

Statement Addendum

Client Name: Elizabeth Wilson
Date of Birth: 17/12/1987
Care Setting: LESIEY sTREET- MOTHERWELL CHILDRENS HOME
Dates: 2000
Persons Involved:

Full Statement

I was taken from my family and placed into foster care. During that time, I felt comfortable, safe, and cared for. It was the only period where I experienced some form of stability and support. However, everything changed when I was moved and placed into a children's home on Lesley Street in Motherwell in 2000. This is where the abuse began.

When I arrived, there was no empathy, no support, and no effort to help me settle in. There was only one worker who showed me any kindness. He would even come in during his own time off to try and comfort me. He was the only person who seemed to care about me. Apart from him, I was treated very differently.

I was dragged to my room on arrival, and I quickly realised I had no freedom. My room was kept locked most of the time, and I was often locked in there for long periods, sometimes feeling like it was 24 hours a day. I felt trapped, isolated, and completely powerless.

The staff were very nasty towards me. They spoke to me with no respect, constantly shouting, screaming, and calling me names. They would physically hurt me by slapping me on the head and my body, pushing me around the corridors, and using force against me regularly. When they restrained me, it was extremely painful and frightening. Several staff members would hold me down at once, sitting on me and taking my breath away. They would bend my arms and legs behind my back in ways that caused intense pain. There were always multiple staff involved, and they would laugh while doing this, which made it feel like they were tormenting me on purpose.

They would constantly target me emotionally as well. I was called unwanted and made to feel like no one cared about me. They knew my mum was not visiting me, and they used this against me. They would tell me that no one cared and that there was nothing I could do about it, which caused me deep emotional pain and reinforced feelings of abandonment.

I had issues with wetting the bed, and instead of helping me, they used it to humiliate me. They would keep me locked in my room and force me to stay in the same bedding. At times, they would bring other children in to laugh at me. This was extremely degrading, and it is something that still affects me to this day.

There was also a young boy who would come into our rooms and showers and behave in a sexual way

towards us. The staff allowed this to happen and did nothing to protect us. This has since been recognised, and he has been charged with sexual assault. At the time, it made me feel even more unsafe and unprotected.

Food was not always guaranteed. The kitchen was locked, and we were expected to complete chores to be allowed to eat. If we did not do them, we would go without food or be given leftovers from the previous day as punishment. This added to the feeling of neglect and control.

We were kept locked away most of the time. The staff were extremely physical, often sitting on our legs so we could not move, leaving us in pain for days. They would grab us by the neck and push us up against walls. Punishments were given for no clear reason, and I felt constantly targeted.

Staff would write reports about us daily, but they would lie, which meant other staff coming on shift would punish us based on things that were not true. It created a cycle of ongoing punishment and abuse that we could not escape.

All of the children there were frightened and in similar situations. There were around seven of us, and we were all treated the same way—like we did not matter, like we were less than human. It felt life-threatening at times, and we were living in constant fear.

There was no real interest in our education. I struggled badly because I was not supported or encouraged to attend school. I have no qualifications as a result. The only education I received was when I turned 16 and started attending an education placement where I was paid. Even then, the care home took that money from me for rent and continued to lock me away. That was the only opportunity I had, and even that was controlled.

I lived in this environment for years, suffering both mentally and physically, until I was around 17 and a half when I was finally allowed to leave. By that point, the damage had already been done.

As a result of everything I went through, I suffer from severe PTSD, anxiety, and ongoing mental health issues. I have struggled with self-harm and addiction. I find it extremely difficult to trust people or build relationships. My own children now live with their father because I am unable to cope in the way I would want to as a parent.

I struggle with basic daily activities, including cooking and managing normal life responsibilities. I find it difficult to regulate my emotions and cope with everyday situations. I rely on medication to manage my mental health, and I continue to suffer from the effects of the abuse I experienced.

This has completely ruined my life. I will never be the same again. The trauma I experienced in that children's home has had a permanent and devastating impact on me, and I continue to live with the consequences every single day.