

Statement Addendum

Client Name: Alexis Prowse
Date of Birth: 05/02/1994
Care Setting: MARGARET AND GORDON- FOSTER FAMILY
Dates: 2002
Persons Involved:

Full Statement

All of my siblings came here with me, but I ended up staying the longest. During that time, I was treated very badly. I remember feeling like we were treated like animals rather than children. I was only around 10 years old, and all I wanted was to feel part of a family. After my sisters had left, I had no choice but to stay, and I remember desperately wanting a happy, loving family environment. Instead, I was treated horribly.

One memory that has stayed with me very clearly is when I tried to show kindness. I bought flowers for Mother's Day because I wanted to feel like I belonged and to show appreciation. Instead of kindness in return, she reacted angrily. She embarrassed me in front of others, made it very clear that she was not my mum, and called me names while laughing at me. That moment was deeply hurtful and humiliating. It made me feel rejected and unwanted, and it has stayed with me ever since.

I also witnessed my little brother being abused in that home, which was extremely distressing and traumatic for me. On top of that, we were called terrible names related to our family, including being taunted about my dad being a paedophile. This was incredibly damaging and confusing as a child, and it caused me a lot of emotional pain.

After my siblings had left, the treatment towards me became even worse. I felt even more isolated and targeted. They would torment me more frequently, and I had no one there for support. I was often used as what felt like a "guinea pig" for respite carers. I was sent to different respite placements without any say or choice, which made me feel unsettled, unwanted, and like I did not belong anywhere.

At the same time, I was expected to do all the chores in the house. I had to get up and complete everything that was expected of me, and if I did not, I would be punished and left in my room all day. This isolation was extremely damaging. I felt trapped and controlled, with no freedom and no sense of being cared for.

I was also forced to attend church until I was 12 years old. I felt like my beliefs and identity were not respected, and I was being forced into something against my will. This added to my confusion and distress, especially at such a young age.

They regularly used nasty and degrading names towards me. There were also situations where I was wrongly accused — for example, she would blame me and say I had called her a "bitch," even when I had not. I

remember being picked up from school by a social worker and taken to an office, where I had to wait alone at around 9 years old. The foster parents did not turn up, and I was left there again feeling neglected, abandoned, and without any support. This reinforced my feelings that I could not rely on adults to care for me.

They would bully me and my siblings and constantly call us names. I was forced to go to the chip shop for them, yet I was not allowed to go out for myself, even to simple places like the park. I felt like I was being treated like a servant rather than a child. There was no fairness, no care, and no freedom.

Looking back, I feel that my childhood was taken away from me. The way I was treated has had a lasting impact on my mental health. Being forced into religious practices, being controlled, and being emotionally abused also affected my relationships with my siblings. It created distance and strain at a time when we needed each other the most.

The impact on my mental health has been severe and long-lasting. I now suffer from PTSD, depression, and anxiety. I have struggled with emotional abuse throughout my life as a result of these experiences. I find it difficult to trust people, build relationships, and feel safe. they stopped me eating here and caused a eating disorder

One memory that I will never forget is the physical pain and emotional hurt of being grabbed by my wrist after I bought her flowers for Mother's Day. She hurt me physically and, at the same time, told me in front of everyone that she was not my mum. That moment represents so much of what I went through — rejection, humiliation, pain, and a complete lack of care. It is something that has stayed with me and continues to affect me deeply to this day. I was here until 2004 so around the ge of 10 11