

RYAN

I grew up in a small town in Ohio. It is the kind of town where everyone knows everyone and watches out for each other's children. It was normal for us to be outside playing in the yard and running around the neighborhood. I was a tomboy and loved being around the guys because they played sports and were not inside playing with Barbie dolls. Ryan moved into the neighborhood and we all thought that he was cool. He had the awesome dirt bike and seemed like he was a nice guy.

I got to know Ryan and he would talk to me and other friends around the neighborhood. As I started to get to know him, I totally trusted him. He invited me over to his house one time. We ended up in his bedroom and he told me that this would be the last opportunity for us to do anything because he was taking a trip. We were laying on his bed and he started touching me. I got nervous and told him to stop. He did, but was not happy about it and kept on pressuring me. He was just using me and was never my friend. He was setting me up to be raped and planned the whole thing. I know this now and this is what he did to me.

One day Ryan invited me, Chris, and Matt over to his house and he told us that his mom was home. She was not there and he took us downstairs. He offered us something to drink. He liked those stupid Yahoo's chocolate drinks. He turned on the TV to the Playboy channel. We watched that for a while and then he asked us if we wanted to play sex dare. We all looked at each other and had a nervous laugh. We said no that we did not want to play sex dare, but somehow ended up playing anyway. At first it was just kissing then that was not good enough.

He took me to the bathroom that was downstairs. The bathroom was near the stairs at the end of this walkway. He told me to get on my knees. He started shoving his penis in my mouth. I was choking and crying and he did not care. He took me up his bedroom. We went into his bedroom.

There was a closet on my right as I walked through the door. There was a dresser along the wall in front of me. His bed was in the corner of the room. There was a window beside the bed on the left side. He told me to get undressed and to lay down on the floor. He started touching me and put his dick in my vagina. He kept on telling me that I wanted it. It hurt so badly and I was crying. He then got up and went into the bathroom. He came back with a glove and Vaseline. He raped me anally and then vaginally. When he was done I got up and got dressed. He said, "If you tell anyone I will kill you and your family." I did not say anything to anyone and just wanted to forget what happened. I did not understand what just had happened.

My mom found out because Chris told his mom and she called my mom. I got grounded to the yard. I ended up going to Children Social Services to talk to some woman that was sitting behind a desk. I did not tell her everything that happened. I did not tell her about the threats that Ryan made. After a little time went by, I started playing again in the neighborhood. Ryan would ride his dirt bike and was always around. I was really afraid of him and never talked about what happened to anyone.

When I was in high school, I started to remember what happened. I started to have sex because I wanted to be in charge, to have the power, and to change what had happened to me. There are other little things that happened like being in a fort in the woods and fooling around with Bobby. Then being on the bus and being touched by Bobby. Also, a time that I went over to John's house and found out what a vibrator was. I thought that I was doing the right thing, but I ended up hurting myself more. I started to feel like a whore and had no self-esteem. The guys that I choose to have sex with were guys that I knew for a long time and I trusted them. I wanted to make sure that I was with someone that I knew would not hurt me like Ryan had done.

University of Cincinnati

I graduated in June of 1997 and decided that I was going to go the University of Cincinnati. I thought by going to a school that was two hours away that I could escape the memories. I lived in a coed dorm called Daniel's Hall. I lived on the third floor with three roommates, Dana, Shelly and Tori. They were in to doing the sorority thing and partied on the weekends. I would normally go home, but one weekend I decided to stay at campus.

It was the first time that I had drank anything and the first time that I got drunk. We were drinking Kentucky Vodka 100 proof and Hawaiian punch. Since, I had never drank before, it did not take much to get me wasted. I became a social butterfly and was talking to the guys across the hall from us. I met two guys that I did not know. One came over to my room with me. My roommates where not there. The guy started touching me and had me laying down on the floor. My roommates walked in, yelled and then walked back out. The guy got up and left the room real quick. I went to try to find where my roommates had gone. Someone told me that they had gone down to the first floor. I got in the elevator and went down to the guy's room. I knocked on the door. The guy answered the door and told me to come in. I asked them if they had seen my roommates. They told me no, I started to turn around and walk out of the room but they asked me to sit down on the sofa beside them. One guy was about 5, 8 215. The other guy was 6, 3 about 245. They were both black. They started touching me and they took turns raping me. I did not fight. I just froze and I left my body. When they were done I got dressed. One of the guys kept my bra.

I got dressed and went upstairs looking for the resident advisor. She was not there so I ended up going downstairs. I was really upset and someone called the campus police. They came over to the residence hall. They took me to the hospital in the police car. The exam room was in the

emergency room and there was some lady from the rape crisis center there to talk to me. I did not want to talk and did not talk to her.

After that, they took me back to Daniels Hall. I took the medication that they had given me and I slept for over 17 hours. My mom called me, and I tried to pretend that everything was fine. That I had a cold, but my mom did not believe me. We hung up and she called me right back. I told her something had happened and she said that she was on her way to campus. The cop I talked turned everything around on to me because I was 19 and was drinking underage. She told me that it was my fault that I had been raped. That I should not have been drinking. That it did not happen the way that I was telling her. I just looked at her and could believe that she was talking to me the way she was.

After I was done at the police station, I walked from the police station back to Daniels Hall. I was totally devastated and so upset. I was feeling like no one believed me and that I meant nothing. I ended up getting moved from Daniels Hall to Siddall Hall which was all female residence hall. There were times that I could not sleep. I could not eat and when I did eat everything came back up. I was vomiting everything I ate. There was a time that I was feeling suicidal and like I wanted to die. I went up to the top of the residence hall. I wanted to go up the roof, but the stairs leading up there were locked. I just sat down on the steps and cried and cried. Then I got angry because I could not hurt myself because the damn door was locked.

I started seeing a counselor on campus and that seemed to help. Then that counselor got transferred to another location so I had to find I new counselor. I went over to Covington, KY to the Women's Crisis Center and started seeing a counselor that helped me. This is when my journey to recovery started.

I was on my way to class and was going down the steps, slipped on ice and broke my ankle. I ended up going to the University hospital and having surgery on my ankle. I had screws and plates put in my ankle. After that, I left from UC and moved back home, where I was recovering from my broken ankle. I started going to Shawnee State University and started seeing a psychologist in Columbus. When I first started going to counseling, I could not sit in therapy and talk about what he had done. Shirley would ask if I wanted to go outside and go for a walk. That was the only way that I could talk about what had happened.

Josh

When I was 23, I lived in Columbus. I partied a lot with Melinda and Kelly. It was Melinda's girlfriend's birthday and we all went to the Dollhouse because that is where Melinda's girlfriend worked at. I was drinking Long Island Ice Tea's, shots, Smirnoff's and the shot sex on the beach. After she got off work we got in our cars and drove over to Melinda's. I was so drunk and stumbling that Josh had to help me walk from my car, through the park to Melinda's house. I had to pee so I went upstairs to use the bathroom. Josh came in the bathroom. Somehow I ended up on the floor. He was holding my hands above my head. I was struggling, trying to get away from him but I could not. He was kissing me and then he was inside of me. I could not get away from him.

That following morning, I woke up and I was so sore. I told Kelly that I thought something happened. I called a gynecologist and went in for an appointment. They did the exam and found that I was torn and that I had been raped. They gave me the morning after pill. I went back home and talked to Kelly. She just held me and let me cry. She told me that I did not have to do anything and that she would be there for me through this. I decided that I was not going to talk to the police. I just buried everything and tried so hard to forget about it. I told Melinda and she got

pissed. She called me a liar and I lost my best friend because her Josh would never do that to anyone.

I started going to counseling. and started going to AA because I started to believe that I had a problem with drinking. I met my first sponsor Kay and told her about everything that happened. She told me that I had a problem with alcohol and that she would help me through this and that I needed to go to counseling. I started going to counseling and going to meetings with Kay and we slowly started working the steps. There were several times that I broke down and cried with her.

While I was in Columbus I saw Shirley, then Darla, and then Dawn. I ended up going to day treatment program because I could not cope with what had happened to me. The feelings from when I was 11, 19 and then 23 started coming up and I just needed a safe place to talk about what I had been through. I learned to sort of accept what had happened but I could not talk about some parts of the rape because I was afraid of saying it and was afraid of being judged.

US Navy and Damon

My story starts when I decided that I wanted to enlist and serve my country. I grew up in a small town called Lucasville, Ohio. My family has always had someone serving in the military since WW1. I remember being little and wanting to serve my country. It was a dream of mine. On September 11, 2001 that dream became a reality after the World Trade Towers were hit. I went to the recruiting office and was told that I had to lose weight to join. I started running every day and lost the weight to be able to join.

I was in the Delayed Entry Program for a year before I left for boot camp in August 2003. I graduated from boot camp and got my orders to report to the Naval Training School at Lack

land. I completed my training and graduated near the top of my class. On December 16, 2003 went on leave and came back to base at the beginning of the New Year.

The command had three different phases of liberty one, two and three. If you had completed training and was awaiting orders, they gave you phase three which meant you could stay off of base on the weekend. CSSN (a fleet returnee) asked me to switch duty days with her because her family was in town. We ran the chit (paperwork) to get the duty days changed. I stood her duty day on January 16, 2004. That following morning, I got off of duty. CS3 D also got off of duty and asked me if I wanted to get a hotel room with him. I did because I did not want to stay in the barracks.

We got into his friends car and went to the Super 8 hotel which was at 410 and Marbach. I went in and paid for the room, which was on the second floor. I walked up to room which was on the second floor. The room had white walls. The floor was this ugly brown carpet. You walked through the door and the sofa was on the right hand side. The television was on the left. There was a little half wall in between the bed and sofa. I remember the bed was queen size. I was just wanting to relax and watch television. I did not go there to have sex with him. I wanted it to be like it was the previous weekend. What I mean by this is that I wanted to just relax, watch the football games and to have fun. We were talking and he started kissing me. I just laid there because I was scared and I froze. He started touching me and put his penis in my vagina. He finally stopped and went into the bathroom. When he came back, he saw my phone and asked me where I got it at. He told me that he had to go back to base for something. So I called a cab to pick me up and take me to River Walk. I walked around River Walk for a while and then ran into some other Sailor's I knew. We went to Hooter's. I ordered two Smirnoff's. We paid and they told me that they were going somewhere. I went my own direction and ended up at the Hard

Rock Cafe. There I ordered another Smirnoff and a bar tenders specialty. I walked around for a little while and then called a cab to take me to Pegasus. That is another bar that is in town. Once there, I ordered a couple more Smirnoff's and called a cab to take me back to where Mac Trans picks up. I took Mac Trans back to the hotel outside of base and went to see a friend. They were getting ready to go to another bar, so I called him to come pick me up. He took me back to the hotel room. I walked in and placing my cellphone, id, money on the little half wall. I took my jeans off and shoes. I left on my Ohio state long sleeve shirt, Kurt warner jersey, bra, and panties and got into the bed on the side closet to the wall. The room was spinning. He was sitting on the sofa watching TV and talking to someone on the phone. All I wanted to was to sleep off the drunk. I did not want to have sex and I was too drunk to consent. I woke up to him touching my breasts, being inside of my vagina. I did not want to have sex with him. I did not fight him. I was to drunk. All I wanted to do was to sleep off the drunk. I thought that I would be safe with him. My intention was to sleep off the drunk.

After he was done, I got dressed and went outside and called a cab to take me back to base. CS1 was on duty and I remember him saying, you have been partying. I answered him and went to my barracks room, were I sat down and cried. Later, I went and took a shower. I did not say anything for a couple of days and CSSN asked me what was wrong. I talked to her and she told me that I needed to go to the command. I told her that I was too scared and she went to tell the CS1 that was on duty.

They took me over to the hospital on Lack land's main side. They did a rape exam and the male doctor that did the rape exam and to come back in because he forgot to cut hairs. That was even more traumatizing. There was an OSI agent there that was to talk to me and she told me after the

exam that I needed to come over to the OSI office to make a statement. I was not in the place to talk about the rape after that exam and there was no way that I was there by myself

After the rape exam, I took the duty van back to Lack land Medina side and was told that I was being moved to the other side of base. I was assigned a SAVI which was Chief. The first time I met my SAVI, she was yelling at everyone and I was intimidated by her. She took me to the Burger King right next to the OSI office and we talked because I was so scared about talking to the OSI agents. We sat in Burger King and talked for a little while, then she took me to the OSI office where I talked to two agents. They kept on asking me what happened, where my hands were at and asked Chief why the Navy was not contacting NCIS, since this was Navy.

I was terrified at the time. I mean only being in the Navy for four months, being raped by a third class petty officer fleet returnee and not knowing who to trust. The OSI agents talked to me for a while. I did not know what was going to happen after we were done talking. I was told not to talk to anyone about the rape while the so called investigation was going on. He called my cellphone after he found out that I had made a report. I told him not to call me and I told Chief, about that. He was given an order to have no contact with me. They had me standing duty and cleaning the grounds, polishing the bell, going over to do trash duty and the recycle plant on base.

The command decided to have a safety stand down. During the safety stand down, they were covering the topic of alcohol, rape and it was very victim blaming. I could not sit still and kept on going out into the hall way. One time, a Senior Chief followed me and told me that I had to be in there. I told her how hard it was for me to listen to and I was very upset. There were several times that I thought about leaving base, going AWOL, and just never coming back to the Navy. I had to call a cab to take me over to the Rape Crisis Center in town for appointments.

There was one night that I could not sleep. I kept on having nightmares and went down to the smoke deck. I started smoking pack after pack and I did not even smoke. I was just so anxious, terrified, and I ended up staying down there smoking much all night. I was not able to cry because I had to be strong and I was afraid. One day, he was on the side of base I was and walked into the room we were having a meeting in. I was I was terrified, I hurried up and went up to my barracks room and locked the door. I started crying and threw some things at the wall in the barracks.

About a couple of weeks later, I was called to talk to the Senior Chief Master at Arms. She told me that she believed me, but there was no evidence and nothing that they could do. She made me promise her that I would get counseling and here was my orders to the USS Ronald Reagan. Then she asked me how I felt about that. I just looked at her and did not say anything. She made me promise that I would go to counseling. I turned around and walked out of her office, went up to my barracks room threw things at the wall, screamed and cried.

The next day, I was on an airplane to Virginia. I was feeling really lost and decided that I was going to take leave because I could take leave before reporting to my ship. I got a hotel in Newport News and just stayed there for a while. I was trying to decide if I was going to go to the ship or if I was just going to leave the Navy. Being in the hotel room, I called a rape crisis center and talked to a counselor a few times before reporting to the USS Ronald Reagan. I was assigned to division S-5 in Supply where I cleaned staterooms and took officers clothes down to the laundry. When I first got to ship, I talked to a Chief and told her what I had been through and that I needed to go to counseling. The Chief understood and made sure that I was able to go to counseling at the YMCA Rape Crisis Center in Norfolk. Then the command changed and new Officer's and Chiefs were transferred onto the ship. The ship was doing workups to go around

the horn and we were getting ready to leave so I had made my last appointment with the counselor that I had been seeing.

Chief C was the new Chief that had been transferred to S-5. It was the end of the day and I told Chief that I needed to leave the ship to go to a counseling appointment. Chief called me a liar when I told him that I had an appointment at the YMCA Rape Crisis Center in Norfolk and he would not let me leave the ship. I showed him the appointment card that I had in my hand and he still called me a liar and would not let me leave the ship. He proceeded to tell me if I wanted to go to counseling that I was only going to talk to LT. B, (the male psychologist).

I put in a request to be transferred from S-5 to SS40 because I was so sick of dealing with Chief Ci. In division SS40, I became a Damage Control Petty Officer and started learning how to perform maintenance on damage control equipment and lifesaving equipment. For the first time, I actually started to gain some pride back in what I was doing and had a Chief that was good. He made sure that I was able to go to counseling that I got my personal qualifications done, and I became the Divisions' Training Petty Officer.

Once we got to San Diego, I started going to AA meetings and started trying to find a counselor. I went to the Fleet and Family for counseling and found that the counselors had no idea how to treat rape and made it my fault. Then I started paying for counseling out of my own pocket and found Wanda Brothers. I was trying my best to talk to her about what had happened, but I was afraid to be totally honest with her. It was so hard serving, dealing with being called a liar, not being able to have the feelings that I needed to have, not knowing what they did , and dealing with a command that just did not care about what had happened to me.

Our Chief was being reassigned to other ship and we got another Chief that was great. We were doing workups and getting ready to go on our second deployment. I took Chief aside and tried to explain to him what was going on with me. It was hard conversation for me to have with him because I hated talking to men about what was going on. He told me that he would make sure that I was able to go to counseling when we were pier side. Chief was a good Chief and was there when I needed him to be there. My chain of command sent me to XO, because I was accused of saying something to my friend that I did not say. The only way that nothing happened at XO was because Command Master Chief stood up for me because she knew that I and Daphne were best friends. She knew that we had stop being such close friends and that I had never said what my friend was saying that said

My Chief became my mentor and he kept on pushing me to get more and more personal qualification standards done. He helped me to get my surface warfare specialist pin and enlisted air warfare specialist pin. Chief made SS40 became like a family with him and he took care of us. If I needed time away, he made sure that I was able to be alone and made sure that I was able to go to counseling. There were times that he knew that I needed to be alone in the office to work on the Training program for the division and supported me in that. When the ship went to Singapore and to Hong Kong, he took me and a guy from my division with him on liberty. Chief was a great Chief and he looked out for us. He ended up getting promoted to Senior Chief and was transferred off of the ship.

Once our Chief got promoted to Senior Chief we were getting a new Chief assigned to our division. This Chief was a real piece of work and was a total micromanager. He called me a liar when I told him about what had happened to me and he called me a liar when I told him about my knee injury. I was just taking over a 1000 mg of Motrin a day, had been using icy hot, knee

braces, and ice all of the time. It was incredibly hard for me to go up and down the ladder wells. He just had no respect for anyone in the division. I stated to become more and angrier. The next thing I know is that I am at Captain's Mast for being too angry. Once I found out that they were sending me to Captain's Mast, I burnt my arm on purpose to take the emotional pain away. The Captain gave me seven days restriction and sent to anger management class over at Point Loma. Of course, I was angry, shit I had been raped, called a liar, dealing with intense feelings and had no one that would listen to me or believe me, my command did not care, and I did not care about being in the Navy any more.

After the rape and nothing being done to Damon, I no longer cared about being in the Navy. The person that joined the Navy to do something for her country died when I was raped and the command called me a liar and did nothing to him. I even tried to get my rate changed, put requests in to the chain of command. They either denied they or they sat on it and a month later, I had to walk it up the chain of command myself. Chief was always saying something to me about being a liar. I just got into a deep depression and there were several times that I thought about jumping off of the ship to commit suicide. I had no one to talk to and felt totally alone and isolated. I tried to find out what they did to him and was called a liar by the legal department. I tried to go to Supply's SAVI and she was not interested in helping me and told me to stop lying. I tried going to another departments SAVI and got the same we do not care attitude, and that we are not going to help. That it did not matter that I was raped and that nothing happened to him. I started believing that message that I was getting, that rape does not matter, that I do not matter, that I am nothing but a piece of ass that deserves to be raped.

Chief C kept on having me go to a Fitness Enhancement Program because they said that I was too fat. I tried my best to do the physical training but with my knee, I was often in tears, told that I

was lying about that was well. I went to medical and they would not treat my knee. Two years of pain, taking Tyenolol, Motrin, using a knee brace, ace wraps, using icy hot, and ice, the physical therapist finally sent me to get a MRI because I was getting out of the Navy two weeks later. We were pier side but my command would not let me leave the ship to get the MRI result read. I got out of the Navy on May 6, 2008. I immediately went to the VA where I was examined and they told me that they had to do a Fulkerson Osteotomy and arthroscopy to fix what the command on USS Ronald Reagan said did not exist.

In February 2011, I was contacted by D on Navy togetherweserved. I was not going to answer him, but I just had to. We went back and forth in email. Some of the things he said was, "Wow, your confused and got the game twisted. I know rape is a very serious thing don't you. Why am I not in jail right know? I do not even know why I messed with you like that anyway, but you did teach me mess with a white woman because they are crazy. A MAN TAKING A WOMAN IS SOMETHING I AM DOWN WITH." Another thing he said, "So you was sleep but you remember a lot how...lol...you are about to many games right now." He pretty much admitted that he raped me. After being contacted by him in 2011, I called NCIS.

A Special agent from NCIS called me to set up a time to meet at the Cary Police Station to take a statement. We met there and we talked about the email. I showed it to her and told her the complete story again. They started another investigation and she called and told me that the investigation had been sent to another agent that was stationed in Florida.

A few weeks later, the Special Agent called me and told me that they wanted me to sign a paper so that they could start to look into my background. They wanted to know who I had slept with and my history. They wanted to know about the reports that I made when I was 11 and 19. I

would not sign the papers and just told her to forget it and told her to fuck off. That my background had nothing to do with him admitting to raping me and they want to treat me like I am the one that did something wrong? No fuck you. NCIS had the damn evidence and they still protect a rapist. Let me say this again, He admitted to raping me and they want to investigate me when he admitted it. What is so damn special about a man that rapes a woman? Why do they protect his ass and do nothing about it? Why did they ruin my career and promote his ass? It is bull shit, he is nothing but a thug that should not be serving and he admitted to it in an email that he raped me and they still do not do a damn thing about. They allow a damn rapist to continue to serve and promoted his ass to the next rank and send him to another a school so that he can do it again.

This has affected me by causing PTSD symptoms to be high. I have felt suicidal, wanted to cut and burn my arm. I was so depressed that there were times that I could not get out of bed. I could not focus or concentrate. They promote him for raping me and ruin my career. The only thing the Department of Defense and Chain of command does is protect rapist. He is a thug and should not even be serving.

The command at Naval Training School, Lackland, did nothing when they could have. OSI did not do an investigation. The Command did not contact NCIS to come and investigate the report like they should have. The report I made and the rape exam medical record is gone. I know this because I contacted OSI in Lackland and where they send the documents after so many years.

Wilford Medical Center at Lackland hospital does not even have the rape exam that was performed. I found out that they promoted this asshole. My career ended on May 6, 2008 and this asshole is still in and got promoted. The command does nothing. The command betrayed me and did nothing but protect a rapist and promote him. Then in 2011/2012 NCIS did nothing and they

betrayed me even after he freaking admits it in an email. So since all of this took place in February 2011, I have been dealing with intense grief, sadness and anger. This brought everything back to the surface like it just happened all over again. I have saw my primary care physician and asked for an increase on Zoloft. I started seeing a counselor more often and calling the suicide hotline. I started contacting Senators and have got involved with Service Women's Action Network and Protect Our Defenders. I have been telling my account and trying to heal.



In July 2013, I was watching CSPAN and saw down at the bottom of the page that the Senate Armed Forces committee voted to keep the chain of command involved in rape cases. I got so enraged that I called my Senators and yelled at them. Then, I got my service medals and sent them to Congresswoman Jackie Speier and the Senate Armed Forces Committee. I put a letter in there stating why I no longer wanted my service medals and wanted nothing to do with a government that protects rapists and a chain of command that allows rapists to continue to rape, promote them, and ruin survivors careers

At one point, I was proud of my military service but after seeing how NCIS treated me when they had a confession from my rapist. I became broken hearted and lost pride in the military and

the government. I do not understand why they protect rapists and ruin survivor's careers. Once again that message was received, that I do not matter, that the laws do not apply to me. That I am nothing more than a piece of ass that anything can happen to.

I was asked to write my story for Protect our Defenders and when I did that, I fell apart. There was a new level of trauma that had taken place and all of the tears started to come out. I have continued to have thoughts of hurting myself and have made promises with other veterans that I will not do anything without contacting one of them. Also, have been seeing a counselor again every week.

I joined to serve my country in a military that fights other countries and enemies. I did not enlist to be raped and watch the Navy cover this up. I want justice. I demand justice. The command did nothing, continues to do nothing and never will do anything until it is taken out of the hands of commands. All I ask is that the Congress does the right thing and stand with survivors. Also, I believe that I should be paid the same rate of pay I was getting when I was an E-4, my disability ranking, and all of this should be tax free for the rest of my life. The command choose to not do anything and promote a rapist. I did not choose to be raped and that was not why I enlisted in the Navy.

I was asked to give the Raleigh CBOC another opportunity and I did. I went to the clinic on Wednesday. I was triggered and saw the Doctor Quashie. She said that, "I should be fine sitting in the waiting room with a bunch of men, what do you want us to do helicopter you in, and you should be fine, we are not on base. We could bring you in the back door, but you would still see men. Okay, first off I am sick of being treated like a second class citizen just because I am a woman. I served my country honorably and have already been betrayed by the Navy, NCIS, House, Senate, DOD and POTUS. Second, I do not deserve to be talked to like I do not matter

and that the PTSD due to being raped does not matter. Third, the Raleigh CBOC made an appointment on Wednesday for me to go the Raleigh CBOC 2 clinic.

When I went there it was 1:30 pm on Friday January 24, 2014. My appointment was at 2:00 so I was there in plenty of time. The nurse called me back took weight, Blood pressure and asked me a bunch of questions about PTSD. She told me to go back out to waiting room and wait for the PA to call me back. The PA that I was seeing called me back. We did not even make it to an office, when she told me that I did not even have an appointment. Okay, I did have an appointment it was scheduled, showed up in e benefits, the nurse called me back. It is already hard as hell to go to the VA when there has been nothing but abuse and being told that since I am a woman I do not matter.

These messages are hitting the same messages that I received from chain of command. That I am nothing, that I am nothing more than a piece of property that deserves to be raped and that the UCMJ and laws do not apply to me. That we will do nothing about the rape. We will ruin your career, promote him, and do nothing to him when he freaking admits to it in an email. I do matter and I do deserve treatment. I served my country honorably and did not ask to be raped, betrayed by my chain of command, NCIS, and country.

I was asked to give the VA another chance and I did. **HOWEVER, THERE IS NO WAY IN HELL THAT I AM GIVING THE VA ANOTHER CHANCE. I HAVE BEEN TO HELL AND BACK AND AM NOT LETTING THEM HAVE ANOTHER OPPORTUNITY TO HURT ME MORE. IT IS BAD ENOUGH WHEN THE GUY THAT RAPED ME ADMITS IT IN AN EMAIL. NCIS HAS IT IN BLACK AND WHITE AND STILL DOES NOTHING. SPECIAL AGENT SAID, "WE HAVE TO INVESTIGATE YOU, KNOW ABOUT WHO ALL YOU SLEPT WITH. WELL EXCUSE ME SENATOR THE RAPIST ADMITTED IT AND THEY**

STILL DO NOTHING. THEY RUINED MY CAREER, PROMOTED HIS BUT AND JUST SENT HIM TO ANOTHER A SCHOOL SO HE CAN RAPE ANOTHER SAILOR. THE NAVY ALLOWED THE RAPE TO HAPPEN, DID NOTHING ABOUT IT, AND THEY ARE GOING TO PAY FOR THE COUNSELING. I AM NOT GOING TO THE VA EVER AGAIN AND THEY CAN REIMBURSE ME THE THOUSANDS I HAVE SPENT IN COUNSELING. THE VA IS GOING TO GIVE ME FEE BASIS AND AFTER WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAYTHERE IS NO WAY IN HECK THAT I AM GOING BACK THERE. I DID NOT ASK TO BE RAPED, BETRAYED BY MY COUNTRY AND YOU ARE GOING TO GIVE SURVIVORS RATE OF PAY, RAPISTS'S PAY, AND A MONETARY SETTLEMENT FOR INCOMPETENCE OF NCIS, NAVY, SENATE, HOUSE, DOD, AND POTUS.