

## Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

EYM

Support person present: No

1. My name is EYM My surname when I was in care was EYM. My date of birth is 1973. I celebrated my birthday on 1973 until I was eighteen when I learned they had recorded my date of birth incorrectly. Even my name should be EYM but when I was put into care it became EYM with EYM becoming an unused middle name. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

### Life before going into care

2. I think social services were involved with me and my brothers right from the very beginning. Although we stayed with our mum and dad I think I would describe it as being born into care because of the social work concerns. Some of what I know about my earliest years comes from my records. Mum was called and dad was. I believe we stayed in Dumfries but we may have stayed at other addresses as well. My dad was a bad man and went to prison. My mum neglected and abandoned us. I think my mum was under a lot of pressure, she had in 1972 when she was sixteen, me in 1973 and when she was eighteen in 1974. I do have other brothers and sisters that I didn't know about until I was older.
3. I met my dad when I was seventeen and my mum when I was twenty-five after most of my life spent in care. My dad might have been a bad man as he was a drug dealer but he was honest and he confirmed what the social work records said about him. He was bad to us, he was a violent and angry man. My mum was not the strongest of

women and she was a drunk. I think when I met her she made it up as she went along. I didn't get a lot of information from either of them but in all fairness my dad was at least honest.

4. I do not have all my records as they are missing so I cannot say if it was one incident that led to me and my brothers being put into care or if it was because of a pattern of behaviour. All I know is it was neglect and abandonment. I think my mum was drinking when we were younger and I think my big brother did have Alcohol Foetal Syndrome or something similar. There was definitely something going on with him. At that time it was Annan and Eskdale Social Work Department that took us into care and it was a Miss Hawthorn who was the social worker involved. My mum went into hospital for a rest and we were taken to The Wendy House in Dumfries.

#### **The Wendy House, Dumfries**

5.  Secondary Institutions - to be published later

- 6.

## Leaving The Wendy House, Dumfries

7. Miss Hawthorn, who I don't have any bad memories of, took us to the foster carers. I think she was quite nice to me, [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] in the back of a car. I think we must have fallen asleep and I remember waking up and seeing the [REDACTED] in Lockerbie and she took us up to this woman called Mrs EYN [REDACTED]. We went to live with her.

## Foster Care – EYO-EYN [REDACTED], Lockerbie

8. I spent about eleven years staying with the EYO-EYN [REDACTED] at various addresses in Lockerbie and I would have been about two and half when I first arrived. [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] were also with me. I think the EYO-EYN [REDACTED] were too old to foster. I think Mrs EYN [REDACTED] was in her late forties or maybe early fifties. Everyone would ask me if she was my granny. She just looked like a granny as well with tartan baffies, dressing gown and the lot. I don't know if Mr EYO [REDACTED] was slightly older or not. They had been foster carers for many years. EYO-EYN [REDACTED] s had a large family [REDACTED] [REDACTED] was adopted funnily enough and I never understood why as Mrs EYN [REDACTED] hated him. Then there were their daughters the oldest being [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] The girls were all grown up. [REDACTED] was in the army and most of the girls had kids around my age. They had another daughter called [REDACTED] who had died well before we arrived. [REDACTED] [REDACTED] the rest of them were all grown up and working.
9. I think things were relatively normal when we arrived. I was really quite young. We called them mum and dad. I do remember knowing that they were not our parents, I don't think [REDACTED] knew though. I also remember having to make the decision if we wanted to stay or not. Obviously we decided to stay but things were all right in the very beginning. I think that I was a toddler and when we had been there maybe two weeks someone was asking us if we wanted to stay. I don't remember who that was but I

think it may have been [REDACTED]. Whoever it was I remember it was a nice person who was asking.

10. We moved from [REDACTED] to [REDACTED] and that is when it soon became apparent things were rather odd. When we were at [REDACTED] Mr EYO [REDACTED] had a stroke. I remember there being another foster kid there called [REDACTED] who was from Dumfries. He was alright actually and he was about 3 years older than me. We then moved to [REDACTED]. We ended up back at [REDACTED] staying at number [REDACTED]. We couldn't have initially stayed at [REDACTED] long, maybe a year because [REDACTED], who I call my sister, said I wasn't at school. I did start school from [REDACTED] and although I am not one hundred percent sure when we moved to [REDACTED] I think I started the academy when we went back to [REDACTED] because Mrs EYN [REDACTED] bought me a blazer and I remember thinking she had ruined my life buying that. Each of these addresses were council houses.
11. There were a couple of kids, I don't really remember them, who stayed briefly with the EYO-EYN [REDACTED] as well when we were there. It was a little boy and girl, they were blonde, and they were in the same room as me as they had a double bed and I had a different double bed. That was in [REDACTED]. They were around the same age as me because I remember the wee lassie and feel bad because how I behaved over my big and small Tiny Tears dolls. She took my favourite one and to cut a long story short I gave her it but being a young child my compassion soon wore off. I wanted my doll back and I ended up bashing her with the other one and taking my doll back. I then remember them leaving and I always felt guilty thinking they left because of me. Now I am older I would be glad if they left because of me as she didn't go through what I did.
12. Mrs EYN [REDACTED]'s best friend was a social worker called Ann Robertson and she became our social worker. Ann Robertson lived with Mrs EYN [REDACTED]'s brother [REDACTED] and she remained our social worker for almost all of the time we lived with the EYO-EYN [REDACTED].
13. I believe Mrs EYN [REDACTED] was fully aware of all the abuse I endured whilst in her care. In all the time that we stayed with the EYO-EYN [REDACTED] we never thought we hated her, we thought

we loved her. We would kiss her on the cheek before leaving for school every morning. We would tell her that we loved her.

### **Routine at Foster Care, Mr and Mrs EYO-EYN, Lockerbie**

#### *First day*

14. I don't remember anything about my first day but I remember the back garden with there being a bit of brick wall before a fence which had nettles on the other side. Two old ladies stayed next door. After falling in the garden they gave me pop and biscuits regularly. I have fleeting moments of remembering first meeting some of the family at different times when they came to the house but nothing more than that. I don't really remember the first house at [REDACTED]
15. [REDACTED] was a semi-detached house and when you went in the front door there was a bedroom which was Mr and Mrs EYO-EYN room and there was also the living room and kitchen with a Belfast sink on that floor. There was a staircase taking you up to three bedrooms, a bathroom and quite a long landing. That is where I used to hide from the witches at Christmas. I don't really know if it was them or not I was hiding from but I just remember the witches. I remember always being frightened and always hiding, nine times out of ten under the covers. I remember the garden as you go out the back door, down the steps and there was a bit of a dip in the garden. Behind the fence there were houses but there were no fences separating the houses to either side. I don't actually remember where I slept I just remember being downstairs with the EYO-EYN a lot. When I think of sleeping times it takes me to their bed.
16. We had to move to [REDACTED] as Mr EYO had his stroke and the bathroom was on the ground level. When you walked in the back door you hit the kitchen, through the kitchen into the living room and through there into the hallway and front door. There was a set of stairs which led up to the bedrooms. My bedroom was at the front of the house but I am not sure about the rest of the bedrooms. I think I got a cabin bed when I lived here. There was also a chairlift put in for Mr EYO.

17. The second house we lived in at [REDACTED] was much the same as the first one. It was straight across the road and down an alleyway. The front door was on the side of the house so when you walked in the front door there was a toilet and stairs. When you went round there was the living room. There used to be a kitchen door off the hall but she took that out as she said we were sneaky. That meant you had to go through the living room then into a dining room and then into the kitchen. Upstairs there was a bedroom over the alleyway, bathroom, [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] room, Mrs EYN [REDACTED] room and my room. Mr EYO [REDACTED] died when we stayed in this house.

*Mornings and bedtime*

18. I always remember having separate bedrooms from my brothers in every house we stayed in. On school days Mrs EYN [REDACTED] would always shout us in the morning. I would always be awake and fully clothed before anyone else. I think it was half seven she shouted and after breakfast we would walk to school. Even mornings became a competition between me and my brothers with them sleeping in their school clothes to try and get up before me. They never did.
19. Mrs EYN [REDACTED] decided when bedtime was. I don't really know what time it would be, it was just bed. School nights there was a specific routine so I would think it was eight or half eight we were in bed. I would describe everything as very regimental so every days routine was the same. At bedtime we would kiss her on the cheek and tell her we loved her.

*Mealtimes/Food*

20. Every morning Mrs EYN [REDACTED] had laid the breakfast out and I always hated it because I couldn't eat in the mornings. That was the beginning of hell each day, I kicked it off every morning and it would be made to be my fault. I couldn't eat breakfast and even as an adult I still cannot.

21. Breakfast was things like cereals but on a Sunday we had to make a Sunday breakfast. They considered the Sabbath as their day of rest so the kids had to see to breakfast and anything else. I remember having to stand on a stool to reach the cooker.
22. Mealtimes were always difficult, if you did eat it was greed not need and if you didn't you got called names and told you were ungrateful and wasteful. I was made to eat food many times. I am amazed I have any teeth left the way the spoon rattled off my teeth when I didn't want to eat. At evening meals it was [REDACTED] who caused the problems as he would eat so much bread with his dinner.
23. We got school dinners which was at lunchtime so when we got back after school it was dinner time. If it was something like eggy bread I hated it and would be forced to eat it. If I was sick I got an even bigger hiding and would have to clean it up as well.
24. When I think about whether we had enough food what I remember is feeling I wanted to be left alone a lot and if that meant foregoing food then I would. I would say there was food, it was there but I just wasn't brave enough to take it, unlike [REDACTED]
25. We had set times for being fed, we didn't ever go in saying we were hungry if it wasn't a mealtime. If you missed a mealtime because you were out playing that was it. You would be told that we know what time we get fed. We were not able to go and help ourselves to something like a biscuit. In the last house in [REDACTED] she took the door off to the kitchen you could access from the hallway. That meant you had to go through the living room to get into the kitchen because she thought we were stealing. For some reason she was obsessed with the fact we were thieves and I have never been a thief in my life. My brother on the other hand was caught stealing as a young child and he was branded as such his whole life.

#### *Washing/bathing*

26. I don't have a lot of memories but I know we were clean kids. I don't recall Mrs [REDACTED] EYN being in the bathroom very often and when I think about it now I think it was rather easy for Mr [REDACTED] EYO and his boys to get into the bathroom at bath times. I do remember

I had very long hair and she had to wash it for me but I think she would leave me in the bath after that. I don't know if she left the door open or what but it wasn't very long before one of them would arrive. It became normal that their hands would go in the water and I would be abused.

27. As I got older I bathed a lot. I remember one year my friends bought me a bottle of Dettol and a wire scrubbing brush because I used to always bath in the stuff. I felt contaminated or that I was a contagion. I was always quick, in the morning I could be in and out the shower before anyone was awake.

#### *Clothing/uniform*

28. We were always decently clothed and Mrs EYN chose all our clothes. Mrs EYN was a pillar of the fostering community. I wouldn't have said we had the latest of gear but it was okay. Now looking back I would say there was a marginal difference between [REDACTED] and us. She was so bad to him, like she used to try and make him wear wellies in fourth year. She bought him trousers which were a horrible colour and he hated them. I became tired of the aggro over them. He would refuse to wear them. He would be made to wear them and the fights and hidings kept going. It was all about those trousers which were the elephant in the room so when I was ironing I deliberately burned them and what a mess. Mrs EYN did try to get me to sew them, that's how twisted and horrible she was, like an old witch. She relented in the end and at least he didn't have to wear them. When I look at a few pictures my auntie [REDACTED] took you can see [REDACTED] has patches on his jeans and [REDACTED] and I didn't.

#### *Leisure time*

29. I remember playing with my brothers out in the garden at [REDACTED] Kids were seen and not heard so we spent a lot of time outside. In [REDACTED] I remember up the back there were woods next to the golf course. The boys and I, at that time, thought it was a forest but it turns out years later it was a scabby wee wood. Beyond that was the [REDACTED] so we could run for miles basically. I would say that the boys and



I spent a lot of time playing outside from the time we were very small in the days when you went out to play as babies really.

30. If we were not at school then we would have been outside playing. Mrs EYN wanted us to do outside clubs like the Brownies and I think she would have liked for me to have done things like become the gala queen. She would have liked to have indulged in me wearing the petticoats, ribbons in my hair, the crown and things like that. That wasn't what I was about as I was more of a tomboy. It wasn't a gender thing, I knew I was a girl and I enjoyed being a girl sometimes but most times I behaved like a boy and I don't know what that was all about.

#### *Trips and holidays*

31. We would go on caravan holidays sometimes to see family and the boys would sleep in the caravan but I would sleep in the house. The family didn't stay far away, some of them lived at Dalbeattie. and EPN worked on farms which had tied houses so we would go there for holidays. We went away at least once a year and always to one of the farms her sons worked on. They seemed to be a farming family so other members of their family had farms and we would go there too. We did get the odd holiday when we went to Ayr and Wales. We also went to Powfoot which I thought was miles and miles away and it turns out it was just round the corner. When Mr EYO wasn't able to drive or after he died one of EYO-EYN boys would come and take the caravan to wherever we were going.
32. Mrs EYN bugged off to Australia to see a sister or something like that. I remember the year she went was the year of my thirteenth birthday. She brought me back presents including a nightie with 'shower me with love' on the front. We spent the six weeks at Cockermouth, with thankfully, at the farm. It wasn't too bad. Although we still got hidings from him there was none of the other stuff going on.

### *Schooling*

33. My schools remained the same throughout my time with the EYO-EYN. I went to Lockerbie Primary School and then Lockerbie Academy.
34. I got on all right at school. At school I laughed and then I laughed some more. That is all I did. I didn't achieve any form of scholarship. Whether I could or not I don't know. For me leaving that house in the morning and going to school was like I left the person I was at home and she no longer existed when I was at school. My friends all expected me to make them laugh and if they didn't I would do what I could to change that. It was what kept me sane, going to school and having a laugh. After school when I got to the garden and touched that gate post the world changed and there I was back in that world where I just shrank like Mrs Pepperpot. Outside I felt I was somebody and back home I was nobody. At home I didn't want to be noticed I just did what I needed to do to survive another day.
35. I remember going to see a psychologist once, as an adult, and she asked what was the earliest emotion I remember and when I thought about it, it was worry. I worried about homework, going on holiday, coming back home, when I was at school I worried about going back home. Sometimes I just worried myself sick and it was just awful. That is why, I think, when it came to homework or things at school I never spoke to any of the EYO-EYN. It wasn't a worry about asking for help as there was no help. I would worry about what I would tell the teacher or whether I could do whatever work I was given. Normally when kids get into trouble at school they would beg the teacher not to tell their mum and dad but for us it was real, we genuinely believed they would kill us.

### *Sex Education*

36. Mrs EYN used to go on about not wanting me to go out and get pregnant long before an age that it would ever have been appropriate. She spoke about me like I was a slapper when the reality was the problem was what was going on behind the closed doors of her house.

37. I started my periods quite early on and it was one of the things [REDACTED] boys hated the most. For me it was all part of the self-loathing as they would notice your boobs getting bigger and they noticed I was going through puberty. It wasn't Mrs [REDACTED], my sister or the school nurse it was [REDACTED] boys as they got to see things about my body no other people would see. I never told Mrs [REDACTED] because in her mind I would be a 'filthy little bitch' who now could go and get pregnant with any of the boys in the town. In the beginning I would go to my pal's mum to get sanitary products. I was told things about periods in school. I remember there was a time in [REDACTED] when I hadn't had a period for four months and Mrs [REDACTED] was convinced I was pregnant. I could have only been twelve years or younger so surely it should never have been a consideration. She took me to the doctors to check if I was pregnant but it turned out I was anaemic and I needed iron tablets.

38. I also remember sitting in biology when I was between twelve and fourteen years old and it was sex education with a cartoon of a man and a woman and a picture of what they were doing. It just clicked, for all I should have known because I was older. I don't mean I didn't know about sex, at that age everyone at school was talking about it. I suppose what clicked was if that is what sex is then I should have a choice. I always knew what was happening to me wasn't right and it wasn't something I should be talking about. That class didn't make me rush to go and tell my teacher I was being abused though.

#### *Healthcare / medication*

39. I had lots of urine infections that no-one ever questioned. We had the usual measles, mumps and whatnot. We broke our arms and had to get stitches to injuries but just kids growing up type of things. I can remember when I was very young and I was on the sofa in [REDACTED] feeling very unwell with the measles, mumps or some other childhood ailment. I think this could have been not too long after the abuse had started. Dr McQueen had been called and I remember flipping, like screaming at him to get his hands off me. This was definitely not my nature as a kid, I was a mouse, so when I think back the only explanation I have for my reaction was the abuse I was now victim of.

40. I'm sure we had to go to the doctors yearly for a check-up but I do have a doctors record in my files which said I was five foot six inches apparently when I was thirteen and I am five foot one inch now. I have never been that tall in my life so I would say that records don't seem to be all that accurate. It was Doctors McQueen and Hill that we saw in Lockerbie.
41. I remember getting put on anti-depressants when I was quite young, I would say I was about nine. I remember going to bed every night and praying I wouldn't wake up. I fell out with god then because obviously every morning I did wake up but it still felt like I was dead anyway. I remember they blamed my depression on Mr EYO dying but it wasn't that at all. Mrs EYN said she was fed up listening to me crying in the middle of the night. At that time I wasn't sleeping, I wasn't washing and in fact I wasn't doing a great deal. I remember feeling overwhelming sadness, hopelessness and fear as Mrs EYN had told me that when people die they watched down on you which left me not knowing where Mr EYO was. I didn't know if he was in my room, was watching me or touching me and that left me with nowhere to hide at all. It felt like the worst thing in the world that feeling. I didn't want to sleep or go in the shower in case he was there. It really messed with my head and it felt like madness even at that age. Obviously they could abuse me whenever they got the opportunity but this fear left me feeling it was happening everywhere and all the time. It meant all of the places I could feel safe were no longer safe for me. It took me quite some time to get round this and deal with it.
42. The anti-depressant tablets had the days of the week written on them. I had to take one every day of the week. There is definitely a record of this as I have gone back and checked my medical files. I don't know how long I was on them, I guess until I felt better. I did start to feel better I suppose so I don't rightly know if something happened or the tablets worked. I remember feeling less anxious, frightened, sad and more than anything hopeless.
43. I also remember Mrs EYN taking asthma attacks and the doctor would be called out. Then we would be told how poorly she was and how very important it was that we

looked after her and took very good care of her. Like idiots we swallowed every spoonful and took very good care of her.

#### *Religious instruction*

44. I don't know if I would say it was a religious house. Sunday was the Sabbath day and day of rest. We were referred to as a bunch of heathens because we wouldn't go to Sunday School. I don't know how we got away with not going because we never got a choice in anything else. I did have a bible and Mrs <sup>EYN</sup> took it off me because she said it made me depressed.
45. Mr and Mrs <sup>EYO-EYN</sup> didn't go to church but they did bring us up with the fear of god and not with the love of god. We would go to church with them for the religious festivals like Christmas and Easter. Sometimes we would go with the school and most of the time we would go to church it was through things like school or the Brownies.

#### *Work*

46. I remember doing the dishes from a time I was high enough to stand on a stool and reach the sink. Over the years I did all the housework including the ironing. I was taught that my place was beneath the men in the world. Certainly by the time I left I had been doing all the housework as Mrs <sup>EYN</sup> was an old woman. Every Sunday I was kept in to do the housework and I don't mean just hoovering and polishing. I had to do the doorframes and handles, the bath and shower including down the plug holes. Sometimes I would have the windows to do too. It wasn't just staying in to do chores it was a full on proper clean. Sometimes I hated it as I would miss out on other things.

#### *Birthdays and Christmas*

47. Every Christmas we got toys and presents. It was a big family so these celebrations would bring lots of them together to our house. At Christmas time they could have 25 family members in that house so there was lots going on and plenty of opportunity for these people to abuse.

48. Birthdays weren't celebrated as much and I only remember the nice ones and there were not many of them. We always got a card but I think that was the social workers who had to mark these occasions.
49. Alcohol didn't play a part in celebrations, maybe the odd glass of sherry, and it wasn't really part of living with the EYO-EYN. I wish sometimes it had played a part as that could have been an excuse.

#### *Pocket Money*

50. We got twenty pence at the weekend, normally on the Saturday and we could go to the shop.

#### *Personal Possessions*

51. Although we got toys for Christmas and had them to play with any personal things like jewellery was taken off me. I remember when my papa [REDACTED] died he left us these glass ornaments which would probably be worth a fortune now. They were taken and anything like that, any kind of jewellery from family, majorette medals and other stuff from school were also taken. I don't know if it was taken because I was young, to be given at a later date when I would appreciate it. When we left we didn't get these things back.

#### *Family Contact*

52. My dad's sister, my auntie [REDACTED], used to visit. She was one of those people who was so perfect it must have made it difficult to live in such an imperfect world but she always came. I think she would have been about fourteen or fifteen when we were taken from my dad and she applied through the courts for her own rights to see us as children. My granny and grandad dropped her off every birthday and Christmas for years. For as long as I can remember auntie [REDACTED] has been there. I cannot say it is

the greatest relationship but she is the only one who visited regularly. She would bring us presents from her and other family members.

53. I think auntie [REDACTED] was very brave to come and visit us. I don't know that I could have sat in such an atmosphere and force her rights in a place where it was made very clear to her by Mrs EYN [REDACTED] that she wasn't welcome.
54. Auntie [REDACTED] took us to see our grandparents and there are pictures of us. I was maybe eight or nine when I met them for the first time. I remember her picking us up and taking us so it was after she passed her driving test. When I first met my granny I said to her something like 'aw right granny?' and she said don't call me granny that makes me feel old. She told me to call her nana. My first thought of her was I didn't like her. My papa was just the joker. I also met auntie [REDACTED] We got to stay overnight with auntie [REDACTED] then.

*Hearings/external inspections*

55. Miss Hawthorn retired and Ann Robertson took over as our social worker. There were other social workers who came and took over for a while after Ann Robertson but before David Baird.
56. We got very regular visits from social work although my files would tell you otherwise. There is not one single record of any review from any meeting that we had. Ann Robertson was supposed to do a review every year when she should ask about how we were, if we were happy living with the EYO-EYN [REDACTED] and things like that. She did do these but when I said I wasn't happy and didn't want to live there she would dismiss me. I knew better than to answer back or argue with adults. I remember one occasion her and Mrs EYN [REDACTED] putting guilt trips on me about my brothers. They said things like 'where did I think they would go' and 'how would they be in a new place'. They also made me feel guilty about Mrs EYN [REDACTED] having asthma and how I made her feel by not wanting to live with her.

57. At these reviews, which were in our house with Mrs EYN present, I would sometimes be asked why I didn't want to stay with the EYO-EYN and I would just say it was because I didn't want to. I think I said as much after left and they probably thought it was to do with him being away. I don't think I said any more than that to be honest. I was a broken kid inside the house but outside the house I wasn't. I think I became very good at hiding the things that needed to be hidden.
58. I remember one of us must have said something about getting beaten with some sort of weapon and Ann Robertson told us that we shouldn't worry as a report had been made and Mrs EYN had been told she wasn't supposed to hit us like that. I think that was the first time I realised we shouldn't be hit like that. We soon learned not to remind Mrs EYN of that as it just made things worse. It was like a wee glimmer of self-empowerment that soon got whacked out of us again.
59. Ann Robertson had a way of always making everything our fault. I suppose now with the benefit of hindsight she was very manipulative and would put things in my head which shouldn't be there bearing in mind I was just a little girl.
60. When Mrs EYN found out the things I said about not wanting to be there she would either make it nicer for a while or make me feel so guilty and make it about my brothers. When they heard they would help her reinforce that. They were present at the reviews too. I thought of the reviews as a review for the three of us not for me as an individual.

#### *Discipline*

61. Being sent to bed was used to punish us and that could mean you missed out on dinner if you had been sent to bed before the meal. Everything was very regimental and we knew our place, especially me being the girl. My place was beneath every man in the house in every respect not just for the housework.



**Abuse at Foster Care, Mr and Mrs EYO-EYN, Lockerbie**

██████████, Lockerbie

62. It is hard to put an order on things but when I was young Mrs EYN would put me in the bed with her and Mr EYO started sexually abusing me from that time. I believe Mrs EYN must have known because sometimes she would move me to her side over away from him and sometimes she would leave me. When I try to work out when this happened it is confusing for me because there was so many of them. Mr EYO started first but some of his sons started too.
63. Mr EYO son EPN was actually really nice and I thought he was the bee's knees and he thought the same about me. Then he got this girlfriend called ██████████ who in the end he married. I cannot actually tell you what changed that day but he came in and I was down stairs and he shoved me on the bed and did a few things to me. He asked me, I mean begged me, not to tell anyone because ██████████ wouldn't love him and nor would she marry him. When I asked ██████████ how old I would have been at that time she said I wasn't even at school then. I cannot tell you how old I was then but he was one of the main abusers as was his father.
64. EYU used to visit. I don't know where he was at that time, maybe living at the farm. At that stage, when I look back, he used to have his hand sitting in the wrong place when I was little and be touching places he shouldn't. EYU, EPN and Mr EYO were all abusing me separately.
65. EPO used to come home from the army and he used to take me to the Gala and out in the car. That's when the touching started with EPO. He was like his dad in that he liked to bring a towel out of the bathroom and put it under me to catch anything when he was abusing me. He also used to like to spit on his fingers as well before he did what he had to do.
66. I remember Mrs EYN had been out shopping and she had left EPO to babysit and back in the day there was divan beds and they were very high. All I remember is I was

eye level with that as I walked into the bedroom he scooped me up, put me on his knee and that was the first time I had ever felt anyone in my back passage.

67. Although I cannot put dates to the things that happened to me I can be definite that Mr EYO, EYU, EPN and EPO started sexually abusing me in [REDACTED].
68. I remember sliding down the stairs on mattresses and getting a right doing for it. I also remember being carried down the stairs a lot and being put into Mr and Mrs EYO-EYN bedroom.
69. Mrs EYN did try to drown me in the bath at one time in [REDACTED]. In my mind I think that she had worked out what was going on and she didn't know what to do but she wanted rid of me. I think what had happened is I remember we got a new shed and as kids do I was playing on the old door and was sliding down it when a nail pierced into my bum cheek but I wouldn't tell Mrs EYN. I remember standing at the big Belfast sink trying to control the pain by breathing in short gasps. The sink was above me and she came in and just went mad but I don't know why. I don't know if it had something to do with blood on my pants but I think that's what triggered her trying to drown me. I know that sounds very bizarre to someone who lives in the normal world but I think that was probably what the scenario was. One minute I was fine and the next she was trying to drown me calling me all sorts. She was wound up and scrubbing my hair and somehow I end up knocked into the water. One minute she was pulling me out and the next she just broke and pushed me under and kept going. I don't know how it stopped, whether she came to her senses or someone came into the bathroom. I don't rightly remember everything because I was young but I remember that much. Sometimes I think I can still taste the bath water. I remember feeling fear and gasping for air but I don't think I really understood it at that age.

[REDACTED] Lockerbie

70. I cannot remember how old Stuart was when Mr EYO caught him sexually abusing me and gave him the hiding of his life before throwing him down the stairs. I cannot be

certain but I think Stuart started after we had moved to [REDACTED] and if not it was the tail end of when we stayed at [REDACTED]. I remember Mrs EYN [REDACTED] screaming but I didn't move. When it stopped Mr EYO [REDACTED] went in the bathroom and got a towel and came up stairs into my bedroom. He put the towel under my bum and sexually abused me. I know I was young and for me a lot of the bedrooms and landings all look the same.

71. I will never forget the bathroom on the ground floor because Mr EYO [REDACTED], even though he was paralysed from the stroke would still try to grab me and do things to me. That's what I remember, the bathroom and being dragged in there. Although he was paralysed down his left hand side he still had his right hand side working. He still had a mind even though he couldn't communicate and he would try and make me do things including touching him up.

[REDACTED]

72. When Mr EYO [REDACTED] was dying me and my brothers had to go and stay with EYU [REDACTED] and his wife who was an ex-police officer and her name was [REDACTED]. I believe she still uses the surname EYO-EYN [REDACTED] though. They stayed on a farm just outside [REDACTED]. She caught him basically abusing me one morning and she never looked at me or uttered another word from that day forth. I think we had to stay there for another week or maybe two. We returned home and she left him. She actually divorced him and left me to rot. I believe she left him as a result of what she caught him doing to me. Before this happened she made a point of making me someone, she sat me on her knee, she put the rags in my hair and would brush my hair. She made me all part of being in the family but then when she caught her husband abusing me she left and didn't do anything to protect me. Mrs EYN [REDACTED] used to send me to clean his house after she left and he continued to sexually abuse me. [REDACTED], EYU [REDACTED] ex-wife, is now in the Kilmarnock area.

73. Mrs EYN [REDACTED], as far as I am concerned, knew what was going on and this is why what happened when it all came to head doesn't make any sense to me. When I was about thirteen all I know is I woke up and the bedroom door was opened and she was there.

Stuart was in my bed at the bottom of it as it wasn't my face he was interested in. Initially I didn't even know he was there but that was nothing new. She put the light on and she saw me lying in bed and she saw him. She was calling me things like a "filthy little bitch" whilst telling him to get up and out of my bed. She told me to come with her and took me into her room and pointed to one of the beds. There were two beds as Mr <sup>EYO</sup> had died by then. I got into the spare bed and in the night I can remember her asking me where I thought I was going. I told her I was going to the toilet and she told me to switch the light on so she could make sure I didn't take any detours and I think at that moment something changed for me. I got up the next morning and it was the usual calling me names like "filthy bitch" and telling me I cannot do this or cannot do that [REDACTED] I turned to her and said something along the lines of 'don't you tell me you don't know fuck all and I will tell you this much, it stops. You either stop it or I will' I turned and left the house and by then I was a snivelling wee wreck and got to my pal's house still a snivelling wreck and got to school. By nine in the morning no-one could have told there was anything wrong with me. Not even a teacher would have been able to tell anything was wrong. In fact I had a great day.

74. Mrs <sup>EYN</sup> behaved strangely as sometimes she would not let Stuart near me. She would send him away to [REDACTED] the farm or just make sure he never got the opportunity to get to me. Then other times it was like she didn't give a crap. I don't know why, maybe she didn't have the heart or whatever or maybe she didn't give a shit what he was doing to me.
75. Once when a new social worker came to see us I remember afterwards getting a real doing from Mrs <sup>EYN</sup>. Whatever it was I remember her angrily asking what I had said to the social worker. It came as a shock as I hadn't specifically went out of my way to say anything. She said the social worker had wanted to take us away from her. She was ranting and either [REDACTED] or Ann Robertson was there and she said the social worker didn't think this was a fit place for us to be staying. Whatever we did or said that social worker was under the impression there was something wrong. Mrs <sup>EYN</sup> could sometimes be very handy and although she walked about in her tartan baffies she could grab you by the hair and get you down before kicking you around the face and body.

*General*

76. The only males [REDACTED] who did not abuse me sexually were [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. The only males who raped me anally were EPO [REDACTED] and Stuart. Every one of my abusers sexually abused me in all different ways including vaginal rape. I believe they were all aware that the others were abusing me even though they didn't do this at the same time. Stuart and EPO [REDACTED] were definitely aware of each other.
77. From a very young age I was sexually assaulted repeatedly and this involved rape even at the beginning. It didn't matter who was or was not staying in the house because they would come and visit. Both EPO [REDACTED] and EPN [REDACTED] got married and lived away from home at some point but I cannot be clear on dates. On occasions like Christmas the whole family would be over and again kids were seen and not heard so when people came round we were sent upstairs to our bedrooms to mind our own business as such. I was an easy target then and they would come up the stairs and that was nine times out of ten where they would get a hold of me. On the family occasions they would come up to my bed, I would wake up and one of them would be there. If we went on holidays they would be there, wherever we went it just continued.
78. There were other times when one of them would come and take me places or take me to their houses. Sometimes they would say their wife was coming and I would be keen to go but then they would either take me home on their own or somehow get a hold of me wherever we were.
79. Although they never sexually abused me together they would sexually abuse me in front of other people. My brothers just accepted that this was normal behaviour. In later years my sister [REDACTED]'s son wrote me a letter of conscience or whatever you would call it. He told me he witnessed things that I didn't even recall that had happened. [REDACTED] witnessed things. [REDACTED] asked me why [REDACTED] was coming into my room at night time and I told him. Mrs EYN [REDACTED] would never believe a word he said as she hated him so the best he did was if he heard anything he would get up on the pretence of going to the toilet to try and divert them.

80. Even times like walking in the woods whoever it was would just send my brothers away, they would bribe them along the lines of giving them fifty pence if they went along to the glen. By the time [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] were old enough they thought it was normal and thought that was what I was there for anyway. They didn't fight for me because they didn't know any better. There were times when my brothers would tell me to 'c'mon' because they thought I was causing trouble by refusing to do whatever [REDACTED] EYO-EYN [REDACTED] was wanting me to do. My brothers didn't understand for a long time that that was not what I was there for.
81. EPO [REDACTED] had a job working on a wagon and Mrs EYN [REDACTED] would send me with him and he would sexually abuse me on these trips. She used to make me go, I didn't have a choice. A lot of abuse happened within that wagon. It wasn't just there though and it wasn't as if he was that quiet about it, sometimes he would take me to the park or for an ice-cream and would sexually abuse me in public places as long as it was secluded enough.
82. I remember getting dragged into building sites by Stuart but also he would abuse me up the Has Hill or in the woods I think he was about five years older than me but for some reason he was young enough to be hanging about with us anyway.
83. They pitted me and my brothers against each other and it was just like being treated like dogs. If we wanted something we were made to fight for it. It was confusing for [REDACTED] and I don't want to paint a picture that wasn't true and it's important to remember we were children at the end of the day. [REDACTED] was my oldest brother but he was like the youngest. [REDACTED] was all right really as he was the baby and he didn't have a lot of memories. He loved Mrs EYN [REDACTED] as if she was his mother and that made things different for him. There was only ever one of everything so if you wanted it then you had to fight to get it.
84. Mrs EYN [REDACTED] would send us to the ice cream van and would make an ice cream drink and we would be sitting there like three little dogs. Basically there would only be one glass to be licked and so whoever got the glass would have had to get it off the others.

We had to fight each other or steal things and blame each other. Even normal things like doing the dishes became a game of who could hit the hardest didn't have to do them. When we were left with any of the boys we could be made to fight like king of the ring and sometimes we would have weapons. We fought until the one of us didn't fight any more. The weapons could be bats or boxing gloves. I remember getting the boxing gloves laced up and we had to wear our shorts before smashing each other's legs with them. [REDACTED] EYO-EYN [REDACTED] would light candles and pour hot wax on the softest parts of our skin to see who could take it the most. It was almost like a game, for bets, to see who was the hardest.

85. [REDACTED] caught EPO [REDACTED] sexually abusing me once and he blackmailed me because that was the way we had been brought up. He found out I was being abused and he then abused me by threatening me. He tried to use the abuse I was suffering against me. The blackmail involved me doing whatever he wanted me to do. There were even times when he did try to make sexual advances towards me. He obviously thought whatever I was doing for them I should be doing for him. Whenever he did try all I could think of was he was my little brother and there was no way I would let him behave like that to me. It didn't stop him pissing all over me. He even set my long hair on fire, there was just lots of different things. Even times when Mrs EYN [REDACTED] was away out and I would try to resist any of the sexual abuse my brothers never defended me. It was never a case that I was their sister and should be protected. It was more like questioning what I was doing by not co-operating. It just seemed everything caused shit and trouble and everything was based on violence. I was up against boys and that just made me hard, harder than I needed to be and probably made me a bit of a bully.
86. If you read the paper before Mr EYO [REDACTED] you got walloped, if you didn't ask to leave the table you got walloped, if you didn't eat the bread on the table you got walloped and called "ungrateful bastards" but if you ate it you got walloped for being greedy. If you used sauce on your dinner it meant you didn't like the taste of Mrs EYN [REDACTED]'s cooking so you would get walloped but if you didn't use the sauce you were ungrateful and wasteful so you got walloped anyway. That was how we lived and it wasn't normal. I would have starved myself rather than cause ructions whereas [REDACTED] would go for the bread and it would start. I used to think he was the weak one but now I question that.

87. The derogatory way they all spoke to us was another way of life. Mrs EYN swore but she wasn't that much of a swearer actually. Her sons were swearers but they were like grown men and Mr EYO also swore at us calling us horrible names.
88. Ann Robertson was round at the house a lot and Mrs EYN didn't hide anything in front of her. She would hit us and speak to us in the way she always did. She also went on about the boy thing and about me going out and getting pregnant even though I was a young girl. I don't think it would take a very good social worker much to have a clue of what was going on by the things coming out of Mrs EYN's mouth. The three of us always had bruises on us all the time from them hitting us and all Ann Robertson would say to Mrs EYN was that if she was going to hit us to please only use her hands and nothing else.
89. caught Stuart sexually abusing me and there was a holy ruckus with her threatening to call the police and the social workers and everything was going down in the right sense. The next thing was I was hauled down the stairs and was told by Mrs EYN that I would not have sex with she said I was a 'filthy little bitch' and other things like that. I was often called filthy but of all the words that would make me crumble it was bitch. scuttled off and never said anything. When I try to think what age I was then I put it around the time I realised no one was coming to save me and that was probably when I was about nine. I cannot say for sure what age I was and I don't know the age I was in most of the houses we stayed in.
90. I remember that Stuart used to strangle me with my long hair when he was sexually abusing me. He used to wrap my hair round by neck and pull it tight enough to knock me out. He went through a stage of making me go unconscious.
91. EPN was just really nasty and whenever he came round he just took his opportunity.
92. Throughout my life it just went on that there was always one of them abusing me, it never changed. There were moments when it was all very normal, when Santa came and we went on holiday every year. We had clothes. The picture was painted very well



so there was comfort in amongst it all like home comforts and things like that. We had beds and I had Cindy dolls and I loved Cindy dolls. It's hard to explain just how normal they appeared even though they were all abnormal. It wasn't like if I went to an uncles house I would be abused but I couldn't prevent that and get away from it. At home I would be abused often every day and it went on every year I was with them. It was present all the time and if it wasn't one it would be another. Even on days like Christmas they would all bash in and take their turn, they would sneak in at different times and ruin the whole day. I have no idea if they planned it or if they were even aware of each other. Being woken up to be told that Santa has been wasn't the way it should have been.

93. If I wasn't being sexually abused then my brothers and I were being beaten. If Mrs EYN felt that we were getting out of hand she would phone ██████████ would come over and batter us telling us that we were "ungrateful little bastards" and that we were to be grateful as no one else would want or take us. It was like a mantra. EYO-EYN ██████████ and ██████████ were responsible for hitting us over the years we stayed with them. They used to put us up against each other, and Stuart was the most twisted with this. We used to hurt each other, we used to bite and kick, and we would do whatever we needed to do.
94. As we got older Mrs EYN would leave Stuart to babysit and he would make us take punishment for stuff. If we wanted something we would have to be hurt with maybe a dead leg to see how many times we could take a punch from him, eat dog food, take hot wax or heat up metal with a lighter and put it on our skin. It was all stuff like that and that was just for anything like if we wanted a biscuit or wanted to go out. It was a case of if you want something you had to do something for it. Stuart would put my brothers up against me so they would hold me down and taunt me whilst he was abusing me.
95. One year we went on holiday and ██████████ and ██████████ ended up robbing some money off Mrs EYN and spending it. ██████████ never did get into any bother as he was the golden boy but ██████████ got a right good hiding with one of those fishing nets the children use. The type with the small net at the end of a long cane. Normal children would be happy

to get them but we never felt like that because we would end up getting them rattled across our backsides if we didn't behave ourselves. [REDACTED] had got welts and by the time he went back to school there were marks across his legs. The school reported it but Ann Robertson being Ann Robertson cleared all that up and it went nowhere. That happened on a few occasions that she cleared things up that had been reported.

96. Things like our cricket sets and baseball bats were all put behind the sofa as that was where they put the stuff we would get a hiding with. It seems that any toy we ever got we ended up getting a hiding with it. The last sofa we had in [REDACTED] it was like a corner sofa so the stuff was put behind that in the corner. If we didn't have a bigger sofa then they would be put down the side of a chair. Mr EYO [REDACTED] also used a belt. I don't know if he had it from the navy or what. When he had his stroke Mrs EYN [REDACTED] took over so we still got the belt. It was a stinger and it still makes my legs jump just thinking of it.
97. It transpires my older brother [REDACTED] was being sexually abused by EPO [REDACTED]. I kind of worked it out over the years but it is not a question you ask especially if you don't want the answer. I just thought if I wait until I was sixteen then my brothers would be alright and that they needed a home and whatever pittance it was I thought we had living with the EYO-EYN [REDACTED]. I thought if I kept quiet that we would be alright. It turns out by keeping quiet I signed their death warrants too. I know that EPO [REDACTED] molested [REDACTED] at some point and I had information about it that I gave to my solicitor. There is a statement from my brother but I have never read it and I don't want to read it but it is there and available if it is ever relevant. [REDACTED] will never be heard as he died when he was 42.
98. [REDACTED] told me that EPO [REDACTED] once tried to molest him and that he didn't know what he did or said but he never tried again. I don't know if that is the truth or not but what I know is that [REDACTED] has been in the grip of addiction for so long now I don't know if he would be able to make sense of any of it. I know that he has tried many times to get clean but in my opinion it would be cruel. It instantly takes him back twenty years and he wakes up like he was then and not how he is now. [REDACTED] is lost and has been lost for years.

99. My sister [REDACTED] never walked in on any active abuse happening to me. When she used to stay she would sleep with me and it was wonderful. When I got my cabin bed she used to have her own bed but I still used to sneak in and she would wake me up. There were a few occasions she came in and they were under the covers drunk and passed out. Heads under the covers and bodies slumped sitting on the stool. I would be oblivious. I used to waken up and they would be there. I would go to sleep and would waken up and they would be on me or in me and as the years went by sometimes I didn't even know they had visited other than the fact they got out of my bed at some point in the night. You would think it would be difficult to get to a wean in the middle of the night, something like the Chrystal Maze, and get away with that but clearly it doesn't work that way.

#### **Reporting of abuse at Foster Care, EYO-EYN [REDACTED], Lockerbie**

100. Over the years I have told a few friends and some of their mums but they either didn't believe me or didn't want involved. It was like I had never said anything. It just burst into air before it hit anyone's ears almost. I had one friend in particular and she thought it was great as she was into Stuart. She just didn't get it but I think she was just thick. I remember saying to [REDACTED] and [REDACTED], my friends, at either [REDACTED] or [REDACTED]. I am not altogether certain which of the two, what had been happening to me. EPO [REDACTED] had had an operation on his private parts because it was all shaved and there was something not right with it anyway. Maybe he had got the snip, I don't know. I told her to pretend she was asleep when he comes later on and she did. I know she heard what he was doing to me and when I said something about the white stuff she burst out laughing and he jumped up and left the room. She was one of the ones years later that said they didn't know to the police. I know she knew but whether it is a case of her not wanting to get involved or just not wanting to remember, I don't know. I know when it all came out what had been happening to me her mum wheeked her right out of the way and wouldn't let her have anything to do with me but that sort of thing happened right across the board anyway.

101. I have seen Ann Robertson's comments in my files that I was a very good looking child and that I was very aware of it. Whatever that means. I don't know what she meant but a lot of my childhood was laced like that. Everything was my fault so if there was ever a suspicion that there was sexual behaviour going on I took from the comments that it would be because it was my fault and she thought of me as a filthy wee bitch as well. I know that's not what is in black and white but that's what I took her comments to infer. I think back and wonder if she was covering her back for what might come out in years to come or was it my shame because everything for me was shame based.
102. When I went home from school the morning after Mrs EYN had found Stuart sexually abusing me I just remember putting my hand on the gate and thinking my god but when I looked up to the door I could see [REDACTED] and I felt so much relief. The next thing I saw was a copper and I had the feeling that this is not good before I started running. The next thing I know I am in the kitchen and that's when things changed. [REDACTED] later told me after I left for school that morning Mrs EYN had either phoned Ann Robertson or [REDACTED] first. I cannot remember who she said got phoned first. Then [REDACTED] rocked it all off. Mrs EYN said that she had heard me crying in the middle of the night and had got up to see what was wrong with me. I don't understand as she must have heard me many a night before then, I mean going back years before that night. I don't know why she decided to bring it out that day but she did. I wonder if it was when I said she had to fix it or I would but I didn't mean she was to tell the police. I just thought she would send Stuart to [REDACTED] like she normally did and I would get peace for a while from him but maybe not from [REDACTED] if they came back whilst he was away. I had always thought when she sent him away she did it for me but I don't know.
103. Mrs EYN involved Ann Robertson in reporting what she found Stuart doing to me even though she was retired. That was at the very end of my time with Mrs EYN. Ann Robertson tried to get me to recant what I had told my sister [REDACTED]. If they hadn't had phoned [REDACTED] I do not believe anything would have happened. It was [REDACTED] who kicked it all off. I remember Ann Robertson and Mrs EYN telling me that I would never be believed and to think of the consequences for my brothers.

104. I had to go through all of the stuff with the police but even when I had given them my statement they sent me back to Mrs EYN to stay with her for another two weeks. At some point they must have worked out it wasn't such a good idea. By that time I had had about enough. I only told them about Stuart and not any of the other sexual abuse.
105. Eventually Stuart was sentenced to nine years imprisonment. When he got out, he married his solicitor's daughter and they had three kids. I just think why would anyone who is privy to what he did have him near them but that solicitor allowed him to marry his daughter and have three children which I think is disgusting.
106. EYU's ex-wife was contacted by the police after I reported Stuart. I would have thought someone like her might have had a conscience and when the police knocked on her door she didn't take the opportunity to relinquish her guilt. She told them I had brothers and could they not help me and refused to give them a statement. The police officer who was talking to her years later, I don't know when but sometime between 2000-2002, said she refused to help me again. I understand that she told them she knew what I was talking about but was too frightened to help.

#### **Leaving Foster Care, EYO-EYN, Lockerbie**

107. My brother left EYO-EYN's when we stayed at and he went to Closeburn Children's Unit.
108. During the time I was sent back to Mrs EYN after giving the police a statement walked in when Mrs EYN was having a go at me. asked her if she had to speak to me like that and Mrs EYN started getting all dramatic saying she was sorry in a very condescending way, she went on her hands and knees saying things like 'oh forgive me' and things like that in a big show. I swore at her telling her in no uncertain terms to go away before I walked out the door. I went to the train station and my pals came. I was sobbing and they persuaded me to go to the pictures with them. I remember it was a brilliant movie but I sobbed my heart out all the way through. came and asked if I was coming home but I said that I was staying to watch the

movie. He told me to stay at the cinema when the movie finishes and he would come and get me. [REDACTED] was outside with a social worker and that was me moved to the Wendy House.

109. [REDACTED] is not here now and it is wrong because she could have told her story herself. She thought because we were foster kids we would be all right with her family. She never said anything but apparently Mr EYO [REDACTED] had abused her and all her sisters. [REDACTED] said that the night [REDACTED] died Mrs EYN [REDACTED] was screaming that Mr EYO [REDACTED] had killed [REDACTED]. I have no reason to believe he hadn't been lying on top of her and suffocated her but that comes from how I was treated. I believe her death was put down as some sort of cot death related thing.
110. [REDACTED] was the only person on the planet who I believed genuinely loved me and she wanted to help me I think. She did help me and she paid a high price for helping as she lost her entire family. She had to leave the area and she had death threats. In the end I had to stay away from her anyway because I got angry and she had their blood running through her veins. She was the only one for me to lash out at and it wasn't for her to take. I didn't see her for a good decade but thankfully I got back in touch with her and explained the situation. I shouldn't have put all that on her as she stuck by me and she knew what they all were. That's all she could do, she couldn't give the police a statement as she was seeing a psychiatrist as she had her own troubles going on.
111. When we left we left the with clothes on our back and any clothes that were in our drawers. We didn't get to take things like toys. I remember [REDACTED] going mad because he couldn't take his telly.

### **The Wendy House, Dumfries**

112. Secondary Institutions - to be published later
- [REDACTED]



113. I thought I was in the Wendy House for about a year but maybe it wasn't that long. The reason I think I was there longer was I went through the court case and everything that involves when I was there. I went to Edinburgh High Court from the Wendy House. I used to have Stuart's solicitor come and speak to me there and when I went to court I had a social worker sat next to me. When I think about it now Stuart's solicitor was trying to say I was a mucky wee bastard who went sleeping around with folk for fags and sweeties. That was what he was saying to defend Stuart at court. I didn't realise that at the time but I do now with hindsight. The social worker sitting next to me must have realised and never thought to say anything to me about it. I don't think I was properly protected.



114.

115.

116.

### *Schooling*

117. They didn't want us to stay at the same schools but I felt like I fought more than I was supported. I continued to go to Lockerbie Academy. I had to shout, scream and fight to be heard and I kept having to swallow that phrase 'in your best interests' when we tried to tell them what was actually in our best interests. I felt I had to react to decisions that social work made rather than them actually consulting me before they decided on anything. It is probably the only good thing David Baird did for me was to allow us to stay at the same school.
  
118. At school I was putting up with kids telling me that they knew why I left home and acting rape scenes across the counter in the science lab. I was the one who was accused of being aggressive and was pulled out of class. There is very little in my files but apparently the social workers thought I was suicidal. They were idiots, they took me into the English class after I had been through all of that with the **EYO-EYN** and the first assignment was about families and how we thought they should be. You can imagine I was not filtered then so whatever I was saying they must have thought I was suicidal. I don't ever remember anyone at school pulling me to the side and talking about anything like that. I just think they thought we were all right, even at the school they didn't think we needed any special support.

### *Health*



119. I don't know if I was suicidal but I do know I didn't want to be me that was for sure. I did go through the stage of doing things to myself as a twelve year old like hurting myself and taking pills. I don't know if a child that young can decide if they are suicidal or not but if you ask me to think back then I probably was. In my mind I totally messed up big style by reporting what had happened at the EYO-EYN. I just wanted Mrs EYN to make it stop. I felt by me opening my mouth I just got totally punished for it. Even my pals thought I was weird and called me a liar and stuff like that.

*Support after abuse & before/after court case*

120.

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

Secondar Never once were we all sat down in a room to talk, even if just to set each other free of all the things that we did to each other in the EYO-EYN. It was divide and conquer there and they could have helped nurture us and show that beyond our life there was a life where we could forgive each other and heal from all that happened in foster care. I might not have disclosed everything that happened but it was very clear that the three of us were damaged.

121. I don't know if I was given any counselling. As far as I am concerned I have no memory of any counselling or support. There were no appointments that I can recall that I went to on a regular basis or anything like that.

122. When I consider what measures were put in place to help us cope with the abuse in foster care and coming to terms with that I would say nothing official. From our point of view I would say we were free from that house. Secondary Institutions - to be published later

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

123. I don't know if I can really explain it but we had come from a place where you wouldn't dare lift your head from the kitchen table without fear we would be hurt. It was a case of being in a house where kids were seen and not heard. We had been used to so many rules that came with lots of consequences if they were broken and suddenly we could do whatever we wanted and there was no punishment as such. I think that is why we acted out a bit.

124. Secondary Institutions - to be published later



125.

126.

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128. The court case was in the news so everyone knew about it. It was all over [REDACTED] News and although it didn't mention my name it didn't take people long to work it out. One minute there were foster kids with the EYO-EYN and the next we had been removed. It was horrible, even now the words they used I don't like to hear. It seemed everyone had a field day with it.

*Social Work Contact*

129. I think my social worker might have been David Baird. I remember Stuart Brown's solicitor coming to see me and I remember Roseanna being there with me. David Baird was there as well. The solicitor must have been doing preparation before things went to court. I just answered all his questions but with the benefit of hindsight all he wanted to do was portray me as this wee slapper lassie who would do anything for sweets and fags. I am not sure I was properly supported or advised throughout this kind of process.

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

130.

131.

**Leaving The Wendy House, Dumfries**

132. The only reason I left was they decided to shut the place down and I was to go to community care.

Community Carers – [REDACTED] and [REDACTED], Gretna

133. I think community carers were the new version of foster carers. I think the idea was that they were shutting down all the places like the Wendy House and they would support those in care in peoples' homes. Any kids who were not in their own homes would be supported in home settings. It was just foster care with a different name.
134. I would have been about thirteen and a half I think when I was sent to the carers. We didn't want another family, we had had enough of that and would have been happier staying in a children's home. We actually begged them not to send us there. We had been in a family and had to try and make ourselves part of that knowing that we were not worth anything to them. We had been made to feel we were ungrateful and that we should have been more thankful to them. It still completely devastates me that they would think we would ever want to go to another family after all that we had been through. In many ways it just reminded me of when we were sent to the EYO-EYN. This wasn't a place for us and it just kind of rubbed everything in our faces. We wanted to live in a place where we didn't have to be mice anymore and we would feel safe. We were not going to feel that going into another family.
135. When they told us we were going to live in Gretna we had never heard of it. I asked where it was and was told it was in Scotland. I thought they had lied as when I got there they all sounded English.
136. We were sent to stay with [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. They had their own children called [REDACTED] who was about four or five and was always snotty faced continually sniffing as he had something wrong with his adenoids. I didn't like him because he kept coming up and hitting us but if you tried to retaliate there was a holy ruckus. There was [REDACTED] who was only about two. I think his name was [REDACTED] but they called him [REDACTED] for some strange reason. I liked him, he was a nice wee boy.
137. The house was one of the fancier ones on [REDACTED], like an [REDACTED]. It was nice enough I suppose. I had my own room.

138. From the minute I arrived I couldn't stand the site of [REDACTED]. He just gave me the creeps and I hated him. I don't know what he was about but from the minute I met him I knew I didn't like him. It was a strong feeling I had. He had a friend called [REDACTED] who used to visit him and he gave me the creeps as well. I knew then that his friend was a 'kiddy fiddler' and it transpires twenty years down the line I was right as he was a 'nonce'. [REDACTED] had a son called [REDACTED] but I don't know what his real surname is. [REDACTED] came to the house a lot. I didn't really get on with [REDACTED]. I didn't hold a lot of females in high regard and it wasn't a time in my life I was bonding with adults.
139. I don't think the [REDACTED] were very good people and I don't know why they were community carers. Maybe it was to impress their friends and the community, I don't know. Looking back they were not suitable or adequate for the job. They had no training in trauma or anything and although I don't imagine training in trauma was such a thing back in the day there must have been something. We were broken children who had been through hell and they just were totally inadequate for what they were taking on. They were not able to meet our needs and if anything just made us feel lesser people. I wouldn't say they were abusive it was just not the right place for us to be.
140. I was sent back a second time alone and I had begged them not to send me back. I said to myself I will give them a month.
141. I was there long enough to get settled in, get started back at school and get a part-time job.

**Routine at Community Carers - [REDACTED] and [REDACTED], [REDACTED]  
Gretna**

*First day*

142. I think we had two visits to meet the [REDACTED] before we went to stay with them. I told social work about me instantly not liking [REDACTED] and I told them that we didn't want to live with them but it made no difference. I expressed my feelings to everyone and I wasn't what you might describe a very nice house guest. It wasn't an intention of mine to be a nice house guest there.

#### *Self-identity*

143. I had hair and it was so long it was an inch off the Guinness Book of Records record and they made me cut it because I wasn't giving enough. I had had my hair all my life and never once had it cut. I had been through a lot, missed a lot of school and was getting put down in all my school classes. Whether I was clever or not I was never going to get an education by that time. Suddenly they wanted me in at weekends to study. They just tried to make me this person that clearly I wasn't. I think they thought if they split me and [REDACTED] up they might have had a better chance of making me something. I don't know if that is what they thought, it is just me guessing. What was clear was the version of me that they said they accepted they clearly didn't and getting my hair cut was part of that.

#### *Schooling*

144. I continued to go to the same school and I continued to behave as if nothing was wrong with me. As soon as I walked into the place it was like a switch. I could go and laugh just as when I lived at the [REDACTED] EYO-EYN. I felt school was the only control I had. It wasn't like things got better, people said some horrible things to me and I feel we were just the butt of everyone's jokes. I spent a lot of time feeling angry and being called aggressive. These were all the things that would make me feel ashamed. It wasn't how I felt, I felt justified to stand up for my brothers but it was me who was punished. They would make fun of us getting moved about a lot. No-one understood why I behaved the way I did.

#### *Review of placement/hearings/external inspections*

145. I think we had reviews but to be honest I couldn't stand David Baird and if he said black I would have said white. I hated him because he was making decisions that he said were in my best interest but they were absolutely not in my best interest. He didn't include me so I had no voice

**Leaving Community Carers - [REDACTED] and [REDACTED], [REDACTED] Gretna**

146. I left because the placement wasn't working. I don't think it was either me or [REDACTED]'s intention for it to work.

**Windsor Lodge, Newton Stewart**

147. Secondary Institutions - to be published later

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### **Leaving Windsor Lodge, Newton Stewart**

151. [REDACTED] was sent to Ladyacre and I went back to the community carers. It is weird as I don't think me and my brother really liked each other but I wanted to protect him and he had to be dragged off me when they split us up. I can still hear him screaming. I never thought I would see that day when he reacted like that but he needed me and I needed him. I promised him I would be back for him within three months.

### **Community Carers - [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] [REDACTED] Gretna**

152. They decided in their wisdom, and to this day I don't know why, to send me back to the community carers. I did not want to go. It was the same story as the first time. I told them I didn't want another family and I would have wanted to go straight to Ladyacre in the first place but they wouldn't listen. They used to use the phrase "it is in your best interests". I hate that phrase because they were never very good at knowing what was in my or our best interests.
153. I only lasted a couple of months. There was a big holy ruckus between me and the community carers and I just walked out.



**Leaving Community Carers - [REDACTED] and [REDACTED], [REDACTED], Gretna**

154. I had had this big fight with them because I had met this fella [REDACTED] which is a story in itself. I don't know if they were jealous or they may have expected more from me. They didn't like the fact he was taking my attention away from them. They were implying things like me and him were having sex and I just went along with them. [REDACTED] and I had been out up the street and when we came back they asked us to sit down as they wanted to talk to us. I could sense that this wasn't good. They didn't actually ask they just told me that I was having sex with [REDACTED]. I could see they had already made their mind up so I just let them believe it and we ended up having this big barney. I wouldn't answer their questions which is what annoyed them more. They had got it all wrong but I think the teenager in me refused to put them straight. It escalated to the point I called [REDACTED] an asshole before leaving. As soon as I left I was thinking what the hell am I going to do now. I hitched it up to Lockerbie and went to see my sister [REDACTED]. I was bawling my eyes out and she called the social workers. The next thing I know someone from social work took me to Ladyacre.

**Ladyacre, Dumfries**

155. Secondary Institutions - to be published later

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### **Leaving Ladyacre, Dumfries**

178. When I left Ladyacre I was sixteen and I went back to Gretna. One minute I was surrounded by fifteen kids and the next I was alone in a three bedroomed house with a sofa and chair in the living room. The social work gave me a bed, two quilt covers, two sheets, two pillowslips, bedside lamp, an iron and ironing board. That is what I was left with. They didn't give me other things from a tin opener to a TV. I had to go to college because I was under a section fifteen with the social work as my alleged guardians. I wasn't entitled to grants so I got 27 quid a week but I had to pay my bills. They had moved me into a house that needed anthracite for the Aga as well as coal for the fire to run the heating. I still had electricity to pay as well as getting myself to

Dumfries every day to get my education. Then I still had to clothe and feed myself so no wonder it didn't work.

179. I had so little money that I would buy a Scotch loaf, two tins of tuna, tomatoes and teabags. That is what I ate when other expenses like electric and college costs allowed. The rest of the time I cried myself to sleep because I was so hungry. I had to give up college and get a badly paid job with some kind of training incentive because I needed the money. I wanted to make something of myself. I even cut my lawns with kitchen scissors as it was in the tenancy agreement that I had to cut the grass and hedges and I had no lawn mower or hedge cutters.
180. Social work had offered to put me in a hostel but I refused point blank to go anywhere near them. I felt it was only a one way ticket going down that road and my brothers proved that. I had to fight my corner not to go to the hostels. They told me there were no houses available but I stood my ground.

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

181. They decided to sell the three bedroomed house from under me and left me with no choice but to go with Miss [REDACTED] who just happened to be like the one teacher I would not have challenged throughout my childhood. She behaved like the one teacher that everyone feared. She was solid as a rock, almost 'Nazi-like'. I moved in with her as a lodger with her as my landlord kind of thing. I suppose in their wisdom she just saw this wee lassie who had been used to living on her own and pleasing herself. I never slept and would be up at two or three in the morning. She wanted me to come in at 10 pm through the week and 11 pm at weekends. One night I didn't come home and she phoned the coppers. She made a complete fool of me and I was absolutely mortified so we had this argument and I went to leave. She said to me if I go out the door then I don't come back and she just threw me back into every corner I have ever been in in my life. I felt I had fought and lost every fight I had been in. I had nowhere to go and I was back in that place. I suppose I took it out of on because for however long it took



me to move I didn't tell her I was moving out until the minute I left. I didn't see her again for a while and I think she carried it and felt bad.

182. I got to know some guy called [REDACTED] who was a landlord so I got a place in a shared house. I had one bedroom and his brother had the other. His brother was a sleaze ball and I didn't even know it. Above the doors there were these glass panels and one morning I was getting ready for work and switched the shower on. I went to take my nightie off as I had done a million times before and I happened to look up and there he was peering down looking in like a pervert. I went mad but he wasn't bothered and I didn't feel I could push it. I then told the guy I was seeing who I had just met and that caused a whole load of problems and still after all that time I could not bring myself to phone my landlord, stick up for myself and just fix the problem.
183. Eventually it was sorted but because I had met this guy it was a no brainer, everything my heart had desired was right in front of me. There was this man and all his family who were there with open arms. They just took the lead and I just followed. I had no plans as I probably wasn't equipped for that life and they all knew better than me. I got married at eighteen and had my son [REDACTED] at nineteen. My husband was gone by the time I was 21. I don't want to say my husband was a bad man but I didn't know how I should be treated. A lot of my relationships were abusive and he was jealous. He put his foot through every bit of furniture so by the time he left I virtually had no furniture.
184. I just brought [REDACTED] up in Springfield before moving to [REDACTED], Gretna. I did what I had to do to get by and I would like to think it was happy days but I just don't know if there wasn't any or I just don't remember them. I was always good at providing for [REDACTED], everything was there in the right place. A bit like Mrs EYN [REDACTED] to be honest but I was brought up by a shower of weak-assed women so it is little wonder I don't know any better. I had other relationships, there was this guy [REDACTED] and then there was a guy from Lanark who was just evil and twisted to the point where he even made me doubt my own mind. That was a lesson learned but none of my relationships were healthy.

185. I went on to meet [REDACTED] who is the father of my second son [REDACTED]. I think he probably had Asperger's or something, he wasn't right anyway. I knew he wasn't right but at that time I didn't believe in my judgement and I just followed on with him. After having [REDACTED] when I was 35 I decided if I was to be the same way I was when I had [REDACTED] then I would not deserve either of my children. I embarked upon making changes in my life and starting cognitive behavioural therapy (CBT).
186. I am now in another relationship and even that isn't all that great. [REDACTED] is twelve now but his dad died when he was five. It is not [REDACTED] fault but I can react badly to him and it's not easy trying to explain myself to him. [REDACTED] is like a robot as he likes things in facts. He wants to know why I behave in a certain way and what makes it happen. He has to reason things which makes it hard to explain to your twelve year old why you are who you are. He is a good boy and I have to say to him that I am so sorry if I make you feel like you are a bad boy. I find it difficult to express myself and can vent but thankfully not at him but more around him.
187. I have worked mostly menial jobs until I got a counselling position in 2000. I was good at it but it was a struggle and I eventually had to give up the position due to flash backs and undiagnosed Chronic Post Traumatic Stress Disorder (CPTSD) and Narcolepsy.
188. When I did meet my mother I met a brother I didn't know I had and likewise when I met my dad I met another brother. My parents didn't influence us throughout our lives, it is just madness. The one thing my mother was able to do was tell me the date of birth and the name I had been called in care were wrong. My birthdays had all been celebrated on [REDACTED] instead of [REDACTED] and my name should be EYM [REDACTED] and not EYM [REDACTED] with EYM [REDACTED] as a middle and unused name.

### **Impact**

189. My brothers cannot speak for themselves and I wish I could explain better what happened for their sakes. [REDACTED] left care before we did and we hadn't sat in the same room with all three of us together until I was nineteen. I remember sitting with [REDACTED] who is my oldest child and at that time he was six months old. David Baird who was

the social worker who dealt with me at the tail end of leaving the EYO-EYN had brought us all together. He did say then that we should do something about the atrocities that occurred but then obviously we were all in different places. It was the first time we had sat in the same room together in many years and the subject came up of being hit with the cane and █████ said to █████ that he should have said something at the time to get her felt. █████ responded with one of the saddest things I have ever heard in my life. He just said "I just wanted her to like me". I thought not love me, not care for me, just to like me. That was how it was for █████ who was the oldest. Maybe he remembered the most and was the most damaged. He was the one that was the most badly treated on a daily scale. He just didn't mean anything to them, none of us did, but him especially. I would argue that █████ mental age was far younger than fourteen, his behaviour was very childlike and as my boys grew up they behaved older than him. I would have loved the opportunity to tell him that he meant something and that he did matter but it is too late for that.

190. █████ would have been seen as a waster, a drunk and someone who was in prison but if they scraped the surface there was a cause that no-one sees. I feel helpless that he was written off by the system and society in general. I cry and I get angry about it and in some way I am determined that he will be remembered as more than that. He should have been saved but instead the care system very predictably allowed his life to turn out as it did. It just doesn't seem fair and certainly not good enough. I think █████ and I feel that way too. Everyone wants to think they will amount to something but I doubt either of us will. We will all just have the banner of 'waster' and somehow if you can you put the face on and try and make life as easy as you can. If you can't you end up dead or living addicted to drink or drugs.

191. The impact isn't just how it has affected me and it is crucial I include the impact on my brothers. █████ is dead now and █████ takes drugs. They put us into care and this is what they made us. We should have been in care until we were eighteen or twenty one if we were in education. I knew █████ was different and maybe if he was diagnosed today he would have autism or something like that. The thing is I knew he was different so why didn't they try and help him? We had lived in what can only be described as hell and when we came out of it no-one thought these children need to be healed,

helped and supported to adjust and learn what a normal life should be like. How were my brothers expected to integrate and transition into what we call normal life?

192. I have experienced great anger and that is what drove me to seek help from the Rape Crisis Centre. I couldn't deal with it as it was awful. Even now I can feel it and it makes me rant to myself in the house. I don't rant at my son but he hears it and I feel I have to explain what makes me behave the way I do but I don't have the words.
193. I have been told I am nutritionally anorexic which is when you don't eat enough of the right foods and this came from my time with the **EYO-EYN**. I would sit quiet and not eat rather than see a mealtime become a confrontation. I am still like that now, I can have a fridge full of food and not eat it. It doesn't take much to happen for my appetite to go, any fluctuation in mood around me does that and that is definitely a throwback to living with the **EYO-EYN**. My relationship with food is something I would like to get on top of. This even happens when I have been serving my own children food and if they look at me the wrong way or say the wrong thing. The number of times I have fallen out with them. I cry and sob to myself over it because it makes me feel so bad.
194. I think I do have a problem with emotions. I had an operation recently and had to take medication. It made me cry a lot and I actually thought this is how normal people must feel. It also made me very hungry and that felt good as well, again it must be how other people feel.
195. I have battled with the feelings of being contagious or being a contagion. Around random people my skin crawls of its own accord and I want to tear it off or tear them apart. My skin is so full of the echoes of the past. I have also had dreams about drowning later on in life. I have this one where I would fall in the river and I would be tossing and turning and it was horrible and then I would describe it as feeling so at peace. It was wonderful. I would be lying looking up through the water and I reckon that was me dying. I would say I struggle with my stress responses most days.
196. I find it hard to deal with the fact that sometimes even evil people do some things right. I know that I had manners and respect instilled in me by the **EYO-EYN** but the way they

did it leaves me confused and conflicted about these values and how they are part of me now.

197. It is absolutely exhausting living my life every day fighting all the feelings I have about myself and trying to fit into normal life. Putting the face on and trying to make the best of things when I can comes at a price. I can often feel like a robot who functions without feelings and just does what it is programmed to do. I can find when I am not needed I literally don't function sometimes. A lot of the time I 'put the face on' and try to do the 'normal' every day but there are days I just can't get up.
198. I know my brothers and I all feel guilty. We thought we hated each other because of the way we behaved in that house. I cannot help it when I look at [REDACTED] it is not always him I see. I think getting split up at that vital time after I went back to the community carers made us lose a connection we might have been able to rebuild after leaving the [REDACTED]. Instead there is nothing there. I think I was brought up always feeling worry, guilt and shame and these emotions are still very much part of what I feel today. I feel shame that I have days that I feel that lost and frightened wee lassie I was with the [REDACTED] and I just want my daddy to come and fix it.
199. I also feel that a lot of people can't look at me because they feel ashamed and guilty for what they either did or did not do. All that does is transfer their guilt and shame to me. Some people couldn't look me in the eye and I feel they made up their own version of me. Not once did they ask me how I felt. I feel I have spent my life being there for other people and yet when I need help the world is a very empty place.
200. In a lot of ways I am invisible. I feel like I live on my own all the time even though I have my sons and partner around me. Most people have family who have their back and will fight their corner but I don't have that. I am not good at asking for help and feel no one is interested in me anyway. It is a vicious circle really. I know I really need help but what is there? They say phone the Samaritans but I am not suicidal. I probably do need someone to talk to but not always during office hours, there is no-one there at two or three in the morning. I know I have difficulty with bonding and relationships and I have bonded with one true friend over the last thirty years who is hundreds of

miles away from me. I have to work hard at intimacy as it is never my partner's touch I feel first, it is always my abusers' touches that haunt and repulse me.

201. When I was a child I would play with other kids and get invited to their houses to play or for tea. I knew how to behave and would use please and thank you and all that sort of stuff. Then the conversation would go that I was a nice girl and where was I from. As soon as they realised I was in the care system I never got asked back. It is hard to deal with that as it is like rejection and that I am not good enough, like no matter how well I behave I have been judged as not suitable. It wasn't great to deal with as a child but as an adult it just sticks with you that you are never going to be good enough. It is very much a stigma.
202. As a child I have always felt ugly and every single bit of attention I got was always negative. If it wasn't some man trying to put me in his bed it would be some wife wanting to rip my eyes out. I never thought of myself as good looking even though it was written about me in my records. I never felt beautiful and I hid myself under baseball caps and baggy boyish clothes so as not to attract attention. I have never had mirrors that are bigger than my face and I still haven't. I think of all these wasted years. Now I feel I am losing myself faster than I am capable of finding myself.
203. I was never taught to be a woman and a mum. I had never been to a hairdressers or taken shopping for clothes with anyone when I was in care. As I grew up nobody cared if I ate, washed, slept, exercised or even cleaned my house and now I find it all so shamefully difficult. Nobody taught me how to care for myself and shamefully I haven't.
204. We had no family medical history. I have seen doctors regularly and obviously they have diagnosed that I am depressed but any physical ailment has not been diagnosed. My brother died at 42 with strokes and we have no idea if that runs in our family. It took me seventeen years to get my narcolepsy and disassociation diagnosed and I had to do five years in psychology before they would take me seriously. When I was forty I had symptoms of being in the menopause. It wasn't until I was 42 that I went ahead and got the blood test for myself and that confirmed it was not the menopause. I have no idea what was actually wrong with me and now I don't want to know. I am

left feeling that people like me don't have physical ailments we only have mental ailments.

205. I have been diagnosed with CPTSD, some sort of personality disorder and disassociation. There is an argument out there that narcolepsy could be trauma based. The consultant said he found it fascinating that I ticked all the boxes for narcolepsy but I didn't hit deep sleep at all. I think that somehow I don't allow myself to sleep because somewhere in my head it has been programmed that it is not safe.
206. I don't sleep much but sometimes I can waken in the middle of the night and I can only describe how I feel is heartbroken. It is not anger I am just sobbing. I don't feel safe when I don't know where I am or what I am doing therefore sleep becomes irrelevant. When I slept as a child that is when a lot of the things happened. I still don't think I feel safe now, I cannot remember the last time I felt safe. I suffer night terrors, sleep paralysis and insomnia. I often have nightmares that feel very real life where men are attacking me.
207. I have no records from school like report cards or things like that and when my children have asked what I was like I realise I have nothing of my childhood to share with them. This would be important when one of my boys asks if I was like them or had the same problems or issues with things at school.
208. I realise I have had this sense that I looked after and fought for the other kids who were in care with me. I have thought about them in adult life and it has dawned on me that I might have had all these thoughts and feelings for them but they haven't thought twice about me. Some people don't know how to care but I don't know how not to. To the point where I will lose myself so I have to be very selective in anyone who comes into my life because their self and their worries will take over me.
209. I thought flashbacks would be boom and I would be back sitting at the table with Mr and Mrs EYO-EYN but no. Instead it's every emotion that's ever been connected to being there. For a long time I did think I was mental but now I understand I do suffer from flashbacks and this is how they work.

210. The disassociation isn't quite as easy, once I felt I didn't need to think about stuff and I thought it was great but now it doesn't work quite as well as that. Once there was a time where I could choose, if I didn't like a situation I would be out like in a thought type of way. Now if I want to disassociate I can't. It just comes out of nowhere now so I have no control of it. Sometimes I wish I could get the control back. For instance when I go home after meeting with the Inquiry I know I will be hyper vigilant and hyper alert where the slightest noise will be echoing. I know by the end of the night I will want to pull my skin off but I will be all right. It will be like that all night and in the morning I should be okay. It is just a process and I just let myself go through it. I don't try to fight it anymore. I will go home, put on my fluffy jammies, get my fluffy blanket and hot water bottle. All the comfort I can muster and I can hit the foetal position if I have to.
211. My health now prevents me from working and that has made me a beggar to the Government, a weight on the system, lazy waster all of which I think fit the general consensus of people like me. Medication is sometimes the only answer making me feel even more inadequate and unworthy as a parent and a person. Most days I feel like an oxygen stealer but I do have days where I feel there is still a person inside me but for some unfathomable reason I am not worthy of care, consideration or common regard. I live my life fighting the rational and the irrational me and that can often collide. I feel if someone had listened or I had been properly supported coming away from the EYO-EYN as a broken and traumatised child things could have been different. Instead I have been dismissed, mocked or told I have no rights.
212. Since I have been out of care I have not slept in a bed as there is no comfort in a bed for me. I sleep on the floor in my fluffy pyjamas and that goes back to associating a bed with being unsafe where bad things would happen. I also would never have a door on the bathroom but now the door can never be closed. These are things I have not learned to conquer yet.
213. I sometimes still get the feeling that Mr EYO is watching down on me. It is a horrible feeling that just creeps up on me at times like when I am having a bath. I compare it to people who would go into public toilets and wonder if there is a camera in there.



Well it's the same thing. I also feel the same about Stuart Brown as he died suddenly one day at work apparently.

214. I always believed that what happened was my fault and after leaving EYO-EYN no-one tried to tell me otherwise. I am sure my brothers would feel similar feelings and struggled to deal with what they saw and were forced to take part in. I think they felt guilt and blame and tried to somehow process that as best as they could in their damaged emotional state. I know I did and still do and it kills me every day to think of this.
215. It doesn't matter what people say to me as I don't have an ego big enough that any words would hurt my feelings. As long as people don't put their hands on me then I tolerate pretty much everything else. I just feel inadequate all of the time. I think it is not just the fact that we were allowed to be abused by EYO-EYN and the horrible life we lived with them. It started before then, when the authorities couldn't even get my name or date of birth right.
216. I don't have a normal relationship with my boys. There is a distance there but that is what I have put there to protect them from being anything like me. When they were aged nine and upwards they triggered me but I don't know why. It caused massive fights so I have to be so by myself because they make me want to blow. My own children felt like hornets nests. I could feel like I would rather rip off my own skin than sit anywhere near my own kids. I felt I had nothing to offer, that I was poison, I wouldn't do anything good and would teach them wrong. I feel so guilty because from the day they were born they just deserved better. I had a big problem with [REDACTED] when he was younger and I just couldn't work it out until one day it hit my like a brick. The problem was I was seeing me and I couldn't stand to think that I had influenced my children in any way, shape or form. To the point now where I don't think I influence them at all and the phrase empty vessel springs to mind. I am not proud of it. I know I love my sons dearly but I hate me. I just can't give them what they need as what they need is me. My struggle is that my past leaks into the present and for all the love I feel I can't stop the triggers and find myself apologising or having to find an explanation that still keeps mum's horrors a secret.

217. My sons have also given me a strength I didn't know I had and they are the reason I fought my whole life to get them onto higher ground and make a difference but inside I felt like a contagion around them and I haven't been the mum I would have liked to have been. The mum I could have been had I been nurtured as a child. I have no-one beyond myself to offer them so their dad's families have paid a bigger part in their lives and become a bigger influence than I realise. I believed they were better people than me and had more to offer my boys. I realised too late that I lost big time personally in this equation but I achieved something. My boys know who they are, where they belong and that they are loved by all.
218. I have a very big issue with dealing with Christmas and it holds so many emotions that no words can explain. I burned with envy at Christmas every time I never got new pyjamas or pants. In foster care we sat at tables where we did not belong and in adult life I feel I still sit at tables I don't belong. Every year I feel I am choking on my turkey, fighting that ball of utter pain in my throat. I felt bad as I was being perceived as anti-social or badly behaved because I couldn't make conversation or be around people for the pain I have felt my entire life. I feared I would lose it and breakdown. How could I explain myself then to someone I might have only met ten minutes earlier? I feel so overwhelmed and try to do the 'normal' for the sake of my boys. I so desperately wanted to eat but I couldn't because of that painful emotional lump in my throat.
219. I actually have a fear of getting old and ending up in some care home being old, sad and worst of all vulnerable. It makes me sick with worry and keeps me awake at night. I know how irrational it may seem. I have recurring nightmares about being locked away and powerless in the hands of some institution. I want to be at the end of my life happy knowing that I fought for the right things and that I became important to me. That I do not feel shameful, needy or pathetic and that I am somebody and I do matter.

### **Treatment/support**

220. I have tried many organisations including the Children and Adolescent Mental Health Services and Rape Crisis. I have been told I couldn't be that depressed as my house is so tidy. I have also been told to think myself lucky I am not a self-harmer and that although they are sorry I am so angry maybe I could go back and there would maybe be something they could do to help me after I deal with my anger. I felt I knew more about my counsellor from Rape Crisis than she ever did about me. I never felt anyone bothered to help.
221. It took seventeen years to be diagnosed with Narcolepsy and CPTSD. I approached my GP around 2000 and I told him that I thought I had what the soldiers had and he laughed in my face. I mentioned what turned out to be cataplexy and was told a brain scan would likely help but that was for the 'fur coat brigade' and was laughed at and dismissed again. I'm not laughed at these days but I find it extremely difficult to speak to my GP or have my physical health taken seriously and not put down to my mental health.
222. By the time I got to see Rab McCollum these type of people were not exactly high on my respect scale. Rab was a psychological therapist working for NHS Dumfries and Galloway. He started me on CBT and by the time we finished which was seven years in I think we did alright. It was him that pointed me to the Inquiry. Once we started working on things going on with me it did get a bit easier. Coming to the Inquiry is what I would describe as the last bit of therapy really.
223. I am waiting to start back with CBT but it will be with a new therapist and she sounds quite young. I was sad to hear it wasn't going to be Rab but was quite pleased to hear it was going to be a female. I thought with it being a female it might make it easier to relate to things like dealing with the menopause while dealing with all the other things such as making me matter. I do worry though how a 28 year old will understand who I am and how I feel. Will she understand about the menopause and how I feel about my own physical self? Maybe she can help me understand what is mental health and what is menopause. I will see how it goes but I have to see her via a video call and I hate them.

224. By identifying the CPTSD this was the thing that really helped with getting me to where I am. I am better than where I was but things are still not great.
225. I hate doctors and that profession as they have never listened to me. When I try to explain to someone in that profession something that they are not hearing I feel their discomfort long before my own.

### **Reporting of Abuse**

226. I asked David Baird twenty years after I left the [REDACTED] if he knew what had been going on and he said he swore he did not but he did say he knew something was happening but not what was happening. Only he can answer for things like that. There was a cover up and I know for certain there was. I did make further allegations when I was fifteen to him about [REDACTED]. I told him he didn't know everything and probably just blurted it all out. As far as I was concerned it was ignored and yet again it fell on deaf ears. It turns out he wrote a letter about my further allegations which he had taken to his bosses Mr Pennan and Mr McGeorge. David Baird had expressed his concerns because at that time there were forty other children who had been through that house in a time where they would have seemed to have been naughty children and no reports would have been made. This could potentially open up quite a can of worms. Mr McGeorge told him to deal with it and David Baird did hence why I have no records. David Baird wrote a letter to my solicitor in 2002 but it was totally irrelevant and it turns out no one cared whether my files were together or not. The solicitor told me I have no rights. Then the law changed and the Child Abuse Inquiry stepped in.
227. In 2000 they reinvestigated reports I had made about [REDACTED] because of action I had taken about my care records being missing. I provided the police with a full statement. I can't remember the officer's name, he was a big guy from the child protection department at Dumfries and Galloway. I just remember feeling quite disappointed with him. The police traced [REDACTED] who was also known as [REDACTED]. She was [REDACTED] ex-wife who had caught him sexually abusing me. She admitted to the police what I was saying was correct but she didn't want to give a

statement. All the officers said to me was that she looked like she had been threatened in the past. She was an ex police officer so how disgusting is that. Why was she not forced to stand up and make her statement and basically just tell the truth. She wasn't getting asked about some forty year old woman she was getting asked about a 12-13 year old child that she left in the care of her now ex-husband who she caught abusing me. As it stands nothing happened with my further report because there wasn't enough evidence. [REDACTED] wouldn't speak up and other witnesses such as my sister [REDACTED] and my brother were dead.

228. We went to some big meeting with Mr Mundell the MP and a woman called Kate who I think was a Chief Inspector from Dumfries and Galloway Police. I can't really remember what they said but I remember hearing it would be left as an open case. It was a whole lot of bullshit to be honest, they just said there was nothing they could do but it would remain an open case apparently. My understanding was that if any other evidence came to light about EYO-EYN [REDACTED] then they would do something.

229. I think there were mistakes made by everyone back in the day. Stuart Brown had threatened that if he went down everyone else would go down to. This was said in the court in front of lots of witnesses. I don't think anyone followed up on that but they should have. What would he have had to say especially about a family who were fostering children?

## Records

230. In 2000 I spoke to Henry Race who was a social worker. He told me my files were there and that I could go in to see them. I made an appointment through him to go into Annan social work department. I walked into this little room and I wish I had taken someone with me to this day as it would mean I had someone to back me up. There were these brown boxes stacked one on top of the other almost the height of me and also three pink files on top of them. I was a bit overwhelmed so I sat for a wee while. Then I started looking through the top pink file but I had to say to them that this was


going to take me a very long time to get through so would they mind photocopying them. I phoned him back some time later and he was still waiting on them

231. About two years later I had had enough and I decided to go and see a Solicitor. He started looking into things and had got the gist of it. He tracked down David Baird who wrote to my solicitor saying that when I was fifteen I had made further allegations against EYO-EYN. He had taken it to his superior because of the potential can of worms it could open because there were forty other foster care children who had gone through that foster home before me. He went on to say that this was in a period of time where they would have been seen to be naughty children so even if there were allegations made there would be no notes made. I think the end of his letter said something like 'one day he knew that this would come back to haunt him'. That means that Mr McGeorge, his boss, told him to do whatever he did with my further reports about EYO-EYN. Beyond that letter the social work department closed ranks and we could no longer get any access to David Baird.
232. Eventually I did go back in and Henry Race handed me this one file and I told him that wasn't all my records. He said he would go and have a look but in the end he told me that I had been given all the files that there was. That is not true as there were boxes of these files when I first went there. I found social work to be as obstructive as hell.
233. I reapplied for my records again in 2010 and they knew nothing about any of this, they had no clue what I was talking about. I dealt with a nice woman and she told me that she had also checked EYO-EYN files for me. It is like I imagined the whole story. I don't understand any of it. If David Baird had buried everything when he was told to what were in all those brown boxes when I first went to see Henry Race? I know these files were there, I saw them. I am not mad. All I can think is David Baird buried my report of further allegations about EYO-EYN but he didn't destroy the files and they have been destroyed after I went to see Henry Race sometime between 2000 and 2002.
234. My solicitor has what little records were available. There is no mention of the court case in any of my records. My Solicitor was Mr Hann senior and he was all for it but

unless I was prepared to go to the papers with my story he couldn't do anything. I wasn't prepared to do that. He said there wasn't much more he could do because the police and social work department needed to get their act together and cooperate with each other and they weren't.

235. When I got my notes, or what little there was, I found lots of information was missing.

Secondary Institutions - to be published later



They even show that at thirteen I was five feet six inches which is good because I am only five feet one inch now. There are so many things that are just not true. There is reference to me living at [REDACTED] and I have never lived there in my life. The file was thick but it is only that size because each page has been printed separately about five times.

236. They are really just a mess and none of it is relevant to what was important or really going on, basically they are just Ladyacre minutes. There is a brief mention that we were taken into care because we were abandoned and neglected but there is no mention of the Stuart Brown thing. When I think about growing up with the wrong name and date of birth it just seems that no-one is answerable for these things. If someone took responsibility then they would need to be accountable for everything else.
237. It doesn't make any sense, I was in care from the day I was born but let's just say it was from age two. I was under a section 15 so you cannot tell me I have only one file for all those years in care. I don't understand why they claimed there hadn't been these brown boxes of files and just said they had been lost instead. It just dragged everything on and was just as abusive and damaging to me than some of the things I suffered in care.

## Lessons to be Learned

238. When children report abuse they need to be believed. How would they know about some of that stuff if it hadn't happened to them? The worst thing you can do is not believe a child because they end up feeling worthless. You also leave them vulnerable to continued abuse.
239. When a foster child does report abuse within the foster family there should be a thorough investigation about the wider family. It shouldn't just be looking at what a child discloses but there must be consideration of what has not yet been disclosed. Children feel all sorts of warped loyalties and fear when they speak out about what has happened so they often don't tell it all. They just tell enough to get it to stop.
240. I also think that professionals have to take action. They need to work together and not just leave it for someone else to do. It doesn't work when they don't cooperate together and take a collective responsibility.
241. When things go wrong and people haven't done what they should have done then there needs to be a way to stop them protecting each other and covering things up. I don't think things will ever get better when they employ people like that but it starts at the top. Protecting an individual or organisation over protecting children. They need to employ the right people who will take accountability for whatever happens.
242. People who are employed as carers need to be the right people too. They moan about children wrecking their rooms, kicking or biting them and stuff like that. Maybe if they understood why children behave like that. Maybe if they took a minute to understand that these are stress responses and that these children need help long before things get to that stage. They certainly don't need to be judged.
243. Children who are taken into care are taken into a wholly false environment. It is not like being in a family home. I knew when I left EYO-EYN that although these other



places were better than I had known I also had the wee voice in my head telling me I would not get off with the behaviour that comes with the new found freedom. I knew I needed to avoid going down the road of allowing that behaviour to get out of hand. I had a sense of finding a better life but that didn't happen to the vast majority of the other kids and that is why they are either all dead, in prison or drug or alcohol addicts. They need help to steer them in the right direction and divert them from these predictable lifestyles. I think children need to understand that they are on their own and that every decision they make is on them. It needs to be said in a better way than that but they need to know if they fail then no-one else is going to be around to pick up the pieces.

244. Children in care have also learned to treat themselves the way they have been treated throughout their lives and that needs to be changed. That means they need to hear the truth with no pussyfooting about. The worst word you can be called is victim, I can't stand the word. I also hate the word survivor because it just suggests you have been a victim. Children don't need to be made to feel like that. Children need to learn boundaries and that actions bring consequences. What is manmade can be unmade, so if they get it right for these children it saves that pattern of learned behaviour repeating itself.
245. A lot of children in care are drawn to what they already know so when there are good people trying to help them they don't know how to behave and will run from that. Instead they veer towards the type of people who are abusive or bad. It is like you need to learn how to deal with kindness and good people. You don't get taught that sort of stuff at school and I would guess these sort of skills would be learned in a normal home environment. Children need to be helped with this sort of thing. There should not be the assumption that children in care are learning all the life and social skills they would get in their family home.
246. Children in care are judged by everyone and it is like a stigma and that needs to stop. There should be the same avenues open for children in care as any other child.

**Other information**

247. It has been horrendously difficult to come forward and give my evidence. It does take a huge toll on me and that impacts on those around me. It takes me days and in all honesty longer to come out the other end of the meetings I have had. I needed to have the courage to tell my story and I hope that will help in some way to recover from the horrific childhood I have endured. I needed to have the courage not just for me but for my brothers and I hope I have given them both a voice. I want them to matter and I don't want other children to be treated the same way. I see the abuse as not just the acts of violence and cruelty by EYO-EYN but from a system that assessed them as suitable to care for vulnerable children. Also a system who turned a blind eye and then went on to destroy records which might have exposed so many other children who had been abused in the care of EYO-EYN I also consider the neglect, indifference and lack of support or aftercare of the care system to be just as abusive.

248. I also hope that by me coming forward I can help other children who were not believed. Maybe some of those children will have been in the care of EYO-EYN before we went there, I don't know.

249. 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... EYM

Dated... 13<sup>th</sup> Jan 2022