

Reference # [REDACTED]

To Whome it may Concern 2021 11 15 10:29

My name is [REDACTED] I was born in Tulsa Oklahoma in 1973 Although my Mother was a single Parent we always had the same home plenty of food and love When I was a small child I remember something had happened and my mother had to take over for whoever the scout master was. I think He was in Jail I don't know why But my Two Brothers my sister and mother were cleaning our house and studying scouting Guides I Believe my mother really wanted to be a Den Mother That night my oldest Brother max had their meeting at our house the day this happened and how old I was at the time can only be marked by the events of the night and Emergency Room Records. The night went fine until my mother let us go play outside. While everyone was playing these three guys came up excitedly asking if I wanted to play Scout master I said yes they said come on and ran to the side of my house where there were two huge cedar trees [REDACTED]

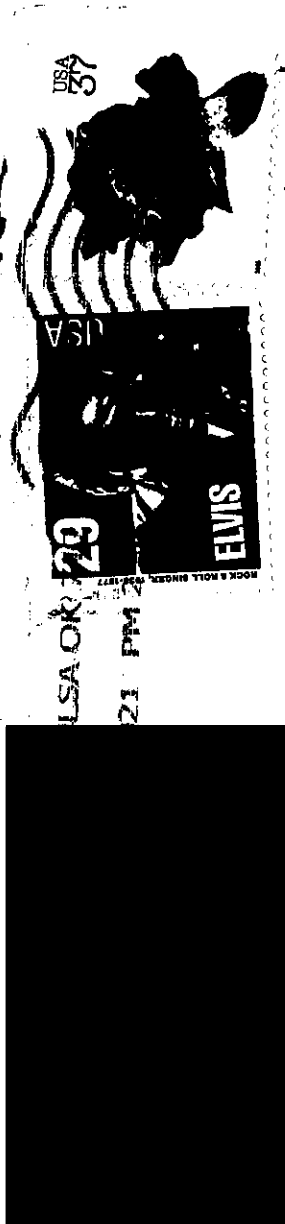
I started crying ~~and~~ They started to Run towards the front yard as I was picking myself up their. Happened to be a broken Antenna from a Radio in my hand and I threw it at those guys as hard as I could I was crying everyone was screaming playing Right Before it hit him He turned to the Right they caused me to put a innocent kids eye out He went to the emergency room from my Home at [REDACTED]

That is the only proof of what night it happened. When I told my mom what Happened she called some one from the scouts and when she hung up she called everyone around and made them hold up their fingers and swear scouts Honor that. That never happened to me. The shifted the blame to me I was not a victim anymore but I felt like dying I felt nobody cared about me like I did something wrong. lets just say [REDACTED]

tell anyone because who would believe me and IF they did they wouldn't love me

Being around sick people influenced
 so many things in my life to this
 Day I see scouts out doing anything
 the world kind of gets slow motion
 and feelings of shame flood me
 and I want to be believed. I don't
 want to feel like I did something
 wrong anymore, my hope is that you
 publish this with my name to set
 me free from the life they chose for me
 I see no honor in the scouts just self
 preservation you can't print enough
 money to pay the guy that lost a eyeball
 because of three very sick kids
 I still feel bad for that guy and think he
 should be sought out and compensated
 for his loss of a eyeball. You can't print
 enough money to give me my innocence-

Fem-Dom I can't be with a normal woman
 she has to be as full like the guys in the
 Home stall or the scouting freaks. But be
 beautiful and everything physically that
 a man is not. I was not born like that
 I was made like that and I hold
 The Boy Scouts of America responsible
 for covering every thing up I will vote no
 for 20 years this letter frees me,



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