

# Statement Addendum

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**Client Name:** Anne Ralston  
**Date of Birth:** 28/12/1967  
**Care Setting:** BUNRBLEA STREET CHILDRENS HOME  
**Dates:** 1976-1986  
**Persons Involved:**

## Full Statement

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I was around nine years old when I was placed into BUNRBLEA Street Children's Home in Hamilton. At that age, I didn't fully understand why I was there, but I remember hoping it would be a place where I'd finally feel safe. Instead, it

became the place where some of the worst years of my life unfolded. The people who were meant to care for us — the adults we were supposed to trust — became the ones who hurt us.

The abuse didn't start all at once. At first, it was small things that made me uncomfortable, things I didn't have the words for at the time. But it quickly grew into something constant and terrifying. The staff member who targeted me didn't just hurt me physically; they chipped away at my confidence, my sense of safety, and my ability to trust anyone. It wasn't only me, either. There were other girls — around five of us — who were treated the same way. We were children, and they acted as though we were objects they could control. The abuse happened daily. It became part of the routine, something we learned to

brace ourselves for. They would come into our rooms when we were alone, and we never knew what mood they would be in or what they would do. Even when we were sitting at the table, trying to eat or just exist quietly, they would invade our space, touching us in ways that made us freeze. We were constantly on edge, constantly waiting for the next moment they would decide to remind us of their power. What made it even worse was the silence. We were scared to speak up, scared no one would believe us, scared of what would happen if we tried. When you're a child, you don't have the language to explain what's happening, and you don't have the power to stop it. You just survive the day and hope the next one will be different. Fifteen years ago, I finally found the strength to report what happened to the police. I told them everything — the years of abuse, the way they treated us, the things they did that no adult should ever do to a child. But nothing happened. No justice, no accountability, no acknowledgement of the harm that was done. That silence felt like another wound, another reminder that our pain had been ignored.

Even now, the memories stay with me. Six

years of daily abuse leaves marks that don't fade easily. But speaking about it is part of reclaiming my voice. What happened to me and the other girls was wrong. We deserved safety, care, and protection — not fear and cruelty. Telling my story is my way of refusing to let what they did stay hidden. It's my way of standing up for the child I was, and for every child who has ever been hurt by the people meant to protect them.