** said that if I moved in there it wouldn't cost me anything. I could have a room to myself with the baby and I could save some money. He made it sound as if it could be feasible. Mr **QJ** wasn't displeased that I was pregnant, he was displeased that I was planning to leave.
83. My mind took over. I had to protect this wee baby. I did leave. I went to the social work in Larkhall. I saw a lovely girl called Eileen. I told her I was pregnant and I didn't have anywhere to stay. I didn't tell Eileen anything of my life, just that I needed something immediate. The social work put me in a private rented flat in Larkhall until they could get me a house, which they did. It was as far away as I could go at that time. The foster house was the only place I knew. It was scary to go out and know you were going to be totally on your own. There was nobody.
84. I got a house in Blantyre because it was the only place I knew. I got jobs in hotels. I was working in some of the places up in Larkhall. There were two brothers, the **QJ** they gave me a job. I worked behind the bar and in the cocktail bar. I would

also organise things for them. From there I worked in the [REDACTED] Hotel in Bothwell, for Mrs [REDACTED] I loved that. I loved the whole thing and meeting people.

85. I went to Motherwell College. It was really hard but the lecturers were great. I got my Higher National Diploma in Hotel Management. That was a miracle because I couldn't read or write. I worked myself up into management in hotels. I had to give up work a few years back because of health issues.

### **Impact**

86. My dad is in England. I found him but he didn't want anything to do with me. I have two step-sisters, [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] I found out my mum was cremated at Uddingston and she's in the Garden of Remembrance there. That's been quite a thing because she had no link to Uddingston and we only moved there three years ago. It's quite strange.
87. I found my brother ten years ago. I didn't know I had a brother. He is my full brother. I'd been talking to a friend saying I at least wanted to find out if there was anybody out there. She looked the name up in library because it's an unusual name. She found two phone numbers and asked if I wanted her to phone them. She did and told me that one of the numbers was my dad's and the other was my brother's.
88. There are things which I've really tried to block out over the years, like what happened in Quarrier's and in foster care. I had never opened the door to the wee girl I was. To me, she had died. For the first time, through counselling, I went back and became that wee girl. I remembered what it was like to be living under the abuse of that man in Quarrier's. I remembered what it did to me mentally and emotionally and how it made me feel every day.
89. I had an overwhelming feeling of misery. When I opened my eyes as a child in the morning, I could only see darkness. There was no light. I didn't want to wake up in the morning. I didn't want to feel what I was feeling every day. I felt a void inside, like

I'd died inside. Every day was hard. There was no joy, no laughter, there was nothing nice about my life. I don't ever remember feeling good inside. I felt I was all the things the man said I was. I felt disgusting, filthy and no good. I felt empty. I didn't exist. I didn't enjoy being me. I hated being me. I wanted to die inside every day of my life.

90. As the years went on, I didn't want to wake up in the morning. I knew the only way to stop the feelings of hurt would be to die. I so wanted to die. I thought of ways to die and how to go about it. When I was eleven years old in Hairmyres Hospital, I went to the train station. I sat there for an hour. I wanted [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] That happened a few times when I went into hospital.
91. I had nothing to live for. There was no beauty, nothing nice, about me. I felt so alone. There was nobody. I wanted to go somewhere quiet and let all the anger and pain out. I was going through the motions of life and not feeling anything.
92. I don't ever remember saying "no" to Mr <sup>Q</sup>EJ [REDACTED] I was so scared of him and what he was able to do to me. I felt like I let him do it, even as I got older. When Mr <sup>Q</sup>EJ [REDACTED] became ill and they wanted me to move back into his house, [REDACTED] said to me, "I don't understand why you and [REDACTED] can't move in here and look after him full time". It hit me then how much influence Mr <sup>Q</sup>EJ [REDACTED] had had on us. I wondered how [REDACTED] could ask me this. I had never had the courage to just come out and say it. I just looked at him and I said, "[REDACTED] have you any idea the life that man gave us?" He got married and he got out. He never came near, never visited, and he never came to help us. It was like [REDACTED] was oblivious to it.
93. I started to talk to [REDACTED] about the abuse. He did not want to know about it. It was the first time I'd told anybody. [REDACTED] became a Christian. That's quite difficult for me because I'm a Christian and I look back and I think, "Why did you never visit us?" I've had to deal with that and get that sorted out for myself. Mr <sup>Q</sup>EJ [REDACTED] destroyed my relationship with my foster brothers and sisters. They don't want to know me.



94. My career was a long and hard process for me. I did a lot of hands on work in the early years because one of the big things that was affected was my education. My mind closed down. A close friend once asked me to describe it. I said, "It's like having a filing cabinet, you lock it, you turn it upside down and you shake it. Then you turn it back up and everything is out of its place". That's what it was like for me, mentally, growing up. I just couldn't get through anything at school, even subjects that I loved.
95. My communication skills were poor. I couldn't read or write when I left school at age sixteen. I taught myself by looking at books, sentence by sentence. I remember [REDACTED] writing a letter to me when he was in the Air Force. I was in Hairmyres Hospital and I'd written a letter to him. [REDACTED] was very proper with his English and spelling. I was about seventeen years old. Like a teacher, he had underlined all the different mistakes I'd made in the letter. I remember sitting on my bed and, as I read it, it was like facing some of the effects the abuse had had on me. Here was me, I couldn't even write a letter at seventeen years of age. I couldn't do the simplest things like write a sentence and spell. I didn't know what commas were, where to stop a sentence or where to start a sentence. I didn't know anything.
96. Conversation was also very difficult. As I got older, I could maybe speak to someone for a couple of minutes, face to face. That was good in the hotel business because that was all you had. I avoided groups. I avoided anything where people would be sitting in company for hours because I couldn't communicate. I couldn't hold a sentence together. I would be talking about one subject and then I'd be talking about six or seven things at the one time. People would avoid me because of that. I had no skills interacting with people. I still have difficulties with certain types of people as I can feel quite intimidated, but there are other people that I'm really quite free with.
97. A lady came up to me at church the other week. She said to me, "When you came to this church, you never spoke to anybody". That was the truth of it but it wasn't because I didn't want to. I wanted to be able to contribute and to hold conversations. I wanted to be able to do what everyone else can do. I wanted to be able to hold my own.

98. The abuse stole my education and it stole what I wanted to do. I feel inadequate. I don't have the knowledge. The abuse took everything away that I should have had. I look around my church sometimes and I see teachers and lawyers, all these people who've achieved what they wanted to achieve. It still tears me up inside that I never got the chance to do that. I never got the chance to be somebody I wanted to be. It's not envy, it's something deep, deep within me that's missing. There's an emptiness.
99. The abuse stole my life. I was at a church group once and everyone was getting asked different questions about their goals. I never had a goal because I never had the ability to even have a goal. The members of the group were talking about their childhood. When they got to me, I said, "I died inside. What was done to me, I died. That child doesn't exist anymore". There's no looking back. There are no good memories. The bad overruled everything. It's like a complete darkness.
100. I was married and I have one daughter and two grandchildren. I've never been with anyone since my daughter was born. I've never had a relationship. I find it difficult, one to one.
101. I have a lot of guilt. The guilt is really overwhelming sometimes, especially where my daughter, [REDACTED] is concerned. Also guilt with the past and the things that I didn't walk away from. I didn't have the courage to say, "Enough", and to make sure that [REDACTED] didn't have to be near Mr. QEU [REDACTED] and his grandson at all. It's soul destroying. Sometimes I think I'm drowning with the pain. I find it very hard with my daughter because there's a lot of lies and manipulation. She plays mind games with me. I find it very difficult to handle.
102. [REDACTED] was put into a secure unit just as she was turning fifteen because nobody could keep her safe. She was into all sorts at fourteen years of age. As the time went on because of what she'd been through, the problem was that [REDACTED] had started doing things to survive and protect herself, things like manipulation and lies. I felt this was something social work didn't want to know. I sat at meetings, with everybody

around the table, and said to them about the warning signs and the things that concerned me. People didn't want to hear that.

103. [REDACTED] was in this secure unit, with four young people and a care worker who was a six foot three man, in his thirties. Within months [REDACTED] manipulated the situation; she made up stories and got the other young people put out of the unit. [REDACTED] ended up in one of the most vulnerable positions a fifteen year old girl could be in. This care worker had a sexual relationship with my daughter. My oldest grand-daughter is the result of that.
104. The care worker got out the back door of social work and social work didn't want to know. When I went to see them, I was getting closed doors. The social work didn't help me and [REDACTED] Social work encouraged the care worker's relationship with [REDACTED] The care worker was spending more time with [REDACTED] than me. The care worker did turn out a wonderful dad but my grand-daughter will need to live with the truth of that.

### **Treatment/Support**

105. In the last twenty years, my faith has been my life. That's what changed me, from the inside out. I met a woman, [REDACTED] who became a very good friend to me. [REDACTED] was one of the very few people that I'd ever shared my past with. She was definitely the right person to share with.
106. I tried anti-depressants but they have an adverse effect on me because of my breathing problem. So I don't use them.
107. I first tried counselling quite a few years ago. My doctor advised me to try. I went to see a Mr Dolan. He was a lovely man but it just wasn't happening. I felt I was going for months and there was nothing. I started counselling again last year, which has been great. I'm getting it through Future Pathways. The counsellor is amazing. She has opened doors.

## Records

108. It was only through Future Pathways that I started looking for my records. I got the information about when my mum handed me over at [REDACTED] There was mention of Quarrier's in that. I also found out information about my mother's burial place.

## Lessons to be Learned

109. The reality is that abuse is not going to go away. Wherever men and women are, there are always going to be predators. There are always going to be people who want to destroy children. When people have false hope, people let go of the safety barriers. When we have this kind of thinking, "We're getting better, we can tick the boxes", there's always a grave danger of people saying, "Ok, it's alright". There must be something in place and as much safety for our children as possible.
110. I think every school should have a person there who's got the knowledge and understanding of this whole field of abuse. Someone at the doorstep, literally, so that children can go to them. A few years ago, I did something on the computer; it was just a wee idea. It was setting up a computer programme for children. I kept it simple. There were five questions to find out how children were feeling, what was going on. Things like that should in place so at least you have a build-up of information to get a picture of what's going on. Every day after school there are children going home to some form of abuse, having the fear and the terror. We need to find ways to stop this.
111. People need to talk. Social workers need to listen. Professionals need to link up. Agencies need to take the blinkers off. Children need to not be put in vulnerable situations. I would love the government to make changes to make a safer

environment for our children. Our children of today are the adults of tomorrow. If anybody wants a better future for this country, then every stop needs pulled out to provide for and protect our children, no matter what it takes. The government, and the people of this country, have to recognise the value of our children.

112. 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. QDQ [REDACTED] .....

Dated. 1-6-2018 .....