

Statement Addendum

Client Name: Kirsty Heggie
Date of Birth: 19/10/1990
Care Setting: Heather Blackie (Foster Care) - Tillyicoultury
Dates: 1993-2000
Persons Involved: Heather Blackie

Full Statement

I was only three years old when I was placed into foster care at Heather Blackie's house, but the memories have stayed with

me in a way that feels far older than I was.

From the beginning, I felt like an outsider in that home. Her children were treated as if they were somehow above me, more deserving of love, comfort, and patience. I was constantly reminded—sometimes directly, sometimes through the way they looked at me—that I didn't belong there.

Heather would openly say she never planned on adopting me or my sister, as if we were burdens she had been forced to carry.

She said horrible things, words that sank into me before I even understood what they meant. I was three, still wetting the bed because I had never been potty trained, but instead of helping me learn, she punished me. The nights are what I remember most vividly. She would drag me downstairs after I had an accident, the house cold and dark, and put me into a freezing bath in the middle of the night. I would be shivering, confused, and terrified, but she didn't stop there. She would sit me

on a stool in the dark kitchen with the back door open, the cold air pouring in, my small body wet and exposed.

They told me stories about a “bad man” who was going to come and get me. Then they would turn off the lights to scare me, leaving me alone for hours. I didn’t understand why this was happening or what I had done wrong. I only knew that I was scared, cold, and completely alone.

Sometimes they had parties while I was left like that. I could hear the laughter from the other room, and when they finally brought me out, it wasn’t to comfort me—it was to make me part of the entertainment.

They would pass me around like a toy, placing me on their knees in front of strangers. Even at that age, something about it felt wrong. I didn’t have the words for it, but I knew I shouldn’t have been treated that way. They would stand me in front of a room full of people and laugh at me for wetting the bed, as if my humiliation was something to celebrate. The jokes they made were dark and confusing, especially the ones George would say. I didn’t

understand them, but I understood the tone: I was the punchline.

Most days, I was left alone in my room for long stretches of time. Neglect became a normal part of my life. I learned to stay quiet, to shrink myself, to avoid drawing attention. When it came to food, things weren’t any easier. I struggled to eat, especially foods I didn’t like, but instead of helping me or trying to understand, they forced me to eat everything on my plate. They would push the food into my mouth even when it made me feel sick. Eating became something I feared rather than something comforting.

Looking back, I can see how deeply all of this shaped me. At the time, I didn’t know

that what I was experiencing was abuse. I thought this was simply how life worked, that I was the problem, that I deserved the cold baths, the dark kitchen, the fear, the laughter at my expense. But I was just a child—one who needed care, patience, and safety. Instead, I was met with cruelty, neglect, and humiliation.

Those memories still sit with me, but telling the story in my own words helps me reclaim it. It reminds me that what happened was real, that it was wrong, and that none of it was my fault.