

Name: William Reid

DOB: 19/03/1963

Name of Care Home/s: Keith Lodge Stonehaven, Lady Mary's School, Thornton School

Age in care: Age 7-16

Date: 16/06/2026

Method: Taken over phone

Personal Statement

I was placed into care by a children's panel when I was about 5 or 6 years old.

Stonehaven

I remember my mother took me to a place in Aberdeen and dropped me off. I remember this place but couldn't remember the address or anything and I wasn't sure what type of place this was because they didn't tell me. When I got there, I remember that they took me to the bathroom and then my mum disappeared and I never saw her again for all that time I was in there. I remember me and the other kids being given tablets there, but I can't remember what they were for.

Lady Mary School

I recall being beaten and locked in dark cupboards for hours, especially at night. Lady Mary's had dungeons, a place downstairs. They would throw me into a dark room for hours on end. I would scream for hours to be let out, and eventually, they would, but I was terrified as a young child. I still have nightmares about this to this day. They would do this if you misbehaved or they thought you were being disruptive. Due to this I began experiencing panic attacks, but they weren't recognized back then. I would simply be left alone to deal with this. The staff would call me names, though I can't remember what they were. I endured a lot of beatings, primarily physical abuse. At Lady Mary, sometimes you would go on adventure weeks. These adventure weeks were basically mini holidays. When we were on these adventure weeks, a male staff member would take me into the showers and would try to touch me while washing me. I am not 100% sure whether this happened more than once. I know several complaints were made against him, and I am aware he is no longer alive, but I can't recall his name. I believe another boy who was there at the time got in touch with the police about this because years later I was contacted by the police to give a statement about the sexual abuse that was going on there but I told them that I didn't want to say anything about it. I also remember you would be sitting down watching tv and one of the other boys would come over and sit on top of you and try to put his leg over you and hump you, but I can't remember his name. He was one of the other residents and it happened on more than

one occasion. I was too scared to say anything to him. I have never really spoken to anybody about this it is really embarrassing to talk about.

Thornton School

At Thornton School, Mr. Scott, the head of the home, would pull me into his office, lower my pants, and repeatedly hit me on the backside with his slipper. I definitely remember him doing that and quite a few times as well. This didn't just happen to me, but it happened to the other kids in there. I was always forced to eat things I disliked, which made me feel sick. Seeing food that they tried to force-feed me triggers memories. If you didn't eat what they gave you then you would get dragged out of the hall and would be forced to go without food. I was compelled to participate in religious practices. I was made to take cold baths while everyone else from the dormitory watched and laughed, which was particularly traumatizing. I was a bed wetter, and I remember other children mocking me for it, so the staff must have informed everyone about my situation. We would sniff glue at the school; it was rubber tyre glue. This is where I initially started the habit of sniffing glue. I ran away from the school once and the liaison officer who was called Mr Walker picked me up and took me back to the social work office and started slapping me and telling me I was going back and not to give him any cheek. Whenever I would run away it was him who would pick me up and slap me about and force me to go back. He would tell you to shut your mouth and smack you in the face. it was basically his job to be the hard man. I never had any family visits, which I believe was because my mother couldn't afford to come and see me. I was separated from my siblings, but we entered care at different stages in our lives. I left just before my 16th birthday and returned home. I had hatred towards my parents. I hated my dad and would be getting into fights with my mother. I never had a good relationship with them after I came out because I blamed them.

I experience ongoing nightmares, which I have talked about with my doctor; I have dealt with these since I was a young child, along with panic attacks. This is something I have never outgrown. They started while I was in care and I still experience them to this day. I use medication like a nasal spray for my panic attacks. Trazodone is the antidepressant I take. I have a deep fear of the dark. My time in care has left me traumatized to the extent that my memories are not very clear, as I have tried to suppress them. Once I went into care, I was never the same again. I was completely different when I came out to when I went in, it completely changed my life and not for the better. Before I went in, I thought I would have a normal life and get a job and things like that but when I came out I couldn't do this because how was I supposed to hold down a job when I was getting constant panic attacks. I also can't sleep because of these nightmares and have to take 100's of tablets. This is the first time I have shared my experiences in care, and I wish my memories were clearer than they are. The statement I provided is somewhat confused because I cannot recall which facility I was in at various points in my life. After I came out of care I ended up sniffing glue for years and years and drinking all the time and it messed my memory up.