

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

FDL

Support person present: Yes

1. My name is FDL I am nineteen years old. My date of birth is 1998. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.
2. My name has always been FDL but the social work department used to have it in their records as FDL My mum's name is and my dad's is

Life before going into care

3. I lived in a flat in Glasgow, with my mum, sister and brother just before I went into care. My mum was looking after us on her own because my dad was in prison. date of birth is 2000 and is 2004. and surnames were but has now changed hers to
4. My dad was always in and out of prison. There was a lot of violence in the house when he wasn't in prison. He would batter my mum and my mum would batter us if he ordered it to happen. I was the oldest, so I would get it primarily. I'd get hit with slippers and belts. One of my worst memories from this time is of my mum attempting to take her own life in front of me and my sister.
5. When my dad was away it was a bit better, but my mum started taking drugs and drinking a lot. She would take me and into town and walk about the streets drunk. I remember someone coming up to us and giving her foil, which she burned. I

didn't know what it was until I was much older. That's when I came to the realisation that she had been taking drugs. I remember my mum fell on top of me once, crushing me, and I was screaming. She must have been under the influence of something and couldn't get herself back onto her feet. She just lay there on top of me.

6. There was grime everywhere and bags of clothes and other random, disgusting stuff all over my mum's house. I remember the layout of the house vaguely. There was a cupboard where my mum used to throw loads of different stuff into. I remember one time I wanted to go on my bike and got stuck in the cupboard when I was trying to climb over things to get to it.
7. My mum would leave me and [REDACTED] in the house alone for really long periods of time. We would be starving and I would try to climb up to the cupboards to get crisps or something else to eat, but sometimes there was nothing there. Our flat was on a landing where there were various doors to other houses, so me and [REDACTED] used to go to the doors begging for food. [REDACTED] wasn't born at this point.
8. My gran, [REDACTED] used to try and help. She was in the picture when my mum was drunk. She would come up and look after us sometimes. I remember [REDACTED] and I having really bad nits one time. Our entire heads were scabby and sore, and my gran helped with that.
9. My mum got ASBOs for having her music up really loud. There was a lot of police involvement. I remember one time my mum was passed out in the bedroom and her music woke up me and [REDACTED] I turned it down and answered the door to the police. I was only about five years old.
10. The social work used to come to our house before we were taken away. I have vague memories of them being there at times, but I don't think they came often. They used to come in and ask me questions. I remember talking to one of them and I read later in my records what I'd actually said to her. I think she asked me, "Are you happy here?", and I showed her a teddy and sang this quite eerie song which went

something like, "If the teddy's bad, it will get its bum skelped". I remember a carer, like a home help, used to come in and help get [REDACTED] and I dressed for nursery and school. I don't remember her being there often. I don't know whether she was from social services.

11. I think an elderly woman who lived on the landing reported to the social work that [REDACTED] and I often begged for food, and that's why we were eventually taken into care. I vaguely remember seeing something about this in my file.
12. I remember social workers speaking to my mum in the house and then telling me that I was going away. I don't remember how it was put to me. They took me, [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] away. I then remember sitting in the Parkhead social work office for a really long time. They had a huge playroom full of toys and I took one of the toys, a wee toy computer from McDonald's, with me when we left. I had that wee toy for ages.
13. I don't remember being transferred from Parkhead to the foster carers' house. I just remember getting there. [REDACTED] and I were taken to the same house. I was about five and [REDACTED] was probably just turning four. We were separated from [REDACTED]. He was a newborn baby. I don't think they could find anywhere for us all to be together.

Foster care – [REDACTED] [REDACTED]

14. [REDACTED] fostered children for about twenty years. I think they were both in their sixties. They were Glasgow City Council foster carers.
15. [REDACTED] was really nice. She was so different from my mum. I liked her because she was strict. I think when someone is strict, you have quite a lot of respect for them. She was quite approachable as well. [REDACTED] had white hair in a bob and quite a wrinkly face. She smoked quite a lot and started using an E-cig later on. I really liked [REDACTED] until later on when I was a teenager and her daughter was my foster carer.

16. FLM was known as FLM to everybody. He worked as a kit man. He was bald on top and sometimes had hair growing round the sides and back of his head. He always had a thick, white moustache. He was chubby and had a pin in his leg. He had broken his leg and couldn't bend it, so he walked with a limp.
17. They lived in one of those buildings that has one house upstairs and one downstairs. Their house was on the ground floor and had a front and back garden. There were three bedrooms. It was really clean and tidy. It was so different from my mum's. There was never much lying about until and I came in and messed it up. I don't remember much about the colours in the place, except the lime green living room. I loved that colour.
18. FLM/FLN daughter, FLQ and her husband FLR were also foster carers, as was their son, FLP and his partner FPF. I don't know FPF surname. I always called FLQ FLQ. I never understood why they all fostered. I think it was for money. FLM was the only one who worked.

Routine in foster care with FLM/FLN

First impressions

19. I remember being really happy when I first arrived because FLM/FLN had dogs. I had never had dogs in my life. was a Cavalier and was a Westie. I just loved them.
20. I remember being shown my room. There were two beds in the room that and I were to share. One of the beds had a metal frame which was quite ornate. It had loads of different leaves on it and there were bars on one side. The other bed was just a wooden one. I picked the fancy one.

21. There wasn't really anything for us to play with when we arrived. We went to sleep and when we got up the next morning, there were loads of clothes and toys on the couch. There were two big soft toys, a lion and a panda. We weren't used to getting things like that. It was amazing. It was so exciting. I remember it so well. We didn't have any clothes when we arrived, so I suppose they had to get us those out of necessity.

Mornings and bedtime

22. FLN used to get us up in the mornings. She woke up about six o'clock and took the dogs out, and then she woke us up. I didn't like getting up in the morning. I used to sleep in and FLN would come in and shout to get me up.
23. We'd get our breakfast before leaving for school. We got ourselves dressed. FLN used to do our ties. She would tell us to brush our teeth, but not every single day. That was never really drummed into us.
24. I think we played for a wee bit in the evening after our dinner, and then we would get put to bed at seven o'clock. We got to watch a DVD every night. would pick the film one night and I would pick the next. We had a TV with a built-in DVD player in our room. would always pick the Fox and the Hound. I would play a whole range of movies, usually Disney. The DVDs weren't kept in our room. FLN would put them on for us, and then come in later to check on us. We'd fall asleep while it was still on sometimes. I had no difficulties with sleeping before FLM started abusing me.

Washing/bathing

25. We were too young to know how to get washed ourselves, so FLN used to take us into a shower to get washed once or twice a week.

Food/mealtimes

26. We used to get Weetabix, Rice Krispies or Cornflakes for breakfast. We never got really sugary stuff. FLN was into her vitamins, so she would make us take healthy drinks. It was Actimel, but we called it our healthy drink. We used to get one of those in the morning.
27. I would go home from school and get dinner around four o'clock. The meals were your normal comfort food. I quite enjoyed the food, except for the potatoes. We got totties with every meal. We would get beans, potatoes and something else all the time. I hated totties by the end of it.
28. When we first moved in, we would eat our dinner on the couch. They got a dining table later on. I used to try and hide the potatoes, especially the ones with the skins on, under the table or feed them to the dogs. If I couldn't get the dogs to eat them, I would just eat them because I didn't want FLN to moan. She'd tell me there'd be no pudding for me if I didn't eat them, so I ate them. FLN mostly ate with me and FLM would be there too sometimes, if he wasn't at work.

Relationship with FLN

29. I think FLN was a wee bit affectionate towards us. I don't really remember her kissing us goodnight or anything like that. She might have done sometimes. I only have one very clear memory of her cuddling me when I was upset. I think she did give us a wee cuddle at other times, but I don't remember her doing that. I liked her because you could go to her when you were upset, but she was a bit scary at times. I think I was a bit scared of her. When she shouted, you knew she wasn't really that angry, but when she was silent, that's when you knew she was very angry.

School

30. I had started school, St Mungo's in Townhead, before I went into care, but my mum never took me very often. I don't remember having any friends at school.
31. I don't think I went to school straight away when I moved to [FLM/FLN] but I did return to St Mungo's. It was about a twenty-minute drive away. I think social work arranged for someone to take me to and from the school. I don't remember the woman's name, but we had her for a long time. I remember being quite sad when things changed. She used to play the same music tape every day in the car. I can't remember what it was, but I loved it. [] used to come in the car too. I think she was in nursery at that point.
32. I remember trying to learn tens and units at school and I couldn't do it. I think I was in primary two by then. I had missed so much even by that point. I found it really difficult and no matter how hard I tried, I just couldn't grasp it. I remember crumpling up my paper and putting it at the back of the library. I think my teacher was Mrs Orr or Corr. She was nice. I did enjoy school, but I found it difficult.
33. I think it was primary three when we moved to the school, St Augustine's, close to [FLM/FLN] house. Both [] and I were sent there. The school was quite strict about wearing the uniform, and the girls weren't allowed to wear trousers. We were smartly presented going to school. [FLN] used to walk us up to the school with the dogs in the morning at first. Once we knew our way, she would take the cut-off into the park, and we'd walk the rest of the way ourselves. It was only a ten-minute walk.
34. I liked the new school at first. I made a friend called [] and I got really bad nits again at one point, which were difficult to get rid of. [FLN] used to bone-comb our hair. She felt so bad at having to do it, but there was nothing else she could do. She used to always do mine and [] hair slicked back with gel in plaits. I think she thought the nits couldn't get into the plaits. I got bullied for a wee bit at the new school because of the nits.

35. FLN would force us to go to school every single day. You couldn't get away with saying you were sick or anything like that. She was really strict, but I think that was a good thing.

Healthcare

36. FLN didn't make sure that we brushed our teeth regularly. I had to get some teeth taken out and some fillings when I went for a check-up at the dentist. Brushing our teeth became a bigger thing for a while after that. FLN got us a wee hourglass timer and she would tell us to brush our teeth, but it wore off after a while. Having to brush my teeth was basically not much of a thing throughout my entire time in care. Even now as an adult, I'm having to teach myself to get into the habit of brushing my teeth.

Holidays/trips

37. We went to Disneyland in Paris when I was about seven. We also went to Spain, Turkey and a few caravan holidays. We always went with FLQ and the girls she was fostering. I really enjoyed the holidays. FLM never came, neither did FLR

Leisure time

38. I had taken on this role when I lived with my mum of being responsible for the wee ones, so it took me a long time to break out of that and just be a child again when we moved to FLN
39. FLN would take us to the toy shop, and I would say that I didn't want a toy because I thought I was too old to play with toys. FLN would get one and then I would want one too.
40. I was friends with girls called and . They lived five minutes from FLN and FLM FLN was friends with their mum and and I would go to

and [REDACTED] house to play. They didn't come to ours. I was also friends with a girl who lived next door. I used to go over to her garden and play and she would sometimes come into ours.

41. We used to spend time at [FLP] and [FLQ] houses playing with their foster children, and they would visit [FLN] and [FLM]. [FLQ] was a lot of fun when we visited her. [FLP] was really funny too and I liked spending time with him, but when you got him angry he was so scary. You never wanted to get in his bad books.

Visits/inspections

42. I didn't see my brother [REDACTED] when I was living with [FLN] and [FLM]. I don't think I asked to see him. I didn't know where he was at the time. I know now he was with carers. They wanted to adopt him but my mum blocked it.
43. I got some sporadic contact with my mum when I first went into care. It then stopped and I didn't see her for several years.
44. For a while, we stayed with my gran and granddad at weekends. I think it was every fortnight. I really enjoyed it. I loved spending time with them. They lived in Pollokshaws. We were taken to their house in a black taxi on a Friday and we would come back on the Sunday evening. If we were just having contact with them during the week, we'd be taken to Parkhead to see them. They never came to [FLN] and [FLM] house for contact.
45. I saw my grandparents a lot when I first went into care, which was really nice. I think [FLN] thought we were seeing them too much, so the contact was cut back. I was too young to speak up about it and I was easily manipulated by [FLN]. She would say something and I would just agree with her.
46. I remember one time after the abuse started, I broke down when I was being returned to [FLN] and [FLM] house after a visit with my grandparents. It was quite late at night when I got back to their house. I got out of the taxi and started crying

because I really didn't want to go back there, and I didn't want my gran to leave me. **FLN** gave me a cuddle. This is the one clear memory I've got of **FLN** giving me a hug.

47. I had a social worker called Andrea Nairn at first and then it was Janine Fraser. I saw social workers quite a lot when I first moved to **FLN** and **FLM**, but not so much after that.
48. Janine built up a really good relationship with me and **FLN** and also with **FLN** and **FLM**. I think she was based at the Parkhead office. I'm not sure how often she visited us. I think it might have been every six months. It was maybe a bit more often, but definitely not as often as once a month. Janine used to take me and **FLN** out to McDonalds sometimes. I'm not sure what she spoke to us about. She didn't always take us out. She sometimes just saw us in the house. She was really nice. She was my social worker for about seven years.

Birthdays/Christmas

49. I got good presents from **FLN** and **FLM** for my birthday. I didn't have a party, but they did stuff for my birthday. They would ask me what I wanted, rather than just surmising.
50. At Christmas, **FLN** would cook the dinner and there would be a big table in the living room. **FLN** and I both got a Nintendo DS one Christmas, which had just come out. I think I was about six. I remember **FLN** was playing Nintendogs and she couldn't get her dog to sit. She was screaming at it, "Joe, sit!". It was so annoying. **FLN** sent her outside in the snow. She got her clothes on and went outside to play with it. You could hear her screaming at the dog outside. She was only out for about twenty minutes. It was a good Christmas.

Other foster children

51. A boy called [REDACTED] was living with [FLN] and [FLM] when we moved in. I had forgotten all about him until I started thinking back. He was older than us, probably a teenager. He had his own room in the house. We used to play fight with him in the garden. He ran away and I don't know what happened to him. I remember being told after he'd left that he broke into the house when we were on holiday.

Abuse in foster care with [FLM/FLN]

52. I remember the exact day the abuse started. I think I had been staying with [FLN] and [FLM] for about six months. [FLN] took [REDACTED] to the hospital that day because she had slipped on the wet kitchen floor and banged her head. I was left at home with [FLM] on my own.
53. I was in the living room and [FLM] told me to come over to him. He then put his hand on my crotch area. I didn't know what was happening and I jumped away. He was telling me to relax and saying it was a secret and I wasn't to tell [FLN]. I was scared of him because he was a "shouty" person. He shouted in general, not always in a bad way. I didn't know how I was meant to react when he was touching me and I was scared, so I just sort of let it happen. I didn't even know it was wrong. I just knew it was uncomfortable for me. It went on for about fifteen minutes. I remember [FLN] and [REDACTED] coming back and I just went straight to my bed. I don't remember the rest of the day.
54. [FLM] didn't do anything to me for a while after the first time, and then it started to happen about once or twice a week. I think initially it happened when it was just me and him in the house, but as time went on, he would do it when [FLN] and [REDACTED] were at home. He would ask me to bring him cups of tea into his room, and he would molest me when I took the tea in. [FLN] and [REDACTED] would be in the living room.

55. He would also come into my room at night. [REDACTED] would sometimes be in her bed sleeping, but she never ever noticed. By this time, we had bunkbeds. I had problems sleeping because I was always scared that he'd come in. He walked with a limp, so I knew when he was coming. I'd be lying in my bed terrified. I was in the top bunk bed and he would put his hand through the slats and feel about. I would kid on I was sleeping, although sometimes I was sleeping and I'd wake up with him touching me.
56. I used my majorette stick to make a sort of tent in my bunk bed to try and stop him. And I made a sign that said, "NO FEELING", because that's what he used to say to me, "Let me have a feel". It had been going on for quite a while by this point and I knew I didn't like it. I put the sign up and it was gone when I woke in the morning, so I did another one and that was taken away as well. I don't know whether [FLM] or [FLN] took the signs away.
57. The abuse started with [FLM] feeling my crotch area and then it got worse and he did other things. Instead of just sort of feeling about, he would try and force his fingers into me. It was really painful and I used to cry. He would pull out his penis and try to get me to touch him. He would pull my hand onto him and I'd be touching him for a second and then I'd pull away. There were other varying kinds of sexual acts he did, but I don't want to go into the details.
58. I hated it and I hated him. Nearer the end of my time there, I basically threatened him by saying that I was going to tell [FLN]. I still didn't really know what was happening and just had a feeling it wasn't right. I didn't know why, but I knew it wasn't good. He panicked when I said I would tell [FLN]. I was unsure myself, but I sort of knew this would get a reaction. I never ever told [FLN].
59. [REDACTED] didn't know what was happening to me, and she was having a great time living there. I was raging at her, so we used to fight quite a lot. I never spoke to [REDACTED] about it at the time. I know it never happened to her as I asked her later on. I don't know why it was me. I feel that I was targeted and I don't understand why. I remember this one incident when I was sitting in the garden and [REDACTED] was running about the garden pulling her skirt up and down. [FLM] shouted at her for pulling her

skirt up and then he told me to lift mine up. **FLN** wasn't there at the time. **FLN** never saw anything happening.

60. It's hard to say whether I think **FLN** was aware of what **FLM** was doing. I wonder how she could not know, but I also think that it's easily hidden, so I really don't know what to think. I don't know who took my signs that said "NO FEELING" away. I don't think those signs could have been interpreted in any other way. **FLN** was the one who came into our room to wake us up in the morning, but it might have been **FLM** who came in in the middle of the night and took them.
61. I didn't tell anybody what **FLM** was doing to me, and I didn't say to anybody that I wasn't happy living there. It's hard to explain how I felt. It was weird, because there was the good part which was **FLN** who I really liked spending time with, and then there was **FLM** who I hated. And, although I knew I didn't like it, I didn't know it was wrong, so I never told anybody. Also, I was just a little girl and I'd been told that it was a secret.

Immediate impact of abuse

62. I started doing quite a lot of dangerous stuff to myself after the abuse started. I got quite upset after school one day and **FLN** on the way home and used it to cut my arm. I was about seven at the time. **FLN**, one of the girls fostered by **FLQ** had picked me up from school that day and she told **FLN** what I'd done.
63. I had forgotten about this incident until I started to have serious mental issues when I was older, and **FLN** then brought it up. She said that she had wanted me to see someone in mental health at the time, and Andrea my social worker was told to make the appointment. Andrea then cancelled it and told **FLN** to arrange it. This is what **FLN** said to me, but I don't know if it's true. I just know that I was meant to see someone and it never happened. **FLN** didn't re-arrange the appointment. I didn't need to go to the hospital for the cut on my arm as it was only a scratch, but I had tried to harm myself and nobody spoke to me about it or got me any kind of help.

64. The incident with the [REDACTED] wasn't the first time I had self-harmed. [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] I would just stand there under it. I didn't know why I was doing it.

Leaving foster care – FLM/FLN [REDACTED]

65. We were removed from the FLM/FLN because [REDACTED] a girl fostered by FLQ [REDACTED] told someone that she was being abused by FLM [REDACTED] I think [REDACTED] was about twelve at that point. We used to go to FLQ [REDACTED] to play with the girls and FLM [REDACTED] would sometimes babysit for them. I had no idea that was happening to [REDACTED] and I didn't find out until later on that she had disclosed it.
66. I was about eight or nine when we were removed. We went to stay with FLP [REDACTED] and FPF [REDACTED] at first. We were in our beds sleeping and FLN [REDACTED] woke us up and packed bags for us. We didn't understand what was happening. I don't know if FLP [REDACTED] came and picked us up. I just remember we went to his house. We stayed there for a few days, but we spent a lot of time at FLQ [REDACTED] during those days. We then moved to live with FLQ [REDACTED] I don't think we went back to FLN [REDACTED] before we moved to FLQ [REDACTED]
67. I think Janine made the decision that we were to be moved. I think FLN [REDACTED] knew that we were going to be moving from hers, because she was the one that said to us that we could go and stay with FLQ [REDACTED]. We thought that was a great idea because FLQ [REDACTED] was always so nice and a lot of fun when we visited her. I think we basically asked to go to FLQ [REDACTED], because it had been drummed into us by FLN [REDACTED] that we should move there.
68. FLP [REDACTED] was in his thirties. FLQ [REDACTED], FLN [REDACTED] and FLP [REDACTED] all lived close to one another. He lived in a street just off the road up to our primary school. It was only about ten minutes from FLN [REDACTED] house.

69. [FLP] and [FPF] house was messy. A girl called [REDACTED] was living with them at the time, but I don't remember who else was there. There were maybe another two children. I don't remember much about our time at [FLP] only that we spent a lot of time with [FLQ]

Abuse by [FLP-FPF]

70. Nothing happened during those few days we were at [FLP] but we used to visit him at times and he could be really brutal with his discipline. If you did one tiny thing wrong, he made a big thing of it.
71. He used to make [REDACTED] sit on the stairs for hours at a time as a punishment.
72. Another girl, [REDACTED] who was fostered by [FLP] and [FPF] was really scared of the shower. I saw [FLP] and [FPF] drag her upstairs and force her into the shower. She was screaming.
73. [FLP] and [FPF] adopted a girl called [REDACTED]. [REDACTED] told them that one of the wee boys they fostered, [REDACTED], hit her in the face with car keys, and [FLP] slapped [REDACTED] hard for that. [REDACTED] was really young. I didn't see this, but [REDACTED] told me about it.
74. [FLP] told me, [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] to clean the bathroom around Christmas one time. I used bleach and didn't wear gloves and we got punished for that. [FLP] and [FPF] took the three of us to a Christmas fair in Glasgow, along with a boy called [REDACTED] who was a relative of [FPF], but only [REDACTED] was allowed to go on any of the rides. We had to just stand and watch, while [FLP] and [FPF] made comments like, "That's what you get for being bad". It was horrible. I was so upset the whole time. I think I was about eight.
75. I'm not sure whether these things happened when I was living with [FLN] or whether it was afterwards when I moved to live with [FLQ]. They might sound like small things, but they were really cruel.

Reporting the abuse in foster care with FLM/FLN

76. Although [REDACTED] told someone about FLM [REDACTED] she never got anywhere because she had been sexually assaulted in the past, so they used that against her and didn't believe her. I know now that [REDACTED] spoke to the police at the time, but she couldn't get anyone to help her and nothing happened to FLM [REDACTED]
77. I got interviewed by the police around the time we moved to FLQ [REDACTED] but I didn't tell them what FLM [REDACTED] was doing. I thought it was a secret, so I couldn't tell them. I think I was interviewed in the police station. I remember it was somewhere unusual to me. They asked me if he had ever touched me, or something along those lines. I don't know exactly what I said to them. I just know I never told them anything.
78. I still saw FLM [REDACTED] right up until I left care. He would babysit us when we lived at FLQ [REDACTED] but he never touched me again. He was obviously still allowed to have contact with us because nobody believed [REDACTED] FLN [REDACTED] and FLM [REDACTED] were also allowed to continue to foster. They fostered girls called [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] [REDACTED] after we left.

Foster Care - FLQ/FLR [REDACTED] [REDACTED], Milton, Glasgow

79. FLQ [REDACTED] and FLR [REDACTED] were in their forties. Their house had upstairs and downstairs and the loft had been converted, so it was quite big. It was just down the road from where FLN [REDACTED] and FLM [REDACTED] lived. It wasn't as clean as FLN [REDACTED] but it was fine. We moved with them from Milton to [REDACTED] Glasgow, I think when I was in primary seven.
80. There were other foster children living with FLQ [REDACTED] and FLR [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] were there when we moved in. I think [REDACTED] was in the middle of moving because of what she had disclosed. She and [REDACTED] were sisters. [REDACTED] was a year above me at school. [REDACTED] was sixteen and [REDACTED] must have been about the same age. Another child called [REDACTED]

came to live with us later. She was about two years younger than and was FLQ and FLR favourite.

81. It was fun staying with FLQ at the start. It was just like it had been when we used to visit her. That changed around a few months in. It was as if the act had dropped and she didn't need to bother any more and could just be herself. She became horrible and verbally abusive to us and was not nice to be around. I know now that FLQ was an alcoholic, but I didn't know that at the time. I think she was already a drinker when we moved in, but her drinking got worse as time went on. FLR was okay too at the start. He just didn't engage that much with us.
82. I don't think FLQ and FLR got on very well. They argued a few times in front of us, and he'd say he was leaving. They didn't argue often, they just kind of stayed out of each other's way. FLQ was always upstairs playing the PlayStation when FLR was in, and she would come downstairs when he went out to the pub. FLR never really participated in anything. FLQ had a caravan for a few years and we went every single weekend, but FLR never came.
83. I wrote a diary in the sort of end period of living at FLQ and FLR. I think it's weird that I did this. It feels like I was maybe preparing for something. I am going to be sharing some of the entries with the Inquiry, as I think it gives a better insight into what I was thinking and feeling at that point. I started writing it just before Christmas 2014 and continued until around the second week in January 2015.

Routine in foster care with the FLQ/FLR

Mornings and bedtime

84. I shared a room with and when we lived in Milton. I was in the bottom bunk bed and was on top. was in a separate bed. The room was quite big, so I didn't mind the three of us sharing. The bedroom wasn't really decorated for children. The design on the wall reminded me of Mike Wazowski, the

one-eyed monster from Monsters Inc, without the eyeball. The walls were plain white with green circle things with holes in the middle.

85. I don't really remember the mornings when I was young. I think **FLQ** would wake us up. I don't really remember getting dressed or anything like that.
86. The only thing **FLQ** was strict on was bedtime. We went to bed at seven o'clock. She made us go to bed at the same time every night, but in other aspects of life, there wasn't much of a routine. I think it got a little bit later as I got older, but it was still quite early. It was unreasonable. I used to ask her if I could stay up a bit later and I think she let us stay up to about nine thirty or ten sometimes.
87. **FLQ** didn't encourage us to wash. This went on throughout my time in her care. I think we had a bath about once a week.

Food

88. Right from the start at **FLQ** we got takeaway meals, Chinese food and "chippies" for dinner. We used to sit on the floor in the living room to eat. I don't think we were allowed to eat on the couch. There wasn't enough room for all of us to sit on the couch anyway.
89. When we moved to **FLQ**, **FLQ** and I would be sent to McDonalds four or five times a week to get dinner for us all. All the kids would get a Happy Meal and sometimes **FLR** would get something from McDonalds too. **FLQ** always got a Chinese, so we were sent there too.
90. **FLQ** would maybe cook once or twice a week. She'd make things like mince and totties or chips and macaroni. It was quite nice.

Chores

91. FLQ always just sat in the house playing the PlayStation. She'd maybe do an errand or go out with FLN once in a while, but that was it. She never did anything with her life. She didn't work, but she made us clean the entire house. It was like she had a whole house full of maids. I understand that people need to do chores, but it was so rigorous. They had to be done before anything else. After dinner, I had to do all the dishes and clean the entire kitchen. That was mine and [REDACTED] job. I did the washings on a Sunday. [REDACTED] had to do the dining room. This was when we were in the new house in [REDACTED]. I think we were too young in the other house. She made the older girls do it there.
92. She did a rota for us at first. She had it on the fridge and we would get stars if we did the jobs properly. She said we would get pocket money, but even although we had spent hours scrubbing the kitchen, she would find one tiny thing wrong so she didn't have to give us money. She would say to us that we would never get any money unless we did it properly. We got pocket money only once in a blue moon. I think I got pocket money a handful of times in the five years I lived with them. Whenever we didn't do the cleaning to her standard, she would make us do it again, or shout at us and send us to bed. I was scared of FLQ so I never refused to do it.

Healthcare

93. I don't remember brushing my teeth as a young child at FLQ. They didn't like you brushing your teeth. When we were older, we were meant to have separate toothpastes but [REDACTED] had hers and we usually never had any.
94. I got nits again, but FLQ wasn't as helpful as FLN had been. I think someone in our house picked them up and we all got them because it wasn't treated. Even when I would ask FLQ to get us some sort of treatment, she'd just put it off or she'd get conditioner and tell [REDACTED] or FLN to deal with it. I think it was about a year before it completely cleared up. It was horrible. I used to tear bits of my hair out. I had really long hair, but I never wore it down.

95. [REDACTED] has Asperger's, but we didn't know that at the time. She had a whole range of unusual body language. Her neck would go forward when she was speaking to you. The way she moved and acted when she was speaking was obviously different from me and [REDACTED]. I think it's embarrassing that she was never diagnosed while she was in [FLQ] care.

Trips/holidays

96. [FLQ] bought a caravan in Saltcoats and we went there every weekend. We had no choice in the matter. We never went anywhere else on holiday. [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] had moved out by this time, so there would be [REDACTED], [REDACTED], [REDACTED] and me there. [FLN] used to come too with [REDACTED] and I think [REDACTED] came sometimes. [FLM] came twice, in the October school holidays I think.
97. [FLQ] treated us in the same abusive way at the caravan. She drank a lot there too. I only remember [FLN] drinking a few times. She didn't drink like [FLQ], [FLQ] and [FLN] didn't really leave the caravan. They would maybe go shopping to Asda, but they never went down to the complex where all the entertainment was. All the children would go down to the complex and it would be mine and [REDACTED] responsibility to oversee the younger ones. Whenever [FLN] and [FLQ] went shopping, [REDACTED] and I had to stay in and watch everyone as well. In reality, we didn't watch them. We went about with our pals.
98. Even at the caravan, it was mine and [REDACTED] job to wash up the dishes and clean the kitchen every night.
99. There were three rooms and a pull-down bed in the living room in the caravan. [REDACTED] and I shared a room, as did [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] because they were the youngest, and [REDACTED] would be in the living room, sometimes with [REDACTED]. One of the girls had to share with [FLM] in the living room when he came, but not in the double bed. I never had to do that.

100. When I saw **FLM** he would make comments to me like I was looking brilliant. This seems innocent, but I just felt that it had some sort of undertone and I didn't like it. He would give all the children £5 each, but I always got more. Everyone just thought I was his favourite, but I knew why I was his favourite.

Primary school

101. I carried on going to St Augustine's after I moved in with **FLQ** I started walking to school with **FLM** and **FLQ**. **FLQ** was one year above me in school and **FLM** was two years below. I had friends in school at that point and school was good.
102. My class teacher, Miss Sheddon, used to take me into different rooms at playtime and ask me about my life. I think I was in primary five. I remember this clearly, but I don't understand why she did it. I don't know if she noticed something wasn't good. I don't remember what I said to her. I just remember her making a point of doing this. It didn't continue for long. It suddenly stopped and I remember asking her if we were meeting, and she said no. I don't know why it stopped.
103. My school also had nurture groups. They put everyone in care in these groups. We would go to these during class and play games with people we didn't know.
104. When I got nits again, people ostracised me and I got bullied. It's quite a big deal in primary school getting nits and it did go on for a long time, so the other kids slagged me and didn't want to speak to me. It was quite a difficult period. I think I was about nine or ten. I never told anyone about the bullying. I'm not sure if the teachers knew about the problem with the nits.
105. When we moved to **FLQ**, **FLQ** used to drive us to primary school. By that point, St Augustine's had been knocked down and a new school, St Monica's, had been built. I was at St Monica's when we moved **FLQ** I then moved on to All Saints Secondary School in Burmulloch.

106. Before I went to secondary school, the nits had been dealt with and I had started to rebuild friendships at St Monica's and it was fine. I only had one or two friends but that was better than nothing. I think when you're moving on to secondary school, your primary school makes an effort to make sure you have someone you know in the same class as you. I remember my teacher asking me what friends I would like to have in my class and that made the transition a wee bit easier for me.

Secondary school

107. There were about a thousand pupils at All Saints, with about thirty or so pupils in each class. The head teacher in my first and second years was Mr Lyons. At the start, only [REDACTED] and I were at the high school. It was a wee while before [REDACTED] started coming, and I think [REDACTED] who was another foster child that came to live with us later, was only in P3 or P4 when I left the primary school.
108. I was in the same class as my friends in first year. We were full of beans. One of my friends was quite rowdy, so we used to misbehave in class and cause bother. It was just the kind of behaviour you'd expect from 1st years.
109. I really enjoyed all of my subjects apart from maths. I really liked art. I was in the top groups for English and maths. In first year, I used to play up in maths and kid on I was daft because I thought it was funny.
110. I don't think I had an allocated support teacher in first year. Mrs Rafferty was the support teacher for the whole of first year. She was my netball coach as well. I did speak to her quite a lot because I used to play up in her PE class. I saw her all the time because I was in the netball team and I had her for PE. She was really nice, but I wasn't that close to her that I could speak to her about things.
111. [FLQ] and [FLR] never encouraged us to do well at school, or even asked about homework. I struggled with maths, so I would ask if they knew how to do it and they were just not interested.

112. FLQ actually hated me studying. I think I was actively told not to. When I was doing my National 5s, I used to do a bit of studying every night, only for about an hour or so, and FLQ would make a point of trying to stop me doing it. I don't know why she acted the way she did, but it seems she didn't want me to achieve or fulfil my potential.
113. I did enjoy school as I moved up through the years. I still really enjoy learning. My best subject was English. I wasn't that good in first year, but I really got into it in second year and started to really enjoy it. My English teacher in my third and fourth years was Miss Reilly. She was one of the people who really encouraged me. I actually loved her. I remember we studied a poem for about a year called 'The Death of Marilyn Munroe'.
114. I think Miss Reilly specialised in the world wars because we did intensive study, poems and books, on World War Two. I really enjoyed it and am still really interested in it. Miss Reilly is one of the best teachers I've ever had. In All Saints, it was quite rare to have a teacher who knew what they were talking about and could actually teach in a way that helped everyone.
115. I got better at maths too and stayed in the top group. I think it was because the next teacher I got was much more engaging, and it made me quite proud when I figured out how to do something.
116. When it got to about fourth year, things were getting a bit difficult for me. I had crashed three subjects and things were getting worse at home. My year was the first to do the National 5s. Some of the better schools allowed you to do maybe eight or nine, but my school only let us do six. I did English, biology, chemistry, French, maths and computing. The subjects I crashed were biology, chemistry and computing, so I didn't start doing them until fourth year.
117. I did really well in my National 5s. I got As for English and French, Bs for biology and chemistry and Cs for maths and computing. We were down at the caravan when the results came out, so FLR opened my results and told FLQ. She then told me, and I

was so happy. They were just like, "Oh, well done", and that was it. They never really acknowledged what I'd achieved.

118. What I wanted to do to escape ^{FLQ} was to go to university and live in the halls of residence. I wanted to go to Edinburgh, so I would have an excuse to leave and live elsewhere.
119. Because of the results I got, I was allowed to take five Highers. I did English, French, biology, chemistry and maths, but ended up not sitting the exams for most of them because of the difficulties I was having at home. Education was way down the list of my priorities by then. Half the time, I "dogged" it.

Christmas/Birthdays

120. They got me presents for my birthday, but it was never really a big thing.
121. Although I was with them for a long time and would have had lots of Christmases in their house, I don't really remember Christmas. I know that I always got £100 and we all got an IOU from ^{FLQ} one year and nothing else.

Religion

122. I became quite religious at one point because I was so desperate about the situation at home. I had a bible and I used to pray. I went to Catholic schools and was taught religion there, but religion was never really a thing in the house. I think ^{FLQ} was a Catholic, but she didn't practise.

Family

123. My relationship with ^{FLQ} was better when we first moved to ^{FLQ}. We still fought, but not to the same extent. As time went on, ^{FLQ} was manipulated by ^{FLQ} and she used to try and suck up to ^{FLQ} by acting like her and taking her side when she was being abusive.

124. The access with my brother [REDACTED] was always patchy throughout my time in care. I had seen him a few times at my gran's but it was never constant. I had always known that I had a brother, but just never really got to see him. He came to stay with us when he was about five for around six months. He had behavioural issues and basically he was too much for FLQ and FLR so he had to move on. I didn't see much of him again after he left. He had a lot of issues and couldn't settle, so he was moved a lot and access between us just wasn't a priority.
125. My access with my grandparents went down to quarterly when I was at FLQ, and we stopped having overnight contact with them. We would just spend the day with them. I was so close to my gran. She totally loved me, and [REDACTED] was more close with my granddad. Going to see my gran was the only respite from living at FLQ that I got. I used to feel angry that I had to go back to FLQ.
126. I know now that my contact with my grandparents changed to quarterly because FLQ was pushing for it. I don't know the full ins and outs, but she was saying things like our mental health wasn't coping with it. FLQ was another one who was able to manipulate me and [REDACTED] into saying what she wanted. I don't know who made the decision to cut the contact.
127. I've got an entry in my diary which I must have written when I had just come back from access with my gran. I wrote, "*I found out I have a new family member. She's called [REDACTED] and I like her a lot. I sang 'I Dreamed a Dream' to my gran and she cried. It made me happy and feel guilty. I don't know why. I'm rubbish at singing*". My gran had lung cancer and I think I had just found out, so I was quite conscious of the fact she could die and I was quite emotional.
128. FLQ and the social work initially kept it from me that my gran had been diagnosed with lung cancer. I think my gran had just finished her treatment and was in remission when I wrote the diary entry, but she was having a lot of lung problems because of the treatment. She had a nebuliser and all sorts of other things. I think my gran having cancer was maybe a factor in our access being cut.

129. We started to get access with my mum when I was about twelve, and the only reason that happened was because we accidentally walked into the wrong panel room and my mum was there. It was total chance and they had to do something about it after that. Nobody had told me anything about my mum before that. I never got any updates about her at all.
130. We got quarterly contact with my mum up until I left care. It was in the social work offices at first and later we were allowed to do normal things like go out for lunch with her.
131. I saw my dad twice the whole time I was in care, both times in prison. He was in prison when I was taken into care and was there the whole time I was in care. FLQ and a social worker were at the first visit. The first time was fine. FLQ decided that my dad had been rude or something like that the second time, and then she manipulated the situation so that we didn't see him again. I had done a girl's hair in braids and FLQ said to me, "It's ugly and fucking horrible". I got really upset and started crying. I never usually showed weakness in front of her and she took me into the toilet and was saying things like, "Is this because of your dad?". She spun the story that I was upset because I had seen my dad and we weren't allowed to see him again after that.

Other foster children

132. The culture in FLQ house was that anyone who stuck up for FLQ was untouchable. Getting on her good side meant you could get away with doing things. used to spit in my food and do loads of horrible things, but FLQ did nothing about it. You were made out to be the bad one for complaining. was definitely FLQ and FLR favourite.
133. I used to fight with a lot. I thought she was a lot like FLQ. She would gain your trust and then manipulate you to tell her things or to do something for her, and then she would be horrible after she got what she wanted. I think both and behaved the way they did to try and avoid FLQ targeting them.

134. ██████ had left to live with her own family by the time we moved to the new house. ██████ moved with us to the new house, but she was older and was more independent. She had a boyfriend and wasn't really around that much. ██████ had experienced the same treatment from ██████ FLQ as we ended up getting, so I think she was very keen to stay out the road.

Friends

135. I had two friends, ██████ and ██████ who were at school with me. ██████ was my best friend and ██████ was someone I made an effort to get to know because he was sitting on his own in the French class. They were the ones I was closest to, but it was quite toxic because both of them were having serious mental issues as well. We were like this bad triangle.
136. I had a separate, quite big group of friends at school, but ██████ was my best friend at the time. My closest friends in the group were ██████, ██████ and her ██████ sister ██████. It got to a point that I used to be really sad all the time because of ██████ FLQ behaviour towards me, so I just didn't want to talk to people. If something bad had happened at ██████ FLQ maybe the night before, or just before I'd left for school, I would be so upset and would just kind of sit with my head down and not engage at all with the group. They would then, maybe rightly, bitch about me. But because ██████ was my friend and she knew what was happening, she would kind of make an effort to cheer me up. The rest of the group didn't like that because they felt like we were excluding them.
137. There's a passage in my diary dated 24 December 2014 which says:
138. *"I lied to ██████ FLQ and said ██████ needed my help because she was having family trouble to go out. I was the one having trouble and wanted to leave desperately. ██████ and I sat in the park waiting for ██████ It was really fun. I enjoyed it but they would use words I didn't know or talk about things I didn't know about. That's good, but I felt like a fucking idiot. I am actually so stupid. Why can't I not be even remotely*

intelligent. I hate it. No wonder I am fucking failing everything. Everyone in that shithole group hates me, especially, but [REDACTED] as well, and it's all my fault. It's not my fault that I'm sad all the time and no-one even cares. [REDACTED] notices and tries to help when I go to the bathroom crying, or put my head down. But they're saying I'm an attention-seeker. Maybe I am. I don't know what one is to be honest, but I am quite upset and angry at them. Am I not allowed a friend? Maybe they're the attention-seekers because [REDACTED] gives me more attention than them. I hate [REDACTED] bothering me all the time but... I honestly can't believe [REDACTED] though. She knows exactly what is happening and still talks shit about me. What the fuck?"

139. Quite a lot of the group knew how ^{FLQ} [REDACTED] was treating me, but [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] had more in-depth knowledge. I was really suicidal when I wrote the diary and I spoke to [REDACTED] about it. I spoke to [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] too. The rest of the group never knew I was suicidal, but they did know how ^{FLQ} [REDACTED] had been for a long period of time. They knew ^{FLQ} [REDACTED] was a horrible person, but I think they maybe wrote it off as her being strict. They didn't know it had progressed to breaking point for me. The only friend who tried to help me was [REDACTED]
140. When I wrote the entry in the diary, I was coming up to sitting my prelims for my Highers. I was trying to cope with this heavy school workload and everything that was going on at home, and I was feeling suicidal.
141. I was never allowed to have friends round to the house. I only really saw them at school. The diary entry shows how scared I was even to ask to go out. We weren't allowed to go out with our friends at night, so it was a big thing for me to go out that night and meet with [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] I had to make up an excuse that [REDACTED] was going through a hard time, when it was actually me. When I came in from school at night, I'd usually be in for the rest of the night.

Visits/Inspections

142. Our social worker was Janine for the majority of the time we were at [FLQ] but we got a new one called Eddie Thompson in the last year or so. The Parkhead social work office was meant to deal with us, but I think Eddie was based at Easterhouse.
143. The frequency of the visits from Janine reduced as time went on. I don't think she came to see us much during that long period of time we had nits. I think she got the impression that we were happy. Once a social worker thinks that you're safe and appear happy, they don't visit nearly as much.
144. When we did get access with Janine, she would take us to the McDonalds round the corner. She always picked us up at the house. She'd come in and we'd all be in the living room. She'd have a short chat with [FLQ] then ask us, in front of [FLQ] if there was anything we wanted to talk about privately. We would go, "Nope", and then she would take us to McDonalds. When she took us back, she would have a talk with [FLQ] somewhere in the house away from us. I was always aware it was happening. I think it was a case of we had had our time with social work, so [FLQ] had to get hers too.
145. There was a link worker for [FLQ] and [FLR] called Simon. I know he visited, but I don't think he came very often. I don't know what his role was. He never spoke to us.
146. I used to go up and visit [FLN] if [FLQ] let me. [FLM] would be there sometimes, but he never touched me again.

Children's panels

147. I was on a supervision order up until I was sixteen and I used to go to children's panels once or twice a year.
148. The panels were always really straightforward because it seemed, especially from a social worker's perspective, that everything was grand.

149. My gran caused loads of bother at the panels. She knew something was wrong. I think I told her little bits about FLQ but there was nothing she could say or do about it. My gran hated FLQ FLQ would go into a panel and say that we were dirty and all sorts of other things about us. There was always this theme that and I were painted as being dirty. My gran shouted at FLQ one time, "You've got a cheek to call anybody dirty. You dirty, smelly cow". FLQ was actually very dirty. She didn't wash very often herself. FLR was the same. I'm so glad my gran did that. I remember the panel members were all telling my gran to get out.
150. My mum started coming to the panels once we started to get access with her. My dad went to one panel. I don't think the prison let him come out for them.
151. I don't think they created the right conditions for us to speak at the panels. There was always an audience there and I felt intimidated. And I didn't trust the panel members. They were people that I didn't know. It's a huge thing to come out and say that my carer has been abusing me for seven years. I couldn't just go and tell that to total strangers. It might have made a difference if you got the same panel members each time. Even if they asked me if wanted to speak to them in private, I would say no because they'd ask you that in front of people and those people would then ask what you spoke to them about. It just wasn't safe.
152. I never had a Who Cares? Scotland advocacy worker or anyone like that. It was just down to me to speak. In reality, it was always just FLQ who spoke for us. We got sent forms which were supposed to allow us to have our say, but these would get read out at the panels, so I never wrote the truth on them. I think it's a bit naïve of them to think that a child will write down what they want to say, especially when it's going to be read out to everyone. It's not a safe system.

Abuse in foster care with FLQ/FLR

153. What FLQ loved to do to discipline you was send you to bed really early. We'd be sent to bed at twelve o'clock in the afternoon, and we had to stay there lying in bed the whole day with nothing to do. She would come in and check to make sure we were still lying in bed. I can hardly remember the sort of things that resulted in her sending us to bed. It would be stupid wee things. I remember one time ██████████ ██████████ was over and she put too much pepper in her macaroni. I thought I would wash the pepper out for her because it was too spicy, and I got sent to bed for that. This was the kind of daft thing that made FLQ send you to bed.
154. By the time I got to about fourteen or fifteen, she still tried to send me to bed, but not as much. I think she knew she didn't have as much power that way any more. At that point, I had my own room and was just shutting myself in my room and refusing to come out. I needed to just stay away from them.
155. Another thing FLQ liked to do was throw us outside as a punishment. She did that to me one time when I'd just had a shower and only had a towel round me. It was winter time and she put me out and locked the door. I was out for about ten minutes. Every one of us got thrown outside at some point. I remember ██████████ being put out of the caravan when she was having a tantrum. FLQ put her out in the rain, wearing just her pyjamas, until she stopped screaming.
156. FLQ used to shout and swear at us a lot when we were young. She was abusive when she shouted, but I can't remember all the things she used to say. It's a bit blurry. She got more and more verbally abusive towards us as time went on. She would be really horrible to us. She would call me and my sister "spastics". I don't remember all the names. I just know that she would always make you feel like garbage by calling you names and swearing at you.
157. She picked on ██████████ a lot because she behaved differently from me and ██████████. She would call her a "mongo", a "spastic" and a "weirdo". She'd completely bully her and make her feel horrible.

158. FLQ made me and █████ go into the back garden and batter █████ one time because she had hit █████ back. FLR was at the pub. I wasn't hitting her at first. I was just sort of pulling her about and FLQ shouted at me and said she was going to batter me if I didn't hit her. I then started battering █████ and she was screaming. This went on for about ten minutes. I think this happened around a year before I left.
159. When my brother █████ came to stay with us, he had a lot of behavioural issues and FLQ would slap him or drag him up the stairs when he misbehaved. I remember █████ would be screaming.
160. FLQ found out █████ was smoking and she made her eat cigarettes as a punishment. █████ was crying and the rest of us were in the house watching this.
161. FLQ drank whisky and vodka and would tell us to pour it for her. She could drink three quarters of a bottle of vodka or whisky in one night. I would be sitting watching the telly and she'd tell me to go and pour her a drink. She got really aggressive when she started drinking and she wanted to argue with you. She would get angry and ask you about things and then twist what you said so she could shout at you. She did it with all of us. It was never just out-and-out anger with her. It could be casual conversation and then it would progress and progress. When I think back on it, she was so manipulative. She would try and manipulate you into saying something, something wrong or just something she didn't like, so that she had a reason to verbally abuse you. She used to take my iPad off me and look through my messages. She would get information and use it against me.
162. If she didn't like something we had done, she would call █████ █████ and me into the living room and give us abuse for hours. We would sit there and take it and do whatever she wanted. Any number of things could start it. She'd say that our rooms were a mess, that we didn't do enough cleaning, that we were weird or we were dirty, or she'd say insulting things about our families. It could be a tiny thing that started this. That's why we were so scared. Nothing we did was good enough. She

always had a reason to verbally abuse us. This would usually happen when she was drunk and **FLR** was at the pub.

163. **FLQ** used to always say things to me about my family not wanting me. This was quite a common theme. I've written in my diary, "*My own family didn't fucking want me. Why would anyone else? I guess I deluded myself into thinking people gave a fuck about me*". I don't know why I wrote this. I think **FLQ** always going on about my family obviously resulted in me having so much anger.
164. **FLQ** would throw things at us and be quite destructive to the property when she was drunk. She would throw glasses at **FLR**, **FLQ** and me. They hit me a few times. They never smashed on me, but they struck me and it was sore.
165. She would sometimes say to us when she'd been drinking that if we moved from hers, we would go to a children's unit as no-one wants older children. She would say things like we'd get our stuff stolen or we'd get raped in a children's unit. I was terrified.
166. One Christmas Eve, when I was about thirteen or fourteen, she phoned herself and kidded on she was speaking to the social work about us being taken into a children's unit. She said we were the scum of the earth and made us all pack our bags. We put all our things into black bags. I remember making sure I took my bible, as this was around the time I was so desperate that I'd turned to religion.
167. Usually **FLR** would be out at the pub, so it would just be **FLR**, **FLQ** and me in the house when **FLQ** was drinking. **FLR** was difficult to speak to. He never really spoke to me. He would go to the pub, get drunk and then he would speak when he came back. He was nicer when he was drunk. If he came in drunk and **FLQ** was being aggressive towards us, he would kind of stick up for us a wee bit, but not enough to actually help us. He'd say, "Just say aye okay and then ignore her". So he knew what she was like, but he never really helped.

168. FLR could be the same as FLQ when he was sober. He would shout all the time. It was mine and [REDACTED] job to do the dishes and clean up the kitchen every single night, and FLR was basically in charge of that. He'd shout at us if he thought we hadn't done it right.
169. FLR was especially partial to [REDACTED] so it was mostly him that would go off his head at us if we stood up to [REDACTED] when she was doing horrible things to us. He was so unfair. Even when she hit us, she didn't get told off. The argument all of us had was that she was old enough to know better, but we were painted to be bullies. [REDACTED] especially, got painted as a bully as she would sometimes hit [REDACTED] back.
170. After I had been living with FLQ for quite a while, FLN told me that we had moved from her house because she and FLM were quite ill and they thought they were going to die. She said that she would have us back if she could. This insinuates to me that she was aware of what was going on in FLQ house. This was the worst betrayal. I did like FLN up until she said that to me. She had been strict, but fair and nice, and nothing like FLQ
171. There was an incident after school one day when I was doing my National 5s. I had to do a report for biology and all my papers were lying on the floor in my room. FLQ came in and was shouting, "Look at this mess". She was drunk and I think she was angry because she didn't like me studying. She then grabbed all of my papers, and I must have had a surge of adrenalin because I stood up to her. I had never stood up to her before. I was always terrified to do anything or even speak when she went into a rage. I used to be quite mellow and just try to stay out of the way. But this time, I think because school at that point was the only thing I cared about as I saw it as my way out, I grabbed my papers out of her hand. They were so important to me, so I took them back off her. This was a huge thing for me to do.
172. She was shouting at me to give them back to her, saying "I'm going to fucking burn them. I'm going to fucking rip them up". I kept a hold of them and she kept coming into my face and screaming at me. I then threw them all over the place, and shouted, "Go fucking get them then". She came into my face and I was obviously scared, but I

was taller than her so I was towering over her. She was quite a fat woman and she probably could have hurt me, but I didn't care. I was shouting right back at her. She spat on my face at that point because she said that I'd spat on her when I was shouting back at her. I hadn't. Her spittle landed on my face, and I then pushed her out of my room.

173. Everyone in the house was aware of the incident in my room, but no-one ever stood up to FLQ [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] were shouting at me to stop arguing with her and to do what she wanted. They saw her spit on my face, but they would have felt that they had to take her side. If you ever disagreed with FLQ [REDACTED] you would be the one who then had to deal with her rage.
174. FLQ [REDACTED] ended up ripping my papers and I lost quite a lot of work. I was supposed to be submitting the report a week later. It took a whole week to try and recover what I'd lost. I didn't have a computer so I had done research at the library and printed off papers there. She ripped those papers and half the report I'd handwritten.
175. FLQ [REDACTED] didn't apologise. She said that I'd spat on her, obviously just to try and cover her own back. She stayed away from me in the days after it. I don't know why, but I think it was maybe because she didn't expect me to behave how I did and she was a bit scared. I think I wouldn't have hesitated to react the same way again because I was so angry for a while after it. I think she was maybe feeling a bit guilty too, because she let me stay off school to try and sort it out.
176. I've got an entry in my diary about FLR [REDACTED] and FLQ [REDACTED] drinking and I've done a drawing of a Bichon Frise dog we got just before I left FLQ [REDACTED]. It says, FLQ [REDACTED] *drinking*. FLR [REDACTED] *at the pub. Alkie bastards*", and I've drawn a photo of the dog. The dog used to go for spa days, get fancy hairdos and go out to a sort of day centre. It was so spoilt and it wasn't a nice dog. I hated it. We weren't getting a proper dinner and this dog was being treated like that. I feel it's important to mention this. Getting a Happy Meal for my dinner four or five times a week went on for years. I was still getting a Happy Meal for my dinner when I was sixteen. I was so slim and completely malnourished. I think that on its own is abuse.

177. There are other entries in my diary that show how I was feeling about living at FLQ nearer the end of my time there. I'm swearing so much because I was so angry.
178. I've written on Christmas day 2014, *"It's Christmas day. I fucking hate Christmas. I'm forced to spend time with people who I hate and who hate me as well. Everyone woke up and started unwrapping their presents. I hate presents. I always knew I wasn't counted as family or remotely included, but I thought maybe they would be nicer today. I should have known better. I hate this holiday and I think that it's just a capitalist period of the year, and they're too stupid to realise that. Not that I'm smart anyway. I just thought because it mattered to them they would include me, but obviously not. I'm going to be told to cheer up and moaned at for being sad and depressive while being surrounded by happy people and ruining it for them, not on purpose obviously, but it makes me want to top myself even more than ever. I suppose I better face them now. Fuck my life"*.
179. I don't remember what they were doing when I wrote this, but I think what happened was that they hadn't come into my room to include me in opening presents, and I've overheard them.
180. The next entries are on Boxing Day when we had all gone to a cabin up in Argyll Forest. The entire family was at the cabin. FLM FLN and [REDACTED] and FLP and his foster children were there too. We stayed there until about 2 January 2015. I've written:
181. *"The entire family are here and so far I've been referred to as the dour-faced one and 'smiles'. I can't help it. I've to be near someone who molested me and forced to act normal, kiss, hug, buy presents and everything else, and I'm the cunt. I'm fucking miserable here. My uncle at least acknowledges that I'm in a funk, as he calls it. Little does he know it's much worse than that. Everyone is acting.... as usual. But I'm trying to make more of an effort since I'm fucking stranded here with them. It's like I'm a ghost unless they want me to clean or do something for them. They're nice as anything, except FLR He thinks I'm a fucking slave and I have to follow his orders*

immediately. I am a person, not a fucking maid. They are paid to look after me but it seems the opposite. All I do is clean and then go to bed. But since I'm always in bed, I'm lazy. What the fuck do they do? Fuck all. Hypocritical bastards".

182. *"I just got shouted at for shutting the room door because the dog can't come in. I swear that fucking dog is treated better than me. ██████ said I was a party-pooper because I said to her I didn't want to be here. I thought maybe she would understand it, but it turns out she's the same as the rest of them. FLR ██████ at the pub and FLQ ██████ drinking again".*
183. I've also written in my diary quotes that FLQ ██████ made about me during that Christmas and New Year period:
184. *"I've never seen a wee lassie like that in my life. She'd put some cunt into a depression. I've never seen anybody like that. If she's walking as slow as she looks, just walk ahead of her".*
185. *"Why the fuck is she so fucking dour-faced? Why doesn't she just fucking leave the hot tub and go sit in the bath? It might get a smile out of her. She can go fuck herself. I am sick and angry at her. Fucking ungrateful bastard".* I don't know why FLQ ██████ said "go sit in the bath". I think she knew that I was self-harming and the comment relates to that.
186. *"I'll end up getting too annoyed with that lanky streak of piss. I wouldn't go in there if I were you. You'll disturb the two morons. They're so fucking ignorant. In fact, no even, just anti-social and nasty".* FLQ ██████ said this about me and ██████ I was the tallest one so the first part is about me. ██████ and I didn't really have a great relationship at this time. She was fixated on computers and didn't want to do anything else. We were sharing a room in the cabin, so we just kind of sat in the room together.
187. I heard FLQ ██████ making noises and I've written, *"I wish FLQ ██████ would have a heart attack. I know that's a horrible thing to think, but I don't take it back. She's wished me dead many times, along with everybody else in the house. So now I'm just sitting in a room*

with all them outside in the Jacuzzi having fun. ██████ asked if I'm going to join them, but I don't fancy going in it and forced to talk to people I hate and who hate me. The only way I am going in the hot tub is if I'm going to drown myself in it. But since there's an old paedophile, I don't want him seeing me in a bikini. He would enjoy that. The smelly bastard".

188. I had already wore a bikini and been in the hot tub and ██████ had made an inappropriate comment to me. I refused to go in again. Everyone was in the hot tub with ██████ and I point-blank refused to go in. They just thought I was being ignorant and horrible. I did exclude myself quite a lot, so I think they just took it as that, rather than thinking that there might be another reason. I couldn't sit in there with him and feel that vulnerable. I felt so angry and disgusted. I didn't want to be near him. I think ██████ was antagonising me by asking me to go in. As I've said before, she would suck up to them and act the same way as ██████ probably just to keep herself out of the spotlight.
189. I felt lonely and victimised. Nobody knew why I didn't want to go into the Jacuzzi. It seemed like there were two sides of the story and I was in the middle of the two. It was so overwhelming and horrible for me. I hated it, and I didn't want to see or speak to anyone.
190. There is another entry made on 30 December which refers to a carry-on I had been having with ██████ I'd been saying I was going to batter him. ██████ woke me up in the middle of the night and questioned me about me saying that I was going to knock the "shit out of" ██████ I had been joking with him. She also asked me if I had been calling ██████ a cow and I've written, "*and all the names under the sun. Of course I was. I think she is all of those things. She ██████ shouted into my face*".
191. The next entry is, ██████ *is here and I am forced to act normal again. His smile is sickeningly sweet and acts cheery but still talks shit about me with everyone else in this shitty foster family. It makes my stomach turn. I keep getting into trouble for staying in my room and not coming out. Why would I want to come out? I hate every one of them*".

192. This was the first time in a long time that I had been forced to spend so much time in the same space as FLM and I felt so uncomfortable. Those times when he'd come down to the caravan holidays had been years before. At the bells, they made me sit on FLM knee for a photo. That's not in my diary. Everyone was doing it for a photo and I had to do it too.
193. There is another entry made on 31 December 2014 after I had been walking in the forest with everyone. I was on Facebook and shared a post about suicide awareness for transgender people. FLQ and FLN saw it because I was friends with them on Facebook. FLQ thought it was my suicide note and she said, "If you're going to commit suicide, wait until tomorrow. Don't ruin my night". Then FLN said, "Aye, me as well, don't ruin my night. Go up the mountains or something".
194. The post I had shared was a sort of viral thing and I just thought it was good to share awareness. Everyone was laughing at FLN and FLQ comments. It says in my diary that I ended up lying on the bathroom floor, crying and they only asked where I was when they wanted me to clean something.
195. I've written in the diary something FLQ said about me to ██████ that same evening:
196. *"I intend to start this year off how I want it to go. She has walked about with that phone in her hands, talking to her pals. She is so fucking ignorant. She has got a rod up her arse or something like that. I swear to God that cunt would put me into a depression. She never does fuck all. She has completely ruined this holiday and all she's done is sit in that room. Here, she'd make a good Goth, she's got the face for it. Don't you think? Stick black clothes on her and she's alright. She's going up the mountain tomorrow. Hopefully she'll jump off and do us all a favour. I don't want to know her."*
197. After that FLQ took my phone and iPad off me. I took a panic attack because I had been speaking to my pals ██████ and ██████ about everything that was happening,

and I was terrified that **FLQ** was going to see those messages. When everyone went to sleep, I crept out to delete all the messages and left the iPad and phone where she'd put them.

Reporting the abuse at the **FLQ/FLR to school and social services**

198. I had a good relationship with the social worker Janine, but I didn't feel that I could speak to anyone about what was happening at **FLQ**. I was so engrossed in it. I was terrified of **FLQ** and half of it felt normal to me. The manipulation by **FLQ** was so deep that it was difficult for me to even try and figure out that the way she was treating us wasn't normal.
199. Also, we had been terrorised with the idea that there was nowhere else for us to go, that nobody wanted us older children, and that we'd get raped if we ended up in a children's unit. I felt trapped.
200. Eventually I did tell a teacher. I'm a bit muddled and don't really remember the timeframe, but I did tell my biology teacher, Miss McCrae, and then the head of year Miss Higgins. I think I was fifteen. I was at breaking point and I just needed to tell someone. I was struggling with biology and I remember going to Miss McCrae to ask for a book of past papers. She was a lovely teacher. I ended up telling her that I was having a lot of trouble at home. I was just so upset that day.
201. Miss McCrae was a support teacher as well, so she took me down to the support office. I actually had my diary with me. She was so worried when I told her about **FLQ** and she wanted to see what was in the diary. At that point, I refused because I was too scared, but I told her what **FLQ** was doing and that I didn't want to live with her any more.
202. Miss McCrae phoned the social worker Eddie Thompson. She then arranged, without **FLQ** knowing, for her, Eddie and me to have a meeting, not the same day but soon after.

203. At the meeting, options for me to move were discussed and I said to Eddie that I was quite scared about moving. I told him that I didn't want to go to a children's unit and I then lied and told him that everything was alright. I didn't really know him so I didn't trust him. I had only met him three times before. He was this new person who had come in and Miss McCrae just expected me to tell him everything. I couldn't do that, especially when I knew he was going to go back to ^{FLQ} and do something or say something to her. I was terrified of that. Eddie was actually a really nice guy, but at that time I just didn't know him. I had been with Janine for about seven years or something, so our relationship was nothing compared to that.
204. I hadn't changed my mind about what I wanted, but I was too scared to tell the truth to Eddie. I felt horrible for Miss McCrae, but I just couldn't do it. I don't know what her reaction was to me not saying anything. She didn't show one. I think she was maybe a bit confused.
205. Miss McCrae did keep in contact with me after that, but she also referred me to Miss Higgins, the head of year. I was raging with Miss McCrae at first for telling Miss Higgins about me. I felt like I had been totally betrayed. I know now it was for the best, for me and for her as well.
206. I went to see Miss Higgins and she asked me to tell her what was going on. I just told her how I was feeling mentally. She obviously knew from Miss McCrae what was happening, but I made the focus more on my mental health. She tried to understand why I was feeling the way I was, and she tried to help me as much as she could. She arranged for me to not sit any prelims and that was a huge help. All my friends had to sit their prelims, so that caused more problems with them because they already thought I was an attention-seeker.
207. I told Miss Higgins that I was feeling suicidal and she referred me to Lifelink, but I refused to engage with them. They came to the school to see me and I went to one session, but I hated it. It wasn't that I had trouble speaking to them about my suicidal thoughts, I just thought it was a waste of my time. It was embarrassing and I felt that

I was being patronised. I still feel the same way about counselling because of that experience.

208. They had these sort of animal figures and they asked me to pick which one I thought I was, which one was my spirit animal. I was having none of that. Miss Higgins often suggested I should seek professional medical help, but I refused that too. I didn't know how to deal with the doctor, and it would have meant having to get **FLQ** involved so that was a no-no. I would say that Miss Higgins did try to get me proper help, but I refused it. She then just got me to speak to her and tried to help me that way.
209. **FLQ** was not aware of anything that was going on at school. I was quite worried about her finding out, but nothing happened. I specifically said to Eddie that he was not to say anything, and I don't think they told her anything or made any enquiries with her.
210. I carried on living at **FLQ** for about four months after I'd disclosed what was going on.

Events leading to leaving the **FLQ/FLR**

211. I was really suicidal over the Christmas and New Year period in 2014/15 and was making attempts on my life and self-harming.
212. After the holiday in Argyll Forest, we were back in the house. At this point I hadn't told **FLQ** about the things I was thinking or going through. It was having such a huge effect on me and school wasn't even a thought at this point.
213. **FLQ** was behaving the same way towards us and I felt that I was so much more aware of it than **FLQ** or **FLQ**. I think we were all scared and we were aware of that, but this was our norm. But I was beginning to become more aware of the fact

that it wasn't normal, and I was struggling to deal with it and I was taking it out on myself by self-harming.

214. One morning, I used [REDACTED] toothpaste to brush my teeth and [REDACTED] went down and told [FLQ]. [FLQ] started screaming at me. She shouted, "Do you even want to live here?", and I said that I didn't. This was the first time I had ever said anything like that. [FLQ] used to ask me that all the time and I would just lie about it. I think I had just had enough by that point.
215. I stayed at home that day and I ended up telling [FLQ] that I had been self-harming and making attempts on my life. I told her it was because of the way they were treating me. [FLQ] was shouting at me and saying things like, "I'm no fucking walking on egg shells just because you want to top yourself". When she'd calmed down, I told her that I wanted to go to the doctor and she said, "Tell me when".
216. I took quite a serious attempt on my life a few days later and hurt myself quite badly.
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] I felt it was time for me to go and get help.
217. [FLQ] took me to the doctor in Possil. I didn't say anything to the doctor about the abuse because [FLQ] came in with me. I didn't question her being there. I thought it was just how it had to be. The doctor was asking why I was the way I was, but I obviously couldn't tell him the truth. I didn't give him much detail at all. The doctor got me an emergency appointment with the Child and Adolescent Mental Health Services (CAMHS). I think I saw them for the initial assessment that same week. [FLQ] came to the initial assessment too. They asked me things like what my taste in music was.
218. After the initial assessment, CAMHS asked me where I'd like to meet with them privately, and I said school. I think I saw the woman five or six times at school. I didn't find it very helpful. She told me about breathing techniques and that kind of thing, which was helpful in some respects but it wasn't what I needed. I didn't speak to her about the abuse. I wanted to tell her. I think she knew, but I just couldn't say.

219. During this time, I had a social work review. I think **FLQ** requested it because I'd told her I had been self-harming. I think it took place about a week after I had told her. Miss Higgins came to the review. I think it was in the Parkhead social work office. They were all sitting round a table talking about how I had been self-harming. It wasn't a good experience just to sit there and listen to people talking about it.

Leaving the **FLQ/FLR**

220. About two weeks after I had seen the doctor, I spoke to Miss Higgins. I think there had been some sort of school holiday in February and when I went back to school after that, I just felt that I needed to talk to Miss Higgins. By this point, I had spent quite a lot of time with Miss Higgins and Miss McCrae and had sort of hinted to both of them that something more serious than what I'd previously disclosed had happened to me.
221. I spoke to Miss Higgins about how I was feeling and how I hated living at **FLQ**. Then I said to her that I needed to tell her something else, but didn't know how. I then told her I had been molested by **FLM**. I cried for hours in Miss Higgins' room after telling her. She gave me a hug and tried to comfort me. Once I sort of contained myself, she told me to go off and get some lunch and she was going to deal with it. She then phoned social work.
222. I spoke to my friends during lunch and told them I didn't know what was going to happen. They were quite shocked. My friend **FLM** said I could go and stay with her family. It still means a lot to me that she said that. The people who I thought would've been there for me weren't, and that was the time I needed them most. Even though I didn't go to stay at **FLM**, that offer meant so much to me and I will never forget it.
223. I went back to see Miss Higgins after lunch and Eddie and another female social worker were there. I don't know the woman's name. I only ever saw her that one time. The social workers were really apologetic. They said that they were so sorry it

had happened and Eddie asked me if I wanted to go back home to [FLQ]. I said absolutely not. I could not go back there. They then tried to explain to me what was going to happen. I don't know if it was at that exact time, but they did tell me at some point that everyone would be removed from [FLQ].

224. Eddie and the woman took me to the Easterhouse social work office so they could find me somewhere to stay. I just sat in their work bit with them until they found a place for me. I had no belongings with me other than my school books, so the woman social worker took me to the Fort shopping centre to buy me clothes and toiletries. They found me a place with a respite carer in Cardonald. The woman social worker drove me there quite late that night.
225. I felt elated at first when I knew I was being moved from [FLQ]. It felt like a total weight had been lifted. I was almost manic. I was excited but also terrified at the same time. As the day went on, I ended up feeling really sad, upset and scared. I got to this new place and it was so unfamiliar. I felt like I had no-one. I felt that my friends had betrayed me. None of them had really spoken to me about what was going on. I don't think they really understood what it all meant for me. I felt that they were still painting me as an attention-seeker any time I got sad.
226. In some ways, I did still feel relieved to be away from [FLQ] but I felt a lot of guilt about it all too. Although [FLQ] had been this horrible, horrible person, and [FLR] as well, I felt that I'd maybe done the wrong thing, as even though [FLQ] did the things she did, she always painted us as a family.
227. I can't remember the woman's name who I stayed with in Cardonald. She was a respite carer, which is a sort of foster carer but not full-time. She lived in quite a big, semi-detached house [REDACTED] in Cardonald. I had never even been on that side of the city. She was quite elderly and really nice, but she was a complete stranger and it was quite awkward. I tried to talk to her, but we just weren't clicking. No-one else stayed with her. She had a son and she would talk to me about him, and there was a cat that would visit. I stayed with her for about a week. Miss Higgins was really nice to me during that time too.

228. Social work didn't really explain to me what was going to happen to me. I sussed it out from Eddie. Eddie was a terrible liar. I was always able to get things out of him that he wasn't meant to tell me. He told me I was only going to be staying in Cardonald for a wee while and that they were hoping to get somewhere for me with supported carers.
229. I was adamant that I wanted to live on my own. I had turned sixteen in [REDACTED] 2014, and I was adamant that I did not want to live with another person again. I didn't want to be around an adult again. I hated them. Every single time I had been with a carer, they had treated me badly or had done something horrible to me, and I felt like I just couldn't go through it again. Social work told me straight out that they didn't think me living on my own was a good idea, and I was very annoyed at that.
230. [REDACTED] stayed with [REDACTED] FLQ and [REDACTED] FLR for a few days after I left and then she went to live in Ayr. I went to school from the Cardonald house and I saw [REDACTED] there. [REDACTED] had been told not to speak to me. I think [REDACTED] FLQ told her that. I approached [REDACTED] in school anyway, and she started crying. She didn't know what was happening and she told me everything [REDACTED] FLQ had been saying to them. [REDACTED] FLQ had said that I was an "arsehole" and a "liar". [REDACTED] must have been going through a really hard time having to stay there.
231. [REDACTED] was crying that first day I spoke to her in school but in the days after that, before she got taken away from [REDACTED] FLQ she was raging and she blamed me and called me a liar and other nasty things. [REDACTED] FLQ manipulation was having an effect on her. All of them in [REDACTED] FLQ house hated me because it was my fault that they had to move. They didn't realise it was a blessing. I think that tiny amount of time [REDACTED] had to stay there with [REDACTED] FLQ saying stuff to her, planted a seed of doubt in [REDACTED] head which is still there to this day.

Reporting the abuse at ^{FLM/FLN} and ^{FLQ/FLR} to the police

232. Eddie reported the abuse I'd disclosed to the police, and he then arranged for me to speak to them. He took me to Baird Street police station when I was living in Cardonald.
233. The police woman I spoke with was Lorna Baillie. I don't know if she was from a specialist unit. I'm really glad I got to speak to a female officer. That was the first time I had ever spoken to anyone in such an in-depth way, the way that the police need it to be. I had told some of my friends and then Miss Higgins about ^{FLM} but not in such detail. I would have felt so uncomfortable describing that level of detail to a man, especially when it was a man who had done it to me.
234. I think the police and social work asked all the other children questions after I gave my statement, and I think that's when it came out that ^{FLM} who was fostered by ^{FLN} and ^{FLM} after me, had also been abused by ^{FLM}. To my knowledge, it wasn't as serious as what had happened to me, but it was still serious and a horrible experience for her. ^{FLM} was about eleven or twelve when she spoke to the police. She had been with ^{FLN} and ^{FLM} since she was about six or seven. She was the only one left at ^{FLN} and ^{FLM} by that point. ^{FLM} who was older than me, stayed with them for a few years and then went back to her mum.
235. I know there was a charge made against ^{FLM} after I gave my statement, but I don't know what he was charged with. I just know that ^{FLM} statement was used to corroborate mine and ^{FLM} I know about ^{FLM} giving a statement because she spoke to me after it.
236. During the period of about a year after I gave the statement, I had been asking social work what was going to happen, and they were quite evasive any time I asked for information. I was quite annoyed at the time because they hadn't explained to me what it actually meant to give a statement. I felt that they had totally thrown me into it without any sort of support. It also felt like they were working against me to try and

save themselves, because they were obviously at fault for placing me into the care of these people.

237. Social work phoned me about a year after I had given the statement and asked to meet me immediately. Eddie and [REDACTED]'s social worker picked me up in a car and told me that [FLM] had recently passed away. The police then phoned me and said that there was nothing they could do now. So nothing ever happened with anything that I tried to take forward.
238. I don't know if I remember this correctly, but I think I gave two separate statements, one about [FLM] and the other about [FLQ]. I told the police all about [FLM] and I don't remember speaking about [FLQ] in that statement. I also remember being in two different rooms in the police station, so I think I did give two separate statements. Whether it was a separate statement or not, I know that I told Lorna Baillie all about [FLQ] because I did want something to be done about her.
239. I know that the police tried to speak to [REDACTED] about [FLQ] but [REDACTED] didn't want to give a statement at that point. It was discovered that [REDACTED] had autism shortly after she was taken away from [FLQ]. I don't know if [REDACTED] said anything about [FLQ] but I know [REDACTED] who had been fostered by [FLP] did. I don't know whether the police tried to speak to [REDACTED] or [REDACTED].
240. [REDACTED] refused to speak to the police. She was sixteen or seventeen when everyone was taken away and she was able to decide whether she wanted to stay at [FLQ]. I think [FLQ] basically convinced her to stay. I managed to get it out of Eddie about a year after I left that [REDACTED] was still living there. I feel bad for her getting stuck there.
241. I never got an explanation from the police for why no charges were brought against [FLQ]. I think they said that there wasn't enough evidence.
242. The fact that nobody was prosecuted makes me feel totally invalid. These people were allowed to do what they wanted to me. They got away with it, even though I

tried really hard to do something about it. I am studying law now and it makes me so annoyed that the whole system is based on corroboration.

Life after foster care

243. I stayed with the woman in Cardonald for about a week and then I went to live in a supported carer's house in Renfrew. This was in [REDACTED] 2015. The supported carer is called [REDACTED] I am still living there now. There was another girl, [REDACTED] living at [REDACTED] when I moved in and she's also still there. She is almost twenty-one. We get on really well.
244. I moved to [REDACTED] on a voluntary basis. Once I turned sixteen, I could have gone where I wanted. I no longer had a supervision order at that point. I'm still at [REDACTED] now because it's in my best interests while I'm doing my studies.
245. [REDACTED] house is huge. I've got my own room. I didn't decorate it for ages. I didn't like living there, but I eventually thought that I needed to do something to make me want to stay, so I decorated and my room is really nice now.
246. The way it is in supported care is that you look after yourself. I had just turned sixteen when I moved in, and I had to manage my own money, do washings and a load of other stuff that had just been thrust upon me. I never had any support, even though [REDACTED] is my "supported carer". I didn't know what I was doing and [REDACTED] wasn't that supportive. I totally struggled. I was just thrown into something with no help, no guidance, no-one. When I think about it now, it seems ridiculous to me.
247. I think also that the fact social work never even tried to get me some sort of help, like counselling, when I had been through a really traumatic experience is a disgrace. I feel quite angry about it now. I'm not surprised that so many people struggle like I do. I think the mindset in social work is that they don't really think about what people in my circumstances are actually going through. It's their job, but I think they're a wee bit blind to the reality of it.

248. I had a lot of social work involvement when I first went to stay at [REDACTED] because they were trying to get me settled and there was a lot of stuff to do with the police. After that, Eddie kept in touch for a while but he left the department and I got a new social worker, Delia Ruiz Glen. Delia was okay at keeping in touch, but I didn't have a particularly good relationship with her for a whole multitude of reasons.
249. Delia was a nice lady, but she said to me that I was just to get over what happened to me, and I told her to "fuck off". I ended up with a new social worker, who went off on long-term sick, and I then got another worker called Vonnie. I met her in January this year but haven't seen her since. I asked for a meeting at the beginning of June and it's due to take place this month.
250. I still don't particularly like living at [REDACTED]. She is a nice woman, but she doesn't want any sort of connection with me. I'm just a job to her. It's always been that way. It's not nice to come home and nobody cares about how your day has gone, and [REDACTED] doesn't understand what her attitude does to me.
251. A lot of [REDACTED] views align with social works' and are really counter-productive to my progress. Some really serious stuff has happened to me while I've been living there and she's fed it back to social work. I feel that this is a complete breach of my trust. Her argument is that she works for the social work so it's her job to do that, but my view is that these things were not for her to disclose.
252. I only really got used to living at [REDACTED] this year, and I've been there since 2015. I struggled with lots of things, like when to do washings and even when to wash. In [REDACTED] FLQ [REDACTED] we were only allowed to wash once a week. It has taken all this time to figure out what I'm actually meant to be doing. I have it figured out now and I feel much better in my own self. But it's embarrassing to have to acknowledge that I didn't know how to do the most basic things.

School

253. The support I got from my school was very short-lived. When I went back after I left **FLQ** I still wasn't alright. I wasn't suicidal any more, but I was still really struggling. Because I was no longer in the state I'd been in, there was then a lot of pressure from Miss Higgins and all the other teachers to focus on my education. There was no chance I was going to be able to do that. I felt that the school should have sent some sort of special notification to SQA about my exams, but they said my circumstances didn't merit it because they were "ongoing".
254. Not only was I not mentally able to focus on my education, one of the biggest issues I had was the fact that I had to travel from Renfrew to Springburn every day. I know it sounds like nothing but this was huge. I had to get up every morning at about five thirty to travel to school on a bus for two hours. I was struggling to do that along with all the other things that had been thrust upon me. School just wasn't my priority.
255. I made the decision to stay at All Saints when I moved to Renfrew, but it annoys me that I was placed so far away from my school. I did have the option to move school and that's what social work wanted for me, but I felt that I'd already lost so much in such a short period of time and all I had left were my friends. I was just trying to cling on to what I had. I don't think it was fair of social work to expect me to move.
256. I am still annoyed about it now because I think it was a money issue and it completely screwed up my exams. Another girl, who was older than me, moved into **██████████** for a while and she got taxis to her school, which was in Pollok or Shawlands. I don't know why they couldn't organise that for me. I am very academic and can do well in exams, but if the conditions aren't right, it's not going to happen.
257. I ended up sitting three Highers the year I moved to **██████████**, instead of the five I'd planned to sit. I sat English, French and Chemistry. I got a 'C' in English and failed everything else. That broke me. I was totally distraught.

258. I did the same five Highers again in sixth year, except I did PE instead of maths, but I still had the same pressure of travelling to school and managing everything else. It was a horrible time. I was trying so hard to get to university and prove everybody wrong, but I ended up leaving school with an 'A' in English and a 'B' in PE. The proving everybody wrong thing is a big theme for people who've been in care, especially if you've been through the kind of experiences I have. When you can't do it, it's the worst feeling ever.

Employment

259. I ended up leaving school and didn't have anything planned. I just applied for whatever job I could get. I tried every fast food place I could think of and I started working in McDonalds. I hated McDonalds and knew I wanted to do something else. I then started volunteering with Who Cares. I think [REDACTED] suggested this to me. The woman who was the volunteer coordinator in Who Cares then told me to apply for an [REDACTED] job that was coming up.

260. There were about five [REDACTED] roles and I applied for all of them. I had to explain in the interview why I thought I could do all five. I ended up picking [REDACTED] because I had to do a presentation on this topic and I felt like I had learned a lot about it and there were lots of aspects to it.

261. There are numerous corporate parents. These are institutions and government bodies that have a legal responsibility towards people in care. My job is to assist with [REDACTED]. We go and speak to them about the statistics for care-experienced people, what the corporate parents should be doing, and what they could do better. Basically, [REDACTED] tells the organisations about the human side of things, rather than just talking to them about the legal policy side.

262. I've been doing this job for almost two years. I enjoy it but I think I do too much story work, which involves talking about my own experiences in care. For example, if I was involved in training a college or university, I would tell them about my own

educational experience and ask them to think about how they could do things differently. More recently, I haven't been too keen to speak about my own life. This is too serious for me to be used as a sort of training aid. This is quite controversial within the organisation, so that's not something that I've really voiced.

Further education

263. I couldn't get into university when I left school. I did have an offer to do law at Glasgow City College, but I didn't really know what I wanted to do and I declined the offer. I panicked and didn't really have anybody to talk to about my options. I applied to do social work instead. I'm so glad now that I never got onto the course.
264. Miss Higgins wasn't supportive at all at this stage. When I talked to her about wanting to go to university, she suggested to me that I should try and go to Napier, like I was to set myself a low standard. I was annoyed and offended by that. I couldn't speak to [REDACTED] about my options because she doesn't really understand things to do with education.
265. I always knew that I would go back to education, and I applied again last year to do law at Glasgow City College and got rejected. I had been to a board training session while my application was being processed, and the Principal of the college was at the training and basically said that I would get in. I was so optimistic about getting a place and then I got rejected. I was heartbroken and cried for ages. I didn't know what to do. I was ready for leaving the country and going off to be an au-pair.
266. I then went into [REDACTED] to talk to them about what I could do about it. I wanted to know if the college as a corporate parent had made any sort of pledge. I found out that we were going to be doing a training session with them, so we made a plan to get me a place.
267. I did the training session and told them about the rejection and they then offered me an interview, after which I got a place. I think I would have got in anyway, but they probably didn't want to be seen to be offering me a place on the spot. I started last

August. It's a two-year course and then I'll go on to university. Some of the universities allow you into 2nd year of the law degree with the college qualification. I want to go to Glasgow University because of its reputation in law and the fact that it's the only one that presently has lowered entry requirements for college applicants who are care-experienced. I know this through my [REDACTED] work. The other universities will implement the lowered entry requirements next year, I think.

268. I got an 'A' in my college graded unit, which is basically my end of year exam. It was a long case study covering various law topics. I've studied criminal law, family law, succession, property, delict and commercial law. I think I enjoyed commercial law the most. I enjoyed learning about the contracts. I also liked delict. I hated property law and succession. In my exam, I had to identify what kind of law applied and demonstrate knowledge of all the case law and statutes behind it. This is another example of what it's like living with [REDACTED]. When I told her I got an 'A', it just felt like I was in the same situation I'd been in with [REDACTED] FLQ. I still feel like no-one gets it or cares, even my family. It's really frustrating, but I'm not doing it for anyone else. I'm doing it for myself.

Impact

269. There has been no positive impact on me from my time in care. It has all been bad.
270. I have already spoken about the immediate impact on my mental health. When I was showing clear signs of mental health issues as a young child, that should have been followed up by either [REDACTED] FLN or the social worker Andrea. They both had responsibility to get me help, but from what I've been told, each of them thought it was the other's responsibility and no-one did anything.
271. I get so many flashbacks and have these really intense dreams. I've dreamt that [REDACTED] FLQ stabbed me in the chest. To me it's so real. Not long ago, I dreamt that [REDACTED] FLM was coming into my room to rape me. I don't think this is something that counselling is going to help me with.

272. I think I have come to terms with what I've been through, but the fact that no-one was prosecuted is something that I have not come to terms with. It makes me so upset and frustrated that nothing happened. I actually feel distraught about it.
273. I think the biggest impact I have to deal with is that I am accused of being a liar by the other girls who were fostered. Some of them say things about me on Facebook. I know that I'm not lying, but it's still hard for me to deal with. It makes me second-guess myself, when I shouldn't be.
274. My relationship with [REDACTED] has been badly affected. This is something I am still trying to deal with. Basically, she has never really believed me about FLM [REDACTED]. She has called me a liar and lots of other horrible, hurtful things. When FLM [REDACTED] died she posted [REDACTED] on Facebook. [REDACTED] shared it on Facebook and sent it to me. I don't have a relationship with her at all now. I haven't spoken to her for over a year.
275. I feel scared when I'm out because there have been times when I've bumped into FLQ [REDACTED] and FLN [REDACTED] and that's sent me into a total spiral. I'm not able to deal with it. It's terrifying. I've seen them quite a few times. I bumped into them when I was down visiting [REDACTED] when she lived in Ayr. [REDACTED] stopped to have a conversation with them. I used to see FLQ [REDACTED] in Asda when I was at school, and I saw FLP [REDACTED] recently in Primark in town. It feels like I won't ever get away from them. I know that I need to try to work on becoming more comfortable in these situations. I saw FLP [REDACTED] only about a month ago, and I panicked initially. Then I realised that he probably wouldn't notice me and I just kind of walked past him. I also saw [REDACTED] recently and I panicked again.
276. Having to live in that house with FLQ [REDACTED] and FLR [REDACTED] affected my ability to learn at school. I didn't even want to go to school towards the end of my time there. Education was not at the top of my priority list.

277. When I left FLQ I had no-one so I got into loads of relationships as some sort of support. I ended up being in really unhealthy relationships. It was horrible. I knew why I was doing it, but I didn't care. This is something that has continued to this day, and I don't know how to deal with it. I broke up with my boyfriend recently because I was so aware of this, and I wanted to make sure that I wasn't just with him because I was lonely or for some other wrong reason. Once I realised that that wasn't the case, we got back together. But I am still conscious and worried that this is a big factor when I form relationships. I don't really understand what love is either. It's just not right.
278. I definitely think my experiences in care have had a long-lasting impact on me and I don't think I'll ever get over it, especially since I can't access the stuff that I need to get better.

Treatment and support

279. I've tried counselling, self-help and all sorts of things. I've tried CAMHS twice, Lifelink, Women and Children First, Quarriers and none of it has worked. No-one so far has been of any assistance. I've only just finished counselling from Quarriers. I don't think counselling is what I need. I think I need something better. I don't know what I need. I just know that I need something.
280. I spoke to all the counsellors about the abuse, but to them it doesn't seem like such a big thing. They don't seem to understand the effect on me. It is so frustrating. Not that long ago I felt like I needed to do something really drastic to get the help I needed. I felt like I needed to take an attempt on my life, even though I am not suicidal. That's how desperate I felt. This was a few months ago.
281. I have my friends and to talk to when I feel this way. I've spoken to about the abuse. He's had similar experiences. I tell him what I'm thinking and feeling. He's always there for me. He tries to help me as much as he can, even if he doesn't fully understand me. We're both nineteen.

282. I wouldn't speak to [REDACTED] about it. [REDACTED] knows about the abuse, but she makes jokes about self-harming now. She thinks it's alright now because I don't do it any more, but I don't think her comments are appropriate.

Records

283. I have read my records. They're with my lawyer now. The first time I got to read them was when I had just moved into [REDACTED]. Eddie got them and gave them to me to read. He left me in the room and said he was there if I needed him. I wanted to read them on my own. I was raging when I read them. And I felt embarrassed to read people's opinion of me as a little girl. It's ridiculous how people will paint you to try and get away with their own crimes.
284. A lot the stuff in the records is bullshit. It says in the records that I put shit on the walls on one occasion when I was living with [REDACTED] FLN [REDACTED]. This is a scandalous lie. I have never done that. This is in keeping with this common theme that [REDACTED] and I were dirty. I just don't understand it.
285. The records also say that I was quite cheeky, not nice, loud and attention-seeking, and [REDACTED] was the opposite. It's also in the records that I am a liar. All this information has obviously come from [REDACTED] FLQ [REDACTED] who is the perpetrator. So, the situation is that what's on record is [REDACTED] FLQ [REDACTED] version of events, not mine, and everyone will think that that's the truth. When my legal case is raised, what [REDACTED] FLQ [REDACTED] has said will seem like a factual record, but the reality is that I never got the chance for my version of events to be put on record. This makes me so angry. I feel like I have nothing to support my version of events. This is one of the reasons why the Inquiry is so important to me, because I have nothing that is the actual truth.

Other action taken

286. I tried to do something in the civil courts when I realised that I couldn't do anything in the criminal courts. This was about a year ago. I got in touch with [REDACTED] [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] and all of them were up for helping initially but basically they're not any more. [REDACTED] has disowned me, [REDACTED] and her sister have given me abuse on Facebook, and [REDACTED] is ignoring me but has posted statuses on Facebook which make it clear that she's not going to help me.
287. I went to see a solicitor, Kevin Pike from Livingstone Brown, for advice on what to do, and he said that I should be raising an action against the council. He has been helpful in showing me the direction I should be going in. I am going to pursue this because I feel like I have been robbed of justice, and I don't think it's fair that I should just continue with my life without it even being acknowledged that what I'm saying is true. I think for my own closure, I am going to continue as far as I can.
288. What I'm worried about now is that I don't have any witnesses to help me. I've been told that they need a social work expert to decide whether or not it's true and they usually work on the basis of witness statements. I don't have any, so I feel that this isn't going to go anywhere and there's maybe no point in trying. I just feel so frustrated.
289. This is another reason I wanted to speak to the Inquiry. I think if I can't get any closure, then I should try and at least feed into something bigger. It might not happen for me, but it's a way for me to try and help others. I also think it will be good for me to have a written statement that I've had some control over.
290. I went to a lawyer when I was about sixteen or seventeen to try and do something about my case. I gave him my social work records and he knew what I wanted, but he just applied for Criminal Injuries. It took him almost two years to do it. I didn't really know what he was doing but towards the end he told me he'd applied for Criminal Injuries and that basically was all that he was doing. This was in regard to the abuse by [REDACTED] FLM but he never applied for psychological harm. I was awarded

£5000 and the lawyer took a fee of about £1200 from it. He never applied for legal aid or told me anything about it. I don't know if what he did was right or wrong, but I'm quite annoyed about it now and I think it was morally wrong.

Lessons learned

291. I think in terms of improving safety for children in care, the building blocks need to be put in place so there's the opportunity for children to tell social workers what's happening to them. They can't just show up and expect someone to disclose their whole life to them, especially when they've suffered something as serious and terrifying as abuse.
292. As well as creating opportunities for children to speak, I think social workers should keep a closer eye on the children and carers. In my case, it wasn't hard to see. **FLQ** didn't even wash, and we never touched her. They need to visit the children more often. If they only visit for an hour every so often, then it's easy to convince them that everything is fine. The children won't know them well enough to confide in them and the carer can easily convince them that everything's good. They need to look at things with a more critical eye when they visit. Children can act as if everything's fine if you only see them for a short period of time, but if they're seen more often they won't be able to keep the act up.
293. I think social workers should be better trained to look for signs of abuse, like the police are learning now. I was chronically sad. Young people shouldn't be sad, and if they are, that is a clear warning sign.
294. The social work visits to **FLQ** were always pre-arranged. No-one ever just turned up. I always knew when they were coming and the house was always cleaned. As far as I know, the only checks done on foster carers are the PVG checks. I don't know about the logistics for this, but I wonder if there could be more in-depth checking of foster carers, even when there are no suspicions. I'm thinking that we could have something like the Care Inspectorate just showing up at people's houses.

I think this would help to protect kids a bit better. They'd get a more realistic picture of how people are living if they did that. If the carers tried to shut the door on them and not let them in, they would then know something was up.

295. I think also that when someone makes an allegation about a carer, at the very least no other child should be around that person. I don't understand how the decision for us to go and live with **FLQ** was even an option. There was still an element of risk there, so it seems ridiculous to me that it was even considered.
296. I think social work should find ways of trying to help and be inconspicuous when children tell them things about their carer. I was afraid of the consequences when I told Miss Higgins and then I refused to tell Eddie when he was brought in. I had done my research and I knew if I said anything, they had a duty to act. If they were able to reassure a child that they were not going to say anything to the perpetrator, then it would be easier to tell them what's going on. I still feel this way now living in supported care. There is no opportunity to say how I really feel because all the information is always shared. I feel that I can't disclose anything or even say anything negative.
297. I hope that everything is made public by the Inquiry, as there needs to be more awareness of the number of people that have suffered abuse. I want people to know that this is rife. I want the Inquiry's report to inspire change in social work for children in care. I don't know how the Inquiry feeds into the Care Review, but I hope there's collaboration so that there's a better chance of change happening.

298. I don't have all the answers on how to improve things, I just know that a lot needs to change.

299. 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... 

Dated... 19/11/18