

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

KDC

1. My name is KDC. I like to be known as KDC. KDC is my maiden name and was the name I was known as during my time in care. It is the name I have kept through all of my marriages. My date of birth is 1962. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

Family background and birth

2. My mother's name was. Her maiden name was but she also went by the married names of and at various times. She was six foot tall, quite snotty and middle class English. She had a brain haemorrhage in her twenties which resulted in her needing brain surgery and having a metal plate placed in her head. Apparently her personality became totally different after she had the brain haemorrhage. She occasionally worked for little periods as a shorthand typist but otherwise she was unemployed. She was my mother and I loved her but I know now that she wasn't a very good mother.
3. Who my father was is open to debate. My mother told me an awful lot of lies concerning my birth, my father and other things. I checked into things after my mother died and a lot of what she had told me wasn't true. She had always told me that my father was a man called, who was her gardener at the time. That, for whatever reason, just doesn't ring true to me.
4. My mother had been told up until her forties that she couldn't have children but then I suddenly appeared. I was born in Glasgow. I was twelve pounds and fourteen

ounces and the first [REDACTED] in Scotland. I know that my mother's family in England didn't know about me until I was four or five years old. I don't know why that was. My mother didn't go on to have any further children.

Unknown care institution beginning with "Glen"

5. I don't know where I was first taken after my mother left hospital. Supposedly I was placed somewhere. My mother told me that. I don't know what it was called but I think it began with "Glen." I don't have any memoires from my time there because I was too young. For whatever reason my mother kidded on that I was adopted from there after she got me out.

Life before going into Quarriers

6. The first place I remember staying was [REDACTED] in Cochrane Castle, Johnstone. I was taken there when I was about six months old. It was a middle house in a set of three houses [REDACTED].
7. My mother used to beat me up because she thought I was naughty. I remember taking things out of my mother's purse and throwing them out of the window. I remember that when I was about two years old I got out of my cot and hid underneath it. I remember my mother going mad looking around the house for me. There was another occasion when I went to the toilet outside and ended up getting glass stuck in my bum. Because of that I had to have a Doctor come to our house to remove the glass.
8. I ran away from my mother's a couple of times and a lady called Wilma caught me and brought me back. Looking back on the times I ran away at that age I think that I was really lonely and wanted to see other people. My mother just wanted to see me and no one else. I really don't know why my mother didn't want me to mix with other people.

9. I remember that when I was about three years old, possibly a bit younger, there was a rabbit in the garden by the back door by a tree. My mother told me to go and get the rabbit. I asked my mother whether I could keep it and she said yes. After bringing in the rabbit my mother took us down to [REDACTED] in Carteside and they made me stand and watch as it was killed and skinned by the gardener, [REDACTED]. After that happened it was cooked and I was forced me to eat it. My memories surrounding that incident are quite intense. I hated my mother for that incident. To me no one should do that to a child.

10. I was taught from a very young age not to speak about the things that I saw. My mother used to hit me when I told her things that I saw in my dreams or other things that I had seen. She used to see things too though. I don't know whether that was because she was gifted or whether that was because of the brain tumour and subsequent haemorrhage and injury sustained she had received in earlier life. She used to beat me even though she saw the same sort of things as me. She didn't do these things secretly because I know that neighbours saw her shouting and having a go at me.

11. I tried to go to school in Cochrane Castle when I was four years old. I remember following other children down a path to go there and going in. A head teacher called Mrs McCormack called my mother and asked her to collect me because I wasn't yet old enough to go to school.

12. When I did ultimately go to school officially in Cochrane Castle I enjoyed it to a certain extent. I was good at school. Some of the things did bore me whilst I was there. I remember being given the strap constantly at school for being a naughty child. If something happened it was a case of "just blame [REDACTED] KDC". I remember getting given six of the best by teachers pretty much every day. Mr McCormack was one of the people who would give me the belt. I'm very fond of Mrs McCormack and I know I shouldn't really be. She just didn't know what was going on in my life at home at that time. In the end I learnt that it was a lot easier to play dumb than to show that you were intelligent. I learned at a very young age that if you were just

that little bit more intelligent or different, or if you asked too many questions, you would get beaten by the teachers because of that.

13. My mother didn't really start working until when we were living in [REDACTED] in Johnstone. There was a social security office way up at the back of Paisley. I have a lot of memories of being dragged up there. We were up there every week. After that I was dragged up to the social services office in Johnstone, as well as the social security office in the far end of Elderslie. Over the years there were a few social workers who had an involvement with my mother and myself both at Cochrane Castle and [REDACTED].
14. I remember one particular horrible social worker who assaulted me when I was in Cochrane Castle. I can't remember his name but he was a man. His surname could have been something like [REDACTED]^{HWH}. He worked in the social work department in Johnstone. I remember that social worker being a horrible bastard because he beat me up during a time when we were living in Cochrane Castle. I wanted a puppy and a friend of my mother's was giving them away. I took one of the puppies and took it up to our house. My mother went nuts about it and took the puppy back. Later on, my mother told this social worker about the puppy and that she couldn't control me. The social worker's solution was to then grab me by a red anorak I was wearing and shake me violently about like a rag doll. As he did that the zip of the anorak zip closure cut into my throat. By that time he had been involved with us for a few weeks. He could have maybe done that because he was trying to win my mother's trust or something like that. I was a child, he was a social worker and my mother was "doolally." There was no one I could report the incident to.
15. When I was between five and six years we moved to [REDACTED]. By that time my mother had married a man called [REDACTED]. He used to like hitting me. He was classed as someone who was not fit to look after me. I knew that at the time but I don't know why. I must have been told that but I don't recall who it was who told me that.

16. When I was five or six my mother got ill. I remember her being in her bed. I just knew there was something wrong and that she was dying. [REDACTED] chose to do nothing. He never even phoned the doctor when my mother got ill. I was the one who did that. I went to the phone box and called our local GP, Dr Judge. Dr Judge then came out to see my mother and diagnosed her with pneumonia. He then put her into one of these special places to recover. I was told that it was a care place of some kind.
17. I was then placed into care. The social worker who assaulted me when we lived in Cochrane Castle was the one who was involved with moving me to Quarriers. I think there were a couple of people in the car that took me to Quarriers. It was never explained to me what was going on. I partly knew what was going on though because I was a clever child. I knew my mother was dying, they needed to sort her out and that I needed to go to somewhere where I could be looked after.

Quarriers, Quarriers Village, Bridge of Weir

18. I first went to Quarriers when I was either five or six years old. That would have been in approximately 1967 or 1968. I was there for a period of weeks. It could have been as much as seven weeks. It was during the summer time. I was placed in what I think was Cottage 13.
19. It is difficult for me to describe the layout, routine and structure of Quarriers because my brain seems to only focus on the things that happened to me. I've tried going back and recalling that sort of detail but I just can't focus on that sort of thing. There are certain things that I just can't see. I don't understand why that is the case.

Layout of Quarriers Village and Cottage 13

20. I don't remember the village itself. I think I was only taken out into the village on a couple of occasions whilst I was there. I can't describe what Cottage 13 looked like from the outside itself but I can describe certain areas within the cottage. There was

an eating area. There was a side room with a sink that was used by staff to punish you in. There was a sitting room which had a chair in the centre. It was almost as if the chair wasn't quite on the floor on a ledge. There was a cabinet with things like books and cups in it. There was a staircase just by the door as you came in. Right at the top of the staircase was the bedroom I stayed in.

Staff

21. There was a matron or house mother who ran the cottage. That was the sort of system that they had at Quarriers. There were other women who worked in the cottage too. There were maybe as many as five or six different women who worked in the cottage over the time I was there.
22. I can't remember what the matron's name was. Her surname could have been HFO. She looked a little bit like my mother. She was tall compared to me and wore flowery dresses. She had black hair cut at the side. She had a very mean face. I can't remember how we referred to her when speaking to her but I know what I used to think about her. I remember finding her creepy.
23. I don't remember any of the names of the other women who worked in Cottage 13.

The children in Cottage 13

24. There were maybe about fourteen or fifteen children in the cottage. I don't think it was all girls in Cottage 13. I think that because all the children in Cottage 13 were taken on a holiday to Troon and there were boys in amongst the group. There were children there as young as three and four years old but I couldn't say old the oldest children were. I don't remember the names of any of the other children in Quarriers.

Routine in Cottage 13

First day and recollection of routine

25. I can't remember what happened when I arrived at Quarriers. I find that strange. I don't remember anything surrounding the daily routine there. I have no memories surrounding mealtimes, bedtime routines, washing facilities or anything like that.

Sleeping arrangements

26. I shared a bedroom with other children but I couldn't say how many. Some of the children were smaller than me. We slept in bunkbeds in the bedroom. I was on the bottom of one of the bunkbeds. There were a couple of kids who were younger and smaller than me who slept in bunkbeds to the middle and the right of my bed.

Leisure time

27. There was a roller skating rink in the village. I remember being taken to that on one occasion.

Trips / holidays

28. During the time I was there they took all the children in Cottage 13 out on a holiday to Troon for a few days. I can't remember how long I had been at Quarriers by the time I was taken on that holiday. I don't remember exactly where we were staying in Troon.

Religious instruction

29. I don't really remember whether religion had a role there. My feeling is that it might have been a big thing there. I do remember there being a great big bible in the matron's sitting room. I think we might have gone to church but I don't have a clear memory of that.

Healthcare

30. During my time at Quarriers I was taken to the dentists for treatment on teeth that weren't hurting. I was taken by one of the staff members who worked in Cottage 13. I don't remember the dentist's name but he was a man. I don't know whether he was actually a dentist but I thought he was. I remember being taken into an attic room in a house in the village. Outside the room were three conjoined chairs with a skylight above. This was the waiting area. The room beyond looked like a very old fashioned dentist's surgery. It had dental instruments and an old fashioned chair. It also had a skylight. I was strapped down into the chair then the dentist pulled my back teeth without any anaesthetic. I was squealing like a pig because I was in agony. I don't know why the dentist did that because there was nothing wrong with my teeth. My mother was obsessed with my teeth and making sure they were clean so there can't have been anything wrong with them.

31. My experience of having my teeth pulled out is one of the worst things that happened to me in Quarriers. I have had flashbacks about that incident ever since. Looking back, I think that all of that was part of a system of abusing you. I've come to the conclusion that was part of them making you think they could do whatever they wanted to you so as they could abuse you.

Running away

32. The holiday to Troon was supposed to be fun but it wasn't. All I remember is being battered by staff everywhere we went. That was by both the matron and the other staff members. That was why I decided to run away. I just wanted to get away from the way I was being treated and I decided that the only way that was going to happen was if I was to run.

33. When I ran away I think I was running back to my mother's which, looking back, was really stupid. I was caught by the police walking by the side of a road. I don't know how far I had got. All I remember is that I had been walking for a while and had been

hiding when cars came. There were bruises on my arms when they caught me from the abuse I suffered. They were nothing as bad as I had from the beatings I received in other places in later life but they were there. I think that the police saw the bruises but didn't do anything. They just took me back to where we were staying in Troon.

Abuse at Quarriers

34. At Quarriers the things that I recall most are the things that are more sexual than anything else. However, there were other things surrounding the way they kept discipline that involved both mental and physical abuse also.
35. One of the things with Quarriers was that you were supposed to keep your mouth shut. I think that is why I received a lot of the treatment that I did receive. They wanted you to be quiet, be controlled and to be in your place. Looking back, they didn't really succeed in that because I ultimately ran away.

Matron and the other ladies who worked in Cottage 13

36. There was a wee side room in the cottage where the Matron and the other female staff members who worked there would take you if they thought you were misbehaving. I remember being taken into that room and having my mouth washed out with carbolic soap. That seemed to be quite a popular punishment used by the Matron and the other staff members.
37. Matron and the other staff members used to hit the children. As a child your life was full of "when is the next slap, kick and bite going to come?" There were lots of funny little things that the staff used to do that resulted in me getting punished or abused. I remember I was taken to the shop to get some sweets by a staff member because I was told that I would be given them. I remember that when I was in the shop I reached out to pick my sweets and got my hand smacked for doing that. I was then told that I was "for it later."

38. The other kids in the cottage were used to enforce the staff's control in Cottage 13. Children were used to get me to a stage where I would misbehave and be taken into the Matron's room. I liken the feeling I had there to dogs who have been tormented being placed into a ring together. It is inevitable that when they first see each other the dogs are going to fight. As a child that was what it felt like to me being placed in that environment. It felt as if the children were being turned against one another. It was almost like it was the case that if the child didn't do something to you then they knew something was going to be done to them. It was almost like peer pressure.
39. The first real memory I have from my time in Quarriers is it being night time and me lying in my bed. I remember that the little ones who were in my room got up, sat on the bottom of my bed and peed on it. The next day I was given hell by the staff for wetting my bed. Looking back, I think that it was all just an excuse by the Matron to take me into the sitting room so that she could pick on me and do the things that she used to do.
40. Once the Matron had enough excuses she would take you into the sitting room. When I went in there would be a man standing in the corner. The Matron would take my knickers down, put me over her knee and smack my backside with a silvery hairbrush. Whilst she was doing that she touched my genitals. When I was the age I was I didn't have clue what any of that was about. Throughout all of this the man would be standing in the corner watching what was happening. I don't know who the man was but it was the same man on each occasion. All I know is that he was there watching.
41. That happened to me on a number of occasions over the time I was in Cottage 13. I couldn't say exactly how many times that happened but it happened quite a few times. I didn't see it happening to any other children but I would imagine I wasn't the only one who that was being done to.

Leaving Quarriers

42. I remember that after I ran away during the holiday to Troon they got rid of me very quickly. I was told that my mother had left the place that she had been sent to recover early and that I would be getting sent back to stay with her. They then sent me back to stay with my mother on [REDACTED].

43. Looking back at my experiences in Quarriers I think that is the point when my moral compass became askew. The people who were supposed to be caring for me weren't. I realised that the reality was that to get your own way you had to hit people. I also learnt that if I went into rooms and was touched I would be left alone for a couple of days. I didn't think the same way ever again. The way that I looked at the world was different. My moral compass remained like that for a good few years to come.

Abuse after Quarriers

44. One or two weeks after I went home to my mum there was an incident at the Johnstone clinic. I don't know why I was there. A Pakistani doctor shoved his hand down my knickers. I don't know what his name was. My mum was standing there when he done it. I kicked him and ran out of the clinic. She didn't say or do anything, she just scolded me for kicking him. He told my mum there was something wrong with my legs and I had to attend there every week after that. I did, but I didn't see him again and there were no more incidents like that.

Life between Quarriers and Lendrick Muir School

45. My mother was in a relationship on and off with [REDACTED] over the subsequent year or two. They kept on breaking up. He worked in the Govan shipyards and I think he used to gamble a lot of the money he was paid away. I think that, and the

fact that he used to batter me, created a lot of issues between my mother and him. There were other issues too.

46. After my mother split up with [REDACTED] she got a boyfriend called [REDACTED] [REDACTED]. She met him in the social security office at the back of Paisley. My mother saw [REDACTED] for quite some time. He was a big disgusting man who smelled of cigarettes and wine. He always wore a hat. He lived with his sister, [REDACTED], in a flat on the first floor of a tenement building in Bridge of Weir. We used to visit [REDACTED]'s flat and stay there all the time.
47. My mother then got a job working as a shorthand typist at a chocolate factory in Hillington. Because she was out at work I would be left alone in [REDACTED]'s flat under his care. I think I was probably either nine or ten when that started happening. [REDACTED] used those opportunities to sexually abuse me. That happened quite a few times in his flat. He used to give me baths and touch me. He'd make me put my hand in his pockets to get a surprise. I didn't want to do that so he used to force me to do that. You can just imagine what the surprise really was. It all sort of built up over a period. It was inevitable that he was going to rape me in the end. I think his sister, [REDACTED], was aware of what he was doing because she tried to put my mother off quite a few times. Sadly the relationship went on for quite some time.
48. I remember spending a lot of time up at the Bridge of Weir dam to get away from him. I ended up telling my mother on one occasion what [REDACTED] was doing. I told her that after the first occasion he raped me. When I told my mother what was happening she didn't believe me. I was told that I was lying and other things. I didn't end up telling anyone else what had happened. [REDACTED] went on to rape me on a number of further occasions.
49. Sometime in 1971, about a year before I went to Lendrick Muir, [REDACTED] tried to kill my mother by strangling her. I think my mother had been screaming at him about what I had said to her because they weren't getting on. He had her by the throat and was trying to choke her. I pulled him off of her, attacked him and bit his

legs. I then got my mother out of the flat and we went back to [REDACTED]. It was only after that incident that my mother started to believe what I had been saying. Looking back on all of that, KDD [REDACTED] played my mother well. My mother was a single mother and he was giving her attention.

50. After KDD [REDACTED] did what he did to me something changed inside me. I started to think "Fuck this I've had enough." At that point I became a "demon child." I wouldn't go to school and did things like pick blackberries by the side of the railway station instead. During the summer I was out playing with two children called [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. They were cousins and stayed in the same block of flats I did. They decided to break into a school a short distance from [REDACTED] and I went along for the ride. I ended up getting all of the blame. The [REDACTED] got nothing done to them and it was all put on me.
51. From that came the involvement of Miss Glen, who was a psychiatric nurse, and Dr Nelson, who was a psychiatrist who was attached Hawkhead Hospital in Renfrewshire. Miss Glen was a spinster who had never married. She had hair that she kept in a bun and had a nice sweet smile. I don't understand why but from that time onwards she took an extraordinary interest in my life. She continued to see me for a number of years over the course of all my time in care. She saw me at all the places I was placed into. She was a pleasant enough person. It was just that she put all this stuff into my mother's head that resulted in me being sent to these places here, there and everywhere. Miss Glen worked with the school, and in particular Miss McCormack, to try and understand how I had gone from being a reasonably good student, albeit who got regularly battered with the belt, to someone who would just say "Fuck you, no I am not having this."
52. Miss Glen and Dr Nelson did some tests on me at Hawkhead Hospital over the course of a few days. They were some kind of intelligence tests. They then convinced my mother to allow them to place me into residence at Hawkhead Hospital. Nothing bad happened it was just some of the tests they did and treatments they tried were very strange. They put me on weird diets and gave me all these injections. It's always struck me as odd that they did those things. I wasn't that fat

when they did that and I don't know why they felt it was appropriate to give me injections. Looking back the way they treated me it was outside of the normal behaviour of doctors and nurses. I think they were trying various treatments out as an experiment to attempt to control a misbehaving child.

53. I remember that after a few days in hospital and I suspect because of the treatment my throat started swelling up as if I had the mumps. It was then that I was sent back home to stay with my mother. It was as if the staff in the hospital got scared and just sent me home. A little time later my throat swelled up further. No matter what Dr Judge gave my mother to give to me it wouldn't go away. My throat then swelled up like a pelican. I ended up having to go to the surgery and be held down for treatment. They sliced my throat open and squeezed whatever it was from the swelling into a kidney dish. I still have that scar to this day on my throat.
54. Dr Nelson continued to see me at her office and Miss Glen continued to visit me at home after I left hospital. They would also take me to a little office and get me to do all these little tests. I remember deciding to do the tests more slowly because I realised that if I did them too slowly then they lost interest.
55. Around this time I was taken on holiday by social services to Anstruther. A group of children were taken. Amongst the children were two boys whose surname was [REDACTED]. One was called [REDACTED] but I don't remember the other one. That trip was supposedly supposed to be a holiday but it wasn't like that. I remember that at night we were made to look at cards and say to the person who was holding them up what we thought was on the card. You would have to guess what the playing card was without seeing them. I remember the [REDACTED] boys would get quite a few of the cards right. Every night the staff would play this game. It was almost if they were testing us to see if we could see the things that we said we could see.
56. I sat my eleven plus and did very well. I was found to have a high IQ. Dr Nelson and Miss Glen then put it into my mother's head that there was a place that they could send me called Lendrick Muir School. They said they thought I was very intelligent and so on. My mother, who wasn't the brightest spark because of her

brain tumour and subsequent haemorrhage, gave in to them. I think what won her round was the thought of her daughter potentially going to university. That idea made her that happy and she agreed to letting them trying to place me in Lendrick Muir.

57. I don't know how the decision was formally made to send me to Lendrick Muir other than my mother agreeing to it. I know there were children's panels later on when I was placed in other places where Miss Glen was involved but I don't know whether that happened around this time. All I knew at the time was that Lendrick Muir was a boarding school and that there was a chance I could go there before I was accepted. I also knew that going there might offer me the chance of ultimately going to university.
58. I was initially taken to Lendrick Muir to see whether I would be accepted. On that day I was taken into the dining room. I remember that my mother had dressed me in a kilt and a frilly blouse and that the other children at the school were laughing at me. I had a meal in the dining room and spoke to the headmaster. After that it was decided that I was suitable to go to the school. Later on a driver took my mother and me in a car to Lendrick Muir and I was dropped off.

Lendrick Muir School, Rumbling Bridge, Kinross

59. I was eleven years old when I went to Lendrick Muir. That would have been in 1973. The starting age for going there was supposedly twelve years old but they let me start early. I stayed until I was nearly fourteen. That would have been in about 1976. I then spent a few weeks at Cardross

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Leaving Lendrick Muir School and being placed into Cardross

116. I was put into Cardross

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. I recall that Miss Glen had a role with the panel that

sent me to Cardross. She seemed to be involved in everything. The children's panel hearing was in Paisley.

117. I remember Miss Glen and my mother taking me to the hearing. There may also have been a social worker there. It was the panel that decided that I should be sent to Cardross. My awareness at the time of why I was being sent there was because I wouldn't do what I was told, I wouldn't stay put and because I kept running away. I didn't have any say or have a chance to speak during the hearing. If I had been asked to speak I wouldn't have because there wouldn't have been any point in doing so. I knew from the minute I walked into that room that they were going to send me somewhere horrible. I can't remember who took me to Cardross after the hearing but that is what happened next.

Cardross Park Assessment Centre, Cardross, Argyll and Bute

118. I was placed in Cardross when I was thirteen. It was some time in the lead up to my birthday so that would have been [REDACTED] 1975. I was in Cardross something like between four and six weeks. I was returned back to Lendrick Muir after I left there.
119. I think Cardross was either a borstal or a List D school. It was a secure place with locks on all the windows. All the rooms were locked at night. They took away my shoes and locked all of the windows. It was a very difficult place to escape from. Cardross really was a hell hole. Out of all the places I have been in, and all the awful things that happened, it was the place that I hated the most.

Layout of Cardross Park Assessment Centre

120. As you went in there was a staircase. I remember that on the staircase they had a mynah bird in a cage. To the left hand side of the staircase on the ground floor was a day room where they kept you all day every day. The day room had bevelled windows with locks on them. You couldn't open them up. To the other side of the staircase were bathrooms, a dining room and a cell which they called "the cooler."

The cooler, that connected to the dining room, had two doors which could be locked. Inside it was a bench made of stainless steel and not much else.

121. On the first floor there were various rooms. There was a nurses station shaped area. It was like an "L shape" with rounded edges. I think that is where the female staff members sat at night when they were on shift. They kept all of the plastic sandals the children had to wear on shelves behind the desk. Other rooms included the bedrooms, toilets and another bathroom.
122. There was a spiral staircase that took you to the second floor of the house. In there was a room I was taken to once when my mother came to visit. I can't remember what other rooms were up there.

Staff

123. Mr **KCZ** was **SNR** of Cardross. He had white hair. He was tall, thin, and wore black slacks, a white shirt, and a black tie. I remember how he looked, I have since relived it in a dream. Other than that I can't describe the way that he looked. You didn't tend to see him that much around the place. The only time you saw him was when you were not conforming.
124. There were several other female staff members. There were quite a few of them but I couldn't say how many. I don't remember any of their names. They worked in shifts. There was always one of them there in the building.

The children at Cardross Park Assessment Centre

125. As far as I was aware there were only girls there during my time. I've never really thought that there could have been boys in another part of the building. There were probably about twelve or thirteen girls including myself. That was how many children I could see in the day room I was kept in during the day. I remember one of the girls was called **██████████**. She was a big tall girl.

Routine at Cardross Park Assessment Centre

Daily routine

126. Every day you would get up after a member of staff banged your door. You would then get washed and dressed into your clothes and plastic sandals. You would then go downstairs. At that time the girls who were over fourteen were allowed outside supervised for a cigarette. If you weren't over fourteen you were taken straight into the dining room for breakfast.
127. During the day we were in the day room. Whilst I was there we were never anywhere else other than the day room and the dining room and weren't allowed out. There could have been another part of the building where children were allowed out but I never saw that. In the evenings we were sent back up to our bedrooms.

Sleeping arrangements

128. The bedroom I was in had three or four metal beds in it. In between each bedroom was a shared toilet with connecting doors. You could go between bedrooms by going through the toilets connected to each one.

Mealtimes / food

129. I remember us all having mealtimes in the dining room and sitting at tables but I can't really remember what the food was like. I think that was because I didn't really eat whilst I was in there. Towards the end of my time there I went on a hunger strike. I didn't eat anything in over a week. I did that because I was getting battered by all of the other girls. The staff didn't care when I did that.

Chores

130. I don't remember having to do any chores.

Clothing

131. They provided you with your clothes. They were more like normal clothes than a uniform. They put hard plastic sandals on your feet. They were similar to what you would call "jellies" now. I didn't know then why they put those on the children when I was there. Looking back, I do wonder whether they were used so that children who escaped could be easily spotted by people looking for them.

Possessions

132. I don't think anyone had any possessions. The only things that people had were cigarettes. By that time I was smoking, Secondary Institutions - to be published later Secondary Institutions - to be published later but I wasn't allowed any cigarettes because I was too young.

School

133. I wasn't given any kind of schooling whilst I was in there. I wasn't aware of any of the girls receiving any schooling.

Leisure time

134. If you were over fourteen you were allowed to smoke. There was nothing to do whilst we were in the day room. We just sat around in our plastic sandals and talked amongst ourselves. There was nothing provided for us. There were no games or anything like that. If there was anything like that it could be that I don't remember them because I wasn't allowed to participate with the other girls.

Birthdays / Christmas

135. I can't remember whether I was there over Christmas or when I had a birthday. I never saw anything like anybody's birthday being celebrated.

Visits / Inspections

136. Cardross was very different when there were visitors around. You were given a little bit more freedom when that happened. They took off the plastic sandals you were made to wear.
137. When my mother visited we met in a room upstairs at the very top of the building. I remember sitting there, talking with her and her saying things like "This won't last long" and so on. At that time I was very angry with her. I don't think I have been as angry at any other human being in my life as when my mother visited on that occasion. I don't remember there being anyone else in the room.
138. I don't remember anyone ever coming to Cardross to inspect the place.

Running away

139. Whilst I was in Cardross I continued to try to run away. Whenever something happened to me I would try to run. One of my escape plans was to try to take the locks off the window in my room and use gathered sheets to make a rope. That plan went a bit skewwhiff and didn't work out in the end.
140. My other plan was to escape during one of the rare occasions when my mother visited me. That plan worked. In the middle of the visit I stole a train ticket from my mother's bag, said I needed the bathroom, went down to the nurse's station, grabbed some shoes and ran away. By the time the staff realised I hadn't gone to the bathroom I was long gone. I then ran into the village and to the train station, followed the track to the next station and jumped on a train using the ticket my mother had which I had stolen from her bag. The ticket took me to Glasgow so I had sneak on a train back to Johnstone. I then got back to my mother's. That was quite a distance away.

Abuse at Cardross Park Assessment Centre

141. The abuse in Cardross was more physical. The physical abuse they used in there broke children down and made them conform. If you didn't conform then you were punished further. The place was just a total hell hole. If staff treated children the way I was treated there now they would all end up in jail. It wouldn't just be a month here and there. They would be in jail for a very long time.

The other girls

142. Secondary Institutions - to be published later the staff used the other girls to control you if you weren't conforming. It was almost as if they had a set thing where if you didn't conform to the staff then the other children would be used to make you conform. I also wonder what having to do that to others has done to the ones used to do it. The staff would tip the wink to the other girls if you misbehaved and then those girls would batter you. There is nothing that will convince me that that wasn't otherwise. It all manifested itself because of the way the staff were. It was like a control system that they had in place.
143. I remember being told in the day room by the other children "just wait until we get you into your room at night." They would come in through the toilet into my room, tie me down to my bed and muffle me. It was either scraps of material or sheets that the girls used to tie me down. They would then kick me, hit me, pull my hair and scratch me. It was the whole lot. I remember the girls saying to me whilst they did that that things would get worse if I continued to cause trouble. That went on for a while before one day, when I was attacked in the day room, I fought back. After that things got even worse. It was always the way that if you hit back and responded it just got worse.
144. It seemed that a girl called [REDACTED] was one of the ringleaders when the other girls battered you. She wasn't evil, she was just nasty. I remember that for some of those girls who were involved it was almost as if they didn't want to do it. I think that

they did it because it was “better her than me.” Looking back at the way the girls acted in Cardross it wasn’t normal child behaviour. It was something that was put in place to keep the children under control. [Redacted]

[Redacted]

145. There were two other girls who were treated in a similar fashion to me. I remember they learnt to suck up to the girls who did that and joined in when they beat me up. The only reason they did that was so that what was happening to me wasn’t happening to them. It was almost like a system. When a new child came in the last one in would stop being picked on because that new child was there.
146. The staff probably did hear what was going on outside of the room when the girls attacked me. Even though I was muffled, I was grunting and making noise. If the staff didn’t hear those assaults taking place they would have known about them anyway because they were the ones who put those girls up to it.

Mr [Redacted]

147. Mr [Redacted] was the only one, as far as the staff were concerned, who was physical. He was evil. When the use of the other children to make you conform didn’t work the staff would use a room they called “the cooler.” Children would be taken into that room and beaten up by Mr [Redacted] with a stick. He liked to hit children with his stick. It could have been a cane. All I remember was it being a big long stick. He was very good with that.
148. I was beaten by Mr [Redacted] a few weeks into my time there. That was the only occasion that happened. I can’t really remember why he beat me. I think that I had tried to run away. I was taken into the cooler and both the doors were locked. Mr [Redacted] then came in and beat the shit out of me with his stick. He hit me everywhere. The look in that man’s eyes when he was hitting me was horrible. It was as if there was no soul there. It was like looking into an empty vessel. It was like looking into someone and there was nothing there. He didn’t look as if he enjoyed what he was doing. It was more that he looked like he was doing it and that

was it. After that other girls were told to beat the shit out of me because I had been trying to get out. I remember having plastic sandals on my feet, being locked in my bedroom and other girls doing that.

149. Out of all the people who have done things to me Mr **KCZ** is the one who troubles me the most. He should never ever have been in a position where he was in control of children. Someone who could batter a child with no look of “sorry I am doing this” should never be around children. He just did it because he could. What he did to me was horrible and he got away with it. That man should have been hung, drawn and quartered. He had no right to lock me in a room then batter the living shit out of me. He was an adult and I was a child. He is probably dead now but if he is alive I would like him to pay for what he did.

Reporting of abuse whilst at Cardross Park Assessment Centre

150. During the visit my mother made to Cardross I told her how I was being treated. I told her everything that was happening to me. She didn't believe me because that didn't fit into her own little world. The way she viewed me was her “late in life baby” who was very intelligent and going to university. Everything else she just ignored. She would just change the subject when I told her what was actually happening.

Leaving Cardross Park Assessment Centre and returning to Lendrick Muir School

151. After Mr **KCZ** battered the shit out of me I ran away. I decided I was going to escape following a visit from my mother and I did that. When I ran away from Cardross I made it home. I got back before my mother got back from Cardross. My mother then stupidly phoned the police and they came to take me back. I didn't want to go back to Cardross so, before they arrived, I locked myself **[REDACTED]** and took an overdose. **[REDACTED]**

152. I was then taken by the police to the Vale of Leven Hospital because I had taken an overdose. When I got there I had my stomach pumped. All that was in my stomach was the meal I had been given at my mother's and [REDACTED] I had taken. There was nothing else because I hadn't eaten for such a long time.

153. I went on to stay at the Vale of Leven for a few days. I don't remember the names of any of the hospital staff but they were nice to me. I remember that whilst I was there questions were asked by hospital staff about why my body was covered in bruises. I had something like over one hundred and forty bruises all over my body. The fact that I hadn't eaten for a while was also discussed. They worked that out from my urine because it contained a lot of ketones.

154. The people who were looking after me in The Vale of Leven should have realised that I was being physically abused but they did nothing. I don't know whether the staff at The Vale of Leven reported the bruising I had to the police. I would imagine that they did but I don't know that for certain. The police certainly never spoke to me about what had happened at Cardross.

155. Even after they saw the bruises I was still taken back to Cardross. I remember begging not to go back there but I was still sent back. I was then at Cardross for a further two or three days. During this time I think there was another panel hearing without me in attendance. I think I remember Miss Glen being involved in that. After that hearing a decision was made to place me back to Lendrick Muir. I do wonder whether that decision had been made because I had raised questions about how I was treated at Cardross at the Vale of Leven. It could be that Cardross became aware of that and decided they wanted me out. They must have known that they hadn't done anything about a child who was receiving beatings or had gone on hunger strike and could be in trouble because of that.

Lendrick Muir School (for the second time)

156. I was between thirteen and fourteen when I returned to Lendrick Muir. That would have been in 1976. I was only there for a period of a few weeks. It wasn't a long period of time at all. Secondary Institutions - to be published later

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

157.

Life after leaving Lendrick Muir School before being placed in The Crichton Royal

158. Miss Glen knew that I was having strange dreams and various other things like that. I think it was because of that that Miss Glen arranged for me to have an interview at The Crichton Royal. My mother came with us. Secondary Institutions - to be published later

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159. After that interview I was accepted into a part of the Crichton Royal called Eskdale House. I think it was only about a week after the interview that I was taken in.

Looking back at this time, everybody was waiting until Miss Glen could get me into The Crichton Royal. She was the main factor in getting me there.

The Crichton Royal, Dumfries, Dumfries and Galloway

160. I was at the Crichton Royal between the ages of fourteen and fifteen for a little over a year. That means I was approximately there from 1976 until 1977.

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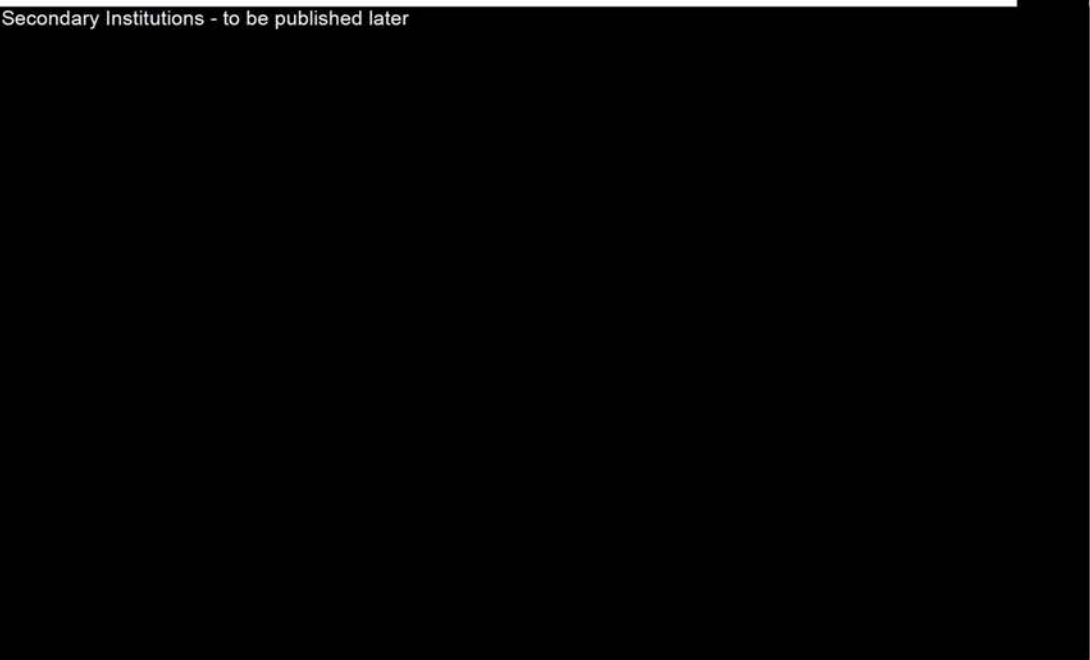


Leaving the Crichton Royal

198. I left the Crichton Royal when I was fifteen. That was in approximately in 1977. Second

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

199.



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Life after being in care

200. When I went back to staying with my mother I was placed back into normal mainstream schooling. I did that for one year. I don't think Johnstone High School were very pleased to receive me. By that point the only time I went into school was when it was a lesson that I wanted to learn. I went in and did things like Chemistry, Art, Music and Cookery but nothing else.
201. The staff wouldn't say anything to me because they were scared that if they did I would kick off. I think they had been warned not to force me to do anything. I can recall only one occasion when a teacher, who I disliked, had a go at me and it was for something another child had done. After he did that he never had a go at me again. I think they could see what was happening in my eyes. It was almost as if a devil would appear inside me. I could lift grown men up by their throats and put them against the wall. I had been turned into some sort of weird monster.
202. I didn't leave Johnstone High School with any qualifications. The minute I could leave I left. I actually left when I was fifteen but officially I left when I was sixteen. When I left I decided that I was going to get a job so that I could help my mother. I ended up working in a Co-op for a while. I then went to Reid Kerr College to do a course in catering.
203. Around about the time I started working my mother's attacks on me were getting a lot worse. One day my friend was around the house and my mother attacked me in front of her. I blacked out when that happened but my friend later told me that I lifted up my mother by throat and said that if she ever touched me again I would kill her. When I heard what I had done it terrified me.

204. I decided to then take myself to my doctor because I was scared that I would damage my mother. I was then taken to Dykebar Hospital for some tests. They undertook an ECG that showed that I had abnormalities on the left hand side of my brain. I was told that ordinarily people with that abnormality suffered epileptic fits but I suffered temper blackouts instead.
205. I then decided to take myself away and got a job on the Isle of Mull. I lived and worked there for a while in a hotel. I did waitressing, cooking and various other things. After that season was over I returned back to my mother's. She was exactly the same as she had been before and got worse and worse. I then decided that I needed to get myself away from her again. At that time I was seeing someone. He was like me and had a very troubled background. We were way too young. I decided that we should go down to London.
206. The person I was seeing was a man called [REDACTED]. He later changed his name to [REDACTED]. When I planned to go down to London with him my mother seemed to know. She called the police and they put out a warrant on him. He ended up being arrested and was placed in a prison in Stirling. When he came out I made sure that my mother wasn't aware that I was seeing him and that's how we ended up getting down to London without her knowing. I lived in Tooting in London for quite a few years. I had two children with [REDACTED] there. [REDACTED] then became an alcoholic and quite abusive.
207. I then discovered from the police that my mother was dying. I was asked whether I would come up to Scotland to see her. When I went up around Christmas time with the kids I discovered that she really was dying. She then died. I was there when she died. I'd have been about twenty one when she passed away. On the day my mother died my husband called me up drunk. I decided enough was enough and left him. I then arranged the funeral and got a house in Johnstone Castle.
208. My husband then came up to Scotland. He got a house in Corseford. I then moved in with him. Sometime later I discovered he was having an affair with my best friend and I threw him out. I then moved back to Johnstone to a street called [REDACTED]

██████████. I was relatively happy there because there were a lot of people I had been to normal school within the area.

209. I then met a man called ██████████ who I later married. He would spend all the money that came in on gambling and would do anything he could to get me out of the house. I ended up becoming a prostitute in Glasgow whilst living in Johnstone. I did that because I had to survive and needed money for my kids. I was working long hours. I would leave the house at 5:00pm and sometimes not get back until 3:00am. I would get tired because I had my children to look after as well. I had sitters but I did a lot myself too. ██████████ gradually got rid of the sitters and then got me into injecting speed to help me stay awake. He would mix that in with other drugs. That would end up with me getting loads of energy and allow me to go on looking after the kids and doing my work.
210. Sadly, ██████████ got under my radar and turned out both to be a paedophile and from a family of paedophiles. I have later found out that he abused a neighbour's child also. Looking back, ██████████ just wanted me out of the house so that he could abuse my kids. He's never been charged or convicted but I know what he did. When I found out what ██████████ did to my daughter I tried to tell a social worker called June Semple but she wouldn't listen. In the end I almost was done for attempted murder against ██████████. The charge got dropped down to common assault.
211. I got divorced, moved to Greenock and got remarried to a man called ██████████. I was happy and moved down to Cambridge with ██████████ after his car headlights were shot out and I was warned ██████████ was coming for me. ██████████ got a job in Cambridge and we ran there. I've been in Cambridge for about twenty years. I am no longer married, I am not fit to be anyone's wife, but we are still good friends.

Impact

212. When I was younger I had an extremely high IQ. I was told that it was off the chart. I now have a platinum Mensa certificate. If my reality hadn't been suffering from abuse at a young age then I do wonder what my reality would have become. Had I not been the various places I was during my time in care and go to school then things might have been different. I appreciate I came from a deprived area but there were still opportunities in those days. There were opportunities to get qualifications, go to university and go on to do something. I was talented in quite a few things. My passion as a child was all things to do with medical science and art. If I had been left in peace to just get on with a normal uninterrupted education then I probably would have gone on to become a doctor then a plastic surgeon or a scientist. Instead I took various jobs and became a prostitute and a drug addict. I basically had a totally wasted life and a wasted brain.
213. I got to a stage in my childhood where I just didn't trust anyone. I did like people but I didn't trust a word that came out of their mouths. That made it quite hard for me to build up relationships. I am no longer married because I'm not in a fit state to be anyone's wife. However, I am still very close friends with my ex-husband. He cares for me as I am very ill.
214. It's only when I talk about my mother that I get really upset. I get quite intense memories when I think about her. It annoys me that that happens because she was a terrible mother, but things were different in those days and she had had the brain haemorrhage which changed her fundamentally. She was in charge of me and allowed all these things to happen to me. However, even after all of that I still love her. That annoys me so much. I don't understand, knowing what I know, how I can still love her. She didn't deserve to be loved. I suppose part of me has forgiven her but there is still a nasty part inside me that's there that finds forgiving her as a weakness but in order to move forward I had to.
215. In my core I'm not someone who likes violence. However, the natures I developed responding to the experiences I had in my childhood led to me being more than

capable in dishing it out. I suppose in some ways that was a help to me, particularly in later life.

216. I have had flashbacks since leaving care. During a period when I was still going out of the house I went to a dentist for some treatment. I remember that the dentist wouldn't listen to me when I told him that the anaesthetic hadn't kicked in. When the dentist started working my teeth I had a flashback to the incident in Quarriers when they removed my back teeth.
217. From time to time I see things in my dreams and get reminded about what happened. That has ended up with me entering periods of depression. I have had to push through that though because I had children and have had to make sure that everything is as it should be.
218. Following what happened in Quarriers and later on with KDD I started to hear voices in my head. Those voices were like different versions of me. It was almost as if I would have different conversations with different versions of myself within my head. If there was a situation where I was having the shit kicked out of me one of the voices would take over. If I was in a happy situation then another voice would take over. There was a time after my son died when it felt as if my head exploded. I had so many people inside my head that it sounded like Central Station. I had to examine each voice and understand why they were like that.
219. Over the years I have calmed those voices and looked at why the voices are the way they are. I kind of understand what all the voices are and I've brought them all back together. I have a couple of the voices that I have made friends with. When I was focussed on things growing up, and since, like cookery, pottery, research, science, medical things or other activities I can totally block those voices out. When I have that focus it is only me there.
220. In some ways having so many different personalities going on in my head has allowed me to fit in. I think that has stemmed from all the different places I was when I was a child. Those personalities have allowed me to fit in wherever I went because

I could become somebody else. I could fit in with the lowest of the low and the highest of the high. The downside of that is that I was being so many other people to fit in that I wasn't myself for a long time.

221. I have done some research into all the different voices in my head. I have read about multiple personality disorder but I don't think I fit in with that diagnosis. My personalities all know each other and have conversations together. It could be that I have a form of personality disorder though. The only personality that I don't know, and never have known, is the one that took over when I lifted my mother up by her throat and put her up against a wall. My mother was 6 foot 1 inch tall and built like a boxer. I am 5 feet 4 inches tall. I would never have even believed that that personality existed if my friend hadn't been there to witness that incident. I never want to know who that personality is.
222. Until my son died I kept my memories in boxes. If I didn't want to visit a certain thing then I just didn't visit that box. After [REDACTED] died I had to come to terms with what had happened during my time in care. It was as if all the closed boxes that I had kept closed all exploded and opened up at the same time. All I wanted to do was die. A year to the day after [REDACTED]'s death I tried to kill myself. Although I didn't want to be, I was found and brought round from that suicide attempt. When I was brought round I was absolutely normal. It was as if nothing had happened. I then realised that I would have to go back and re-visit my childhood. I didn't want to do that because it was painful but that is what my mind told me to do.
223. I feel my experiences have given me a level of empathy that allows me to see the various sides of situations. I don't know whether that empathy was always there or whether that has developed over the course of my experiences. I have had other people talk to me about their experiences. I can tell when someone has been abused. I just know that when I meet them. I have had people who have poured their hearts out to me. They did that because someone understood what had been done to them. They didn't know what I had experienced but they knew that someone was listening and wouldn't judge. I remember that one person said something like "It's like you've taken all this from my soul" when they told me their life story. I think

it's because of everything that I have gone through that enables me to do that. I wouldn't lose that for anything. If I can make another human being feel validated, loved and feel normal then everything that happened to me, in a way, was worth it.

224. I have had six children four of whom have survived. The two with [REDACTED] are dead. My life hasn't been pointless because I have had my children. They have mostly now got good lives. They are thriving. My life now is good. I have various illnesses and am in pain most of the time but other than that I am happy. I am probably happier now than I have been in my entire life. It's taken me fifty nine years to get there. I feel safe because I now know that what happened has made me who I am and I like me. I know that I am nice and will do a good turn before a bad turn. At the end of the day that is all that matters.

Treatment and support

225. Secondary Institutions - to be published later
[REDACTED]
226. After the premature birth of my daughter I went off on one. I mentioned to my social worker, Carol Daily, that one of my bad personalities was speaking to me and was trying to make me cause people to suffer. Carol Daily then got me taken up to Dykebar Hospital where I saw a psychiatrist. I remember that when I walked into Dykebar Hospital standing there was ^{KDD} [REDACTED]. He was a total vegetable by that time.
227. The psychiatrist was lovely and I went on to see her for some time. I talked to her about various things over the time that I saw her. We didn't discuss a lot of what happened in my childhood. I remember that I told her ^{KDD} [REDACTED] was in the hospital and that he was the one who had raped me as a child. The psychiatrist's response was "oh yes he is known for that."

228. Speaking to a psychiatrist did help and I enjoyed it. It was almost as if the voices in my head listened to her and found her interesting. Her sessions enabled me to explore the various facets of the personalities within me and allowed me to pull them all together. It enabled me to put bits back together and cut down on the number of voices that were in my head. At the end I asked my psychiatrist whether she thought I was insane and she said that I was the sanest person that she ever met.

Reporting of abuse in adult life

229. Anything I ever reported was always responded to with "Oh that's just the way **KDC** is, she makes up stories", "You're a dirty little bitch" or "you're lying little bitch." When my mother's boyfriend raped me and I tried to report it it was just like that. She would tell other people that that was just what I was like. That was what I was told and that is what I came to think other people expected of me.
230. I don't think I have reported what happened in care in adult life because I came to believe that people would never believe me. If they were going to do something about what happened then why did they not do anything about it when they saw what I was like in the Vale of Leven or after all the times I ran away? I just didn't trust anyone would ever believe what I have been saying.

Records

231. I have never tried to recover any of my records.

Lessons to be learned

232. I don't think anyone can define what normal is. To me normal is who you are inside. I know now that inside I am a good person and that I was when I was a child. I was

a troubled child because of all the things that had happened to me but I wasn't bad person. I never was violent to anyone, like staff members were to me, to control people. I always knew that was wrong. Looking back, all I was trying to do was get back to my mother.

233. Nobody really looked at why I was behaving the way I behaved when I was a child. All those who were involved in placing me into care were concerned about was containing me and making my mother believe that through doing that I would end up in university and so on. Secondary Institutions - to be published later

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

234. I don't know when the children's hearings started but I attended a lot over my childhood. All those various children's panels knew what other people had written down in the notes that had been given to them. The people who wrote those notes didn't believe half the things I said. Therefore, there was no point in me saying anything because they wouldn't believe me anyway. All that happened following those hearings was that I would be dumped into another place and off the cycle would go again.
235. I have heard people who had been abused say that they didn't understand that the abuse wasn't right when they were children and that that was their reality. I personally do not understand why they think like that. I knew within myself that what happened from Quarriers onwards in terms of abuse was not right. I knew when all those things were happening that the reality was that those things shouldn't be happening and that those things were wrong.
236. There are different degrees of abuse. The ones that are associated with pain tend to stick with me. Pain seems to make memories stick with me. In the animal kingdom if the baby animal is being naughty the mother animal will give them a short sharp shock. I think that when they extracted my teeth I was given a short sharp shock and that was why that incident in particular is so vivid in my mind. It is almost as if from that moment on a neural pathway was opened up in my brain and I can't forget

it and the associated things around it. To me, incidents like that create vivid memories that can't be forgotten.

237. Things need to be put in place to make sure that this doesn't happen again. They need to make sure that the care that is in place meets the duty of care that should be expected. Children shouldn't be thrown into places purely out of convenience. Where somewhere is providing care for children they should be regularly checked. That includes both the places and the staff who work there. The staff should be looked into all the way back. Someone with a violent temper should never be allowed to be in charge of children. They need to make sure that staff members aren't paedophiles and there is no grooming, touching or physical assault going on.
238. I do think that even if the problems are solved for children in care the problem will still be there. The paedophiles will just move on to a different thing. They will find a different way to get to children whether that be through religion, medical institutions, schools or anywhere else. They will look for any place and way that will bring them into contact with children.
239. They have to wipe out paedophilia from society. If they don't it will continue through the generations. My personal opinion is that paedophiles who are caught should be chemically castrated. I realise that it won't stop them abusing power but it will stop them from passing on their genes to further generations. If they do have children then I think they should be chemically castrated too. I appreciate that that is a horrible thought but that is what I think. I would go as far to say that if they can prove 100% that an individual is a paedophile and there is a risk that they will abuse children then they should be killed by lethal injection.

Hopes for the Inquiry

240. The people who were supposed to care for me, and others, in these places have stolen generations of people who could have been scientists and doctors and so on. Their abuse and neglect is not just about the harm that they have caused on

individuals. It is also the harm they have caused to wider society. I am sure that there are a lot of other people out there like me, who are intelligent and could have gone on to do so many things and benefited society. These people stole that from them. It is such a waste of lives and intelligence.

241. I don't know why but I had a dream that said to me that I had to speak to the Inquiry. I don't know why that happened. I suspect that came from the fact that I have researched abuse in institutions and discovered that things have been going on since the early 1900s. I discovered that children were not just abused but also shipped off to other countries. There are children who there aren't any records of anymore. I am certain there are thousands who have experienced the things I did. Many of those children don't have a voice but I do. That is why I have come forward.

242. I have no objection to my witness statement being published as part of the evidence to the Inquiry. I believe the facts stated in this witness statement are true.

Signed..... 

Dated..... 25 June 2021