

EXHIBIT EIGHT

(UTC+0)	Read	Yo we are at Max's now.				
345	Sent	[REDACTED] Brock [REDACTED]	12/19/2014 12:15:06 AM (UTC+0)	Sent	Hey I'm like 15 minutes out	
346	Sent	[REDACTED] Brock [REDACTED]	12/18/2014 11:33:26 PM (UTC+0)	Sent	Noice	
347	Inbox	[REDACTED] Brock [REDACTED]	12/18/2014 11:33:08 PM (UTC+0)	Read	Yeah I'll try	
348	Sent	[REDACTED] Brock [REDACTED]	12/18/2014 11:32:38 PM (UTC+0)	Sent	Do you think I could buy some wax so we could do some dabs?	
349	Sent	[REDACTED] Brock [REDACTED]	12/18/2014 11:26:42 PM (UTC+0)	Sent	Swag	
350	Inbox	[REDACTED] Brock [REDACTED]	12/18/2014 11:26:28 PM (UTC+0)	Unread	Okay let me know when you're on the way	Yes

EXHIBIT NINE

7	Inbox	██████████ Connor ██████████	1/13/2015 3:36:56 AM (UTC+0)	Read	Tell Jullan to meet us we have it
8	Inbox	██████████ Javi ██████████	1/13/2015 3:34:51 AM (UTC+0)	Read	He said he has to do the pick up between 7 and 9 tonight but he needs the money before
9	Inbox	██████████ Javi ██████████	1/13/2015 3:19:38 AM (UTC+0)	Read	Idk yet the guy told Julian tonight but Julians trynna get it tomorrow
10	Inbox	██████████ Jack ██████████	1/13/2015 3:17:57 AM (UTC+0)	Read	What time exactly?
11	Inbox	██████████ Connor ██████████	1/13/2015 3:10:28 AM (UTC+0)	Read	I'm excited
12	Inbox	██████████ Jack ██████████	1/13/2015 3:09:40 AM (UTC+0)	Read	Yeah I can get it
13	Inbox	██████████ Javi ██████████	1/13/2015 3:07:34 AM (UTC+0)	Read	Hey guys Jullan needs the \$360 by tonight for the 30 tabs. Could you guys get me the money by tonight? I think I only have like \$20 cash
14	Sent	██████████ Alyssa ██████████	1/12/2015 2:10:59 PM (UTC+0)	Sent	Hey!
15	Inbox	██████████ Alyssa ██████████	1/12/2015 5:45:01 AM (UTC+0)	Read	Hey :)

EXHIBIT TEN

<p>██████████ Brock ██████████</p>	<p>4/1/2014 4:42:14 PM (UTC+0)</p>	<p>Sent</p>	<p>Yeah. I'm picking the eighth up now</p>			
<p>2327</p>	<p>Inbox</p>	<p>██████████ ██████████ Brock ██████████</p>	<p>4/1/2014 4:41:44 PM (UTC+0)</p>	<p>Read</p>	<p>Yes please. Hang at 4?</p>	
<p>2328</p>	<p>Sent</p>	<p>██████████ ██████████ Brock ██████████</p>	<p>4/1/2014 4:24:10 PM (UTC+0)</p>	<p>Sent</p>	<p>Hey dude you wanna go halvesies with me on an eighth</p>	
<p>2329</p>	<p>Sent</p>	<p>██████████ ██████████ Brock ██████████</p>	<p>3/31/2014 2:51:28 PM (UTC+0)</p>	<p>Sent</p>	<p>Hey man</p>	
<p>2330</p>	<p>Sent</p>	<p>██████████ ██████████ Marisa ██████████</p>	<p>3/30/2014 2:22:21 AM (UTC+0)</p>	<p>Sent</p>	<p>Thanks Marisa! :)</p>	

<p>██████████ Brock ██████████</p>	<p>4/3/2014 11:43:18 PM (UTC+0)</p>	<p>Sent</p>	<p>Okay swag. I'll be there at like 8</p>			
<p>2303</p>	<p>Inbox</p>	<p>██████████ ██████████ Brock ██████████</p>	<p>4/3/2014 11:42:48 PM (UTC+0)</p>	<p>Read</p>	<p>Rocco's</p>	
<p>2304</p>	<p>Sent</p>	<p>██████████ ██████████ Brock ██████████</p>	<p>4/3/2014 11:42:03 PM (UTC+0)</p>	<p>Sent</p>	<p>Yeah that sounds good. Where you at. I'll pick you up</p>	
<p>2305</p>	<p>Inbox</p>	<p>██████████ ██████████ Brock ██████████</p>	<p>4/3/2014 11:37:12 PM (UTC+0)</p>	<p>Read</p>	<p>Trying to buy some more ganj wanna chill?</p>	
<p>2306</p>	<p>Sent</p>	<p>██████████ ██████████ Brock ██████████</p>	<p>4/3/2014 11:35:46 PM (UTC+0)</p>	<p>Sent</p>	<p>Just eating dinner, chillin. You?</p>	

2278	Sent	[REDACTED] [REDACTED] Brock [REDACTED]	4/5/2014 12:26:55 AM (UTC+0)	Sent	Okay swag
2279	Inbox	[REDACTED] [REDACTED] Brock [REDACTED]	4/5/2014 12:26:42 AM (UTC+0)	Read	I'll text you tomorrow
2280	Sent	[REDACTED] [REDACTED] Brock [REDACTED]	4/5/2014 12:25:58 AM (UTC+0)	Sent	No worries. Sounds good
2281	Inbox	[REDACTED] [REDACTED] Brock [REDACTED]	4/5/2014 12:25:44 AM (UTC+0)	Read	Yeah sorry dawg. Tomorrow day we can smoke or something
2282	Sent	[REDACTED] [REDACTED] Brock [REDACTED]	4/5/2014 12:25:01 AM (UTC+0)	Sent	Alright well I'll probably just chill at my house then

<p>██████████</p>		<p>Timestamp: 7/3/2014 7:05:59 PM(UTC+0) Delivered: 7/3/2014 7:06:00 PM(UTC+0)</p>	<p>Body: Oh well. Were you hanging out with him today?</p>	
<p>Henrik ██████████</p>		<p>Timestamp: 7/3/2014 7:06:23 PM(UTC+0) Read: 7/3/2014 7:06:28 PM(UTC+0)</p>	<p>Body: No but she thinks hanging out with you and Kristian means Patrick</p>	
<p>██████████</p>		<p>Timestamp: 7/3/2014 7:06:57 PM(UTC+0) Delivered: 7/3/2014 7:06:58 PM(UTC+0)</p>	<p>Body: Haha alright damn. Does she know I smoke?</p>	
<p>Henrik ██████████</p>		<p>Timestamp: 7/3/2014 7:07:44 PM(UTC+0) Read: 7/3/2014 7:08:01 PM(UTC+0)</p>	<p>Body: Prob not</p>	
<p>Henrik ██████████</p>		<p>Timestamp: 7/3/2014 7:07:44 PM(UTC+0) Read: 7/3/2014 7:07:58 PM(UTC+0)</p>	<p>Body: Idk. She only mentions pat and Kristian</p>	
<p>██████████</p>		<p>Timestamp: 7/3/2014 7:08:24 PM(UTC+0) Delivered: 7/3/2014 7:08:24 PM(UTC+0)</p>	<p>Body: Okay I was just wondering. You just chillin at your house then?</p>	

1999	Inbox	██████████ Kevin ██████████	5/30/2014 11:03:30 PM (UTC+0)	Read	How fun	
2000	Inbox	██████████ Gary ██████████	5/30/2014 11:02:47 PM (UTC+0)	Read	Great job today! That was fun.	
2001	Sent	██████████ Marisa ██████████	5/30/2014 10:58:33 PM (UTC+0)	Sent	Yes!! Haha	
2002	Inbox	██████████ Marisa ██████████	5/30/2014 10:58:00 PM (UTC+0)	Read	Do you want to smoke with me Sam Brittney and Jessie tonight? Steven Cady and Corey blenhert will be there too idk if you know them they swim	
2003	Sent	██████████ Keeghan ██████████	5/30/2014 4:49:02 PM (UTC+0)	Sent	Here	

██████████ Brock ██████████	8/5/2014 12:45:20 AM (UTC+0)	Sent	Swag dawg. Are you chillin by yourself right now		
1498	Inbox	██████████ Brock ██████████	8/5/2014 12:44:49 AM (UTC+0)	Read	Sure my nigga
1499	Sent	██████████ Brock ██████████	8/5/2014 12:44:22 AM (UTC+0)	Sent	Just got back from Juniors man. You wanna smoke possibly?
1500	Inbox	██████████ Brock ██████████	8/5/2014 12:41:59 AM (UTC+0)	Read	Chilling wbu
1501	Sent	██████████ Brock ██████████	8/5/2014 12:38:24 AM (UTC+0)	Sent	What you up to man
1502	Inbox	██████████ Brock ██████████	8/5/2014 12:38:10 AM (UTC+0)	Read	Yo
1503	Sent	██████████ Brock ██████████	8/5/2014 12:37:37 AM (UTC+0)	Sent	Yo dawg

██████████ Brock ██████████	8/6/2014 10:40:23 PM (UTC+0)	Read	When you trying to hang		
1445	Sent	██████████ Brock ██████████	8/6/2014 10:38:07 PM (UTC+0)	Sent	Nice
1446	Inbox	██████████ Brock ██████████	8/6/2014 10:35:57 PM (UTC+0)	Read	Swag we can for sure chill then Max and I have about the same.
1447	Sent	██████████ Brock ██████████	8/6/2014 10:35:12 PM (UTC+0)	Sent	Yessir. I'd say I have almost 2 g's left
1448	Inbox	██████████ Brock ██████████	8/6/2014 10:34:40 PM (UTC+0)	Read	Yeah nigga do you still have pot?
1449	Sent	██████████ Brock ██████████	8/6/2014 10:33:56 PM (UTC+0)	Sent	That'd be swag

[REDACTED] Jack [REDACTED]	8/8/2014 1:25:15 AM(UTC+0)	Sent	Jack u wanna smoke with me and Steffen
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1406	Sent	[REDACTED] Brock [REDACTED]	8/9/2014 6:50:03 PM (UTC+0)	Sent	Damn	
1407	Inbox	[REDACTED] Brock [REDACTED]	8/9/2014 6:48:32 PM (UTC+0)	Read	Me Kristian Adam max Lam and Conor	
1408	Sent	[REDACTED] Brock [REDACTED]	8/9/2014 6:47:24 PM (UTC+0)	Sent	Who's pot was it?	
1409	Inbox	[REDACTED] Brock [REDACTED]	8/9/2014 6:47:19 PM (UTC+0)	Read	A lot	
1410	Inbox	[REDACTED] Brock [REDACTED]	8/9/2014 6:47:16 PM (UTC+0)	Read	Idk some amount	

1414	Inbox	[REDACTED] Brock [REDACTED]	8/9/2014 6:46:09 PM (UTC+0)	Read	None of us have any haha. We smoked 18 gs yesterday
1415	Sent	[REDACTED] Brock [REDACTED]	8/9/2014 6:45:29 PM (UTC+0)	Sent	Kristian Berning maybe
1416	Inbox	[REDACTED] Brock [REDACTED]	8/9/2014 6:43:59 PM (UTC+0)	Read	Idk who tho
1417	Sent	+ [REDACTED] Brock [REDACTED]	8/9/2014 6:42:58 PM (UTC+0)	Sent	We should get someone to smoke us out haha
1418	Inbox	[REDACTED] Brock [REDACTED]	8/9/2014 6:42:37 PM (UTC+0)	Read	Fuck
1419	Inbox	[REDACTED] Brock [REDACTED]	8/9/2014 6:42:36 PM (UTC+0)	Read	Ik
1420	Sent	[REDACTED] Brock [REDACTED]	8/9/2014 6:42:08 PM (UTC+0)	Sent	I don't have any either
1421	Sent	[REDACTED] Brock [REDACTED]	8/9/2014 6:41:51 PM (UTC+0)	Sent	Sheet
1422	Inbox	[REDACTED] Brock [REDACTED]	8/9/2014 6:41:39 PM (UTC+0)	Read	I have no more pot
1423	Sent	[REDACTED] Max [REDACTED]	8/9/2014 3:31:38 AM (UTC+0)	Sent	Fuck I'm all the way back in centerville

1351	Sent	██████████ Conor ██████████	8/12/2014 11:54:09 PM (UTC+0)	Sent	Let's smoke	
1352	Sent	██████████ Brock ██████████	8/12/2014 11:53:15 PM (UTC+0)	Sent	Didn't you just do dabs	
1353	Inbox	██████████ Brock ██████████	8/12/2014 11:52:47 PM (UTC+0)	Read	Hold up a bit. I'm running errands really	
1354	Sent	██████████ Brock ██████████	8/12/2014 11:50:46 PM (UTC+0)	Sent	Nigga let's smoke weed	
1355	Inbox	██████████ Brock ██████████	8/12/2014 6:29:38 PM (UTC+0)	Read	Ik	
1356	Sent	██████████ Brock ██████████	8/12/2014 5:29:05 PM (UTC+0)	Sent	That'd be so much fun	

1319	Inbox	██████████ Conor ██████████	8/16/2014 1:12:34 AM (UTC+0)	Read	whats up?	
1320	Sent	██████████ Conor ██████████	8/16/2014 1:12:12 AM (UTC+0)	Sent	Yo dude	
1321	Inbox	██████████ Conor ██████████	8/15/2014 2:01:40 AM (UTC+0)	Read	cool	
1322	Sent	██████████ Conor ██████████	8/15/2014 2:01:19 AM (UTC+0)	Sent	Okay yeah we can smoke real pot	
1323	Inbox	██████████ Conor ██████████	8/15/2014 2:00:55 AM (UTC+0)	Read	yes, well not dabs cause we got that haha	
1324	Sent	██████████ Conor ██████████	8/15/2014 2:00:18 AM (UTC+0)	Sent	As opposed to fake pot haha	
1325	Inbox	██████████ Conor ██████████	8/15/2014 1:59:45 AM (UTC+0)	Read	okay bring real pot	
1326	Sent	██████████ Conor ██████████	8/15/2014 1:58:43 AM (UTC+0)	Sent	Hmmm yeah sure	
1327	Inbox	██████████ Conor ██████████	8/15/2014 1:58:25 AM (UTC+0)	Read	hey want to come to brocks, wending just got here	
1328	Sent	██████████ Conor ██████████	8/15/2014 12:37:01 AM (UTC+0)	Sent	Ya dawg	
1329	Inbox	██████████ Conor ██████████	8/15/2014 12:34:49 AM (UTC+0)	Read	i feel you	
1330	Sent	██████████ Conor ██████████	8/15/2014 12:34:24 AM (UTC+0)	Sent	Same. Trying to find something to do	

		8/19/2014 12:04:40 AM (UTC+0)	Read	When will you be here?	
1269	Inbox	██████████ Brock ██████████	8/19/2014 12:04:37 AM (UTC+0)	Read	1.2 for 20.
1270	Sent	██████████ Brock ██████████	8/19/2014 12:03:54 AM (UTC+0)	Sent	Aight
1271	Inbox	██████████ Brock ██████████	8/19/2014 12:02:34 AM (UTC+0)	Read	Okay and at Max's rn. I'll text the dude.
1272	Sent	██████████ Brock ██████████	8/19/2014 12:02:05 AM (UTC+0)	Sent	Where are u chillin
1273	Sent	██████████ Brock ██████████	8/19/2014 12:01:57 AM (UTC+0)	Sent	Yeah sure
1274	Inbox	██████████ Brock ██████████	8/19/2014 12:00:56 AM (UTC+0)	Read	Do you have money to buy like a g. I have a little bit of pot
1275	Sent	██████████ Brock ██████████	8/18/2014 11:57:56 PM (UTC+0)	Sent	Of course haha
1276	Inbox	██████████ Brock ██████████	8/18/2014 11:57:47 PM (UTC+0)	Read	Wanna blaze?
1277	Sent	██████████ Brock ██████████	8/18/2014 11:57:12 PM (UTC+0)	Sent	Sure nigga
1278	Inbox	██████████ Brock ██████████	8/18/2014 11:56:00 PM (UTC+0)	Read	Chilling wanna hang?
1279	Sent	██████████ Brock ██████████	8/18/2014 11:55:32 PM (UTC+0)	Sent	Waddup man
1280	Inbox	██████████ Brock ██████████	8/18/2014 11:55:20 PM (UTC+0)	Read	Yo

1240	Sent	██████████ Brock ██████████	8/21/2014 1:27:22 AM (UTC+0)	Sent	Oh where u at then	
1241	Inbox	██████████ Brock ██████████	8/21/2014 1:24:56 AM (UTC+0)	Read	I haven't asked he isn't here yet	
1242	Sent	██████████ Brock ██████████	8/21/2014 1:24:35 AM (UTC+0)	Sent	What's the word	
1243	Sent	██████████ Brock ██████████	8/21/2014 12:53:12 AM (UTC+0)	Sent	Swagastorous	
1244	Inbox	██████████ Brock ██████████	8/21/2014 12:52:35 AM (UTC+0)	Read	I'll ask Mac	
1245	Inbox	██████████ Brock ██████████	8/21/2014 12:52:33 AM (UTC+0)	Read	Max	
1246	Sent	██████████ Brock ██████████	8/21/2014 12:51:51 AM (UTC+0)	Sent	We should still go to grant nature	
1247	Inbox	██████████ Brock ██████████	8/20/2014 3:17:12 AM (UTC+0)	Read	Sounds good to me	
1248	Sent	██████████ Brock ██████████	8/20/2014 3:16:51 AM (UTC+0)	Sent	For real. We should go to grant nature and blaze haha	
1249	Inbox	██████████ Brock ██████████	8/20/2014 3:16:01 AM (UTC+0)	Read	Yeah there isn't. Tomorrow let's chill.	

1228	Sent	[REDACTED]	8/21/2014 8:57:40 PM (UTC+0)	Sent	Damn Brian I knew you and unused herb was a bad combo. But sounds good. I'll try and stop by during the day to say hi
1229	Inbox	[REDACTED]	8/21/2014 12:02:44 PM (UTC+0)	Read	Burned through the green, but your book is still standing. I will put it in my mailbox for whenever you want to come by.
1230	Sent	[REDACTED] Brock [REDACTED]	8/21/2014 1:48:57 AM (UTC+0)	Sent	Damn for real? Why not
1231	Inbox	[REDACTED] Brock [REDACTED]	8/21/2014 1:48:14 AM (UTC+0)	Read	Neh we aren't there yet. Dude idk if we can go tonight
1232	Sent	[REDACTED] Brock [REDACTED]	8/21/2014 1:44:42 AM (UTC+0)	Sent	Swag. Should I just meet y'all niggas there
1233	Inbox	[REDACTED] Brock [REDACTED]	8/21/2014 1:37:42 AM (UTC+0)	Read	Max does
1234	Sent	[REDACTED] Brock [REDACTED]	8/21/2014 1:36:36 AM (UTC+0)	Sent	Do u have any herb
1235	Inbox	[REDACTED] Brock [REDACTED]	8/21/2014 1:35:26 AM (UTC+0)	Read	Okay
1236	Sent	[REDACTED] Brock [REDACTED]	8/21/2014 1:34:52 AM (UTC+0)	Sent	No sir. But I'll throw money down
1237	Inbox	[REDACTED] Brock [REDACTED]	8/21/2014 1:30:08 AM (UTC+0)	Read	Do you have pot?
1238	Sent	[REDACTED] Brock [REDACTED]	8/21/2014 1:29:52 AM (UTC+0)	Sent	Fuck yeah
1239	Inbox	[REDACTED] Brock [REDACTED]	8/21/2014 1:29:28 AM (UTC+0)	Read	He's down

(UTC+0)	Read	I wish			
1215	Sent	[REDACTED] Brock [REDACTED]	8/22/2014 2:23:27 AM (UTC+0)	Sent	Oh damn. I still wanna smoke tho
1216	Inbox	[REDACTED] Brock [REDACTED]	8/22/2014 2:18:57 AM (UTC+0)	Read	Hes out. He is reupping tomorrow.
1217	Sent	[REDACTED] Brock [REDACTED]	8/22/2014 2:10:09 AM (UTC+0)	Sent	Airight that's okay. Does bobby still have good shit
1218	Inbox	[REDACTED] Brock [REDACTED]	8/22/2014 1:14:18 AM (UTC+0)	Read	I have no money. Front me til tomorrow? I got money tomorrow.
1219	Sent	[REDACTED] Brock [REDACTED]	8/22/2014 1:03:36 AM (UTC+0)	Sent	Damn. U wanna split an eighth with me
1220	Inbox	[REDACTED] Brock [REDACTED]	8/22/2014 1:03:10 AM (UTC+0)	Read	Negatory
1221	Sent	[REDACTED] Brock [REDACTED]	8/22/2014 1:01:32 AM (UTC+0)	Sent	Do y'all niggas have marijuana
1222	Inbox	[REDACTED] Brock [REDACTED]	8/22/2014 1:01:12 AM (UTC+0)	Read	Rocxos
1223	Sent	[REDACTED] Brock [REDACTED]	8/22/2014 12:59:23 AM (UTC+0)	Sent	Where r u right now
1224	Inbox	[REDACTED] Brock [REDACTED]	8/22/2014 12:56:00 AM (UTC+0)	Read	Sure
1225	Sent	[REDACTED] Brock [REDACTED]	8/22/2014 12:55:16 AM (UTC+0)	Sent	Nothing. Do u wanna chill
1226	Inbox	[REDACTED] Brock [REDACTED]	8/22/2014 12:54:41 AM (UTC+0)	Read	What up
1227	Sent	[REDACTED] Brock [REDACTED]	8/22/2014 12:53:44 AM (UTC+0)	Sent	Yo

1207	Inbox	██████████ Conor ██████████	8/22/2014 5:47:47 PM (UTC+0)	Read	okay cool im looking to buy to
1208	Sent	██████████ Conor ██████████	8/22/2014 5:47:06 PM (UTC+0)	Sent	Nah. I was going to buy some shit tho
1209	Inbox	██████████ Conor ██████████	8/22/2014 5:45:12 PM (UTC+0)	Read	you got stuff?
1210	Sent	██████████ Conor ██████████	8/22/2014 5:43:45 PM (UTC+0)	Sent	Yo do u wanna smoke right now
1211	Sent	██████████ Devin ██████████	8/22/2014 3:22:32 AM (UTC+0)	Sent	Hey dude, It's Brock turner. Do you have any pot by chance?
1212	Inbox	██████████ Brock ██████████	8/22/2014 3:14:41 AM (UTC+0)	Read	No

EXHIBIT ELEVEN

273	Inbox	[REDACTED] Jimmy [REDACTED]	12/24/2014 8:24:14 PM (UTC+0)	Read	Flina have the meths for winter training. Coming in without training for a week
274	Inbox	[REDACTED] Connor [REDACTED]	12/24/2014 6:52:04 AM (UTC+0)	Read	Kk I'll try and set it up with Julian boyz
275	Inbox	[REDACTED] Jack [REDACTED]	12/24/2014 4:54:42 AM (UTC+0)	Read	Clazzic
276	Sent	[REDACTED] Connor [REDACTED] [REDACTED] Jack [REDACTED]	12/24/2014 4:51:09 AM (UTC+0)	Sent	I'm down for sure
277	Inbox	[REDACTED] Jack [REDACTED]	12/24/2014 4:49:25 AM (UTC+0)	Read	I've got a hankerin for a good acid trip when we get back
278	Inbox	[REDACTED] Jimmy [REDACTED]	12/24/2014 4:10:08 AM (UTC+0)	Read	Hommel flaked out on supplying ganj to Vegas
279	Inbox	[REDACTED] Brock [REDACTED]	12/23/2014 10:06:47 PM (UTC+0)	Read	Pretty close

2125	Sent	[REDACTED] Brock [REDACTED]	5/18/2014 3:09:23 AM (UTC+0)	Sent	Yo dude	
2126	Inbox	[REDACTED] Brock [REDACTED]	5/18/2014 2:08:31 AM (UTC+0)	Read	Dicks.	
2127	Sent	[REDACTED] Brock [REDACTED]	5/18/2014 2:08:12 AM (UTC+0)	Sent	No she doesn't	
2128	Inbox	[REDACTED] Brock [REDACTED]	5/18/2014 2:05:32 AM (UTC+0)	Read	We are otw And does jean have pot?	
2129	Sent	[REDACTED] Brock [REDACTED]	5/18/2014 2:02:45 AM (UTC+0)	Sent	I don't know man. Are you on your way	
2130	Inbox	[REDACTED] Brock [REDACTED]	5/18/2014 2:01:46 AM (UTC+0)	Read	Hannah is sleeping over at my house so I cant. And night trips are shitty anyway.	
2131	Sent	[REDACTED] Brock [REDACTED]	5/18/2014 2:00:57 AM (UTC+0)	Sent	Yeah same so I don't know. Want to see if we can get acid?	
2132	Inbox	[REDACTED] Brock [REDACTED]	5/18/2014 2:00:26 AM (UTC+0)	Read	Im driving tho.	
2133	Sent	[REDACTED] Brock [REDACTED]	5/18/2014 1:59:58 AM (UTC+0)	Sent	Yeah me neither haha. It looks like he has alcohol though	

(UTC+0)	Sent	In centerville. Where are you?			
1385	Inbox	[REDACTED] Brock A [REDACTED]	8/11/2014 11:49:37 PM (UTC+0)	Read	25? Where are you?
1386	Sent	[REDACTED] Brock [REDACTED]	8/11/2014 11:49:08 PM (UTC+0)	Sent	Okay that works I guess.
1387	Inbox	[REDACTED] Brock A [REDACTED]	8/11/2014 11:47:52 PM (UTC+0)	Read	You can buy a half 8th
1388	Sent	[REDACTED] Brock [REDACTED]	8/11/2014 11:47:29 PM (UTC+0)	Sent	How much do you have
1389	Inbox	[REDACTED] Brock [REDACTED]	8/11/2014 11:47:07 PM (UTC+0)	Read	You should buy from me
1390	Sent	[REDACTED] Brock [REDACTED]	8/11/2014 11:45:42 PM (UTC+0)	Sent	Nah but I'm thinking about picking up some. We could split an eighth? If you want
1391	Inbox	[REDACTED] Brock [REDACTED]	8/11/2014 11:44:48 PM (UTC+0)	Read	do you have any?
1392	Sent	[REDACTED] Brock [REDACTED]	8/11/2014 11:44:18 PM (UTC+0)	Sent	Yo do you wanna blow down
1393	Inbox	[REDACTED] Brock [REDACTED]	8/11/2014 10:43:21 PM (UTC+0)	Read	Idk
1394	Inbox	[REDACTED] Curtis [REDACTED]	8/11/2014 6:45:02 PM (UTC+0)	Read	Lol that guy is nuts
1395	Sent	[REDACTED] Brock A [REDACTED]	8/11/2014 6:13:02 PM (UTC+0)	Sent	How long is he in Florida for
1396	Inbox	[REDACTED] Brock [REDACTED]	8/11/2014 6:12:43 PM (UTC+0)	Read	Probably but he's out of town
1397	Sent	[REDACTED] Brock [REDACTED]	8/11/2014 6:10:29 PM (UTC+0)	Sent	Does Ryan still have an acid hookup

EXHIBIT TWELVE

		██████████ Tommy ██████████	7/27/2014 1:27:07 AM (UTC+0)	Read	I might be a little late	
1567	Inbox	██████████ Gary ██████████	7/27/2014 1:26:24 AM (UTC+0)	Read	Practice tomorrow 4-5:30pm at the DRAC	
1568	Sent	██████████ Patrick ██████████	7/25/2014 5:26:38 PM (UTC+0)	Sent	I gotta fucking try that. I heard it's awesome	
1569	Inbox	██████████ Patrick ██████████	7/25/2014 5:25:27 PM (UTC+0)	Read	Yeah dude. It was absurdly amazing.	
1570	Sent	██████████ Patrick ██████████	7/25/2014 5:24:29 PM (UTC+0)	Sent	Isn't that MDMA and LSD?	
1571	Inbox	██████████ Patrick ██████████	7/25/2014 5:12:47 PM (UTC+0)	Read	Dude, I fuckin candyflipped like 2 weeks ago. It was unreal.	
1572	Sent	██████████ Patrick ██████████	7/25/2014 5:11:49 PM (UTC+0)	Sent	Not that great honestly. I only took like one tab so I think after juniors I'm going to do more at once	
1573	Inbox	██████████ Patrick ██████████	7/25/2014 5:05:19 PM (UTC+0)	Read	Dope, how was that?	
1574	Sent	██████████ Patrick ██████████	7/25/2014 5:04:51 PM (UTC+0)	Sent	Haha yeah that's how I pictured it too... Oh dude i did acid with kristian last week.	

EXHIBIT THIRTEEN

1929	Inbox	██████████ Caroline Turner*	6/4/2014 12:30:01 AM (UTC+0)	Read	Is the 20th through 22nd too early for you to take off of work?
1930	Sent	██████████ Caroline Turner*	6/4/2014 12:28:50 AM (UTC+0)	Sent	I don't know. Just pick a weekend and I'll probably be free
1931	Inbox	██████████ Caroline Turner*	6/4/2014 12:28:07 AM (UTC+0)	Read	So when are you coming to visit brent and I?
1932	Sent	██████████ Caroline Turner*	6/4/2014 12:27:34 AM (UTC+0)	Sent	Haha Yeah I'm sure.
1933	Inbox	██████████ Caroline Turner*	6/4/2014 12:26:40 AM (UTC+0)	Read	Haha enjoy it while it lasts, the funniest thing to look back on high school is having beer but having no place to drink it. That will go away in college
1934	Sent	██████████ Caroline Turner*	6/3/2014 11:28:11 PM (UTC+0)	Sent	Yeah kind of. It was hard to find a place to drink. But when we finally did we could only drink for like an hour and a half.
1935	Inbox	██████████ Caroline Turner*	6/3/2014 11:27:11 PM (UTC+0)	Read	Good, did you rage last night?
1936	Sent	██████████ Caroline Turner*	6/3/2014 11:26:01 PM (UTC+0)	Sent	It's okay. I basically got to sleep all day today so that was good

EXHIBIT FOURTEEN

The Hon. Aaron Persky
Santa Clara County Superior Court
Palo Alto Courthouse

Dear Judge Persky:

As members of the Stanford Class of 2018 and students who are working for campus sexual assault reform, we are writing to you about the profound impact that the sentencing of Brock Turner will have on the entire Stanford community. We are in agreement with our peers who have written separately to you. We do not believe that probation or a short sentence would be an appropriate consequence given the gravity of Turner's actions.

Upholding fairness and accountability in the legal system will set a precedent against future misconduct both on our campus and at other universities across the nation. We recognize that, for survivors, reporting an assault to law enforcement or campus authorities is one of the hardest steps of the process. Too often, survivors will cite the intensiveness of the adjudication process or investigation as the main reason of deterrence from reporting. However, another - and possibly more important concern by survivors - is that the consequence does not match the action when someone is found responsible or guilty. This inadequacy leads to distrust by survivors of both the university processes and the legal system.

When survivors do not feel supported by the system that is meant to uphold justice, they choose not to report because they have lost trust in that process. If we are to maintain the level of trust in our systems, we need to ensure that a survivor's dignity is upheld by adequately sanctioning the perpetrator. A light sentence, such as probation or a few months in jail, would send the incorrect message that this was not a serious crime. This would undermine the trust in the legal system at large, diminish reporting, and possibly make the Stanford community a more dangerous place for all.

Furthermore, as a part of the Stanford community, we have spoken to many women, survivors, and other students on campus about Mr. Turner's offense. The case not only brought to light the seriousness and prevalence of sexual assault on Stanford's campus,

but also raised concerns about campus safety. Students now fear being placed in vulnerable situations or simply walking alone at night because they understand that anyone can become a victim of sexual violence, as evident by Mr. Turner's actions.

Additionally, coming from a campus with a diverse student body, we are aware that Mr. Turner comes from a privileged upbringing as a Stanford athlete. Mr. Turner has had the fortune of growing up in an affluent, loving family, but this should not preclude him from facing the consequences for his horrific crimes. Mr. Turner, despite being blessed with many sources of support from his coaches, teachers, and family, still knowingly took advantage of another human being in a completely defenseless situation. As a privileged member of an institute of higher education, he should have known better.

As a student of the class of 2018, Mr. Turner also received extensive education and training on sexual violence. Prior to arriving on campus, all incoming freshmen were required to complete an online training program on consent, alcohol usage, and sexual abuse. During New Student Orientation in September, Mr. Turner, along with the rest of the freshman class, was required to listen to hours of speeches on the importance of acquiring consent and not engaging in sexual activities when alcohol is involved or the other person is unconscious and unable to give consent. The multitude of training shows that Mr. Turner was surely aware of the gravity of his wrongdoings, and yet he still chose to commit a horrendous crime.

With all of this said, we believe that Brock Turner's actions warrant incarceration of at least 2 years as stated in the statutes he was charged and convicted under. As California Penal Code Section 220(a)(1) states that the assault with intent to commit rape "shall be punished by imprisonment in the state prison for two, four, or six years." In line with our fellow students, we see no reason to provide a sentence less than what the law provides, and we encourage you to follow these guidelines. He does not deserve an exception and we hope you will not make one for him.

Members of the Stanford community are expected to uphold high moral and ethical standards under a Stanford policy that is known as the Fundamental Standard. We are expected to show, both within and without the university, a respect for order, morality, personal honor and the rights of others as is demanded of good citizens. Mr. Turner knew

this, as well as the implications of committing a crime of sexual violence. He violated both University rules and state law and as such should be held accountable for his actions. The Stanford Community would expect nothing less.

In conclusion, if we are to promote standards of accountability and safety for all students at Stanford and beyond, we believe Mr. Turner should be held accountable for his crimes and receive no less than the statutory minimum sentence of 2 years. His actions have resulted in serious consequences affecting the entirety of Stanford's campus. Standing in support of survivors, students' well being, and the innocent woman victimized by Mr. Turner's actions, we ask that you affirm the dignity of survivors and reinstate a climate of trust and safety by providing an adequate punishment that meets the severity of Mr. Turner's actions. We must ensure that violent crimes will not be tolerated.

Sincerely,

Stephanie Pham '18 and Matthew Baiza '18

Founders of the Stanford Association of Students for Sexual Assault Prevention (ASAP)

Signatories (*Total signatures: 255*)

<i>Brandon Hill</i>	<i>Stanford Undergraduate Vice President, Class of 2016</i>
<i>James Landay</i>	<i>Professor, Computer Science</i>
<i>Benjamin Taylor</i>	<i>Class of 2018</i>
<i>Maia Miller</i>	<i>Class of 2017</i>
<i>Jordan Parker</i>	<i>Class of 2018</i>
<i>Jimmy Zhang</i>	<i>Class of 2018</i>
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<i>Jenny Hong</i>	<i>Class of 2015</i>
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<i>Andy Miguel</i>	<i>Class of 2016</i>
<i>Samantha Wassmer</i>	<i>Class of 2018</i>
<i>Shanta Katipamula</i>	<i>Class of 2019</i>
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<i>Brian Chu</i>	<i>Class of 2018</i>
<i>Shu Chen Ong</i>	<i>Class of 2017</i>
<i>Jess Spicer</i>	<i>Class of 2017</i>

<i>Samantha Kargilis</i>	<i>Class of 2019</i>
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<i>Lauren Schlansky</i>	<i>Class of 2018</i>

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<i>Sarah Brickman</i>	<i>Class of 2017</i>
<i>Sri Muppidi</i>	<i>Class of 2017</i>

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<i>Anne Olsen</i>	<i>Class of 2017</i>
<i>Catherine Xie</i>	<i>Class of 2019</i>
<i>Erik Raucher</i>	<i>Class of 2018</i>
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<i>Tashrima Hossain</i>	<i>Class of 2019</i>
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<i>Arianna Tapia</i>	<i>Class of 2019</i>
<i>Rebecca Stepp</i>	<i>Class of 2018</i>
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<i>Jacob Nierenberg</i>	<i>Class of 2017</i>

<i>Jennifer Perry</i>	<i>Class of 2019</i>
<i>Adam Landeros</i>	<i>University of California, Los Angeles Class of 2018</i>
<i>Alfred Xue</i>	<i>Class of 2017</i>
<i>Diego Hernandez</i>	<i>Class of 2017</i>
<i>Laila Al-Shamma</i>	<i>Class of 2018</i>
<i>Andrea Ward</i>	<i>Class of 2017</i>
<i>Julien Brinson</i>	<i>Class of 2017</i>
<i>Tiffany Ahunan</i>	<i>Class of 2017</i>
<i>Katie Joseff</i>	<i>Class of 2017</i>
<i>Paige Saucyn</i>	<i>Class of 2017</i>
<i>Carter Burr-Kirven</i>	<i>Class of 2018</i>
<i>Allison DeCastro</i>	<i>Class of 2016</i>
<i>Kimmy Phan</i>	<i>Class of 2018</i>
<i>John Ribeiro-Broomhead</i>	<i>Class of 2017</i>
<i>Julia Daniel</i>	<i>Class of 2017</i>
<i>Raul Cabrera</i>	<i>Class of 2017</i>
<i>Malcolm Lizzappi</i>	<i>Class of 2017</i>
<i>Sam Lee</i>	<i>Class of 2019</i>
<i>Christine Nguyen</i>	<i>Class of 2017</i>
<i>Rachel Liaw</i>	<i>Class of 2011</i>
<i>Julia Espero</i>	<i>Class of 2018</i>
<i>Kevin Coelho</i>	<i>Class of 2017</i>
<i>Carmelle Millar</i>	<i>Class of 2019</i>
<i>Chung-Pei Shu</i>	<i>Class of 2017</i>
<i>Julia Duncan</i>	<i>Class of 2018</i>
<i>Max Vilgalys</i>	<i>Class of 2017</i>
<i>Christine Kazanchian</i>	<i>Class of 2018</i>
<i>David Xue</i>	<i>Class of 2017</i>
<i>Sarika Reddy</i>	<i>Class of 2017</i>
<i>Nadia Wan Rosli</i>	<i>Class of 2017</i>
<i>Aliyah Chavez</i>	<i>Class of 2018</i>
<i>Alex Clay</i>	<i>Class of 2016</i>
<i>Erin McMullen</i>	<i>Class of 2016</i>
<i>Fabiana Diaz</i>	<i>Class of 2016</i>
<i>Carley Towne</i>	<i>Class of 2016</i>
<i>Emily Strickler</i>	<i>Class of 2016</i>
<i>Jamie Zhang</i>	<i>Class of 2018</i>
<i>Chloe Allred</i>	<i>Class of 2015</i>
<i>Jessica Davidson</i>	<i>Student body VP, University of Denver, Class of 2016</i>

<i>John Pham</i>	<i>Parent of Class of 2018</i>
<i>Susie Pham</i>	<i>Parent of Class of 2018</i>
<i>Davis Chhoa</i>	<i>Class of 2018</i>
<i>Katie Nesser</i>	<i>Class of 2018</i>
<i>Emily Dial</i>	<i>Class of 2017</i>
<i>Sarah Cobarruvias</i>	<i>Class of 2017</i>
<i>Amy Lin</i>	<i>Class of 2018</i>
<i>Vicky Le</i>	<i>Class of 2019</i>
<i>Stephanie Feldman</i>	<i>Class of 2014</i>
<i>Matthew Kim</i>	<i>Class of 2018</i>
<i>Dan Yu</i>	<i>Class of 2018</i>
<i>Andrea Flores</i>	<i>Class of 2018</i>
<i>Erica Roberts</i>	<i>Class of 2018</i>
<i>Connie Li</i>	<i>Class of 2018</i>
<i>Jeremy Moffett</i>	<i>Class of 2016</i>
<i>Anna Wang</i>	<i>Class of 2017</i>
<i>Katherine Reinders</i>	<i>Class of 2018</i>
<i>Ellen Woods</i>	<i>Class of 2018</i>
<i>John-Michael D'Andrea</i>	<i>Columbia University, Class of 2018</i>
<i>Alejandra MacDougall</i>	<i>Class of 2018</i>
<i>Spencer Savitz</i>	<i>Class of 2017</i>
<i>Alexandra Cava</i>	<i>Class of 2016</i>
<i>Anusha Praturu</i>	<i>Class of 2016</i>
<i>Lauren Galvin</i>	<i>Class of 2011</i>
<i>Sarah Monroe</i>	<i>Class of 2016</i>
<i>Dylan Kennedy</i>	<i>Class of 2019</i>
<i>Spencer Slovic</i>	<i>Class of 2018</i>
<i>Laura</i>	<i>Class of 2016</i>
<i>Giscard Boulou</i>	<i>Class of 2016</i>
<i>Ari Mostov</i>	<i>Class of 2015</i>
<i>Christina Gibbs</i>	<i>Class of 2018</i>
<i>Jae-Young Son</i>	<i>Class of 2016</i>
<i>Valerie Gamao</i>	<i>Class of 2017</i>
<i>Michael Fang</i>	<i>Class of 2016</i>
<i>Shawna Sherman</i>	<i>Class of 1996</i>
<i>Jose Hernandez</i>	<i>Class of 2017</i>
<i>Laetitia Walendom</i>	<i>Class of 2015, 2016</i>
<i>Elizabeth Anderson</i>	<i>Class of 2016</i>
<i>Vivan Ho</i>	<i>Class of 2017</i>

EXHIBIT FIFTEEN

May 24, 2016

The Hon. Aaron Persky
Santa Clara County Superior Court
Palo Alto Courthouse

Re: Sentencing of Brock Turner

Dear Judge Persky:

I write regarding the sentencing of Brock Turner in connection with his convictions for felony sex crimes committed in January 2015 on the Stanford campus. As a professor at Stanford Law School for the past 15 years, I have been deeply involved in efforts to improve Stanford's prevention and response to sexual assault on campus. From 2011-13 I was the faculty co-chair of the Board on Judicial Affairs, in which capacity I helped lead a process to reform Stanford's sexual assault policies. I also teach a class on campus sexual assault at Stanford, and have continued to work on the issue.

The victim in this case has been a close friend of my daughter since middle school and I know her well. A lenient sentence of probation or a few months in jail is simply not commensurate with the severity of the harm Brock Turner inflicted on her, nor will it deter future similar assaults at Stanford.

Having known the victim in this case extremely well for more than 10 years, my family and I are crushed and heartbroken at her victimization. She and my daughter were inseparable friends in middle and high school. They slept over at each other's homes frequently, and she joined our family on a backpacking trip to Yosemite. We stayed in touch over the years as she attended college and when she returned to the area we were delighted to see her again.

She is a lovely, warm, talented, funny girl from a close, loving, involved family. She was always a brilliant and diligent student, and to our knowledge she never got in any trouble. She was extremely trustworthy. I never worried when my daughter was going to hang out with her in high school because I knew that she would look out for my daughter. Her high school classmates voted her "best personality" because she is such a caring and compassionate person. This is a young woman who has countless friends and who was admired by all the parents of the girls in their high school social set.

The California Penal Code prescribes a statutory sentencing range with minimum sentences of two to three years of incarceration for the crimes for which Turner was convicted.¹ It is my understanding that the conviction for assault with intent to commit rape means that Turner can only receive probation or a lesser sentence if the court makes a finding that the defendant's case is an "unusual case where the interests of justice

¹ Cal. Penal Code Section 220 provides for a sentence of 2, 4, or 6 years; Cal. Penal Code Section 289(d) and 289(e) both provide for a sentence of 3, 6, or 8 years.

would best be served” by a downward departure.² The determination as to whether the case is “unusual” is made in light of the factors in Rule 4.413 of the 2016 California Rules of Court, including whether the crime is “substantially less serious than the circumstances typically present in other cases,” and the defendant’s youth or lack of criminal record.³ For the reasons described below, I do not believe that such a finding is appropriate in this case. I urge the court to sentence Turner in accordance with the statutory guidelines.

First, the facts in this case are very serious. Turner and the victim were strangers. He took advantage of her extreme intoxication, her momentary isolation from her sister and friend, and her defenselessness after she lost consciousness. He degraded and humiliated her by assaulting her in public, forcing his fingers into her vagina in a dirty and pine-needle strewn area, and then left her half naked with her dress pushed up over her head and with her vagina exposed in the dirt next to a dumpster. He was on top of her thrusting against her vagina with his body weight while she was exposed and helpless to resist. She was completely unconscious. Passers-by could observe the assault, and observe her in that utterly defiled condition. Had Good Samaritans not intervened, she likely would have been raped in public. The victim is suffering the effects of this assault and is likely to continue to suffer greatly for many years as a result of the defendant’s actions.

These facts are not “substantially less serious” than other cases. The opposite is true. The facts here are in some ways especially egregious when compared with many other assaults on campus. The fact that this sexual assault occurred in public and that the victim was observed being penetrated and assaulted while her genitals were exposed to view is more serious and more traumatizing than many other cases. Witnesses described the condition of the victim and the assault as very upsetting. This attack simply cannot reasonably be characterized as “substantially less serious” than other such assaults. Probation or a short stay in the county jail would not reflect its severity.

Second, the fact that Turner is young or that he has no prior convictions should not be a basis for finding that the case is “unusual.” Campus assault cases almost always involve youthful offenders like Turner who lack prior criminal records, and who have supportive families, teachers, mentors and coaches. Particularly at Stanford, offenders typically have done well in school, and have participated in athletics and community service as well as church or scouting. They have been the captains of their debate teams, volunteered for non-profits, and tutored underprivileged children. Like Turner, perpetrators of campus assault often meet their victims at parties and target girls who are very drunk; usually they have had a few drinks themselves. A finding that these sorts of facts make a case “unusual” could well apply to virtually every campus rape case at Stanford, as well as at many other colleges throughout California. These facts make it hard to sustain the idea that this assault is “unusual” in any meaningful sense.

² Cal. Penal Code Section 1203.065(b).

³ 2016 Cal. Rules of Court, Rule 4.413. Even if the court determines that the case is “unusual” pursuant to Rule 413, it is not required to grant probation. The statute also requires that “the interests of justice would be best served” by probation. The granting or denial of probation is a discretionary exercise, taking into account the criteria in Rule 4.414.

Even if the court determines that the fact of Turner's youth and lack of a criminal record makes this an "unusual case," that does not mean that the interests of justice would best be served by a grant of probation or a sentence shorter than the statutory minimum. Any grant of probation is discretionary and considered in light of the criteria in Rule 414 of the California Rules of Court. Many of those factors strongly argue against probation in this case, including the nature, seriousness and circumstances of the crime compared to other such crimes; the vulnerability of the victim; the infliction of physical or emotional injury on the victim; and the lack of any provocation that caused the defendant to commit the crime. In particular, the court is also urged to consider the need to deter similar crimes from occurring in the future.

With respect to the specific deterrence of Turner, in my view it would be a mistake to make an exception for him. As an elite college athlete, Turner is someone who has benefitted from many advantages in his life. He has a loving and supportive family; it is of course upsetting to see the pain that he has caused them by committing this crime. But these are not advantages that justify leniency. If anything, they suggest that he is entitled to less latitude than someone who was born into poverty, gangs, and drugs and had little choice but to participate in crime in order to survive. Turner had every advantage in life and he squandered it, which only adds insult to society's injury and the injury of his victim. A grant of probation will likely serve to reinforce the message that the ordinary rules do not apply. If the court wishes to deter Mr. Turner from future sex crimes, it may well be that the best way to do so is to adhere to the statutory sentencing guideline.

With respect to general deterrence, the argument against probation or a downward departure from the statutory minimum is even stronger. At Stanford, assaults that are very similar to this case are unfortunately all too frequent. Stanford recently surveyed the student body regarding sexual assault and found that 43.3% of senior female undergraduate students experienced nonconsensual sexual assault or misconduct during their four years at Stanford. Of those students reporting assault or misconduct involving penetration or oral sex, more than two-thirds indicated that the act was accomplished by taking advantage of the victim while that person was drunk or high.⁴ In 84.9% of cases, the alleged perpetrator was another Stanford student. Forty percent of victims reported having no prior relationship with the alleged perpetrator.⁵

Despite these high rates of victimization, reporting remains very low, particularly reporting to law enforcement. Only 2.7% of students who experienced any kind of nonconsensual sexual contact reported it to the university, including only 12.5% of those who were sexually assaulted.⁶ One possible reason for these low rates of reporting is found in the survey data showing that fewer than half of women students believe that it is very likely that Stanford would take reports of assault seriously; only a third of women believe it is very likely that Stanford would help them to contact the police. Even more

⁴ Stanford University Campus Climate Survey Report (2015), at 24-25, available at: https://provost.stanford.edu/sites/default/files/2015_stanford_campus_climate_survey_report-2.pdf

⁵ Id. at 26.

⁶ Id. at 26.

disturbingly, fewer than half of undergraduate *men* (and only 28% of women) believe it is very likely that Stanford will hold a student who was found responsible for sexual assault accountable.

As these data make clear, the most "unusual" circumstance in this case is that it happened in public where there were eyewitnesses. As a result, Turner was apprehended, charged, and convicted. This case has a wide audience at Stanford. Students will pay close attention to the court's sentencing determination. A sentence that adheres to the statutory guidelines would communicate that there is no privilege to violate others because one is a star athlete at Stanford, but rather that the seriousness of the offense is understood. This would likely help to deter future sexual assaults. Conversely, a sentence of probation based on "unusual" circumstances could well send the message that assaults committed at parties on Stanford campus, especially by elite athletes, are not taken as seriously by the law. This would be particularly troubling in light of the fact, discussed above, that the circumstances of this assault are in some ways worse than in many other campus assaults. It is hard to see how the "interests of justice" support a lenient result. Indeed, they require the opposite. I hope the court will consider the potential deterrent impact of its sentencing determination on the Stanford community.

Like deterrence, rehabilitation is also an important purpose of punishment. I sincerely hope that Mr. Turner is able to turn his life around in the future. No one should be defined by his worst mistake. In this regard, I note that the minimum ranges for his crimes are two to three years, which would amount to a relatively short prison sentence. If the court adheres to the statutory minimums, Turner will be out of prison by the time he is 22. He will have plenty of opportunity to finish his education, put this behind him, and have a second chance at his life. But he will do that having first learned that the penalties for sexual assault are serious and no special exceptions will be made for him. This important lesson will ultimately aid in Turner's rehabilitation because it will help him take responsibility for what he did and to avoid the consequences of reoffending.

I urge the court not to sentence Turner to probation or to a term of incarceration less than the statutory guidelines for his offenses.

This letter is submitted in my private and personal capacity, and not as a representative of Stanford University.

Very truly yours,



Michele Landis Dauber

EXHIBIT SIXTEEN

Your honor,

If it is all right, for the majority of this statement I would like to address the defendant directly.

You don't know me, but you've been inside me, and that's why we're here today.

On January 17th, 2015, it was a quiet Saturday night at home. My dad made some dinner and I sat at the table with my younger sister who was visiting for the weekend. I was working full time and it was approaching my bed time. I planned to stay at home by myself, watch some TV and read, while she went to a party with her friends. Then, I decided it was my only night with her, I had nothing better to do, so why not, there's a dumb party ten minutes from my house, I would go, dance weird like a fool, and embarrass my younger sister. On the way there, I joked that undergrad guys would have braces. My sister teased me for wearing a beige cardigan to a frat party like a librarian. I called myself "big mama", because I knew I'd be the oldest one there. I made silly faces, let my guard down, and drank liquor too fast not factoring in that my tolerance had significantly lowered since college.

The next thing I remember I was in a gurney in a hallway. I had dried blood and bandages on the backs of my hands and elbow. I thought maybe I had fallen and was in an admin office on campus. I was very calm and wondering where my sister was. A deputy explained I had been assaulted. I still remained calm, assured he was speaking to the wrong person. I knew no one at this party. When I was finally allowed to use the restroom, I pulled down the hospital pants they had given me, went to pull down my underwear, and felt nothing. I still remember the feeling of my hands touching my skin and grabbing nothing. I looked down and there was nothing. The thin piece of fabric, the only thing between my vagina and anything else, was missing and everything inside me was silenced. I still don't have words for that feeling. In order to keep breathing, I thought maybe the policemen used scissors to cut them off for evidence.

Then, I felt pine needles scratching the back of my neck and started pulling them out my hair. I thought maybe, the pine needles had fallen from a tree onto my head. My brain was talking my gut into not collapsing. Because my gut was saying, help me, help me.

I shuffled from room to room with a blanket wrapped around me, pine needles trailing behind me, I left a little pile in every room I sat in. I was asked to sign papers that said "Rape Victim" and I thought something has really happened. My clothes were confiscated and I stood naked while the nurses held a ruler to various abrasions on my body and photographed them. The three of us worked to comb the pine needles out of my hair, six hands to fill one paper bag. To calm me down, they said it's just the flora and fauna, flora and fauna. I had multiple swabs inserted into my vagina and anus, needles for shots, pills, had a nikon pointed right into my spread legs. I had long, pointed beaks inside me and had my vagina smeared with cold, blue paint to check for abrasions.

After a few hours of this, they let me shower. I stood there examining my body beneath the stream of water and decided, I don't want my body anymore. I was terrified of it, I didn't know

what had been in it, if it had been contaminated, who had touched it. I wanted to take off my body like a jacket and leave it at the hospital with everything else.

On that morning, all that I was told was that I had been found behind a dumpster, potentially penetrated by a stranger, and that I should get retested for HIV because results don't always show up immediately. But for now, I should go home and get back to my normal life. Imagine stepping back into the world with only that information. They gave me huge hugs, and then I walked out of the hospital into the parking lot wearing the new sweatshirt and sweatpants they provided me, as they had only allowed me to keep my necklace and shoes.

My sister picked me up, face wet from tears and contorted in anguish. Instinctively and immediately, I wanted to take away her pain. I smiled at her, I told her to look at me, I'm right here, I'm okay, everything's okay, I'm right here. My hair is washed and clean, they gave me the strangest shampoo, calm down, and look at me. Look at these funny new sweatpants and sweatshirt, I look like a P.E. teacher, let's go home, let's eat something. She did not know that beneath my sweatsuit, I had scratches and bandages on my skin, my vagina was sore and had become a strange, dark color from all the prodding, my underwear was missing, and I felt too empty to continue to speak. That I was also afraid, that I was also devastated. That day we drove home and for hours my sister held me.

My boyfriend did not know what happened, but called that day and said, "I was really worried about you last night, you scared me, did you make it home okay?" I was horrified. That's when I learned I had called him that night in my blackout, left an incomprehensible voicemail, that we had also spoken on the phone, but I was slurring so heavily he was scared for me, that he repeatedly told me to go find [REDACTED]. Again, he asked me, "What happened last night? Did you make it home okay?" I said yes, and hung up to cry.

I was not ready to tell my boyfriend or parents that actually, I may have raped behind a dumpster, but I don't know by who or when or how. If I told them, I would see the fear on their faces, and mine would multiply by tenfold, so instead I pretended the whole thing wasn't real.

I tried to push it out of my mind, but it was so heavy I didn't talk, I didn't eat, I didn't sleep, I didn't interact with anyone. After work, I would drive to a secluded place to scream. I didn't talk, I didn't eat, I didn't sleep, I didn't interact with anyone, and I became isolated from the ones I loved most. For two weeks after the incident, I didn't get any calls or updates about that night or what happened to me. The only symbol that proved that it hadn't just been a bad dream, was the sweatshirt from the hospital in my drawer.

One day, I was at work, scrolling through the news on my phone, and came across an article. In it, I read and learned for the first time about how I was found unconscious, with my hair disheveled, long necklace wrapped around my neck, bra pulled out of my dress, dress pulled off over my shoulders and pulled up above my waist, that I was butt naked all the way down to my boots, legs spread apart, and had been penetrated by a foreign object by someone I did not recognize. This was how I learned what happened to me, sitting at my desk reading the news at work. I learned what happened to me the same time everyone else in the world learned what

happened to me. That's when the pine needles in my hair made sense, they didn't fall from a tree. He had taken off my underwear, his fingers had been inside of me. I don't even know this person. I still don't know this person. When I read about me like this, I said, this can't be me. This can't be me. I could not digest or accept any of this information. I could not imagine my family having to read about this online. I kept reading. In the next paragraph, I read something that I will never forgive; I read that according to him, I liked it. I liked it. Again, I do not have words for these feelings.

It's like if you were to read an article where a car was hit, and found dented, in a ditch. But maybe the car enjoyed being hit. Maybe the other car didn't mean to hit it, just bump it up a little bit. Cars get in accidents all the time, people aren't always paying attention, can we really say who's at fault.

At the bottom of the article, after I learned about the graphic details of my own sexual assault, the article listed his swimming times. *She was found breathing, unresponsive with her underwear six inches away from her bare stomach curled in fetal position. By the way, he's really good at swimming.* Throw in my mile time if that's what we're doing. I'm good at cooking, put that in there, I think the end is where you list your extracurriculars to cancel out all the sickening things that've happened.

The night the news came out I sat my parents down and told them that I had been assaulted, to not look at the news because it's upsetting, just know that I'm okay, I'm right here, and I'm okay. But halfway through telling them, my mom had to hold me because I could no longer stand up. I was not okay.

The night after it happened, he said he didn't know my name, said he wouldn't be able to identify my face in a lineup, didn't mention any dialogue between us, no words, only dancing and kissing. Dancing is a cute term; was it snapping fingers and twirling dancing, or just bodies grinding up against each other in a crowded room? I wonder if kissing was just faces sloppily pressed up against each other? When the detective asked if he had planned on taking me back to his dorm, he said no. When the detective asked how we ended up behind the dumpster, he said he didn't know. He admitted to kissing other girls at that party, one of whom was my own sister who pushed him away. He admitted to wanting to hook up with someone. I was the wounded antelope of the herd, completely alone and vulnerable, physically unable to fend for myself, and he chose me. Sometimes I think, if I hadn't gone, then this never would've happened. But then I realized, it would have happened, just to somebody else. You were about to enter four years of access to drunk girls and parties, and if this is the foot you started off on, then it is right you did not continue.

The night after it happened, he said he thought I liked it because I rubbed his back. A back rub. Never mentioned me voicing consent, never mentioned us speaking, a back rub.

One more time, in public news, I learned that my ass and vagina were completely exposed outside, my breasts had been groped, fingers had been jabbed inside me along with pine needles and debris, my bare skin and head had been rubbing against the ground behind a dumpster,

while an erect freshman was humping my half naked, unconscious body. But I don't remember, so how do I prove I didn't like it.

I thought there's no way this is going to trial; there were witnesses, there was dirt in my body, he ran but was caught. He's going to settle, formally apologize, and we will both move on. Instead, I was told he hired a powerful attorney, expert witnesses, private investigators who were going to try and find details about my personal life to use against me, find loopholes in my story to invalidate me and my sister, in order to show that this sexual assault was in fact a misunderstanding. That he was going to go to any length to convince the world he had simply been confused.

I was not only told that I was assaulted, I was told that because I couldn't remember, I technically could not prove it was unwanted. And that distorted me, damaged me, almost broke me. It is the saddest type of confusion to be told I was assaulted and nearly raped, blatantly out in the open, but we don't know if it counts as assault yet. I had to fight for an entire year to make it clear that there was something wrong with this situation.

When I was told to be prepared in case we didn't win, I said, I can't prepare for that. He was guilty the minute I woke up. No one can talk me out of the hurt he caused me. Worst of all, I was warned, because he now knows you don't remember, he is going to get to write the script. He can say whatever he wants and no one can contest it. I had no power, I had no voice, I was defenseless. My memory loss would be used against me. My testimony was weak, was incomplete, and I was made to believe that perhaps, I am not enough to win this. That's so damaging. His attorney constantly reminded the jury, the only one we can believe is Brock, because she doesn't remember. That helplessness was traumatizing.

Instead of taking time to heal, I was taking time to recall the night in excruciating detail, in order to prepare for the attorney's questions that would be invasive, aggressive, and designed to steer me off course, to contradict myself, my sister, phrased in ways to manipulate my answers. Instead of his attorney saying, Did you notice any abrasions? He said, You didn't notice any abrasions, right? This was a game of strategy, as if I could be tricked out of my own worth. The sexual assault had been so clear, but instead, here I was at the trial, answering question like:

How old are you? How much do you weigh? What did you eat that day? Well what did you have for dinner? Who made dinner? Did you drink with dinner? No, not even water? When did you drink? How much did you drink? What container did you drink out of? Who gave you the drink? How much do you usually drink? Who dropped you off at this party? At what time? But where exactly? What were you wearing? Why were you going to this party? What'd you do when you got there? Are you sure you did that? But what time did you do that? What does this text mean? Who were you texting? When did you urinate? Where did you urinate? With whom did you urinate outside? Was your phone on silent when your sister called? Do you remember silencing it? Really because on page 53 I'd like to point out that you said it was set to ring. Did you drink in college? You said you were a party animal? How many times did you black out? Did you party at frats? Are you serious with your boyfriend? Are you sexually active with him? When did you start dating? Would you ever cheat? Do you have a history of cheating? What do you mean

when you said you wanted to reward him? Do you remember what time you woke up? Were you wearing your cardigan? What color was your cardigan? Do you remember any more from that night? No? Okay, we'll let Brock fill it in.

I was pummeled with narrowed, pointed questions that dissected my personal life, love life, past life, family life, inane questions, accumulating trivial details to try and find an excuse for this guy who didn't even take the time to ask me for my name, who had me naked a handful of minutes after seeing me. After a physical assault, I was assaulted with questions designed to attack me, to say see, her facts don't line up, she's out of her mind, she's practically an alcoholic, she probably wanted to hook up, he's like an athlete right, they were both drunk, whatever, the hospital stuff she remembers is after the fact, why take it into account, Brock has a lot at stake so he's having a really hard time right now.

And then it came time for him to testify. This is where I became revictimized. I want to remind you, the night after it happened he said he never planned to take me back to his dorm. He said he didn't know why we were behind a dumpster. He got up to leave because he wasn't feeling well when he was suddenly chased and attacked. Then he learned I could not remember.

So one year later, as predicted, a new dialogue emerged. Brock had a strange new story, almost sounded like a poorly written young adult novel with kissing and dancing and hand holding and lovingly tumbling onto the ground, and most importantly in this new story, there was suddenly consent. One year after the incident, he remembered, oh yeah, by the way she actually said yes, to everything, so.

He said he had asked if I wanted to dance. Apparently I said yes. He'd asked if I wanted to go to his dorm, I said yes. Then he asked if he could finger me and I said yes. Most guys don't ask, Can I finger you? Usually there's a natural progression of things, unfolding consensually, not a Q and A. But apparently I granted full permission. He's in the clear.

Even in this story, there's barely any dialogue; I only said a total of three words before he had me half naked on the ground. I have never been penetrated after three words. He didn't claim to hear me speak one full sentence that night, so in the news when it says we "met", I'm not sure I would go so far as to say that. Future reference, if you are confused about whether a girl can consent, see if she can speak an entire sentence. You couldn't even do that. Just one coherent string of words. If she can't do that, then no. Don't touch her, just no. Not maybe, just no. Where was the confusion? This is common sense, human decency.

According to him, the only reason we were on the ground was because I fell down. Note; if a girl falls help her get back up. If she is too drunk to even walk and falls, do not mount her, hump her, take off her underwear, and insert your hand inside her vagina. If a girl falls help her up. If she is wearing a cardigan over her dress don't take it off so that you can touch her breasts. Maybe she is cold, maybe that's why she wore the cardigan. If her bare ass and legs are rubbing the pinecones and needles, while the weight of you pushes into her, get off her.

Next in the story, two people approached you. You ran because you said you felt scared. I argue that you were scared because you'd be caught, not because you were scared of two terrifying Swedish grad students. The idea that you thought you were being attacked out of the blue was ludicrous. That it had nothing to do with you being on top my unconscious body. You were caught red handed, with no explanation. When they tackled you why didn't say, "Stop! Everything's okay, go ask her, she's right over there, she'll tell you." I mean you had just asked for my consent, right? I was awake, right? When the policeman arrived and interviewed the evil Swede who tackled you, he was crying so hard he couldn't speak because of what he'd seen. Also, if you really did think they were dangerous, you just abandoned a half naked girl to run and save yourself. No matter which way you frame it, it doesn't make sense.

Your attorney has repeatedly pointed out, well we don't know exactly when she became unconscious. And you're right, maybe I was still fluttering my eyes and wasn't completely limp yet, fine. His guilt did not depend on him knowing the exact second that I became unconscious, that is never what this was about. I was slurring, too drunk to consent way before I was on the ground. I should have never been touched in the first place. Brock stated, "At no time did I see that she was not responding. If at any time I thought she was not responding, I would have stopped immediately." Here's the thing; if your plan was to stop only when I was literally unresponsive, then you still do not understand. You didn't even stop when I was unconscious anyway! Someone else stopped you. Two guys on bikes noticed I wasn't moving in the dark and had to tackle you. How did you not notice while on top of me?

You said, you would have stopped and gotten help. You say that, but I want you to explain how you would've helped me, step by step, walk me through this. I want to know, if those evil Swedes had not found me, how the night would have played out. I am asking you; Would you have pulled my underwear back on over my boots? Untangled the necklace wrapped around my neck? Closed my legs, covered me?

Tucked my bra back into my dress? Would you have helped me pick the needles from my hair? Asked if the abrasions on my neck and bottom hurt? Would you then go find a friend and say, Will you help me get her somewhere warm and soft? I don't sleep when I think about the way it could have gone if the Swedes had never come. What would have happened to me? That's what you'll never have a good answer for, that's what you can't explain even after a year.

To sit under oath and inform all of us, that yes I wanted it, yes I permitted it, and that you are the true victim attacked by guys for reasons unknown to you is sick, is demented, is selfish, is stupid. It shows that you were willing to go to any length, to discredit me, invalidate me, and explain why it was okay to hurt me. You tried unyieldingly to save yourself, your reputation, at my expense.

My family had to see pictures of my head strapped to a gurney full of pine needles, of my body in the dirt with my eyes closed, dress hiked up, limbs limp in the dark. And then even after that, my family had to listen to your attorney say, the pictures were after the fact, we can dismiss them. To say, yes her nurse confirmed there was redness and abrasions inside her, but that's what happens when you finger someone, and he's already admitted to that. To listen to him use my own sister against me. To listen him attempt to paint of a picture of me, the seductive party

animal, as if somehow that would make it so that I had this coming for me. To listen to him say I sounded drunk on the phone because I'm silly and that's my goofy way of speaking. To point out that in the voicemail, I said I would reward my boyfriend and we all know what I was thinking. I assure you my rewards program is non transferable, especially to any nameless man that approaches me.

The point is, this is everything my family and I endured during the trial. This is everything I had to sit through silently, taking it, while he shaped the evening. It is enough to be suffering. It is another thing to have someone ruthlessly working to diminish the gravity and validity of this suffering. But in the end, his unsupported statements and his attorney's twisted logic fooled no one. The truth won, the truth spoke for itself.

You are guilty. Twelve jurors convicted you guilty of three felony counts beyond reasonable doubt, that's twelve votes per count, thirty-six yeses confirming guilt, that's one hundred percent, unanimous guilt. And I thought finally it is over, finally he will own up to what he did, truly apologize, we will both move on and get better. Then I read your statement.

If you are hoping that one of my organs will implode from anger and I will die, I'm almost there. You are very close. Assault is not an accident. This is not a story of another drunk college hook-up with poor decision making. Somehow, you still don't get it. Somehow, you still sound confused.

I will now take this opportunity to read portions of the defendant's statement and respond to them.

You said, Being drunk I just couldn't make the best decisions and neither could she.

Alcohol is not an excuse. Is it a factor? Yes. But alcohol was not the one who stripped me, fingered me, had my head dragging against the ground, with me almost fully naked. Having too much to drink was an amateur mistake that I admit to, but it is not criminal. Everyone in this room has had a night where they have regretted drinking too much, or knows someone close to them who has had a night where they have regretted drinking too much. Regretting drinking is not the same as regretting sexual assault. We were both drunk, the difference is I did not take off your pants and underwear, touch you inappropriately, and run away. That's the difference.

You said, If I wanted to get to know her, I should have asked for her number, rather than asking her to go back to my room.

I'm not mad because you didn't ask for my number. Even if you did know me, I would not want to be in this situation. My own boyfriend knows me, but if he asked to finger me behind a dumpster, I would slap him. No girl wants to be in this situation. Nobody. I don't care if you know their phone number or not.

You said, I stupidly thought it was okay for me to do what everyone around me was doing, which was drinking. I was wrong.

Again, you were not wrong for drinking. Everyone around you was not sexually assaulting me. You were wrong for doing what nobody else was doing, which was pushing your erect dick in your pants against my naked, defenseless body concealed in a dark area, where partygoers could no longer see or protect me, and own my sister could not find me. Sipping fireball is not your crime. Peeling off and discarding my underwear like a candy wrapper to insert your finger into my body, is where you went wrong. Why am I still explaining this.

You said, During the trial I didn't want to victimize her at all. That was just my attorney and his way of approaching the case.

Your attorney is not your scapegoat, he represents you. Did your attorney say some incredulously infuriating, degrading things? Absolutely. He said you had an erection, because it was cold. I have no words.

You said, you are in the process of establishing a program for high school and college students in which you speak about your experience to "speak out against the college campus drinking culture and the sexual promiscuity that goes along with that. "

Speak out against campus drinking culture. That's what we're speaking out against? You think that's what I've spent the past year fighting for? Not awareness about campus sexual assault, or rape, or learning to recognize consent. Campus drinking culture. Down with Jack Daniels. Down with Skyy Vodka. If you want talk to high school kids about drinking go to an AA meeting. You realize, having a drinking problem is different than drinking and then forcefully trying to have sex with someone? Show men how to respect women, not how to drink less.

Drinking culture and the sexual promiscuity that goes along with that. Goes along with that, like a side effect, like fries on the side of your order. Where does promiscuity even come into play? I don't see headlines that read, *Brock Turner, Guilty of drinking too much and the sexual promiscuity that goes along with that.* Campus Sexual Assault. There's your first powerpoint slide.

I have done enough explaining. You do not get to shrug your shoulders and be confused anymore. You do not get to pretend that there were no red flags. You do not get to not know why you ran. You have been convicted of violating me with malicious intent, and all you can admit to is consuming alcohol. Do not talk about the sad way your life was upturned because alcohol made you do bad things. Figure out how to take responsibility for your own conduct.

Lastly you said, I want to show people that one night of drinking can ruin a life.

Ruin a life, one life, yours, you forgot about mine. Let me rephrase for you, I want to show people that one night of drinking can ruin two lives. You and me. You are the cause, I am the effect. You have dragged me through this hell with you, dipped me back into that night again and again. You knocked down both our towers, I collapsed at the same time you did. Your damage was concrete; stripped of titles, degrees, enrollment. My damage was internal, unseen, I carry it

with me. You took away my worth, my privacy, my energy, my time, my safety, my intimacy, my confidence, my own voice, until today.

See one thing we have in common is that we were both unable to get up in the morning. I am no stranger to suffering. You made me a victim. In newspapers my name was "unconscious intoxicated woman", ten syllables, and nothing more than that. For a while, I believed that that was all I was. I had to force myself to relearn my real name, my identity. To relearn that this is not all that I am. That I am not just a drunk victim at a frat party found behind a dumpster, while you are the All-American swimmer at a top university, innocent until proven guilty, with so much at stake. I am a human being who has been irreversibly hurt, who waited a year to figure out if I was worth something.

My independence, natural joy, gentleness, and steady lifestyle I had been enjoying became distorted beyond recognition. I became closed off, angry, self deprecating, tired, irritable, empty. The isolation at times was unbearable. You cannot give me back the life I had before that night either. While you worry about your shattered reputation, I refrigerated spoons every night so when I woke up, and my eyes were puffy from crying, I would hold the spoons to my eyes to lessen the swelling so that I could see. I showed up an hour late to work every morning, excused myself to cry in the stairwells, I can tell you all the best places in that building to cry where no one can hear you, the pain became so bad that I had to tell my boss I was leaving, I needed time because continuing day to day was not possible. I used my savings to go as far away as I could possibly be.

I can't sleep alone at night without having a light on, like a five year old, because I have nightmares of being touched where I cannot wake up, I did this thing where I waited until the sun came up and I felt safe enough to sleep. For three months, I went to bed at six o'clock in the morning.

I used to pride myself on my independence, now I am afraid to go on walks in the evening, to attend social events with drinking among friends where I should be comfortable being. I have become a little barnacle always needing to be at someone's side, to have my boyfriend standing next to me, sleeping beside me, protecting me. It is embarrassing how feeble I feel, how timidly I move through life, always guarded, ready to defend myself, ready to be angry.

You have no idea how hard I have worked to rebuild parts of me that are still weak. It took me eight months to even talk about what happened. I could no longer connect with friends, with everyone around me. I would scream at my boyfriend, my own family whenever they brought this up. You never let me forget what happened to me. At the of end of the hearing, the trial, I was too tired to speak. I would leave drained, silent. I would go home turn off my phone and for days I would not speak. You bought me a ticket to a planet where I lived by myself. Every time a new article come out, I lived with the paranoia that my entire hometown would find out and know me as the girl who got assaulted. I didn't want anyone's pity and am still learning to accept victim as part of my identity. You made my own hometown an uncomfortable place to be.

Someday, you can pay me back for my ambulance ride and therapy. But you cannot give me back my sleepless nights. The way I have broken down sobbing uncontrollably if I'm watching a movie and a woman is harmed, to say it lightly, this experience has expanded my empathy for other victims. I have lost weight from stress, when people would comment I told them I've been running a lot lately. There are times I did not want to be touched. I have to relearn that I am not fragile, I am capable, I am wholesome, not just livid and weak.

I want to say this. All the crying, the hurting you have imposed on me, I can take it. But when I see my younger sister hurting, when she is unable to keep up in school, when she is deprived of joy, when she is not sleeping, when she is crying so hard on the phone she is barely breathing, telling me over and over she is sorry for leaving me alone that night, sorry sorry sorry, when she feels more guilt than you, then I do not forgive you. That night I had called her to try and find her, but you found me first. Your attorney's closing statement began, "██████ said she was fine and who knows her better than her sister." You tried to use my own sister against me. Your points of attack were so weak, so low, it was almost embarrassing. You do not touch her.

If you think I was spared, came out unscathed, that today I ride off into sunset, while you suffer the greatest blow, you are mistaken. Nobody wins. We have all been devastated, we have all been trying to find some meaning in all of this suffering.

You should have never done this to me. Secondly, you should have never made me fight so long to tell you, you should have never done this to me. But here we are. The damage is done, no one can undo it. And now we both have a choice. We can let this destroy us, I can remain angry and hurt and you can be in denial, or we can face it head on, I accept the pain, you accept the punishment, and we move on.

Your life is not over, you have decades of years ahead to rewrite your story. The world is huge, it is so much bigger than Palo Alto and Stanford, and you will make a space for yourself in it where you can be useful and happy. Right now your name is tainted, so I challenge you to make a new name for yourself, to do something so good for the world, it blows everyone away. You have a brain and a voice and a heart. Use them wisely. You possess immense love from your family. That alone can pull you out of anything. Mine has held me up through all of this. Yours will hold you and you will go on.

I believe, that one day, you will understand all of this better. I hope you will become a better more honest person who can properly use this story to prevent another story like this from ever happening again. I fully support your journey to healing, to rebuilding your life, because that is the only way you'll begin to help others.

Now to address the sentencing. When I read the probation officer's report, I was in disbelief, consumed by anger which eventually quieted down to profound sadness. My statements have been slimmed down to distortion and taken out of context. I fought hard during this trial and will not have the outcome minimized by a probation officer who attempted to evaluate my current state and my wishes in a fifteen minute conversation, the majority of which was spent answering

questions I had about the legal system. The context is also important. Brock had yet to issue a statement, and I had not read his remarks.

My life has been on hold for over a year, a year of anger, anguish and uncertainty, until a jury of my peers rendered a judgment that validated the injustices I had endured. Had Brock admitted guilt and remorse and offered to settle early on, I would have considered a lighter sentence, respecting his honesty, grateful to be able to move our lives forward. Instead he took the risk of going to trial, added insult to injury and forced me to relive the hurt as details about my personal life and sexual assault were brutally dissected before the public. He pushed me and my family through a year of inexplicable, unnecessary suffering, and should face the consequences of challenging his crime, of putting my pain into question, of making us wait so long for justice.

I told the probation officer I do not want Brock to rot away in prison. I did not say he does not deserve to be behind bars. The probation officer's recommendation of a year or less in county jail is a soft time-out, a mockery of the seriousness of his assaults, and of the consequences of the pain I have been forced to endure. I also told the probation officer that what I truly wanted was for Brock to get it, to understand and admit to his wrongdoing.

Unfortunately, after reading the defendant's report, I am severely disappointed and feel that he has failed to exhibit sincere remorse or responsibility for his conduct. I fully respected his right to a trial, but even after twelve jurors unanimously convicted him guilty of three felonies, all he has admitted to doing is ingesting alcohol. Someone who cannot take full accountability for his actions does not deserve a mitigating sentence. It is deeply offensive that he would try and dilute rape with a suggestion of promiscuity. By definition rape is the absence of promiscuity, rape is the absence of consent, and it perturbs me deeply that he can't even see that distinction.

The probation officer factored in that the defendant is youthful and has no prior convictions. In my opinion, he is old enough to know what he did was wrong. When you are eighteen in this country you can go to war. When you are nineteen, you are old enough to pay the consequences for attempting to rape someone. He is young, but he is old enough to know better.

As this is a first offence I can see where leniency would beckon. On the other hand, as a society, we cannot forgive everyone's first sexual assault or digital rape. It doesn't make sense. The seriousness of rape has to be communicated clearly, we should not create a culture that suggests we learn that rape is wrong through trial and error. The consequences of sexual assault needs to be severe enough that people feel enough fear to exercise good judgment even if they are drunk, severe enough to be preventative. The fact that Brock was a star athlete at a prestigious university should not be seen as an entitlement to leniency, but as an opportunity to send a strong cultural message that sexual assault is against the law regardless of social class.

The probation officer weighed the fact that he has surrendered a hard earned swimming scholarship. If I had been sexually assaulted by an unathletic guy from a community college, what would his sentence be? If a first time offender from an underprivileged background was accused of three felonies and displayed no accountability for his actions other than drinking,

what would his sentence be? How fast he swims does not lessen the impact of what happened to me.

The Probation Officer has stated that this case, when compared to other crimes of similar nature, may be considered less serious due to the defendant's level of intoxication. It felt serious. That's all I'm going to say.

He is a lifetime sex registrant. That doesn't expire. Just like what he did to me doesn't expire, doesn't just go away after a set number of years. It stays with me, it's part of my identity, it has forever changed the way I carry myself, the way I live the rest of my life.

A year has gone by and he has had lots of time on his hands. Has he been seeing a psychologist? What has he done in this past year to show he's been progressing? If he says he wants to implement programs, what has he done to show for it?

Throughout incarceration I hope he is provided with appropriate therapy and resources to rebuild his life. I request that he educates himself about the issue of campus sexual assault. I hope he accepts proper punishment and pushes himself to reenter society as a better person.

To conclude, I want to say thank you. To everyone from the intern who made me oatmeal when I woke up at the hospital that morning, to the deputy who waited beside me, to the nurses who calmed me, to the detective who listened to me and never judged me, to my advocates who stood unwaveringly beside me, to my therapist who taught me to find courage in vulnerability, to my boss for being kind and understanding, to my incredible parents who teach me how to turn pain into strength, to my friends who remind me how to be happy, to my boyfriend who is patient and loving, to my unconquerable sister who is the other half of my heart, to Alaleh, my idol, who fought tirelessly and never doubted me. Thank you to everyone involved in the trial for their time and attention. Thank you to girls across the nation that wrote cards to my DA to give to me, so many strangers who cared for me. Most importantly, thank you to the two men who saved me, who I have yet to meet. I sleep with two bicycles that I drew taped above my bed to remind myself there are heroes in this story. That we are looking out for one another. To have known all of these people, to have felt their protection and love, is something I will never forget.

And finally, to girls everywhere, I am with you. On nights when you feel alone, I am with you. When people doubt you or dismiss you, I am with you. I fought everyday for you. So never stop fighting, I believe you. *Lighthouses don't go running all over an island looking for boats to save, they just stand there shining.* Although I can't save every boat, I hope that by speaking today, you absorbed a small amount of light, a small knowing that you can't be silenced, a small satisfaction that justice was served, a small assurance that we are getting somewhere, and a big, big knowing that you are important, unquestionably, you are untouchable, you are beautiful, you are to be valued, respected, undeniably, every minute of every day, you are powerful and nobody can take that away from you. To girls everywhere, I am with you. Thank you.

Victim Impact Statement

██████████ JANE DOE

I went home from school that weekend to spend time with my sister. And I did get to be with her — laugh with her, enjoy her weirdness, and be happy the way we always are when we're together. Never did I imagine I would have to pick her up from the hospital the next morning.

On my way to the hospital, I pulled over two times because I was crying too hard to drive. When I finally arrived my sister was sitting there as composed as she could will herself to be, hugging me, and saying over and over again, "Don't cry! Don't cry! None of this is your fault!" She was the one trying to assure me everything was okay, trying to protect me, when I was picking her up from the rape crisis center. I have witnessed her try to lessen my pain by holding it herself. The victim — the one who experienced the trauma — put herself aside to comfort me when she saw me hurting. But when we got home that morning, she let me hold her for a few hours as we stared at a blank TV. Without having to tell me, she was communicating that she now needed to be held, to be taken care of, that for a while she did not have it in her to be the stronger one.

Because she had blacked out, neither of us knew exactly what happened. I had to learn about every graphic detail of her assault through a police report that went publicly viral before anyone told us. I had to read about the way her body was found. I realized that the reason I could not find her that night, after checking every room in the fraternity house, after yelling her name outside, was because she had been unconscious and hidden behind a dumpster. That she was naked from the waist down. That two men had saved her. That night, she came with me to have fun with me and my friends, with no interest in even meeting anyone, let alone hooking up with anyone outside. She had even called me right before he found her, standing and slurring, alone and vulnerable. Today, I am still sick thinking about it. Sick to my stomach every time that I am reminded of the incident. I am still sad that I was not there to protect her. We have both been devastated, we have been speechless, and we have cried until our bodies have run dry.

After the preliminary hearing, she came back to school with me to sleep in my bed because she couldn't be alone. She became quiet, when normally she was easy to smile and outgoing. She seemed tired and weak. We were too drained to speak but needed each other's presence. I was falling behind in school. I left class whenever I would dwell on that night for too long. I began suffering panic attacks from the anxiety, crying hysterically and unable to think or breathe. I was barely sleeping. I stayed up at night obsessively turning the events of the night over in my head; delusional that it was my fault for leaving her alone for a stranger to prey upon. In my head, I still have an image of the assailant right before he tried to kiss me earlier in the evening; the face of the man who assaulted my sister, is burned into my memory.

An entire part of my brain has been permanently warped, and an entire part of my heart has been permanently broken. A few of my professors confronted me, asking me why I was distracted, why I was no longer the always-laughing, always-engaged student. I was fatigued. I was falling behind. I have broken down, crying, in their offices. One by one I had to explain the event to them, to describe again and again, that my sister had been assaulted and that we were in the middle of a seemingly endless battle for justice, that for the year I would have to

be traveling back and forth. I have spent heavy portions of my senior year of college driving six hours alone on multiple trips to sit in a dreary courthouse. Whenever my sister and I thought we could distance ourselves from this horrid memory, the media was there to remind us in full detail about her sexual assault.

My message to Brock Turner is that the damage you inflicted is irreversible. What has affected me most is that you did something to someone I love that I cannot take back. In this last year and a half, I have experienced some of the lowest points of my entire life; I have felt more sadness, guilt, and anger than I have ever felt. But I would go through what I've suffered a million times over if it meant that I could take away what you did to my sister. I can't undo your mistakes and I can't mend the part of her that you took away, even though she's dedicated her life to mending me when I need her.

Those moments that you assaulted her were just the beginning; you took her down with you because you failed. When I read the comments about how it was just "two drunk kids who made a mistake," I feel such intense hopelessness that there will always be people like you, who believe alcohol can dismiss perverted, harmful, sickening actions. You saw a drunk girl alone, incapacitated — why would you not try to find her friends? I was trying to find her. Where has your remorse been? Really, truly: do you feel guilty because you were sexually assaulting her, or because you were caught?

But then I think about the two men that found her, the men who understood within two seconds that what you were doing was wrong, and I find hope again. I think about all of the police, my family, the counselors, the hospital workers, my professors, our friends, anonymous strangers, the District Attorney — I remember that the majority of people out there understand the depravity of sexual assault, and are kind, respectful, caring, attentive — traits you will have to grow into.

I asked my mom to read this statement and she could not finish reading because she was crying so hard. My dad has constantly reminded me and my sister that he is proud of us. My sister and her boyfriend have to call me to check in frequently. We are all trying to heal after the assault and the year long mess, the nightmare that you have created for our family. You nearly destroyed her spirit, but you did not succeed. You cannot undo the harm you have caused her, the darkness you have put us through, but you can now finally leave us alone to heal.

Thus far, it appears that you have not been appropriately remorseful. I really do, sincerely, hope that one day you grow to take ownership for your actions. I hope that you learn to take accountability for sexually assaulting my sister while she was unconscious, and causing the subsequent damage that you have inflicted on my family.

The only sorrow I feel for you is that you never got to know my sister before you assaulted her. She's the most wonderful person in the world.

JANE DOE2 JANE DOE2

is my best friend in the entire world. Because of Brock Turner, [redacted]s sister, hero, and best friend, [redacted], was raped while unconscious. Of course, my heart aches for [redacted], but I have spoken with [redacted] nearly every day since senior year of high school and I have never heard her so damaged. It pains me to know she carries guilt with her every day and feels like she should have done something differently that night to make sure that didn't happen to [redacted]. She doesn't sleep. She can't stand being alone with her own thoughts. [redacted] is the most empathetic person I know, and Brock Turner has turned her gift for others into a source of pain for herself. [redacted]'s heart weighs heavily for her sister, and she has become ill with anxiety and guilt. It makes me so sad to see one of the most forgiving people in the world be unable to forgive herself.

JANE DOE2 JANE DOE1

Aside from how this event has affected [redacted], [redacted] and their family, it has taken a toll on me as well. As a Stanford student, I no longer feel safe on campus. I can no longer walk around a party without being paranoid. I go to extreme measures to calm my mind -- I do things and intervene places just because if something bad were to happen to someone, I would hold myself responsible. When I see really drunk girls, I feel sick to my stomach as I think about predators taking advantage of them. I try to take note of strangers' interactions just in case police need witnesses. I feel guilty for not being that person to [redacted] JANE DOE1

I feel guilty for continuing to drink. I feel guilty for continuing to go to campus parties. I feel guilty because I am engaging in a culture that breeds sexual assault. I feel guilty because I know I am lucky I was not [redacted] that night. JANE DOE1

I have an intense fear of getting too drunk. Since January 18th 2015, after a night of drinking, I wake up with extreme anxiety and guilt because I think "Something could have happened to me. Why am I not using this Brock Turner thing as a serious life lesson? If anything happened to me, I would be deserving. I chose to drink." I tell myself these things even though I know that [redacted] was not at fault in any way for what happened to her. Yet I have convinced myself that should something happen to me, it would be my fault -- my fault because if I didn't learn from what happened to [redacted] JANE DOE1 then I'm an idiot and deserve it. I have implemented a plan with my psychiatrist to help me get alcohol and parties to be a source of fun again, rather than anxiety. I hope for a future filled again with joy instead of fear.

I am so thankful that this process has come to a close and Brock was found guilty. The unknown was a huge stressor for [redacted] and [redacted] and I can't wait for them to be able to finally move on and be free to grow happy again. JANE DOE2 JANE DOE1

Julia [redacted]
[redacted]

Dear Honorable Judge Persky,

I am the mother of Julia [REDACTED], a witness in the Brock Turner sexual assault case. I am writing to you with regard to his sentencing. I have thoroughly read the police report and attended both the preliminary hearing and the trial. Because I am very close to [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] and because they didn't want their parents hurt by the process, I have acted as a surrogate parent throughout.

I feel great compassion for Mr. Turner and his family. This has been a shocking and painful process for his parents and those who love him. And it has certainly been very difficult for him. However, based on the evidence presented in this case, I am convinced that Mr. Turner committed a serious crime on January 18, 2015 and he should go to prison. Several things greatly worry me about what I witnessed throughout the trial. Mr. Turner seemed to have little remorse for his actions or care for [REDACTED]'s welfare. Equally troubling, he seemed to have little concern about telling the truth. In fact, he admitted to lying under oath and his story about his interactions with [REDACTED] is just not credible. I think it was very clear to Mr. Turner that [REDACTED]'s level of intoxication was incapacitating. This was abundantly clear to everyone in the courtroom when we listened to [REDACTED]'s voice message left for her boyfriend shortly before the incident. I think there is strong evidence that Mr. Turner knowingly preyed upon her for that reason. Mr. Turner never knew [REDACTED]'s name nor could he identify her in any way -- all he really knew was that she was vulnerable and incapacitated.

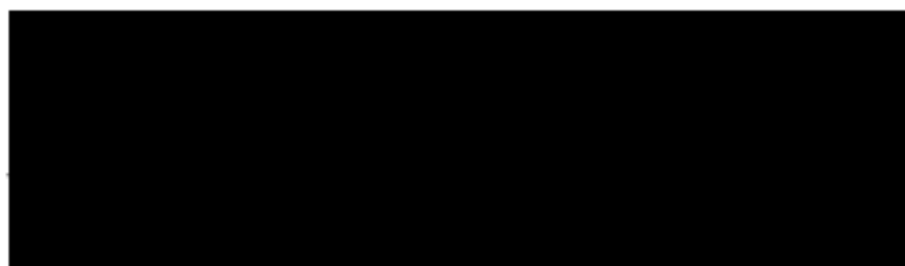
It seems to me that Brock Turner was on the prowl on January 17, 2015. He followed [REDACTED] around and repeatedly assaulted her. Julia and Colleen [REDACTED] witnessed this and another girl reported that he behaved similarly with her at a previous fraternity party. I think the evidence showed that Mr. Turner behaved like a typical college campus sexual predator. He sought out an intoxicated girl hoping to take advantage of her. If he had not been interrupted by Mr. Jonsson and Mr. Arndt, he may have raped [REDACTED] and left her by the dumpster behind KA fraternity.

I am a retired Stanford lecturer in biology and I know little about criminal law. It seems to me that sentencing is about both punishment and deterrence. This whole process has certainly been psychological punishment for Mr. Turner. He has brought his family incredible pain and he has lost opportunities very few people can ever hope for. He will never get a Stanford education or have a distinguished, and perhaps Olympic, athletic career. Those who love him will certainly argue that this has been punishment enough. However, this type of crime is an epidemic in this country and the need for deterrence is overdue. A young man convicted of these crimes, no matter who he is, must spend a significant amount of time in prison. A sentence that does not include prison time would be a slap on the wrist. And a person who has been convicted of preying upon an incapacitated person for their own sexual gratification must receive more than a slap on the wrist. While education about the law and risks associated with excessive drinking on college campuses will help, the main way to curb the incidence of these crimes is to significantly punish perpetrators. Therefore, I ask that you sentence Mr. Turner both to punish him for violating [REDACTED] and to send the message to our society that those who sexually prey upon vulnerable, incapacitated individuals will go to prison.

Thank you for your consideration.

Sincerely,
Anne [REDACTED]

--



Be the change you want to see in the world. M. Gandhi

May 27th, 2016

The Honorable Aaron Persky
Santa Clara County Superior Judge
United States

Dear Judge Persky:

I am writing to provide a statement describing the impact of the three felony sex crimes that Brock Turner committed against JANE Doe.1

Specifically, I want to lay out my observations of the impact of Brock Turner's crimes on five individuals:

JANE DOE 1's father, her mother, her surrogate grandmother, myself, and most importantly, JANE Doe.1

JANE DOE 1's father was one of the two first family members to hear that Brock Turner had sexually assaulted his daughter. JANE DOE 1 sat down her mother and her father approximately one week after the incident, and told them about the assault. I warned him not to read the police report, for fear that he would be further overwhelmed by disturbing images of the assault, and he did not read the report. During the ensuing criminal trial, JANE DOE 1's father attended portions of the legal proceedings and was deeply disturbed after viewing pictures of JANE DOE 1's unconscious body crumpled up and on the grass, his daughter appearing as a disheveled corpse, lying next to a dumpster. He, along with the rest of JANE DOE 1's family, has now been forced to hear, many times and in a public setting, the step-by-step story of how two passers-by found a man on top of his daughter's body while she was unconscious. He, like many of us, has been haunted by the unsettling imagery of JANE DOE 1's underwear being pulled off of her body by a stranger, and the sexual acts that followed. JANE DOE 1's father has done everything in his power to support his daughter's recovery over the past sixteen months and the year-long trial, during which time JANE DOE 1 felt compelled to suspend her career to focus on the criminal proceedings. He has been affected emotionally, spiritually, and financially by the tragic crime committed against his eldest daughter.

JANE DOE 1's mother heard about the sexual assault at the same time as JANE DOE 1's father. JANE DOE 1's mother also attended the trial, and she too was forced to view sickening pictures of JANE DOE 1 that shook her to her core. She heard her daughter's first-hand account, at home and then again at the criminal proceedings, of waking up in the hospital and being probed with various instruments during her medical evaluation. Needless to say, JANE DOE 1's mother is also indignant at many of the unfounded accusations made by the attorney representing the defendant during the trial, which often attacked JANE DOE 1's character and upbringing in a way that was fundamentally disrespectful to her family. Moreover, the trial has been tremendously taxing for JANE DOE 1's mother, not to mention her entire family, who have been outraged at the effort and publicity required in order to convict Brock Turner of his crimes – even given the convincing body of evidence and direct witness statements from the two men that found him thrusting on top of her unconscious daughter. JANE DOE 1's mother has been emotionally crushed at hearing, in painstaking detail, the story of her eldest daughter being so clearly violated.

JANE DOE 1's surrogate grandmother, at age 86, attended every day of the trial that she was allowed to attend. She, an incredibly pure woman who played a large role in raising JANE DOE 1 also heard in gory detail the account of Brock Turner's sexual assault on JANE DOE 1, his running away after he left her next to a dumpster, and JANE DOE 1's emotional distress as she woke up in a hospital, was physically probed, and was forced to piece together what had been done to her the previous night. JANE DOE 1's godmother saw every vile picture that was shown to the jurors during the criminal proceedings. JANE DOE 1's surrogate grandmother told me that she cried with force and despair during each and every day of the trial, as she sat and calmly listened to the story of a stranger assaulting her granddaughter. JANE DOE 1's surrogate grandmother has been stalwart in her support of her granddaughter. That support has certainly had an intensive, negative impact on her life.

I myself, as JANE DOE 1's boyfriend, am tormented by Brock Turner's sexual assault. I became physically ill when I first read the police report. I heard JANE DOE 1 attempt to speak to me that night. We spoke on the phone roughly thirty minutes before the incident. I remember very well that I could instantaneously recognize that she was extremely, disturbingly intoxicated – she was unable to articulate coherent words or sentences. I take a personal stance that Brock Turner knew, without a doubt in mind, that JANE DOE 1 was vulnerable and extraordinarily drunk before he sexually assaulted her. I know now that within forty minutes after I heard my girlfriend in this state, another man approached her and sexually penetrated her. I now also know, having heard it said aloud countless times, seen it published in the media, and been tormented by the image as I try to fall asleep, that Brock Turner was found on top of my unconscious girlfriend. Two exchange students from Sweden found him doing exactly that – thrusting on top of my unconscious girlfriend. While it should go without saying, the above images haunt me in a deeply disturbing way.

Most importantly, of course, JANE DOE 1 Doe has been impacted profoundly and permanently by Brock Turner's crimes. I live with JANE DOE 1 and have observed first-hand the impact she has felt.

First, it has been obvious that she feels deep-seated pain, disturbance, and anger in response to this violation of her intimacy. I have experienced pieces of it vicariously, because I have been so close to her. While I cannot fully articulate her underlying suffering, I can describe the actions that I have observed after the incident.

There are four concrete examples from JANE DOE 1's everyday behavior that reflect the pain that the assailant has inflicted on her. JANE DOE 1 has hated talking about the night that she was violated, and she responds with intense emotion even whenever the incident is brought up. Often, when the night that she was sexually assaulted has been mentioned, JANE DOE 1 has expressed anger toward everyone around her, including myself, and she has become overwhelmed with intense feeling of resentment. Normally, JANE DOE 1 is one of the least verbally hostile people I have met. After the criminal case, however, she has had a habit of becoming deeply upset and abrasive whenever the topic of Brock Turner's sexually assaulting her has been broached.

JANE DOE 1 is now fearful of sleeping alone, particularly with the lights off. The assault has left her with a physical insecurity that did not exist before the incident. After the assault, if I have not yet gone to bed, JANE DOE 1 sleeps with the lights on. I have known JANE DOE 1 to be a very independent, secure, and confident person, otherwise. The sexual assault was clearly responsible for this change in behavior.

Perhaps most telling, ^{JANE DOE} I habitually hides in our apartment bathroom and locks the door. I understand, from speaking with her about this behavior, that when she does so, she simply needs time alone to heal. She has locked herself in the bathroom roughly for hours at a time, unprompted. I can hear her crying through the bathroom door, when I am nearby.

Similarly, when ^{JANE DOE} becomes too overwhelmed with pain, she leaves our apartment during the day to walk on the streets of the city, in order to be alone. ^{JANE DOE} feels compelled to go outside so that she can vent, and physically get away. I have learned that she simply needs a therapeutic activity to handle internally the damage done by Brock Turner.

Practically, ^{JANE DOE}'s life and career have been disrupted by the sexual assault and the legal activities that followed. Before the incident, ^{JANE DOE} was a high-performing member of her team at her full-time job. After the incident, ^{JANE DOE} was emotionally distressed and logistically overwhelmed in dealing with the aftermath and the beginnings of a complex legal case. As a result, ^{JANE DOE} I was chronically late to work. She felt compelled, due to her embarrassment at her own unusual tardiness and absences, to tell her boss in confidence that she was the victim in this high-profile case. ^{JANE DOE} did not feel comfortable sharing the intimate nature of the case with her boss; however, she felt that she was forced to do so given her inability to perform her normal responsibilities of her job during the ongoing legal proceedings. ^{JANE DOE}'s boss was of course very supportive, and she offered ^{JANE DOE} time off and the opportunity to rejoin her team whenever the legal activities had subsided. It has now been approximately sixteen months. Looking back, the full array of legal activities and trial has been invasive, public, and long – and extended by Brock Turner, who insisted on taking a losing case to trial. Given that the resulting legal activities are still continuing, ^{JANE DOE} has still not restarted her job in a full-time capacity.

Understandably, ^{JANE DOE} is indignant that the assailant tormented her family, violated her intimacy and security, intruded on her privacy, and drove her to put her full-time job on hold. But, we should by no means view the impact of Brock Turner's crime as limited to the behaviors above. ^{JANE DOE} has been unusually strong and noble during this criminal case. Consequently, she has often chosen to suppress her displays of emotion.

I know, from conversations with ^{JANE DOE} that she has decided to be a leader for sexual assault victims around the world in this case. She has shown a boldness in her everyday interactions, as a strong leader for women and victims, that drives her to show confidence, pride, and nobility over weakness or pain. I have worked to find exceptions to that boldness when describing her aforementioned behavior.

^{JANE DOE}'s proud ability to stymie many of her outward displays of vulnerability, of course, does not mean that she has not been pummeled by a greater, underlying impact. Thousands of people have read, in news stories, online media, and television coverage, about the details of ^{JANE DOE} being violated by a stranger. ^{JANE DOE} has read a stoic police report describing two Swedish strangers, a college fraternity brother, and two policemen, finding her naked and unconscious on the ground. ^{JANE DOE} I has allowed me, in confidence and only due to our closeness, occasional glimpses of the pain that comes with this public violation of her body. But, I know that ^{JANE DOE} has restrained and kept inside of her much of the immense, negative impact that Brock Turner's sexual assault has caused her. Brock Turner's sexual assault represents a complete violation of ^{JANE DOE}'s body, her intimacy, and her right to make her own sexual decisions as a woman. ^{JANE DOE} is a courageous woman and should be commended for her fortitude.

All in all, given my familiarity with ^{JANE} Doe, I believe that the true impact felt by ^{JANE} Doe has been significant and profound, far beyond the anecdotal behavior that I have detailed. ^{JANE} Doe has responded with impressive strength, given the circumstances, and with the defiance of a woman who respects her body. Please do not confuse that strength with the deep, negative, and permanent impact that comes with a man publicly sexually assaulting a woman while unconscious, and the year-long, media-ridden trial that has followed.

Sincerely,

[REDACTED]

26 May 2016

The Hon. Aaron Persky
Santa Clara County Superior Court
Palo Alto Courthouse

Re: Sentencing of Brock Turner

Dear Judge Persky:

I write to you regarding the upcoming sentencing of Brock Turner for his convictions for three felony sex crimes. As an old friend of the victim in this case, it has been painful learning of the points that Turner's attorneys have made against her in trial by portraying her as a promiscuous drunk who somehow baited or deserved being nearly raped in public in the dirt. I write to bring the fullness and depth of her character to your attention, as I'm sure many others are writing to you about the fullness and depth of Turner's character as the basis for sympathy and a lenient punishment. Neither the victim nor the offender should be defined by that one awful night in January 2015. We ask, however, that the offender's heinous actions that night and the ongoing suffering that they have caused for his victim be made the basis of the court's sentence. We hope to see her pain and suffering not be dismissed as less relevant than Turner's pain and suffering, which a lenient sentence would imply. He and he alone is responsible for all of the pain that his actions and this trial has caused for everyone involved. We thus urge you to hold him responsible by sentencing him in accordance with the severity of his crimes.

I was born in Palo Alto and, like the victim in this case, lived my whole life here until I graduated from Gunn High School in 2010. She and I met at summer camp when we were entering first grade. Despite the fact that we went to school across town from one another, she became my best friend. We continued going over to each other's houses even during the school year, and she became my reason to want to keep going back to that summer camp every summer. I'm so grateful that at such a young age, I had the wisdom to recognize how unmatched she is and stick to her like glue. I'm deeply flattered that someone as talented and warm, as charismatic and funny as her sees something of value in me. I feel incalculably lucky to have been part of her life from such an early age.

In fifth grade, my family was shifting from one rented Palo Alto home to another. My parents had found two potential new homes that they were choosing between, one of which happened to be two blocks away from her. They asked me which house I liked better. I remember telling my parents that I wanted to be her neighbor so I could go over to her house more. I remember them then explaining to me that if we lived in that house, that would probably mean that she'd be the only person I'd know when I entered Terman Middle School the next year. I was so excited by that idea that typically terrifies kids. I was so excited to be a new kid in a school where I'd have no social foundation but her. So we became neighbors.

Over our Terman years, she and I became part of a group of girls that did everything together. Middle school was a blur of playing DDR together after school every day, of struggling to figure out how to over-hand serve a volleyball when we were playing together on the school team, and of watching the same movies over and over again every weekend because we were starting them so late in the night that the Blockbuster down the street from my house was already closed. Those years

were a blur of laughter and carefreeness. We all look back on those years with a fondness that would make any Palo Alto parent so happy to see in their kids.

When the victim and I entered Gunn, the increased demands of the school caused our little group's social coherence to wither away as we began to focus more on our academics and extracurriculars. Everyone was busy trying to keep up with school. She and I played on Gunn's lacrosse and volleyball teams together. She began to pour herself into drawing and painting, and she's now become the most talented artist I know. It's amazing sitting with her in a café and watching her unthinkingly doodling little worlds in her notebook with much the same distractedness and mindlessness with which most of us scroll through our Facebooks and get sucked into the black-hole of the internet. Her version of "wasting time" is what most of us would think of us as a productive afternoon.

We went our separate ways for college, but always came back together to catch up every time we were in Palo Alto. Though we've obviously outgrown summer camp, she has now become a big part of why I look forward to coming home for the holidays. She is what makes Palo Alto home to me. In the last few years, I've been watching from afar as she's gotten into spoken word, and now she performs as a stand-up comic. I was abroad for the last year, and a few months ago I was sitting in India when I stumbled upon a YouTube clip of one of her stand-up performances. Just hilarious and brilliant. I showed it to everyone in my abroad program. I couldn't contain how proud I was to have anything to do with her, let alone have Best Friend For Life (BFFL) status. (We endearingly call each other "biffle".) I would talk to all my friends in India about how, any day now, Amy Schumer will probably be trying to contact her and invite her to co-write a show. Watching her grow up and grow into herself has been so humbling and inspiring. Whichever one of us dies first will have our obituaries written by the other. I cannot imagine trusting or loving anyone as much as I trust and love her.

As should be obvious by now, I was so angry to learn that anyone would treat her the way Turner has treated her, do to her what Turner has done to her, or make her go through the hell she has had to go through this last year. It has been so painful to imagine the pain that she and her family has had to suffer in silence, as reaching out for support from the community could have jeopardized their case against Turner. They continue to be fearful of opening up about their pain and experiences for fear that it could provoke backlash and harassment from Turner's supporters, which they are not in the emotional state to deal with. Reading the way that the media has harped on how difficult this trial has been for Turner has been upsetting to say the least. Even after being convicted of three felony sex crimes, little concern has been shown for the emotional and financial strain and trauma this has caused for my friend and her family.

If the Palo Alto community knew who the victim was, the whole town would show up loudly and vehemently in her support. I can't imagine that anyone who knew her personally growing up would want anything less than two years of incarceration for Turner in accordance with California Penal Code's recommendations. I was ready to rally the community to show up to the sentencing to support her and sign a letter demanding justice for her; she has, however, asked me to continue to keep her identity anonymous, and so I've decided to send you a letter with only the signatures of our peers from Palo Alto who already know the victim's identity. Please do not take this short list of signatories as a sign that the community does not love her. Rather, I hope that you will understand it for what it is: a sign of the strength of the victim's character that she has gone through these

grueling last seventeen months in such isolation that this is the extent of people in the community who know her identity.

It has been awful hearing her loved ones put the blame on themselves for not keeping a better eye on her that night in January 2015. It has been painful hearing the victim struggling with feeling ashamed that she drank so much that night, and trying not to think that if she had only drank less, this wouldn't have happened to her and her family. We hope that when you determine Turner's punishment next week, you recognize the message that you will be sending to them; we hope that that message is that Turner and Turner alone is responsible for the crimes for which he has been convicted. It is not on women to drink less, cover up, or be more careful about straying from their friends at parties. It is not on friends to keep a closer eye on each other. It is on potential perpetrators to be responsible for their own actions.

We agree with the points that Stanford students and faculty members have expressed emphasizing the societal consequences that would come from a light sentencing, and the fact that it would only reinforce rape culture in Palo Alto and on Stanford's campus. But that is not what this letter is about. This letter is about giving you a glimpse into the victim's life and character to further illustrate the unfairness of the situation she's been put in. We also hope to communicate how loved she is in Palo Alto and in all the social circles she moves through.

We believe that if you consider the real and ongoing impact of Turner's disturbing and degrading actions against the victim and her loved ones with the severity it warrants, it's hard to justify how probation or a light jail sentence would provide recourse to the victim, her family, or the greater Palo Alto community. He has wasted significant amounts of the victim and her family's time, money, and emotional reserves that they should never have had to spend on this. We hope that you sincerely consider this when determining Turner's sentence, and thus adhere to the statutory guidelines for the crimes for which he has been convicted which prescribe a minimum of two years of incarceration.

Sincerely,



Nicole Hemenway

Signatories:

Alexandra Chou

Julia Mazoncaldá

ANT DOE2

Athena Phan

Claire Reyes

Matt Survilo