

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

FCJ

Support person present: No

1. My name is FCJ and my date of birth is 1983. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

Life before going into care

2. When I was born, my family stayed at , Invergordon, a horrible place up north. I have a twin brother, , a younger brother called and an older sister, . There is a year between each of us. My mum, has always been a volatile person and my dad, was an alcoholic and a gambler. They have recently split.
3. My mum was married before she met my dad and lost two children in a fire. This was about 13-14 years before my sister was born. I don't think my mum ever got over it. She had also suffered abuse at the hands of her dad, who's dead now. I think all of that kind of compiled and it made it quite a traumatic childhood for us. My mum had to try and bring us up on her own. My mum was a little bit over the top when it came to disciplining. My dad disciplining us was non-existent.

Life before going into care

Early recollections

4. I can remember pretty far back. I remember a lot from my childhood and I remember a lot that went on. The woman who did the disclosure for my social services files was

actually my family liaison officer when I was four. I told her about lots of things I remember about her specifically.

5. I remember we used to do rest and respite breaks in care to give my parents a rest. We were at this little place. There were lots of kids on climbing frames and stuff like that. I realised quickly it was a bit of a con. I got the impression that people were artificially nice, because they had to be. You might have been there a couple of hours or a couple of days, but that over the top niceness was noticeable, because my mum was the complete opposite. So, when people are the exact opposite of what you're used to, you notice it. I've always been one who questions things, sits back, observes, then thinks, "*there's something not right here.*" I was like that for my younger brother, because he had a really difficult time. So, I used to have to calm him down.
6. I went into short term care the day before my first birthday. Initially, all four of us went into care together. As we got older, our personalities began to change and social work would try different combinations of us. [REDACTED] and I were always kept together. Sometimes, they'd put [REDACTED] with us, then [REDACTED] and then [REDACTED] again. Probably when I was about five or six, they fostered [REDACTED] and I without [REDACTED] or [REDACTED]
7. I remember a social worker taking [REDACTED] [REDACTED] and I away from mum's and we went over the Cromarty Bridge. [REDACTED] was fascinated, looking out the back window at the thunder and lightning. [REDACTED] was kicking the back seat of the car and yanking the social worker's hair, because he didn't know what was going on. He wouldn't calm down until [REDACTED] and I managed to do it.
8. I have always looked out for my younger brother. If I could change anything about about my time in care, it would be that I was with [REDACTED] more, and not my twin brother. Even now, we're as close as we've ever been, and still look out for each other.

Social Work Contact

9. I think, all in all, from start to finish, I was in about twenty different placements. Care was just part of my life. It didn't really bother me. Up until I was nine, there were a lot of short term care placements. Not respite, that means about a week to me, sometimes for three to four months or six months at a time. This was when my mum was trying to get help and my dad was working off shore. They wouldn't let us stay with my mum on her own. She was a bit dangerous. My dad worked a month on and a month off offshore.
10. Our family liaison officer's name was Alison Ross. I spoke to her for years after care. She became a street preacher in Inverness. I've had a few social workers over the years. John Skinner, (he may have passed away now) and Agnes Abburew were there for a big chunk of our lives. I spoke to John for years after he left social work. Agnes was quite good as well. She would meet you and ask how things were going. [REDACTED] There was also Marilyn Glenroy and Elano Ross. Then it kind of changed a bit. We didn't have a social worker for a small period of time, then it was Alan Richards. He was there briefly and then I kind of went independent.
11. My mum had a real hatred for the social work. She was quite vocal.
12. I know that there were a lot of problems with social workers. We'd maybe see the social worker every couple of weeks, or every couple of months. That got less the older I got.
13. When I stayed with [REDACTED] Tom, my social worker, Marilyn Glenroy, became unwell, so there was a lengthy period without one. It was near the end of my time with [REDACTED] Tom. I then had Elano Ross as my social worker.
14. Barbara Davis was my foster parents', Tom [REDACTED] social worker. She was the one who was called out to start the process of me getting moved away, because of

the way I was acting towards the end of that placement. There was never a great period of time when I felt I could tell anyone what was going on.

15. The social work department kept trying to send us home, and then it got to a point where they just stopped trying. Our foster parents, [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] would have been the last placement where we went home and tried to stay there for a while.

Children's Panels and Reviews

16. I have always hated children's panels. Even now, I think they are horrible, pointless things for children. They aren't there for kids. They speak over kids. I stand by that. Pre-panel, they did ask you how you were. But was that ever relayed on? I don't think it was.
17. There would be the four of us with my mum and dad, if he was at home, the police, social worker, children's reporter and these three people I'd never seen before. They didn't know me and would be making decisions on my life and talking like I wasn't in the room.
18. Nobody ever listened to what I was saying at children's panels. That bothered me. It bothered my younger brother as well. I would try to speak out at panels, although I'd feel really intimidated. But I would always try to say something.
19. I remember one where my younger brother kicked off, crawling about the floor and throwing chairs about. I thought, "*good on you.*"
20. My dad didn't speak and my mum never wanted to speak.
21. More often than not, and I'm looking at the period I was with [REDACTED] Tom, at the times I was speaking to my social worker, my mum was also there. They were trying to build up the relationship with all of us and my mum.

22. We had stupid little books that we had to fill in about how good or bad the foster placement was. I remember having to fill them in. I thought they were patronising. A lot of the times, if my mum was sitting in the room, I'd write that things were fine, even if she said nothing, just in case it made her angry. She is a very intimidating person. Fear can do a lot for a kid.
23. We had reviews every six months and panels once a year. I always liked reviews better than panels. Reviews always came across as more informal and a bit more centred on having a conversation with you. At reviews, they would speak to you on your own. Then, they would bring my mum in, or my mum and dad, or vice versa. Sometimes, the four of us would be at them and would be spoken to individually. Then, they'd take the parents in, or vice versa.
24. I remember them at Alness. One of the staff there, Margaret, the receptionist, was the warmest, loveliest person I'd met. She'd always come out and give us hugs. That broke down barriers from the outset.
25. My younger brother had to see a psychiatrist, Kay Brighton, and although the records were redacted, you got the gist of what's going on. I remember speaking to [REDACTED] about the ones that I'd seen. It's bizarre the way it's put across. I remember thinking, "*What a crock*".
26. To be fair, there's a swing on it, too, because my mum was always manipulative. She still is, but doesn't get away with it now. But, looking at my social work records, she manipulated the social work, too. We knew what she was like. We were scared of her. Looking back, they were scared of her as well. I think she got away with a lot more than she should have. Equally I don't think she got the help she should have.
27. There were always police reports and social work reports in these records. They always seemed to say that "FCJ [REDACTED] *seems to be ok. There doesn't seem to be any problems, he is doing alright at school.*"

28. Around the time I was with [REDACTED] Tom, there was a long period when I didn't have a social worker and it was mainly what they had said and a small amount of what I said that was taken at the reviews and I was rather intimidated.

Contact with Family and Social Work Involvement

29. When I was with [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] I had minimal contact with my mum. When I moved to a foster placement with [REDACTED] Tom, it changed. I asked to see my mum now and again, but even that was supervised. I asked for contact and had supervised contact with the social workers there, going for lunch and things like that. It wasn't regular, but I did see her.
30. Agnes was the social worker at that time, then it was Marilyn Glenroy. When she became sick, Elano became the social worker. There was a period I didn't see my mum at all, until I was with my last foster parents. My foster dad, [REDACTED] thought it was outrageous that I wasn't seeing my mum and I did for a while, every two weeks. He tried his hardest to get us to spend as much time with our parents as we could, until things got too much. Then my dad would call it off again.

Schools

31. I don't think I went to school at every different placement. It depended on how long they were planning to keep us with the foster placement. If not, there would be a short period of no school.
32. I attended a number of different schools. I went to schools in Maryburgh, Rosemarkie, Cromarty, Port and Rockfield. I also went to school in Tain, when I was with foster parents called [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] It was called either Knockbreck or Craighill primary school, although I think I preferred Knockbreck. Otherwise, we'd be at South Lodge primary school in Invergordon, my home school.
33. When we were pre-school age, I don't think they looked for other pre-school places if we were in foster care.

34. I found teachers and adults the worst at jumping to conclusions first. As we got older, certainly when I moved to Rockfield, I remember going for a visit to the school before I started. I also remember the teachers at Rockfield probably being the worst. I overheard them saying *"That's the bad one. He probably won't be here for very long."* You thought, *"it's not through any fault of mine that I'm here."*
35. The impression I got when I was older was that people put you down to being a yob who's in the legal system and just a bit of a nightmare. That's why you were there. *"Your poor parents, what are they going through."* Actually, it was the complete opposite.
36. Kids are exactly the same. They feed off adults. I got bullied a lot, a few times by teachers, but mainly other kids. By the time I got to high school, I had a small group of friends and the rest I didn't care about.
37. When we went to primary school, when living with [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] I got on well with my teacher. My twin brother, [REDACTED] struggled with this teacher, and I struggled, because [REDACTED] hated him. He used to pick on [REDACTED] He would show [REDACTED] up in the class. I can't remember his name. I can remember schools, but I don't remember a lot of teachers' names.
38. I had the same female teacher in a few schools. I can't remember her name. I had her at South Lodge, my home school. I think she was a stand in teacher for a few schools in the north of Scotland and I hated her. When I moved to Rockfield and went to Tarbat Ness Primary School, she covered one of the classes there. She shouted at me, over the other kids in the class, for being fostered, telling me *"I was rejected by my parents and it's no wonder I'll get rejected by everyone else."* I know she was struck off for over-chastising kids.
39. Personally, I hated the different schools. I always tried to find at least one person that I got on with wherever I went, until I was living with [REDACTED]

40. [REDACTED] and I were living with [REDACTED] in Maryburgh and I think I was at Conan Bridge school or Maryburgh. It was the first time I've had a best friend. I remember I was getting picked up to go back to my mum and my best friend and I just cried. It's the first time I felt, *"This is just a waste of time, this hurts too much."* I just thought, *"This isn't good enough."* I think after that, I kind of gave up looking for best friends. You feel like the odd one in the room. They look at you funny and wonder why you're there.
41. The first time I realised that I was gay was when the headmaster of Tarbat Ness primary school, Mr Dunbar, a lovely guy, got a pupil called [REDACTED] to show me around. I remember going "I'm gay" the first time I saw [REDACTED] at school, and hating it. There was so much going on in my life emotionally, with myself. I didn't understand what was going on. So, the period I was with him, I was really conflicted, thinking *"What the hell's going on here?"*
42. There was a long period of my life where I thought it was because of the abuse that I was gay, but I think the school visit was before Tom did anything to me. I realised that I liked boys before he did anything to me. It was just an unfortunate clash of things.

Early Foster Placements

43. The social work department were quite keen to try and get stability at home. Sometimes, they'd send us home for the weekend. Then, every three to four weeks and that wouldn't work. Then, every three to four months. Every time we'd go back home, my mum would, at the extreme end of the scale, take us hostage and we'd have the police outside trying to get us out. On the lower end of the scale, she would pick up the phone herself and say *"I just don't like the kids, get them out"* after a weekend back home. Sometimes, it would be a bit longer, then she'd have a breakdown. She had a few clinical nervous breakdowns when we were in care. The social work kept trying and then it got to a point where they just stopped trying. Or she would batter us and we would be taken away by the police. [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]

would have been the last placement where we went home and tried to stay there for a while.

44. You either click with people or you don't. All four of us were with [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] I couldn't stand them, but [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] loved them and got on great with them. It was personality clashes more than anything. I loved [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] but [REDACTED] hated them. One of the kids that stayed with them bullied [REDACTED] and I, but it didn't change my opinion of [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] It did change my opinion of him. He became my foster brother in my last foster home and we then got on really well.
45. I think in terms of foster placements, I was kind of easy-ony. If you get used to the fact that you're only going to be there short term, you don't really care. I remember asking foster parents how long I was going to be with them. When I was with a couple who fostered me called [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] I was told that we'd be there for a couple of months. I remember another foster couple called [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] telling us that we would be there for as long as we needed to be with them. I remember the nicer foster parents. Our foster parent, [REDACTED], in Maryburgh was lovely and she told us we'd be there for a short while, just until things had calmed down at home.
46. We were quite lucky when it came to foster homes. Although having had conversations with my brother and sister, maybe not for us all. I always thought we were quite lucky. I don't remember any foster homes where things were so outrageous I thought, "*this is wrong*", or hated it so much, apart from living with in foster care with [REDACTED] Tom. Even then, [REDACTED] it was Tom that was the problem. Apart from what happened with him, all my foster placements were good. Most of them served a purpose: they looked after me while I couldn't stay at my mum's.
47. [REDACTED] and I liked [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] I reckon I was with them for one and a half to two years. I was six or seven years old. We were staying with [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] in Cromarty, and we'd met [REDACTED] when with them. It was a bit sly how the social work did that, actually. [REDACTED] made little dough ornaments and we were told that a

woman was coming out to see us, or coming to see some of the work [REDACTED] used to do. It was [REDACTED]

48. I remember the week before our birthday when I lived with [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] and we were making up lists for our birthday of all of these things we hoped to get. The only thing I wanted was a magic set and I got it. It was my best birthday, ever, up to a point. I'm still in touch with [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] now. Actually, my brother was placed with them towards the end of his foster care.
49. When [REDACTED] and I were placed with [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] at Rosemarkie, my personality came out a little quicker than [REDACTED]. I was seen as the stronger of the twins. I didn't like [REDACTED]. We used to fight like cat and dog. There was maybe one day in every two weeks that we weren't trying to punch each other's lights out. It was seen as me kind of dominating him a little bit. I was getting on well. I had a best friend called [REDACTED] a big group of friends. [REDACTED] struggled to socialise and build friendships and was going into his shell a bit.
50. My placement with [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] ended, because my relationship with [REDACTED] was breaking down. I know [REDACTED] had had a miscarriage, but it didn't take away from the fact that [REDACTED] and I weren't getting on well. So, it was decided to take me out of that placement to see if [REDACTED] would flourish. He did, to an extent. We were separated and that's when I was placed in long term care.
51. I was nine when I went into long term care. That's when I moved in with [REDACTED] Tom at [REDACTED] I lived there for three years.

Foster Care - [REDACTED] [REDACTED]

52. I had been training for a fun run at Inverness Sports Centre when I was told I was moving to [REDACTED] Tom's about two weeks before I went. I was picked up and I remember thinking they were old, well Tom was. He was about 63 years old. [REDACTED] was in her late forties.

53. They lived at [REDACTED] [REDACTED] There were only fifteen or sixteen houses. It's not a big place. They had this little three bedroomed cottage in the middle of the village. [REDACTED] who was my best friend, and I were the only kids that lived in the village until [REDACTED] came along. I didn't like him. [REDACTED] had a daughter, [REDACTED] and a son called [REDACTED], [REDACTED]. Tom had two daughters [REDACTED]. All of their children had left home and I think that's why they began fostering in the first place.
54. I moved there in the [REDACTED] They ran a bed and breakfast and would have been getting ready for the tourist season. I had one room and guests had the other. They had a wee craft shop come café on the front porch, Tom made little wooden toys and walking sticks. They would both knit and have jumpers for sale. They did lots of things.
55. Tom was the lighthouse keeper. He did it part-time. [REDACTED] [REDACTED]. When Tom was ill, [REDACTED] did the lighthouse run, making sure the safety checks were done. [REDACTED] was also a home-help and looked after a lady called [REDACTED] who lived in the village. I was convinced she was a witch. [REDACTED] was another lady [REDACTED] helped. [REDACTED] lived in [REDACTED] for six months each year, and [REDACTED] the other six months. When she was in [REDACTED] [REDACTED] looked after her house.
56. [REDACTED] had a gala type day and they'd have a Victorian theme. [REDACTED] Tom were really involved. They weren't religious, which was a blessing. My mum was far too religious.
57. It seemed like two semi-retired people living in a nice village, until it didn't seem nice. Tom was ex-forces and quite regimented. He had a regimented voice, quite old-school. He was an opportunist. Any time [REDACTED] wasn't around or anytime he thought he had his little safe place, that was the time to strike.

Abuse at [REDACTED]

58. Tom had a shed at the back of the house with band-saws, power tools and everything. That was one of his places. When [REDACTED] wasn't about, he'd take the opportunity. He'd ask me to do things in the shed and while I did, he'd have his hand down my trousers doing what he wanted. I'd have a power tool in my hand. I was stuck.
59. I remember making this bloody seagull. It was the excitement at first, Tom asking me, *"Do you want to cut the seagull?"* I remember being really nervous about it and asking, *"My hands are shaking. What if I cut my hands off?"*. And he said *"It's ok. I'm here. I'm behind you. I'll look after you"*. He put his hand right down my trousers and I had this paralysis. I knew I couldn't go back and I knew I couldn't go forward. I was nine at this point. I remember when he came, he just said, *"Let's go in for dinner"*. I remember being confused, thinking *"What happened, did that just happen? That's not right, that's not happened before"*. I wasn't aware then that he'd ejaculated. I am now.
60. I just remember cutting the seagull and he was saying, *"That's right, that's it"* and he kept saying that over and over again. He told me that he had to teach [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] the same thing. I remember telling the police he'd told me that story. I remember going from fear to a period of not caring, because it was just going to happen, and then getting really angry about the whole thing.
61. At other times, it happened in the house [REDACTED]. He'd sit next to me and say, *"Let me tell you what adults do."* Then he'd play with himself while touching me and telling me I needed to know this before I became an adult.
62. It also happened in the lighthouse. This was his dreamland. It was in the middle of nowhere. No-one could see anything or know anything. All the brasses needed cleaned. I hate Brasso to this day. The lamps had to be checked. He said he'd teach me how to drive. When I held the steering wheel he would touch me, and himself. I hated him for it. I absolutely hated him for it and I knew when it was going to happen.

63. In the summer, I'd cut the grass in the ride along lawnmower. I'd be driving it and he'd be on the back. He would have his hands down his trousers. He'd have his hands down my trousers. It was always in a situation where I was doing something with my hands in a pretty dangerous situation, so you were kind of trapped. He'd touch me and himself.
64. I was bullied a lot at school. My ears and teeth grew quickly and I was called [REDACTED] from the [REDACTED]. I actually got my ears pinned when I was 23 or 24. Tom knew this and played on it, manipulated it. He would always be verbally putting me down and calling me the same names that he knew everyone else was.
65. I remember [REDACTED] Tom said that women sometimes eat or swallow what a man produces. He asked if I knew what that tastes like. I said "No." He ejaculated, scooped it up on a kitchen roll and put it in my mouth. I hated the taste of it.
66. He got me to masturbate him. He once wanted me to put his penis in my mouth, but I said no. I don't know why I said no. Sitting on the chair, he would touch me and get me to masturbate him. I don't know why, but it definitely never got to penetrative sex and I certainly don't recall him ever trying it. I can't think of a reason why he wouldn't have.
67. It started after about three to four weeks of living there. It got to the point that it was almost daily. About two years there, I started hating my life. As I got older I really, really hated him. I began lashing out at him.
68. Tom would have a bath. After it, he'd come into my room naked to tell me that my bath was ready. My best friend, [REDACTED] came over one day to play computer games and saw this. Tom didn't know [REDACTED] was there. I remember being delighted that someone else had saw this and I really prayed that [REDACTED] would tell his mum about it. I think that's when I started rebelling, when I wanted people to catch him. Up until then, I think I was too conflicted about who I was.

69. [REDACTED] life was very different to mine. [REDACTED] dad worked off shore. He had a beautiful house. His life was completely different from mine. I felt fortunate to have a friend like him, who had everything, but would still be friends with someone from where I came from. I never contemplated telling him.
70. I started rebelling and screaming in Tom's face. If [REDACTED] asked me to do anything I'd do it, not if Tom asked me. It was very black and white as far as I was concerned.
71. When I began shouting at him, the abuse stopped for a while, but not for long. He then started the verbal bullying, which was to put me in my place. I just tried to be the worst I could be. It was out of pure hatred. I loved [REDACTED] and got on really well with her. I just wanted someone to know, without me having to say it. In my head, if I'd said I was definitely gay, I had let the abuse happen. It was instilled in me that I was to blame for everything, if I spoke out. I couldn't say it. I wanted someone to realise it. The only way I could do that was to rebel against him. But looking back, teenagers rebel.
72. One day, Tom was at a golf tournament and [REDACTED] was taking me up to do a lighthouse check. [REDACTED] didn't know what was going on. I told her I hated him and I didn't want to go home. We saw him walking up the road with his red cap on and golf bag and I said to [REDACTED] "*Don't stop, don't stop the car,*" and she put the foot down and drove past him. If anything, I hoped [REDACTED] would know.
73. [REDACTED] eventually knew there was something wrong. It did cause problems between them. Tom sort of knew the game was up by then and things got twisted really heavily against me. He said his health deteriorated because of me, said I was going to kill him. I had to go. Barbara Davis was their social worker and she got involved with moving me on, because I was smashing things up and making Tom sick. I know [REDACTED] found out shortly after I left.

Leaving [REDACTED]

74. I remember [REDACTED] trying to console me when I knew I was leaving. I told [REDACTED] I didn't want to leave her, over and over again. It was just Tom. I wanted him dead. One day, we went to [REDACTED] and while we were there, she told me I was leaving. I remember breaking down saying, "*I don't want to go, I don't want to go*". She said there was nothing we could do: it had come down to Tom's health. Tom was diagnosed with diabetes type 2 and I believed him when he said that it was my fault. I was becoming so bad and rebelling. She said that when I started high school, I was going to meet my new foster parents.
75. When I was twelve I was placed in a home with [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] that I always wanted, so the abuse was put to the back of my mind. I blocked it out until I was 21.
76. [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] were my last placement and, for all intents and purposes, were my mum and dad. I was there for six or seven years, I think. [REDACTED] especially was my dad. I refer to him as my dad.
77. I didn't tell [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] about the abuse. I didn't want anything to do with [REDACTED] Tom by then and I was away from them. That's all I cared about. I tried a couple of times to see [REDACTED] but Tom was there, so I didn't like it and left.
78. [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] house was huge. Purpose built for fostering kids.
79. If my dad knew I was gay, I'd be dead. He was very much a traditional man. I was 19 when I was still staying with them, so I'd have been twenty by the time I moved out. When my dad died, everyone left the house. It was just me and [REDACTED]
80. I don't refer to my real dad as dad. I refer to [REDACTED] as my dad. I was on holiday when he died.
81. After [REDACTED] died, [REDACTED] became a bit of an alcoholic and became quite abusive. I stayed to look after her. She was drinking heavily. She wouldn't get out of bed. I was cooking for her, looking after her and working at the same time, but it just got too

much. I couldn't look after her. She'd turned into a horrible, selfish person. She was scamming everything she possibly could and I just wanted nothing to do with it. It wasn't the foster mum I knew. I couldn't stay there. I had to move out. By that time, I was out of the foster care system. I think I was nineteen and I was still living there, but my dad had passed away and things had broken down pretty badly. It's a shame, because it was the best foster home I ever had, ever. I've never had anything to do with [REDACTED] since.

82. When I moved out, I moved into a bed and breakfast in Tain for six months to a year.

Life after being in care

83. I was in a relationship with [REDACTED] and we then got our first place, a one bedroom flat in [REDACTED] Inverness. It was my first real relationship. To say it was turbulent is an understatement. After my dad died, I became completely emotionless. After my dad died, it was just like everything had changed so much and my life just shut down. I became emotionless, numb.
84. [REDACTED] was obsessive and possessive. We get on well now. He was the first person I told of my abuse. We split up after a year, on our anniversary.
85. I then started seeing [REDACTED] He was seventeen and I was twenty when we got together. We went to Glasgow for a weekend and stayed for five years. Before we first moved into the flat we stayed in, I remember walking past and saying how nice it was and how nice it would be to live there. We ended up getting one of those flats through the care housing association. We moved in on the 22nd November.
86. I found out [REDACTED] was cheating on me with my best mate on 23rd December. [REDACTED] wasn't coping with things. For someone so young, looking in from the outside, he found it hard.
87. I started getting migraines. I still get them. I was working really long hours. [REDACTED] and I had gone through a break and we were trying to get things back together

again. My head was really banging. One time, I woke up and [REDACTED] was on top of me, doing what he wanted. I freaked. I had a flashback and saw Tom's face when I woke up. I grabbed him by the throat, pinned him by the neck against the wall and said, "*What the fuck are you doing?*" We both freaked.

88. I had to leave Glasgow. I went straight to [REDACTED] and said to him, "*I need a bath, I need you to grab a bottle of wine and I need you to sit on the toilet. I need to talk and I need you to listen*". This is when I told him about all the abuse. He was crying and I was wondering why I wasn't, why I felt nothing.
89. I got in touch with my brother, [REDACTED] who was homeless and we ended up in homeless accommodation together. [REDACTED] never really stayed there that much. He would party and sleep where he fell. So, I was kind of there on my own after this big explosion had happened in my life. I had too much time on my own, too much time wondering why I couldn't feel anything. I remember sitting on my bed wondering, "*I think I'm a robot,*" because I didn't feel anything. I was struggling. I didn't feel anything. I was emotionless, numb. I got in touch with [REDACTED] and went over to see him. I told him I didn't feel anything. I asked him if I was a robot and why didn't I feel anything.
90. I went back to the bed and breakfast and said to myself "*There's only one way to know if I'm real, if I can feel something.*" [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] I started self-harming from there.
91. I didn't get any treatment initially regarding self-harming. It would be about two years before I reached out for help. [REDACTED] moved back up to Inverness and we got back together. When I went to the bed and breakfast, it was the start of my break down. Things just got worse. By telling one person what happened, it was like a nuclear explosion of emotion. The self-harming got worse. I felt really alone at the time. At first I'd just split up with [REDACTED] so I was out of a relationship. I did tell [REDACTED] but having moved back from Glasgow, I was alone and really struggling with it.

92. [REDACTED] was the only friend I had in Inverness. At that point, I started having panic attacks. My issues with food became more of an issue. I've always had issues with food, since I was with my real mum. If one or more of us were bad, she would ask friends around, put our food on the floor and tie our hands back, so that we'd eat it like dogs. That stuck with me for a long, long time. It's not like I don't eat. I'm really picky about what I eat. I need to know who's cooked it, how it's been cooked and who's touched it. My issues got worse. I became obsessive compulsive and everything had to be in threes. I've no idea where the threes came from. It got that bad that I got banned by [REDACTED] from doing any house shopping, because it would cost three times more and we'd always end up with things we didn't need.
93. Everything became really extreme. The more I struggled with my emotions, the worse my self-harming got. Some days, I'd feel anxious, then wonder why I felt anxious. Then I'd feel bad about it. The more I felt bad, I'd literally visualise black [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] I'd feel worse and feel suicidal. I'd feel bad about trying to kill myself and self-harm. [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
94. I called my foster auntie. I spoke to her over the phone, as she was in Newcastle. I spoke about my foster dad, [REDACTED] as it was his birthday and how bad I felt for the first time. I told her things were bad and I was self-harming. She travelled the five and a half hours from Newcastle to Inverness. She was so worried. [REDACTED] wasn't coping with things. Things were patchy between [REDACTED] and I anyway. I still say to him, "*I don't blame you for that*". I was in a bad place then. The worse I felt, the more he did his thing. That was his outlet.
95. There was a long period of self-harm and suicide attempts before my auntie came up. [REDACTED] and I had a break and my auntie stayed a while with me. [REDACTED] had

moved out. She was great, she was a good talker. I told her how my brain was working, my logic. She seemed to understand. She would put a number on my anxiety levels and every morning asked what number I was at, to gauge it. She took me to my GP. I had told my auntie about the abuse.

96. It wasn't my normal GP. My auntie spoke on my behalf. My GP referred me to Braeside, which is a day centre at the mental health hospital in Inverness. I had an appointment with a psychiatrist first, but it wasn't good. I really didn't like him. I had a counsellor or therapist and my auntie came to the first appointment with her.
97. The therapist mentioned [REDACTED] to me. She said he was like Santa Claus without the beard. He had a group of people who had all been sexually abused called [REDACTED]. I didn't want to go, but she organised for him to come and see me first. I freaked out about this. So we had this appointment set up. I think it was the 15th of January. On 10th January, I had a mad OCD fit about how tidy the house would have to be. On that day, I cleaned and cleaned the place. My auntie asked, "*Why are you cleaning the way you are?*" I said, "*What if he comes out and something tells him I'm not telling the truth and he doesn't believe me*". She was like, "*Just stop. Stop, stop, stop!*"
98. [REDACTED] came in and I couldn't apologise enough about the state of the place. He never once asked about the abuse, he just asked about me. He said they had this group that met in the church, just up the road in [REDACTED]. He said, "*If you feel strong enough, you can come up*" I said "*No*." I didn't want to talk about my abuse in a group. To me, that was like sitting in front of a panel. He said there are people there who've been through worse and some, not so bad. I said, "*How can you say that? It's all relative to the person*." It really put me off him. I got really annoyed about it. My auntie sat me down and told me that I was just looking for an excuse not to go. So, other than going to my GP or to the chemist, it was the first time I'd left my house to go somewhere else for about five years.
99. My auntie came with me to the first meeting. There was a woman who didn't speak to me, another woman with ginger hair, so I didn't like her, and [REDACTED] who came

across as quite aggressive. I was quite scared of him. Then [REDACTED] came in and started talking. It was literally a case of talk when you want to talk, whatever you want to talk about. There was no judgement and everybody took a little bit of that pain away. You shared it and passed it on, so I bought into that bit. It took another three years before I told other people about my abuse.

100. I wrote three poems about what happened. I asked [REDACTED] to come to the meeting and I read them there. I think over the course of the next two years, everybody in the group became like a family. We spoke about everything. Our deepest secrets, what we were scared of, what we couldn't tell our partners. We helped each other through a lot. They all seemed to cotton on to what I tried to hide emotionally. They all accepted that what I was doing was my coping mechanism.
101. Any time that things went wrong, because things went wrong with [REDACTED] and I many times throughout our relationship, the group picked up what was going on with me. The group helped [REDACTED] too, until we moved down here. We split up about a year after we got down here.
102. I kind of realised that I was doing what other people wanted me to do, rather than what I wanted to do. I think the four years I've been down here have been a big turning point in realising who I am and what I've become as a person.

Reporting of abuse at [REDACTED]

103. I didn't tell [REDACTED] I always liked her. I went to see her after the court case and she was still the same soft, bubbly woman I knew. I felt sorry that I'd put her through it. I think she asked, but didn't push. [REDACTED] was just one of those people. I think she regrets that herself. Shortly after I left, [REDACTED] told her about the abuse. It turns out Tom had abused [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] too. I remember asking her why she didn't do anything about it. She said she hoped he'd die, because he had type 2 diabetes and whatever else he had. So she kept him a prisoner in the house, waiting for him to die and imprisoned herself at the same time.

104. Marilyn the social worker was sick. I think she had a breakdown, so there was no social worker for quite a lengthy period to tell about the abuse.
105. I'm sure Agnes was my social worker at the start and I think she had just qualified. At first, she'd worked with John Skinner as a student. I don't think I ever clicked with Agnes. She was the social worker for my foster sister in my last foster placement. I thought, *"I still don't get you."* I don't think I would ever open up to Agnes because I didn't feel safe with her. Marilyn was a lovely person. I got on really well with her, but she became unwell and there was the period with no social worker. Then it was Elano. I'd only just met her towards the end of the placement and I remember thinking, *"Can I tell you or can't I tell you?"*
106. I remember there was an emergency panel to get to the bottom of what was going on. I told them I just didn't like Tom. I didn't feel comfortable saying *"He's been touching me up for three years."* I remember speaking to Agnes and saying, *"Didn't you think there was something wrong?"* She said she knew there was something wrong, she just didn't know what it was. It was something I put in my police statement.
107. I reported the abuse to the police after one of the group meetings in Inverness. [REDACTED] had said that if you can tell the police about the abuse, it's a big step. I told [REDACTED] that you can guide people, but you can't tell them to report their abuse to the police. I stormed out of the meeting. I was still wound up when I got home. I was sick of being scared and anxious. I had a big mirror on the wall in my sitting room and I could literally see Tom in the mirror. I had a full argument with him. I punched the mirror and said, *"Fuck you Tom."* I called the police and I told them.
108. About an hour and a half later, my buzzer went. Thankfully, the police had told me that they'd be around that night, or I wouldn't have answered the door. I texted [REDACTED] one of the people from the group meetings, and told her I'd called the police and told them.

109. The police came. It was an Adonis and I said I was so happy he had come. They took a brief statement and told me the CID would be back the next day to take a full statement, which they did. It started the ball rolling. I gave one of the cops a description of the house and the car Tom drove. I knew the registration number, how many steps it was up to the lighthouse and how the whole system worked. He couldn't believe it. But during the court case, the cop said he forgot to say that all the details I gave him were all correct. I thought, *"What an insignificant thing to say to me right now."*
110. At Tain court, I saw Tom and said to him, *"I forgive you, but where you're going they won't"*. Initially, he was going for a not guilty plea. Six people were involved, [REDACTED] and I think [REDACTED] were all involved. He eventually pled guilty. I didn't have to give evidence. I think he pled guilty before it went to trial.
111. The detective said he wanted consecutive sentences, but Tom got concurrent. He only got 18 months for destroying six people's lives. I thought, *"Where was the justice?"* What was the point in all of this, because eighteen months later, he'd probably come out and do the same thing all over again.
112. I imagine he would be dead now. He was 65 when I was living with him. Twenty years later, he was still about, 2006 to 2007. I remember walking out of the court and saying, *"My life starts now."* Everything changed then.

Impact

113. As much as I never had problems in my foster care placements, there's not enough done for kids in foster care, from my point of view. I wanted to do something about it, so I started working with all these different things, Barnardos, Barnardos Springboard and Who Cares Scotland. I started getting involved in all these different projects. When I had the nervous breakdown, I tried really hard to get back to being that person. I needed to get back to that confident, cocky, arrogant person that can stand up for what he believes in and is able to stand up for what he believes is right.

114. I remember four years into my nervous breakdown, sitting down and speaking to [REDACTED] I burst into tears and said *"I'll never be that person again, never and what I need to do is accept who I am now."* That was a turning point in my life.
115. Psychiatric work was no good at all. The psychiatrist was useless at finding out what was happening to me. He just kept asking me how I was feeling that week. If I said *"Still a bit anxious"*, he just said, *"we'll change your medicine until we find something that keeps you kind of level"*. I said, *"Well I don't want to spend the rest of my life on medicines."* It got to the stage that I went to an appointment at Braeside, told the psychiatrist, *"You're sacked!"* and I walked back out.
116. I was on lots of different medication and I came off them all. I was convinced they weren't working and I was convinced it was a state of mind, more than anything. I was on valium, chlorpromazine, zopiclone, zolpidem and olanzapine. Every three or four weeks, I would get one or more tablet changed, because I wasn't sedated enough. I can't remember half the ones I was on. I remember they had me on zopiclone.
117. [REDACTED] became really good friends. [REDACTED] was working in a night club, so [REDACTED] would come over and make sure I was ok. I remember watching TV and it was the news, something about David Beckham. I took a zopiclone and I had these really real sexual dreams. It was weird, me and David Beckham. I thought, *"These tablets are great."* I told my psychiatrist about it. He said *"We need to take you off them"*, so he put me on zolpidem after that.
118. That scared [REDACTED] even more. He came home one night and couldn't find me. I had gone to bed, but when he woke me up, I was sitting on the window sill, with the window open. Sitting on the outside, asleep. Two weeks after that, [REDACTED] came home from work. We were going through a bad time and he was having affairs. He went into the sitting room and it was covered in all my shredded clothes. [REDACTED] said *"What the hell happened?"* I came through and I didn't have a clue what I'd done. I got taken off the zolpidem after that. There were a lot of concoctions.

119. I needed to self-help. [REDACTED] was supportive, but I became OCD. Everything had to be really clean. Everybody had their own seat that they had to sit on when they came over. It was ridiculous. I told [REDACTED] that I needed to stop this cleaning habit and had to do whatever I had to. I took two valium one day, then got the bin from the kitchen and threw everything over the sitting room floor. Ash trays from the bedroom, all over the sitting room floor. I got everything in the flat, put it into my sitting room and sat around it until I felt comfortable in the mess. I was there for about eight days. The only time I moved was to go to the toilet. I thought, *"This isn't as bad as I thought it would be."*
120. I have this thing about bacteria and it spreading out all over and engulfing me, but the mess in the sitting room didn't make me feel like that after eight days. I self-harmed. but that was to be expected. One thing at a time. So I worked through everything. I just couldn't handle my emotions. I sat with [REDACTED] and we spoke about it.
121. Eventually I began to realise what feeling happy and sad was again and feeling lots of things that weren't anxiety or panic. The one I'm still scared of is anger. I don't want to feel anger. It's the one thing I can't control. I'm a really controlled person.
122. In the last fifteen years, I've snapped three times. First was when I called the police and told them of my abuse by Tom. The second was when [REDACTED] told me I would never be the person that the man he was cheating on me with, was. I had a black out, broke [REDACTED] nose and he called the police and told them. The third was when my husband seemed to want to drive me crazy. I locked myself in the bathroom and began [REDACTED] to try to calm myself down quickly.
123. About 2006, I wanted to get out the flat and started pushing for work again. I thought it would be better doing a night shift job, where there were less people to frighten me. I got a job in the warehouse at Tesco, but [REDACTED] didn't like that. I was earning more than him. He asked me to quit, so I got paid and left. I then started working in bars and things. I remember thinking that after the court case, I could do so much more and I need to do so much more.

124. We then moved down to Edinburgh. I've always tried to fix the things wrong with [REDACTED] and I. He had a gambling problem. I paid off his debt and got into credit trouble because of it. But it's always been about the other person. I said *"When we come to Edinburgh, it'll make or break us"* It was the death of us.
125. [REDACTED] and I have been together for two years. Talk about love at first sight. He has been through sexual abuse when he was younger too, but we have other things in common. When he knew I'd reported it to the police, he thought he would, too. He thought if I could do it, he could. He just tried to be a bit competitive. I tried to say to him, *"You're doing things the wrong way. You need to slow down and think about things a lot."*
126. I got a job as a customer service director here. Every day, [REDACTED] and I would be on the phone arguing. We went through a mad cycle. [REDACTED] would always pick a fight on a Wednesday. I was pissed off on Thursday that he'd done that. On Friday, I tried to keep quiet, as I knew we'd be going out on the Saturday. Sunday was hangover cuddles day. On Monday, [REDACTED] would still be happy because we had hangover cuddles day. By Tuesday, I was worried because it was Wednesday the next day. It was turbulent. He's an emotional person.
127. In April last year, I told [REDACTED] I was getting really depressed. [REDACTED] used these things against me daily, telling me I was useless and pathetic. I wanted him to listen. My job was on the line. I told him this, but he didn't seem to get it. Everything got worse.
128. He would do things, like want a threesome with his ex who had HIV, just so that I would get it. Really horrible things. I didn't understand. We met on 4 July. The day after we met, [REDACTED] went to Taste, which is on every six months. It was coming up for Taste again and I said it would be good to go on our anniversary. People in [REDACTED] work were wanting him to get them drugs. When I was an insomniac, I lived my life on speed. The time I snapped and broke [REDACTED] nose, I was on speed. I stopped taking drugs that day. I told [REDACTED] *"Get drugs for everyone else, but don't take speed yourself,"* but he said he was curious about it.

129. I remember I told him that my biggest hate in a relationship was confrontation. I'd rather sit and talk. But, he used it against me to get what he wanted. He'd gone out this night. I remember texting him to say I'm going to take a sleeping tablet and go to sleep. I took sleeping tablets, fell asleep and [REDACTED] came in. I was woken up with a torch in my face and [REDACTED] shouting, "*Where is it?*" I got up and said "*What?*" He was lifting the mattress and everything. It was a rag, part of a blanket he'd had as a baby and he was convinced I'd hid it. He said "*You fucking, depressed little cunt*" and I said, "*I'm done.*" I was going to throw his clothes out the door and I told him to get out. He came over, stuck the head on me, punched me in the face and kneed me in the stomach. I panicked, locked myself in the toilet and [REDACTED].
130. [REDACTED] called the police and told them I'd assaulted him. I was locked up all weekend. It was deferred from prosecution, I think, because I hadn't assaulted him. We spoke about it and I said, "*Do you know what happened?*" He said, "*I have no idea about coming home*". Since then, we have been working things out, trying and seeing a counsellor to get things back on track. We are actually in a really good place just now.
131. This year, I realised I'm a bit of a pushover. I'm a bit too soft when it comes to making sure people are ok and leaving myself to get a bit broken. I've been self-harming. It's been a tough year. There was a gap of about six years of no self-harming. My anxiety has come back. Depression has come back. I'm coming to the end of that now, thankfully. I want to get back to work again, towards the end of this month. It fucks your life up, whether it happens once, twenty times, whether it's a million times. It fucks your life up and you never really trust people properly.
132. When I was about nineteen or twenty, Heather Duncan got in touch with me as someone who was leaving care, even though I'd gone past the leaving care age. She worked with Barnardos Springboard. Through that, I started working with Ian Dempster and that got me involved in lots of different things. I used to work with the Calman Trust, which is up north, The Number and Who Cares Scotland. They were

all about children's rights and trying to improve things for those in care. I saw massive gaps in the support that's provided for kids.

133. I wanted to start this service. The only issue I had was with the name of it. I wanted to call it "LOYAL Group", Listeners of Youngsters with Affected Lives, but was told by Ian Dempster that I couldn't, because of some religious thing. We managed to secure the funding for it. Ian Dempster helped massively and Barnardo's became the main support. It was all about getting people who had come out of care onto independent living and what they thought was successful. To help people coming out of care and sharing experiences. Teaching them things they need to learn when they come out of care. As far as I know, it's still running now. It's one of the best things I've ever done.
134. The human brain fascinates me. I've been told I'm as good as talking to a psychologist, only fun. I applied for university, but got knocked back, because I'd been out of education for over three years. I need to go to college first. So, the Access course is the way in. I'm doing that in August this year, then fingers crossed, I'll go on to do psychology.
135. I spoke to my GP about my self-harming. When I came here, I went three years with no GP, then my health started getting really bad. There were things I'd gone fifteen years without speaking to a GP about. I tried to get a GP when I put my back out about 2013 or 2014.
136. I spoke to my GP about the depression, anxiety and self-harming. He's quite good and asked if I wanted help with it. It was the self-harming I wanted help with least. It was more the anxiety and depression I wanted help with. But the problems were with my husband. We had to get over a hump that we were going through before anything would improve.
137. Last July, it came to a head. He was telling friends about problems we were having, saying I was to blame and getting advice from them on how to fix it. That made my anxiety even worse. When I got out the police cells, "*Pride*" was on that weekend.

Twenty four hours after I was out, it transpired that [REDACTED] had told everybody that I'd assaulted him. He told me he'd beat himself up that weekend, but he'd gone off and cheated on me and had parties at the house. So, things were at breaking point and had to change.

138. We went to couples counselling. That didn't quite work out, because telling people about my problems made me more anxious than when they didn't know. We did about eight sessions, but our relationship got worse, so we nipped it in the bud.

139. Last October, my lung collapsed. I'd been floored with sinusitis and in bed for three and a half weeks. This one day, I thought I felt alright. I thought I'd pulled a muscle. I was struggling to breathe for over five hours. I was in hospital for ten days, our longest time apart. It scared me, but it scared [REDACTED] even more, because it was so serious.

140. I had an operation six to eight weeks ago for my sinusitis, under general anaesthetic. It scared [REDACTED] and it sort of brought us back together. My GP said *"Work out what you want to do and if you need additional support, then I'm here to give it."*

Records

141. During the course of the police investigation against Tom, I asked for a copy of my social services files. I remember a woman going through them with me. She read a part of the file. It read that the social services had a concern that I was the most affected out of the four of us, in terms of what happened to us.

142. I thought that was hilarious, because I was the one that got used to what happened to us. Nine times out of ten, I was more concerned about my little brother. I'd never really bit back or kicked off about anything, until I went to my first long term foster home. And I became pretty rebellious then. But it was me trying to get someone to notice what was going on.

Hopes For the Inquiry

143. When I went through my breakdown, the only support that really worked was the [REDACTED] group. I was taking speed all the time, an addiction of sorts. I was living in an abusive relationship, kind of because I had a nervous breakdown because there was no support. It didn't matter what we did to try to find it. Nobody wants to touch that can of worms.

144. Even now, I don't think there's enough out there for people who have been through it. There should be more support. A lot of people said I am a unique person for going through it myself. I reckon I am more than half way there, in terms of getting myself to where I want to be. It's taken a long time to do that. It's not fair on anybody. They should have that support there.

145. I never signed on when I was out of work. One of my friend's mums said I should sign on. She said I deserve Personal Independence Payment, (PIP), because physically, my life is difficult. Now the Tory government have turned round and said people with mental health problems don't deserve PIP.

146. People whose lives have been destroyed through no fault of their own should have support, a way of getting their lives back. That's the be all and end all for me.

Other information

147. 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.

Signed.....

FCJ
[REDACTED]

Dated.....

12 July 2017