

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

FNG

Support person present: No

1. My name is FNG FNG is my married name. The surname on my birth certificate is FNG I was also known as FNG which was used by my foster parents. My date of birth is 1980. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

Life before going into care

2. I was born in Perth. My birth certificate provides my mother's name and the name of her husband at the time, but he wasn't my birth father. My mother's name is which is her maiden name. When I was born she was known as She was also known as which was another married name.
3. My mum was placed into care when she was fourteen. She found her mum dead behind the door when she came home from school one day. The relationship with her dad broke down quite quickly. He remarried and my mum ended up in care home in Aberdeen called St. Clair's. She ended up being a waif and stray around Perth.
4. I have thirteen brothers and sisters that my mother carried and birthed, according to a piece of paper that I was given by my foster mum. As far as I'm aware, there are only two siblings who have the same dad, and The oldest sibling is who was born in 1976. My mum would have been about seventeen when she had her. 's surname would have been at first, but she took on the name

██████████ which was the name of her foster parents in ██████████. She was in and out of care quite a lot, especially before my birth. Then there's ██████████ who was born in 1977, and ██████████ born in 1978. I was born in 1980. ██████████ known as ██████████ was born in 1983. His dad was from Saudi Arabia. His surname was ██████████. He was adopted along with ██████████ who was born in 1985 or 1986, but only for about six years before ██████████ ended up back in care. There is then ██████████ who was born in 1989. ██████████ was born in 1990. ██████████ later became known as ██████████. She and ██████████ were adopted together. There are then three more siblings, but I don't know their names, dates of births or genders. I believe one of them is called ██████████ and was born in 1992, but I don't have full confirmation of that yet. I still haven't managed to find any still births or anything like that. All of my siblings have been placed in care, short term foster care, long term foster care or adoption.

5. I was in care before I went to the FNU-FNK ██████████, but I was too young to remember it. I have learned things through my written paperwork. I was first placed in care when I was two weeks old. I was in Nimmo Place as a young child. It was a residential children's home in Perth. I don't have any recollection of being there. I was there for a few weeks, then returned to my mum. I spent time at Nimmo Place, then was returned to my mum on and off for at least eight months. I find it quite hard to call her my mum, but she used the social services at her own disposal. Prior to my birth, there were situations where my older sister, ██████████, was entered in and out of foster care. When I was born, I was considered to be at risk. ██████████ was entered into care in ██████████ 1980 and I was born on ██████████ 1980.
6. Based on my paperwork, ██████████ was released from the hospital with me and had me for 28 days, I think. ██████████ was then returned to her. My first question is why, if she couldn't cope with one child, was she left with a new baby and a three or four year old? Time and time again, I can't understand from the minute my mother gave birth to me in the hospital that she was allowed to leave. She had admitted to abuse, she had admitted that she couldn't cope with the three children she'd had previously. Why then put me in that situation, where I was at risk?

7. My mother was putting whisky in my bottle. When I was taken into care for the second time, they took me and my bottle was half whisky and half milk and that was to get me to sleep. Another thing that I learned from my paperwork was that [REDACTED] my mother was arrested when I was a baby. Two young boys, aged ten, phoned the social work department at Rosslyn House to say that they'd been left with me. The social work told them to bring me down. That's all recorded. Being the curious person that I am, I want to find those two boys. If it wasn't for the shame factor, I'd put it on social media. I want to know who these two boys are and what happened.

8. There are certain things that stick in my mind from before the age of eighteen months. I remember quite vividly sitting in a room with a big fire place. I remember the wallpaper and the dirty carpet. I now know that is the flat at [REDACTED] Muirton. I was born and put back there with [REDACTED] She had an alcohol problem, but I don't have many recollections of her.

9. [REDACTED] was in the flat at [REDACTED] as well, along with other people who were in and out of the house. I know from speaking to people and from my notes that [REDACTED] was a block of flats with four flats in it. The [REDACTED] family stayed on the other side, the [REDACTED] family up above and the [REDACTED] stayed on the other side from the [REDACTED] I've spoken to the [REDACTED] and their daughters as an adult. They were an older couple who had older kids themselves. They told me that [REDACTED] would ask them to look after me for twenty minutes whilst she went to the shop, then disappear for days. They would contact the social work department and I would go to Nimmo Avenue or wherever.

10. I spent a lot of time with the [REDACTED] who were alcoholics and drug addicts as well. [REDACTED] my mother would disappear. She would lock the bedroom door, leave us in the back bedroom and go out. She also let young ones come in and babysit. I have some memories of the back bedroom and lots and lots of screaming. The memories aren't so much of me screaming, but of [REDACTED] The memories are very hazy. The [REDACTED] put in quite a few reports to the social work department about [REDACTED]'s neglect.

11. It's documented that our mother neglected us and didn't look after us and that there were cigarette burns on me and [REDACTED] I don't have any recollection of that. Another occasion document in my notes is from before I went into foster care with Mr and Mrs [REDACTED] My mum left me outside the pub. The police came and told her to take me and leave. She walked round the block, parked me outside the pub and went back in. After that, she was arrested and I was taken to Nimmo Place. She was released the next day and I was returned to her. I'm too young to have any memory of that occasion.
12. I don't know why I kept getting put back to my mother. They were trying to establish a relationship, but she'd had three children previously. She had been charged with abuse against me. She was charged for leaving me outside the pub. She was charged on two separate occasions with contravening the Children and Young Persons Act. She was given community service for one of those incidents, but I don't know what happened the second time. She openly admitted to Mr Hanlon, the child protection officer, that she had glue sniffers in the house and she could not secure the safety of me or [REDACTED] Why did we keep going back to her?
13. It wasn't just one child. When [REDACTED] went into care at the age of four, she was severely malnourished. I'll never forget a picture of [REDACTED] I received from her adoptive foster family. She's four years old and she's standing on a door step. It's a haunting picture. She's white as white can be and she has dark circles under her eyes. She really does look like an abused child. I'm quite glad I don't have any memories of being with my mother [REDACTED] [REDACTED] was a disturbed young woman when I met her in later life.
14. My mum used the social work department as a babysitting service. If she wanted to go out, she'd just dump me. The social work department actually allowed that. She would pick me up the next day, like a babysitting service. It's all recorded in my paperwork. I find that bizarre. I was going back and forward to my mother. She would click her fingers and say that she wanted me back, she was going to try, she was going to make an effort. That features throughout my paperwork. If she fancied a night out, a weekend away or she picked up somebody, the kids just got dumped and dropped.

15. It had been going on before I was born. [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] were in care. The relationship my mother had with their father revolved around alcohol and my mother would disappear. For years, it was thought that my father was from London because she'd disappeared to London to have an affair. She prostituted herself. She would be there one minute and away the next minute. She spent her wedding night with somebody else. She was very promiscuous. The social work department knew all this. She was very open about what she did. She didn't have any filter. It's written in my records in 1983 that I had attachment crisis disorder and no wonder. I was like a yo-yo.

Mr and Mrs [REDACTED] Perthshire

16. I was with foster parents in [REDACTED] which is just outside Perth towards Dundee. The foster parents were called Mr and Mrs [REDACTED] I was with them from the age of eight months until [REDACTED] 1981. They knew me as [REDACTED] and they didn't know my last name. My notes from that time refer to somebody called Mr Flanagan being involved whilst I was at Mr and Mrs [REDACTED] I presume he was a child protection officer. He's also mentioned in [REDACTED]'s paperwork as well. He was still with me when I went to Mr and Mrs [REDACTED] FNJ-FNK
17. Last year, I met my mother's half-sister, [REDACTED] Through talking, I told her about the paperwork that I had, the piece of paper from my foster mum and [REDACTED]'s adoption file. I gave her both bits. I took one bit of paperwork back and it stated Mr and Mrs [REDACTED] address. [REDACTED] is a small place, the type of place you're born in and you live there all your life. Perth is a small place as well and I know a [REDACTED] who lives in [REDACTED] When I saw the address, [REDACTED] I realised that Mr and Mrs [REDACTED] were my friend [REDACTED] mum and dad. I had known [REDACTED] as a teenager. My husband told me to phone him. I phoned him and he said that his mum and dad did foster. He said, "Are you the young lassie that they were going to adopt?" I said I didn't know, but I wanted to speak to them.
18. Mr [REDACTED] had unfortunately died. Mrs [REDACTED] was a lovely woman, really soft and gentle. She didn't come across as somebody who would lie. She said that everything

was fine. I fitted into their family. They had four boys so I was the only girl. She said that I was an outdoorsy kid, which fits into my persona. I love the countryside. She told me that my mum came to visit once, stayed twenty minutes and that was that. They were going to adopt me and had gone through all the paperwork. It was being signed, sealed and delivered. Social work phoned her and asked her to bring me in to fill out the last bits of paperwork.

19. Mrs [REDACTED] said it was full steam ahead, I was going to be theirs. She brought me to Perth on the bus. The social work gave her a lift home. They stopped outside the Isle of Skye Hotel on the Dundee Road, pushed her out the car and she never saw me again. She said that she walked from the Isle of Skye Hotel to [REDACTED] that day and has no recollection of anything because she was sobbing her eyes out. She gave up fostering after that. She was never given any explanation. When I read through the paperwork, it states that there is an undisclosed reason for why I was withdrawn from their care.
20. Mrs [REDACTED] told me that I was with them for about eighteen months. I was calling her mum. I saw her sons as brothers. They lived on a farm and I loved playing outdoors. I was away from [REDACTED] and the reports stated that I was well, I was thriving and my speech had come on. The reports also indicated that I had started to call Mrs [REDACTED] mum, but it wasn't through any fault of hers. It was a natural bond and relationship that had formed. They also stated that I was fitting in well with the boys and I was boisterous. It was all very positive and then suddenly, that was it.

Mr and Mrs [REDACTED] [REDACTED] Perthshire

21. Mrs [REDACTED] told me that she found out about a month and a half later I had ended up in foster care after two weeks. Initially, I had been returned to [REDACTED]'s care. She told me that I then stayed with a foster family in [REDACTED] which accords with my paperwork. I stayed with Mr and Mrs [REDACTED] in [REDACTED]. They were an older couple in their sixties. Mrs [REDACTED] said that I was there for a month, six weeks at most, before they had to hand me back because their son was jealous. I was told that

throughout my childhood and it also matches up with my paperwork. I don't have any memories of being there.

Murray Royal Hospital, Perth

22. My paperwork states that I was then entered into Murray Royal Hospital after being at the [REDACTED]. Murray Royal Hospital is a psychiatric unit in Perth and I was placed there with [REDACTED] my mother. I don't know where my sister, [REDACTED] was at that time. According to my records, [REDACTED] had signed a contract to say that she would look after me. I stayed there for about six weeks, but [REDACTED] wasn't looking after me. The other patients were looking after me.

23. I don't even want to think what happened in there. I don't have any memories of being at Murray Royal, but I've always been drawn to the place, even as a young child. When I used to disappear as a child, Murray Royal was the first place that I went. I've spoken to my friend, [REDACTED] who worked in arrest referrals and with the social work department. He said it's not normal for a child my age to be placed in psychiatric hospital and that the social work department should be held responsible. I suppose I want some answers. Was this the norm?

24. The paperwork from the time contains a psychological report about my mother. It states that she was selfish, she was manipulative and that she did things to suit her own needs. Because [REDACTED] wasn't looking after me, I was placed with Mr and Mrs FNJ-FNK whilst [REDACTED] stayed in the hospital. Mr and Mrs FNJ-FNK lived just across the water from the hospital, about a ten minute walk away. The reason I was placed with Mr and Mrs FNJ-FNK was so that [REDACTED] could walk round and visit me. It was supposed to be on a short term basis. I think there might have been a period when I was placed back at Nimmo Place between the hospital and Mr and Mrs FNJ-FNK but I haven't had that confirmed. It's very hard to read the bits of paperwork and get them in order.

25. In 1981, I was placed with foster parents who decided to go on holiday. I learned from my paperwork that they admitted me into hospital and just left me. [REDACTED] was visiting me in the hospital, but the hospital asked her to stop visiting because it was disturbing me. The next thing written in my paperwork is that Tayside Police contacted the head of social work at Rosslyn House. They had been unable to contact a guardian in any way and I needed emergency surgery. The social worker had to come out to the hospital to give her signature, consenting to surgery. I had a wound on my arm that had septicaemia. I find it really bizarre that I was just dumped in a hospital.

Mr and Mrs [REDACTED] **Perth**

26. My records state that I was placed in the care of [REDACTED] on [REDACTED] 1981. Mr and Mrs [REDACTED] told me that because apparently I was Mr [REDACTED] birthday present. Perth and Kinross Council became my legal guardians in 1984. I remained with the [REDACTED] on and off until the age of sixteen. Because the relationship there was volatile, I still went to other places whilst I was there. As a teenager, I was back and forward to various different places.
27. The house was a tall town house. On the ground floor, you went in the front door and there was a bedroom on the right hand side. There was an open stairwell and then there was the kitchen. The kitchen had a fire door that swung shut. There was a very small, concrete back garden, which was fenced in. As you went up the stairs, there was a small landing with a small table, picture and plant on it. As you went up the stairs, there was a pull-shut wardrobe. It had pipes running up the back of it. It was quite a scary cupboard. The living room was off to the right hand side. There was then a bathroom and what became my bedroom in my later years. There was another staircase going up with two bedrooms at the top. Mr and Mrs [REDACTED] room was there. The other room there was [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] when I first moved in and then it became [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. When they went to boarding school, it was just used as a storage room.

28. Mr and Mrs FNJ-FNK always looked old to me. I remember my foster mum showing me a picture of her when she was young and she just looked like Myra Hindley. I couldn't get over how young she looked because she always looked the same. If you imagine Mrs Doubtfire's face but with Madonna's triangular bra. She never changed. She always looked old. My friends at school had younger mums, but my mum always seemed old. Mr and Mrs FNJ-FNK must have been in their late thirties, early forties when they fostered me.
29. Mrs FNJ had two older daughters from her first marriage. She had been married to a soldier but he died in Germany. She came back to Scotland and married FNK who adopted [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. They went on to have two children themselves, [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. When I first went to the FNJ-FNK [REDACTED] was still in the house. She is eleven years older than me and [REDACTED] is about thirteen years older than me. [REDACTED] was probably on the cusp of leaving. [REDACTED] is about seven years older than me and [REDACTED] about three years older than me. [REDACTED] was born with a severe cleft lip and palate. We all refer to him as the golden child. He is the most arrogant person you could meet. He was only in the house until I was about ten, when he was shipped off to boarding school. [REDACTED] also went to a different boarding school.
30. The FNJ-FNK had fostered before, but when I was there they also fostered [REDACTED]. His surname was [REDACTED] but he went by [REDACTED]. He was a couple of years older than I am. He was roughly the same age as [REDACTED] but he regressed in behaviour. I always remember [REDACTED] being there, until he got moved out of the house in my teenage years.
31. When I was about six or seven, Mrs FNJ became a childminder and she would work solely from home. In the summer, we'd go down to the Inch and things like that. She had lots of different kids over the years from around seven in the morning until six at night. She would maybe have two younger ones, under the age of two, and a nursery age child and at one point she had three kids after school. That chopped and changed because she did it for a long time. Looking back, I can see that there were kids that she liked and kids that she wasn't so keen on. She only stopped doing it when you were required to have your SVQ, which I think was in 1997 or 1998. She retired

and Mr FNK continued to work. He worked at from a very young age. I don't remember him working anywhere else. He worked normal nine till five hours and then came in around half six after he'd had his wee dram.

Routine at the FNJ-FNK

Early memories

32. My earliest memory is from I was eighteen months old and I was at Mr and Mrs FNJ-FNK I remember it as clear as day. I remember sitting under the kitchen table. It was a round kitchen table with four legs. my foster mum's sister, was there. She looked really like my foster mum, but she was a taller version. They both had black, short, beehive style hair, curly at the top. was trying to get me to come out from under the kitchen table. She had a pair of green and orange, plastic, clip-on earrings. She was trying to give me them but I wouldn't come out from under the table. She told me she was going to give them to the boy next door. I remember it clear as day.
33. In recent years, I asked about it and she said my memory was right and that she'd been to a Christmas party that day. Mrs FNJ also confirmed that happened on a settling in visit. I've spoken to my psychologist about it. He said that it had a big impact because it was a major change in my life. Now that I've gone back and read the paperwork, it answers a lot of questions for me. I had been in a settled environment and I was taken away from it.
34. Another memory that sticks out is of being upstairs in the bedroom and the kids being round me. They were saying that I was different.

Mornings and bedtime

35. There were four bedrooms in the house. When I first went there, I slept at the bottom of Mr and Mrs FNJ-FNK bedroom. You went into the bedroom and it was square.

Down at one side, there was a slope where the ceiling graduated down and my bed fitted under that slope. There was a screen. I had a normal, basic, pine type bed. I remember my green, white and navy striped terry towelling pyjamas.

36. I wet the bed a lot. I remember that I had a plastic sheet because I floated in it. I remember getting into trouble for that a lot as a kid. I remember getting up in the middle of the night so the sheets could be changed and being shouted at. I was maybe ridiculed slightly in front of the other kids. Mr and Mrs FNJ-FNK would both say things like, "Oh, you pee yourself. You're just a baby." They were very strict and they could be quite derogatory. At one point, I think Mrs FNJ put me in pull-ups but I don't think that lasted very long. I remember wetting the bed until I was seven or eight years old.
37. I slept in the Mr and Mrs FNJ-FNK bedroom until [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] moved out. I remember vividly [REDACTED] moving out. I then got the bedroom down the stairs. [REDACTED] had the bedroom on the ground floor and [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] shared a room because they were siblings. It was a normal routine in the morning. We'd get up, get read, brush our hair and go to school.
38. I remember getting a new bed. The social work department paid for it. They paid for everything. It was a futon that folded down. My room was so small that when you folded it down, you couldn't open the door. Anything that was ever needed, the social work department were asked for it.

Mealtimes / Food

39. We were always fed. We all ate together, when the boys were at home. [REDACTED] and I were never distinguished from the rest of the kids at meal times. The FNJ-FNK always cooked meals. There was no neglect on that side of things. I was a really picky eater. I lived off macaroni. If we didn't eat what was put down in front of us, we would be made to eat it. Whether that be for supper or the next day, we would eat that meal. We ate at one of those folding tables. I got quite handy at stashing food under the table. I was caught out because when the table got folded out for Christmas or a

special occasion, there would be bits of potato and things falling out. I got into so much bother for it. I got the slipper a few times from Mr FNK for stashing food.

40. I can't eat anything green to this day because of an incident with pea soup when I was about six. Mrs FNJ bought a carton of pea and ham soup. and I were sitting down at the table. I think ate it but and I didn't. We moaned about it and said it looked disgusting, like typical kids. She made us eat that pea soup cold. I wouldn't class that as abuse. I would just say that she was really strict, but it has had a lasting effect on me. I've never put a pea in my mouth since. I do not eat anything green, apart from a green apple.

Washing / bathing

41. Washing was just normal. We were kept clean and we were looked after. We got haircuts. Mrs FNJ definitely had us looking presentable.

Clothing / uniform

42. We always had our best clothes on to go to the church on a Sunday. Mrs FNJ had the fear of God that anybody would make a comment so we were never out of place. To this day, I still have to put a frock on to go to the theatre because it's been drilled into me. I'm always colour co-ordinated. There are a lot of things drummed into me because of the way that Mrs FNJ was. I still question whether she might have been on the spectrum, just with the routine, the way that she lived her life and the coldness.
43. Mrs FNJ liked Laura Ashley clothes. I looked like I was dressed in the drapes half the time. I would get second hand clothes from her friend. I can laugh about these things now, but she wasn't bang with the trends and a young, funky mum.

School/nursery

44. Before school, Mr and Mrs FNJ-FNK got me enrolled in a day centre for underprivileged children. [REDACTED] went to that nursery as well, but I have no recollection of [REDACTED] being there. It was called Florence Day Centre and then it moved to become Carnegie Place Day Centre. It was attached to the social work department. There's still something like that in Perth, in the same place. It's for kids at risk and there's a community wing where you can get access to services. I was picked up by the Women's Royal Voluntary Service minibus and taken home by it. Mrs FNJ [REDACTED] had all the quirks paid for. I then went to Crieff Road Nursery. [REDACTED] went to a private nursery at Rose Terrace. It was just the foster kids that went to Florence, Carnegie Place and Crieff Road nurseries.
45. [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] had started off at St. Ninian's Primary School. When I started primary one, they moved to St. John's Primary School and I started there as well. It was a Roman Catholic school. It was just over a crossing and round the corner. Mrs FNJ [REDACTED] took me for a period of time, but I think after about primary two or primary three, we were left to go ourselves. I had school dinners or a packed lunch at school. After school, we did our homework.
46. I had a teacher in primary five called Mrs [REDACTED]. She was a nasty teacher. She was always shouting. I had suede lace-up shoes with flimsy little laces. They would come off at the back and slip when I walked. Because my shoes came off my feet, she took them off me one day and threw them out of the window. There was a skip outside. I had to go outside in the snow to get my shoes and climb into the skip. I went home and told Mrs FNJ [REDACTED]. I was withdrawn from the school straight away. That was that, I never went back to St. John's. I never even got to say goodbye to anybody. I think I was out of school for a couple of weeks until they got me into Viewlands Primary School.
47. I quite liked Viewlands. I was at school with a good group of people. I had a teacher called Mr Martin Bates. He was mad about buses. Now I look at it, he was definitely Aspergers. He was your typical train spotter, but I really liked him. I really got on with

him in that he was strict but fair. I had Mrs Brockbank in primary seven. I didn't really like her, but the trip to York was good. We went there on a school trip. I love York and have been there several times. That was definitely a good period.

48. I had low concentration and I was hyperactive. I was good at most subjects up until primary five. That's when things started to spiral and Mrs FNJ started looking into psychologists and things like that. About half way through primary six, the start of primary seven, I was given a diagnosis of Attention Deficit Hyperactivity Disorder (ADHD). Mrs FNJ had to push because at that time, Ritalin wasn't so readily available. I remember that because I sat in all the appointments.
49. I stayed at Viewlands Primary School until I went to Perth Academy. It wasn't so good there. I do recall having a few issues with the maths teacher there. She stuck me at the back of the class and I couldn't see the board, then she would shout at me for not being able to see. I was really short sighted. Mrs FNJ withdrew me from the school and I was out of school for over a year, from the age of about eleven and a half.
50. I've read in the paperwork that I refused tutoring when I was taken out of school. That does fit into place, as I didn't want to get a tutor. They applied to a few other schools, but that was when Mrs FNJ decided to fight Perth and Kinross Council to get me into [REDACTED]. It went back and forwards for a long time. Betty Bridgeford, the chief of social work for Perth and Kinross, was involved with that. Mrs FNJ took action against the council, but it's all in my name within the paperwork.
51. I remember the council said that I wasn't getting into [REDACTED]. Reading my paperwork has brought memories back of that situation. I remember Mrs FNJ sitting me down and really, really going at me, saying that if I didn't get into the school, I'd be leaving the home, I wouldn't be getting to stay there and they couldn't keep me on. By that time, I must have been out of school for eight or nine months. I was bored to tears. From reading my paperwork, I've seen that as a result of the refusal, there was a case review the same week. The paperwork indicates that the social work noticed that I was quiet and emotionless, but then throughout the meeting I showed emotion. I'd stated that I was very upset and hurt and asking whether it was my fault

that I wasn't getting to go. These things were drummed into me, to put on a performance to get what Mrs FNJ wanted.

52. When the social work came to visit, I think I put on a dramatization. I told them that I really needed to get into the school and if I didn't get in, they would be ruining my life and that I just wanted an education. It was fed into me by Mrs FNJ. I didn't really have a view. I was prompted on what to say and Mrs FNJ was there at all times.
53. I did get into [REDACTED] but I stood out like a sore thumb. I was a kid from a council estate. I couldn't go to any of the skiing trips. I couldn't do anything because there wasn't the funding. [REDACTED] fitted in with Mrs FNJ lifestyle. She was a fake snob. I loved the education at [REDACTED] and couldn't fault it. I probably wasn't the kind of person to put in an all girls' school. I was the biggest tom boy going. Mrs FNJ had at her disposal that if I acted up, she would put me into [REDACTED] to board. I can remember boarding on three or four occasions for five or six days at a time. If we fell out, that was me, she would pap me off to board. I suppose it was an easier alternative to phoning social work and them finding somewhere for me to go, which had happened several times before.
54. [REDACTED] ended in disaster. I ended up breaking out of the school in the middle of the night and going to [REDACTED]. None of the staff at [REDACTED] noticed that we were missing. I didn't get caught until somebody told on me two or three weeks later and I got expelled. I got to finish my exams though. I can laugh about these things now, but at the time I got so much grief for it. Mrs FNJ had to explain why I'd been expelled. When I left [REDACTED] I was a bit all over the place for a while. I tried college and various different things.
55. I never really liked school. I went to school, as that part of it didn't bother me. I enjoyed art, PE and home economics. Just before [REDACTED] I was diagnosed with dyslexia. I did have a couple of assessments when I went into [REDACTED]. They did a test on my vocabulary and I had a vocabulary of a 22 year old. I've always been one for big words. There were always assessments going on and I was forever going to Pitcullen House.

Leisure time

56. I did gymnastics, brownies and dancing. I got expelled from brownies and dancing. I was expelled from both for climbing. My behaviour wasn't deemed as the norm. I did gymnastics pretty consistently and it was probably one of the most enjoyable things in my childhood. I was letting off energy.
57. We had toys and books and games and things like that. Mrs FNJ was strict. We never got new mod cons or anything like that. We didn't really play together as siblings. Mrs FNJ worked as a childminder from when I was the age of six or seven. By that time, I was at school. Sometimes kids get dropped off in the morning or they'd be there after school. Sometimes, Mrs FNJ would pick up kids from the school along with us. It was actually nice to have other children around because the relationship with my siblings wasn't one of strength.

Life skills

58. I didn't do any chores or anything like that. I was never allowed to wash a dish. I wasn't allowed to do anything, which is definitely why I have such poor money skills. When I was a bit older, I got £20 a week pocket money, funded by the social work department. Mrs FNJ taught me how to make a really good fruit loaf, but nothing other than that.

Trips / Holidays

59. We had plenty of holidays as a family. We used to go to Germany where Mrs FNJ had relatives from her first marriage. The whole family would go. I think there were only two holidays that I can remember being on, because of his age. was there until my last two years and obviously wasn't there because he'd been removed from the home by then. They were some of the best times of my life. I know it was down to the fact that there was never the control element. Mrs FNJ couldn't be seen like that by the relatives. She wanted to be seen as being a loving mum. She was a completely different person on the holidays. I wouldn't say that she showed love

and affection, but she'd buy things that you wanted. I knew I could wing it. Family occasions were always good because of that.

Birthdays and Christmas

60. At Christmas time, the FNJ-FNK spent a lot of time with [REDACTED] Mrs FNJ's sister. I remember Christmas being pleasant enough. [REDACTED] had sons, [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. They were older, they were men. [REDACTED] was a nice guy. He was actually my godfather. We played family games. [REDACTED] and I weren't really treated any differently. In my adult years, I could see the difference. I would get a £30 Primark voucher. I don't buy anything in Primark and I've said that to Mrs FNJ for years. It doesn't bother me. In my childhood, there was no difference between me and the FNJ-FNK own children. I got presents because the social work paid for my presents.
61. Birthdays were celebrated every year. I used to have parties in the house, which I think was a theme of the eighties. Everything like that was pretty normal. I think I had parties up until the age of eight or nine. [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] were older, so it's hard to compare. I remember [REDACTED] having birthday parties and I was definitely there. There weren't many because he went to private school from the age of ten or eleven. I don't remember having parties as a teenager, but I was on Ritalin at various points so I probably wasn't very social. It really did affect me socially.
62. I remember having my friends round on my fourteenth birthday. My friends were a little bit more well-endowed than I was and got to wear cooler clothes than I did. Mrs FNJ gave me a birthday present to open while the girls were there. It was a shorts and t-shirt set out of British Home Stores. It was lavender cycling shorts and a stripy t-shirt. It just wasn't cool. All I wanted was these Adidas trainers. They were all different pastel shades and they were amazing. They were only £60, which I think is really cheap for a pair of trainers but she would not buy me these trainers. I was mortified and my pals were mortified for me.
63. Now I have conversations with my own kids and my son, [REDACTED] wants £150 trainers. I tell him he needs to buy them himself if he wants those kind of things because £150

is just ridiculous. I can understand Mrs FNJ from having my own kids and you have to be fair and all the rest of it. I don't recall and rocking about in expensive trainers either. I think at certain periods there were differences, but on a general level, for clothing and birthdays and things like that there were no extravagances for her children either.

64. Everything was funded by the social work for me and I knew that from a very, very young age. All my presents were put through the social work. There's documentation for that as well because Mrs FNJ would contact the social work for money.

Religion

65. The FNJ-FNK were very religious. I was christened. I made my communion at St. Ninian's Episcopalian Cathedral in Perth. We went to church every Sunday. I didn't mind the church. There was a hillwalking group so I got to go away with the old biddies to places like Falkland. In the younger years of my life, Mrs FNJ didn't drive although she did learn to drive later on. The old biddies would take me away and I got to go to tea rooms and things like that. I quite enjoyed that side of the church.
66. Later on, they started a youth club and I was probably one of the youngest kids in the youth club. There were only about ten kids at the church. We went on trips to places like Nunraw Abbey. The minister was called John McCluckey and he was a fun guy. It was a really old-fashioned church with very droll hymns and things like that. He tried to make it a bit more fun for the younger generation. My own children used to go to Sunday school with my foster mum. My youngest child was going to Sunday school up until my foster mum passed away. I don't go to church often, but I take my children to certain services like christingles and I got married in the church. It was never a negative experience.

Relationship with foster family

67. As I got older I realised that all my friends had mums and dads and grannies and grandads. They weren't getting picked up by social workers. They didn't have a weird

brother with glasses who didn't look anything like that and stood out like a sore thumb. That was where my feelings and thoughts really started to take over. I think those feelings started at school age when I was integrated with other people. I think I realised at the age of about six that I was fostered. I stuck out like a sore thumb in the family. They were all dark haired and brown eyed and I had blonde hair and blue eyes. The most bizarre thing is, people at the church used to say, "Oh, she's so like FNK [REDACTED]"

68. [REDACTED] was such a spoiled child. I believe he was jealous because he was shipped off to a boarding school and I was sat at home. He was very derogatory towards me. He would say things like, "Why don't you go back to the family that you came from? Oh, of course, you don't have a family." [REDACTED] was the only sibling who was like that. [REDACTED] wasn't like that. When I was about five, I was wearing Doodles from Clarks with the straps. [REDACTED] moved me on to laces and I remember him teaching me. I always had a soft spot for [REDACTED]. He was a gentle soul. When he came home from university, he used to go out and get drunk. He would come home and drink cold tomato soup. He would leave the tins sitting under the table.
69. From a very young age, I knew that it was all about the money for the FNJ-FNK [REDACTED]. Somebody told me at the age of eleven, but I knew it. I paid for their kids to go through private education. I remember being told that I was fostered. I was about five or six and I skipped upstairs and said to [REDACTED] "I'm really special. You're not my real family."
70. According to my paperwork, the FNJ-FNK [REDACTED] tried to adopt me on three occasions. I can vaguely remember two of those occasions. On one occasion, it didn't happen for financial reasons. Mrs FNJ [REDACTED] was trying to get me into a private school, funded by social work. She fought Perth and Kinross Council to get me put into [REDACTED] School, which is a private convent of the [REDACTED] School. She thought it would be better for my education. In my opinion, the adoption didn't happen because they wouldn't have got the funding for private school if I was adopted. They wouldn't have got any of the payments. I don't know whether adoption was brought up to appease the social work department.

71. Mrs FNJ was a snob. When I got married, she invited four of her friends to my wedding. She didn't tell them that I had a new partner. The cards from her friends were written to me and my ex-partner, [REDACTED]. On the wedding day, her friends said, "I'm so happy for you. [REDACTED] looks so different." I hadn't been with [REDACTED] for four and a half years and it was a completely different guy. It was all to save face. She did a lot of things like that. She didn't want us talking about anything because she didn't want people to know. I was a very vocal child, so I did rabbit things off. There were many wrist grabs and many times when I was told to keep my mouth shut.
72. The way I was treated when I wet the bed sticks in my mind. Mr and Mrs FNJ-FNK would also say things like, "You can't do your maths homework? You're stupid. What's wrong with you? Why are you not like my other kids?" There were often these kind of comments which eventually wear you down. It was never a pleasant experience. I never felt loved. I think the only time I ever felt something was when I stamped my feet and forced Mrs FNJ to show me some kind of emotion. That happened a lot more in my twenties and thirties and maybe a couple of time in my teenage years. It was forced.
73. There was no praise. I was a bit erratic at school. If I had a good week at school, I wasn't praised for having that good week. She had a go at me for something else. I did gymnastics. I did quite a few competitions and I did well. There was never anything like, "You've done so well and I'm so proud of you." There was never any of that. She would say that kind of thing to her own children, especially [REDACTED]. She was very open about praising her children to family members and people at church on a Sunday. I remember all the conversations because they were at a point at time when I really could have done with somebody taking me in and saying, "Do you know what? You're doing alright, considering." That never happened.
74. As a young child, I do remember being quite close to Mr FNK. My foster mum used to work as a waitress at night. Mr FNK would be in the house with us at night time. He used to come home tipsy. We knew why he drank, because he would come home to get a hard time from Mrs FNJ who very much wore the trousers in the relationship. He would sit in his chair watching the television and he would let

me do his hair and his nails. He was a very quiet man. He never really spoke about his emotions, but I did have a close bond with him until I was abused by [REDACTED] in my teenage years. That pulled us apart. I stayed in the same house as Mr FNK [REDACTED] for another four years and we never spoke at all. At that point, Mr and Mrs FNJ-FNK [REDACTED] blamed me for what happened.

75. I acted out more as I got older. Of course I was going to act out. I was constantly being told I wasn't like any of her other kids. I wasn't like any of her other kids because she treated me differently and I knew that I wasn't like them anyway. There were reasons for acting out and I probably did more so the older I got because I never fitted in. There was definitely a warmth towards her own kids which Mrs FNJ [REDACTED] didn't show me at all. Maybe when I was younger there was an element of it, but not like I feel for my own kids. My heart bursts when I think about them. If you came skipping out of gymnastics with a certificate, it would be, "Oh, but look what [REDACTED] done." That was very much in my mind from a young age. Whatever feelings I have towards [REDACTED] he was treated the same as me. He wasn't special in any way. You knew who the foster kids were and you knew who their own kids were and to this day it still stands.
76. It was my home, but it wasn't a normal home. If I listen to my friends and other people talk about what they experienced, I know it's not normal. It was an environment that I was placed in that was better than what I could have had. I was never shown any affection. My hat goes off to Mr and Mrs FNJ-FNK [REDACTED] because they tried their hardest. I firmly believe that I was hard work at times as well. However, were they the right people to be foster parents? Certainly not.

Visits / Inspections

77. I've read my records fairly recently. The social worker department took over my parental rights, but they were never able to terminate [REDACTED] parental rights until later on. The social workers comment on the kind of relationship that they have with Mrs FNJ [REDACTED] I had with Mrs FNJ [REDACTED] and whether it was a long term solution. The fact that there were problems was stated from 1983, but I remained in Mrs FNJ [REDACTED] care.

78. My siblings and I were under the Brechin sub-office, but I don't know why, given we were born in Perth and stayed in Perth. I think it may be because Perth came under Tayside Regional Council. [REDACTED] was fostered by the [REDACTED] around the same time as me. I can't remember if he was there before me or if we went at the same time. His surname was [REDACTED] but he went by [REDACTED] when he was with them. When we were teenagers, [REDACTED] started looking for his birth family. They were from Arbroath. I don't know if I was allocated a social worker from Brechin because that's where he came from.
79. From 1988 onwards, the visits were weekly and Mrs [REDACTED] made telephone contact every day. One of my main social workers was Cath Coutts. She was quite predominant when I was a young child. She was my social worker from before I went to the [REDACTED] and whilst I was there, through until about 1985. It then went onto a woman called Aileen McLintock. There was also a Betty Bridgeford. Joyce Thewlis was my main social worker from the age of about ten until I stopped being under social work conditions at the age of nineteen. I liked Joyce. She was a soft, lovely spoken woman. I can document the names of all my social workers. Another child protection officer by the name of Mr Hanlon is also mentioned.
80. The paperwork confirms that Cath Coutts was portrayed to me as a friend of the family by Mrs [REDACTED]. I remember her throughout my years as a child and teenager. In the paperwork, it says that Mrs [REDACTED] didn't want the children to know that Cath Coutts was a social worker. I think I knew from about age six that I was fostered and these people were social workers. I can understand my confusion because social workers leave. A friend leaves and cuts you off from their life. That's the way things went all through my childhood. In total, I had about eighteen social workers throughout my life. At some points, there were maybe two or three in one year. I remember one social worker, Aileen Graham, was only with us for about a week. We only saw her twice. She was introduced as the new social worker and then she was away again.
81. When there was the changeover of social workers in 1985, it says in the paperwork something about Mrs [REDACTED] making it very difficult to have one on one time with the children. If adoption was to be considered, there would have to be family work

done. The more I open the paperwork, the more I build a picture. You can see that it was Mrs FNJ way or no way. She prompted and instigated every situation that happened, whether it be medical, educational or whether I was going back into care that weekend, week, month or whatever.

82. Mrs FNJ would phone the social work department whether it be for a new bed, shoes, and holidays or just to have a moan about behaviour. She was forced to notify them what she was doing medically, so she would be on the phone a lot about that. There were two incidents when she was warned about going forward with medical things and not letting the social workers know. Behaviour was the main thing. The older that I got, the more frequent that became because I acted up on it.
83. She used the social work department. There were two sides to the relationship, but it annoys me that nobody sat up and said, "This isn't going to work. Let's take her out of there and put her somewhere else." I'm not saying that it would have been any better, but I feel that the social workers knew it was never going to be a good situation. It kept going on and on to the next six monthly review. Sometimes, they were every three months because Mrs FNJ would call a meeting.
84. When there were social work reviews, we would have tea and the other kids would go upstairs. [redacted] and I would be brought into the living room. We would sit there, present. We'd then be asked to leave and get ready for bed. They would finish off and then it would your good nights.
85. When I was younger, the social workers would take me out of school early. That really annoyed me. Kids are cruel and I was labelled a bad kid. As I got older, I would go out with social workers. I'm not sure when that happened. As I got older, I was able to manipulate things a bit more. We would go to McDonalds and we did things that I enjoyed. It became slightly better and I had an outlet where I could voice things. I wouldn't have said to anybody that I was unhappy there until my teenage years. That would have been in an argument and I would have taken it back a thousand times because I would have been scared. I didn't want to upset anybody. That was always the fear that I had.

86. I had a social worker called Lorna for a good period of time. She knew Mrs FNJ [REDACTED] she knew what Mrs FNJ [REDACTED] was like and she knew what our relationship was like. She understood that I needed time to just vent and be. She was quite laid back and didn't really go by the rules. She was quite a hippie and wore bright pink tights and random clothes. I went to stay with her a few times. Spending time with Lorna was a great outlet. She used to take me to Dunkeld and we'd play tennis and go swimming. I could just be me. She didn't judge me and we'd would have a laugh. She'd punch me on the shoulder and tell me to stop being stupid. She wasn't rigorous and rule-abiding.
87. I have fond memories of Lorna. I spent a lot of my teenage years with her. She'd be called by Mrs FNJ [REDACTED] and she'd get me out of the situation that I was in. She'd read the riot act and take me away, sort me out and bring me back. If I turned up at the Colonsay social work offices at 5:00 pm on a Friday evening, she'd take me home or find somewhere for me to stay. They were testing times for her. I'm not surprised she had a nervous breakdown. She had fifteen clients so she must have had a hard time. It's not a job I would do, especially with teenagers.

Siblings/family contact

88. [REDACTED] my mother visited me three times when I was with the FNJ-FNK [REDACTED] and that was it. From 1982, there was no contact with [REDACTED] at all. There was an incident when [REDACTED] tried to give me something, like a cheap toy. Mrs FNJ [REDACTED] has told me about it, but it's not very clear in my memory. I do know that I was scared. I didn't know she was mum, but I remember being scared of her face. She was very rough and I remember the depth of the lines in her face and her wiry hair.
89. I felt the same about [REDACTED] who was [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] grandmother. My foster mother stayed in the centre of Perth and it was just a small town centre at that time. [REDACTED] stayed in Muirton and would be in and out of the town centre. My foster mum was a childminder and would also be in and out of the town centre, so [REDACTED] [REDACTED] knew my foster mum and spoke to her. They sought information from each other. I can remember being in a pram and a woman came up to me with really, really

bushy hair. It was one of those old-fashioned, buggies with the material was strapped round and you just sat in the seat. The woman with the bushy hair was Mrs [REDACTED] who was [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] grandmother. It states on my paperwork that she is my grandmother. Some things stick in my mind vividly. I remember [REDACTED] grabbing me by the cheek, but I don't remember conversations. She had a big wart on her chin with hair sticking out. These are the things that stick in my mind, but not my thoughts and emotions.

90. I actually met [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] at the library when I was about twelve and we found out that we were brother and sister. In 1992, I was allowed to go to the library across the street. I went for five or six months and I met [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. We were all friends. I really looked up to [REDACTED]. He was funny. Maybe I did have a bit of a crush on him and then I found out that he was my brother. I told a social worker about it. What I find funny is that they didn't do any intervention then. It was a catalogue of error after error.
91. It was confirmed to us that we were brother and sister when we put our birth certificates together as children. It's only been confirmed through documentation. When I met [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] told [REDACTED] they took me to their grandmother, [REDACTED]. It was then that she told me that I wasn't her son [REDACTED]'s. She also said that I was the reason [REDACTED] wasn't married to [REDACTED].
92. I can remember three different social workers asking me if I wanted to do my birth story. I refused to do it three times. I don't know what my reasons were, but I was always very conscious of not wanting to upset Mr and Mrs [REDACTED] FNJ-FNK. I knew that Mrs [REDACTED] FNJ didn't really want me to have any contact with my family. She didn't want me having contact with [REDACTED] and we'd had an established relationship. She was very derogatory about [REDACTED] and my whole family. I think the only time she said something positive was when I found out about [REDACTED]. I was in my thirties at that point. She told me about him and, because he'd succeeded in life, she was positive about him. I think those things always lingered. If there was a meeting and life stories had been discussed, Mrs [REDACTED] FNJ would say things like, "What do you want to do that for? You're fine here. Are you not happy here?"

93. When I was about ten years old, I'd been out at Brownies. I went round the door first. There was a brown envelope with my name on it. If it wasn't for the fact that I'd picked it up and saw my name on it I'd never have seen that envelope again. I said, "Oh, it's for me." I went upstairs to my bedroom. I remember opening the letter up. I read it and it said it was from my sister [REDACTED]. She said that she stayed in Blairgowrie, that she remembered me, that she missed me and she wanted to see me. Stupidly, I went down the stairs and told Mrs FNJ [REDACTED] that I had the letter. I never saw the letter again. There was a phone call to the social work department. I was told that [REDACTED] was disturbed and she was this and she was that.
94. When I was about fifteen, [REDACTED] turned up again in person. [REDACTED] was nineteen or twenty. She waited along the street and when I came out she asked if my name was FNG [REDACTED]. We discussed the letter. She confirmed that she'd written the letter. She had known where I was for years, but Mrs FNJ [REDACTED] had stopped visits. She had had visits with me and Mr and Mrs [REDACTED] her foster parents, had wanted contact to resume. They had quite a big family of kids and [REDACTED] was the only one who was fostered or adopted. They felt that contact between us should be kept up. They were quite relaxed and chilled out and not as rule abiding as Mrs FNJ [REDACTED].
95. When I met [REDACTED] at the age of fifteen, she took me to where she was staying. We had a short relationship and I spoke to her for a while, but she was heavily involved in drugs by that time. I did tell Mrs FNJ [REDACTED], but I kept [REDACTED] at arm's length. Later on, [REDACTED] had a baby. She was in quite an abusive relationship and she was due in court. She gave me the baby and I turned up at Mrs FNJ [REDACTED] with this baby. I had to explain where the baby was from. By that time, I was starting to stand up to Mrs FNJ [REDACTED]. I think that was why the relationship became a bit more argumentative.
96. Mrs FNJ [REDACTED] never wanted me to have any contact with my birth family. When my real mum died in [REDACTED] 1993, it was a police officer who told me. I was a known to the police and out of hours social work as constantly being a missing person at that point. I wanted to go to the funeral. I think I wanted closure, but more to see who I could meet, maybe to get me away from the situation I was in at that point. Mrs FNJ [REDACTED] got an interdict from the social work so I wasn't allowed to go. She didn't

want me going. She didn't want me having any contact with [REDACTED] As far as Mrs FNJ [REDACTED] was concerned, my mum was a worthless piece of shit and anybody that she had any contact with would be nothing but dirt. That was how she portrayed it to the social work department, that it would be detrimental to me. I stamped my feet and I wanted to go. The social work came and took me away for two days so I couldn't go.

97. In some senses, I can see where Mrs FNJ [REDACTED] was coming from. At the same time, she could have shown some empathy. Everybody's entitled to closure and that was the closure that I needed at that specific point in time. I knew that I was a foster child. Mrs FNJ [REDACTED] had made it very apparent that I was a foster child. In front of other people, I was a part of the family but when I was in the home setting I was a foster child. She referred to me as a daughter, but she would say things like, "You're not like any of my other kids. Why can you not be normal? My kids don't do things like this. They've got good jobs."

Healthcare

98. Mrs FNJ [REDACTED] would take us to the dentist. I had a fear of the dentist. She got our eyes checked and she did all those things. Immunisations are a bit flaky. I never really had any of my immunisations. The pushed for that in my teenage years, but I was a teenager and I wasn't going to go for my jags. I've still not had my BCG or anything like that. I had chicken pox when I was sixteen. I got my tonsils and adenoids out. I had recurring ear infections and think I had grommets eleven times. Other than that, I was pretty healthy.
99. Mrs FNJ [REDACTED] was one for labelling people. From quite a young age, I was given labels. I was labelled ADHD and I was labelled dyslexic, I was labelled autistic spectrum disorder. There was a question of borderline personality disorder. Some of the documentation from the social work department shows that they had to warn her to stop going above them and doing these things. She would take me to see different specialists.

100. Mrs FNJ had me put on Ritalin and things like that. I would go and see two doctors in Kirkcaldy, Doctor Christopher Green and Doctor Mike Steer. I had to go and see them because they didn't dispense the medication in Perth. I was also prescribed melatonin for my sleep because I was a really bad sleeper. It took them a long time until they got the dose of Ritalin right, which meant that I lost my appetite and lost a lot of weight. Initially, I had to go every six weeks to get my weight checked. Then it changed to every eight, ten or twelve weeks at the most. We never went longer than three months without visiting these two doctors. It was the same routine every time. We would go, I'd get weighed, Mrs FNJ would discuss any behavioural issues and then we went to the café and drove home.
101. I have many recollections of being in psychotherapists' and psychologists' offices. It's also in my paperwork. One of the psychologists I went to see was called Mike Field. He was based at Pitcullen House at the Murray Royal. I saw Doctor Christopher Steele as well for ADHD. I went to various clinics at Dundee Hospital in relation to food allergies and my behaviour.
102. I remember one of the psychologists asking something about my periods and my foster mum's face went red. She had never spoken to me about my periods, but she told the psychologist that I'd started my period about a year ago. I wondered how she knew that because I had never told her and I'd never be able to speak to her about anything like that. She said that she often checked my underwear. I also went to the doctor and was put on the pill. She phoned the doctor and got me taken off it. She was very controlling. She thought I wasn't old enough to have sex so I wouldn't be having sex, rather than I was going to have sex anyway and it would be better if I didn't get pregnant.
103. When I was prescribed Ritalin, I lost my personality for two years until I took myself off it. When I was about eleven, I went to the library and educated myself on Ritalin and then methylphenidate. I learned that Ritalin was a speed based drug called methylphenidate, which was sold on the street. I started dispensing mine out to people who actually had ADHD. That didn't go down very well, but I felt like I was doing a good thing for people who had ADHD and couldn't get it. Ritalin totally drained me. I

would sit indoors and all I wanted to do was crosswords. That just wasn't me. There were various points when I did take it. I took it to get me through my exams because I did notice the difference. It did help me to concentrate, but I just lost my soul with it.

104. Mrs FNJ believed that my behavioural problems were down to food allergies. Because I was on Ritalin, it doesn't allow you to put on weight so I was only three and a half stones. I got my tonsils taken out and that made a difference. I think that had been a factor as well. I was on goats' milk, UHT milk, no milk, soya milk, no eggs. I wasn't allowed any sweets. I was only allowed 7up and Polo mints. I was only allowed carob chocolate. There were loads of different things. She had me back and forth to eating specialists.
105. I don't think I did really have allergies. Mrs FNJ had me on goats' milk for years. I drink milk now and it's never bothered me. It doesn't affect my behaviour. I've had allergies in the last year, but I can put that down to anxiety and it was quite possibly down to anxiety when I was a child as well. I would get hives. When I get anxious now, I get itchy. I think it was all down to having no identity and having so many people coming in and out of my life and things being kept a secret.
106. Somebody actually asked me if Mrs FNJ could have been Munchausen Syndrome by Proxy. In some ways, I think she could have been. I noticed it more when I had my own kids. According to my mum, all my kids have disabilities. My oldest child, has Aspergers. I only had him diagnosed for my own sanity because he is so routine abiding and I am all over the place because of ADHD. For me, I needed to understand why he craved routine so much. We were offered taxis and I could have claimed Disability Living Allowance, but we never did anything about all that. I didn't want him going through life with that. Mrs FNJ would have taken everything that she could have been given.
107. and was rushed to the hospital. I think the first time I did that I was eight and the second time I was ten or eleven. I wasn't offered any counselling or any support as a result of that. I think it was impulsiveness, stupidity

and curiosity. I was probably trying to provoke a positive reaction. I don't think I was genuinely trying to take my own life. I would be too scared that I'd miss something so it was never in my nature to be like that.

108. There's mention in my paperwork about suicide notes, but I don't remember writing anything like that. I think I would remember if I'd written them so I don't know if Mrs FNJ made them up. The social worker would have spoken to me and I would have said it was Mrs FNJ overreacting. The social work records say that the notes were never produced and Mrs FNJ said she'd put them in the bin. She never discussed it with me either. The more I think about it, the more I think that there was maybe a craze at school where people were threatening to commit suicide. I'm dead against suicide and have been from a young age. I know people who have committed suicide and I know the knock on effect that it has.

Running away/Other placements whilst at the FNJ-FNK

109. I was a prolific runaway between the ages of thirteen to sixteen. I was constantly a missing person. I started running away when I was at There were issues in the house and things were happening with As a teenager, I was back and forward to various different places because of the breakdown in the family situation.
110. I spent time at a place in Crieff. It was a children's respite place. It had an office and three bedrooms. People went and stayed there and were given a room. I stayed there for about a fortnight on two occasions. It wasn't used very often. The first night I turned up there, it was in complete darkness. I had a room upstairs. It was really dark with a bed and a chest of drawers and navy paint on the wall. There was nothing there the first night but the day after I went to Somerfield Supermarket and got shopping with the young lassie who worked there. She was doing her social work degree. I was with her for a couple of days and then the staff changed over.

111. I spent time at Woodside Crescent in Cragie, Perth and Almondbank House in North Muirton, Perth, Secondary Institutions - to be published later

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

112.

113. I spent time with short term foster carer in Glenfarg called [REDACTED]. She had a son who stayed in the house. He was about two years older than I was. It was a nice house and she was a nice lady. I was there for a whole summer one year. Mrs FNJ [REDACTED] had refused to have me back and I refused to go back, so they went away on holiday and left me. I went back to the FNJ-FNK [REDACTED] but then I returned to [REDACTED] because the situation was so tense.

114. I also spent some time with Lorna Walker, who was like a trainee social worker. She actually did her social work degree on me and my files. She would come and pick me up from school and take me places. A few times, when the situation had broken down with Mrs FNJ [REDACTED] on a Friday afternoon, I ended up staying for a long weekend at Lorna's house. That happened at least three or four times. I was never allowed to talk about that. One occasion might have been after I'd turned sixteen. I would have turned up at Colonsay Resource Centre with nowhere else to go. I had quite a close relationship with Lorna. We had a similar character and she was easy to talk to. If I could have had a mum I would have had her a thousand times over.

115. The feelings and emotions of going back and forth really started at Mr and Mrs FNJ-FNK [REDACTED]. Because of my strained relationship with Mrs FNJ [REDACTED] I was passed

back and forward to various different places because I was too difficult or the situation didn't suit. It became the norm.

Discipline

116. We did get leathered for being bad, but it's not something that has impacted upon me. It was always Mr ^{FNK} [REDACTED] We were all scared of him. He would either smack us on the backside with his hand or with the slipper. You would hold your backside for a week. It was sore. It would leave marks, like a handprint on your backside. I don't ever recall [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] getting it. That could just be my memory. [REDACTED] and I definitely got it. I would class it as discipline rather than abuse.
117. I would get the slipper for putting food under the table. I would try to explain that if I said that I wasn't going to eat the food, they wouldn't listen to me. Instead, they would just keep shouting and then Mr and Mrs ^{FNJ-FNK} [REDACTED] would shout at each other because she was shouting at me. Then everybody would fall out. I think a lot of what I did was trying to keep the peace.
118. I feared my foster mum. I knew my foster dad would give us a smack, but she was never off your back. She would constantly nag. You had to meet a certain standard and if you didn't meet that standard, it wasn't good enough.
119. My foster mum never smacked us. She was such a little woman. I can only remember her laying a finger on me once. I was a teenager and I was sat behind the bedroom door. She pushed the door and I kicked it and she caught her hand in it. I obviously hurt her and as I opened the door she slapped me. It was a reaction to what happened.
120. I never saw [REDACTED] or [REDACTED] being punished at all. [REDACTED] was the golden boy and I never saw them do anything to him. [REDACTED] went in for surgery on his cleft lip. It was quite major surgery. He'd had his lip all sewn up and I think they'd taken cartilage from his ear to build it. I don't know how old I was, but I was old enough to play outside by myself. When he'd been out the hospital for a couple of days, I had roller boots and I'd gone to tie them but couldn't. I asked [REDACTED] to help me. When I lifted my foot, my

weight meant I sort of tilted and kicked him in the face with the roller boot. It split his lip open. I got into so much trouble. It was genuinely an accident. They thought I'd done it on purpose and I didn't get spoken to for about two weeks.

Abuse at the FNJ-FNK

121. Mr and Mrs FNJ-FNK had a foster son, [REDACTED]. There were several incidents of abuse within the household. [REDACTED] had very sexualised behaviour. It started from when I was about eleven years old and he was thirteen or fourteen. He used to walk about in his dressing gown with an erection. He had a hamster and it had chewed bits of his dressing gown. He would do it more when Mrs FNJ [REDACTED] wasn't in the house. When it all came out, Mrs FNJ [REDACTED] actually confirmed that she had seen him in a compromising situation but hadn't looked into it further.
122. As he got older, the abuse developed into him coming into my room or into the shower, getting an erection and rubbing himself against me. He wanted me to touch him. It progressed over about three years until he tried penetrative sex on two occasions. One incident was in the bedroom and the other was in the bathroom. Mr and Mrs FNJ-FNK weren't in the house on either occasion. I was young and in pain and he was a mature man as far as I was concerned. It was a painful experience and I screamed and shouted. I don't think it was a rape. I think he was more using me as an experiment. He was experimenting with his sexuality on me. I didn't think that at the time, but I do now when I look back on it. [REDACTED] was a loner. He was very much put down.
123. I would say that was really when my life turned upside down. I became very promiscuous, with a lot of older men as well. It was a spiral after that.

Reporting of abuse at the FNJ-FNK

124. When [REDACTED] started to sexually abuse me, my behaviour went a bit skewiff. I was disappearing. I had got in tow with a boy called [REDACTED] I was having a sexual relationship with him. I ended up running away when I was at [REDACTED] I stayed with [REDACTED] His mum reported me as missing to the police. When I got lifted from that house, I was taken to the police station and I reported what happened with [REDACTED] to the police. I was fourteen or fourteen and a half and it was a period of months after [REDACTED] had first tried to penetrate me.
125. I remember the police taking a statement. I was in the front room of the police station in Perth. They contacted Mr and Mrs FNJ-FNK to let them know that I was safe. I think I spoke to Mrs FNJ [REDACTED] on the telephone. I remember being quite emotional. I didn't see Mr and Mrs FNJ-FNK for a couple of days while it was decided what would happen. That night was one of the nights that I went to stay in Crieff. I was there for a couple of nights while [REDACTED] was removed from the home. That was all that ever happened to him, he was just removed from the home. It was round about 1994 or 1995.
126. When I first returned back to Mr and Mrs FNJ-FNK it was weird, it was horrible and it was awkward. I felt like they blamed me. Mr FNK [REDACTED] was very cold. There were discussions that nothing would happen, [REDACTED] would move out and that would be the end of it. I remember having conversations with my social worker. I'm pretty sure it was Liz Robb, but I'm not 100% sure. Lorna Walker was off on long term sick leave, but I knew Liz Robb because she looked after a couple of girls that I knew. I was alright with her. In the paperwork that I've read recently, it discusses the abuse. It says that I've talked about the abuse and am fine to live in Mr and Mrs FNJ-FNK house and move on with my life.
127. The abuse was swept under the carpet. There was a conversation about it the night I returned to the home. There were two social workers and Mr and Mrs FNJ-FNK at the kitchen table. It was so awkward and Mr FNK [REDACTED] was so different. I think the social workers tried to stop it, but the conversation that ensued was that I'd brought it upon

myself. That created a lot of anger in me. The abuse wasn't something that I wanted. The discussions were left at that. I think that's probably what caused one of the biggest rifts between me and Mr FNK. It was very evident that he blamed me from the way that he acted. He had been quite a loving father, but from then on our relationship went slowly downhill to the point that we didn't speak for about four years.

128. I never received any counselling at the time, arranged by either the social work department or Mr and Mrs FNJ-FNK. I might have had a visit to a psychologist at Murray Royal, but I don't remember talking to anybody different or anything like that. After the night that I went back to the FNJ-FNK I don't remember speaking to the police or anybody else about it again.
129. As far as I'm aware, no proceedings were ever taken against. I've never been to court or given evidence. As an adult, I've only told my husband and one of my friends about the sexual abuse by. I see from time to time. I don't think he knows who I am. I've not see him for a wee while, but he used to stay about a ten minute walk away from me. He stands out and he's a bit of an odd character. He has glasses and ginger hair. He was a strange guy as a teenager as well.

Leaving foster care

130. I stayed with Mrs FNJ until 1996. I had contact with my social worker, but they didn't really have any control. I didn't really want to be near any of them. So much had happened and a couple of social workers had left. Two of them had committed suicide. There was a lot of negativity from the social work department and, to me, social work was a very negative experience.
131. I then waifed and strayed and winged it myself for two years. I stayed on friends' couches, at friends' flats. I mixed with a lot of older people. Although I kept in touch with my social worker, I was never offered any housing. I would go back to Mrs FNJ from time to time and refresh. She would feed me. I applied for a house

from the council when I was 23. They told me that because Perth and Kinross Council was my legal guardian, they should have housed me when I left care.

Life after being in care

132. From the age of sixteen until the age of about eighteen, I was dodging about and not really doing anything constructive. I was taking a lot of drugs. I tried a lot of different drugs, but I never had an addiction or anything like that. I went with the crowd and the crowd was ten or fifteen years older than me. I was very promiscuous. I didn't really get into trouble, but I put myself in some very stupid situations. I remember speaking to someone on a chat lines. I put the phone down and got on the last train to Glasgow and met folk on Glasgow from the chat line. I was very impulsive and stupid.
133. I met [REDACTED] dad through a mutual friend. He was ten years older than me. He was a biker and into a different scene, smoking and drinking. I got into the smoking scene. It changed my life because it really calmed me down. I smoked for six years, on and off, but not when I was pregnant. I replaced Ritalin with cannabis. It was probably the start of maintaining some normality and not being all over the place, having a much more settled life.
134. A short period before I fell pregnant, I stayed with Mrs FNJ [REDACTED] again. I was between her and [REDACTED] [REDACTED]'s dad. I moved in with him when I was pregnant and I had [REDACTED] when I had just turned nineteen. When I had [REDACTED] he was in the hospital for a wee while because he was five weeks premature. When he got out of the hospital, I stayed with Mrs FNJ [REDACTED] for a few weeks. She became quite hands on and dominant. I just took myself away from it and moved so I wasn't near her. That was it, I never ever went back to stay after that. I then saw her when I wanted to see her. [REDACTED] was five weeks early so there was always something. She thought that he was blind to start off with, then she thought he was Down's syndrome. Mrs FNJ [REDACTED] helped me to find a privately rented flat and life just moved on from there. She bought me baby stuff and things like that. Although I was kind of on my own, I wasn't completely cut off and I did have the ability to go back and see my foster mum.

135. I was with [REDACTED] for about seven months after [REDACTED] was born. He went to work one day and I packed my stuff and left. I was still having contact with social work at that time. Lorna Walker was still on the scene. I was on a supervision order until I was nineteen, but I'd just had [REDACTED] so they stayed around to make sure everything was alright and that I was coping. After I left [REDACTED] the social work contact stopped.
136. When I went to move out by myself, I had to claim some kind of benefit. I was in the benefits office and the lady asked if I still needed a carer. I didn't know what she was talking about. She said I had ADHD and I needed a carer. I learned then that Mrs FNJ [REDACTED] had been claiming benefits for me as my carer. I was mortified because I had no idea. I was worried that they thought I was trying to be fraudulent. I went home and asked Mrs FNJ [REDACTED] what was going on. I asked her if she'd been claiming carer's allowance for me, how long it had been going on, whether I had a disability and what is my disability. Obviously, I knew that I'd been to paediatricians but I didn't know that she'd been claiming Disability Living Allowance for me.
137. I had to tell Mrs FNJ [REDACTED] to stop claiming for me. I think that might be why she had such a big input into my sons' lives. She must have thought she was about to get caught. I think that might have been one of the biggest reasons for her having such a financial input into [REDACTED] when he was a baby. When I found out Mrs FNJ [REDACTED] had been claiming Disability Living Allowance for me, it shocked me. Although I'd known before, at that point, I knew 100% in my mind that she was money motivated.
138. Mrs FNJ [REDACTED] had lied to me and I felt that social work were useless. I cut myself off and started afresh. I built myself up from there. I met my husband, [REDACTED] about six months after I left [REDACTED]. He was working in London at the time. When he moved back up to Perth, we did the usual family stuff and went through the process of buying a house in Crieff. We came back to Perth when I was 23 and that was when I found out that I was entitled to a house from Perth and Kinross Council. The woman from the council said if I had been three months earlier, I would have been given a house but I was no longer entitled. [REDACTED] was working on and off after coming back to Scotland and we weren't in a strong financial situation. That was when some of the social work

stuff grew wings and started to come out. I felt a little like I'd been bumped off. I'd worked hard. I'd tried to build myself a family situation, work, and a home. Other children were coming out of care and getting grants and fully furnished houses.

139. It was a bit of a battle from then on. I started finding out about my siblings and researching them. I had already found [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] a couple of years before. It was very slow to start off with, but it built up pace at different points. I got married in 2003. About eight months before that, I did my first proper search and I found [REDACTED] I worked with a guy who used to work in Cornton Vale Prison. I mentioned that I was trying to find my sister, [REDACTED] He said there was a girl by that name in Cornton Vale and that she had a brother called [REDACTED] I wrote her a letter and sent it to the prison. The next day, I got to speak to [REDACTED] It was her eighteenth birthday.
140. I met [REDACTED] when I was about ten or eleven years old. I met her a few times in later life, but she's dead now. She was involved with drugs, alcohol, abuse, prostitution, no self-worth, nothing. She had an obsession with trying to find her mother, like she was going to be a perfect human being. Contact with her was sporadic. I worked at the [REDACTED] [REDACTED] and got speaking to a guy from Dundee. He offered to help me find out what had happened to her. We phoned Dundee Social Work Department and by sheer chance spoke to someone who knew her. I made an appointment to go through there and shortly afterwards I received a phone call. The lady told me she didn't want to tell me on the phone, but that [REDACTED] was dead. She didn't want me going through to Dundee to find out. She'd died the year before in 2002.
141. I have a relationship with [REDACTED] [REDACTED] lives in Perth but I don't have a relationship with her. [REDACTED] lives in Canada. I speak to him, but we're not close. [REDACTED] committed suicide the year before I found him, in 2013. The year later I met [REDACTED] whose original name was [REDACTED] in bizarre circumstances. She had two children and still had contact with her adoptive mother. I can only describe her as being very manipulative and a drug user. She was found dead in her bed about two years later. I think that [REDACTED] had a lot to do with [REDACTED] death but she lied about it. I think he committed suicide when he was on drugs. She was very manipulative and very like [REDACTED] She stole my engagement ring when she came to my house.

Impact

Mental health/support

142. I feel that how my time in care has affected me is probably the biggest segment of my statement. It has affected me, especially in the last five to ten years. It's affected my mental health. In some senses, I feel I've done myself a disservice. If I'd just left it all at bay, I'd be a much happier person. But the kind of person that I am, I need to know. In the last few years, everything that's come out of the closet has been very negative.
143. I would say that I'm damaged but I can hide it well at times. Another impact has been anxiety and stress. I remember having a conversation with the doctor one day. It all came out. The doctor sat and looked at me and asked why I hadn't been there before. The doctor said he didn't understand why I'd never had a nervous breakdown or whatever. I spent so many years keeping things together, I think the older I've got, the more has come out.
144. The doctor's answer was to take medication, but I don't want to do that because I think that's blocking things up. Sometimes it's easier just to put your big girl pants on and get on with it and have those moments where you just break down and then you get your shit together and you just move on. This year, I've had a lot more downs than I've had ups, but it's because everything's come to the surface. There's so much, the paperwork side, the social work side, the ancestry side, the birth parent side, the abuse side. I think closure will be a great thing and then I'll put those big girl pants back on and move on.
145. The first time I got counselling was the most bizarre experience. It was through the Salvation Army. It was an older guy, maybe in his late sixties. I came out feeling really dirty and used. He made me feel like I was a wrong person. I like a joke and a laugh. He said something to me and I came back with a comment that was maybe slightly inappropriate. He said, "Why did you say that? Is there a reason behind that? Do you have sexualised behaviour?" Loads of things went through my mind after that. I totally self-assessed myself and wondered whether I was some kind of weird person.

146. I was really against counselling for ages. I didn't want to go through that again. I did go back and I actually got a really good counsellor. What ensued out of that was just too much. I couldn't deal with it in everyday life. I had to stop. All these boxes were opening, left, right and centre. I was having to deal with everyday life but putting myself through this punishing routine of tracing siblings. I was trying to trace the siblings one by one. I would go at it ten to the dozen. It would be blood, sweat and tears. I wouldn't pee, I wouldn't eat, I wouldn't do anything. It was just focus. The hours of the day would be spent making phone calls, checking graves and trying to gain as much information as possible. Then I'd hit a brick wall and I'd do nothing, then I'd pick it up again and restart. It was a cycle for four or five years of doing that to the point at which I couldn't do it anymore. The last five years, it's definitely had its biggest impact.
147. I look at my little girl and she's a clone of me. She's just joined a different gymnastics club and she's thriving. She loves it. She's just got into drama and she loves that as well. She's exactly the same as I was and she loves it because she gets to express herself. I didn't get to express myself in the house. As an adult, I can say that now. The kind of jobs I've worked in, I was learning about people and learning about psychology. I've worked with young people who have recently left care, people with drug and alcohol addictions, mental health problems and people experiencing homelessness. I've learned a lot through my experiences at work, but also through people and the medical side of things at work. It's also educated me about myself and enabled me to speak about my own experiences.

Identity

148. After I left foster care, I was going about with a much older crowd. I realise that I was trying to find that unit and have some belonging. I would have put myself in any situation to achieve that. I was underweight and I've always been underweight. I was always small and petite and young looking for being around an older crowd. At the ages of sixteen to eighteen, I probably looked fourteen or fifteen. The type of folk I was going about with weren't good people and I know that I was used and abused.

149. I think one of the biggest impacts of my time in care has been on my identity. I'm married to [REDACTED], I'm [REDACTED] [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] mum, I'm FNG [REDACTED] but I don't fit in anywhere apart from in my little family situation that I've made up. I knew I wasn't going to be with [REDACTED] yet I got pregnant because [REDACTED] was mine. Nobody was ever going to have any input or any say in [REDACTED] life. Social work weren't going to have that opportunity because I was going to be the best mum possible. He was mine and nobody could ever say something different. Having kids was very much something that I wanted to do so that I could build my own little empire.
150. I can heal from the sexual abuse that I've experienced, but the lack of identity is harder. I have no money skills, no life skills, sometimes no people skills. I've built what I've built my family and my children. I've never had the experience of having family or grandparents or anything like that. I've found that to be one of the hardest things that has come to light in the last couple of years. It doesn't matter how much you seek it, it doesn't always pan out. The psychological scars run deeper than the physical scars.

Relationships

151. It was a very loveless situation at the FNJ-FNK [REDACTED] My husband calls me the ice queen. It's learned behaviour. My experience in care has had an impact on relationships. You always feel that something that's good is going to go because it's too good to maintain. Being moved around a lot has continued into my adult life. I always say that I've got gypsy blood. I think my kids have had nine or ten houses in two different countries. We moved over to Portugal on a whim. I got offered a job out there and we decided to pack the kids up and go. It became apparent over there that [REDACTED] was Aspergers, so that was a big reason for moving back. I have moved about a lot, although I'd say the last six years have been my most settled.
152. I did have an education at [REDACTED] but my relationships weren't great. That had an effect on my education. I struggled and my concentration was really poor. I didn't get many exams, but what I did get was decent. It was very sporadic. I'm still impulsive to this day. I'll get a notion to do something and I'll maybe do it for a few weeks and then

stop. I don't think I'll ever change. I think it's built into me, being this way. I need constant reassurance as well.

153. There were positives during my time in care and there are times when I can smile with delight on my face, but do the positives outweigh the negatives? Definitely not. You can heal from wounds but to grow up in a situation where you know that you were never loved, it's a hard thing to experience. I think for me that's where the most damage was done. It really makes me question every relationship that I have, even with my kids at times.

Relationship with the **FNJ-FNK**

154. **FNK** and I were treated differently by Mr and Mrs **FNJ-FNK**. You knew who their kids were and who the foster kids were. That still stands to this day. It hasn't changed. I'm the black sheep of the family. I am the one who speaks my mind. I am the one who puts my foot in it. I am the one who makes them face emotions. They find it so hard to be around me, but I can't just sweep everything under the carpet and forget.
155. Mr **FNK** didn't speak to me for about four years after I reported the abuse by **FNK**. I remember the first conversation that I had with my dad in my adult life. It was at his fiftieth birthday party. He got drunk and my foster mum fell out with him. I had **FNK** by this time. I never drank or smoked around my parents out of respect. Mr **FNK** told me that he was proud of me and that I'd done really well. It really meant something to me and it stuck with me because I never heard it. He will give me reassurance sometimes, but that relationship has never really built up.
156. Mrs **FNJ** used the social work department as a tool, which is bizarre. There were a various times when the **FNJ-FNK** were going to assume adoption. It always got changed at the last minute. I now know that the reason was financially motivated and they gained from fostering. I know that and it's hard to accept that. Life wasn't easy, being in that kind of environment. Mrs **FNJ** was very money motivated. After I left, she fostered a boy and then went on to adopt him. Because of their age, they could only take foster children of a certain age so they weren't going to be able to

foster him long term. They weren't able to foster younger children so they ended up adopting [REDACTED]. He's not had any contact with them for years for the same reasons as me.

157. I couldn't really speak to Mrs [REDACTED] about my past. It was never really an option to sit down with her. I had a conversation with her when I was in my thirties regarding what happened when I turned up at her house, whether my mum had ever visited and things like that. She told me that what she'd been given, she'd thrown out when I went to stay with her. There was a jumper with my name on it, a blanket, a couple of other things and some photographs. She threw them out because she didn't see any purpose in me having them.
158. From the age of 20 until about 28, my relationship with Mrs [REDACTED] was quite difficult. I would see her and she did have some involvement, but it was more for the sake of my kids. In my late twenties and early thirties, my relationship with Mrs [REDACTED] became a lot better. We went through quite a bit because I started to demand quite a lot of answers and I knew there was stuff that she had kept back. I challenged her on a lot of stuff and I made her talk about a lot of stuff. I tried to really express how she made me feel as a kid, which didn't go down well. We discussed the [REDACTED] situation. She told me that the social work department had wanted to put me into Balnacraig School. Mr [REDACTED] told them he would give up as a foster parent if they sent me there because he didn't think it was the right thing. That made me look at him in a slightly different light, but out of the two of them he was always the one who fought my corner. When I told them that I was doing a DNA test to find out who my father was, Mrs [REDACTED] said, "What do you want to do a DNA test for? You don't need that." I explained my reasons and Mr [REDACTED] said he understood. He keeps it to a low tone, but he's always, "Yeah, you're doing alright."
159. Sometimes, I could go six months without speaking to Mrs [REDACTED] and she would never pick up a phone. I would phone her and she'd say, "Oh, you're alive." Things would come out and I'd ask why she never talked about certain things. I asked her why she got rid of the things I was placed into care with. I'm a very sentimental person and that, to me, would have meant something. She would say, "But why would you

need it?" That brought out a lot of emotion about her cold attitude. There were periods when I would challenge her about things. I would hang up the phone and within an hour she would turn up with loads of presents for the kids. It was either shut it up, sweep it under the carpet and forget about it or buy things for the boys. If she wanted to buy things for the boys, that was fine but that's not what I wanted. I wanted her to sit down and explain.

160. I learned some funny things as well. She nearly got done for kerb crawling because she used to drive about looking for me when I was a missing person. The police had clicked on to her and they genuinely thought that she was a kerb crawler. We have laughed about things and there have really emotional periods and we've had really angry periods. I've told her that I hate her and I've taken it back a million times over. I told her that I didn't think she should have been a foster parent, but at the same time I'm grateful. It's very mixed. I'm mixed about it. On the one hand, I know that Mr and Mrs FNJ-FNK didn't care for me like they cared for their other kids but, on the other hand, I think that they must have cared somewhat. Or was it just for financial reasons? She was never going to admit that to me. I can take the negative from it but I just take the fact that I had a slightly better chance and she instilled morals into me. For that, I'm thankful.
161. When my foster mum was dying, the family didn't tell me. They thought I couldn't deal with it, but I'm probably one of the strongest ones out of them. At the time, I was the one who held it together. Because I want to approach things and talk about them, it doesn't need to evolve into an argument or an emotional dispute. I just want to talk and get things out the way and said and done, but that was never allowed when we were growing up.
162. It's so hard to sit here and say negative things about the FNJ-FNK I have had these conversations with Mrs FNJ but I probably didn't say things that I need to say for my own closure. Mrs FNJ just died in . I don't ever remember Mrs FNJ telling me that she loved me. I believe that somebody who has a child in their house for that long, living with them and wanting to include them in family life, should give them that experience. I can't fault Mrs FNJ in that she was a financial

grandmother to my kids. When my boys were young, she spent a lot of time with them and took them on holiday. She was kind of the parent that she should have been when I was a kid. I don't know whether it was through guilt. I can say that she instilled morals into me. I'm very grateful for that because my path could have taken a different route without that. It's bittersweet.

Relationship with birth family/tracing birth family

163. The financial burden is one of the biggest parts of being a child in care. Whether it's been trying to find out my history, DNA tests, going to visit siblings, there are so many things you could roll into that. You don't have a support network. I'm not saying all kids have that, but most normal kids have a support network.
164. There haven't really been any positives for a long time, even to the extent of meeting my father. The kind of person that he is and the circumstances surrounding my conception are not very nice. Everybody wants to be produced out of love. I suppose it's just character building myself. I'm not that person. I'm a completely different person. These two people who made me, there's not much of them in me. Whether that's to do with Mrs ^{FNJ} and her strength and her persistent in getting what she wants, I don't know. I do believe in learned behaviour.
165. It's been a rollercoaster of emotions. For a long time, I didn't wish any harm on my birth mother, I knew a little bit about her mum dying and things. When I started to read about her abuse, it changed things. I found that really hard. was with her the longest. I think he was with her for five years and he was in a bad way. God help the day that decides to open up about everything because that will be hard. He can't communicate about the past.
166. Looking for the siblings was a whole different kind of emotion. Meeting them and realising that they weren't brought up the way that I was and that we were very different people. Although we had characteristics that were the same and there were some similarities, our lifestyles were completely different. and had been brought up by their dad and they weren't allowed to talk about me. The day that found out

that we were siblings, he was in the back of his dad's car and he said, "Who's FNG?" His dad turned around and said, "Don't ever mention her name again." [REDACTED] never spoke about me again to his dad until he was sixteen and that day he got thrown out of the house. He slept under the railway bridge in Perth for six months.

167. The day he found out that we were siblings, [REDACTED] found out that the person he thought was his mum wasn't his mum. [REDACTED] dad had moved on with another woman, remarried and passed her off as [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]'s mum. That really damaged [REDACTED] mental health. He's an alcoholic. He works and he's a good dad, but he depends on alcohol. If anything hits the kerb or there are any emotions or feelings, he hits the drink. It's hard. We're not talking at the moment.
168. As an adult, I went to see [REDACTED] senior. He lived on the [REDACTED] in Perth. I approached him and he wasn't forthcoming in any way. He refused me a DNA test and he didn't really want to speak to me. He said marrying [REDACTED] was a bad experience for him and he wished he'd never done it. It was a pretty negative experience.
169. I didn't see [REDACTED] junior, my half-brother during my teenage years, but I've kept the relationship up with him from the time I had [REDACTED]. There are periods of time when he'll go for six or seven months with no contact. We've been close at points, but he goes through periods of depression. As a result, he drinks. I'm not a drinker and I don't understand why he does it. I can be quite cold that way and feel that he should pull himself together and sort his life out. Only he can change it. It's frustrating and I've been doing it for twenty years now. I've had to kick his door in because he's not turned up at work for eight days in a row. He's turned up at family events absolutely steaming because he's been so nervous to go to the event. He turned up drunk at my wedding and made a scene. It was a disaster. I've always stuck by him, but this year, because of everything that I've been through, I just feel I can't do it anymore. I can't pick up his stuff and try and look after my own mental health because his mental health has an effect on my mental health. I can't do it anymore. I need him to stand up and say that he's there for me. I've got too much to deal with just now and I need my support network to be consistent. For me, the time has come where I'm not doing it anymore.

170. [REDACTED] also has a severe anxiety about me finding out about my past. I dig my own holes sometimes, but I need to know. I genuinely had feelings for him when we met all those years ago in the library. He was funny and we're quite similar and have a dry sense of humour. I think that scenario in the library had an effect on the rest of it. I knew that could have gone so differently. If I'd been a slightly older teenager and sexually promiscuous, what could have happened? That's my brother and it turns my stomach. It was the one biggest factor that made me need to know who I was and who was actually my family and who wasn't.
171. Perth is such a small place. Being in long term foster care in the place I was born, my path was bound to cross with relatives. When I moved to Crieff, I found my grandad because the woman in the coffee shop stayed next door to him. Mrs FNU [REDACTED] stopped me from going to my mum's funeral, but then sent me to Auchterarder High School. I went there for a short period after I was expelled from [REDACTED]. They chose to send me to Auchterarder, which was where I was born, where my mother was raised and where my grandparents lived. My aunty was two years above me at school. It was just such a bizarre thing to do, to send me there out of all the schools. I met my aunty in later life and we realised we were in the same school photograph. That has impact. In my early twenties, I had a man stalk me for three years and take photographs of my kids because he was convinced that he was my dad. I had to go to the police. He used to phone my husband up and tell him that I needed to let him see his grandkids. It turned out that he wasn't my dad, but he was basing it on a conversation that he'd had with [REDACTED].
172. I feel that I'm done with looking for siblings. There have been negativities with every single one. I always say to people looking for somebody, don't always expect it to be rosy. It isn't always. You do get fairy tale endings, but you have to keep your guard up. You haven't grown up with these people and you are very different people. For me it's been a negative experience when it comes to siblings, but not so much with grandparents. All the history and the volume of it is great, but general relationships and siblings haven't been.

Records

173. When I started looking for things in my twenties, my foster mum had given me a photo album which contained a folded up piece of A4 paper. It stated who my grandmother and father were, although that wasn't accurate. It stated who [REDACTED] was. It listed names and dates of births of all [REDACTED]'s kids, but the dates of birth were all wrong. It took me a long time to figure it all out. There was a piece of paper sellotaped to the bottom of the piece of paper as well, so I don't know whether it had been given to my foster mum and she had added to it. There are thirteen siblings recorded on the bit of paperwork that I have, but I still haven't managed to find any still births or anything like that.
174. Because the dates of births were wrong, it took time to clarify them. Through meeting [REDACTED] I managed to clarify his date of birth and [REDACTED]'s date of birth. I started doing file searching through Scotland's People. I managed to tie things up with dates and people's births. I found out parents and grandparents and records.
175. My sister's adoption file stated history prior to her birth. That gave me a lot of information to start off with. It was a big boost because it gave me a big background report of my mum as well and the footsteps she took. It wasn't just finding out about my siblings. I didn't know who my dad was. I was born in Perth but I was also long-term fostered in Perth. I've recently done an ancestral DNA test and traced my family back. I found my father two weeks ago. Ironically, my father stays a stone's throw away from me. His name is [REDACTED]
176. I applied for my own paperwork. I didn't think it would be such a long process. It took a few months for me to be assigned a worker from Birth Link. After that, it took a couple of weeks short of six months. I received it recently and have had the chance to go through about twenty percent of it. I now know it's mine to keep. I had thought that I'd have to go to an office and read it there and then. It came in a huge box. The day after my paperwork arrived, I got my DNA test results. There is a pile of A4 paper about 3 foot high. It's all been dumped in the box without sections, so I'm trying to put it into order. There's stuff in there that I find quite hard to read, things that have been written

about me. It's very hard to read the bits of paperwork and get them in order. They're like diary entries. The paperwork has been photocopied and certain bits are blacked out. I've been through the majority of the first five years of my life twice now.

177. Some of the paperwork doesn't match. It states that I was born on [REDACTED] 1980, but my birth certificate says [REDACTED]. Errors can be made. There are lots of parts I can't see because it's third party information. It's really frustrating because it would piece so much more together. When I went to Mr and Mrs FNJ-FNK [REDACTED] they fostered another child. He must have been under the same social worker so they referred to the two of us. His information has to be blacked out on my reports, but in other places he's named. It causes problems in some parts of the records.
178. Adoption is mentioned for the first time in 1987, but I don't know the way that social work operates. I kick myself in some senses because Birth Link offered to provide someone to read the files with me. It's through in Edinburgh and I just don't have the time to go through to Edinburgh and read all these files and have someone explain them, bit by bit. I cut off my nose to spite my face. I've googled things, but not everything is there. It would have been quite helpful to have someone from Birth Link with me to explain some of the jargon.
179. I was quite shocked getting the paperwork because it's almost like diary entries, like the kids get home from nursery, just a sentence, "Mrs FNJ [REDACTED] was on the phone today," "We will call a meeting," "FNG [REDACTED] has the dentist." It's hard to read and to spend any amount of time going through it bit by bit. You couldn't take the paperwork through to someone and dedicate a day to it. You cannot go through it, bit by bit and read it. It's so hard to read because all the letters have been photocopied time and time again. I got a magnifying sheet from the Blind Society, so when you place it on top everything becomes really large. I used that for reading files on Scotland's People and history and ancestry as well. Trying to piece together that side of the history, you needed to know dates and names and things like that. They'd be written in calligraphy and it would take hours to work out what it said. It's been interesting, but emotional and everything else that comes with it.

180. I'm curious to find out more because the paperwork really highlights my relationship with Mrs FNJ [REDACTED]. It's something that I've always questioned and it may answer some questions for me. There is another mention of abuse in my paperwork, but I haven't reached that part yet. It doesn't relate to [REDACTED] because it's before that time, around 1989. It refers to abuse and says that the social work are going to speak to me about the abuse. I have no recollection of anything else, so I don't know what it's referring to.
181. Some of my paperwork is reassuring because it's confirmed things for me. I then know that they weren't all in my head and they actually happened. Things fall into place. The stuff about [REDACTED] is quite hard to read because it confirms that she did abuse us. The stuff about Mrs FNJ [REDACTED] is probably the hardest. At the moment, it's so raw because she just passed away. There are so many open emotions in that situation, given the relationship that I had with her. I find it quite bizarre that social work questioned this from very early on. Why did it get to go on? Was it because they'd already removed me from one set of parents? Was it because they'd removed me because of another set of parents for their own selfish reasons that they didn't want to do it again?
182. Protecting third party information is a great thing, but when you're trying to piece together your jigsaw it makes life very difficult. You're never going to get past that either because you can't change the law. It's all fine and well to give you the paperwork, but when you're going to take 80% out of it, what's the point? It's like giving you a bit of string but pulling it off you every so often so you're not actually getting to know the full story. That's frustrating, as is the length of time that it took to get it.
183. When I finish going through my paperwork, I want to file it away in a locked filing cabinet. It's got personal information in it that I don't want my children to see. I'm very open with my kids. They know that I was fostered. They take the mickey out of me about it. When it comes to drugs and alcohol, I tell my sons that there's addiction in their DNA so they can't do it. I'm really honest with them. We are so open and they're good kids. They know stuff but there are certain things that they just don't need to know and I don't ever want them to know. I'll burn my records one day, but I need the use out of it just now.

Lessons to be Learned

184. I came to the Inquiry because of the systematic abuse by the social work department. Why was my life so back and forward, back and forward? They questioned the relationship with Mrs FNJ so why then keep me there, to grow up with a non-identity? I went back and forth to my mum's at least fifteen times. I donate money to the people who make back packs for the kids. It's one thing that I firmly believe in, that kids should be given back packs or a suitcase or something because the black bag method is brutal.
185. You can't change the turnover of social workers. These kinds of things will never be changed. I'd like to say that no child should ever have eighteen social workers, having that many people come in and out of your life and having no consistency, but you can't change that. People's life circumstances change and things happen. I understand that, but there needs to be some sort of plan. These are fine, intricate details that need to be looked at so a child growing up in foster care has consistency. It's a vital part of growing up in any home.
186. I've never been a big drinker. I can't drink because it makes me really, really ill. When I was in my twenties, the doctor ran some tests and said I must be a heavy drinker. I said I wasn't, other than a bit of Scrumpy Jack as a teenager. My mother used to give me a bottle, half milk and half whiskey. The social work department knew all this so why did they keep putting me back into that situation? Their explanation is that they like to keep the mother and child together, but sometimes that can't happen. I was born in Perth, stayed in Perth, her kids stayed in Perth and I was fostered in Perth,
187. Back in the eighties, the minute that I was born, I was at risk. Why was I left to leave the hospital with ? Maybe that's changed now. You hear stories about kids being taken away for nothing. You hear about kids being repeatedly returned and experiencing abuse or kids being taken away and placed with foster parents and being abused. You can't foresee the future, but in my mind I should never have left the hospital. If I was at risk and had admitted abusing her children previously, why

did it go on? It wasn't only me, then there was [REDACTED] then [REDACTED] then [REDACTED] I think [REDACTED] was taken from birth. She never stayed with [REDACTED] and was adopted.

188. Nobody should have to deal with having to look into their family history the way that I did. Records for children in care should be very, very rigorous. There should be clear documentation. If somebody's on the birth certificate and there's a question over whether he's the father, a DNA test should be done. It's more expense but it will give the person peace of mind. I had to battle [REDACTED] to prove that he wasn't my dad. I approached him because he was on my birth certificate.
189. Because [REDACTED] was adopted, her paperwork was like a history of what had happened in her life until the adoption process went through. The little bit of paper that was provided when I went into foster care looks like it was typed up in a hurry on a Friday afternoon before they were rushing off to the pub. There are a couple of paragraphs, dates of birth and information that's incorrect. One of the biggest things for me is information. Why does an adopted child have the right to have this history and back information, yet a foster child doesn't? Nine times out of ten, the family aren't going to be there in years to come because there's been drugs, alcohol and whatever else. As a foster child, that's one of the biggest things. It needs to be documented and presented. Your life story is very important. If a child says no, it should somehow still be incorporated. They can do things with children where they're still talking about things without actually realising it. I don't think that decision should be left up to the child because that child doesn't know what's going to happen in the future.
190. Perth is such a small place. It was inevitable that living in Perth and being brought up in Perth, my path was going to cross with people who were related to me. I worked with kids who had been in care. I think I've only met about four people that were born and fostered long term in the same district. Maybe close, like Dundee and Perth, but not in the same small town.

Hopes for the Inquiry

191. I just want to put closure to it now and move on and doing this, getting my story out there, is a big part of it. The system hasn't changed. If anything, it's probably got worse at some stages. There needs to be change. I don't think it's that different for children in care nowadays. They face the same problems with going backwards and forwards. I know there are elements of social work that can't be changed. You can't stop people from leaving their jobs. It's hard to say what I want to change because the things I want to change can't be changed. You can't help your life circumstances and sometimes things change. Maybe they could allocate two people to each child, so that if one leaves there's always that other person. In that sense, consistency is a key thing that a foster child should have. I know it's hard to keep that. After nineteen years of social work care, there was never any consistency for me in the aspect of social work.
192. For a foster child, the paperwork is vital. There needs to be a paper trail and a history for that person, when and as he or she wants it, and not the lengthy process that they go through now. People wait six or seven months for the paperwork to arrive on their doorstep.
193. When do they decide to take a child into care? How many times does that child need to be physically or mentally abused before they decide that's enough? If the child goes into a care situation and that care situation is not working out, who gives them the right to lift you out or keep you there? It all needs to be looked at. I know that I had regular reviews. In those reviews, Mrs **FNJ** relationship with me was questioned. Why was that just overlooked? That in itself had a detrimental effect and I think they knew that.

194. 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.

FNG

Signed.

Dated.. 5/11/19