

Outline of Important points

Main Premise: For me, based on the world in which I grew up, I discovered a situation that created cognitive dissonance. What I present is factually correct, but it suggests injustice. Injustice makes us so uncomfortable that we can't emotionally resolve and feel comfortable with the outcome. A voice inside me tries to deny the facts that I know. As firsthand witness, I know exactly what happened. So, why is a part of me still uncomfortable. The truth should not require that I convince you that it is true.

Points:

- 1) Injustice in the past can and does harm us in the present.
- 2) Righteous indignation is a desire to apply and accept anger at those who commit crimes that harm another. It is different than trying to get revenge or inflict harm on anyone.
- 3) Facts surrounding the crime.
- 4) Theories based on evidence of what might better explain things. Some is just theory (1-2 parts may be just conjecture), but it is based on evidence.
- 5) Failure of police, prosecutor and defense to correctly understand what they were seeing and to act fully in the interest of justice.
- 6) Who bears some responsibility for the injustice? This is anyone who contributed to a narrative that was false and thus prevented a Just and Fair outcome.
- 7) A few examples of my prolonged trauma and suffering, on two occasions over the past 18+ years.
- 8) These are just two traumas for which I am pursuing treatment, only one of which was explored as contributing to a current diagnosis of PTSD.
- 9) Explanation for why I am not yet better. Why I am still incapacitated by depression, anxiety, nightmares and hopelessness.

I feel a need to explain why I have a need to find justice for healing to happen. Being treated as a victim of a crime alters the perception of all including myself. Justice shuts up the emotional and illogical voice that tries to question the objective truth of what I know as the witness to the events.

Logic tells me I know exactly what happened. I have notes to verify that my memory hasn't changed. I don't have any psychological condition, nor did I, that would alter my perception.

This has never changed. What I present is objective, factual and true. I don't even need to add the phrase "to the best of my recollection," because I already make clear what is fact and what is a theory that explains certain evidence. For example, I have a theory why my attacker came to the police appearing to have been hurt and scared or anxious. I can't know what happened to her prior to attacking me.

I would bet she was able to leave her car, enter the building, attack me and leave in her car within 5 minutes, perhaps 4 minutes or less.

My experiences after this event are subjective but true. My experiences are broadly speaking traumatic.

I need to describe and put into context the meaning of an event (or events) from the past that bothers me today and to ask for your assistance below. Please ask me if anything is unclear or if you don't understand my experience and why I need help. There is so much personal experience I am trying to share. There is so much that I need to share. I have a therapist I see one hour per week, so it will take time. It took hours for me to write this letter and it only covers part of my experience of the past nearly two decades.

I have already seen how accusations made 10, 20 or more years ago can affect a person for years to follow. When I was making the allegation of being the victim of Domestic Violence in 2018, the local center found that argument hard to believe based on public records. The public record did not reflect that I was a victim in the events that happened 16 years ago. At one point, I was advised to state I was on a new path if asked during a job interview. It was clear to me that this involved implying that I was guilty. That is something I never could do. It was false. It goes against everything I have stood for as a person. The idea of a man hurting a woman is a heinous action. That's a line I would never cross ever in my life. Had I born any responsibility for wrong-doing in the matter, I would have taken responsibility. That is the knowledge that can help you to see beyond a doubt that I have remained a person who believes a guy should not hurt a girl or a woman. Making sure no one would ever worry that I would ever hurt them.

Even as a child, I showed more restraint than I'd witnessed by adults who are otherwise good and successful in life. As an adult and a social worker, I have called Social Services numerous times just to be safe. It was a requirement even when I did not have proof. As an adult, still in undergraduate school, when I saw my friend Thomas Faison towering over his wife Jo-Lee, I got in the middle, instinctively. She was scared, and I sensed it and I was shocked. He had lost control. If I had done that to my first wife, who I first met 4 to 5 years later, Lynn Denise Krupey, she would have left me in an instant.

What did happen about some 14 to 16 years ago in 2002? I realized why I didn't see the woman who attacked me as an evil person who viciously attacked me and destroyed my reputation. I had evidence that her husband had been abusing her, at least physically, and he was controlling. She is still guilty of violently assaulting me and making a false statement to the police. Even if she did so at the direction of her husband, (which I do not know yet, it's a theory, which I suggested on page 1, but based on evidence and observations), she still did it. Feeling anger is appropriate. It is merely an inspiration for justice. Her story to police was that she went to collect rent. The fact is that no one knew her because the location was an all-male boarding house in a high crime area of Durham. It was on Holloway St. in Durham, just down the street from the library, going south. There were drugs, drug dealers, gangs, prostitutes and pimps. I was victimized more times in that area in one month than I have ever been since I moved to Chapel Hill/Carrboro. I walked all over Chapel Hill and Carrboro over the past 13+ years without ever being mugged or attacked. I've heard of a couple violent crimes, but it is very rare in this town. So, there is no way that a woman would go to collect rent on Holloway Street in Durham.

On one occasion, when the husband wanted me out of the apartment, I was renting he likely sent his wife over there to attack me. She parked her car, entered the place fast, asked where I was, shut the door, assaulted me and quickly ran out and got in her car and drove away. She had a diamond ring on her or some sharp object that cut me up badly. I was very bloody. No one recognized her when she entered the apartment building. They initially reported that she left without a scratch. Since she was so

fast, they probably didn't see the cut she already had that may have come from her husband. Some of my knowledge comes from having known Grace a friend of the family. I spoke to her after the incident on a couple occasions. I never had the courage to be more than a friend to Grace who took me to baseball games at the Durham Bulls stadium in Durham. She was very attractive and kind, not married at the time I knew her. I don't know how she came to be associated with that family. The landlord's wife, who attacked me, Ana something, was Hispanic, shorter than me and average size. That's most I remember. The police first challenged me with the notion that I should have recognized a beauty like her, who I saw only one time in the landlord's vehicle, a pickup, when she was in there months earlier. She never left the vehicle. The landlord was there to pick up rent from Scott who was on-premise and responsible for collecting the rent. We always paid Scott. who gave us a receipt, for cash or check.

The police officer who saw me all bloody never was mentioned in this matter. I had called 911 first immediately after being assaulted. I was thinking I was attacked by a confused prostitute. She appeared confused because she was asking why I had been calling her. There were prostitutes in the area who needed money for their drug habits. The police who questioned me never commented on all the blood on my shirt. No one ever collected blood from the scene. My public defender failed to examine the shirt and secure it for evidence. The police officer who came in response to my call said, "don't come near me," because he didn't want my blood on him. He asked if I wanted paramedics and I thought there should be a photo taken for evidence. I was in shock, but I knew that much.

Moving on to when I was being questioned as the subject and not the victim, my bloody shirt was never mentioned during the interview with the police. Had my shirt later been examined, they would not have found her blood on the shirt, but they would find a great deal of my blood on it. The police officer who came in response to my 911 call was never consulted or introduced into evidence. Neither I nor anyone in my immediate family would know what to explore or specifically what to ask a public defender to do.

Here is another interesting detail. Just prior to the event, I had spoken to the landlord about having worked with people with Multiple Personality Disorder (MPD), it is more accurately called Dissociative Identity Disorder (DID) but to the layman, MPD is more recognizable a term. When the police were questioning me, after I naively believed that I could just reproduce the actual account of what happened, and they would be satisfied, they then changed and asked me about whether I had different personalities. I had not seen her statement and so I had no idea, initially what they were getting at. I just knew after hours of confusion they were telling me that if I could produce an alter personality that it would be helpful. "Let me talk to Brucie" was the question. I remember that is what I told the landlord could be an example of an alter personality that might exist in a person like me who had MPD. Growing up Grandpa called me Brucie. So, in talking to the landlord, I was using that name to suggest that if I had a child alter and that alter might have a name like Brucie. I never had MPD so that was just an example of the phenomena to explain it to a person. Coincidentally, there were also details that I discovered that paralleled what John Freifeld wrote about me and posted on the web. He needed to discredit me because I reported him to the authorities, years earlier. Some other details, in this case, suggested that he, the landlord, spoke to Freifeld. I don't have definite evidence of that, so it is along the lines of a conspiracy theory, I admit that.

First, the police were failing to get an account that even closely matched her account of the event. Then they tried to get me to show them a different personality that did not actually exist. I

became so confused that I thought that I needed to pretend to have a different personality in this bizarre drama to make these detectives happy. I could pretend to do that. The only problem was that "Bruce" was not in any way a dangerous personality. He was a little boy, frozen in time. Then they asked me to sign a "confession." I responded, "that's what you think happened?" Given enough time, I could have proven that the account they had in mind was completely impossible. There was no time. My blood and only my blood in the room would destroy the theory. Books all over the floor in preparation for a yard sale the next day made the story impossible. Of course, my first reaction was, "I would never do that!" I didn't say that. I was speechless, after I said, "that's what you think happened?"

When I took the plea, I was living in Chapel Hill and had to rush to Durham for a court date. I was afraid of missing a court date and being put in jail for that. In retrospect, a lawyer or public defender could take responsibility for contacting his client in time for a court date. So, I arrive in Durham, having previously been told by my public defender that I would go on the stand and that the jury would not believe I was guilty. The suggestion of me having MPD was gone. My public defender told me he did not believe that I was guilty. When I showed up, I was in earshot of the prosecutor. He could not even give me the decency of 5 minutes private time with him. He pressured me into deciding right then and there, immediately. Warning me of the years of prison time, with only my word and her word as evidence. The witnesses who saw her leave without a scratch were unwilling to testify. My public defender never cared to ask why they changed their mind. The prosecutor was going to compel the testimony of the woman, Ana, the landlord's wife. She was under threat of jail time herself and a felony for lying to police and others, as well as other crimes - filing a false arrest, malicious prosecution (I think a witness can be charged with that). I have seen that last tactic used to encourage a victim to testify when she doesn't want to go through the burden of a trial. I've seen that on Law & Order SVU.

Ana was not a victim of anything I did. So, the instinct of the prosecutor to get justice for her was misplaced. She was, however, a possible victim of abuse by her husband. I can see that now, as a survivor of Domestic Violence. Just as I now appear to be a person recovering from PTSD (post-traumatic stress disorder) from being in an abusive relationship with Elnaz, she would similarly appear to the police to be a victim. She just wasn't a victim of anything I did.

While I recognize that Ana was likely a victim of Domestic Violence and abuse, that doesn't excuse her crimes. That doesn't excuse her failure to take responsibility for her lies and recognize the damage she did to my reputation. It does not excuse her violent assault on me. In terms of the actions of Ana, her crimes against me should justify a sense of righteous indignation at her for what she did. This was a profound example of injustice and even a survivor of abuse and Domestic Violence should not harm another innocent person.

I cannot set up a GoFundMe account for myself as I am unlikely to gain the sympathy of those who might otherwise contribute to a defense fund. Who is guilty of harming me and should be considered in my effort and desire for justice? The public defender. The prosecutor. Maybe the judge for not recognizing that I was implicating my public defender in claiming that I was coached or advised to perjury myself with my plea. He may not have recognized that when asked if I was guilty, I said, "that is what I am saying for the purpose of this plea." In other words, he was suborning perjury. That is what I learned over the years is the way to characterize what he was doing; he was asking me to make a

statement that he and I knew was false. Of course, that would be hard to prove. He could wiggle out of that.

Gross negligence is provable, I hope. Actually, in recent months, after talking to a lawyer at pre-paid legal services it seemed that my hopes and options are limited. I feel my public defender was negligent in numerous ways. I entrusted him to find the truth and he was merely content to have kept me out of further jail time. I was held in jail with murderers. One man had been on death row for a murder. Later I was put in protective custody and got to meet a child killer, a pedophile, and gang members who were there to testify against other killers. To keep them safe for trial they were put in protective custody. I was put in protective custody to keep me out of the general population where all types of dangerous people could hurt me much more easily than in protective custody. I almost got in a fight with the baby killer while I was in protective custody.

These are just some of the traumatic experiences that affect me now. There are other traumatic events as well. My therapist diagnosed me with Post Traumatic Stress Disorder and began treatment for that specific condition and she is not even aware yet of the accounts I have outlined here. I will tell her. Just imagine your brother has lived in the most dangerous part of Durham, or your dear friend, Johnetta. Just imagine what it might have been like to spend 7 months in jail with murderers, child rapist (the pedophile), rapists, gang members. There are no words to explain or share the trauma of such a prolonged experience. The only similar example I can come up with is a soldier who is a POW. I wasn't tortured physically but it was prolonged torture, nonetheless. Spending years as a Domestic Violence victim makes me realize that it will take longer to get better as it might have seemed earlier. There are other traumas.

I signed up for pre-paid legal and will discuss what needs to be done to find justice and clear my name. Unlike the words of Elee, I cannot change my name as a solution to false information that is out there about me. That's the part about clearing my name and reputation. It is so painful to hear my church say they can't let me work with children because of this charge. In the years after these events, I studied psychopaths. I believed it was necessary for my safety. I still have nightmares, trouble sleeping, and physical problems. I am not yet at the point where I have any hope. I am overwhelmed with depression.