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CLERK
US BANKRUPTCY COURT
DISTRICT OF DELAWARE

To whom it may concern:

The fact that many out there believe that they can judge the amount of trauma caused by this type of act is hilarious, one incident or many, no one that has not been there could ever have an idea of how much or how little an act will traumatize an individual. That being said I will tell my story once again with the hopes that someone will help us in our quest for justice.

I was a nine year old Cub Scout in 1974, The scout leader said that we were having a scout sleep over. We were all supposed to bring a change of clothes and a sleeping bag. The parents were to drop all of us off at the scout leader's apartment where we would all meet. My parents drove me to the apartment, he came out to meet us, he asked if I was ready to go have fun. I told my mother and father good bye and they left. He said let's go in, and we went in to the apartment building. As we went into the building I noticed none of my friends were there so I started asking questions. I asked about one of my friends, he said his mom called and he could not come because he was sick, I had just seen him at school and he did not seem sick so I did not understand. One of my friend's mom called and said he got in trouble and was restricted, that did not make sense, another friend just did not show. We went into his apartment, he said I could set my things by the door and that I needed to go shower because he needed to meet someone. I said I had already taken a shower this morning and he angrily said do it anyways, so I did even though I felt uncomfortable about it. We went to his car and left. We drove to a place outside of town that had pinball games which he gave me change to play, I kept seeing naked women walking around, which was something I had never seen before (Now I know it was a house of prostitution). He told me to stay here and play while he left to meet someone. We left and went back to the apartment, I said what are we doing now. He said how about watching some television, I said ok, he only had one couch and he was stretched out on it, I said where do I sit, he patted the edge of the couch and said lay here. Because there was no other place, I laid on the couch in front of him, the show

mad and said fine we will just go to bed. I was scared, he said go get ready for bed, I said I want to go home, he said tomorrow morning, I said I want to go now, he said do as you are told or else. I went into the bedroom and on the dresser there was a picture frame face down, I lifted it to look, it was a woman and a boy my age. I asked if it was his family, he took it away and slammed it back face down and said don't touch that and get

out of your clothes and get in bed. I was terrified what he was going to do so I got in bed. [REDACTED] me so I started to cry, the harder I cried, the angrier he cried all night and finally as the sun started to come up he yelled at me, Shut the Hell Up! I will take you home. He said if you tell anyone I will hurt your mother and father. As a child you do not know your parents can take care of themselves so you tell no one. For the longest time I felt as though I had done something wrong to deserve this, I felt that if I had said something I could have saved other children from this, that has stayed with me to his day. I could not talk to guys because a guy did it, I could not talk to girls because it happened. I did not know if I was gay or straight because I thought maybe somehow I asked for it. I spent the thirteenth year of my life not living, I spent it trying to figure out how to commit suicide yet no one even knew. It caused me to have multiple phobias: I was afraid of the dark, claustrophobic, afraid of water, afraid of being touched/intimacy, I could not sleep in pajamas anymore I was trying to sleep in clothes which irritated my parents. I had night terrors that would not quit, explaining this over and over has brought a lot of suppressed feelings back. To this day I have PTSD, I have had intimacy issues, cannot talk to either gender very well, cannot tolerate people behind me even at 56. I was given a Schedule A letter to work at my job. I brought my story to light because I suffered for many years and this gives me the ability to tell my side of the story and hold those accountable. Since I have filed I have had to tell my side over and over, each time it brings back bad flashbacks and many hours of lost sleep, even writing this letter has made it so I cannot sleep but if it is the only way to get the truth out so be it. This should have never happened; The BSA should have done everything in their power to protect the children.

Sincerely
[REDACTED]

P.S.

It also had a serious effect on the way my children were raised. When they started wanting to go to sleepovers they could not. We could have them at our house where I was able to protect them but no where else.