

Statement Addendum

Client Name: Katherine Hamilton
Date of Birth: 05/11/1969
Care Setting: Seafield Care Home
Dates: 1984-1984
Persons Involved: Dianne

Full Statement

At 15 years old, I was taken away from home and placed in Seafield Care Home, Aberdeen, where I stayed for four weeks. I hoped things would get better, but instead the abuse continued and became worse. From the very start in care, I was bullied and humiliated by staff. A staff member called Diane was particularly cruel to me. She bullied me daily, called me names such as "smelly" and "pee the bed." I was a bed wetter, and she made sure all the other children knew, deliberately humiliating me. She would slap me in the face and force me to eat food I didn't like; if I couldn't eat it, I was sent to bed hungry. Staff allowed the other children to bully and hit me constantly.

When I wet the bed, I was punished by being put into a freezing cold bath while staff called me names like "dicky" and "pissy bed." I would be crying and terrified, and no one helped me.

While in Seafield Care Home, I was also sexually abused by a member of staff. He came into the bathroom when I was vulnerable and assaulted me. This happened many of times over and over He bullied and threatened me into silence and

held his hand over my mouth so I couldn't speak. I was terrified. Because of the abuse from my dad and the threats I had lived with, I did not trust men at all and felt completely trapped. I had no one I felt safe enough to tell.

There was also physical violence in the care home. Staff would hit us with their hands and use a black belt, smacking me across my backside. They would throw the

belt against the walls to scare us. The way staff spoke to us was degrading and cruel. We were constantly frightened.

The social worker was aware of some of what was happening, but no one protected me and nothing was stopped. I was tormented, bullied, and assaulted for four weeks straight.

After those four weeks, I was placed back home, where the abuse by my dad continued until I was 16 years old, when I finally ran away and went to live with my auntie.

The impact of all of this abuse has been devastating and lifelong. At the time, I lived in constant fear, shame, and confusion. I learned very early that adults could not be trusted and that speaking out only made things worse.

As an adult, I have suffered deeply. I live with severe anxiety and PTSD. I do not trust men at all. I began using alcohol at a very young age to cope with the trauma, which later developed into alcoholism.

Because of this, my own children were taken into care, which added another layer of pain and guilt.

Although I have now managed to get my life back on track, the trauma has never left me. I am still haunted by memories, suffer sleepless nights, and experience severe panic attacks. Over time, the weight of everything I endured has made me feel

suicidal, and I have been prescribed medication to try to help me cope.

What happened to me at home and in care has shaped my entire life. I was failed by the people who were meant to protect me, and the effects of that abuse continue to affect me every day.