

Even having to write these words makes me feel sick, unable to put together the exact pieces to explain how I feel about what happened to me in that bathroom on June 2, 2014. I'd like to say it does not have any power over me. I'd like to say that I don't think about it off and on, a nightmare that doesn't stop replaying or affecting my life. Most days I still feel detached from my former self. Following this horrific and terrifying event, I remember the bruises across my face and body, around my neck; the cuts on my arm and back, the pure exhaustion from having to struggle against being assaulted. Thinking I was going to die in that bathroom. Although the physical bruising has long disappeared, 10 years later, I still feel this force hitting me repeatedly, reminding me that I almost lost my life to Philip Chism, a murderer.

Immediately after the assault, I was unable to work for months, unable to leave my home for an extended amount of time, unable to use public restrooms without a supportive person being present for fear that he would be standing behind the door as I opened it each time. I remember being unable to leave my bedroom for hours, in fear that he'd be waiting for me, ready to kill me. His face sometimes still haunts me, that lack of any emotion just ready to kill. Sometimes I wake out of a deep sleep, panting, fighting my way out of a choke hold that isn't currently happening. Sometimes tears well up in my eyes unexpectedly reminding me of how scared I was and still am that he will come for me again. Sometimes I feel like I can't function, like I don't want to be out in the world. I have this crippling fear that I work through because I have to now. I have to be able to get up each day to tell him that I did survive, that what you did doesn't control me, that you did not kill me, that you will not be my story.

True monsters exist out in the world. Philip Chism is a monster, a murderer. I have no doubt that his intention was to beat me into submission and eventually kill me. My recommendation to the courts is that he remain in prison for the rest of his life, locked away without the means to hurt another person. Time will not erase or fix what he has done or how he has affected my life. I have to constantly live with these memories. I accept that. We should not accept nor allow him to hurt anyone else. Please do not give him that opportunity ever again.

Thank you,

████████████████████