

# Statement Addendum

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**Client Name:** James Comrie  
**Date of Birth:** 21/01/1961  
**Care Setting:** he Royal Scottish National Hospital was a psychiatric institution situated in Larbert (today in Falkirk council area),  
**Dates:** 1961- 1979  
**Persons Involved:** The staffand childrne

## Full Statement

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From as early as I can remember, I was taken away from my family and placed into this institution. I believe I was there from birth or from a very young age. My memories from when I was extremely young are sometimes vague, but there are certain memories, moments, and experiences that I will never forget. These memories have stayed with me my entire life and still affect me deeply to this day.

Growing up in that institution was extremely confusing and frightening. I was never comforted by any of the staff. No one ever explained to me what was happening or why I was there. As a young child I felt completely alone, frightened, and abandoned. I remember struggling from a very young age to understand what was happening around me. There was no kindness, no reassurance, and no emotional support.

One of the memories that has stayed with me was when the staff would give me injections that made me feel strange and confused. After being injected, I remember being forced to sit in a box for days at a time. I was very young and did not understand what they were doing to me. I remember feeling scared, disoriented, and helpless.

While I was in that institution, I suffered serious abuse from members of staff. I experienced mental abuse, physical abuse, and sexual abuse. This abuse happened repeatedly. It was not a single event but something that happened regularly while I lived there. I remember many of the staff members and the things they did.

Education in the institution was also very poor. They allowed me to attend school, but the school was within the grounds of the institution and the education provided was not proper or adequate. Because of this, I struggled greatly. Even now as an adult I cannot properly read or write and I struggle to speak clearly at times. I have learning difficulties, and I believe this is directly because of the lack of proper education and support I received while I was in that institution.

The punishments we received were extremely cruel. Staff would beat us badly, sometimes leaving us black and blue. We were often locked in rooms for long periods of time. If we became upset, angry, or distressed, the staff would inject us again. There was also a padded room with no windows where we would be placed as punishment. Being locked inside there was terrifying. I remember feeling trapped, helpless, and completely alone.

The sexual abuse I experienced happened often. Some of the staff who abused us would also be the ones bathing us and caring for us, which made it even more confusing and frightening as a child. I had no way to escape it and no one I could safely tell.

I remember one staff member called Irene. She sexually abused me many times. She forced me to have sex with her when she was working. She would pretend to be my girlfriend while doing this. I was a child and I did not understand what was happening, but I knew it was wrong and it made me feel frightened and ashamed.

Another staff member I remember was Sister Snow. She was very demanding and violent. She would beat us regularly and push us around. If we refused to do what she told us, she would punish us severely. Sometimes she would put me in what they called the "boo room," which had no windows. I was kept in there for three or four days at a time. Sometimes I was left there with little or no food. The staff labelled me as a bad child, but in reality I was just a frightened and traumatised child who did not understand what was happening.

Family visits were also used against me. Sometimes my auntie and uncle would come and pick me up and take me out for the weekend. These visits were the only thing that gave me hope and something to look forward to. However, the staff would often threaten to stop these visits if I did not behave the way they wanted. This made me feel powerless and scared because I knew they could take away the only connection I had with family.

One of the most traumatic memories I carry with me is about another boy who was in the institution with me. He was in a wheelchair and the staff would not help him. They neglected him badly and left him sitting in his own urine and faeces. They treated him without dignity or care. I remember witnessing how badly he was treated, and it was deeply upsetting. Eventually he took his own life in front of me. Witnessing this has stayed with me for the rest of my life and it is something I will never forget.

These experiences have had a devastating and lifelong impact on me. I am a very emotional person because of what I went through. I still struggle today with speaking, reading, and writing. I suffer from nightmares and flashbacks where I relive what happened to me in that institution. I have been diagnosed with severe PTSD and anxiety, and these conditions affect my daily life.

Even now, many years later, I still carry the trauma with me. I often feel overwhelmed by memories of the abuse and the fear I experienced as a child. Simple things can trigger memories and cause panic or distress. Because of what happened to me, I have struggled throughout my entire life.

My wife has been with me for 23 years, and she has seen first-hand how these experiences have affected

me. She has seen my nightmares, my anxiety, and the way I struggle with daily life because of the trauma I carry. She knows that the abuse I suffered has never left me.

The reality is that my whole life has been shaped and affected by what happened to me in that institution. I lost my childhood. I was denied proper care, protection, and education. Instead, I experienced fear, violence, and abuse from the people who were supposed to look after me.

The impact of this has been lifelong. I continue to struggle with my mental health, my confidence, my education, and my ability to live a normal life. The trauma I experienced as a child has followed me into adulthood and continues to affect me every day.

What happened to me has had a devastating effect on my life, and it is something I will carry with me forever.