

**Tales of the Un-Inspected  
Home Number 109  
By Eileen Chubb**

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**Home 109 was inspected by the CQC in August 2011 and judged as,**

*„we found that this home was meeting all the essential standards of quality and safety we reviewed, but to maintain this we suggested that some improvements were made,,*

**I fail to see how a home can meet the standards but need to improve in order to keep meeting them. I can only suppose that when a regulator like CQC has allowed poor care homes to continue unchecked for years it results in such statements which reflect their attitude of complacency, after all CQC do not want to upset the care home owners.**

**This is what I found when I visited,**

**The home would impress some as there is a large reception area with a grand staircase and chandeliers; however it is the care that matters.**

**I was shown around by one of the nurses and we made our way to the ground floor dementia unit, I heard the sounds of people sobbing as we passed down several long corridors of bedrooms. Before we entered the lounge area ahead I heard a member of staff shouting abruptly, Come On, Come on,**

**We entered the lounge; it was a dismal space shabby area, with only artificial light as there were no windows. It was a very small room with a serving counter and kitchenette against one wall, a small dining table in the center and against the other wall a line of about seven armchairs. Other than the doorways that led to corridors of bedrooms nothing else could be seen.**

**It was shabby, dismal, and claustrophobically oppressive. There were four residents in wheelchairs sat at the small dining table with the remains of breakfast before them though it was midmorning, they all looked very depressed, one of these residents was a lady who was trying**

to wheel herself away from the table but her path was blocked by a member of staff standing in front of her trying to make her eat what looked like a bowl of congealed cereal. This resident was shouting, I don't want it, very loudly and becoming more and more distressed at being made to stay at the table. The member of staff looked over at us and appeared uncomfortable at having been observed stepped away. At the same time another staff member was trying to feed one of the residents who were sat in the armchairs against the wall, this resident was screaming and kept turning her head away. At the same time two attempts were made to stand up by another resident who was told to, Sit, Sit, and Sit, very abruptly at each attempt and in between each attempt in case further thought of moving occurred.

The resident who had been forced to stay at the table took the opportunity to wheel herself to the doorway leading to the bedrooms and paused in the doorway as we passed she called to the nurse, Where can I go,, She was ignored. I looked back and saw her still there a look of absolute desperation and sadness on her face.

She was the only resident who seemed to have any spirit left and I wondered if that could last. I saw her wheeled back to the table. It was a dreadful existence, no light, just confined to a small shabby room with the only sounds the barked commands of, Sit Sit,,

A short distance away, but never seen by the inmates left behind in the windowless room, beautiful landscaped gardens, which a relative told inspectors were never used.

I went upstairs to the nursing unit which was much cleaner and better decorated. There was a very large room with dining tables on one side and armchairs at the other end, I saw one member of staff cleaning the tables.

The nurse showing me around took out some of the menus and told me how good the food was, throughout this time to our left I saw five residents in wheelchairs sat close to a TV which was very loud and no one was watching. All of these residents looked unhappy and some appeared pained by the loud music that blasted from the TV at regular intervals. One female resident had both hands to her ears and when that did not satisfy her need to blot out the TV, she pulled her fleece top up high enough to cover her eyes and ears and sat holding it in place. At no

**time did the nurse with me react to this even though it was as much in her line of vision as it was in mine.**

**In fact the whole time I was there I never saw a word, gesture or any kind of contact between staff and residents, apart from the words Sit and come on.**

**There were over a hundred people in this home and I saw only around thirty being confined to where staff put them, so the remaining seventy were in solitary confinement.**

**If this premises were a zoo caring for the species, Human being it would be considered cruel in providing such an unnatural habitat. If it were a prison it would be considered too harsh. However it is a care home so it's quite alright, according to CQC anyway.**

**Eileen Chubb**