

**Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry****Witness Statement of**

FAE [REDACTED]

**Support person present: Yes****Background**

1. My name is FAE [REDACTED] My date of birth is [REDACTED] 1958 and I am 58 years of age. My address is known to the Inquiry. I am single. Two of my grandchildren stay with me. I have three children.

2. My parents were [REDACTED] and the man we called "Dad" and visited us in the children's homes, was called [REDACTED]. Both are now dead. I can't actually say who for definite was my dad but [REDACTED] was the one who eventually accepted responsibility though there was never any blood tests carried out.

3. I believe I have about 12 brothers and sisters though I don't know them all and they are to various fathers.

4. According to records, I was eight months old the first time I went into care. We were taken to a children's shelter. I think it was a place called [REDACTED]. I have only vague memories of it though I seem to remember it was a nice place and we always had toys to play with which we never had at home. There was [REDACTED] as well where we were taken for respite.

5. When I left care and went back home I was still very young. Me and [REDACTED] stayed with my mum [REDACTED] in Edinburgh. My father used to beat my mother every day. My dad never lived there permanently but he was there a lot. My main memory of that time was playing out on the grass a lot, or in the house. I just remember always crying, always screaming, because of the batterings my mum got from my dad. I would see my mum's face all swollen or black eyes or burst lips and they'd always be fighting and arguing. He was an alcoholic.

6. There was never any food in the house. We were always hungry and we used to walk for miles and miles round houses trying to get food and borrow money. We were always walking and I remember crying a lot because I was so tired and sore from walking.

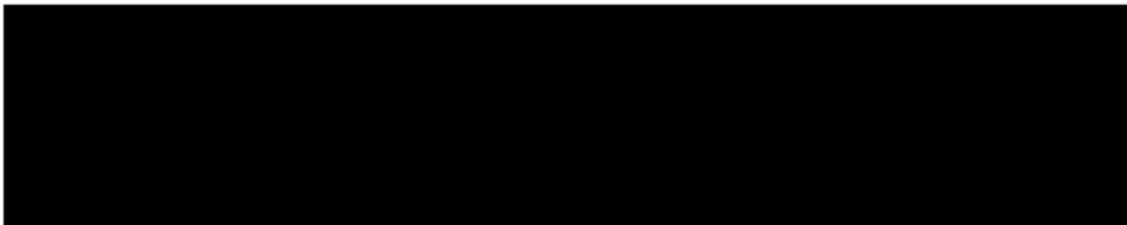
7. There was no care or love from my Mum and we were always dirty, smelly and grubby. I remember that my nappies were always dirty. She just wouldn't do a nappy. These memories are vague but over the years relatives have confirmed they are a pretty accurate description of what life was like for us.

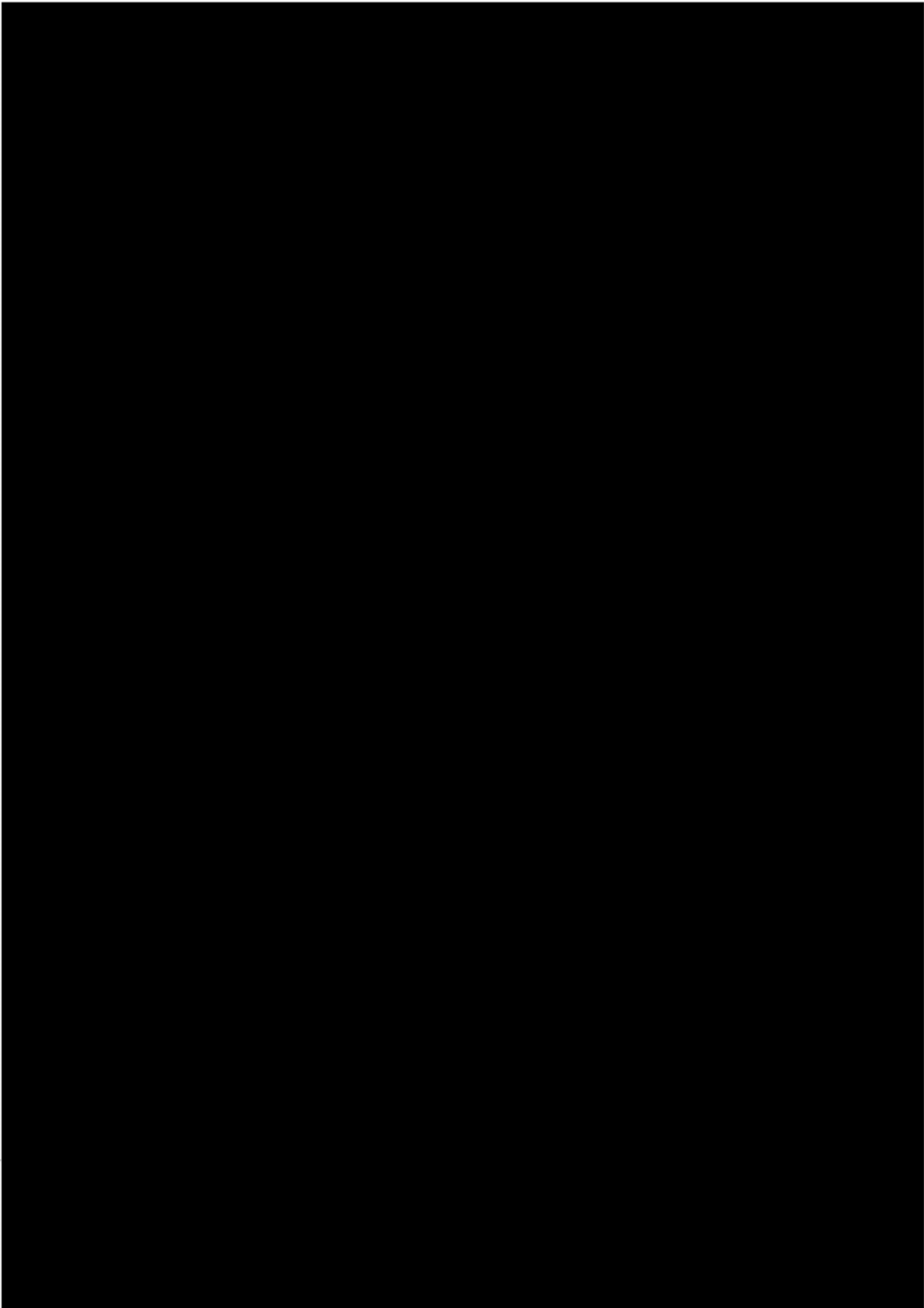
9. My mum wasn't there a lot. She had a lot of men friends and when she was at home she was always getting beaten by my dad. When she wasn't there it was just me and [REDACTED]. [REDACTED] was the one who always looked after me.

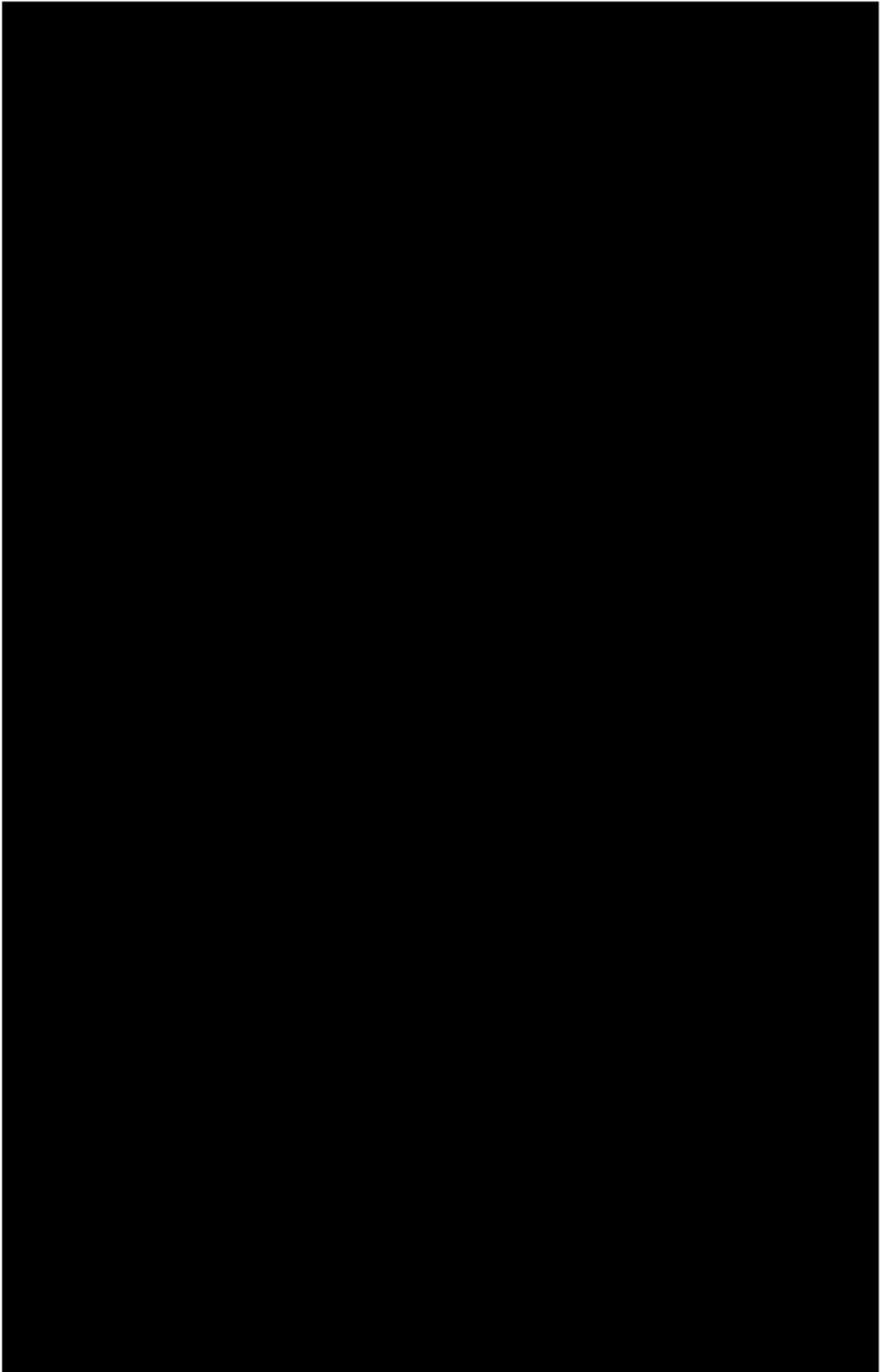
10. Me and [REDACTED] would also get beaten by my dad, especially when he had been drinking. I remember me, [REDACTED] and my mum were always on the move, moving from house to house to anybody who would take us in. If they couldn't then it was back to [REDACTED] or the children's shelter. When my mum wasn't around then I assume she was away with all the men again for that was her cycle and pattern.

11. There were people involved in our lives who wore suits and I assume they were social workers or something like that but I've no real memory of them.

12. [REDACTED] was born in [REDACTED] when I was four and [REDACTED] was six. After that the beatings got worse for my mum and we were getting hit more. It just got worse and worse.









Foster Care by the JCI-SPO

26. [REDACTED] were sent to the torture house - the foster house run by the JCI-SPO [REDACTED] I don't know why [REDACTED] to the foster home. I just remember that a social worker or someone like that took us there one day.

The house was at [REDACTED] Portobello, Edinburgh and it was a bed and breakfast place as well as a foster house. It looked small from the front but when you entered it you would see it was a big house with various extensions that had been put up at the back.

27. JCI [REDACTED] wore [REDACTED] and was in her late 40s or early 50s as was her husband [REDACTED] Her son was called JCI [REDACTED] and he was about 18. [REDACTED] Tommy Hazlett. He was five to seven years older than JCI [REDACTED] He didn't live in the house [REDACTED] but he did often come round to the house with [REDACTED] There were [REDACTED] other foster children in the house when we arrived. They were [REDACTED]

28. There was another old man who lived in the shed in the garden. His name was [REDACTED] and we only saw him at meal times. He was maybe in his late 40s. I don't know why he was there, or how he came to be there, or what his role was. There was something wrong with him going by the way he walked and shuffled. Looking at it today you'd say he had some sort of learning difficulties.

29. I remember one little baby girl coming in to the foster house but she wasn't there for long, maybe a month or two.

30. I think I was seven or eight when I went to the JCI-SPO [REDACTED] and was there until I was about 10 or 11. On arrival we were first taken into the sitting room. We then went down to the kitchen and the person that brought us there left while we were out in the garden.

31. Later that same day we were called in for our tea and that was two pieces and jam and a cup of tea. We then went back into the sitting room and watched a bit of telly. Then JCI [REDACTED] went to bed and a little while later we were called up. Our room was up a flight of stairs. You came into one room and went through it to another room off it. In the first room there were two single beds and her son JCI [REDACTED] was lying on one bed which was his. We thought this was our room and put our cases down. JCI [REDACTED] said no, we had to go through to the room off it. In that room was a double bed with JCI [REDACTED] lying on it.. There were also a couple of easy chairs and a telly. We were not even told that this would be the room we'd be sleeping in. She just told us a few basic house rules and which school we'd be going to, and then said one of us would have to play with her hair.

#### **Routine – at the JCI-SPO [REDACTED]**

After about a year when we got moved into the back garden, JCI [REDACTED] built a kind of extension onto the house. It was wooden framed and covered in plastic perspex. It wasn't a porch but more of a lean-to. It was put up for us to sleep in with a double bed inside. We had to sleep out there throughout the year including winter. The wind

would drive in any rain or snow through the entrance bit which was open and then the bottom of our bed would become damp and wet. I used to cry out there all the time especially during thunderstorms and also because I was still scared of the dark.

32. We got put out into the garden extension because I used to wet the bed. I still wet the bed when we were in the garden and many a time we still had to sleep in the bed even if the sheets were wet. It was us that had wash the sheets if we were allowed to use the washing machine.

33. While in this bed we were not allowed to use the inside bathroom. There was an outside toilet we had to use along with the old boy [REDACTED] who was in the shed. We only had a bowl of usually cold water with which to wash with in the mornings in the outside toilet so we only used to wash our faces and not anywhere else.

JCI-SPO [REDACTED] - working in the house

34. JCI [REDACTED] would give me the rundown of what I had to do the next morning with regards to some new guests who had arrived. While we were in that house we were unpaid labour. We had to change all the guests' beds, we cleaned their rooms, we did the laundry and we did their breakfasts in the morning. We also cleaned and set the coal fires. We were basically slaves there.

JCI-SPO [REDACTED] - contact with my family

35. [REDACTED] did get some contact with [REDACTED] [REDACTED] But it was only now and again and not very often.

36. [REDACTED] [REDACTED] not in contact with any of my mum's family as my dad just wouldn't allow it but [REDACTED] started seeing more of him and his family [REDACTED] [REDACTED] aunties and cousins although not at their homes. Sometimes they would come to the foster home with my dad or [REDACTED] at the beach.

**JCI-SPO** - visits by social services

37. I have no good memories of living in foster care, unless you can call putting on a front because social services or family were there a good memory. When that happened all the sweets, cake and nice biscuits would come out and we'd be put in nice clothes that JCI bragged about having made for us. We never saw that any other time.

38. There were loads of times that social workers came to that house and I remember them looking at me saying "She's awfully thin and pale from the last time we visited. We need to keep a check on her".

39. Some people did visit the house to speak to us but I can't say how often. They must have been social workers and we knew they were official because they'd always be in suits. They'd come and ask us things like "Had we been out?" or "What are you eating?" or "Are you sleeping?" or "Are you getting contact?" and "Are you happy?" We would always be drilled beforehand to say everything was fine. Mostly JCI but sometimes also JCI had warned us what would happen to us if we made any complaints. He or his mother would always be present when we spoke to social workers so we never saw them alone.

**JCI-SPO** - school

40. We went to Primary School while in that house and I recall that we were treated fine there. I don't recall being badly behaved there. My teacher and the head teacher knew we were in a foster home but I don't think the other children knew.

41. I never had any say in decisions about my life when I was in that house.

**JCI-SPO** - Abuse



42. That first night we arrived at the JCI-SPO foster home [REDACTED] was made to sit on the chair and I got into the bed with JCI [REDACTED]. This was the ritual that night and every night thereafter. Me and [REDACTED] would take it in turns to play with and stroke her hair and touch her head to get her to sleep. I'd be on her hair for two hours, then [REDACTED] would be on it and I would sleep, and this went on all through the night until it was time to get up and get ready for school. This happened every night for at least the first year we were there.

43. JCI [REDACTED] also told us that we'd have to first massage his feet before we went into the other room to do JCI [REDACTED] hair. Every single night this happened. It would start about 7 pm,, because we always used to watch Crossroads and then it was up to the room to start the ritual.

44. JCI [REDACTED] was a [REDACTED] and he would come in from work, take off his big boots, have his dinner, take a bath then lie on his bed and expect us to massage his bare feet. It was horrible. This could go on for anything from 15 minutes to two hours, depending on how long JCI [REDACTED] wanted us to do it. He showed us what he wanted us to do, and if we did it wrong he would batter us.

45. It was [REDACTED] that did that. We never saw [REDACTED] doing it. It only stopped after about a year when we got moved into the back garden.

46. One day I was really cheeky to JCI [REDACTED]. It was maybe a couple of months after we arrived at that house. JCI [REDACTED] was telling me what I was to do the next morning around the house it developed into him having a bit of banter with me and I started getting a bit cheeky with him. He said "You're a fiery one aren't you?" and he dared me to hit him over the head with a glass framed photo of himself. That lead to a situation of him saying "I dare you" and me saying "I will", until I just thought "sod it" and I hit him over the head with the picture breaking the glass.

47. JCI [REDACTED] said "I didn't think you'd do it." I said "You told me to do it" and he replied "No I didn't, I only dared you". I replied that that was the same thing+.

48. It was a long time after that [JCJ] dragged me out of bed one morning and told me I wasn't going to school that day. He took me into the kitchen and he handed me the photo. The glass was still broken. He told me I was to stand there and look at it all day and if I took my eyes off it I knew what I would get. Throughout the day of me looking at it, he was coming in and out. He would shout my name and when I didn't look up I would get slapped, and when I ignored him he would slap me and hit me with shoes and whatever came to hand. This went on all day.

49. From that day on the abuse got worse. It was just every day we got beaten by him for nothing, absolutely nothing. He continued to beat both me and [REDACTED] for the rest of the time we were in that house. He would beat us with belts, sticks, sweeping brushes and anything that came to hand. If the toast wasn't right on the plate you got battered. If the tea wasn't right you got battered. If the tray wasn't set right for the guests you got battered. And then you also got battered on [JCI] command.

50. On the day I was holding the photo and [JCJ] was beating me, his mother [JCI] was in the room next door. She heard what was going on and came into the kitchen and saw me holding the photo. She asked me what was going on and I told her what [JCJ] had said and done and she said "You better do what he says then".

51. [JCJ] beat us constantly during our stay there. Sometimes it was just because he wanted to but often it would be because his mother [JCI] told him to beat us. She rarely hit us.; she nearly always got [JCJ] to do it.

52. When he was beating me or [REDACTED] he always made [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] watch. Whoever was getting beaten the rest had to watch it. [REDACTED] [REDACTED] And then we'd end up getting battered because we were crying, so we'd shut up and just watch and not say a word.

53. Whenever he battered us it always ended with him saying "You better do as you're told because you know what will happen next time. If I have to deal with you again it's going to be worse".

54. I remember the whole time I was there all I did was wet myself. He only had to cough and the urine was flying out of me. And then of course I'd get battered because I'd wet myself so he'd batter me more because I couldn't stop wetting myself.

55. Given that me and [REDACTED] were at school during the weekdays and JCJ [REDACTED] was at work during the day, the abuse mainly happened in the evening and at weekends.

56. One time we were doing the washing for all the beds. The house was full and there were lots of sheets and towels, blankets and bedspreads. We always had to do the washing for the guests. We were in the kitchen - me, Shirley [REDACTED] [REDACTED] and JCJ [REDACTED]. The washing machine was one of those old top loaders which had a mangle on it. I was putting one of the sheets through the mangle when it became caught up. I tried to release it but my hand got caught in the mangle and you could hear the bones in my hand crunching.

57. I was screaming at the pain in my hand and didn't know how to stop this machine but JCJ [REDACTED] just stood there laughing at me and did nothing. And I was screaming and screaming. Every time Shirley tried to stop the machine he would threaten to batter her if she did. It was one of [REDACTED] who saved me by pulling the plug out of the wall. My hand was in agony but it turned out nothing was broken. JCJ [REDACTED] bandaged my hand up really tight and I never had any damage so presume he must have done the job. He certainly didn't take me to a doctor. My hand was swollen for a few days.

58. I remember one time seeing JCJ [REDACTED] grab Shirley by the hair and drag her out to the shed. I don't know what she'd done. Shirley was screaming and I was screaming and running behind. The old guy [REDACTED] who stayed in the shed wasn't there.

59. He was calling her a lot of dirty names. I don't know why he was calling her these things at that time. He shouted at me to come and made me stand and watch [REDACTED] He pulled up Shirley's skirt and pulled her pants off. I think she was wearing her pleated school tunic at the time. He grabbed a garden brush with a long handle and was trying to shove it up Shirley's bum. I don't know if he penetrated her but Shirley was screaming and struggling so much that I think he maybe didn't manage to actually put it inside her. He kept hitting her with the brush handle and the more she struggled the more he hit her. I was screaming telling him to stop so I got battered with the brush as well.

60. Shirley eventually collapsed on the floor and just lay there shaking and twitching and couldn't stop. [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]

61. [REDACTED] JCI [REDACTED] was in the house at the time. She must have heard what was going on because Shirley was screaming and I was screaming.

[REDACTED]

63. There were other ways that [REDACTED] JCJ [REDACTED] physically abused us. Hot and cold baths were a regular punishment. It was hot baths and cold baths and hot baths. He would strip us naked and then force us to climb into a bath of boiling hot water or he would physically put us in. The water was so hot it would cause blisters and then we'd have to get out and he'd fill the bath with cold water and put us back in. If we

said something he didn't like he'd repeat the process. One time my feet and legs were all blistered and he stood on the blisters to burst them before bandaging them all up. I never saw a doctor even for that. It was just the way of it for us.

64. We either got battered or got the bath treatment and as often as not you didn't even know why he was doing it. Sometimes it could be that he just had had a bad day at work.

65. There was one time that my teacher's watch went missing and she wrote to all the parents to tell them. JCI asked me if I had taken it. I hadn't and told him so, but because I wouldn't admit to it, all that night it was the hot and cold bath treatment. Eventually I told him I had taken it even though I hadn't. I just couldn't take the hot and cold bath treatment anymore. I took him to a field near the school and told him I had thrown it in there somewhere.

66. When he took me back to the house he battered me again with the belt till I was black and blue. He hit me all over and my arms were so sore I couldn't move them the next day. And then it was back to the hot and cold baths.

67. JCI had two dogs, JCI and JCI whom she bred to sell on their pups for money. So there were often lots of pups in the house. JCI would hide one of the pups and then claim it had gone missing and force us to look for it and when we couldn't find it he would batter us again.

68. JCI also gave his father JCI a few hidings on JCI say so. And the old boy JCI used to get it too. He got beaten up and battered as well. I even saw JCI one time hitting his girlfriend JCI when she was pregnant. Although he was just 18 he was a big man. He was a JCI

69. I remember one day, I think JCI and a social worker were there. JCI JCI asked us in front of them what we wanted for dinner and Shirley said "the same as usual: two pieces and jam and a cup of tea". The next day we were pulled

out of school at lunch time. We were wondering what was happening because we never got home at lunch time.

70. When we got home that woman made us eat so much food we were throwing up. [REDACTED] You name it, she had it on the table and she made us eat and eat and eat. And that night [JCJ] battered us again. Shirley got the worst of it because she had made the comment in front of people. I got battered too but not nearly as bad as I usually did.

71. Then the next day we were given the remains of all the food she had laid out. She was trying to feed me rice pudding. She was forcing me to eat it and I would vomit and she'd catch it in the bowl and spoon feed it back into me. She just forced the rice, vomit and all, back into my mouth. And the more I vomited the more [JCJ] would batter me because I wasn't eating it.

72. And then there were the constant, constant beltings, beatings, with sticks, and slippers. One time he threw his mum's [REDACTED] at us. It didn't hit us but that's just the kind of thing. It got so random. It was like an everyday thing to him. It never eased up or stopped.

73. [JCI] main thing was to make us drink this mixture called "Gregory's Powder". I don't know what it was but it was vile, absolutely vile. That was another punishment drinking that stuff. It would make you throw up. It was big glasses of the stuff. If it took us five hours to drink it then so what, we still had to drink it. And if you vomited, you got the belt again until you drank it without being sick. That's how it was. That was daily life in there. [JCJ] would try and make us vomit back into the glass and try and make us drink it.

74. Another time [JCJ] had made me stand in a corner for most of the day. My dad came to the house that evening [REDACTED] I was crying to him and said no my legs were too sore to walk after standing all day. When he left [JCJ] shaved all my hair off, the whole lot, until there was nothing left on my head. He made me go into school the next day with a woollen hat on to hide my head. It

was boiling hot as it was the summer. I burst into tears and wet myself when my teacher, Mrs Buchan, told me to take the hat off. I refused because I was so scared of what JCI might do to me. The next day I had to go to school without the hat and I wouldn't go through the school gates and was crying because everyone was looking at me with my shaved head. Mrs Buchan came out and took me into the office and asked what had happened. I said it was because I had beasties. The school nurse came and looked and said my head was clear just as it had been a few days before when she had checked it.

75. I would say that the little baby girl who came to stay for a while was maybe starved. She was in that house for a few weeks. She was only a baby. I couldn't say what actual age she was but she had a pram and a cot. JCI used to slap her and force feed her and she would force me and [REDACTED] to hold the baby down. One would be holding her nose, one would hold her legs and arms while she rammed this food down her and it would be all coming up and she'd just ram it back down. If the baby was sick or not taking her food then she'd get slapped by JCI and the sick got forced back into her along with the food. It was awful. I never saw JCI have any dealings with the baby. I think we had been at the JCI-SPO foster house for between 18 months to 2 years before the baby arrived.

76. We never really saw JCI hitting [REDACTED]. When he did it was just a wee clip round the head or a shove or a slap on the shoulders. It was nowhere near the beatings that we got.

77. It was also the way JCI used to talk to us. You were this or that and you were here because your mum and dad didn't want you. He'd say we didn't even know where my mum was and that it was only out of the kindness of their hearts that they'd taken us in. He'd say we were useless. If I wet myself he'd call me "pissy pants". He'd call us names. We were always being degraded and ridiculed. He'd slag off my mum and run down my dad [REDACTED]. All of this was constant. So it wasn't just physical abuse but mental and emotional abuse. It was awful.

78. [REDACTED] told [REDACTED] dad about what was happening [REDACTED] but as far as I know he did nothing about it. I have since found out that not only did [REDACTED] JCI do the bed and breakfast and fostering but that she also owned lots of property in Edinburgh and my father happened to be renting one off her. So is that why he didn't believe [REDACTED] he was scared he'd get kicked out? I don't know. You can only presume, but for whatever reason he did nothing to stop us getting abused.

79. The worst beating I got was the day after a thunder storm. During the storm I was really scared. [REDACTED] Shirley who told me that the noise was God moving his furniture about. Then it started raining. The sound of the heavy rain on the plastic perspex terrified me. Then it stopped raining but restarted again heavier than before. Any time it rained it always woke you up but this night was particularly bad.

80. We weren't allowed back into the house after we'd gone out to bed and we knew what we'd get if we did but I was so scared of the thunder and lightning I didn't care about that. I ran into the kitchen and sat playing and talking with the wee dogs. A short while later I heard somebody open a door upstairs and knew that if they caught me in the house I'd get battered so I tried to run back out to get back to my bed. They had a door with glass at the bottom and it always used to stick at the bottom. I pushed my knee against the door to try to open it and cracked the glass although it never fell out. I ran back to our bed crying and told Shirley what I had done because I knew I was going to get battered for it.

81. The next day [REDACTED] JCI got me, Shirley [REDACTED] in the kitchen and screamed at us, demanding to know who had broken the glass pane. We all blamed each other but he told us that he was going to leave the room and when he got back the person who had done it had best own up. We all knew it was me who had done it and I didn't want [REDACTED] to get beaten for something I had done so when [REDACTED] JCI came back into the kitchen I admitted that it had been me.

82. What happened next will stay with me for the rest of my life. [REDACTED] JCI began shouting and swearing and saying he'd warned me. He stripped me naked, made me



bend over a stool and beat me all over my body with his leather belt. He thrashed me all over my back until I was bleeding. From the top of my shoulders down to my thighs, there wasn't a single part of me he didn't thrash. I was screaming. I thought I was going to die. I've given birth to 3 children but I tell you, I'd rather endure twenty natural births than endure again the pain I suffered that day.

83. JCI [REDACTED] must have heard me because I was screaming and crying but she didn't even come down to stop it. Shirley was crying and screaming at him to stop and tried to drag him off me but each time she did he battered her with the belt. She actually managed to drag me off the stool a couple of times but he simply lashed out at her each time and put me back on the stool and kept thrashing me. At one point [REDACTED] were trying to help me off the stool and so he started hitting them with the belt so they just stood there crying.

84. I thought it was never going to stop. It lasted a good couple of minutes. When it did stop, I was black and blue and had cuts all over my back, bottom and thighs. He left me black, with no white skin on me.

85. The next day I went to school but JCJ [REDACTED] told me I wasn't to do PE. My teacher, Mrs Buchan, told me to get changed for PE. I told her I wasn't to do PE that day but JCJ [REDACTED] hadn't given me a note. The teacher insisted and took me to get a spare PE kit. I started to cry and then wet myself and she asked me what was wrong. I couldn't tell her because I knew if I did JCJ [REDACTED] would batter me.

86. She obviously knew this time something was wrong and I eventually admitted that JCJ [REDACTED] had hit me. She tried to look at my thighs. I wouldn't let her but eventually I lifted my skirt a little bit and she saw some the injuries. She tried to look further up but I wouldn't let her. That's when the police were called and we were taken back home.

87. I suppose if JCJ [REDACTED] had given me a sick note we would never have been taken away from that house.

88. I remember a man then coming to the house and who spoke to JCI in front of me. She had not wanted me in the room when she talking to him. I was about 10 years old at this time so I was old enough to know what they were talking about. I don't know if he was a policeman or a social worker but he questioned her about my injuries and asked her to take me to the doctor. She then became all defensive and hostile towards him and began fidgeting with her which was something she always used to do if she was getting the hump about something. She then said I was just a delinquent who was trying to blacken her name and that JCI had just been chastising me for soiling my pants. I told the man as he was leaving that I hadn't soiled myself and that I got hit because I broke the glass.

89. I don't know if I was ever seen by a doctor at the time as I've not seen my medical records but I don't recall seeing one.

90. Later that night I didn't get beaten with the belt by JCI but I got slapped because it had all come out. He was demanding to know what I had told them. I said I had told them nothing.

91. What I don't understand is that the social workers, if that's who they were, had seen the injuries on me and yet still let us stay in that house. It clearly says it in the report that they saw the bruises on my legs so the marks were there and still we were left there to be abused more. I can't be specific as to how long it was after that before we were moved but it felt like a good few months but could have been less and maybe a month. But there was no immediate move yet we were still getting abused even though it had been known about. How could they do that when it was obvious we were getting abused? Why were we not taken from that house? In the records I did manage to get, although I don't think they're complete, it is obvious that they had concerns about us. In another report it clearly says that they had concerns about that family yet they still left us in there.

92. And I wonder did anyone else get left in her care after we were taken away? And did her son go on to foster other children?

93. At the time of the abuse I would feel dirty, smelly, a pissy-pants. JCIJ called [REDACTED] was a fat whatever. Even [REDACTED] used to call me pissy-pants. I was the wee skinny runt. It made me very shy and timid yet at the same time I could lash out as a youngster.

94.

JCI-SPO [REDACTED] - reporting of Abuse

I don't know if anyone at [REDACTED] school would have known I was the victim of abuse until that time the police were called. I think they had suspicions that things were not right. From after that time JCIJ shaved my head I think Mrs Buchan had her suspicions. She was always taking me aside and asking if I was alright and if I was sure that I was okay. I don't recall her ever saying that I could talk to her about anything or if there was something wrong she could help me with.

95. I also told my teacher that we slept in the garden extension and somebody did go round there to have a look while we were at school. In that report they do say that the bed in the garden extension had been slept in although obviously we weren't in the bed at the time.

96. I remember [REDACTED] telling one of my aunts that JCIJ was abusing us but my aunt just gave her a hard slap right across the face knocking her to the ground and told her not to tell lies. Having seen [REDACTED] get slapped I kept my mouth shut.

The only person we could have confided in was JCI husband [REDACTED] but if he tried to help us he would get battered too. I saw JCIJ battering his dad loads of time. Although JCI and [REDACTED] were married they didn't sleep in the same room. He slept in the basement and always disappeared down there about 8 o'clock every night so he didn't see a lot of the abuse we suffered. He must have heard it and been aware of some of it, if not the full extent.

97. There was never a chance for us to tell anybody what was happening because we were never alone. If we had had the chance to speak to social workers

on our own then we might have told them. We could have told the teachers but we were too scared because we knew we would get battered again. So we kept our mouths shut.

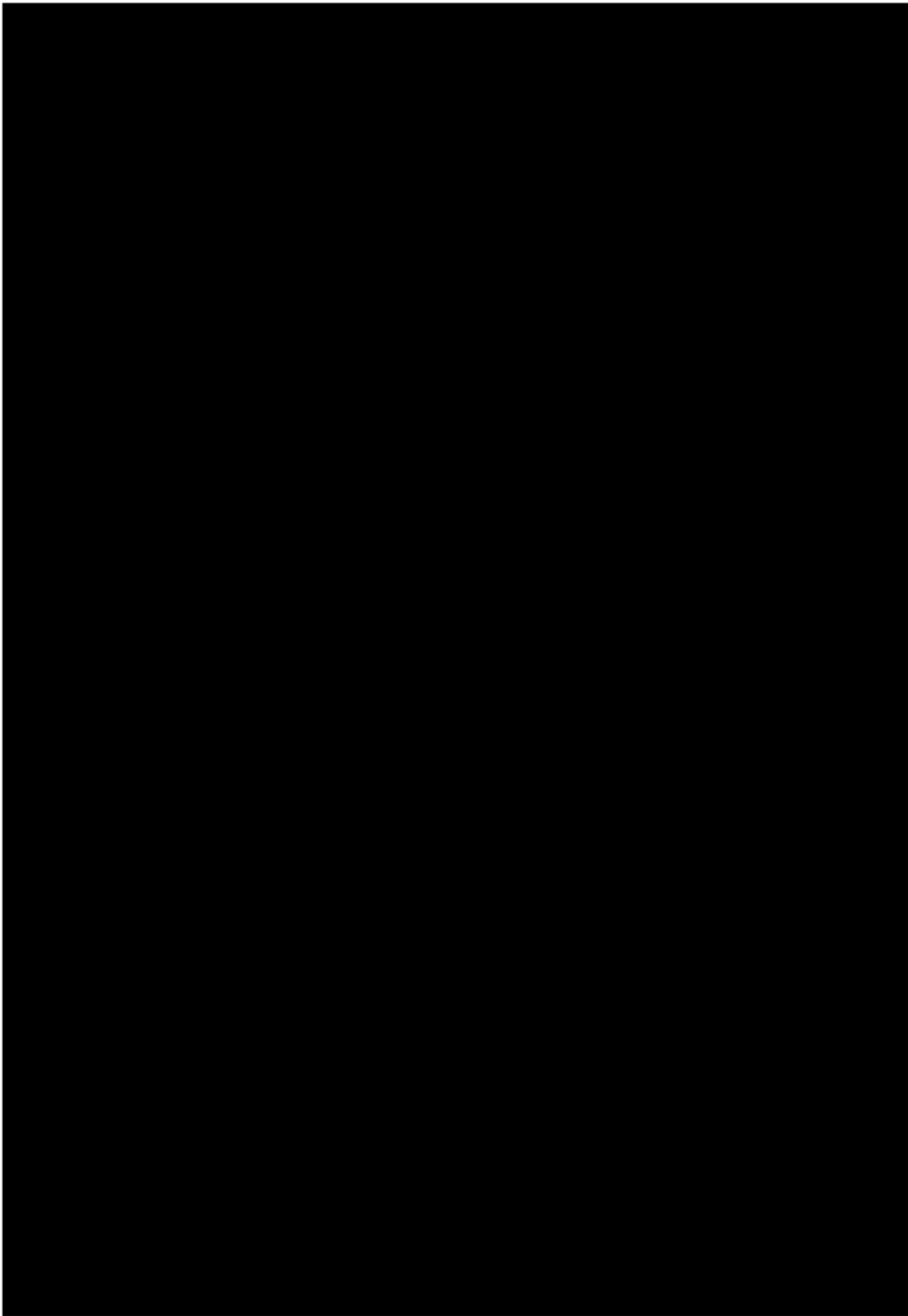
98. I suppose the first person I told about the abuse was a young school friend at [REDACTED] school who was of an age with me. I can't recall her name but she saw quite a few injuries. I always told her not to tell and if she did then I would deny it. I also told her that I would just get hurt more. I showed her some of my bruises in the toilets from the time I was beaten after the thunder storm. However, I see from my file that at some time she did tell her mother and a phone call was made to the RSPCC.

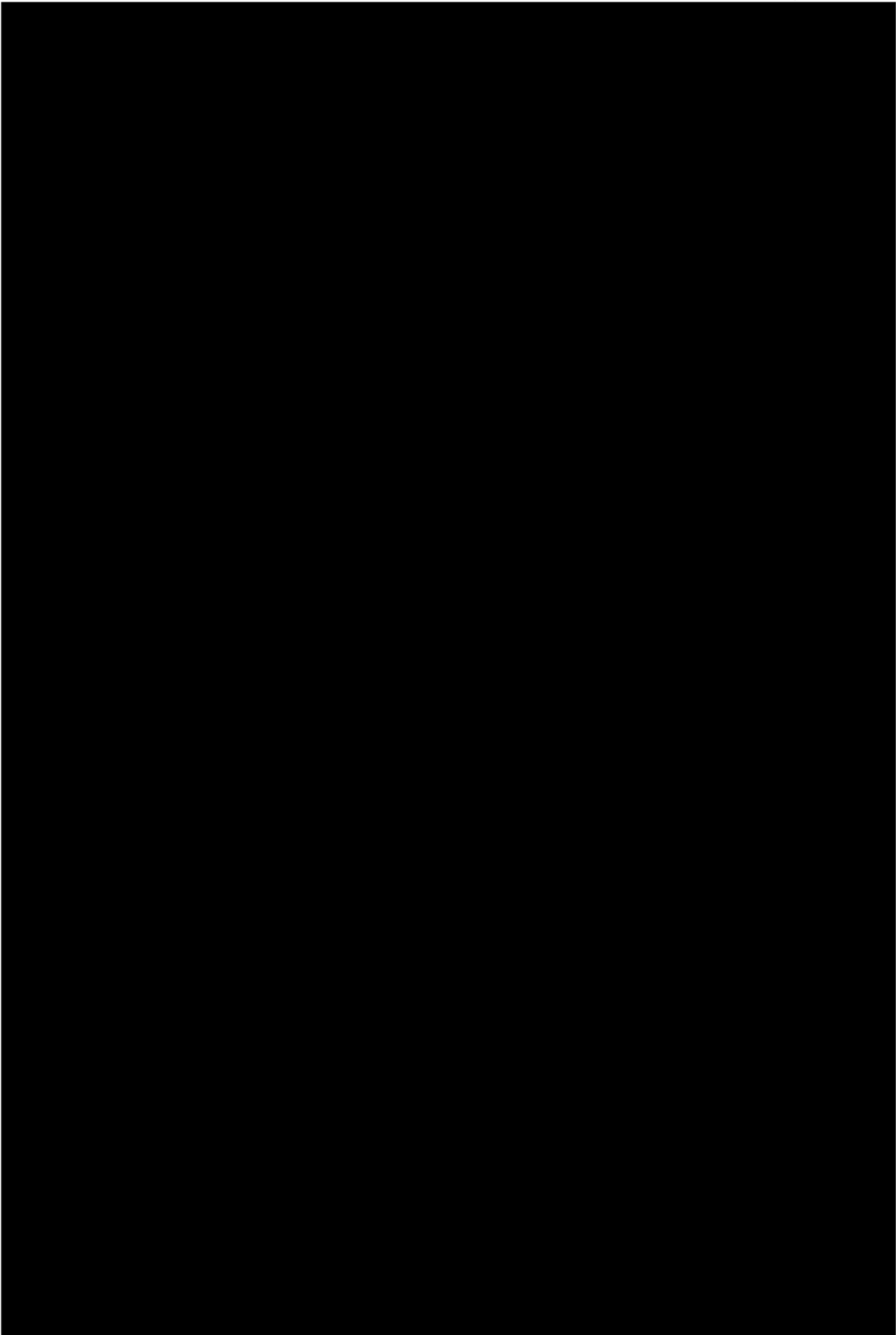
99. The first adult I told was my teacher, Mrs Buchan. She called in the police. I don't think I told her everything but I told her a lot of what he'd been doing to us. I do vividly remember Mrs Buchan crying. I think the school nurse was there at the time but I don't remember her name. When we left the school Mrs Buchan got every child in the class to write us a goodbye and good luck letter. She wrote one too.

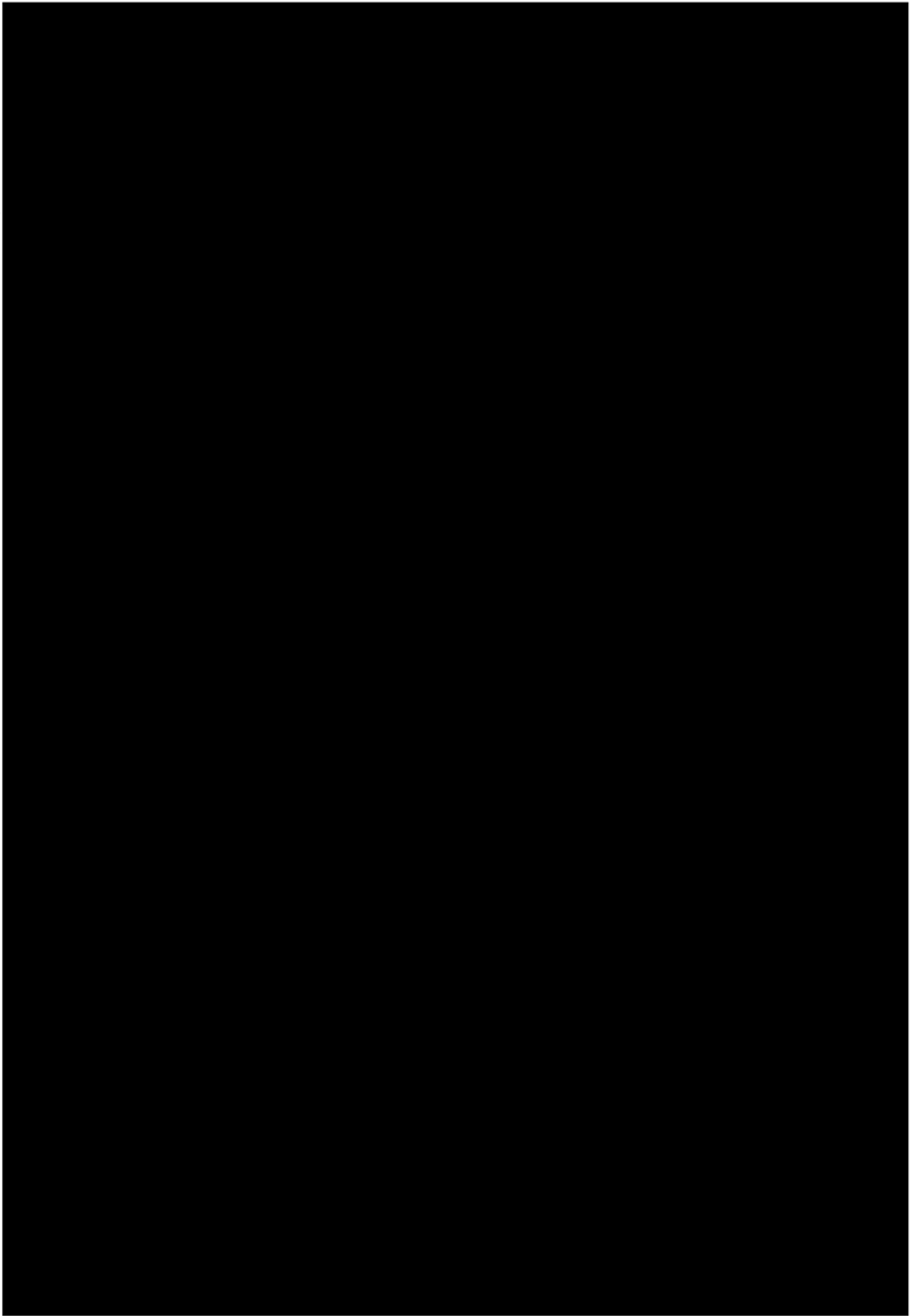
100. Later on, after we'd been moved to the [REDACTED] children's home, we got a new social worker and I spent a lot of time telling her what had happened at the [REDACTED] JCI-SPO foster home. I'm not sure of the social worker's. I know we had a social worker called Miss Carstairs who lived in [REDACTED] but I'm not sure if that was her. We were under Gilmerton social services.

101. I never reported the abuse to the police or any other authority because I didn't want to relive it all. However, [REDACTED] reported it to the police more recently and I later spoke to a police officer over the phone. The last call was about a year ago. As far as I am aware there is still an outstanding police case against [REDACTED] JCJ [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]









### Life after care

121. My mother came back into our lives when I was still at [REDACTED] and I saw that as an opportunity to make her now serve her purpose as a mother. So I used her to get me out of the care system. I got her to take responsibility for me again at her home. While I was still under a certain amount of supervision I was never back in a children's home because I was technically in my mum's care. I think we were part of the Children's Panel system or wards of court or something until we were 18.

122. My file shows social workers advised against me going to her as it was bound to fail but let me make the decision to go. I was starting to go off the rails by then so if they'd tried to stop me I'd have just gone anyway. They were sick and tired of me by then.

123. Once my Mum had served that purpose I waved goodbye to her and went to stay with [REDACTED] who had a flat in in Edinburgh by this time. [REDACTED] was training at the [REDACTED] college and I got a job in [REDACTED] biscuit factory.

124. My mum wouldn't leave us alone and was at the flat every day and I couldn't take it anymore. About that time [REDACTED] got pregnant.

125. My Dad died in about 1993 I think. The second last time I saw him was when I was about 16. [REDACTED] had been placed in secure accommodation at St Katherine's in Howdenhall. My Dad asked me to move in with him. He wanted me to say that I was willing to look after [REDACTED] and would bring him up at my dad's



house so that my dad could get [REDACTED] out of secure accommodation. I said no because my dad would have had access to me again.

He battered me for saying no and called me "all the selfish bitches under the sun". I vowed then that I would never see him again and that no man would ever lay his hands on me again. Then I left for London and I have been here ever since.

126. In fact I did see him once more about 20 years later when I got a phone call to say he was dying and wanted to see me. He had liver cancer. I'd always thought I would be happy when he died but it didn't work out that way. I was sad and couldn't understand why I felt that way. I came up to see him with my daughter and son the day before he died.

127. I saw him in his bed, in the room where he had abused me and [REDACTED] [REDACTED] This was my first opportunity to ask him why he'd abused us but all he said was that he'd been drunk and it was all in the past. I told him I hoped he would rot in hell and left. He died the next day. But even at his graveside I was overwhelmed by feelings of sadness and pity which I couldn't understand so I went back to counselling.

### **Impact**

128. I've no physical scars from the time at the JCI-SPO [REDACTED] foster home, but I certainly have mental scars. We later spent a lot of time under a psychiatrist when we were still at [REDACTED] and I can only imagine that that was to talk about our experiences. According to my file I think that was a [REDACTED]

129. The impact that my childhood in care had on me is that, if it hadn't all happened, I would like to think I would have made a better parent to my children. I made a lot of mistakes with my children. I put it down to my early life experiences in care and because I didn't have a mum or dad to show me. I didn't even know I was pregnant the first time until I was six months' pregnant.

130. I ended up in an abusive relationship and I think that was partially because of my background. I eventually got out of it after 5 years but then ended up in another one because I didn't know what to do. That was the pattern. I didn't have a mother to talk to about it and I had no trust in anybody, especially people in positions of authority.

131. And I've had a few scraps with the law too, I don't mind admitting I've got a criminal record although nothing serious, just stupid petty stuff when I was young.

132. I now have big trust issues. I don't trust anyone professional. I have no faith in the system whatsoever. Even today when I've been through the mill to get my grandchildren into my care and been screened with every aspect of my life checked. But I still don't trust them. I didn't trust them going through the court system to get my grandchildren either. I have no faith whatsoever in professionals and don't think I ever will. Teachers I trust, but the rest? No.

133. I've had a lot of psychological problems and have a morbid fear of thunder and I will never go back to [REDACTED] in Edinburgh.

134. I've spent most of my life under psychiatrists though when I was younger I was still too scared to tell them everything. About 25 years ago when I was having problems with my abusive partner I ended up trying to commit suicide and ended up on a psychiatric wing for 3 weeks. My partner just made me feel useless and it was as if I was back getting abused again by <sup>JCJ</sup> [REDACTED] and it all became too much.

135. I think to a degree I am still very institutionalised. My bed has to be made in a certain way. A table has to be set in a certain manner. My clothes have to be set out and ironed in a certain fashion. If I get angry, I turn the phone off and go into cleaning mode until my fingers bleed. After I do that I feel better. So has the abuse affected me in that way? I think so, yes.

136. I think the last time I had counselling was just before Christmas 2015 but I don't find it really helps much.

I have always worked though I gave it up to look after my grandchildren.

137. If I was asked about what lessons might be learned and how to help children now, I would say listen to them. Hear them out and at least check out what they say. I'm not saying you should simply believe them, but listen to them and check on what they say. Sometimes kids do tell lies but an adult should be able to look at a kid and know there is something wrong. If you ask a child if they are alright and they say "yes" but won't look you in the eye, you know there is something wrong.

138. And don't hit us to get us to go away; don't hit us to get us to shut up.

139. I've never had faith in the system and even today with all the things they have in place that weren't there when I was a child, I still have no faith in them. When a child is at risk, go and see them. Don't allow the child not to be seen. If they are at risk, make sure you see them. I have told social workers that kids are at risk because their parents are drug abusers. They simply reply that they didn't see any drugs when they were there. Of course they didn't, but there will be other signs of drug abuse. They should use their eyes and common sense more.

140. 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 to be true.

Signed

FAE

Dated 15.8.16.