

Statement Addendum

Client Name: Sabrina Mercer
Date of Birth: 09/03/1979
Care Setting: MARTIAN ADN EDMOND ECCLES - PERSHIRE
Dates: 1981-1984
Persons Involved: The Parents and the children

Full Statement

I was very young when I was placed into foster family - MARTIAN ADN EDMOND ECCLES - PERSHIRE , and many of my earliest memories are vague and fragmented. What I do know is that when I arrived at the foster family's home, I already had fractures from the place I had been in before. I was only little when I arrived, so many of my early memories are unclear, but there are certain moments that are burned into my mind and that I will never forget.

One of my earliest clear memories from that home happened when I was around five years old. I remember being in trouble for something, although I cannot remember exactly what I had done. I do remember the fear I felt very clearly. I was screamed and shouted at so aggressively that it terrified me. The way they shouted at me made me feel small, helpless, and completely powerless. That day has stayed with me ever since because of how frightened I felt.

After shouting at me, they put me on top of a cupboard and made me stay there all day. I was a very small child, and I was scared of falling. I was hungry, I needed the toilet, and my body began to ache from sitting there for so long. Despite this, they left me there and ignored me. I was far too frightened to ask for help or to ask to come down. I remember feeling trapped and alone, not knowing when it would end. As a child, I felt completely powerless in that moment.

Sometimes I would take cakes or food from the cupboards. Looking back, I see this as typical behaviour for a hungry child, but the foster parents did not see it that way. When they caught me, I was punished harshly. I was hit for it and treated as if I had done something terrible. Because of this, I spent a lot of time trying to avoid getting into trouble and living in fear of what might happen if I did something wrong.

I was constantly threatened by Marion. She would often threaten me by saying she would get Edmond, which terrified me. Edmond would restrain me physically, shout and scream at me, and pin me up against the wall. He was a grown man using his strength against a child. On some occasions he would pin my legs behind my head, which caused me severe pain while he restrained me. I would be screaming and crying while this was happening, but it did not stop him.

There was another incident where Edmond came into the room and picked up one of the cork placemats that were on the table. He hit me across the head with it and then left me outside all night in the cold. The placemat struck my head so hard that it split my head open. I remember the pain and the shock of it. While this was happening, Marion sat watching and smiling. That image has stayed with me for the rest of my life.

They regularly called me names. I was often called “gormless,” and they would laugh at me and say that I was evil or nasty. Being spoken to like that as a child made me feel worthless and unwanted. It made me believe that there was something wrong with me.

At one point, the family went to Portugal and took everyone except me and my sister. We were left at home while they went away. While they were in Portugal, they were burgled. When they returned, they blamed the burglary on me, saying it was because I was evil. I had not even been there, but they still accused me and attacked me for it.

Physical abuse was something I experienced regularly. They would hit me, prod me, slap me, and pull my hair. However, the emotional and psychological abuse was often even worse. I lived in constant fear and felt completely powerless in that environment.

There were also incidents of sexual abuse by Edmond. On one occasion, he tried to sexually assault me by attempting to force his penis into my mouth. I reported this to Marion, but she did not believe me and dismissed what I said. Instead of protecting me, she treated me as though I was lying.

There were other occasions where he behaved inappropriately towards me. One time I remember being in the bathroom and he came up behind me, cupped my chest, and said that I was “a developing young woman.” There were times where he forced sexual acts on me and forced his penis into my mouth.

I was manipulated, bullied, and abused constantly in that house. I remember one particularly traumatic event where I was asleep and woke up to Edmond pulling me up. While I was asleep, he raped me. I still remember the smell, the feeling, and the fear from that moment. Those memories have never left me.

I told Marion about what had happened. I was crying and screaming, trying to explain the abuse, but none of them believed me. Instead of helping me, they treated me as if I was the problem. Eventually, when I was 14 years old, I was sent away into care and labelled as the “problem child.”

The years of being beaten, abused, and especially sexually assaulted have had a devastating impact on my life. Those experiences affected me deeply and continue to affect me today. The trauma from the abuse has left lasting scars on my mental health.

As a result of everything that happened, I now struggle with severe anxiety, depression, and post-traumatic stress. I often feel constantly on edge and unsafe. I find it very difficult to trust people, particularly men, because of what I experienced growing up.

The abuse has also had a significant impact on my relationships throughout my life. I have struggled to build healthy relationships and often find it difficult to trust or feel secure with others. I have sometimes found

myself in relationships with the wrong people, which I believe is connected to never having experienced love, safety, or comfort as a child.

For most of my life, I have felt deeply upset and emotionally overwhelmed by what happened to me. I never felt loved or protected when I needed it the most. The abuse I experienced as a child has shaped how I see myself and the world around me.

Even now, the memories remain vivid and painful. The trauma I experienced in that foster home has affected everyday i have struggled with my mental health and do not trust men