

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

FHX

Support person present: No

1. My name is FHX. My date of birth is 1972. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.
2. I have obtained copies of records of my time in care and some of my account is influenced by what I have read, as well as what I remember.

Life before going into care

3. I have no memory of living in the family home before going into care. We lived in the Priesthill area of Glasgow. I have two brothers, and . is the oldest and he was born in 1964. I also have an older sister called who was born in 1970. is the youngest and he was born in 1974. Our mum was called and she died in 1974 aged twenty-six after suffering a heart attack. My dad was called and he died in 2016.
4. From what I understand, my mum left my dad sometime after was born. She then had my sister with someone else. Then she and my dad reconciled and I was born in 1972 and was followed by . My dad was an abusive drunk. My mum would throw him out and then he'd come back and she'd take him back. Then she'd get pregnant and leave him again because of his behaviour. I understand from speaking to family members that my dad wasn't living with us when my mum passed away and he had not been involved in our lives.

5. In the last five years I've learned some of the truth of what happened through my older brother, and my dad before he died. [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]. This was after I had reported the abuse to the police. [REDACTED] then came back to me, he'd been very silent for years and withdrawn from us as he wasn't brought up with us. [REDACTED] felt guilty that we had a bad time in foster care and he went to live elsewhere. At the time, when we went into the foster placement he had thought we got the better end of the deal, but it wasn't the case. He then started to open up to me with the full story of what was going on with the family situation and how we ended up in care. I had always thought it was my father's fault.
6. Immediately after my mum passed away, me and my baby brother [REDACTED] had croup that day. My gran was a mess and she was drunk. My brother [REDACTED] was a mess too, he was only ten and he found my mum when she'd died. My grandad, my mum's dad, was called [REDACTED] and he went to see the Pollok social work office and explained his daughter had died leaving four children and everyone was in a mess. He had no idea what it meant to involve social work and thought that when they took the children away it was a temporary arrangement until after the funeral. We were taken to Lochgarry children's home in Kelvinside, Glasgow and we were then legally in the care of social work and they had parental responsibilities for us. At the start I believe they had a Section 15A order for three months only and when that expired, on [REDACTED] 1974, they were granted a permanent order for parent responsibility under Section 16. There was no children's panel involved in this.
7. I was put into Lochgarry with [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] and it was sometime in 1974, or possibly 1975, and I was two years old. My brother [REDACTED] and my grandad came to visit us in a taxi and grandad was thinking they were going to pick us up and take us back with them. They were in the children's home for a very short time and left by themselves in the same cab. [REDACTED] remembers my grandad was saying over and over that those bastards stabbed him in the back as he thought we would be away for a short time only. Instead, we were under the care of social work through an order made on [REDACTED] [REDACTED] 1974. I have a copy of that order being made that I have made available to the Inquiry. I was in Lochgarry for around fifteen months and would have left there in 1975. I have no idea of what the routine was like there.

8. Secondary Institutions - to be published later
9. In Lochgarry nobody came forward to foster us. I was told years later that talk began to emerge among local people that my father [REDACTED] had kids in care and he had a new wife and a baby. I think FHV [REDACTED] who was my father's sister, was considered to be the head of the family and more or less forced to foster us because of the wider family. FHV [REDACTED] hated my dad anyway and now she was having to take his kids. She hated and resented us for it. He was out drinking and not taking responsibility and her own kids were growing up and she thought she was getting her life back. I don't know if social work were involved at that early stage, but I do know that FHV [REDACTED] was paid some money at some stage for taking care of the three of us. As far as I know, the first social work involvement was a review three years after we moved in and I have seen it my records.
10. I went into foster care with my sister [REDACTED] and my younger brother [REDACTED]. Our older brother [REDACTED] was aged ten when our mum died and he went to live elsewhere. My dad's sister FHV [REDACTED] and her husband FHW [REDACTED] were our foster parents, and this was from 1975. I have no idea what ages they were. I have no memory of leaving Lochgarry to go and live with the FHV-FHW [REDACTED] I think it would have been traumatic and I have blocked it out. I have no memory of meeting the FHV-FHW [REDACTED] family before going to live with them. They might have been blood relations but they weren't part of our family.

Foster placement with Mr and Mrs FHV-FHW at ██████████ Glasgow

11. I would have been aged three or four when I went to live with the FHV-FHW and ██████ would have been around five and ██████ just one year old. The FHV-FHW had three children of their own. There was ██████ who was the oldest and would have been fourteen or fifteen when I moved in. Their oldest son was ██████ who was twelve or thirteen when I went to live there and his younger brother ██████ was aged around eleven and he is about seven years older than me.

12. The foster home was a maisonette, with a close outside and there were two long buildings at numbers ██████ and ██████. You walked up some stairs to reach a veranda and there were two long verandas, one for each property. It was a two storey building. You went in the main door and there was a kitchen to the left and the living room to the right and stairs going up to three bedrooms and a bathroom. One bedroom was a tiny room and it was barely enough for a single bed. When I moved in with my brother and sister it meant there were eight people in one house.

Routine at foster home

First day

13. My earliest memory of the placement was being on holiday with them at the home of my dad's other sister who had a house in Scarborough. It was a town house and she ran a bed and breakfast. There was a ladybird invasion that summer and I remember our windows were covered in them. I found it hilarious at the time. I also recall donkeys on the beach and a Christian group activity that was going on at the beach.

Mornings and bedtime

14. When I first moved in to the foster home, me and ██████ were put in a bedroom with ██████ and ██████. They were aged eleven and thirteen. We slept in two sets of

bunkbeds and we were on the lower beds and they slept in the top bunks. [REDACTED] was above me and [REDACTED] was above [REDACTED]. My foster sister [REDACTED] had her own tiny bedroom with her own single bed. The parents slept in the third room with my brother [REDACTED] in a cot. The social work never came out, so no-one knew the sleeping arrangements.

15. In the mornings, me and my sister were up first and we got ourselves ready for the day, then we made toast for [REDACTED] and took her breakfast in bed. Then she would get up. Then we went downstairs to have our own breakfast and clean the dishes and off to school. On a Saturday morning we weren't allowed to go downstairs until she was up herself after having a lie-in. Then we went down to make her breakfast.
16. The sleeping arrangements changed after an incident involving [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] [REDACTED] was caught doing something to my sister. [REDACTED] said that as they were around the same age they were just experimenting. At around the same time, a new social worker had been allocated, Helen Crawford, following the initial review and I think they were aware she was on the scene and could start asking questions. This was probably around 1979 or 1980. The [REDACTED] got a new pull-down couch in the living room for themselves, [REDACTED] and I got their double bed and the three boys got a room together.
17. The room I then shared with [REDACTED] had a snib on the door. I remember I was locked in the room from the outside, I'd be shouting to get out and [REDACTED] would be downstairs and ignoring me. I wet myself because I couldn't get out to use the bathroom. Anyone was allowed to walk into our room because the tool cupboard was in there, but with everyone else's room, you had to chap on the door to get in. The clothes washing came up to our room and me and [REDACTED] had to fold the washing to go in the linen cupboard. The linen cupboard was in the boy's room and we had to chap on their door to get in and they used to just ignore us.

Mealtimes / Food

18. The food was horrendous. There was a cupboard under the stairs that was full of food tins and another cupboard that was full of biscuits that were stacked in there for

visitors. We never got to eat the biscuits. We had meat, potatoes and vegetables for dinner and once we were old enough, me and [REDACTED] did all the meal preparation.

19. I had to eat all of the food I was given. I made myself eat the worst thing first on my plate to get it over with and save the best bit of the meal till the end. On one occasion we had steak to eat and there was fatty gristle on the meat. I put it to the side of my plate and FHV told me I'd not finished my dinner and I had to slice it as thinly as possible to eat it and she watched me doing it, before leaving the room. I then spat out what I could and put it in some toilet paper and then put it into the cupboard under the sink. As I did all the kitchen chores I knew I could remove it later. She must have heard the sound of the cupboard door and went to check it and found the piece of paper and the fat. I got battered for that and sent to my room.
20. The foster dad once forced me to eat food. There was some food I didn't want to eat as I didn't like it and I was pushing it round my plate. He grabbed the food in his hand and shoved it into my face and into my mouth. He was holding my nose. I swallowed and he let my nose go and I spewed it out all over his clothes. I got battered for that too and I thought being battered was better than having to eat the food.
21. Me and [REDACTED] had to prepare the dinner for the family as FHV went out to work as a secretary and the foster dad was a foreman on a building site. FHW would be coming in for his dinner at 6 pm and then I had to wash his dishes. The older son, [REDACTED], would come home and get his dinner and he'd take ages to eat it deliberately. I'd have to stand there and wait on his plate coming free to clean it.
22. I couldn't go out to see my friends until all my chores were done. FHV would come into the kitchen to inspect it and then say it wasn't clean enough and I was to go up to my bedroom. My friends were waiting for me outside the kitchen window and they weren't allowed to chap the door for me. They learned to read the signals that indicated I wasn't allowed out to play.

Washing / bathing

23. We had a bath on Sunday. The water was just run and it was up to us to get in first. I was always last. The water was never changed and [REDACTED] would piss in the bath. I had really long hair and I couldn't wash my hair during the week as I wasn't allowed to. When it was washed, FHV [REDACTED] would make me stand naked in front of her and yank a comb through it, and it hurt. She didn't use any conditioner on my hair.
24. Me and [REDACTED] used to run home from school to wash our hair during the week and try to dry it before she came home, but she'd catch us and we'd get grounded. She was very controlling about when we were allowed to do things. On one occasion she was washing my hair in the bath and I was so scared by her pouring water over my head that I pulled her into the bath with me and she went mental. She battered my head off the bath and shoved my head under the water. The foster sister [REDACTED] started helping me with my hair after that and she was much gentler.

Clothing / uniform

25. She controlled the clothes we wore. No-one else wore a school uniform in Govan. I was ridiculed at secondary school for my clothes. In primary school at St Saviours we wore a grey uniform. It was a rough area and not everyone had a uniform so we stood out. Then I went to secondary school at St Gerard's and wore the full uniform. It was bottle green. I was the only kid with a blazer.
26. Out-of-school clothes she chose for us out of a discount warehouse. There were five pairs of pants, five shorts and five t-shirts each. Our cousins gave clothes to me and [REDACTED] that were hand-me-downs. Those clothes were a bit more grown up, but we were never allowed to wear them. When I went to Urrdale Home later on FHV [REDACTED] brought in clothes that I'd never had to wear and I'd only ever seen hanging in the wardrobe.

School

27. I have odd memories of a classroom in P1 and one or two days in primary school that I remember. I don't recall my first day at school or much about being there. At the start I went to primary school at St Saviours in Govan. It was a good walk away from the house.
28. I had to get 100% in school all the time and 99% wasn't good enough, even in primary school. I was in a high state of anxiety all the time because of the expectations on me. I loved school though. There was pressure on me to do well, but I had good teachers and the kids were nice. We had to call the FHV-FHW 'Mum and Dad'. I used to get letters home from the school and they'd be addressed to 'parents or guardian' and it said FHV-FHW on it, but that wasn't my name. I asked my sister about it and she told me I had another mum who died, and another dad. I couldn't quite get my head round it. I suffered some minor bullying because I had different parents.
29. I hated the school holidays. I went away on a school trip to Blairvadoch in first year and I wanted to stay away and not come home. I had such fun on holiday away from the foster home for one week. She paid for that trip and another one for me to Denmark. She also paid for my sister to go on a school trip to Paris. She never sat with us when we did our homework to help us.

Religion

30. We went to chapel on Saturday night and had to collect FHV's mum on the way so she could attend chapel. The foster mother used to pray in chapel for those poor children she'd saved from the gutter, kept them together and put in nice clothes. The chapel was across [REDACTED]. Later on, me, [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] got sent there on a Sunday while FHV had a lie-in and we used to pretend we'd gone to chapel and we'd pick up a programme as proof. We hadn't gone to the service so we'd be found out when we couldn't remember what the sermon was about.

Work/chores

31. In the after-school routine, that [REDACTED] and I had from age eight, I hand-brushed the stairs and hoovered the carpets. It was initially just [REDACTED] and then when I turned eight I had to do chores with her. We polished the furniture, peeled the vegetables for dinner and set the table. At weekend we focussed on the kitchen and cleaned the freezer, the fridge, the kitchen cupboards, took the tins out of kitchen cupboards and wiped the tops of the tins themselves and then put them back in a certain order. The tins had to be lined up in a certain way. If they weren't positioned right, she'd pull them out and make us do them again. She did the same thing with the clothes in the wardrobes if she thought they weren't tidy enough.
32. She'd also check under the beds and kick at the board games that were kept under there so the Monopoly pieces would fall out of the box and we'd have to tidy them up. It was what she did to prevent us from going out to play when we wanted to. Then, once we'd tidied up the games, she'd tell us it was too late to go out to play.
33. It was always me and [REDACTED] doing chores and not her boys as they were boys. She said her children were too busy studying for exams. My brother [REDACTED] wasn't expected to do chores as he was too young and a boy. [REDACTED] and I had to wash and fold all of the clothes and towels. We had our own bedroom by that time. The linen cupboard was in the boys room.

Trips / Holidays

34. We went on holiday every year. We had a car, with six of us in the back of the car and she'd be stressing in the front seat about finding our way to the destination. We went to Scarborough to see her sister, [REDACTED], and there was one later holiday at Morecambe. As we got older we went to the Isle of Man.
35. FHW [REDACTED] gave us money for the slot machines. He was much nicer when we were on holiday as he'd had a drink. It was the only time I can recall him engaging with us. She gave us £1 a day and we'd play on the machines. She'd be away at the Bingo

and he'd give us 20p as he didn't want to be near to her. As we got older we'd go away with her daughter to a caravan park and not with the foster parents as they went away by themselves

36. Then ^{FHW} [REDACTED] s sister bought an apartment in Majorca and we went on holiday there in 1987. The day we came back from the holiday was the day I left the foster home and went into Urrdale children's home.

Leisure time

37. We weren't allowed to watch TV. I don't remember a toy when I was in the boys room when I was first in the foster home. They had their own toys though. I got a boy doll when I was six or seven for Christmas and my sister got a doll too. I have a photograph of me on a bike at Christmas and I don't remember it. As we got older we were given educational toys and games that she considered appropriate and books that she approved of. They were things her own children had been given. Later on we were given board games like Monopoly and Connect 4.
38. If you were out playing and came back into the house to use the toilet, you had to stay in afterwards. You didn't get to come in and use the toilet and get a drink and go out to play again like other kids. I used to try and use toilets in my friends' houses or pee in the bushes.
39. Later on we joined sports and activity clubs and attended local community clubs that she was also involved in, so she would be there watching us and demonstrating to neighbours how happy we were and how well looked after we were. We were allowed to go out to clubs, but only if she was there and she could watch us and make sure we didn't buy anything.
40. Normally we had to be back home for 7 pm, but in the summer holidays it was 8 pm. The foster parents had bought us digital watches and they set the time on them. I'd go back to the house for 7 pm and would be ringing the doorbell to get in and no-one would answer the door to me. The boys would be upstairs ignoring us and then she'd

come to the door or one of the boys would open it. I'd then have to see her in the living room and I'd start to wet myself with fear. I'd have to go right up to her chair so she could ask me if I knew what time it was. I'd say it was 6:59 and she'd tell me my watch was wrong, but she'd set it, and it was 7:02 on the clock on the wall. I'd get a slap on the leg from her and sent up to my room and told I was grounded the next day.

Birthdays and Christmas

41. Birthdays were recognised. The table would be set up in the living room for us. There would be a Black Forest gateau and after dinner the cake was lit and you'd get a slice. I never remember getting up in the morning and being given birthday cards, I got them in the evening after school. We waited on her command to give you the cards and to allow the cutting of the cake and having a photo taken. It was all for show.
42. I never made a Christmas list. We got given her kids old bikes, and [REDACTED] was the favourite and he got a brand new bike once. There was a Christmas meal and we saw other aunts and uncles at new year. When I was seven there was one Christmas when they came to see us. They brought gifts for us and FHV took them off us to check them to see if they were suitable. Then she filled the adults up with whisky and we children were sent upstairs. My brother [REDACTED] came one time with my granddad and gave us make up sets and a handbag and she took them off us when they left.

Visits / Inspections/ Review of Detention

43. When I was in the foster placement we visited my dad [REDACTED] on some Saturday's with his new wife and children. It used to tear me apart that he'd left us with these people and he was having this new life that looked really happy. There were not many visits. One of his children was disabled. He and his new wife were not always together as he was such a nightmare to be with. His new wife was lovely and she put up with a lot from him and his drinking.
44. Other relatives came to visit us and we were told to stay upstairs. My dad's youngest daughter from his second marriage said recently we never wanted to see them as we

never came down the stairs. They thought we were a bit weird. I had to explain that we couldn't come down, unless she shouted us down. We were kept very isolated. The neighbours never came to the house.

45. When the social worker came we were upstairs and we were told to come down and we'd be paraded for them to see our shiny faces and nice clothes. We couldn't see them by ourselves. We were never questioned by ourselves. They never told us 'this is our telephone number, and this is where we're based and this is how you or your teachers contact us'. We were to be seen and not heard. The biscuits came out for show for the social workers. These biscuits were normally stacked in the cupboard under the stairs that we weren't allowed to touch. I'd take three biscuits in front of the social worker and eat them in front of [FHV] so she could see me eating them and it made her so angry. We weren't ever allowed to eat them otherwise.
46. My granny and grandad, who were my mum's parents, and my brother [REDACTED] were kept away from us as much as possible. The [FHV-FHW] did their best to keep us away from them. [REDACTED] told the social worker that she wanted to know about her mum and to see her grandparents, and this meant from when I was aged nine we got to see them and had some visits with them.
47. In terms of official visits from social work. I came into the care system in 1974, then into the foster home the next year and the first recorded review of the placement was [REDACTED] 1981. The next review was in 1983. This was done by a social worker called Helen Crawford who had taken over. The records say that the placement was covered by the Boarding Out Regulations. When we first went there, they should have been out every two weeks to check the placement and then every four weeks, and this did not happen. Then it was to go to every three months, then every six months and then once a year.
48. I can recall we saw the social worker, Helen Crawford, twice in the house. She spoke to [FHV] and we were brought downstairs to be paraded in front of her. She'd ask us how we were and if we were happy, and of course we would say yes. [FHV] could tell her how well I was doing at school because I would get such high grades and I was

involved in so many activities. It was a house with six children living in it and it was gleaming and looking perfect.

49. Then Peter Logan took over, his office was in Merryland Street, at Govan Town Hall. I saw him in the foster home only once when he returned me to the foster home from school after I was assaulted with the belt. He signed a form to give consent for me to go on holiday with the [FHV-FHW] to Majorca, and I have seen the form in my records, but no other paper work from my involvement with him. I ran away from the house when we returned from the holiday in Majorca in 1987. I went to the social work office and I asked for Peter Logan as it was the only name that I knew.

Healthcare

50. We had annual health check-ups by law. That was to check our height and weight, and not checking if we had marks on our body. We went together and she sat with the doctor by herself while we were outside of the room.
51. There was a time when I had scabies and she took me to the doctors. Then, at home, she told me how disgusting I was, then she put me into a camp bed and gave me my own cutlery and my own towel. She told me I was dirty and I was contagious, but I still had to do the dishes and wash the clothes.
52. I have an immune deficiency that was only diagnosed much later in life. It means I have a lot of mucus in my lungs. I kept getting bad headaches that are called cluster headaches and they made me feel physically sick. She refused to take me to the doctors and told me I was lying as children don't get headaches.
53. [REDACTED] told [FHV] that I had started having periods. [FHV] then came into the bedroom with a belt and a towel with a loop on it and then walked out. I was fourteen. I put the belt on and started running round the room and dancing. It felt like such a ridiculous thing. The belt had belonged to her daughter [REDACTED]. There was no sitting down with me and explaining what was happening.

54. FHV went on to use my periods and the need to request sanitary products as a way of embarrassing me in front of the brothers. As I didn't get pocket money I had no money to buy sanitary products myself and had to ask FHV for money and she'd insist on me having to tell her what I wanted the money for. This often happened in front of my foster brothers and their dad in the living room.
55. With regards to dentists, I lost two teeth through poor dental care. We were not taken to see the dentists unless a filling was required and things were bad. There was no check-ups.

Running away

56. I ran away by myself several times. I don't believe it was recorded by social work as I couldn't see it mentioned in my records. I went to my friend's houses. FHV used to keep me with the [REDACTED] and she knew all the children that I knew and where their parents lived. When I went to secondary school I had friends elsewhere, outside of the [REDACTED] I had a friend in Drumoyne and I went there. Then I'd run away for two or three nights at a time before the FHV-FHW would find me. I didn't go very far. They didn't report to the police or social work that I was missing.
57. One time I ran to my dad's house and he phoned FHV to tell her where I was and she came for me and dragged me out by my hair in front of him. My dad got himself drunk as a result and then beat up his new wife because of the stress caused by seeing how FHV treated me.
58. There was another weekend when I was meant to go away with the youth club and I wasn't allowed to go. I sneaked away on the bus anyway so she couldn't come and get me. I had just finished P7 and was about to go into first year at senior school. I was away for three days. When I came back from the trip I stayed on other people's couches. I was walking on Paisley Road West when FHW saw me and chased me up to the motorway. I hid in the bushes and he stamped on my ankle. It was swollen for a few days. He dragged me by the hair back to the house. She threw me in a bath

with a whole bottle of Savlon poured over my head and added bleach to the water too and told me to get scrubbed. I'd been away for three nights so I must be dirty.

Bed Wetting

59. I wet myself out of fear a lot when I lived in the foster home. As soon as I came in the house I'd start to pee myself as she wanted to speak to me. I wet the bed in my sleep as well. I didn't tell FHV. My sister [REDACTED] would ask me if I needed help. She decided to help me to turn the mattress over and we dealt with the matter between ourselves. It would have been embarrassing if FHV had found out, but she didn't as it was us who changed and washed the sheets.

Discipline

60. There was a routine to follow every day. Her rules all the way and no choices. We had to follow the rules or there was trouble. You did not question the rules. There were many rules in the household and you did what FHV [REDACTED] told you to do. She made up the rules as she went along and she controlled everything.
61. By contrast, FHW [REDACTED] worked long hours as a foreman on building sites. He just went out to work and came back to the house after work to get his dinner, he was very old fashioned and traditional. He didn't do anything in the house and made no contribution to the home. He didn't want to have much to do with the kids. He tended to his plants and did some bird watching. He kept geraniums in our bedroom and if we didn't look after them we were in trouble. I still hate the smell of geraniums. On one occasion, he saw me wearing makeup on my face and he threatened me that if I didn't remove it he'd use a scrubbing brush on me.
62. There was never any affection shown to me and [REDACTED] but she loved my younger brother [REDACTED]. He got cuddles from her. She'd take him into her bed for cuddles. My brother maintains there was no sexual abuse. When I left the foster home he stayed behind. He told me years afterwards that he remembered seeing [REDACTED] lying on top of me. [REDACTED] hid in a cupboard and he witnessed the sexual abuse and then [REDACTED]

battered him when he found [REDACTED]. He also recalls occasions when he was chapping the door to get in after school, knowing that I would be in as I had to do chores before [REDACTED] FHV came home from work. He could see [REDACTED] motorbike outside and couldn't understand why no-one came to the door.

Abuse at foster placement

63. [REDACTED] FHW was physically violent to me, but mainly he tried to have as little as possible to do with the children. He'd never normally come near us and didn't engage with us. He left that kind of thing to his wife. He didn't really have emotional reactions. One time, when I wouldn't eat a meal, he pushed the food and the plate into my face and I have given details of that earlier in the statement. He also battered me when his wife told him to punish me as she'd found cigarettes in my school bag and that is detailed below. That is the only time he was physically violent to me. He also battered my sister [REDACTED] FHV was physically and emotionally abusive to both myself and my sister. [REDACTED] was sexually abusive to me and that is detailed further in this section. The sexual assaults always took place in the house, or on holiday in Scarborough or Morecambe and in Majorca.

[REDACTED]

64. My first memory of abuse by [REDACTED] was in the holiday in Scarborough with the ladybird invasion. We were all excited about the ladybirds and would discuss them. We were in a downstairs room, talking about the ladybirds and [REDACTED] said I should come with him as he'd show me some more ladybirds. He took me up to a bedroom himself and I was wearing a nightie and no pants. He had pyjamas on and he was holding me on his hip and he was bouncing me on his hip and patting my bum. He was asking me if that felt nice and telling me to look at the ladybirds and what a lovely bum I had and patting my bum. I was giggling and laughing with no clue about what he was doing. I'd been through trauma and disruption in my young life and I was just looking for someone to be nice to me. I was aged about four and he was pre-pubescent and aged eleven. I realise now that he was grooming me.

65. The next time was when me and my sister had a double bed in the foster home. I walked in the room and he had my sister on his knee with her nightie up and he was patting her bum. She was laughing. He said I was next as his mum told him he had to skelp my bum. I wet myself with fear as I was thinking I was in trouble again. He pulled me on his knee and pulled up my nightie and was patting my bum and then under my bum. I was only six and trying to work out what was going on.
66. When I was aged seven, I remember the day before my communion day getting a battering from FHV. We had these trees outside in the [REDACTED] and a high wall round them. We used to play a skipping game with elastics and on the wall. I fell off the wall and I scraped my inside leg from the knee to the top of my thigh and it was grazed. I was screaming and went to the door of the house and was chapping on the door. FHV [REDACTED] came to the door and I was in trouble for disturbing her when I should have been out playing. I showed her my leg. She was so angry because I was wearing my communion dress and my communion was the next day. She but a bandage round my leg.
67. The next day, at my communion, it was a bit chaotic, there were lots of family members there and lots of eating and drinking. I went outside and I was wearing a chain with a cross on it. Someone pulled me and I lost the chain. I was terrified to go up the stairs and tell her I had broken this chain or someone else had broken it. In rushes in [REDACTED] being the nice guy, and saying he'd tell his mum for me that someone else had broken the chain. He went in and told her for me so I didn't get into trouble and then took me to go upstairs as he claimed he was to check my bandage. He started the abuse then. He'd been at the chapel that morning doing the altar boy services. He had black trousers on and he had me rub him and then on the inside of the trousers.
68. He progressed, over time, to putting his finger in me, forcing me to perform oral sex on him and forcing me to perform oral sex on him. It progressed to attempts to penetrate me. I remember bleeding. I was standing at the kitchen sink, peeling potatoes, in a state of shock and worried that FHV [REDACTED] would see the bloodstain. I had blood in my pants and I was so scared that she would come home from work and find

that I had blood in my underwear. My focus was more on what she would say than what [REDACTED] had done to me. She wouldn't ask how I'd got blood in pants. She used to examine my underwear and my sister's for signs that we were menstruating. She'd then show us the knickers and tell us to get them washed as we were disgusting.

69. The sexual assaults were every day for years and [REDACTED] took every opportunity that he could to grope me, or make me grope him or try to put his fingers in my pants. I believe he did this to my sister [REDACTED] too, but I'm not sure. I have tried to speak to her. He was caught once by FHV with his hand up her skirt and this led to us having to change bedrooms. [REDACTED] got into trouble for letting him do it. He was five years older than her, but the foster mum decided they were just experimenting as they were similar ages. I remember him getting a beating that night from his dad and I heard him howling and crying. [REDACTED] remembers only that incident and she doesn't recall any other incident, not even the time when [REDACTED] was smacking both of us on the bum. I think there was more and I think there were cousins as well, but its yet to be addressed.
70. [REDACTED] threatened me too. As children we were not allowed to play outside of the [REDACTED] that was in front of the house. My friends were allowed to leave the [REDACTED] to go to the shops and I couldn't, even when she wasn't at home. [REDACTED] would tell me that his mum would know as he had people watching me, and he'd make me masturbate him to prevent him telling his mum that I'd been to the shops with my friends. If he did that I knew I would be grounded and trapped in the bedroom where he had more access to me. He started to earn some money himself and he'd give me some money to buy sweets, say £10, as I didn't get any pocket money.
71. We went on holiday to Majorca in [REDACTED] 1987 and [REDACTED] and his dad didn't go to Majorca, so it was just FHV [REDACTED] [REDACTED] and me. She shared a double bedroom with my twelve year old brother [REDACTED] I had a pull-out bed in the living room and I was expected to share it with [REDACTED] It meant I was in the same room as a twenty-two year old when I was fifteen. He forced himself on me, I was shouting and pushing him off me. He was drunk. She shouted at us from the bedroom as we were making too much noise and keeping her awake. [REDACTED] told her I was talking in my sleep. She never came into the living room to check on me.

72. Thankfully he was too drunk to rape me. He got up to pee outside of the veranda and pee'd onto a lilo and that made a noise that disturbed FHV. She came storming out of her room to shout at him and never even commented on the fact he was naked in a room with a fourteen year old. He'd previously tried to rape me on the summertime break the year before and this was a second attempt, and I was fighting him off. He didn't manage to penetrate me, but the police told me when I reported it later, that it was classed as attempted rape.
73. The next day I ran away and I was missing for thirteen hours. He found me and dragged me back by the hair to the apartment and she bounced me all over the apartment. There were lumps on my head and chunks of my hair missing, but nothing on my face from her as usual. The next day we were up early for the flight home.
74. By the time of that holiday [REDACTED] had left home and was studying to be a nurse and living in nurse's accommodation. He'd come home for meals and get his washing done and he'd time it for me coming home from school so he could abuse me before his mother came home.

FHV

75. I consistently had a bad cough. I discovered much later on that I have an immune deficiency and it meant I produced excessive amounts of mucus in my throat and it made me cough a lot. FHV [REDACTED] was angry that I coughed so much when she wanted to watch something on TV. She'd try to stop me coughing by putting a pillow over my face and scream at me to stop coughing. I used to have to hold my breath to stop myself from coughing and run upstairs to cough into a towel.
76. I wet myself, and I wet myself a lot in household because of the fear I had. She had to have control over everything. There was never any time to think or breath or try and be relaxed and be yourself. I felt like I was walking on eggshells all the time and I was constantly on a high state of alert and in 'flight or fright' mode.

77. She'd hit me on the head with a hairbrush so that other people couldn't see the bruises as they were under my hair. She used to break brushes on my head. It was clear she had rage at having to look after us. She despised us. Her husband did nothing to contribute to the household, and it was left to her to take care of us.
78. There was consistent emotional abuse levelled at me. They all called me 'Fanny Adams' and 'Haggy doo, the Black Haggis'. That was because I hated getting washed. [REDACTED] used to get me to masturbate him and he'd wipe himself with a cloth from the bathroom and he'd just leave it by the sink. I'd refuse to use it the next day as I knew what he had done with it, and instead I used to just put my fingers in the basin and flick water on them.
- [REDACTED]
79. [REDACTED] punched my sister really badly in the face one time and left her with a bruise. Then FHW battered him for it. Mostly it was slap on the head from him or pushing me. He was never overly physical.
- FHW [REDACTED]
80. He kept a leather strap in the tool cupboard that he used to beat us with for punishment. There were two pieces that he strapped together and he'd crack them to make a noise and give us a fright. There were no holes in it and no buckle at the end. He used it on his boys too, but not on me.
81. I think I was twelve or thirteen when the foster dad battered me black and blue with the belt off his trousers for smoking. She'd found cigarettes in my school bag, and they weren't even mine. She then told her husband to deal with me while she was out at a local crime prevention meeting. He was a heavy smoker himself. He threw me onto a bed and pulled my pants down. He had rage in him and I'd never seen it before. I think FHV had pushed him over the edge. Alarm bells began to ring for me, but there was no sexual abuse. He then belted me. I was cut by the buckle on my legs and my back, my shoulders and the back of my neck. There were five or six strap marks. I was

relieved at the time that it wasn't sexual because of what [REDACTED] was doing to me and that had become normal male behaviour to me.

82. My sister [REDACTED] came in the house and saw me afterwards when I was in bed crying. She saw the injuries. She ran down the stairs shouting and the foster brother [REDACTED] pinned her down to try and stop her getting to the telephone to notify a neighbour or phone the police. He sat on her and tried to grab the phone and he got the handset in his hand and knocked her on the side of the head with it. I was at the tops of the stairs and watching what was going on and feeling terrible that she was being beaten because of me. Then the foster mum came home from the meeting and wanting to know what was going on. [REDACTED] explained I'd been beaten and the foster mum never bothered to check up on how I was. [REDACTED] was older than me, and by this time she was sixteen and on a YTS placement and had some money. She was able to leave the foster home the next day after she saw my injuries.
83. At school the next day, the guidance teacher, Mr Scally, took me to see the headmaster, Mr Tarbet. I showed them the bruises under my skirt and my shirt. I had cuts that were bleeding from the belt buckle and my school shirt and vest were sticking to my skin. Then they phoned social work and my social worker, Peter Logan, came to the school. It was the first time I'd met him. He took me to his office in Maryland Street and I have no memory of him completing any forms at the time. Then he took me to the foster home and I went upstairs to my bedroom while he spoke to my foster parents who had come home early from work. I was thinking to myself I was going to get out of the house after this incident and that I would then tell the social worker about the sexual abuse.
84. The social worker was in the house for ten minutes before he left. He totally broke my trust in him when he left me there despite having seen signs of physical abuse. [REDACTED] FHV [REDACTED] told him some story about me being a liar, and I had got the bruises from falling from the garages onto some pallets. I found this out from my brother many years later. He bought the story that the foster mum gave him and I was left behind. I didn't receive any medical attention for my injuries.

85. She gave me a beating with my head against the headboard after that for grassing on her husband. She had the pillow over my face and I was gasping for air and thought I would pass out. The bed was soaking wet with pee. She normally preferred to yank my hair and hit me on the back of my head with her open hand. I wasn't given any dinner and had to stay in my bedroom with no lights on all evening. I was back at school the next day and the guidance teacher was astonished that I'd been taken back to the foster home, despite having a social worker. There was no further follow up from school either. I was then living in the foster home for another year after this. The physical, emotional and sexual abuse continued and I closed down emotionally.

Reporting of abuse at foster home

86. I disclosed that one incident of physical abuse by FHW to two teachers at my school. I didn't speak to any other teachers on any other occasion about what was going on at home.
87. I also disclosed the same incident of physical abuse to my social worker, Peter Logan. This social worker left me in the foster home as he accepted the story FHV gave him, but he could see the injuries on my body and I couldn't then tell him about the sexual abuse. I had the social worker on my own in the journey from school to his office and then to the foster home. When I was in his office I was sat by his desk. I don't remember him filling out a form. The first time I got the social worker by himself and had no opportunity to tell him about the sexual abuse.
88. I lost all trust in social work authorities after that. When I looked at my social work records, I discovered that the only mention of Peter Logan was him approving a holiday in Majorca with the foster family.

Leaving foster placement

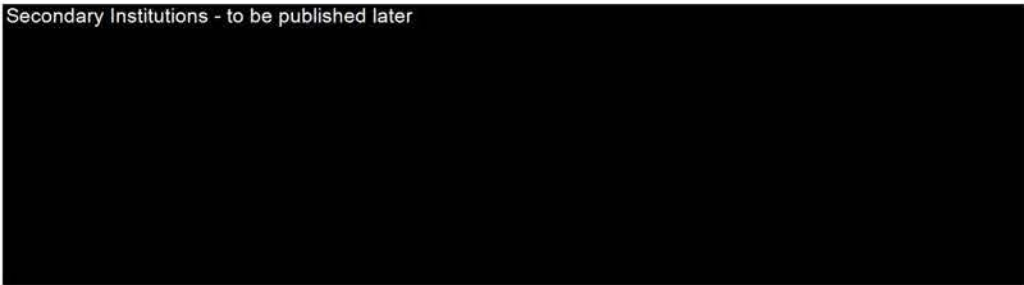
89. I left the foster placement after eleven years and I was fifteen when I left in 1987. I then went directly to Urrdale children's home in Dumbreck, Glasgow and I left there just before I turned seventeen. I was at Urrdale for between twelve months and eighteen months. My sister [REDACTED] had already left the foster placement by the time I left and [REDACTED] stayed behind with the FHV-FHW when I left. According to my notes, [REDACTED] asked to come to Urrdale too, but they wouldn't let him.
90. When I left the foster home it was the day we'd returned from the holiday in Majorca. FHV sent me to buy milk and bread and I had £5 in my pocket. I ran all the way down [REDACTED] to Merryland Street and I went to the social work office and asked for Peter Logan. He came to see me and sat me by his desk. I said I would not go back to the house ever and if I went back there I would kill myself. I told him she'd attacked me in Spain. There were no questions asked and the police were not phoned. I showed him the lumps on my head, the bruises and the missing hair. All he and his colleagues could see was this kid that was tanned from the holiday. After few hours he took me to the foster home and he went in to get me some things and left me sitting in his car. Then he drove me to Urrdale.

Urrdale children's home, Urrdale Road, Drumbreck, Glasgow

91. Secondary Institutions - to be published later
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92.

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

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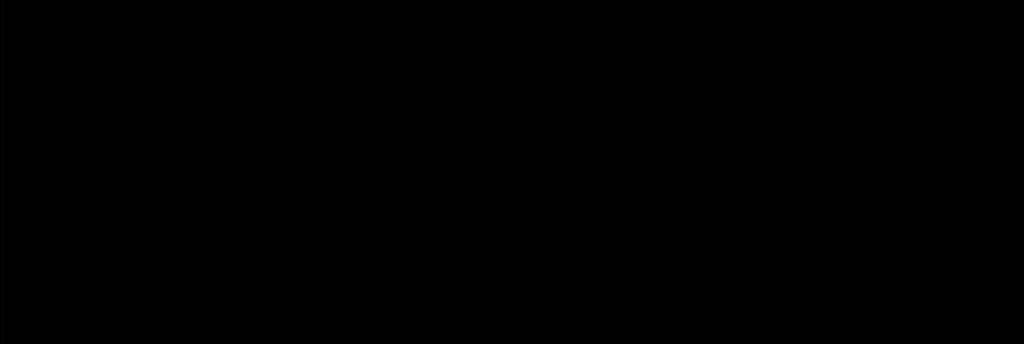
93. The new social worker, Marie Clarke, arranged a meeting about me with the FHV-FHW. I have made a copy of the handwritten notes of a meeting available to the Inquiry. They refused to take any responsibility for what I had told the key worker had happened to me. FHW walked out of the meeting. Everything I said, FHV FHV contradicted and tried to turn round. The senior social worker saw everything. I had to tell her as I thought they'd send me back to the FHV-FHW house. After the meeting, I was taken back to Urrdale and petrified I would have to go back to the FHV-FHW and one of the workers came to find me and told me I didn't have to go back there. No questions were asked after it by the staff in Urrdale or by the social worker.

94.

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

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Secondary Institutions - to be published later

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Secondary Institutions - to be published later

no-one was asking me the big questions about what happened to me in the foster home. I never spoke to anyone

about the foster home. My trust in professionals had gone. All the professionals I saw then I couldn't open up to, and I saw them as being the same as Peter Logan. I just didn't trust them, they were nice but they were attached to social work and Peter Logan had left me in the foster home after I told him I had been beaten up and he saw the injuries.

101. The social worker by then was Marie Clarke. I didn't see her for months after that initial meeting with the FHV-FHW. My case was up for review and she came in to speak to the staff about me. By this stage I had stopped going to school and started work on a YTS with the council. I was sixteen. My sister worked on a YTS and she had told me there was an intake in the council that year. Marie Clark arranged for me to leave Urrdale and live in a supported flat. I needed to have a job to pay the bills in the supported accommodation. I had to pay bills on a tiny YTS wage and I was working in a library.
102. I used to meet Marie Clarke in Princes Square in Glasgow for a coffee and chat. There was another women who dealt with supported accommodation and she used to pop round to check I was paying my bills and then disappear again. So I was in my own flat at the age of sixteen. Then I gave up the YTS in the library and started doing hairdressing in Govan and met the dad of my oldest daughter and fell pregnant at seventeen and had my eldest daughter at eighteen.
103. I think I left Urrdale in 1988, but the social work department in Glasgow City Council continued to have legal responsibility for me. I was eventually discharged from care in 1990 at the age of eighteen. I only found that out when I got my records.

Life after being in care

104. When I fell pregnant I got pulled back into the family. They thought I needed help and tried to take control. This was the foster mum and my dad and his wife, They kept buying me things. I thought I was responsible and grown up in my own flat, and pregnant. But I went back into their company and back into being compliant, full of

fear, vulnerable and doing what they said. I wanted to be able to say to other people that my mum was helping me with my baby in the way that other mums did. I wanted to feel normal and be like the other young mums that I knew.

105. I was living in the high flats in [REDACTED] for one year and the baby was born before I left. A support worker called Adeline was allocated to me and she came to check the flat weekly and that it was clean and wasn't being wrecked and the bills were paid. Then I left supported accommodation and I went into my own council accommodation in Govan with nothing. I got a £500 grant. There was a grant for my daughter and a grant for furniture in the flat. I wasn't getting on well with the baby's dad and it was clear that we weren't going to be living together.
106. I visited the [REDACTED] sometimes. [REDACTED] was married by then, he lived not far away and had two boys of his own, and his wife left him later on. The foster mother was playing at 'perfect families'. [REDACTED] was trying to play at being the rebel of the family by dropping out of university and then trained as a psychiatric nurse. I knew [REDACTED] wife and sometime after she left him I was at a party with her. I was aged around nineteen. Someone at the party also knew [REDACTED] from nursing, and commented to me that he was a 'really nice guy'. That made me so angry that he'd managed to fool so many people.
107. The next day I broke down and ended up being sedated by a doctor. My sister came round to see me and had to call my dad. I started talking about the [REDACTED] and what they'd done and the bubble had burst. I was crouched in the corner and in a physical state of terror. I could smell TCP and that reminds me so much of [REDACTED]. He used to put in on his spots and I could smell it when he leaned over me. I was in a physical state of terror and everything that had happened became real again. The feeling of him on top of me, the touch of his leather jacket and the smell of the TCP. I was physically sick and shaking and couldn't breathe and was smelling things. I was having a kind of breakthrough. A doctor had to come to sedate me.
108. My sister explained to my dad that [REDACTED] had done it to her once. My dad went round to [REDACTED] house and she denied it all. My brother [REDACTED] still lived in their house. He

told me that there was a family meeting afterwards and [REDACTED] was told to come to the house. It was all swept under the carpet. My dad's wife, [REDACTED] came to see me. She told me that my dad was threatening to do some serious damage to [REDACTED] so I stopped talking about it because of the possible repercussions for other family members. I complied again.

109. I phoned the police that week in 1991 to make a report when I was a mess. I didn't like how they dealt with me on the phone and I gave up. I didn't report to the police again until 2012 when I saw them in person.
110. I've had twenty-eight house moves in as many years until 2019. I couldn't settle anywhere. I had obsessions about where my furniture was placed and cleaning the house and having control. I never settled anywhere in the house or in jobs. I went to college to study healthcare and a university to do a degree in podiatry. I worked at nights and weekends to support myself and my daughter.
111. I had to leave the course because one of the lecturers used TCP when he was reviewing a patient. I wet myself. I spent a week not coping as the smell took me back to the foster home. It happened in the supermarket one time too. Someone must have spilt some TCP and when I smelt it, I collapsed and couldn't breathe. The smell of leather jackets also takes me back to the abuse because [REDACTED] used to wear one. I couldn't be near anyone with a leather jacket. I had been aware of the abuse and was vocal about it, but when the physiological response came years later, I was out of control.
112. I left my university course part way through my studies. I went on to work part time and in evenings and then on to full time work. I worked in sales and in hotels. Men were very threatened by my capabilities and tried to pull rank on me. I caused some verbal damage in my time. I had no balance and couldn't help but react and open my mouth. I minced them verbally and reacted too quickly to any challenge and left so many jobs.

113. I had relationships and they ended quickly. I had a second child from another relationship. I could compromise on certain things and not others. I had to have my own money and own home, own car and own possessions. I got through the day by battling my way through and did what I had to do to earn money for the family, but at home in the evening I had to do meditation or do Reiki to calm myself down.
114. In 2012 I moved back from Wales with my son's dad. He is my third child and the youngest. I went back to Glasgow and back to the swamp of energy and emotion. I couldn't breathe and my health suffered. I was housebound, a size 18 and on thirteen different medications. I hadn't been thinking of the abuse, but I suddenly was breaking down with the toxic emotions and I was suffering and he wasn't. That is when I picked up the phone to ring the police to report the abuse for a second time. This has meant that the last six years have been so much better for me as reporting it gave me the biggest release. I had the biggest weight off my shoulders.
115. Now I am working on a business to help empower children to deal with growing confidence and having a voice and knowing their worth. I have designed a product for children to use as a tool for self-empowerment.

Impact

116. I carried poisonous emotions for years. I struggled with sexual relationships for many years. I've had three children and the births were traumatic. Many of the intimate examinations by doctors were traumatic.
117. I trust very few friends. I don't socialise in big occasions. I don't do groups, for myself or the children, and I don't do rules. I do what I need to do to get the children what they need. I don't comply with the rules if I feel they put my children at any risk.
118. I spent years rescuing other people to make myself feel better about me. I'd be the life and soul of the party for my friend and come home to cry because I didn't want to be

at the party. I'd comply and put myself into situations to please other people and it depleted me.

119. In terms of education and jobs, I could have been in a better place financially if I'd continued with education or had a better attitude in work. Even now, I still push boundaries. I have no sense of compliance, formality and boundaries. I've walked away from many jobs and meetings and situations I've felt uncomfortable with.
120. I've dealt with my fear of the smells of TCP and leather jackets through meditation, Reiki and a technique called havening. It's a physiological thing. The effect of smell is fundamental and it can take you back twenty years. The smells took me back to that house. I'd got over so many other things and the emotional reaction to the smells were the last things for me to tackle. I've not gone down a bad road with alcohol, debt and my kids being taken off me and my spirit has kept me going. I have to laugh all the time.
121. I was very aware of emotions that are buried and come out physically. No doctor could get a test to fit my symptoms. It turned out I had an immune deficiency and it runs in the family. One of the consultants told me I needed a psychiatrist. I had two counselling sessions and this female psycho-therapist did nothing more than nod at me when I told her bits of my story.
122. I'd have followed up more with the police if I didn't have a young child. I worried that it could lead to publicity or thought I'd breakdown and risk having my youngest child taken away from me. I wasn't going to give any reason for anyone to take away my children. It meant I suffered in silence for a long time.

Reporting of Abuse

123. I spoke to the police for the first time in 1991 when I was nineteen. They asked me if I had witnesses and what evidence I had. They were putting me off and I gave up. I made no official report and it was just a phone call. They didn't want to know.

124. I went to the police for a second time, a long time later, in 2012. I made an initial phone call to the police and I gave them [REDACTED] name. I was asked to go to the police station on [REDACTED] in person. I discovered afterwards that his older brother [REDACTED] worked there and was [REDACTED]. I made a lengthy report over two days. [REDACTED] got transferred out of that station to [REDACTED]. I was interviewed by just one officer, she was called Nicola and she was fantastic. The statement took two days, over ten hours. [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
125. Nicola stayed for the whole interview, she would have normally handed the matter over to another officer after the interview but didn't and she stayed on the case. She interviewed [REDACTED] my dad, [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] FHV and then [REDACTED]. My brother [REDACTED] didn't want to speak to her. Then [REDACTED] was charged in [REDACTED] 2013, but never attended court. I didn't hear anything for a while.
126. In the January the police came to my home asking me for further evidence on behalf of the Procurator Fiscal. I provided all the evidence I had. I wrote later myself to the Fiscal to remind them of the evidence that was available and to get an explanation for why the case did not go to court. I believed the police and Fiscal were not communicating with each other. I was called into the Fiscal's office on 27 October 2014 and told the Fiscal did not have enough evidence to proceed. I have copies of letters I received from the Procurator Fiscal's office that I have made available to the Inquiry. I have been very disappointed with how the criminal case has been handled.
127. I made a civil claim for damages from Glasgow City Council in 2013. I have a report written by an independent social worker that details the social work departments failure to monitor the foster placement. In December 2018 I was offered a sum of money in damages rather than proceed to a court hearing and I decided for the sake of my children to accept the settlement.

Lessons to be Learned

128. Now there are more systems in place and check-ups on foster homes. The authorities should have taken their rose tinted glasses off by now. They need to be mindful of situations and not just looking at how clean and nice smelling the house is. Just because it looks good, doesn't mean it is good. The authorities need to be more present and mindful to see behind the situations they see. They were overwhelmed with tick boxes and paperwork and structure. My social worker just saw shiny children and a shiny house and didn't look past that.
129. I knew very little about my natural mum and I was told untruths about her and my background. There should be a memory book for the children in a foster placement so they can have photographs of their natural parents. I should have been given a back story to relate to at the time and I shouldn't have had to go looking for the information years later. I had one photograph of my mum that I got when I was fourteen. Then I got one other photograph when my dad died.

Hopes for the Inquiry

130. I want the issues of abuse to be publically addressed, for the people who suffered and didn't go to the police like I did. There are a lot of things that need to be openly heard and addressed.

Other information

131.



132. I have no objection to my witness statement being published as part of the evidence to the Inquiry. I believe the facts stated in this witness statement are true.

FHX


Signed.....

Dated..... 19. 9. 2019