

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
FOI/PA
DELETED PAGE INFORMATION SHEET
FOI/PA# 23-cv-1483-02

Total Deleted Page(s) = 9

Page 6 ~ b6 - 1; b7C - 1; b7E - 3,4,7;

Page 7 ~ b6 - 2; b7C - 2; b7E - 4,7;

Page 8 ~ b6 - 1; b7C - 1; b7E - 4,7;

Page 9 ~ b7E - 3,4,7;

Page 10 ~ b6 - 3; b7C - 3; b7E - 4;

Page 18 ~ b6 - 1,2; b7C - 1,2; b7E - 3,4,7;

Page 19 ~ b6 - 2; b7C - 2; b7E - 4,7;

Page 20 ~ b6 - 1,2; b7C - 1,2; b7E - 4,7;

Page 21 ~ b6 - 2; b7C - 2; b7E - 3,4,7;

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X Deleted Page(s) X

X No Duplication Fee X

X For this Page X

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UNCLASSIFIED

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION**Electronic Communication****Title:** (U) Opening Request**Date:** 03/27/2023**From:** MEMPHIS

ME-0011

Contact: [REDACTED]b6 -1
b7C -1
b7E -3**Approved By:** [REDACTED]**Drafted By:** [REDACTED]**Case ID #:** 356A-ME-3738757 (U) Audrey Elizabeth Hale (Subject);
Covenant School; Nashville, TN**Synopsis:** (U) Opening Request**Details:**

On March 27, 2023, reports were received of an active shooter at The Covenant School located in Nashville, TN.

Writer was requested by SSA [REDACTED] to open an investigation per SAC/ASAC approval and assign to SA [REDACTED] and SA [REDACTED]

b6 -1
b7C -1

Further details will be provided and documented once received.

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UNCLASSIFIED

UNCLASSIFIED//~~FOUO~~**FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION****Electronic Communication**

Title: (U) Case Referral for BAU- 1 Operational Assistance

Date: 03/30/2023

From: MEMPHIS

ME-0007

Contact: [REDACTED]

Approved By: SSA [REDACTED]

Drafted By: [REDACTED]

b6 -1
b7C -1
b7E -1,3

Case ID #: 356A-ME-3738757

(U) Audrey Elizabeth Hale (Subject);
Covenant School; Nashville, TN

(U) Memphis: TMC Program Management Sub-file

(U) BAU Coordinator Program Management File

(U) Memphis: BAU Coordinator Program Management Sub-file

Synopsis: (U//~~FOUO~~) Memphis FO - Nashville RA requests Behavioral Analysis Unit 1 (BTAC) assistance regarding school shooting that occurred on 3/27/23 at the Covenant School in Nashville, Tennessee.

Details:

On March 27, 2023, subject Audrey HALE entered the Covenant School, located at 33 BURTON HILLS DRIVE, NASHVILLE, TN and opened fire on students and staff. As a result, three (3) students and three (3) faculty members were killed. HALE then began firing at responding officers before being killed by law enforcement.

Memphis Field Office - Nashville RA is requesting BAU-1 deployment to Nashville, Tennessee, to assist Metro Nashville Police Department (MNPd) in their post-incident investigation.

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UNCLASSIFIED//~~FOUO~~

UNCLASSIFIED//~~FOUO~~**FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION****Import Form****Form Type:** FD-71A - Guardian Complaint Form**Date:** 03/30/2023**Title:** U//~~FOUO~~ NTOC2023 E-Tip: Information Related to Audrey Hale Subject of Sentinel Case 356A-ME-3738757. (ME)**Approved By:** SA [REDACTED]b6 -1
b7C -1**Drafted By:** SA [REDACTED]**Case ID #:** 356A-ME-3738757 (U) Audrey Elizabeth Hale (Subject);
Covenant School; Nashville, TN**Synopsis:** U//~~FOUO~~ DOCUMENT SYNOPSIS CREATED ON 03-30-2023 01:52 PM--SEE
GUARDIAN [REDACTED] FOR CURRENT ASSESSMENT DATA.On 03/27/2023, at 10:34 p.m. Eastern Time, date of birth, Anonymous,
Internet Protocol (IP) address [REDACTED] which resolves tob6 -2
b7C -2
b7E -7[REDACTED] submitted an online tip to the
FBI National Threat Operations Center (NTOC) via tips.fbi.gov, regarding
information on Audrey Hale posted on 4chan.

Date Submitted: 03/27/2023 10:34:41 PM EST

Transaction Number: [REDACTED]

b7E -7

Violation: Other

Emergency: False

Threat To Life: False

Submitted Text:

Here's the 4 chan thread where they're discussing the shooting, nothing
of note yet but i just thought you should have it, if you wanna keep an
eye on it.<https://boards.4chan.org/pol/thread/421259237/shooter-identified>

Best.

Violation Questions

What was the exact crime that occurred?: Interesting/info

When did the crime/incident occur? (Please provide an approximate date

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UNCLASSIFIED//~~FOUO~~

Title: U//~~FOUO~~ NTOC2023 E-Tip: Information Related to Audrey Hale
Subject of Sentinel Case 356A-ME-3738757. (ME)
Re: 356A-ME-3738757, 03/30/2023

and time): 3/27/23

Where did the crime/incident occur? (Please provide the specific location/address if possible): Nashville

Complainant Information

First Name:

Middle Name:

Last Name:

DOB:

Phone Type: Other

International: False

Phone Number:

Phone Ext:

Type: Other

Address:

City:

State:

Zip:

Additional Info:

Submitter IP Address:

Remote Host:

Http Referrer:

User Agent:

b6 -2

b7C -2

b7E -4

Latitude:

Longitude:

Country:

Region:

City:

Postal Code:

Timezone:

b6 -2

b7C -2

b7E -4

UNCLASSIFIED//~~FOUO~~

UNCLASSIFIED//~~FOUO~~

Title: U//~~FOUO~~ NTOC2023 E-Tip: Information Related to Audrey Hale
Subject of Sentinel Case 356A-ME-3738757. (ME)
Re: 356A-ME-3738757, 03/30/2023



b7E -4,7

Enclosure(s): Enclosed are the following items:

1. U//~~FOUO~~
2. U//~~FOUO~~
3. U//~~FOUO~~



b7E -4

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UNCLASSIFIED//~~FOUO~~

Generated: 03/30/2023 1:52 PM EDT

Incident Summary

(U//~~FOUO~~) NTOC2023 E-Tip: Information Related to Audrey Hale Subject of Sentinel
Case 356A-ME-3738757. (ME)

b7E -4,7

Unknown
(U) Unknown

Status: Closed

b7E -4,6,7

Information Only

Threat to Life:	No
Time Sensitive:	No
Report Type:	[REDACTED]
Activity Type:	Other
Observed:	03/27/2023 10:34:41 PM
Time Zone:	GMT -05:00
Receipt Method:	Other
Reported By:	Not Provided Not Provided
eGuardian ID:	[REDACTED]
Field Office:	MEMPHIS
Assigned Squad:	SEC-0011
Approver(s):	SEC-0011 Supervisor
Report Creator:	SEC-0011
Report Owner:	[REDACTED]
Case Access:	Unrestricted

b6 -1
b7C -1
b7E -4,7

b7E -4

(U//~~FOUO~~) On 03/27/2023, at 10:34 p.m. Eastern Time, date of birth, Anonymous, Internet
Protocol (IP) address [REDACTED] which resolves to [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] submitted an online tip to the FBI National Threat Operations Center (NTOC) via
tips.fbi.gov, regarding information on Audrey Hale posted on 4chan.

b6 -2
b7C -2
b7E -4,7

Date Submitted: 03/27/2023 10:34:41 PM EST

Transaction Number: [REDACTED]

Violation: Other

Emergency: False

Threat To Life: False

Submitted Text:

Here's the 4 chan thread where they're discussing the shooting, nothing of note yet but i just
thought you should have it, if you wanna keep an eye on it.

<https://boards.4chan.org/pol/thread/421259237/shooter-identified>

Best.

Violation Questions

What was the exact crime that occurred?: Interesting/info

When did the crime/incident occur? (Please provide an approximate date and time): 3/27/23

Where did the crime/incident occur? (Please provide the specific location/address if possible):
Nashville

Complainant Information

First Name:
Middle Name:
Last Name:
DOB:
Phone Type: Other
International: False
Phone Number:
Phone Ext:
Type: Other
Address:
City:
State:
Zip:
Additional Info:

Submitter IP Address: [REDACTED]

Remote Host: [REDACTED]

Http Referrer: [REDACTED]

User Agent: [REDACTED]

b6 -2

b7C -2

b7E -4

Latitude: [REDACTED]

Longitude: [REDACTED]

Country: [REDACTED]

Region: [REDACTED]

City: [REDACTED]

Postal Code: [REDACTED]

Timezone: [REDACTED]

b6 -2

b7C -2

b7E -4,7

Victim, Complainants, and Other Persons

(U//~~FOUO~~) Not Provided Not Provided

Person Type: Complainant

Locations

(U) Untitled

Other

NaN NaN

Attachments

b7E -4

Investigative Notes

b7E -4

b6 -1
b7C -1
b7E -3,4

Referrals

b7E -4

Disposition

(U//~~FOUO~~) Disposition

Note:

Reviewed and not relevant to ongoing investigation. Adding to file for reference

Investigation Type:

Disposition:

Associated Case Numbers:

356A-ME-3738757

b7E -4, 6

b6 -1
b7C -1
b7E -4

UNCLASSIFIED//~~FOUO~~**FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION****Import Form****Form Type:** FD-71A - Guardian Complaint Form**Date:** 03/31/2023**Title:** U//~~FOUO~~ NTOC2023 E-Tip: Information Related to Audrey Hale Subject to Sentinel Case 356A-ME-3738757. (ME)**Approved By:** SA [REDACTED]**Drafted By:** SA [REDACTED]b6 -1
b7C -1**Case ID #:** 356A-ME-3738757 (U) Audrey Elizabeth Hale (Subject);
Covenant School; Nashville, TN**Synopsis:** U//~~FOUO~~ DOCUMENT SYNOPSIS CREATED ON 03-31-2023 02:02 PM--SEE
GUARDIAN [REDACTED] FOR CURRENT ASSESSMENT DATA.

03/28/2023 at 10:35 a.m. Eastern Time, [REDACTED] date of birth

[REDACTED] cell phone number [REDACTED] address [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] email address [REDACTED] submitted an
online tip to the FBI National Threat Operations Center (NTOC) via
tips.fbi.gov, regarding information on Nashville school shooter Audrey
Hale.b6 -2
b7C -2
b7E -7

Date Submitted: 03/28/2023 10:25:48 AM EST

Transaction Number: [REDACTED]

b7E -7

Violation: Other

Emergency:

Threat To Life:

Submitted Text:

The Nashville Nossi College groomed the shooter . Not a joke please look
into [REDACTED]b6 -3
b7C -3

Violation Questions

What was the exact crime that occurred?: Shooting by Audrey Hale

When did the crime/incident occur? (Please provide an approximate date
and time): 3 / 27 / 2023Where did the crime/incident occur? (Please provide the specific
location/address if possible): Nashville

Complainant Information

First Name: [REDACTED]

Middle Name:

b6 -2
b7C -2UNCLASSIFIED//~~FOUO~~

UNCLASSIFIED//~~FOUO~~

Title: U//~~FOUO~~ NTOC2023 E-Tip: Information Related to Audrey Hale
Subject to Sentinel Case 356A-ME-3738757. (ME)
Re: 356A-ME-3738757, 03/31/2023

Last: [REDACTED]
DOB: [REDACTED]
Phone Type: Cell
International: False
Phone Number: [REDACTED]
Phone Ext:
Email: [REDACTED]
Type: Residential
Address: [REDACTED]
City: [REDACTED]
State: [REDACTED]
Zip: [REDACTED]
Additional Info:

b6 -2
b7C -2

Submitter IP Address: [REDACTED]
Remote Host: [REDACTED]
Http Referrer: [REDACTED]
User Agent: [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

b6 -2
b7C -2
b7E -4

Latitude: [REDACTED]
Longitude: [REDACTED]
Country: US
Region: [REDACTED]
City: [REDACTED]
Postal Code: [REDACTED]
Timezone: [REDACTED]

b6 -2
b7C -2

b6 -2
b7C -2
b7E -4,7

UNCLASSIFIED//~~FOUO~~

UNCLASSIFIED//~~FOUO~~

Title: U//~~FOUO~~ NTOC2023 E-Tip: Information Related to Audrey Hale
Subject to Sentinel Case 356A-ME-3738757. (ME)
Re: 356A-ME-3738757, 03/31/2023

Enclosure(s): Enclosed are the following items:

1. U//~~FOUO~~
2. U//~~FOUO~~

b7E -4

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UNCLASSIFIED//~~FOUO~~

Generated: 03/31/2023 2:02 PM EDT

Incident Summary

(U//~~FOUO~~) NTOC2023 E-Tip: Information Related to Audrey Hale Subject to Sentinel
Case 356A-ME-3738757. (ME)

b7E -4,7

(U// FOUO)	Status: Closed
<div style="border: 1px solid black; height: 50px; width: 100%;"></div>	
Information Only	
Threat to Life:	No
Time Sensitive:	No
Report Type:	Other
Activity Type:	Other
Observed:	03/28/2023 10:25:48 AM
Time Zone:	GMT -05:00
Receipt Method:	Other
Reported By:	
eGuardian ID:	
Field Office:	MEMPHIS
Assigned Squad:	SEC-0011
Approver(s):	SEC-0011 Supervisor
Report Creator:	SEC-0011
Report Owner:	
Case Access:	Unrestricted

b7E -4,6,7

b6 -1
b7C -1
b7E -4,7

b7E -4

(U//~~FOUO~~) 03/28/2023 at 10:35 a.m. Eastern Time, [redacted] date of birth [redacted]
cell phone number [redacted] address [redacted] email address [redacted]
[redacted] submitted an online tip to the FBI National Threat Operations
Center (NTOC) via tips.fbi.gov, regarding information on Nashville school shooter Audrey Hale.

b6 -2
b7C -2

Date Submitted: 03/28/2023 10:25:48 AM EST

Transaction Number [redacted]

b7E -4,7

Violation: Other

Emergency:

Threat To Life:

Submitted Text:

The Nashville Nossi College groomed the shooter . Not a joke please look into [redacted]

b6 -3
b7C -3

Violation Questions

What was the exact crime that occurred?: Shooting by Audrey Hale

When did the crime/incident occur? (Please provide an approximate date and time): 3 / 27 / 2023

Where did the crime/incident occur? (Please provide the specific location/address if possible):
Nashville

Complainant Information

First Name: [redacted]

Middle Name:

Last Name: [redacted]

DOB: [redacted]

b6 -2
b7C -2

Phone Type: Cell

International: False

Phone Number: [REDACTED]

Phone Ext: [REDACTED]

Email: [REDACTED]

Type: Residential

Address: [REDACTED]

City: [REDACTED]

State: [REDACTED]

Zip: [REDACTED]

Additional Info:

Submitter IP Address: [REDACTED]

Remote Host: [REDACTED]

Http Referrer: [REDACTED]

User Agent: [REDACTED]

Latitude: [REDACTED]

Longitude: [REDACTED]

Country: US

Region: [REDACTED]

City: [REDACTED]

Postal Code: [REDACTED]

Timezone: -04:00

b6 -2
b7C -2b6 -2
b7C -2
b7E -4b6 -2
b7C -2b6 -2
b7C -2
b7E -4,7

Victim, Complainants, and Other Persons

(U//~~FOUO~~) [REDACTED]

Person Type: Complainant

Locations:

(U//~~FOUO~~) [REDACTED]

Other

United States

Contact

Information:

(U//~~FOUO~~) [REDACTED](U//~~FOUO~~) [REDACTED]b6 -2
b7C -2

Locations

(U) Untitled

Other

NaN NaN

Attachments

b7E -4

Investigative Notes

b6 -1,2
b7C -1,2
b7E -3,4

Referrals

b6 -1,2
b7C -1,2
b7E -4

Disposition

(U) Disposition

Note:

This matter relates to an existing opened case, but has been evaluated as not pertinent to the investigation.

Investigation Type:

Disposition:

Associated Case Numbers:

356A-ME-3738757

b7E -4,6

b6 -1
b7C -1
b7E -4

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
FOI/PA
DELETED PAGE INFORMATION SHEET
FOI/PA# 23-cv-1483-02

Total Deleted Page(s) = 72

Page 29 ~ b6 - 4; b7C - 4; b7E - 4,7;
Page 30 ~ b6 - 4; b7C - 4; b7E - 4,7;
Page 31 ~ b6 - 1,4; b7C - 1,4; b7E - 4,7;
Page 32 ~ b6 - 1,4; b7C - 1,4; b7E - 4,7;
Page 33 ~ b6 - 4; b7C - 4; b7E - 4;
Page 34 ~ b7E - 7;
Page 35 ~ b6 - 3,4; b7C - 3,4; b7E - 7;
Page 36 ~ b6 - 3,4; b7C - 3,4; b7E - 7;
Page 37 ~ b6 - 4; b7C - 4; b7E - 7;
Page 38 ~ b6 - 4; b7C - 4; b7E - 7;
Page 39 ~ b6 - 4; b7C - 4; b7E - 7;
Page 40 ~ b6 - 4; b7C - 4; b7E - 7;
Page 41 ~ b6 - 4; b7C - 4; b7E - 7;
Page 42 ~ b6 - 3,4; b7C - 3,4; b7E - 7;
Page 43 ~ b6 - 4; b7C - 4; b7E - 7;
Page 44 ~ b6 - 3,4; b7C - 3,4; b7E - 7;
Page 45 ~ b6 - 3,4; b7C - 3,4; b7E - 7;
Page 46 ~ b6 - 4; b7C - 4; b7E - 7;
Page 47 ~ b6 - 3,4; b7C - 3,4; b7E - 7;
Page 48 ~ b6 - 4; b7C - 4; b7E - 7;
Page 49 ~ b6 - 3,4; b7C - 3,4; b7E - 7;
Page 50 ~ b6 - 3,4; b7C - 3,4; b7E - 7;
Page 51 ~ b6 - 4; b7C - 4; b7E - 7;
Page 52 ~ b6 - 4; b7C - 4; b7E - 7;
Page 53 ~ b6 - 4; b7C - 4; b7E - 7;
Page 54 ~ b6 - 3,4; b7C - 3,4; b7E - 7;
Page 55 ~ b6 - 3,4; b7C - 3,4; b7E - 7;
Page 56 ~ b6 - 3,4; b7C - 3,4; b7E - 7;
Page 57 ~ b6 - 3,4; b7C - 3,4; b7E - 7;
Page 58 ~ b6 - 3,4; b7C - 3,4; b7E - 7;
Page 59 ~ b6 - 3,4; b7C - 3,4; b7E - 7;
Page 60 ~ b6 - 3,4; b7C - 3,4; b7E - 7;
Page 61 ~ b6 - 3,4; b7C - 3,4; b7E - 7;
Page 62 ~ b6 - 3,4; b7C - 3,4; b7E - 7;
Page 63 ~ b6 - 3,4; b7C - 3,4; b7E - 7;
Page 64 ~ b6 - 3,4; b7C - 3,4; b7E - 7;
Page 65 ~ b6 - 3,4; b7C - 3,4; b7E - 7;
Page 66 ~ b6 - 3,4; b7C - 3,4; b7E - 7;
Page 67 ~ b6 - 3,4; b7C - 3,4; b7E - 7;
Page 68 ~ b6 - 4; b7C - 4; b7E - 7;
Page 69 ~ b6 - 4; b7C - 4; b7E - 7;
Page 70 ~ b6 - 4; b7C - 4; b7E - 7;
Page 71 ~ b6 - 4; b7C - 4; b7E - 7;
Page 72 ~ b6 - 3,4; b7C - 3,4; b7E - 7;
Page 73 ~ b6 - 4; b7C - 4; b7E - 7;
Page 74 ~ b6 - 3,4; b7C - 3,4; b7E - 7;
Page 75 ~ b6 - 4; b7C - 4; b7E - 7;
Page 76 ~ b6 - 3,4; b7C - 3,4; b7E - 7;
Page 77 ~ b6 - 3,4; b7C - 3,4; b7E - 7;
Page 78 ~ b6 - 3,4; b7C - 3,4; b7E - 7;
Page 79 ~ b6 - 3,4; b7C - 3,4; b7E - 7;
Page 80 ~ b6 - 3,4; b7C - 3,4; b7E - 7;
Page 81 ~ b6 - 4; b7C - 4; b7E - 7;
Page 82 ~ b6 - 4; b7C - 4; b7E - 7;
Page 83 ~ b6 - 1,4; b7C - 1,4; b7E - 3,4,7;
Page 84 ~ b6 - 1,2,4; b7C - 1,2,4; b7E - 4,7; b7F - 2;
Page 85 ~ b6 - 2,4; b7C - 2,4; b7E - 4,7; b7F - 2;
Page 86 ~ b6 - 4; b7C - 4; b7E - 4,7; b7F - 2;
Page 87 ~ b6 - 4; b7C - 4; b7E - 3,4,7;
Page 88 ~ b6 - 4; b7C - 4; b7E - 3,4,7;
Page 89 ~ b7E - 4; b7F - 2;
Page 90 ~ b6 - 4; b7C - 4;
Page 91 ~ b7E - 4;
Page 92 ~ b7E - 4;
Page 105 ~ b6 - 1,-3, PER ATF; b7C - 1,-3, PER ATF;
Page 106 ~ b6 - 3,-8, PER ATF; b7C - 3,-8, PER ATF;
Page 107 ~ b6 - 3,8; b7C - 3,8;

Page 108 ~ b6 - 8; b7C - 8;
Page 109 ~ b6 - 1; b7C - 1; b7E - 3,11;
Page 113 ~ b1 - 1; b3 - 5; b6 - 1; b7C - 1; b7D - 7;
Page 116 ~ b1 - 1; b3 - 5; b6 - 1; b7C - 1; b7D - 7;
Page 117 ~ b1 - 1; b3 - 5; b7D - 7;

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X Deleted Page(s) X
X No Duplication Fee X
X For this Page X
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

UNCLASSIFIED//~~FOUO~~**FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION****Import Form**Form Type: **FD-71A - Guardian Complaint Form**

Date: 03/31/2023

Title: U//~~FOUO~~ NTOC2023: Concerning Statements Made by [REDACTED] via
Twitter. (ME)

Approved By: SA [REDACTED]

b6 -1,4
b7C -1,4

Drafted By: SA [REDACTED]

Case ID #: 356A-ME-3738757

(U) Audrey Elizabeth Hale (Subject);
Covenant School; Nashville, TN

Synopsis: U//~~FOUO~~ DOCUMENT SYNOPSIS CREATED ON 03-31-2023 02:39 PM--SEE
GUARDIAN [REDACTED] FOR CURRENT ASSESSMENT DATA.

On 03/28/2023, at 4:53 p.m. Eastern Time, [REDACTED] date of birth
[REDACTED] cellular telephone number [REDACTED] called the FBI
National Threat Operations Center (NTOC) to report [REDACTED] date of
birth [REDACTED] cellular telephone number [REDACTED] business
address [REDACTED] Twitter account [REDACTED]
email address [REDACTED] made concerning statement via Twitter
regarding the Tennessee school shooting.

b6 -2,4
b7C -2,4
b7E -7

[REDACTED] provided the following information:

b6 -2,4
b7C -2,4

[REDACTED] Tweeted that the Tennessee school shooting victims deserved it,
adding, you don't victimize people without expecting something to happen.
The Tweet was posted on his personal account which has since been deleted
and [REDACTED] did not know the handle. [REDACTED] was being Doxxed after the
Tweet and he deleted his account after it was suspended.

[REDACTED] claims that [REDACTED] account had the name [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] is [REDACTED] and an alleged
trans activist. [REDACTED] also has a website link on his social media
accounts called [REDACTED] regarding building and 3D printing
firearms. It is unsure if the profiles contained any other concerning
statements regarding the shooting victims or if there are calls to
violence by [REDACTED] since the account was deleted.

b6 -2,4
b7C -2,4
b7F -2

Once [REDACTED] looked into [REDACTED] profiles, his Facebook bio states, "55
grains for every transphobe".

b6 -2,4
b7C -2,4UNCLASSIFIED//~~FOUO~~

356A-ME-3738757 Serial 5

UNCLASSIFIED//~~FOUO~~

Title: U//~~FOUO~~ NTOC2023: Concerning Statements Made by [REDACTED] via
Twitter. (ME)
Re: 356A-ME-3738757, 03/31/2023

b6 -4
b7C -4

b6 -2,4
b7C -2,4
b7E -4,7

Enclosure(s): Enclosed are the following items:

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.

b7E -4

UNCLASSIFIED//~~FOUO~~

356A-ME-3738757 Serial 5

UNCLASSIFIED//~~FOUO~~

Title: U//~~FOUO~~ NTOC2023: Concerning Statements Made by [REDACTED] via
Twitter. (ME)

b6 -4
b7C -4

Re: 356A-ME-3738757, 03/31/2023

4.
5.
6.
7.
8.
9.



b7E -4,7

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UNCLASSIFIED//~~FOUO~~

Generated: 03/31/2023 2:39 PM EDT

Incident Summary

(U//FOUO) NTOC2023: Concerning Statements Made by [REDACTED] via Twitter.
(ME)

b6 -4
b7C -4
b7E -4, 7

Unknown
(U) Unknown

Status: Closed

b6 -4
b7C -4
b7E -4, 6, 7

Person Type: Subject
Subject Type: Main
Social Security: [REDACTED]
Locations: ~~U.S.S.R.~~ [REDACTED]

United States
Other

United States

Contact information

(U//~~FOUO~~) [redacted]
[redacted]
(U//~~FOUO~~) Twitter:

~~(U//FOUO)~~
URL Address:

(U//~~FOUO~~)
URL Address:

~~(U//FOUO)~~ YouTube

Attachments:

(13)

Information Only

Threat to Life:	No
Time Sensitive:	No
Report Type:	
Activity Type:	
Observed:	8/25/2021 04:53:38 PM
Time Zone:	GMT -05:00
Receipt Method:	Telephone
Reported By:	
eGuardian ID:	
Field Office:	
Assigned Squad:	
Approver(s):	
Report Creator:	
Report Owner:	
Case Access:	Unrestricted

b6 -1,4
b7C -1,4
b7E -4,7
b7F -2

(U//FOUO) On 03/28/2023, at 4:53 p.m. Eastern Time, [REDACTED] date of birth [REDACTED] cellular telephone number [REDACTED] called the FBI National Threat Operations Center (NTOC) to report [REDACTED] date of birth [REDACTED] cellular telephone number [REDACTED] business address [REDACTED] Twitter account [REDACTED]

b6 -2,4
b7C -2,4

[redacted] email address [redacted] made concerning statement via Twitter regarding the Tennessee school shooting.

b6 -2,4
b7C -2,4

[redacted] provided the following information:

[redacted] Tweeted that the Tennessee school shooting victims deserved it, adding, you don't victimize people without expecting something to happen. The Tweet was posted on his personal account which has since been deleted and [redacted] did not know the handle. [redacted] was being Doxxed after the Tweet and he deleted his account after it was suspended.

b6 -2,4
b7C -2,4
b7F -2

[redacted] claims that [redacted] account had the name [redacted] is [redacted] and an alleged trans activist [redacted] also has a website link on his social media accounts called [redacted] regarding building and 3D printing firearms. It is unsure if the profiles contained any other concerning statements regarding the shooting victims or if there are calls to violence by [redacted] since the account was deleted.

Once [redacted] looked into [redacted] profiles, his Facebook bio states, "55 grains for every transphobe".

b6 -2,4
b7C -2,4



b6 -2,4
b7C -2,4
b7E -4,7

Subjects

(U//~~FOUO~~) [redacted]

Person Type: Subject

Subject Type: Main

Social Security: [redacted]

Locations: (U//~~FOUO~~) [redacted]

Other

United States

Contact

Information: (U//~~FOUO~~) [redacted]

(U//~~FOUO~~) [redacted]

(U//~~FOUO~~) [redacted]

b6 -4
b7C -4

(U//~~FOUO~~) Twitter: [REDACTED]

(U//~~FOUO~~) URLAddress [REDACTED]

(U//~~FOUO~~) URLAddress [REDACTED]

(U//~~FOUO~~) YouTube [REDACTED]

b6 -4
b7C -4
b7F -2

Attachments:

(U) [REDACTED]

Victim, Complainants, and Other Persons

(U//~~FOUO~~) [REDACTED]

Person Type: Complainant

Contact

(U//~~FOUO~~) [REDACTED]

Information:

b6 -2
b7C -2

Locations

(U) Untitled

Other

NaN NaN

Attachments

b6 -4
b7C -4
b7E -4

Investigative Notes

b6 -2
b7C -2
b7E -4

b6 -1,4
b7C -1,4
b7E -3,4

Interviews and Attached 302s

(U) Interview of [REDACTED]

Authorized Interview or request information from members of the public and private entities.

Method:

Description: On March 30, 2023, [REDACTED] date of birth [REDACTED] was interviewed telephonically at [REDACTED]. After being advised of the identity of the interview Agents and the nature of the interview, [REDACTED] provided the following information:

[REDACTED] posted on Twitter about the school shooting. [REDACTED] has Facebook, Twitter, and Instagram. In one of his social media pages there was a website called [REDACTED]. People can go to this website and build guns.

[REDACTED] has stuff on his Facebook about gun rights and transrights. [REDACTED] has screenshots of activity associated with [REDACTED]. [REDACTED] does not know [REDACTED] personally. [REDACTED] also brought up the [REDACTED].

[REDACTED] will provide the interviewing agent screenshots in an email at a later time.

b6 -2,4
b7C -2,4
b7E -2

Status: Completed

History:

03/30/2023 04:51:11 PM Created Note: Interview of [REDACTED] (MEMPHIS /ME-0011)

b6 -1,2
b7C -1,2

Referrals

b7E -4

Disposition

(U) Disposition

Note:

Awaiting returns to see if connection with HALE so placed in investigative file.

Investigation Type:

Disposition:

Associated Case Numbers:

355A-ME-3738757

b7E -6

Workflow

b6 -1,2,4
b7C -1,2,4
b7E -4

UNCLASSIFIED

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION**Import Form****Form Type:** Letter Incom - Letter - Incoming**Date:** 04/04/2023**Title:** (U) Congressional Oversight: Congresswomen Mary E. Miller and Marjorie Taylor Greene**Approved By:** A/UC b6 -1
b7C -1**Drafted By:**

Case ID #: 62F-HQ-A2195052-OCA (U) Director Christopher A. Wray's
Records
356A-ME-3738757 (U) Audrey Elizabeth Hale (Subject);
Covenant School; Nashville, TN

Synopsis: (U) Letter from Congresswomen Mary E. Miller and Marjorie Taylor Greene dated 03/28/2023, to Director Wray requesting answers regarding the deadly attack on The Covenant School in Nashville, Tennessee, and, based on his prior congressional testimony on domestic terrorism, expecting unbiased investigations of violent extremists.

Information only copies sent via email to EAD/NSB, EAD/CCRSB, CTD, CID, CD, SAC-Memphis, and

b6 -1
b7C -1

◆◆

UNCLASSIFIED



Congress of the United States
House of Representatives
Washington, DC 20515-0906

March 28, 2023

Christopher Wray
Director
Federal Bureau of Investigation
935 Pennsylvania Ave., N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20535

Director Wray,

Yesterday, a 28-year-old female identifying as a man attacked a Christian school in Tennessee, killing three children and three adults. Local police have confirmed that the killer self-identified as a member of the transgender political ideology; the killer chose the Christian school as her intended target; and the killer left a "manifesto." Nashville police chief John Drake stated yesterday that, "we have a manifesto, we have some writings that we're going over that pertain to this date, the actual incident... we have a map drawn out of how this was all going to take place."

You have claimed in prior congressional testimony that the FBI considers domestic terrorist attacks conducted based on the attacker's race, gender, and political ideology to be the greatest threat our nation faces. In testimony before the Senate Homeland Security Committee, you stated that, "lone domestic violent extremists radicalized by personalized grievances" are the most significant threat to our national security in a post 9/11 environment."

Given these facts and your prior testimony:

1. Is the FBI Memphis Field Office investigating this attack on a Christian school as a terrorist attack conducted based on the attacker's "manifesto?"
2. Is the FBI investigating what outside agitators or organizations influenced this attacker to conduct this attack?
3. Is the FBI investigating organizations that are encouraging individuals to engage in violence based on political ideology, including the "Trans Day of Vengeance" being promoted on the internet?
4. Is the FBI ignoring the rule of law by investigating some political organizations for ties to violent extremism but not others based on the Biden Administration's political agenda?
5. Was the shooter taking any hormone therapy medications, and if so, what effect did such drugs have on the shooter's mental health?
6. Was the shooter taking any mental health medications, such as selective serotonin reuptake inhibitors (SSRIs), and if so, to what extent did the use of such medicines affect the mental and physical health of the shooter and/or drive the shooter to take the actions she took?

Based on your prior congressional testimony, the FBI has an obligation to investigate and arrest individuals engaging in violent extremism. The American people are entitled to unbiased, apolitical investigations unimpeded by the Biden Administration's political agenda.

Please respond in writing to these questions and requests no later than two weeks after the date of this letter.

Sincerely,

Mary E. Miller
Member of Congress

Marjorie Taylor Greene
Member of Congress

¹ <https://www.cbsnews.com/news/nashville-school-shooting-covenant-school/>

² <https://www.fbi.gov/news/testimony/threats-to-the-homeland-evaluating-the-landscape-20-years-after-911-wray-092121>

[REDACTED]

From: OCA
Sent: Wednesday, March 29, 2023 9:11 AM
To: [REDACTED]
Subject: FW: Letter to Secretary Wray
Attachments: 03.28.2023 letter to Dir. Wray.pdf; [EXTERNAL] Letter to Secretary Wray

b7E -3

Sentinel entry for assignment to OCA. This item will be included in the weekly report.

From: DOJ Correspondence (SMO) <DOJ.Correspondence@usdoj.gov>
Sent: Tuesday, March 28, 2023 5:12 PM
To: [REDACTED]
Subject: [EXTERNAL EMAIL] - FW: Letter to Secretary Wray

b7E -3

Another one. I did not confirm receipt.

Best,

[REDACTED]
Office of Legislative Affairs
U.S. Department of Justice

b6 Per DOJ-OIP

From: Johnson, Dean [REDACTED]
Sent: Tuesday, March 28, 2023 5:01 PM
To: DOJ Correspondence (SMO) <Ex DOJCorrespondence@jmd.usdoj.gov>
Subject: [EXTERNAL] Letter to Secretary Wray

b6 -5
b7C -5

Hi,

Congresswoman Miller would like to send the attached letter to Director Wray. Please confirm that you received the letter.

Best,

Dean Johnson | Legislative Director
The Honorable Rep. Mary E. Miller (IL-15)
United States House of Representatives
(w) [REDACTED]
(m) [REDACTED]

b6 -5
b7C -5

UNCLASSIFIED

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION**Import Form****Form Type:** Letter Incom - Letter - Incoming**Date:** 04/04/2023**Title:** (U) Congressional Oversight: Senator Josh Hawley**Approved By:** A/UC **Drafted By:** b6 -1
b7C -1

Case ID #: 62F-HQ-A2195052-OCA (U) Director Christopher A. Wray's
Records
356A-ME-3738757 (U) Audrey Elizabeth Hale (Subject);
Covenant School; Nashville, TN

Synopsis: (U) Letter from Senator Josh Hawley dated 03/28/2023, to Director Wray and Alejandro N. Mayorkas, Secretary, DHS, requesting that the deadly attack on The Covenant School in Nashville, Tennessee, be considered a federal hate crime.

Information only copies sent via email to EAD/NSB, EAD/CCRSB, CTD, CID, CD, SAC-Memphis, OGC, OPE, OPA, VSD, and

b6 -1
b7C -1

◆◆

UNCLASSIFIED

United States Senate
WASHINGTON, DC 20510-2509

March 28, 2023

The Honorable Christopher A. Wray
Director
Federal Bureau of Investigation
935 Pennsylvania Avenue, NW
Washington, D.C. 20535

The Honorable Alejandro N. Mayorkas
Secretary
U.S. Department of Homeland Security
301 7th St, SW
Washington, D.C. 20528

Dear Director Wray and Secretary Mayorkas:

Yesterday the nation witnessed the vicious murder of small schoolchildren in Nashville, Tennessee. An individual identified by police as Audrey Hale killed six people—students Evelyn Dieckhaus, Hallie Scruggs, and William Kinney, and employees Cynthia Peak, Katherine Koonce, and Michael Hill—in a murderous rampage at a Christian school known as The Covenant School.¹ It is commonplace to call such horrors “senseless violence.” But properly speaking, that is false. Police report that the attack here was “targeted”²—targeted, that is, against Christians.

Federal law explicitly criminalizes acts of violence against individuals based on religious affiliation as hate crimes. To be exact, the federal hate crime statute, 18 U.S.C. § 249(a)(1), bars “willfully caus[ing] bodily injury to any person . . . because of the actual or perceived race, color, *religion*, or national origin of any person.” According to Nashville law enforcement, Hale’s attack was both premeditated and “targeted” against this Christian school, its students and employees. Nashville police chief John Drake announced yesterday that “we have a manifesto, we have some writings that we’re going over that pertain to this date, the actual incident We have a map drawn out of how this was all going to take place.”³ Moreover, police detectives believe that Hale had “some resentment for having to go to that school.”⁴

I urge you to immediately open an investigation into this shooting as a federal hate crime. The full resources of the federal government must be brought to bear to determine how this crime occurred, and who may have influenced the deranged shooter to carry out these horrific crimes. Hate that leads to violence must be condemned. And hate crimes must be prosecuted.

Sincerely,



Josh Hawley
United States Senator

¹ <https://www.bbc.com/news/world-us-canada-65095355>

² <https://www.cbsnews.com/news/nashville-school-shooting-covenant-school/>

³ <https://www.cbsnews.com/news/nashville-school-shooting-covenant-school/>

⁴ <https://www.cbsnews.com/news/nashville-school-shooting-covenant-school/>

[REDACTED]

From: OCA
Sent: Tuesday, March 28, 2023 4:28 PM
To: [REDACTED]
Subject: FW: Letter
Attachments: 2023-03-28 Hawley Lettr Wray- Mayorkas[2].pdf; [EXTERNAL] Letter

b7E -3

Sentinel entry for assignment to OCA. This item will be included in the weekly report.

From: Velchik, Michael (Hawley) [REDACTED]
Sent: Tuesday, March 28, 2023 11:10 AM
To: DHS Legislative Affairs <DHSLegislativeAffairsUpdates@messages.dhs.gov>; DOJ Correspondence (SMO) <Ex DOJCorrespondence@jmd.usdoj.gov>
Cc: Ehrett, John (Hawley) [REDACTED] Compton, James (Hawley) [REDACTED]
Subject: [EXTERNAL] Letter

b6 -5
b7C -5

All,

Please see attached for correspondence from Senator Hawley.

Thank you,

Michael Velchik | Legislative Director & Senior Counsel
U.S. Senator for Missouri, Josh Hawley
Cell: [REDACTED]
Email: [REDACTED]

b6 -5
b7C -5

Notice: The information contained in this communication may be ~~confidential~~, is intended only for the use of the recipient named above, and may be legally privileged. This record is a congressional document not subject to FOIA. 5 U.S.C. § 551(1); 823 F.3d 655, 662 (D.C. Cir. 2016).

UNCLASSIFIED

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION**Electronic Communication**

Title: (U) Document Metro Nashville Police
Department Request for Assistance

Date: 04/20/2023

From: MEMPHIS

ME-0011

Contact: [REDACTED]

Approved By: SSA SA [REDACTED]

b6 -1
b7C -1
b7E -3

Drafted By: [REDACTED]

Case ID #: 356A-ME-3738757 (U) Audrey Elizabeth Hale (Subject);
Covenant School; Nashville, TN

Synopsis: (U) Document Metro Nashville Police Department Request for
BAU, social media warrants and social media shut down.

Details:

On March 27, 2023 members of the Nashville RA responded to an active
shooter incident and assisted MNPd as requested. Specifically, BAU's
assistance was requested by MNPd Lieutenant [REDACTED] to review
journals found belonging to the subject. MNPd also requested FBI shut
down social media accounts belonging to HALE and issue preservation
requests and search warrants on social media.

b6 -6
b7C -6

b6 -3
b7C -3
b7E -34

MDTN USAO denied Federal search warrants absent federal nexus or

UNCLASSIFIED

UNCLASSIFIED

Title: (U) Document Metro Nashville Police Department Request for Assistance

Re: 356A-ME-3738757, 04/20/2023

charges. FBI Nashville then assisted MNPd on state search warrants for social media.

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UNCLASSIFIED

~~SECRET~~

~~NOFORN~~

(U)

b1 -1
b3 -5

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

CLASSIFIED BY: NSICG [REDACTED]
REASON: 1.4 (B,C,D)
DECLASSIFY ON: 12-31-2048
DATE: 03-21-2024

b6 -1 **Import Form**
b7C -1

Form Type: **EMAIL - Email**

~~(S)~~ (U)

Date: 04/24/2023

(U) Title: ~~(S)~~ [REDACTED] ~~(NF)~~ [REDACTED]

Approved By: **A/LEGAT** [REDACTED]

Drafted By: [REDACTED]

Case ID #:

356A-ME-3738757

(U) **Audrey Elizabeth Hale (Subject);**
Covenant School; Nashville, TN

~~(S)~~ (U)

b1 -1
b3 -5
b6 -1
b7C -1
b7D -7
b7E -1

(U) Synopsis: ~~(S)~~ [REDACTED] ~~(NF)~~ [REDACTED]

~~(S)~~ (U)

b1 -1
b3 -5
b7D -7

Enclosure(s): **Enclosed are the following items:**

1. [REDACTED]
2. [REDACTED]

~~(S)~~ (U)

b1 -1
b3 -5

~~Reason: 1.4(b)~~

~~Derived From: FBI NSICG~~

~~Declassify On: 50X1-HUM~~

◆◆

~~SECRET~~

~~NOFORN~~

~~(S)~~ (U)

b1 -1
b3 -5

~~SECRET~~ /



~~/NOFORN~~

~~(S)~~ (U)

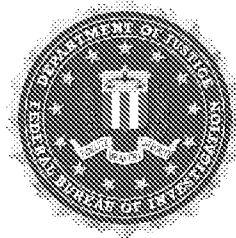
b1 -1

b3 -5

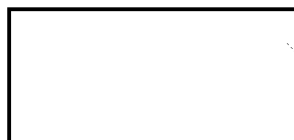
b6 -1

b7C -1

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION



File Number:



~~(S)~~ (U)

b1 -1

b3 -5

b7D -7

Requesting Official(s):

Request ID and Task ID(s):

,

Date Completed:

4/17/2023

Linguist(s):

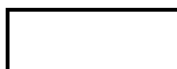


b6 -1

b7C -1

Reviewer(s):

Source Language(s):



b7D -7

Target Language:

English

Source File Information



~~(S)~~ (U)

b1 -1

b3 -5

VERBATIM TRANSLATION

CLASSIFICATION NOTE: The original source classification on the memo contained herein are internal designations assigned by host nation authorities, and do not apply to procedures used for the classification and safeguarding of United States national security information. Thus, the translation itself is marked ~~Secret~~

~~SECRET~~ /



~~/NOFORN~~

~~(S)~~ (U)

b1 -1

b3 -5



The 'DRAFT' watermark has been removed, per the Legat discretion, after the operational review, performed by the original translator.



~~SECRET~~

CLASSIFIED BY: NSICG [REDACTED]
REASON: 1.4 (B,C,D)
DECLASSIFY ON: 12-31-2048
DATE: 03-21-2024

b6 -1
b7C -1

To: [REDACTED] (ME) (FBI); [REDACTED] (ME) (FBI)
Cc: [REDACTED] (FBI); [REDACTED] (FBI); [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] (FBI); [REDACTED] (FBI); [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] (FBI)

b1 -1
b3 -5
b6 -1
b7C -1
b7D -7

Subject: [REDACTED] (U)

Attachments: [REDACTED] (U)

SentinelCaseId: [REDACTED]

SentToSentinel: 4/24/2023 10:42:16 AM

Classification: ~~SECRET~~/ [REDACTED] /~~NOFORN~~

b1 -1
b3 -5
b6 -1
b7C -1
b7D -7
b7E -1

~~Classified By: [REDACTED]
Derived From: FBI NSICG
Declassify On: 20481231~~

=====

Sent for Approval for Record//Sentinel Case [REDACTED]

Good morning.

b7D -7
b7E -1

Please find enclosed [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

(U) (U) For awareness, [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

b1 -1
b3 -5
b7D -7

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] I will send [REDACTED] to your case for action as deemed appropriate. Please let me know if
you have any questions.

b7D -7

Thanks.

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]
Assistant Legal Attache
[REDACTED]
Desk [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
Bu Cell [REDACTED]

b6 -1
b7C -1
b7E -3
b7D -7

~~SECRET~~

=====
Classification: ~~SECRET~~// [redacted] /~~NOFORN~~

b1 -1
b3 -5

~~(S)~~ (U)

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
FOI/PA
DELETED PAGE INFORMATION SHEET
FOI/PA# 23-cv-1483-02

Total Deleted Page(s) = 60

Page 3 ~ OTHER - Sealed Court Documents - Per EOUSA;
Page 4 ~ OTHER - Sealed Court Documents - Per EOUSA;
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Page 23 ~ OTHER - Sealed Court Documents - Per EOUSA;
Page 24 ~ b3; OTHER - Sealed Pursuant to Court Order;
Page 25 ~ b3; OTHER - Sealed Pursuant to Court Order;
Page 26 ~ b3; OTHER - Sealed Pursuant to Court Order;
Page 27 ~ b3; OTHER - Sealed Pursuant to Court Order;
Page 28 ~ b3; OTHER - Sealed Pursuant to Court Order;
Page 29 ~ b3; OTHER - Sealed Pursuant to Court Order;
Page 30 ~ b3; OTHER - Sealed Pursuant to Court Order;
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Page 55 ~ b3; OTHER - Sealed Pursuant to Court Order;
Page 56 ~ b3; OTHER - Sealed Pursuant to Court Order;
Page 57 ~ b3; OTHER - Sealed Pursuant to Court Order;
Page 58 ~ b3; OTHER - Sealed Pursuant to Court Order;
Page 63 ~ b5 - 1; b6 - 3,6; b7C - 3,6;
Page 64 ~ b5 - 1;
Page 65 ~ b5 - 1; b6 - 1; b7C - 1;
Page 66 ~ b5 - 1; b6 - 3; b7C - 3;

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X Deleted Page(s) X
X No Duplication Fee X
X For this Page X
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

UNCLASSIFIED

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

Electronic Communication

Title: (U) Subfile Opening Document

Date: 03/28/2023

From: MEMPHIS

ME-0011

Contact: [REDACTED]

Approved By: SSA SA [REDACTED]

b6 -1
b7C -1
b7E -3

Drafted By: [REDACTED]

Case ID #: 356A-ME-3738757-GJ (U) Audrey Elizabeth Hale (Subject);
Covenant School; Nashville, TN

Synopsis: (U) Grand Jury Subfile Opening

Details:

Writer requests opening of Grand Jury (GJ) subfile.

◆◆

UNCLASSIFIED

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

Date of entry 03/31/2023

OTHER Sealed - per EOUSA

On March 28, 2023, writer [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] Writer received
[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] and [REDACTED] are attached in a 1a.

Investigation on 03/28/2023 at Nashville, Tennessee, United States (Email)File # 356A-ME-3738757-GJDate drafted 03/29/2023

by [REDACTED]

b6 -1
b7C -1

UNCLASSIFIED//~~FOUO~~**FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION****Electronic Communication****Title:** (U//~~FOUO~~) Notes from Scene on 3/27/23 Event**Date:** 04/13/2023**From:** MEMPHIS

ME-0011

Contact: [REDACTED]**Approved By:** SSA SA [REDACTED]b6 -1
b7C -1
b7E -3**Drafted By:** [REDACTED]**Case ID #:** 356A-ME-3738757-GJ (U) Audrey Elizabeth Hale (Subject);
Covenant School; Nashville, TN**CHILD VICTIM AND CHILD WITNESS IDENTITY INFORMATION**

This document contains information regarding a child victim's or child witness's identity, which may only be disclosed to individuals who have a need-to-know such information by reason of their participation in the associated investigation or proceeding, or if disclosure is necessary to protect the welfare and well-being of the child.

DOCUMENT RESTRICTED TO CASE PARTICIPANTS

This document contains information that is restricted to case participants.

Synopsis: (U//~~FOUO~~) Notes obtained from FBI Personnel From Covenant Shooting**Enclosure(s):** Enclosed are the following items:

1. (U//~~FOUO~~) Short hand notes, school roster

Details:

On March 27, 2023, Special Agents of the Nashville RA responded to the Mass Shooting at located at 33 BURTON HILLS DRIVE, NASHVILLE, Tennessee.

The following FBI Personnel responded to the Mass Shooting:

UNCLASSIFIED//~~FOUO~~

UNCLASSIFIED//~~FOUO~~

Title: (U//~~FOUO~~) Notes from Scene on 3/27/23 Event

Re: 356A-ME-3738757-GJ, 04/13/2023

[REDACTED] (Acting Special Agent in Charge)

[REDACTED] (Assistant Special Agent in Charge)

[REDACTED] (Supervisory Special Agent)

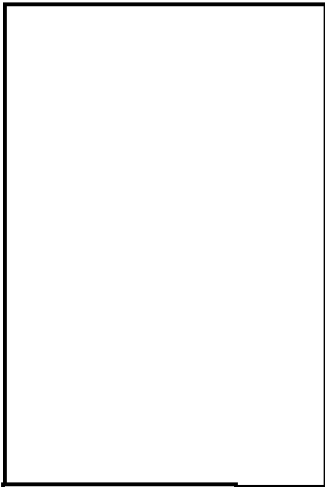
b6 -1
b7C -1

UNCLASSIFIED//~~FOUO~~

UNCLASSIFIED//~~FOUO~~

Title: (U//~~FOUO~~) Notes from Scene on 3/27/23 Event

Re: 356A-ME-3738757-GJ, 04/13/2023



b6 -1
b7C -1



(Supervisory Special Agent)



(JTTF Detailee)

[Agent Note: Also maintained in the 1A portion of the 1057 are brief notes that were kept as law enforcement arrived to the scene. Some of these notes are short hand writings of Agents(s) which include some relevant information and some reminders for Agents(s). The information in the notes are not a pure reflection of all the facts of the events of the day but rather some information that was shared to the FBI as more

UNCLASSIFIED//~~FOUO~~

UNCLASSIFIED//~~FOUO~~

Title: (U//~~FOUO~~) Notes from Scene on 3/27/23 Event
Re: 356A-ME-3738757-GJ, 04/13/2023

intelligence was disseminated. Therefore, some notes maintained of this specific matter may be different than current findings of the investigation may reflect]

◆◆

UNCLASSIFIED//~~FOUO~~

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
FOI/PA
DELETED PAGE INFORMATION SHEET
FOI/PA# 23-cv-1483-02

Total Deleted Page(s) = 9

Page 8 ~ b6 - 1; b7C - 1; b7E - 3,4,7;

Page 9 ~ b6 - 2; b7C - 2; b7E - 4,7;

Page 10 ~ b6 - 1; b7C - 1; b7E - 4,7;

Page 11 ~ b7E - 3,4,7;

Page 12 ~ b6 - 3; b7C - 3; b7E - 4;

Page 20 ~ b6 - 1,2; b7C - 1,2; b7E - 3,4,7;

Page 21 ~ b6 - 2; b7C - 2; b7E - 4,7;

Page 22 ~ b6 - 1,2; b7C - 1,2; b7E - 4;

Page 23 ~ b6 - 2; b7C - 2; b7E - 3,4,7;

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X Deleted Page(s) X

X No Duplication Fee X

X For this Page X

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UNCLASSIFIED

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION**Electronic Communication****Title:** (U) Opening communication.**Date:** 04/18/2023**CC:** [REDACTED]**From:** MEMPHIS

ME-0003

Contact: [REDACTED]**Approved By:** SSA [REDACTED]

CDC [REDACTED]

A/ASAC [REDACTED]

SAC DOUGLAS S. DEPODESTA

UC [REDACTED]

SC R. Joseph Rothrock

DAD Aaron G. Tapp

A/AD Jose A. Perez

Drafted By: [REDACTED]**Case ID #:** 44D-ME-3748808(U) AUDREY HALE;
MIKE HILL - VICTIM,
CYNTHIA PEAK - VICTIM,
KATHERINE KOONCE - VICTIM,[REDACTED] - VICTIM,
VICTIM,
VICTIM;RELIGIOUS DISCRIMINATION - FORCE AND/OR
VIOLENCEb6 -1
b7C -1
b7E -3b3 -8
b6 -8
b7C -8**CHILD VICTIM AND CHILD WITNESS IDENTITY INFORMATION**

This document contains information regarding a child victim's or child witness's identity, which may only be disclosed to individuals who have a need-to-know such information by reason of their participation in the associated investigation or proceeding, or if disclosure is necessary to protect the welfare and well-being of the child.

Synopsis: (U) Opening communication.

UNCLASSIFIED

UNCLASSIFIED

Title: (U) Opening communication.

Re: 44D-ME-3748808, 04/18/2023

Administrative Notes: (U) None

Package Copy: (U) None

Details:

On March 27, 2023 at approximately 10:13 a.m., Audrey Hale forcibly entered the Covenant School, 33 Burton Hills Boulevard, Nashville, Tennessee by shooting her way through a set of the school's secured exterior doors. Hale was armed with two semi-automatic rifles, a handgun and a significant amount of ammunition.

Hale entered the school and shot and killed three staff members, Katherine Koonce, Mike Hill, and Cynthia Peak and three students, [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

b3 -8
b6 -8
b7C -8

Metropolitan Nashville Police Department(MNPD) officers responded to 911 calls from the school regarding an active shooter. MNPD officers entered the school, located Hale on the second floor and subsequently shot and killed Hale during their confrontation with her. MNPD recovered approximately 152 spent casings while processing the crime scene.

The Covenant School is a private Christian school affiliated with the Presbyterian Church and is co-located on the same grounds as Covenant Presbyterian Church. The school's enrollment is approximately 210 students.

During MNPD's investigation, it was determined that Hale was a former student at the Covenant School, Hale identified as a transgender man and Hale was under a doctor's care for an unspecified emotional disorder.

MNPD's investigation resulted in the seizure of voluminous amounts of writings authored by Hale and contained in approximately 20 journals. Additionally, MNPD recovered approximately 6 laptops, 7 cell phones, 1 tablet and 11 computer drives. MNPD located evidence that Hale had conducted planning for the attack [REDACTED]

b7F -2

Based on the number of fatalities in this incident, the religious

UNCLASSIFIED

UNCLASSIFIED

Title: (U) Opening communication.

Re: 44D-ME-3748808, 04/18/2023

affiliation of the school and evidence collected to date, it is requested that a preliminary investigation be authorized to allow agents to conduct logical investigative steps authorized under this case opening to determine if the incident was motivated by religious bias on the suspect's part.

Assistant Director of Criminal Investigative Division approval is requested to restrict the captioned matter due to the sensitive nature and victim impact of the incident.

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UNCLASSIFIED

UNCLASSIFIED//~~FOUO~~**FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION****Electronic Communication**

Title: (U) Case Referral for BAU- 1 Operational Assistance

Date: 03/30/2023

From: MEMPHIS

ME-0007

Contact: [REDACTED]

Approved By: SSA [REDACTED]

b6 -1
b7C -1
b7E -1,3

Drafted By: [REDACTED]

Case ID #: 356A-ME-3738757 (U) Audrey Elizabeth Hale (Subject);
Covenant School; Nashville, TN
[REDACTED] (U) Memphis: TMC Program Management Sub-
file
[REDACTED] (U) BAU Coordinator Program Management
File
[REDACTED] (U) Memphis: BAU Coordinator Program
Management Sub-file

Synopsis: (U//~~FOUO~~) Memphis FO - Nashville RA requests Behavioral Analysis Unit 1 (BTAC) assistance regarding school shooting that occurred on 3/27/23 at the Covenant School in Nashville, Tennessee.

Details:

On March 27, 2023, subject Audrey HALE entered the Covenant School, located at 33 BURTON HILLS DRIVE, NASHVILLE, TN and opened fire on students and staff. As a result, three (3) students and three (3) faculty members were killed. HALE then began firing at responding officers before being killed by law enforcement.

Memphis Field Office - Nashville RA is requesting BAU-1 deployment to Nashville, Tennessee, to assist Metro Nashville Police Department (MNPd) in their post-incident investigation.

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UNCLASSIFIED//~~FOUO~~

UNCLASSIFIED//~~FOUO~~**FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION****Import Form**

Form Type: FD-71A - Guardian Complaint Form

Date: 03/30/2023

Title: U//~~FOUO~~ NTOC2023 E-Tip: Information Related to Audrey Hale Subject
of Sentinel Case 356A-ME-3738757. (ME)

Approved By: SA

b6 -1
b7C -1

Drafted By: SA

Case ID #: 356A-ME-3738757 (U) Audrey Elizabeth Hale (Subject);
Covenant School; Nashville, TN

Synopsis: U//~~FOUO~~ DOCUMENT SYNOPSIS CREATED ON 03-30-2023 01:52 PM--SEE
GUARDIAN FOR CURRENT ASSESSMENT DATA.

On 03/27/2023, at 10:34 p.m. Eastern Time, date of birth, Anonymous,
Internet Protocol (IP) address which resolves to
, submitted an online tip to the
FBI National Threat Operations Center (NTOC) via tips.fbi.gov, regarding
information on Audrey Hale posted on 4chan.

b6 -2
b7C -2
b7E -7

Date Submitted: 03/27/2023 10:34:41 PM EST

Transaction Number:

b7E -7

Violation: Other

Emergency: False

Threat To Life: False

Submitted Text:

Here's the 4 chan thread where they're discussing the shooting, nothing
of note yet but i just thought you should have it, if you wanna keep an
eye on it.

<https://boards.4chan.org/pol/thread/421259237/shooter-identified>

Best.

Violation Questions

What was the exact crime that occurred?: Interesting/info

When did the crime/incident occur? (Please provide an approximate date

UNCLASSIFIED//~~FOUO~~

UNCLASSIFIED//~~FOUO~~

Title: U//~~FOUO~~ NTOC2023 E-Tip: Information Related to Audrey Hale
Subject of Sentinel Case 356A-ME-3738757. (ME)
Re: 356A-ME-3738757, 03/30/2023

and time): 3/27/23

Where did the crime/incident occur? (Please provide the specific location/address if possible): Nashville

Complainant Information

First Name:

Middle Name:

Last Name:

DOB:

Phone Type: Other

International: False

Phone Number:

Phone Ext:

Type: Other

Address:

City:

State:

Zip:

Additional Info:

Submitter IP Address:

Remote Host:

Http Referrer:

User Agent:

Latitude:

Longitude:

Country:

Region:

City:

Postal Code:

Timezone:

b6 -2

b7C -2

b7E -4

b6 -2

b7C -2

b7E -4

UNCLASSIFIED//~~FOUO~~

UNCLASSIFIED//~~FOUO~~

Title: U//~~FOUO~~ NTOC2023 E-Tip: Information Related to Audrey Hale
Subject of Sentinel Case 356A-ME-3738757. (ME)
Re: 356A-ME-3738757, 03/30/2023



b7E -4,7

Enclosure(s): Enclosed are the following items:

1. U//~~FOUO~~
2. U//~~FOUO~~
3. U//~~FOUO~~



b7E -4

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UNCLASSIFIED//~~FOUO~~

Generated: 03/30/2023 1:52 PM EDT

Incident Summary

(U//~~FOUO~~) NTOC2023 E-Tip: Information Related to Audrey Hale Subject of Sentinel
Case 356A-ME-3738757. (ME)

b7E -4,7

Unknown
(U) Unknown

Status: Closed

b7E -4,6,7

Information Only

Threat to Life:	No
Time Sensitive:	No
Report Type:	[REDACTED]
Activity Type:	Other
Observed:	03/27/2023 10:34:41 PM
Time Zone:	GMT -05:00
Receipt Method:	Other
Reported By:	Not Provided Not Provided
eGuardian ID:	[REDACTED]
Field Office:	ME-0011
Assigned Squad:	ME-0011
Approver(s):	ME-0011 Supervisor
Report Creator:	ME-0011
Report Owner:	[REDACTED]
Case Access:	Unrestricted

b6 -1
b7C -1
b7E -4,7

b7E -4

(U//~~FOUO~~) On 03/27/2023, at 10:34 p.m. Eastern Time, date of birth, Anonymous, Internet
Protocol (IP) address [REDACTED] which resolves to [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] submitted an online tip to the FBI National Threat Operations Center (NTOC) via
tips.fbi.gov, regarding information on Audrey Hale posted on 4chan.

Date Submitted: 03/27/2023 10:34:41 PM EST

Transaction Number: [REDACTED]

Violation: Other
Emergency: False
Threat To Life: False
Submitted Text:

Here's the 4 chan thread where they're discussing the shooting, nothing of note yet but i just
thought you should have it, if you wanna keep an eye on it.

<https://boards.4chan.org/pol/thread/421259237/shooter-identified>

Best.

Violation Questions

What was the exact crime that occurred?: Interesting/info

When did the crime/incident occur? (Please provide an approximate date and time): 3/27/23

b6 -2
b7C -2
b7E -4,7

Where did the crime/incident occur? (Please provide the specific location/address if possible):
Nashville

Complainant Information

First Name:
Middle Name:
Last Name:
DOB:
Phone Type: Other
International: False
Phone Number:
Phone Ext:
Type: Other
Address:
City:
State:
Zip:
Additional Info:

Submitter IP Address: [REDACTED]

Remote Host: [REDACTED]

Http Referrer: [REDACTED]

User Agent: [REDACTED]

b6 -2
b7C -2
b7E -4

Latitude: [REDACTED]

Longitude: [REDACTED]

Country: [REDACTED]

Region: [REDACTED]

City: [REDACTED]

Postal Code: [REDACTED]

Timezone: [REDACTED]

b6 -2
b7C -2

b7E -4,7

Victim, Complainants, and Other Persons

(U//~~FOUO~~) Not Provided Not Provided

Person Type: Complainant

Locations

(U) Untitled

Other

NaN NaN

Attachments

b7E -4

Investigative Notes

b7E -4

b6 -1
b7C -1
b7E -3,4

Referrals

b7E -4

Disposition

(U//~~FOUO~~) Disposition

Note:

Reviewed and not relevant to ongoing investigation. Adding to file
for reference

Investigation Type:

Disposition:

Associated Case Numbers:

356A-ME-3738757

b7E -4, 6

b6 -1

b7C -1

b7E -4

UNCLASSIFIED//~~FOUO~~**FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION****Import Form**

Form Type: FD-71A - Guardian Complaint Form

Date: 03/31/2023

Title: U//~~FOUO~~ NTOC2023 E-Tip: Information Related to Audrey Hale Subject
to Sentinel Case 356A-ME-3738757. (ME)

Approved By: SA [REDACTED]

b6 -1
b7C -1

Drafted By: SA [REDACTED]

Case ID #: 356A-ME-3738757 (U) Audrey Elizabeth Hale (Subject);
Covenant School; Nashville, TN

Synopsis: U//~~FOUO~~ DOCUMENT SYNOPSIS CREATED ON 03-31-2023 02:02 PM--SEE
GUARDIAN [REDACTED] FOR CURRENT ASSESSMENT DATA.

03/28/2023 at 10:35 a.m. Eastern Time, [REDACTED] date of birth

b6 -2
b7C -2
b7E -7

[REDACTED] cell phone number [REDACTED] address [REDACTED]
[REDACTED], email address [REDACTED] submitted an
online tip to the FBI National Threat Operations Center (NTOC) via
tips.fbi.gov, regarding information on Nashville school shooter Audrey
Hale.

Date Submitted: 03/28/2023 10:25:48 AM EST

Transaction Number: [REDACTED]

b7E -7

Violation: Other

Emergency:

Threat To Life:

Submitted Text:

The Nashville Nossi College groomed the shooter . Not a joke please look
into [REDACTED]

b6 -3
b7C -3

Violation Questions

What was the exact crime that occurred?: Shooting by Audrey Hale

When did the crime/incident occur? (Please provide an approximate date
and time): 3 / 27 / 2023

Where did the crime/incident occur? (Please provide the specific
location/address if possible): Nashville

Complainant Information

First Name: [REDACTED]

b6 -2
b7C -2

Middle Name:

UNCLASSIFIED//~~FOUO~~

UNCLASSIFIED//~~FOUO~~

Title: U//~~FOUO~~ NTOC2023 E-Tip: Information Related to Audrey Hale
Subject to Sentinel Case 356A-ME-3738757. (ME)
Re: 356A-ME-3738757, 03/31/2023

Last Name: [REDACTED]
DOB: [REDACTED]
Phone Type: Cell
International: False
Phone Number: [REDACTED]
Phone Ext:
Email: [REDACTED]
Type: Residential
Address: [REDACTED]
City: [REDACTED]
State: [REDACTED]
Zip: [REDACTED]
Additional Info:

b6 -2
b7C -2

Submitter IP Address: [REDACTED]
Remote Host: [REDACTED]
Http Referrer: [REDACTED]
User Agent: [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

b6 -2
b7C -2
b7E -4

Latitude: [REDACTED]
Longitude: [REDACTED]
Country: US
Region: [REDACTED]
City: [REDACTED]
Postal Code: [REDACTED]
Timezone: [REDACTED]

b6 -2
b7C -2

[REDACTED]

b6 -2
b7C -2
b7E -4,7

UNCLASSIFIED//~~FOUO~~

UNCLASSIFIED//~~FOUO~~

Title: U//~~FOUO~~ NTOC2023 E-Tip: Information Related to Audrey Hale
Subject to Sentinel Case 356A-ME-3738757. (ME)
Re: 356A-ME-3738757, 03/31/2023

Enclosure(s): Enclosed are the following items:

1. U//~~FOUO~~
2. U//~~FOUO~~



b7E -4

◆◆

UNCLASSIFIED//~~FOUO~~

Generated: 03/31/2023 2:02 PM EDT

Incident Summary

(U//~~FOUO~~) NTOC2023 E-Tip: Information Related to Audrey Hale Subject to Sentinel
Case 356A-ME-3738757. (ME)

b7E -4,7

(U// FOUO)	Status: Closed
<div style="border: 1px solid black; height: 50px; width: 100%;"></div>	
Information Only	
Threat to Life:	No
Time Sensitive:	No
Report Type:	[REDACTED]
Activity Type:	Other
Observed:	03/28/2023 10:25:48 AM
Time Zone:	GMT -05:00
Receipt Method:	Other
Reported By:	[REDACTED]
eGuardian ID:	[REDACTED]
Field Office:	MEMPHIS
Assigned Squad:	ME-0011
Approver(s):	ME-0011 Supervisor
Report Creator:	st3c3n3t3n
Report Owner:	[REDACTED]
Case Access:	Unrestricted

b7E -4,6,7

b6 -1
b7C -1
b7E -4,7

b7E -4

(U//~~FOUO~~) 03/28/2023 at 10:35 a.m. Eastern Time [REDACTED] date of birth [REDACTED]
cell phone number [REDACTED] address [REDACTED] email address [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] submitted an online tip to the FBI National Threat Operations
Center (NTOC) via tips.fbi.gov, regarding information on Nashville school shooter Audrey Hale.

b6 -2
b7C -2

Date Submitted: 03/28/2023 10:25:48 AM EST

Transaction Number [REDACTED]

b7E -4,7

Violation: Other

Emergency:

Threat To Life:

Submitted Text:

The Nashville Nossi College groomed the shooter . Not a joke please look into [REDACTED]

b6 -3
b7C -3

Violation Questions

What was the exact crime that occurred?: Shooting by Audrey Hale

When did the crime/incident occur? (Please provide an approximate date and time): 3 / 27 / 2023

Where did the crime/incident occur? (Please provide the specific location/address if possible):
Nashville

Complainant Information

First Name: [REDACTED]

Middle Name:

Last Name: [REDACTED]

DOB: [REDACTED]

b6 -2
b7C -2

Phone Type: Cell

International: False

Phone Number: [REDACTED]

Phone Ext: [REDACTED]

Email: [REDACTED]

Type: Residential

Address: [REDACTED]

City: [REDACTED]

State: [REDACTED]

Zip: [REDACTED]

Additional Info:

Submitter IP Address: [REDACTED]

Remote Host: [REDACTED]

Http Referrer: [REDACTED]

User Agent: [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

Latitude: [REDACTED]

Longitude: [REDACTED]

Country: US

Region: [REDACTED]

City: [REDACTED]

Postal Code: [REDACTED]

Timezone: -04:00

[REDACTED]b6 -2
b7C -2b6 -2
b7C -2
b7E -4b6 -2
b7C -2b6 -2
b7C -2
b7E -4,7

Victim, Complainants, and Other Persons

(U//~~FOUO~~)

Person Type: Complainant

Locations: (U//~~FOUO~~) [REDACTED]

Other

[REDACTED]

United States

[REDACTED]

Contact Information: (U//~~FOUO~~)(U//~~FOUO~~) [REDACTED]b6 -2
b7C -2

Locations

(U) Untitled

Other

NaN NaN

Attachments

[REDACTED]

b7E -4

Investigative Notes

b6 -1,2
b7C -1,2
b7E -3,4



b6 -1,2
b7C -1,2
b7E -4

Referrals
Disposition

(U) Disposition

Note:

This matter relates to an existing opened case, but has been evaluated as not pertinent to the investigation.

Investigation Type:

Disposition:

Associated Case Numbers:

356A-ME-3738757

b7E -4,6

b6 -1
b7C -1
b7E -4

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
FOI/PA
DELETED PAGE INFORMATION SHEET
FOI/PA# 23-cv-1483-02

Total Deleted Page(s) = 69

Page 31 ~ b6 - 4; b7C - 4; b7E - 4,7;
Page 32 ~ b6 - 4; b7C - 4; b7E - 4,7;
Page 33 ~ b6 - 1,4; b7C - 1,4; b7E - 4,7;
Page 34 ~ b6 - 1,4; b7C - 1,4; b7E - 4,7;
Page 35 ~ b6 - 4; b7C - 4; b7E - 4;
Page 36 ~ b7E - 7;
Page 37 ~ b6 - 3,4; b7C - 3,4; b7E - 7;
Page 38 ~ b6 - 3,4; b7C - 3,4; b7E - 7;
Page 39 ~ b6 - 4; b7C - 4; b7E - 7;
Page 40 ~ b6 - 4; b7C - 4; b7E - 7;
Page 41 ~ b6 - 4; b7C - 4; b7E - 7;
Page 42 ~ b6 - 4; b7C - 4; b7E - 7;
Page 43 ~ b6 - 4; b7C - 4; b7E - 7;
Page 44 ~ b6 - 3,4; b7C - 3,4; b7E - 7;
Page 45 ~ b6 - 4; b7C - 4; b7E - 7;
Page 46 ~ b6 - 3,4; b7C - 3,4; b7E - 7;
Page 47 ~ b6 - 3,4; b7C - 3,4; b7E - 7;
Page 48 ~ b6 - 4; b7C - 4; b7E - 7;
Page 49 ~ b6 - 3,4; b7C - 3,4; b7E - 7;
Page 50 ~ b6 - 4; b7C - 4; b7E - 7;
Page 51 ~ b6 - 3,4; b7C - 3,4; b7E - 7;
Page 52 ~ b6 - 3,4; b7C - 3,4; b7E - 7;
Page 53 ~ b6 - 4; b7C - 4; b7E - 7;
Page 54 ~ b6 - 4; b7C - 4; b7E - 7;
Page 55 ~ b6 - 4; b7C - 4; b7E - 7;
Page 56 ~ b6 - 3,4; b7C - 3,4; b7E - 7;
Page 57 ~ b6 - 3,4; b7C - 3,4; b7E - 7;
Page 58 ~ b6 - 3,4; b7C - 3,4; b7E - 7;
Page 59 ~ b6 - 3,4; b7C - 3,4; b7E - 7;
Page 60 ~ b6 - 3,4; b7C - 3,4; b7E - 7;
Page 61 ~ b6 - 3,4; b7C - 3,4; b7E - 7;
Page 62 ~ b6 - 3,4; b7C - 3,4; b7E - 7;
Page 63 ~ b6 - 3,4; b7C - 3,4; b7E - 7;
Page 64 ~ b6 - 3,4; b7C - 3,4; b7E - 7;
Page 65 ~ b6 - 3,4; b7C - 3,4; b7E - 7;
Page 66 ~ b6 - 3,4; b7C - 3,4; b7E - 7;
Page 67 ~ b6 - 3,4; b7C - 3,4; b7E - 7;
Page 68 ~ b6 - 3,4; b7C - 3,4; b7E - 7;
Page 69 ~ b6 - 3,4; b7C - 3,4; b7E - 7;
Page 70 ~ b6 - 4; b7C - 4; b7E - 7;
Page 71 ~ b6 - 4; b7C - 4; b7E - 7;
Page 72 ~ b6 - 4; b7C - 4; b7E - 7;
Page 73 ~ b6 - 4; b7C - 4; b7E - 7;
Page 74 ~ b6 - 3,4; b7C - 3,4; b7E - 7;
Page 75 ~ b6 - 4; b7C - 4; b7E - 7;
Page 76 ~ b6 - 3,4; b7C - 3,4; b7E - 7;
Page 77 ~ b6 - 4; b7C - 4; b7E - 7;
Page 78 ~ b6 - 3,4; b7C - 3,4; b7E - 7;
Page 79 ~ b6 - 3,4; b7C - 3,4; b7E - 7;
Page 80 ~ b6 - 3,4; b7C - 3,4; b7E - 7;
Page 81 ~ b6 - 3,4; b7C - 3,4; b7E - 7;
Page 82 ~ b6 - 3,4; b7C - 3,4; b7E - 7;
Page 83 ~ b6 - 4; b7C - 4; b7E - 7;
Page 84 ~ b6 - 4; b7C - 4; b7E - 7;
Page 85 ~ b6 - 1,4; b7C - 1,4; b7E - 3,4,7;
Page 86 ~ b6 - 1,2,4; b7C - 1,2,4; b7E - 4,7; b7F - 2;
Page 87 ~ b6 - 2,4; b7C - 2,4; b7E - 4,7; b7F - 2;
Page 88 ~ b6 - 4; b7C - 4; b7E - 4,7; b7F - 2;
Page 89 ~ b6 - 4; b7C - 4; b7E - 3,4,7;
Page 90 ~ b6 - 4; b7C - 4; b7E - 3,4,7;
Page 91 ~ b7E - 4; b7F - 2;
Page 92 ~ b6 - 4; b7C - 4;
Page 93 ~ b7E - 4;
Page 94 ~ b7E - 4;
Page 107 ~ b6 - 1,3, PER ATF; b7C - 1,3, PER ATF;
Page 108 ~ b6 - 3,-8, PER ATF; b7C - 3,-8, PER ATF;
Page 109 ~ b6 - 3,-8; b7C - 3,-8;

Page 110 ~ b6 - 8; b7C - 8;

Page 111 ~ b6 - 1; b7C - 1; b7E - 3,11;

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X Deleted Page(s) X

X No Duplication Fee X

X For this Page X

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

UNCLASSIFIED//~~FOUO~~**FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION****Import Form**

Form Type: FD-71A - Guardian Complaint Form

Date: 03/31/2023

Title: U//~~FOUO~~ NTOC2023: Concerning Statements Made by [REDACTED] via
Twitter. (ME)

Approved By: SA [REDACTED]

b6 -1,4
b7C -1,4

Drafted By: SA [REDACTED]

Case ID #: 356A-ME-3738757

(U) Audrey Elizabeth Hale (Subject);
Covenant School; Nashville, TN

Synopsis: U//~~FOUO~~ DOCUMENT SYNOPSIS CREATED ON 03-31-2023 02:39 PM--SEE
GUARDIAN [REDACTED] FOR CURRENT ASSESSMENT DATA.

On 03/28/2023, at 4:53 p.m. Eastern Time, [REDACTED] date of birth
[REDACTED] cellular telephone number [REDACTED] called the FBI
National Threat Operations Center (NTOC) to report [REDACTED] date of
birth [REDACTED] cellular telephone number [REDACTED] business
address [REDACTED] Twitter account [REDACTED]
email address [REDACTED] made concerning statement via Twitter
regarding the Tennessee school shooting.

b6 -2,4
b7C -2,4
b7E -7

[REDACTED] provided the following information:

b6 -2,4
b7C -2,4

[REDACTED] Tweeted that the Tennessee school shooting victims deserved it,
adding, you don't victimize people without expecting something to happen.
The Tweet was posted on his personal account which has since been deleted
and [REDACTED] did not know the handle. [REDACTED] was being Doxxed after the
Tweet and he deleted his account after it was suspended.

[REDACTED] claims that [REDACTED] account had the name, [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] is [REDACTED] and an alleged
trans activist. [REDACTED] also has a website link on his social media
accounts called [REDACTED] regarding building and 3D printing
firearms. It is unsure if the profiles contained any other concerning
statements regarding the shooting victims or if there are calls to
violence by [REDACTED] since the account was deleted.

b6 -2,4
b7C -2,4
b7F -2

Once [REDACTED] looked into [REDACTED] profiles, his Facebook bio states, "55
grains for every transphobe".

b6 -2,4
b7C -2,4UNCLASSIFIED//~~FOUO~~

UNCLASSIFIED//~~FOUO~~

Title: U//~~FOUO~~ NTOC2023: Concerning Statements Made by [REDACTED] via
Twitter. (ME)
Re: 356A-ME-3738757, 03/31/2023

b6 -4
b7C -4

b6 -2,4
b7C -2,4
b7E -4,7

Enclosure(s): Enclosed are the following items:

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.

[REDACTED]

b7E -4

UNCLASSIFIED//~~FOUO~~

UNCLASSIFIED//~~FOUO~~

Title: U//~~FOUO~~ NTOC2023: Concerning Statements Made by [REDACTED] via
Twitter. (ME)
Re: 356A-ME-3738757, 03/31/2023

b6 -4
b7C -4

4.
5.
6.
7.
8.
9.

[REDACTED]

b6 -4
b7C -4
b7E -4,7

◆◆

UNCLASSIFIED//~~FOUO~~

Generated: 03/31/2023 2:39 PM EDT

Incident Summary

(U//~~FOUO~~) NTOC2023: Concerning Statements Made by [REDACTED] via Twitter.
 (ME)

b6 -4
 b7C -4
 b7E -4,7

Unknown
 (U) Unknown

Status: Closed

b6 -4
 b7C -4
 b7E -4,6,7

(U//~~FOUO~~) [REDACTED]
 Person Type: Subject
 Subject Type: Main
 Social Security: [REDACTED]
 Locations: (U//~~FOUO~~) [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] United
 States
 Other: [REDACTED]

United States

Contact information:

(U//~~FOUO~~) [REDACTED]
 (U//~~FOUO~~) [REDACTED]
 (U//~~FOUO~~) Twitter : [REDACTED]
 (U//~~FOUO~~) [REDACTED]
 URLAddress : [REDACTED]
 (U//~~FOUO~~) [REDACTED]
 URLAddress : [REDACTED]
 (U//~~FOUO~~) YouTube : [REDACTED]

Attachments: (U)

[REDACTED]

Information Only

Threat to Life: No
 Time Sensitive: No
 Report Type: [REDACTED]
 Activity Type: [REDACTED]
 Observed: 03/28/2023 04:53:38 PM
 Time Zone: GMT -05:00
 Receipt Method: Telephony
 Reported By: [REDACTED]
 eGuardian ID: [REDACTED]
 Field Office: [REDACTED]
 Assigned Squad: [REDACTED]
 Approver(s): [REDACTED]
 Report Creator: [REDACTED]
 Report Owner: [REDACTED]
 Case Access: Unrestricted

b6 -1.4
 b7C -1.4
 b7E -2,4
 b7F -2

b7E

(U//~~FOUO~~) On 03/28/2023 at 4:53 p.m. Eastern Time, [REDACTED] date of birth [REDACTED]
 cellular telephone number [REDACTED] called the FBI National Threat Operations
 Center (NTOC) to report [REDACTED] date of birth [REDACTED] cellular telephone number
 [REDACTED] business address [REDACTED] Twitter account [REDACTED]

b6 -2,4
 b7C -2,4

[redacted] email address [redacted] made concerning statement via Twitter regarding the Tennessee school shooting.

b6 -2,4
b7C -2,4

[redacted] provided the following information:

[redacted] Tweeted that the Tennessee school shooting victims deserved it, adding, you don't victimize people without expecting something to happen. The Tweet was posted on his personal account which has since been deleted and [redacted] did not know the handle. [redacted] was being Doxxed after the Tweet and he deleted his account after it was suspended.

[redacted] claims that [redacted] account had the name [redacted] is an [redacted] and an alleged [redacted] also has a website link on his social media accounts called [redacted] regarding building and 3D printing firearms. It is unsure if the profiles contained any other concerning statements regarding the shooting victims or if there are calls to violence by [redacted] since the account was deleted.

b6 -2,4
b7C -2,4
b7E -2

Once [redacted] looked into [redacted] profiles, his Facebook bio states, "55 grains for every transphobe".



b6 -2,4
b7C -2,4
b7E -4,7

Subjects

(U//~~FOUO~~) [redacted]

Person Type: Subject

Subject Type: Main

Social Security: [redacted]

Locations: (U//~~FOUO~~) [redacted]

Other

United States

Contact (U//~~FOUO~~) [redacted]

Information: (U//~~FOUO~~) [redacted]

b6 -4
b7C -4

(U// FOUO) Twitter:	[Redacted]
(U// FOUO) URLAddress:	[Redacted]
(U// FOUO) URLAddress:	[Redacted]
(U// FOUO) YouTube:	[Redacted]
Attachments:	(U) [Redacted]

b6 -4
b7C -4
b7E -2

Victim, Complainants, and Other Persons	
(U// FOUO)	[Redacted]
Person Type:	Complainant
Contact Information:	(U// FOUO) [Redacted]

b6 -2
b7C -2

Locations	
(U) Untitled	
Other	
NaNNaN	

Attachments	
[Redacted]	

b6 -4
b7C -4
b7E -4

Investigative Notes	
[Redacted]	

b6 -2
b7C -2
b7E -4

b6 -1,4
b7C -1,4
b7E -3,4

Interviews and Attached 302s

(U) Interview of [REDACTED]

Authorized Interview or request information from members of the public and private entities.

Method:

Description: On March 30, 2023, [REDACTED] date of birth [REDACTED] was interviewed telephonically at [REDACTED]. After being advised of the identity of the interview Agents and the nature of the interview, [REDACTED] provided the following information:

[REDACTED] posted on Twitter about the school shooting [REDACTED] has Facebook, Twitter, and Instagram. In one of his social media pages there was a website called [REDACTED]. People can go to this website and build guns.

[REDACTED] has stuff on his Facebook about [REDACTED] [REDACTED] has screenshots of activity associated with [REDACTED] [REDACTED] does not know [REDACTED] personally [REDACTED] also brought up the [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] will provide the interviewing agent screenshots in an email at a later time.

b6 -2,4
b7C -2,4
b7E -2

Status: Completed

History:

03/30/2023 04:51:11 PM Created Note: Interview of [REDACTED] (MEMPHIS/ME-0011)

b6 -1,2
b7C -1,2

Referrals

b7E -4

Disposition

(U) Disposition

Note:

Awaiting returns to see if connection with HALE so placed in investigative file.

Investigation Type:

Full

Disposition:

Associated Case Numbers:

355A-ME-3738757

b7E -6

Workflow

b6 -1,2,4
b7C -1,2,4
b7E -4

UNCLASSIFIED

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION**Import Form****Form Type:** Letter Incom - Letter - Incoming**Date:** 04/04/2023**Title:** (U) Congressional Oversight: Congresswomen Mary E. Miller and Marjorie Taylor Greene**Approved By:** A/UC **Drafted By:** b6 -1
b7C -1**Case ID #:** 62F-HQ-A2195052-OCA (U) Director Christopher A. Wray's
Records
356A-ME-3738757 (U) Audrey Elizabeth Hale (Subject);
Covenant School; Nashville, TN**Synopsis:** (U) Letter from Congresswomen Mary E. Miller and Marjorie Taylor Greene dated 03/28/2023, to Director Wray requesting answers regarding the deadly attack on The Covenant School in Nashville, Tennessee, and, based on his prior congressional testimony on domestic terrorism, expecting unbiased investigations of violent extremists.Information only copies sent via email to EAD/NSB, EAD/CCRSB, CTD, CID, CD, SAC-Memphis, and b6 -1
b7C -1

◆◆

UNCLASSIFIED



Congress of the United States
House of Representatives
Washington, DC 20515-0906

March 28, 2023

Christopher Wray
Director
Federal Bureau of Investigation
935 Pennsylvania Ave., N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20535

Director Wray,

Yesterday, a 28-year-old female identifying as a man attacked a Christian school in Tennessee, killing three children and three adults. Local police have confirmed that the killer self-identified as a member of the transgender political ideology; the killer chose the Christian school as her intended target; and the killer left a "manifesto." Nashville police chief John Drake stated yesterday that, "we have a manifesto, we have some writings that we're going over that pertain to this date, the actual incident... we have a map drawn out of how this was all going to take place."

You have claimed in prior congressional testimony that the FBI considers domestic terrorist attacks conducted based on the attacker's race, gender, and political ideology to be the greatest threat our nation faces. In testimony before the Senate Homeland Security Committee, you stated that, "lone domestic violent extremists radicalized by personalized grievances" are the most significant threat to our national security in a post 9/11 environment."

Given these facts and your prior testimony:

1. Is the FBI Memphis Field Office investigating this attack on a Christian school as a terrorist attack conducted based on the attacker's "manifesto?"
2. Is the FBI investigating what outside agitators or organizations influenced this attacker to conduct this attack?
3. Is the FBI investigating organizations that are encouraging individuals to engage in violence based on political ideology, including the "Trans Day of Vengeance" being promoted on the internet?
4. Is the FBI ignoring the rule of law by investigating some political organizations for ties to violent extremism but not others based on the Biden Administration's political agenda?
5. Was the shooter taking any hormone therapy medications, and if so, what effect did such drugs have on the shooter's mental health?
6. Was the shooter taking any mental health medications, such as selective serotonin reuptake inhibitors (SSRIs), and if so, to what extent did the use of such medicines affect the mental and physical health of the shooter and/or drive the shooter to take the actions she took?

Based on your prior congressional testimony, the FBI has an obligation to investigate and arrest individuals engaging in violent extremism. The American people are entitled to unbiased, apolitical investigations unimpeded by the Biden Administration's political agenda.

Please respond in writing to these questions and requests no later than two weeks after the date of this letter.

Sincerely,

Mary E. Miller
Member of Congress

Marjorie Taylor Greene
Member of Congress

¹ <https://www.cbsnews.com/news/nashville-school-shooting-covenant-school/>

² <https://www.fbi.gov/news/testimony/threats-to-the-homeland-evaluating-the-landscape-20-years-after-911-wray-092121>

[REDACTED]

From: OCA
Sent: Wednesday, March 29, 2023 9:11 AM
To: [REDACTED]
Subject: FW: Letter to Secretary Wray
Attachments: 03.28.2023 letter to Dir. Wray.pdf; [EXTERNAL] Letter to Secretary Wray

Sentinel entry for assignment to OCA. This item will be included in the weekly report.

From: DOJ Correspondence (SMO) <DOJ.Correspondence@usdoj.gov>
Sent: Tuesday, March 28, 2023 5:12 PM
To: [REDACTED]
Subject: [EXTERNAL EMAIL] - FW: Letter to Secretary Wray

b7E -3

Another one. I did not confirm receipt.

Best,

[REDACTED]
Office of Legislative Affairs
U.S. Department of Justice

b6 Per DOJ-OIP

From: Johnson, Dean [REDACTED]
Sent: Tuesday, March 28, 2023 5:01 PM
To: DOJ Correspondence (SMO) <Ex DOJCorrespondence@jmd.usdoj.gov>
Subject: [EXTERNAL] Letter to Secretary Wray

b6 -5
b7C -5

Hi,

Congresswoman Miller would like to send the attached letter to Director Wray. Please confirm that you received the letter.

Best,

Dean Johnson | Legislative Director
The Honorable Rep. Mary E. Miller (IL-15)
United States House of Representatives
(w, [REDACTED])
(m, [REDACTED])

b6 -5
b7C -5

UNCLASSIFIED

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION**Import Form****Form Type:** Letter Incom - Letter - Incoming**Date:** 04/04/2023**Title:** (U) Congressional Oversight: Senator Josh Hawley**Approved By:** A/UC b6 -1
b7C -1**Drafted By:**

Case ID #: 62F-HQ-A2195052-OCA (U) Director Christopher A. Wray's
Records
356A-ME-3738757 (U) Audrey Elizabeth Hale (Subject);
Covenant School; Nashville, TN

Synopsis: (U) Letter from Senator Josh Hawley dated 03/28/2023, to
Director Wray and Alejandro N. Mayorkas, Secretary, DHS, requesting that
the deadly attack on The Covenant School in Nashville, Tennessee, be
considered a federal hate crime.

Information only copies sent via email to EAD/NSB, EAD/CCRSB, CTD, CID,
CD, SAC-Memphis, OGC, OPE, OPA, VSD, and

b6 -1
b7C -1

◆◆

UNCLASSIFIED

United States Senate
WASHINGTON, DC 20510-2509

March 28, 2023

The Honorable Christopher A. Wray
Director
Federal Bureau of Investigation
935 Pennsylvania Avenue, NW
Washington, D.C. 20535

The Honorable Alejandro N. Mayorkas
Secretary
U.S. Department of Homeland Security
301 7th St, SW
Washington, D.C. 20528

Dear Director Wray and Secretary Mayorkas:

Yesterday the nation witnessed the vicious murder of small schoolchildren in Nashville, Tennessee. An individual identified by police as Audrey Hale killed six people—students Evelyn Dieckhaus, Hallie Scruggs, and William Kinney, and employees Cynthia Peak, Katherine Koonce, and Michael Hill—in a murderous rampage at a Christian school known as The Covenant School.¹ It is commonplace to call such horrors “senseless violence.” But properly speaking, that is false. Police report that the attack here was “targeted”²—targeted, that is, against Christians.

Federal law explicitly criminalizes acts of violence against individuals based on religious affiliation as hate crimes. To be exact, the federal hate crime statute, 18 U.S.C. § 249(a)(1), bars “willfully caus[ing] bodily injury to any person . . . because of the actual or perceived race, color, *religion*, or national origin of any person.” According to Nashville law enforcement, Hale’s attack was both premeditated and “targeted” against this Christian school, its students and employees. Nashville police chief John Drake announced yesterday that “we have a manifesto, we have some writings that we’re going over that pertain to this date, the actual incident We have a map drawn out of how this was all going to take place.”³ Moreover, police detectives believe that Hale had “some resentment for having to go to that school.”⁴

I urge you to immediately open an investigation into this shooting as a federal hate crime. The full resources of the federal government must be brought to bear to determine how this crime occurred, and who may have influenced the deranged shooter to carry out these horrific crimes. Hate that leads to violence must be condemned. And hate crimes must be prosecuted.

Sincerely,



Josh Hawley
United States Senator

¹ <https://www.bbc.com/news/world-us-canada-65095355>

² <https://www.cbsnews.com/news/nashville-school-shooting-covenant-school/>

³ <https://www.cbsnews.com/news/nashville-school-shooting-covenant-school/>

⁴ <https://www.cbsnews.com/news/nashville-school-shooting-covenant-school/>

[REDACTED]

From: OCA
Sent: Tuesday, March 28, 2023 4:28 PM
To: [REDACTED]
Subject: FW: Letter
Attachments: 2023-03-28 Hawley Lettr Wray- Mayorkas[2].pdf; [EXTERNAL] Letter

b7E -3

Sentinel entry for assignment to OCA. This item will be included in the weekly report.

From: Velchik, Michael (Hawley) [REDACTED]
Sent: Tuesday, March 28, 2023 11:10 AM
To: DHS Legislative Affairs <DHSLegislativeAffairsUpdates@messages.dhs.gov>; DOJ Correspondence (SMO) <Ex DOJCorrespondence@jmd.usdoj.gov>
Cc: Ehrett, John (Hawley) [REDACTED] Compton, James (Hawley) [REDACTED]
Subject: [EXTERNAL] Letter

b6 -5
b7C -5

All,

Please see attached for correspondence from Senator Hawley.

Thank you,

Michael Velchik | Legislative Director & Senior Counsel
U.S. Senator for Missouri, Josh Hawley
Cell: [REDACTED]
Email: [REDACTED]

b6 -5
b7C -5

Notice: The information contained in this communication may be ~~confidential~~, is intended only for the use of the recipient named above, and may be legally privileged. This record is a congressional document not subject to FOIA. 5 U.S.C. § 551(1); 823 F.3d 655, 662 (D.C. Cir. 2016).

UNCLASSIFIED

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION**Electronic Communication**

Title: (U) Document Metro Nashville Police
Department Request for Assistance

Date: 04/20/2023

From: MEMPHIS

ME-0011

Contact: [REDACTED]

b6 -1
b7C -1
b7E -3

Approved By: SSA SA [REDACTED]

Drafted By: [REDACTED]

Case ID #: 356A-ME-3738757 (U) Audrey Elizabeth Hale (Subject);
Covenant School; Nashville, TN

Synopsis: (U) Document Metro Nashville Police Department Request for
BAU, social media warrants and social media shut down.

Details:

On March 27, 2023 members of the Nashville RA responded to an active
shooter incident and assisted MNPd as requested. Specifically, BAU's
assistance was requested by MNPd Lieutenant [REDACTED] to review
journals found belonging to the subject. MNPd also requested FBI shut
down social media accounts belonging to HALE and issue preservation
requests and search warrants on social media.

b6 -6
b7C -6

b6 -3
b7C -3
b7E -34

MDTN USAO denied Federal search warrants absent federal nexus or

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UNCLASSIFIED

Title: (U) Document Metro Nashville Police Department Request for Assistance

Re: 356A-ME-3738757, 04/20/2023

charges. FBI Nashville then assisted MNPd on state search warrants for social media.

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UNCLASSIFIED

UNCLASSIFIED

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION**Import Form****Form Type:** Letter Incom - Letter - Incoming**Date:** 04/04/2023**Title:** (U) Congressional Oversight: Senator Josh Hawley**Approved By:** A/UC [REDACTED]**Drafted By:** [REDACTED]b6 -1
b7C -1

Case ID #: 62F-HQ-A2195052-OCA (U) Director Christopher A. Wray's
Records
356A-ME-3738757 (U) Audrey Elizabeth Hale (Subject);
Covenant School; Nashville, TN

Synopsis: (U) Letter from Senator Josh Hawley dated 03/28/2023, to
Director Wray and Alejandro N. Mayorkas, Secretary, DHS, requesting that
the deadly attack on The Covenant School in Nashville, Tennessee, be
considered a federal hate crime.

Information only copies sent via email to EAD/NSB, EAD/CCRSB, CTD, CID,
CD, SAC-Memphis, OGC, OPE, OPA, VSD, and [REDACTED]

b6 -1
b7C -1

◆◆

UNCLASSIFIED

United States Senate
WASHINGTON, DC 20510-2509

March 28, 2023

The Honorable Christopher A. Wray
Director
Federal Bureau of Investigation
935 Pennsylvania Avenue, NW
Washington, D.C. 20535

The Honorable Alejandro N. Mayorkas
Secretary
U.S. Department of Homeland Security
301 7th St, SW
Washington, D.C. 20528

Dear Director Wray and Secretary Mayorkas:

Yesterday the nation witnessed the vicious murder of small schoolchildren in Nashville, Tennessee. An individual identified by police as Audrey Hale killed six people—students Evelyn Dieckhaus, Hallie Scruggs, and William Kinney, and employees Cynthia Peak, Katherine Koonce, and Michael Hill—in a murderous rampage at a Christian school known as The Covenant School.¹ It is commonplace to call such horrors “senseless violence.” But properly speaking, that is false. Police report that the attack here was “targeted”²—targeted, that is, against Christians.

Federal law explicitly criminalizes acts of violence against individuals based on religious affiliation as hate crimes. To be exact, the federal hate crime statute, 18 U.S.C. § 249(a)(1), bars “willfully caus[ing] bodily injury to any person . . . because of the actual or perceived race, color, *religion*, or national origin of any person.” According to Nashville law enforcement, Hale’s attack was both premeditated and “targeted” against this Christian school, its students and employees. Nashville police chief John Drake announced yesterday that “we have a manifesto, we have some writings that we’re going over that pertain to this date, the actual incident We have a map drawn out of how this was all going to take place.”³ Moreover, police detectives believe that Hale had “some resentment for having to go to that school.”⁴

I urge you to immediately open an investigation into this shooting as a federal hate crime. The full resources of the federal government must be brought to bear to determine how this crime occurred, and who may have influenced the deranged shooter to carry out these horrific crimes. Hate that leads to violence must be condemned. And hate crimes must be prosecuted.

Sincerely,



Josh Hawley
United States Senator

¹ <https://www.bbc.com/news/world-us-canada-65095355>

² <https://www.cbsnews.com/news/nashville-school-shooting-covenant-school/>

³ <https://www.cbsnews.com/news/nashville-school-shooting-covenant-school/>

⁴ <https://www.cbsnews.com/news/nashville-school-shooting-covenant-school/>

[REDACTED]

From: OCA
Sent: Tuesday, March 28, 2023 4:28 PM
To: [REDACTED]
Subject: FW: Letter
Attachments: 2023-03-28 Hawley Lettr Wray- Mayorkas[2].pdf; [EXTERNAL] Letter

b7E -3

Sentinel entry for assignment to OCA. This item will be included in the weekly report.

From: Velchik, Michael (Hawley) [REDACTED]
Sent: Tuesday, March 28, 2023 11:10 AM
To: DHS Legislative Affairs <DHSLegislativeAffairsUpdates@messages.dhs.gov>; DOJ Correspondence (SMO) <Ex DOJCorrespondence@jmd.usdoj.gov>
Cc: Ehrett, John (Hawley) [REDACTED] Compton, James (Hawley)
[REDACTED]
Subject: [EXTERNAL] Letter

b6 -5
b7C -5

All,

Please see attached for correspondence from Senator Hawley.

Thank you,

Michael Velchik | Legislative Director & Senior Counsel
U.S. Senator for Missouri, Josh Hawley
Cell: [REDACTED]
Email: [REDACTED]

b6 -5
b7C -5

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UNCLASSIFIED

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION**Import Form****Form Type:** EMAIL - Email**Date:** 06/07/2023**Title:** (U) CJIS Watch Summary for Audrey Hale**Approved By:****Drafted By:**b6 -1
b7C -1**Case ID #:** 62F-HQ-A3443127 (U) CJIS Watch Program

Synopsis: (U) The FBI's Criminal Justice Information Services (CJIS) Division, Law Enforcement Engagement and Data Sharing (LEEDS) Section, CJIS Division Operations Center (CDOC) manages the CJIS Watch program. The CDOC administers the CJIS Watch in support of timely, complete CJIS information sharing to FBI field offices and operational divisions. The CJIS Watch is a means by which authorized FBI personnel may make a single search request of the CJIS Division's data holdings related to one or more subjects of investigative interest and receive a single consolidated response in support of a critical or investigative event. This FBI-only service is unclassified and results in an unclassified report sent to the field office or requester.

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FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
FOI/PA
DELETED PAGE INFORMATION SHEET
FOI/PA# 23-cv-1483-02

Total Deleted Page(s) = 4
Page 4 ~ b6 - 1; b7C - 1; b7E - 3,4,7;
Page 5 ~ b7E - 4,7;
Page 6 ~ b6 - 3; b7C - 3; b7E - 4,7;
Page 7 ~ b7E - 4,7;

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X Deleted Page(s) X
X No Duplication Fee X
X For this Page X
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

[REDACTED] (IMD) (FBI)

From: [REDACTED] (CJISD) (FBI)
Sent: Monday, March 27, 2023 4:56 PM
To: [REDACTED]
Cc:
Subject: RE: UPDATE #1: SIOC NOTIFICATION: SCHOOL SHOOTING AT THE COVENANT SCHOOL IN NASHVILLE, TN -- FBI MEMPHIS - CW3212-ME Audrey Hale
Attachments: 2023-03-27 CW3212-ME Audrey Hale - Report.pdf; CW3212-ME Hale DLN info.pdf; CW3212-ME VIN Info.pdf; CW3212-ME Plate Info.pdf

b6 -1
b7C -1
b7E -3

Attached is the updated report and the NCIC Vehicle/Driver's License Information.

[REDACTED]
Identification Records Examiner/Coordinator
FBI CJIS-Clarksburg, WV
CJIS Division Operations Center (CDOC)
CJIS WATCH
M-F 7a-3:30p
Office Phone [REDACTED] Bureau Cell Phone [REDACTED] CDOC Hotline [REDACTED]

b6 -1
b7C -1
b7E -3

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From: [REDACTED] (CJISD) (FBI) [REDACTED]
Sent: Monday, March 27, 2023 4:05 PM
To: [REDACTED]
Cc: [REDACTED]
Subject: RE: UPDATE #1: SIOC NOTIFICATION: SCHOOL SHOOTING AT THE COVENANT SCHOOL IN NASHVILLE, TN -- FBI MEMPHIS - CW3212-ME Audrey Hale

b6 -1
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Please find attached the CJIS Division Operations Center (CDOC) CJIS Watch Report from your activation. [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

If you have any questions about the results, or acronyms used within CJIS System responses, or would like a summary review of this data, please don't hesitate to contact me.

Please visit the [CJIS Hub SharePoint Site](#) for additional information on the CJIS Watch Program. To request a new CJIS Watch Report, click [here](#).

Please provide [feedback](#) on how the CJIS Watch Program has helped your investigation.

[REDACTED]
Identification Records Examiner/Coordinator
FBI CJIS-Clarksburg, WV
CJIS Division Operations Center (CDOC)
CJIS WATCH
M-F 7a-3:30p
Office Phone [REDACTED] Bureau Cell Phone [REDACTED] CDOC Hotline [REDACTED]

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From: [REDACTED]
Sent: Monday, March 27, 2023 1:52 PM

b7E -3

To: [REDACTED]

Cc: [REDACTED]

Subject: UPDATE #1: SIOC NOTIFICATION: SCHOOL SHOOTING AT THE COVENANT SCHOOL IN NASHVILLE, TN -- FBI MEMPHIS

Importance: High

UNCLASSIFIED//~~FOUO~~

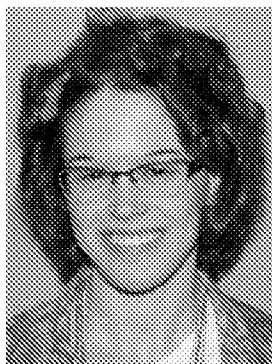
**FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
STRATEGIC INFORMATION
& OPERATIONS CENTER**

SITUATIONAL AWARENESS NOTIFICATION

SOURCE OF INFORMATION: Open Source

CURRENT SITUATION: Reports confirmed that three students and three adults from the school are deceased. The subject, Audrey Hale, was shot and killed by Metropolitan Nashville Police Department.

SUBJECT INFO: Audrey Hale, DOB 3/24/95, 413-77-8438, Positive NCIC



PREVIOUS REPORTING: On March 27, 2023, at approximately 12:05 PM ET, FBI Memphis notified SIOC of a possible active shooter at The Covenant School, 33 Burton Hills Blvd, Nashville, TN. Initial reporting is that four people were killed, including the suspected shooter. FBI Memphis is responding.

COORDINATION: SIOC will continue to coordinate with FBI Memphis and provide updates as they are received.

Strategic Information & Operations Center | FBIHQ, Room 5712 | [REDACTED]

Emergency Action Specialist: [REDACTED] **Watch Commander:** SSA [REDACTED]

b6 -1
b7C -1
b7E -3

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AUTHORIZATION

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11:31 03/27/2023 29588 DCFBIWA10
*06JR000046

TXT

KR.TN0000000.DCFBIWA10.*06JR000046.

TXT

NAME: HALE

AUDREY

E

ADDRESS:



b6 -3

b7C -3

DR LIC NO: 132079391 BIRTH DATE: 19950324 LIC CLASS: D*** LICEND:

SOC: 413-77-8438 PREVIOUS CLASS: **** PRM CLASS:
LIC ISSUE DATE: 20200321 LIC EXPIRATION DATE: 20280321 ORGAN DONOR: NO
EYES: BR HAIR: BR SEX: F RACE: W HEIGHT: 5 FT 2 IN WEIGHT: 98
NON-CDL STATUS: Valid NON-CDL ELIGIBILITY DATE:
00000000

CDL STATUS: None CDL ELIGIBILITY DATE: 00000000
PERMIT STATUS: None GUN-PERMIT-STATUS: None
CURRENTLY REVOKED IN TN FOR DUI?: NO DUI ON-AFTER 19970101: NO
TOTAL NON-CDL RECS: 0 TOTAL CDL RECS: 0

LIC RESTRICTIONS: CORRECTIVE LENSES

PRM ISSUE DATE: 00000000 PRM EXPIRATION DATE: 00000000 PRMEND: *****

PERMIT RESTRICTIONS: NONE.

RR.TN0000000

13:28 03/27/2023 02274

13:28 03/27/2023 36987 DCFBIWA10

*06JR000SG5

TXT

LIC [REDACTED] VIN [REDACTED] MAKE/HOND YR/2013 EXP/20230630

TITLE [REDACTED] MODEL/FIT BODY/ VCO/ GRY

OWNER/ [REDACTED] CO-OF-REG/DAVIDSON

SPECNEED/

SPECNEED/

ADDR/ [REDACTED] WT/ 000000000

CLSCD/1000 ISSYR/2022

INS/CONFIRMED SRC/FBOB EFF/20230115

PROVIDER/TRAVELERS PERSONAL SECURITY INS CO POL [REDACTED]

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RR.TN0000000

13:28 03/27/2023 02276

13:28 03/27/2023 36995 DCFBIWA10

*06JR000SGC

TXT

LIC [REDACTED] VIN [REDACTED] MAKE/HOND YR/2013 EXP/20230630

TITLE [REDACTED] MODEL/FIT BODY/ VCO/ GRY

OWNER/ [REDACTED] CO-OF-REG/DAVIDSON

SPECNEED/

SPECNEED/

ADDR/ [REDACTED] WT/ 000000000

CLSCD/1000 ISSYR/2022

INS/CONFIRMED SRC/FBOB

EFF/20230115

PROVIDER/TRAVELERS PERSONAL SECURITY INS CO

POL/ [REDACTED]

OWNER/

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-under stairs
in basement

clear box

labeled

"Audrey's Stuff"

TEEN

THE JOURNAL OF THE
TEEN
FASHION



FIVE STAR

THE HEART TO SEE LIFE OF JENSEN

CAN'T GET
a HOLD ON
ME

1. pg. 1

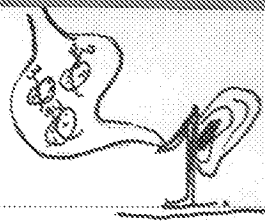
2. pg. 9

3. pg. 18

4.



TO GOD
ONLY GOD



1.

I remember when I was little I was so afraid of loud noises. Abruptive pops from balloons, dusty road engines that swept through the streets, uproars of screams and outbursts, mase ur, explosive, radiant-colored fireworks that passionately leaped into the air of sparkle-glitter-sensationing beauty, fluttering thier chemical wings like baby eagles ready to take thier first flight, cherping thier trickeling voices of small to the world ahead of them, and even party popers that weren't as loud as the others, but still rather tidiously bothersome and alertivly hurting to my ears that were so sensetive to the responding noise.

All of those sounds were the worst to my so betite, little eardrums. Every party I went to, every Cub's game I went to, every pep rally I had to go to, every single strainful social event I had been forced, pressured or wanted to attend there was either deadlly, lead-like, cheap ass balloons of terror from those party stores and those horrible, plastic, pooppy party popers, more over too fireworks, but those rarely I had to hear because I didn't go to many places that had them except those terrible neighbors down the street who were loaded with them. Oh how I hated them for putting them off 'till two or three in the morning. I can still go back and see myself hold in my ears all night, eyes wide awake in shocking panichess, fingers damp from the sweat that came upon my whole surrounding body.

The loud booms they threw off, (which was rather illegal to do that were something will set

CANT GET A HOLD ON
ME

2.

on fire or someone getting hurt) was my restlessness to the point I would shake and turn over on my bed, arms folded like table hankerchiefs, ears bouncing on and off to be so afraid of whether the sound went off or not, and the madness that flooded inside my boiling veins because I wanted to kick their bombs to pampyland if I had a chance. I was so mad. Every year on the fourth of July they did that trouble-
straining tradition. I never gained sleep. I stayed in that same position, squeezing my ears as tight as they can hold. So afraid. So damn afraid of those uproaring explosives like pirate bombs were going to fire at our house. They felt so close. I hated them so much. That's why the fourth of July is my least favorite holiday. Who wadda thought.

I remember holding and pressing my ears so tightly when kids used to play with those rubber shapes filled with air, squeezing them, layin' their ass on top of them, stomping and stepping on them, puttin' their weight on them, throwin' em', putting sharp objects on them, anything to make it seem like it was going to pop when really they were rather destructably strong and sturdy enough not to blow. They would ask me, if anybody, "Why are you closing your ears?" I would tremble, looking so nervous and utterly afraid. I couldn't answer. There used to be too much commotion and motion going on at once which got me turned over crazy like a bug flipped over, wiggling and flickering its way to get up.

People making talkative routiness, kids screaming and doing things environmentally so uncomfortable (dancing included), noises that scared me because I didn't know when it was going to

CANT GET A HOLD ON ME

3.

Occur, making me constantly looking and observing the area so friskfully like a squirrel, afraid someone would pop another balloon or make a pop with whatever the hell had air, even more worse being creative and make a loud sound even more terrible to the extent. By the way this was little kid parties as in three to five. When, I wish those parents of thiers could pop their ass into tomorrow and then it would have been even. I was always focused on one thing: future earbooming temptations.

Those events which were parties of such wee bitty age that were sometimes not cooperatively organised were the situations of hell when I was small. Kids were so young of age obviously immature so they would pop balloons just on purpose to get me that so intense, worried look on my face to where I wouldn't take it anymore. My ears would constantly think they would pop so that got me to squeeze my fingers in even tighter because my mind shouted 'Now! Now! Its gunna pop now!' which made false alarms that made me overworry myself like I was a reck on I-440. The obsessive, clinging compulsives made me stutter like cut off senes on my ears, breaking far away from staying calm and not think about when it will happen and let the sound come when it comes.

But just over and over would think about the misfit too much to make it so hard on me that made my ears red from the irritation, so red people thought I might have glowed like Rudofs nose. I constantly couldn't stop thinking about it, making my ears vulnerable like china glasses because I felt as if my ears would break. They were so sensetivly fragile to any level of abruptive

== CANT GET A HOLD ON ==
ME

4.

sound. But for some reason I couldn't control or get a grip on it somehow no matter how accurate / hard I tried. I really couldn't.

When I was three, I used to stand outside my front porch and enjoy the buzzies of bugs, the shiny rays of sunlight and scenery of the meadowing, flowing breezes of misty flower sensation and the praising of beautiful melodies from birds in the twiggs of trees, while me of coarse loved this steady-balanced, eco-bound, peacefilled environment because then I wouldn't have to worry about anything or overexcrutiatingly harse that made my ears hide under rocks of trembling fear. I would wait there in my own thoughts, pleasant and calm, until an uproar fainted, machine-piped, crud, clamor came crawling up from a distance. The hairbrush...

Its vicious feens of extravagant bristles of great power as it swepted all the dust particals away up from the cement-based ground. The pipes full of vengeance and vibrating machinery-constructable rockets like a refrigerator or factory gas tanks and gears moving heavy-loaded iron objects packaged up on the assembly line that spewed that repeating, vigelent shake-shuttering punctures in all things hardhatting like whistles and shrivles, intervals of body-shaking, earthquake booms. That many pound, four wheel truck of death came rolling close enough to our house that it would vociferously resound so intensely that I would open my mouth as if I was screaming, ears pruned, cramped, and shrivled to the vunarability, but I didn't scream at all. I did the silent scream.

CANT GET A HOLD ON
ME

5.

And that very scream was so screekingly
abridged to where it would shatter your ears like window
pane glass, if although you imagined it to the heart of views
as in, you feel my pain. The restless, adjitated pain. I
can't tell you how much I hated that thing. I would just
stand there, having a tantrumed fit because it terrified
the living daylights out of me to where the nightmares of
mine were sculpted physicaly from a picturebook. Those
visual images I was so strong in of that rotating, spinning
hair-like brush that adapted firmly to the bottom of the
truck freaked me out to pieces as if I was in an R-Rated
horror movie like Jack Torrence was chasing me with an axe.
It was that bad. The way it moved. The way it sounded...
the way it looked from a visually, infinitive perspective...
Everything about that machine scared me, although it
doesn't scare me at all to this day.

But the boistering fracas that
scared me the most as if I was in the mist of hell was dog
barks and not only that one bark and thals it, but repetetive,
high-pitched, squeal-clinging barks. There are two stories
of mine that come along this subject of matter to resemble
my bewitched, confusing, frightening past. One of them was
this: [redacted] knew a family from bible study when she used
to lecture a group there. They were called [redacted]
Very nice family with manners on top charts and eco-freindly
personality wise, christ-like, and civilly stable in christian
faith. They had a huge house full of fancy galore.

Gynormous
window in thier living room, weering, circle-like curve of stairs,

b6 -3
b7C -3

CANT GET A HOLD ON
ME

6

shandelers of pretty, sparkletastic, reflectionate light, and five bedrooms I do believe they had, too. And they had a huskie-mixed dog named Jack. He was rather playful, somewhat naughty, and VERY overprotective. Wherever the doorbell used to ring, he would bark repetitively to the door and hunt you down of smells from your unfamiliarity because he thought you were intruding and didn't know who you were, which got him very barky, jittery, frantic, and nervous. Me on the other side of the jetstream was very nervous as well because whenever [redacted] said were going to come and visit, my eyes would widen in fear and my heart would sink in desperate breakdowns.

b6 -3
b7C -3

I would be so damn nervous everytime we came up there because I was so afraid of Jacks unbehaviorable barking. Sure it was fine afterwards, but at first the time seemed unforsakingly long. My fingers pruned and burned prikafully, my eyebrows curved in wrinkles, my eyes full of tears because I didn't know when the next bark would occur. The screwed up thoughts I had of my ears sobasedrumingly out of control, me jumping out of panic and my heart overheatingly bounding from the misfortunate unsughificance. The heat of my body as I sweated like hot flashes and a steamboat from the sea, the timeboming sequencing of the unheard of mischatching on the noises of my ears that were so struggling like I was in a face-off with a tiger in tug-of-war.

b6 -3
b7C -3

I hated those times, especially when I had to go there alone because [redacted] left out on a date, which made

CANT GET A HOLD ON
ME

7

me have a violent melt down all the way down there from my immature, feeble ears of keened mouse ingenuity form. I know it was just barks but they were more than just barks. They were barks times ten as if he was spitting out nuclear bombs that sucked me into jail cells of uncontrollable, timer, unmanagable finker-fear tantrums. I don't know why the hell I was like the way I was, so unmistakably curfewed by abruptive clamorings, but the answer was locked up in metal bars of mystery. There was another time.

[redacted] named [redacted] had a little chihuahua named pinto. Very all over the place, high maintainace, and scruffily scurrying to loudness like never stopped moving. One day I went to get with [redacted] so she could get her hair done because I had the appointment after her so I had to wait and pinto was there. He barked for it seemed like hours and hours when I sat there on the sofa, crying my eyes out, fingers so tightly implanted in my ears for so long that they hurt, mind so frightened, jumps in my mind that reflexed to my actions as I continually shook and shook...cried and cried. He didn't stop barking at me and I didn't stop holding in my ears to where they would have fallen off. I never slightly moved my fingers a nudge. He just wanted to play but it didn't understand and I didn't understand why I was so. So afraid like he was going to eat me alive or shead my whole head off hauntingfully.

Barks that bothered me like a war that I thought would never end in my stricken, star-strucked, detuned mind connected to my

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b7C -3

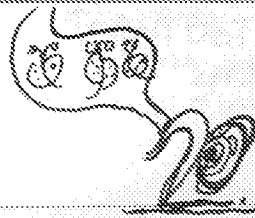
CANT GET A HOLD ON
ME

8

ears which couldn't handle the intensity on anything loud like that. I still remember the way I cried and how I was positioned... crouched, crumbled, and clutched tight in a ball, trying to hold clasp to the moment, tossing bewilderedly then frozen like ice blocks and so tense on that dreadful experience I had to go through. Tramatized by my shakes and cries like a blender exploding bits of fruit parts all over the surrounding area to where I had no strength left. None. I was so worn out when it was relifely over but I will never forget that day... Never. So to this [redacted] knew there was a problem. They started to get deeply concerned and curious about my strange appearances to things, but I didn't even take the time to think about myself. I didn't even do that.

b6 -3
b7C -3

I was too incapable thinking things that were miles away from how the world spins and goes. I was too into my own perpetual, fantasy world, disconnected reality that hovered me distant from everything. I didn't see the interactions and socialities of mankind and earthly day-to-day views, seeing and actually opening my eyes of pictonarily forsee the outlooks of how everything works. But I was trapped in all of that, masked unaware, covered over the darkness of a blanket of unrealistic views, crippling me far from understanding, lusing to the point where I didn't get why I was stranded. This problem: Autism that forced me to never let them know me. But even harder trying to get to know them. My name is Sensi
am in complete to the interaction of the real world.



9.

About when I was three, I went to pre-K or say entered my pre-K life of school you can so call it even though it technically wasn't school because of the playing, napping, prancing, and snacking in the day-care-like surrounding. I was rather one of the oldest kids because I had two years of pre-K instead of one.

thought I was not ready yet so she held me back another year and now that I look at it, I really did need the extra help and time because when I was in that no beamed, decade, blimished-squised stage, I had many learning dissabilities and I was VERY, extremely shy. I talked to absolutely no one. Not a soul.

I was too much in my own mind because I was self-contained in an imaginary world and also because I was timid, moreover afraid of expressing myself. I was very reserved like a turtle clasped and curled in its shell. I finger painted alone. I ate snacks alone. I played with blocks and other nicknacks alone. I would see the kids playing with the other kids out on the widespread playground running, laughing, and playing on the see-saw, jungle gym along with the playset, imagining thier adventures, made-up stories with thier freinds in real life. Well, not me.

I stayed to myself and didn't mind being by myself at all. Everyday I would swing on the swing set the whole recess by myself and would smile in the breezes as I went up in the air scated and then swapped down

b6 -3
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CANT GET A HOLD ON
ME

10.

pattern by pattern at pace in my own optionistic, light-free, flutterful soul, chained away from school for the moment of time. I didn't really need anybody because I was so little and my life was simple that made me contrite and happy. I did my own thing individually at school, went home, played, ate, pooped, then sleep. Easy. I actually now that I think about it I didn't mind it at all. The complete aloneness on self-serenity. I like... didn't care. I don't know why but it seemed as if I was on a level so severe to even talk to anybody because my shyness was unbearable. I myself had the hardest time making friends. That's why when-

ever I was at the playground, I made up some imaginary freinds. Really. They were freindly, kind, and talkative and I sorta made them the opposite of me so I wouldn't have to do any of the talking, even though it was like I was talking to myself. They were pretty much the only freinds I had in pre-k. No one else. But I think that was because I was socially weak and I never knew how to start a conversation with the other little ones like me. Sure I said a few words but very little, especially relating to my size and honestly the memory in pre-K is very faint. I really can't pinpoint what my habits and social behaviors were although there weren't any memories at all because all the memories I had was just by myself. And of coarse you can't remember those.

I never had any memories with anybody because I never took the opportunity to let anyone in my life. I was too young to know what to do or how to do it at such a minature age. But I realize that when you start

I CAN'T GET A HOLD ON
ME

11.

off little, the social time is scarce and it's not really that serious or in depth because you don't know much about the world and the topics are limited, leaving you to talk about immature things within an amateur mind, incapable of letting out real topics that could be more interesting. Your mind is just at the time of exploring, getting, and observing the world around you before you learn it to where geographical and physical affairs appear. And you could only have so much brain to store all of that. So to this, that social interaction was not the hard part. The hardest part of that time was that I was not lonely but alone. No friends were inserted in my life, only family members even though it was the slightest stage of hurt cause nothin' much happens in your life back then that's complexive.

The stuffed animals were my friends though as something that counted to me. I used to play and talk to them cause they had a spirit I had in them I made like a real person, loving, excepting, and cared for me, and the thought I had of the only ones who understood me. But now I know that's not true at all, but back then I never gave anyone a chance nor opening up. It was like a gate that never had a key. My interactions and relationships with people was like a peephole and it seemed impossible to make it somehow increase. To know them or them know me. I didn't know how.

Since I didn't play with the other children, I played with my stuffed animals every day. Made up stories, plots, formed voices individually for all of them, personalities, movies, everything I created right in my

CAN'T GET A HOLD ON
ME

12.

very room like I was Andy on a Toy story. I let my creative fusion do its thing like flawed its naturalness as in it was a natural to me. I was a pro. There was no hard work needed in my invented, live playtime. I was into the conversations I made with them as I made them talk back and forth as if I knew how to make it original, but I wasn't the one talking as if it was my beines that did the talking from the voices so lifelike and interludes of plot sequencing I did order to order from not even sketching it out like a script but all from my head. Just my head. Unholow of artistury like Disney Imagination station PC CDs.

I never knew I was a imaginative genius. My stuffed animals talking so loud, making my characters come to life from the very spot, acting out, moving about adventuring into the colorful imagination world of Sensi. Sensi's fantasy world that made them spark with a spaz as if the fairy from pinnocheo made it happen and [redacted] would peek in the door and say, "Sensi! Why are you so loud!" I would only stand there all red. My touchful senes of realism I created were paused like music videos and when I said "Im just playing" [redacted] would close the door and I would jump right back to where it was last put off, going on forever perfectly like blue-ray until I was ready for a break. Life was massively grand at home.

b6 -3
b7C -3

In my young life of two, I used to read my picture books, do things quietly in my room like I was a precious, good-natured, angle baby and man would you see that little halow appear be-

I CAN'T GET A HOLD ON
ME

13

for your very eyes and have all of my toys lined up in a circular arch form, looking at my hand-made, painted figurine beauties, priding and smiling at them joyfully of a sight that I was so happy to bestow them before me. I would sit there, play with them a little, pick them up, looking at them very closely with my delicate, puny hands, rotate it towards seeing all details, and then put it right back in the same, EXACT place and do the same thing with the other toy next in line.

I did this list-like, arounding basis everyday because I am OCD or Obsessively Compulsived disordered. I had to have everything in the exact, same position and the exact same way it had to be placed there. As you can tell from this, my routine was the same everyday and didn't change unless it was changed temporarily by accident. And whenever that happened, I was not a gladdy clam at all. I would cry and have a fit, loosing myself in all directions. I hated change, especially when I was too young to know how to set back from it and take action, flipping over to the flexible, reliable side of that mind-bearing situation.

When I was older, it was way much more worse because the problems and ways of outcomes were unpredictably sacrificial to the extent of being mature, being able to make handle the situation that was relatively deep in depth. I remember when [redacted] bought me a Po from telli tubbies when I was just two years old. I think it was for my birthday or something. When [redacted] bought it [redacted] stakely said [redacted] that Po is too small.

b6 -3
b7C -3

"CANT GET A HOLD ON"
ME

14.

"It's not the right one. She will tell!" [redacted] replied, "Oh she won't notice. Look, it's just the same as all the rest."

"It's not that different from all of the other Pos." He also played a trick on me and turned the ring on Po's head halfway to see if I would see the sudden change in normal stance. He thought I wouldn't care to spot the eye spy spec detail and venger over it, breaking the Sherlock Holmes hit from my scavering clues. Man how wrong he was. When I retrieved my Po from [redacted] who didn't really know me yet or see my habitable, strenuous, and curious ambitions, I put the Po in the figurine assemble, WWII line leader place and I looked like a blink of an eye and immediately spotted right away Po's abnormal ring position and tilted it back to the way it was and then said very slowly with a particular, curious look on my face, "I just don't know about this small Po"

b6 -3
b7c -3

[redacted] could only have had the most surprised not so delighted, jaw-opening expression on his face when I broke his "unlocated" plot. Oh, how I got him good from the discoverable strengths I had. Not all my learned soon enough that I was and is very visual and my eye was very keen and persistent like sharp within the pupil through pictures, sights, and movements of vibrant bright pixels or even in movies. I used to watch adult movies with [redacted] and I would not question not one thing about because I understood everything from beginning to end just by watching scene by scene, piece by piece.

I CAN'T GET A HOLD ON
ME

15.

I was visually that good. And after time had past I learned that from my own self too when I grew older in age. Even though I didn't realize or spector my undefined, marked, visualent mastery when my early years were plesant, my life as a kid was spectacularly stupendous. Saw a bunch of pixar movies with [redacted], when to ABC and Dragon Park with [redacted] him helping me as he pushed me high on the swings, played on the slide and play ground, went to Seseme Street Lives, saw my favorite TV shows like Bloss clues, Tellitubbies, Baimie, Aurther, Franklin, and seseme street on my personal TV, took lovely bubble baths, wonderful feedings from [redacted] help with me enjoying the presance of lazyness and relaxation, took flights to [redacted] Christmas that were cherishable, did arts and crafts (I was a young artist), played with my beinies and even went to the beach every summer making sandcastles, finding seashells with melty pop-sicles taken by seagulls while burying the man of my memories. Sen's own personable, favorite beinie Tony.

b6 -3
b7C -3

It was the life.

Nothing discouraging or painful nor stressful. Nothing depressing or heartbreaking. Nothing at all complicated. All worry free back in those days. But those where the days I realized what my dissability was. I was only two, so it was like I was in the world, but in my own world away from the world of interaction, like I was better off not being apart of it. It seemed that way. But oh how it was a pleasure. Every day was a new day of excitement and

I CAN'T GET A HOLD ON
ME

16.

adventure over yonder plains of Toystores, getting stuff for free, resenting the taxes and currency perceptances, and alot of Whew! Hell, what a day!

But even when I had delights of happy times like Family Matters and Happy Days, I had the most difficulties in those loud noises again and this time there is a story in my life I remember the most that was horrifying of all worse things imaginable that still troubles me to this day. I was playing by the gravel outside the fenced in playground of the pre-k grounds, just above the daycare room, I was right by the grass where the fence was playin' with the rocks and the slitter, smooth grass textures, thinking my wondering thoughts. I hear a sound. A tretchifying, reched, horrible, taughting sound.

Its high-pitched reseme of sappy dins like eaccates all cramed together was heard from a distance and came near the playground fence where I was. I came close. Closer. Close enough until it was just hangihg right a few inches away from me near the grass line of the fence. The fracas was so dreadifying that I started to scream at the top of my lungs until the pre-school teacher called

[redacted] She ran her little automobile to the speed of flash and saved me from the horrid weateater and guilped me down with advil 'till I calmed down [redacted] thought I got stung by a bee but no. That was not the case.

The case was that high-pitched, amplifying weateater that scared the worst possible guts out of me to where

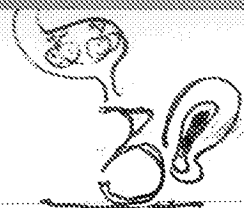
b6 -3
b7C -3

CAN'T GET A HOLD ON
ME

17.

broke down to fits of that scream and cry within fear like a monster of my worst invisions to spotiness. I could have only known it was my autism, but [redacted] couldn't gather the right info to know what it was... it was a puzzling, hard-cracking intake of missing puzzle pieces. And those pieces that remained absent were a big reason I started off on the wrong foot as time went by farther and more bumpy in my life. This life as a kid wasn't all grand within the distracting light. My ears. Their talk. It was confusion of a gray shade that I knew never ever since. Not that whole time.

b6 -3
b7C -3



18.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT


I would first like to thank for everything she has done for me and making me turn into a more mature lady. I thank you for telling me my reality even though it hurt and being more independent. I don't know where I would be without you.

Secondly, I would like to acknowledge God for being a real friend to me and being there for me all my life to never forsake me. You are my everything and your all I need in life ahead. I love you and thank you. I truly praise you with all you have courageously helped me through. Through the joyful times and the corrupted. Everything has a purpose through you and I don't know where I would be without you. The human understanding makes people confused and hopeless, but your understanding only leads as an outcome of

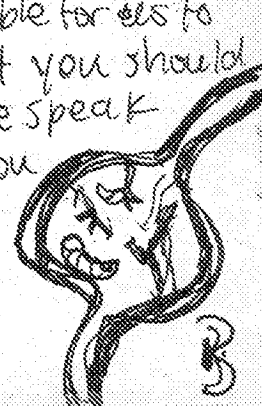

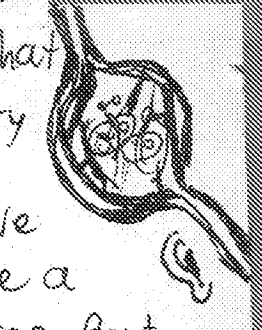
NEVER ENDING PRAISE

b6 -3
b7C -3

The girl named Sensi that
God created for His love to
give the life of her the age
of three ~~up~~ to her teenage
years of 17, was loved but
didn't know this whole time.
But it wasn't her fault



This is difference... This is what
unconnects understanding.. Try
to understand this. We are
different. We are incomplete. We
don't always have hope that online a
bright truth. We can't see what you see. But
what we see is what you will never be able
to see. We're in dark, in confusion, in purity,
and in innocence to do what you can do. We
can't love this, we don't like this. Beneath the
eye lies sameness, a way that has to be what we
want. You don't want this because you ^{don't} have it.
We are alone because we choose to. We don't choose
to be lonely. Uproared voices that enable forces to
speak. Our eyes do the speaking that you should
learn to seek. We don't speak. We speak
in our own unique way. But you
have to observe to see.. and
understand.. and love.. and
accept. Accept us, love us,
understand us. seek and be
aware of this Awareness.



Hi My name is Sensi. Sensi
going to tell you that Sensi
doesn't see why Sensi is loved.
Why can't I see? Why is Sensi
so different?

Change

part 1

Judrey ALE

BASKETBALL

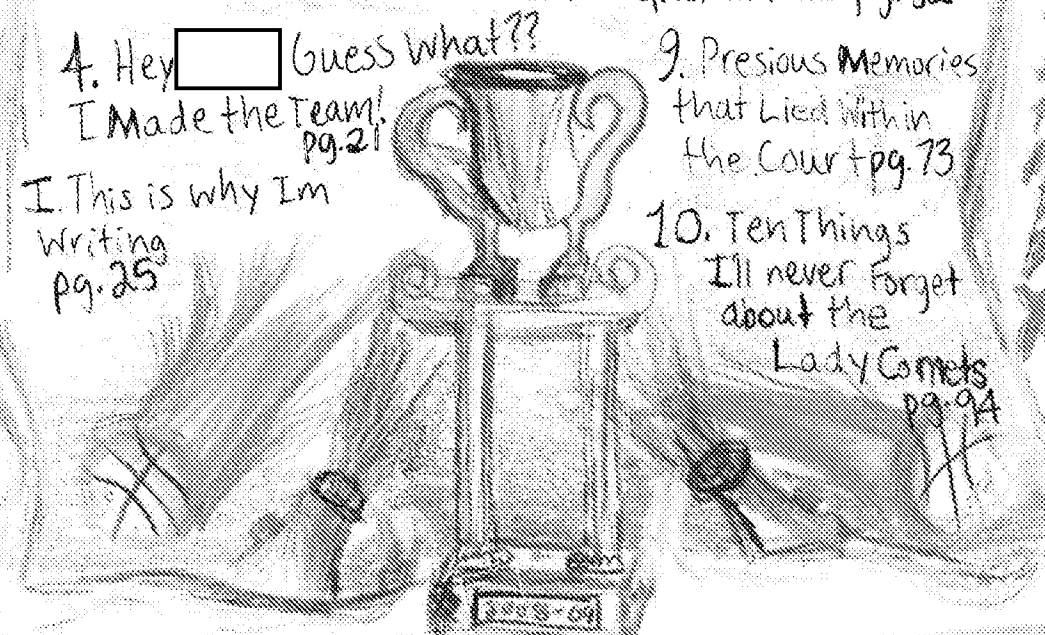
STORY

The season is gone
Good moments are
gone
And all that's left are memories

CHANGE CHANGE change change change

Table of Contents

1. The Start of it all:
Heart of a Player
Pg. 1
2. Try-outs
Pg. 9
3. Makin' the first
cut Pg. 15
4. Hey ☐ Guess what??
I Made the Team!
Pg. 21
5. "Girl, Toughen Up!" pg. 28
6. What Does the Word
"Team" Mean? pg. 31
7. Don't Tense up, Just Relax pg. 40
8. The Hardest of Struggles, for
the Deepest of Fate pg. 62
9. Presious Memories
that Lied within
the Court pg. 73
10. Ten Things
I'll never Forget
about the
Lady Comets
Pg. 94



b6 -3
b7C -3

When you
like someone

has

on

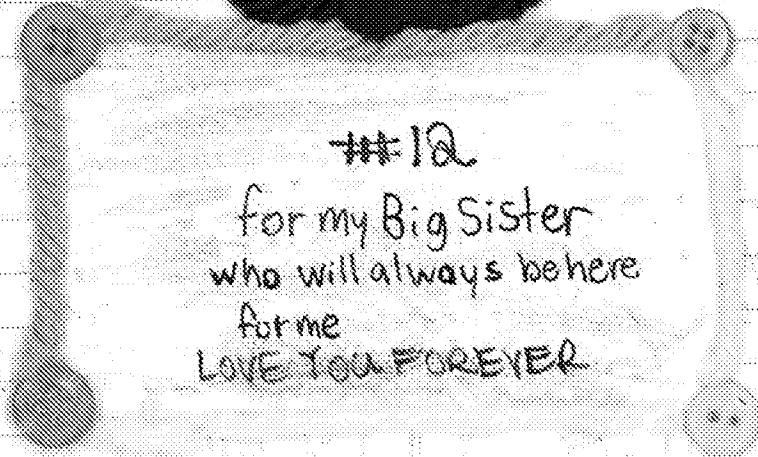
you

be bad

Just be great

the future

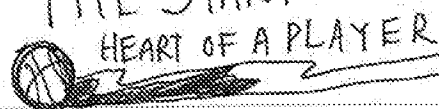
- Audrey



##12

for my Big Sister
who will always be here
for me
LOVE YOU FOREVER

THE START OF IT ALL:



1.

When I was born, I had dreams. Dreams that I would hold on to forever to make them come true and never cease. Not like dreams that you get in the nighttime or when you stuff yourself with a butt-load of delicious food and then get so tierd you flat out hit the bed, napping for two hours straight. No, no, not like that at all. Dreams that are your dystany for life, if you make it possible, that is. To make it your very own dystany. Well, my dystany all started out with this.

Ever since I was very little, like mabe five or six, I loved basket ball. As soon as I first heard of it and layed my eyes on this beautiful sport, I thought it was the coolest sport out of all the sports in the world compared to baseball or football. I guess something that amazing that drew my attention in a way that it stood out the most like it was the popular sport that everyone knew how to play.

I wished that one day, sometime in my yet so young life, that I could learn how to play the basics of the game and learn alot more from there once I've mastered the beggining / starter moves. For some weird reason, I used to draw alot of sport pictures because it was really excited about it or just thought it was easy to draw. And when I had my crayons and paper

right in front of me, the first thing that always came to mind was a basketball with some red flames coming out the side. I guess it meant I was on fire or something, how should I have known? My immature little brain had an imagination about anything.

But I didn't stop when I was young of age, it's still a hobby, in fact a future career, since it's now and was always a talent, wanting to be a future successful artist. Anyways, back to the point. Basketball stuck out to me like duct tape or hot glue. Not like that messy, boot leg Elmers glue that never makes anything stick. It's like that unbreakable connection that me and basketball magically somehow formed inside the young womb of birth. Deep to say, but I know it's all an awkward analogy with the glue thing I mentioned, since I just now think of it.

I remember taking my very first shot when I was in kindergarden. I was small, so the goal was like looking up a million-foot skyscraper. Yeah, it took me awhile to get it up in the hoop, but eventually after the one-thousandth time, I finally made it and I was really estastic about it. I jumped like a leap frog with super springs, enthusiastic, and happy, too. I told everybody "I made it!" "I made it!!" It was the first baby-step to goal ship of being a great player.

But the thing was that it wasn't really that im-

portant since it was a bouncy ball instead of a REAL basketball. And besides the fact that I was like a miniature elf, I was rather little and weak. No real muscles developed at that time. I could never bounce it up and down or even throw it. I used to always wear basketball shorts and a shirt that had a basketball on it of some sort, along with the bulky basketball shoes that had "Shaq" on the tag. If you probably think right now that I was a straight up tomboy, you won a prize, your right. I thought basketball was a boy sport, so I dressed like an athlete or b-ball player to show myself to the world who I was and who I wanted to be.

I didn't think girls like me would be fierce in the game and play understandably because I thought it was too tough or competitive to handle for us, since it is by the way a fast-moving, accelerating sport where nothing stops except the time. But I was like I said, small and immature, so I really didn't know nothing at all, never the less it was hard for me to absorb stuff in my mind of my own and eventually keep the gained knowledge stuck tight inside.

When it came to the way I looked in appearance, I really didn't have a girly personality when I was growing up. In second grade and farther up, I would play football outside in recesses and participated in dodgeball a lot. I was extremely competitive in all sport areas and gym classes.

(Guess it comes to natural in the atheletic genes)
My friends played in gym fine, but really werent athelets to be real. Theywere not as in to it as I was because I wanted to be an out standing basketball player. I wanted to learn how to shoot, score, sink threes, blow past guards, and shoot freethrows, too. I tried to learn on my own, like trying to make a shot everytime perfectly with hitting a swish, but Lord knows that its not breezy unlike Le'Bron James. I shot with two hands because thats how I thought you shoot.

But obviously, you shoot with one hand. Left hand on the side of the ball and right hand under it to make your wrist flick when you relese it. Lay-ups for me at the time were suitable, but I didn't know that you had to do that with one hand too. I guess I was just stupid or didn't have the ultimate strength to do things with one hand. The ball was still heavy when I was in elementary school. Then I figured out that there were basketballs for kids that made it accesible so gettin' around was suitable, like super-light. I used one and it was conviniantly just right for me.

But to be unsatisfied, I still didn't know how to really play basketball [redacted], when he had time, used to take me to this park called Woodmont and every saturday, we practiced together. We usually played one-on-one and obviously, he let me win. [redacted] was skinny as is, but was bigger

than me, so he would go light on me if I got lucky. Sometimes I would win because I was young and full of energy, while [redacted] was out of shape and would get tired really fast, since he was sick as in, had a disease. Can't have good health if you have a sickness taking over your life. In forth grade, I played for a basketball association. This is where I wanted to get serious and actually step up my game. Honestly, I forgot what it was called. but I was on a team with a coach and everything. I wasn't used to all of it because it was my first ever basketball experience, which made me a little nervous at the start.

b6 -3
b7c -3

I would go to practices some places and play games other places. [redacted] that we had was [redacted] of some snobby-ass white kid who didn't even get one blues clue of how to play. We didn't do real plays like collage professional, crappy ones that straight up weren't plays. The other kids on the team called them after retarded names like "walrus" or "turtle". Dumb as hell, I know. But the main thing that I really hated to the heartbeat of truth were these things:

b6 -3
b7c -3

1. They weren't even a freakin' team. They were just a bunch of girly, mean-ass kids who didn't like me a pinch or gave a damn about how I played. To laugh back at this, I didn't like them either. 2. They never, I mean NEVER passed the ball to me not once in the games. As

6.

in "they" I mean "team captains" that weren't meant to be "captains" in the first place. And plus that they were always the only two that shot everytime and they missed EVERYTIME. The

[redacted] that I thought was a complete b-word treated herself like she was the queen of all things right. The two nitwits couldn't shoot, dribble nothin' like they had two left hands like they disabled, and couldn't above all do worth a diplet! And they said their "better than us." Real B.S. for sure.

b6 -3
b7C -3

I knew I was the one with talent and they were the ones that told people what to do. Leaders don't hog the ball and pretend they got all the moves or skills or whatever. Even in practices they still didn't pass to not only me, but everyone on that team. It almost looked like they cared about themselves and nobody else. I don't like those kind of people one bit because self-centeredness trickered the hate in my heart like I knew something was not right or very wrong. When we played against five people in every game, it was more like two-on-five instead of five-on-five. Really what I'm saying is that the two "all that" snobby girls were the only disasterable ones that were playing basketball and we were just desperately and parchly running back and forth on the court like a bunch of wild chimpanzees the whole time.

I bet if I hit a three sinker

more than they missed lay-ups, they would probably have changed their mind about passing to me if they wanted to win games for like once. Harding Acd. was the worst and unforgivin memories ever to be layed over there. And lastly, 3. We weren't No team. ANY KIND of team. None. Didn't do any teamwork, just noodlin' others around. Didn't have ANY encouragment, ANY love, damn NOTHING! Makes no perfect sense that you should talk encouragment when they didnt do it back, or at least tried for goodness sake! Why be a team when you don't even know what the hell team means!

Well, I knew what it meant when nobody else did, speaking the truth that I was the one with the good heart and not like a firey devil-looking heart like some of those rotten souls. But never the less, I was fortunatly not the only one who went and experienced or feelled the feelings I darkfully hid. There was a girl named [REDACTED] (I think.. it was a long time ago) who went through the same thing I was going through. But I mean duh because she was on the same court with me, going through tough things. I guess your never really alone in any bad situation.

b6 -3
b7C -3

At the end of the season, we all got medals. It had a hoop with a basketball with the name of the league and a short quote on the back. I was pleased that I got another medal because it was only my second one. But then again,

it really just looked like a dumb piece of metal that a token of accomplishment. I knew that for a fact because I honestly didn't learn everything or anything that year. Sort of a big waste of sweat, tears, blood, and time if you know what I mean. The league wasn't competitive or make even that real. It all seemed to me like a bunch of balogna on bread. Just no meaning to real teamwork, compassion, encouragment towards teammates, working as a team, knowing the plays, learning basketball, DOING basketball, LOVING BASKETBALL, LOVING your team!

Being successful and confident in yourself for what you and especially your teammates did... and even getting a shout from your admiring coach every once and awhile, but only on what you need to know and teaches you. I wanted to experience THAT. Not some horse-ass league for tutu, frilly sissies and wusses that had or put no life and heart in basketball. I had a burning desire to step up my real, potential game, willing to play. I needed to relese my inner talent and innergeticness I had and grow a seed that has been planted in the soils within me ever since birth.

To this, I knew in my heart and mind that I could somehow do it, but I needed people to have my back to push me through anything impossible.

TRY-OUTS

9.

At the very start of middle school, I thought it was about that time for me to decide to go out for the girls basketball team, since I felt like I was prepared and ready to take on a challenge even though I was really out of shape, making it seem like I have the motivation and determination. But for my poor self, I still didn't know much of anything. Since I was only in the fifth grade, I found out that you could only try-out when your older like seventh and eighth grade, which made sense because if you were in fifth grade, small and puny, and played build and strong eighth graders for the whole season, EVERYONE would know who would win.

After two long confusing years of middle school, I was finally in seventh grade, proud and a little more confident. I knew more and more people way much more than I did in the past years, making me stand out more familiar.

[redacted] pushed me to try out because she used to watch me play with the boys in gym and thought I was good enough to make it without no doubt. I told her I was because it's what I've been waiting for ever since middle school started, so I knew that if I was going for it for real, there's no turning back. I was rather so hype, but very nervous. I remember putting on my brand painted new, fine-looking nike shoes before the first day

b6 -3
b7C -3

of tryouts began.

A lot of people, even people I didn't even know, told me, "You'll make it girl, you cold!" And if your black, you know what "cold" means. My friends always told me I was the best they've ever seen and I'm destined to get better. I really appreciated those words they said to me. But besides, people really thought I was decent in general to anybody. Like [redacted] who was a friend of mine in middle school. She said that me and her would make the final list together. I would be surprised if she got cut because at a beginners level, she was better than me. She could dribble under her legs and shoot farther out of the three-point range along with playing against boys all the time to get more aggressive.

b6 -3
b7C -3

For me on the other hand, I would be scared out of my wits if I played them who I thought were bigger and a whole lot skilled and quicker than I was. [redacted] said that you get really speedy and alert because they push you hard, giving the advantage that you'll be more likely to be a star on your team for how much you know and do. I could not believe how many people that tried out for the team. There were more seventh graders than eighth graders, but combined overall looked like a full house almost. I'm sayin' like around forty somthin' girls were in that gym.

Obviously most of the eighth graders were really superb and were probably on the

team last year when they were in the seventh grade. For sure they were going to make the team handcuffed without no sweat. A few older girls though really didn't have the talent or didn't know how to play that well, sort of like average or below. Girls that were in my grade were okay. About half the girls just wanted to try to be on a team, the other half just did it because they didn't have anything else to do, and about a third wanted to see how far they could go. It was common sense that almost none of them will make the first cut because the try-outs itself was no joke, as in [redacted] did not play. It was serious the way all the workouts and scrimmage were all set up, making it a bit challenging.

b6 -3
b7C -3

I haven't worked out in forever, so I was breath less. We had to run up and down the stairs about twenty times, which wasn't all that hard or bad. We also did other warm-up drills like passing, shooting, and endurance as well to the main points of basketball. But out of many of the things we did, the roughest was running seventeens. What you had to do was run back and forth half the court seventeen times, back to back. I thought I would do great, keeping my positive attitude in line and I was fast, but it was really about taking your time because I got really respirationed after running only six of them.

I was sprinting the whole time and jogging not a second because I never knew how to pace myself. On the bright side, I wasn't that alone, though because a bunch of people got worn out, too. Everyone was out of shape since the basketball season was just banging up. But when I look back at it, I really did think that try-outs were a pain in the ass, like firmly impenetrable. I guess [redacted] makes you work a ton. He looked like a kind of [redacted] that doesn't play, but there was something that I liked about him.

b6 -3
b7C -3

Another difficult workout we did was rather a challenge. We all had to be in a RIGHT defense position and slide our feet all around the offside lines of the court. He would blow the whistle, which meant stop, and made us hold the position for a large amount of time. That pretty much killed me because of the pressure that was put on my legs, making them burn like fire from Hell. The last thing we did was one-on-one which got me in a competitive / beast mode stage. All of us had to form a line horizontal on the side lines, then he picked out two people to start playing.

I guess that was a test to show him what we got because that part of try-outs really got your true potential exposed. He brought out girls for the first two, then the next two, then two more after that and so on. Sometimes he would switch around making the same person stay out, playing different people, or send them out again so [redacted] would examine them once more to

b6 -3
b7C -3

see what he can find in a player. I think he was on a big scavenger hunt for players that really gave their all that day. Some of the girls although weren't even trying, but also shaky, too. I swear some girl out there didn't even know how to shoot. That ball must have been a fly ball about twenty times, as for me myself was an embarresment and I didn't even do that. I shook my head in shame with the way some of them did as a performance. I know from all those one-on-ones is that I was sort of in a good position because I knew I was much better composed than most of them.

The eighth graders, or the big shot money-makers I called them, I got to see next. Plain simple to my opinion. They were GOOD, as in way over the edge of talent that I'll never have. My eyes sparkled as they sink shots and make the other person feel ashamed by blowing straight past them, making the light ice tea by-up without one tear of sweat on thier face. They could move the ball under their legs and everything possible. Man, making the team with them would have been so cool, I thought. Even though their was a variety of tall and short, they were all still hard ballers, forgetting what the size. Wow.

Eventually after a slick ten to fifteen minutes, [] sent me out. The first thing first of all was that I didn't go head-to-head with an eighth grader, thank God. Well, ectually he did, but she wasn't hardcore, b-ball material. Over all I stood out pretty standid, even though I messed up a little because my

b6 -3
b7c -3

dribbling was a weakness and I made a few shots, like two-pointers, but I didn't want to get carried away by shooting a three. I knew I wasn't ready for that yet. Besides, I didn't want to blow any chances of making the Lady Comets. I think I did excellent on my defense since she couldn't get passed me. (I'm sorta bursty.) Because of that, I didn't let her get one shot off of me. I guess that made me have a reflexive impression on myself and those around me.

Welp, the first primary ever try-outs were over [redacted] said that we needed to get rest and get ready for the next day. He also said about around twenty of us were going to get cut. The news didn't worry me because I knew the all not-so-ambitious girls were going to automatically be eliminated first. But I was a bit scared though because even if about fifteen to twenty got cut, there would still be around thirty or twenty of us left, which meant he was going to narrow it down after the last try-out. He only needed seventeen girls max.

I had to try even harder the next time to prove I was made for this team and show I'm not just some squat with stumpy legs and white skin [redacted] [redacted] did the try-outs contrastive everytime, so I wonder and wonder what he'll do tomorrow. Whatever happens, I'll bring all the determination that flows through my veins and do anything to make the biggest moment of my life: Making the team.

b6 -3
b7C -3



Wheh! What a relief. I've finally been proved that I didn't suck! I have made that brutal practice and I was ready for the next one that day. I saw girls happy when they found out that they made it, too. Screamin', dancin', and a whole lot of YES! The really talented-natural girls said that they didn't even need to look. Well, no doubt because a desperate middle school team NEEDS them. With all the poor support there, that future team needed all the help they can get. For me, I wanted great players on a team like that one so I could get inspiration, guidance, and mentorship. I always wanted to experience that, like so eager to. When three-o'clock struck, I threw on my practice clothes and headed out for the gym, jittery as I was since I knew the try-outs were going to get more compactive.

When we all gathered stretching, the experienced people or leaders lead the stretches by forming a line with five people. I think they were probably the starters because they knew what to do and did some sort of call out. Oh yeah! That reminds me how we stretched. But how could I forget? Not even this! I went like this: We pull out our legs left side then right side, next right leg bent back left leg stretched out in front of you by reaching for your toes, ext., ext.... (there are more but if your an athlete, you know how it all goes down.)

While we were doing this routine, we all spell out the words L-A-D-Y C-O-M-E-T-S and after, clap our hands three times. Back from the first try-outs when I first did it, I didn't know what the hell they were saying because I'm just slow like that, nevertheless my ears the way they are: hard to keep up with things at active pace. But when I found out they were spelling "Lady Comets", I then knew what was going on. I followed along with the stretches pretty well, but I looked all unagile like I was in another world of mind with a giant question mark on my head.

After stretching my muscles well and warm, we all did drills again, and this time, it took awhile for me to understand it all and how it worked out. The first one that was taught to understand to every body was a little something called "California." I don't know why they called it that. I just don't know that in basketball, you call plays random names to let your teammates remember what their jolting, sorta like a code, letting the opponents become unfamiliar at the down of it. I guess something like a sport has a name for everything. But anyways, I'll try to explain this the best way I can.

There are players in lines of two under the goal distance from each other. One person from each line has a basketball (That's the person who is in front, inserting off the drill.) There's

gunna be one player outside the three point area. Of course, both leaders with the ball aren't going to throw the thing at one person. If your the one that is looking straight ahead of them or the player, you do what? Well, pass the ball ~~hammer~~ at the chest to them, softly and not sloppy, flyin' everywhere. While they set up for their shot, you quickly supersonic going around 'em and get ready to recieve the basketball from the other side. The player in the opposite line will then pass it to you and then its your turn to shoot. The person who just passed to you will dash around you and they'll recieve the ball, repeating continuously from there on till the drill is over.

I thought I had a little trouble with the whole process, but before we got going, the eighth graders demonstrated SLOW for begginers like me. But no biggie. I eventually felt comfortable with it and a little more knowlegable of what to do. Another drill I definatly think of right away is the tredgale, terrible three-man-weave. Oh my gosh, this one was a real mind twister that hit me straight at the gut. Im sayin' some real Sudooku going on. How this went was three lines, separated at distance, mabe a few inches or feet, and the middle line which was the center, had controll of the ball. Lets say if you had the ball. There are two people on each end ready to begin, going off on the outside court, running or blasting out with a stride. Your in charge of which man to pass it to, whether its left or right, whatever

you want to go for.

Which ever side you pass, your job is to weave around the two people. The person that has the basketball from you will pass it longways towards the other player thouroughly and accuratly, while then weaving around the one who got your pass, making the drill go like a cycle till its over with. You'll end half court, then finish under the goal where you started. Pretty much your passing the ball to your teammates the whole time while weaving again and again. That drill was straight up confusing.

No one like me or anyone else understood, except the people who were demonstrating. They were going REALLY SLOW to make sure our minds stuck to that. After a million times doing it, I still felt like I didn't know what I was doing out there. I was embarressed myself good by continually messing up. I feel so stumpy sometimes I wonder about myself. The rest of the time was more indurence and scrimmage. The thing that I didn't like about scrimmage was running hallucautionly back and forth on the court constantly, dribbling the ball if I had it at the time, but then lost it.

I would lose control of the ball after a few seconds, making others immediatly steal it from me like swipy. The reason why I hated being passed to is because if I was ever the one with the ball, I would grow really nervous, freeze in one position like Mr. Ice just blow frost to my feet, and crazily ask myself,

"What the hell am I supposed to do with this?!" I really didn't think at all when I was playing out there that day. My mind thought faster than my own body could react. I was just going all over the place like a pinball machine. My nerves those days really got to me. It's something I really had to deal with, since I couldn't even know how to manage myself.

Towards the end we ran seventeens and super tiring workouts until practice was about over. Before we all left, [redacted] said that people will still be cut, but less than last time because most of the kids he knew he didn't need got sliced off. He showed encouragement that every one of us worked hard that day, which I appreciated a bunch. I never worked out more indulged in my life, but I was also in the worst shape of my life. But the little voices in my heart told me that I'll be much better if I make the team, making me much stronger. I knew that [redacted] will work me inside and out.

b6 -3
b7C -3

That evening I've taken the longest shower ever in a long time. I had really worn out, sore muscles that killed me when I walked. I would just stand there in the refreshing, hot water for like thirty minutes, relaxed and say, "Ahhhhh... that feels SOOOO good!" I have a nose like a blood hound, so I could smell the food for dinner all the way down stairs, which stoked up my appetite twice as much. I was starving after all the calories I burned. If I got a chance, I could've ate every speck and crumb out of that fridge just to be full and satisfied.

Right after a scrumptious meal that I called my favorite: fried chicken, green beans, and buttery cresant rolls, I flat out hit the bed and snoozed myself to sleep, dreaming and hoping to make the next to final cut.



I stand there in a leaned position, hands on my hips, and my head bent back. The hot and humid sweat runs down my face as I take in that last breath, hoping to breath reguarly again. My blood was pumpin' and the addrenalane in my vines was accelarating at a high rate. That was it. The final, teeth-clenching last day to try out. I've been trying so much to prove [redacted] that I don't play and I'm serious about this whole thing. I really, REALLY want to get better on this amazing, so to be dream team. And to exel to rise the levels of all were I struggle, I know in my heart it starts here.

b6 -3
b7C -3

I had already felt my trust in that man without any dought in my mind and soul, even though I don't know him well. I can just see it in my eyes that something stupendous is going to create. Something beautiful. I have seen the light in his eyes that has shown a sign that he's a worthy [redacted] Really worthy. I could feel it right in the dead center of my heart. That next morning, we all find out who is on the Lady Comets [redacted] said that if those who officially made the team would need thier practice clothes. "Bring them just in case you do or don't make the cut. If you have no clothes, you won't practice."

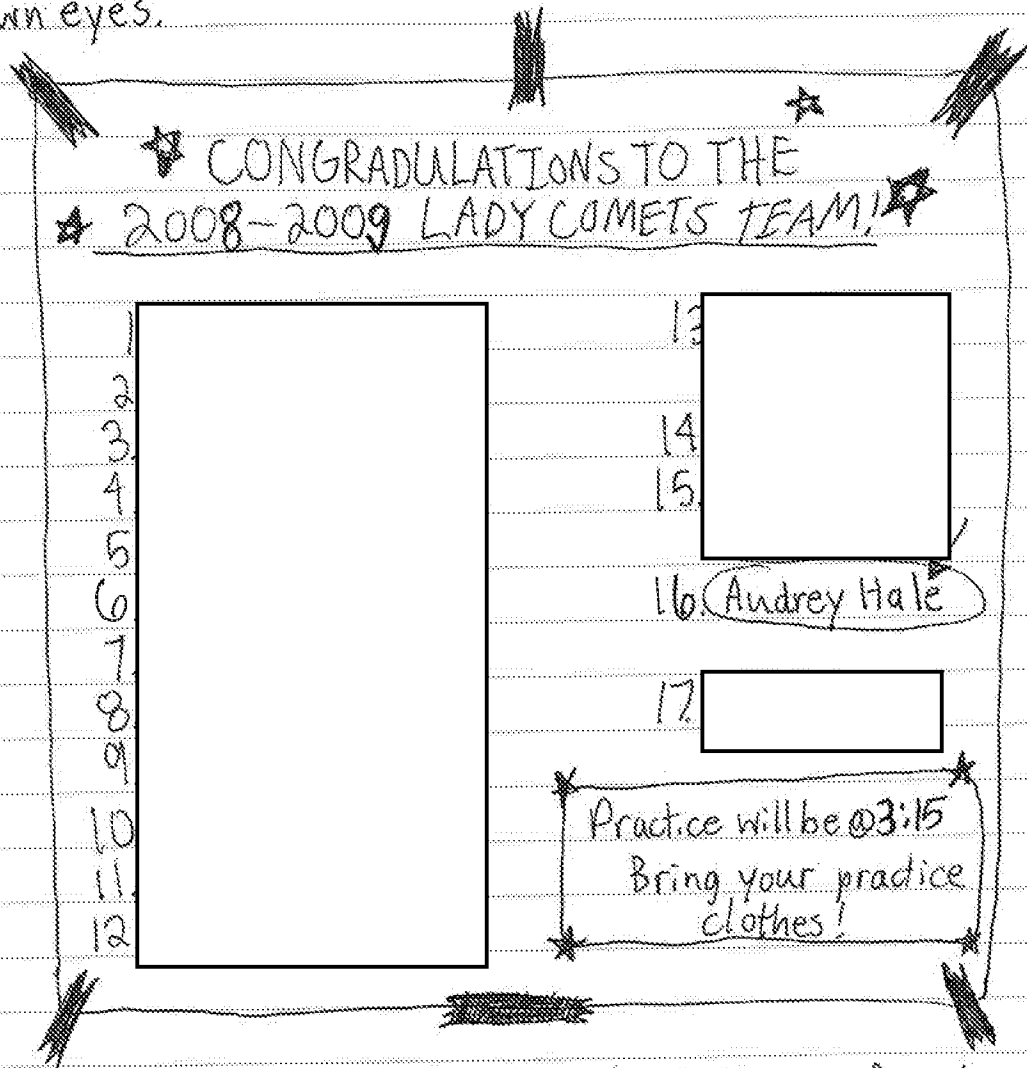
I went home that niaht with my legs sore again, but didn't hurt as tormenting as they used to when I first tried out. I think I'm getting in more gratifying shape

already. Like I said, that man worked us till our feet bled. That very next day, bright and early, I stand in the hallway. I'm pacing past people, back and forth, back and forth. I'm thinking my thoughts and my nerves release butterflies like always. I didn't even look at the list yet because I was very scared. Scared of seeing that I wasn't on there and all my precious hopes would be crushed.

I wanted to get a peek, but my mind kept telling me, "No, not yet, not yet." There was a big crowd like a sea of fish before the bell and everyone was over there. I guess other people wanted to see how our team was going to look like. I was more in the seventh grade part of the hallway while the list was right around the eighth grade hallway. But I didn't want to waste my time trying to get through all those kids bunched up. If you know me, I don't do chaos. After two periods that flew by at school, I still didn't look. My mind was really fixed up about that list. "Will my name be on there? I don't know, maybe not... Well, let's go see." Me and myself were back-firing like a battlefield of nonsense the whole time.

People in school told me, "Good job girl! You made it!" and "Hey Audrey! Did you look? You're on the team!" At first, I didn't believe them because I still wasn't fully proved. But deep down, I knew they were telling the truth because they wouldn't lie about something like that. I stepped outside around third period, door closed with an echo. Right there was the list with words of truth. I walk slow, my heart beating at a steady pace with my

eyes in a glare. The truth is revealed to my two, dusky brown eyes.



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b7C -3

My name printed right there, just above my friends name, [redacted]. No way. That couldn't be me. There must be a mistake. I know my negativity tells me that I wasn't that amazing to be on a team this great behind the head of a focused, intelligent [redacted]. No, that's wrong. I couldn't say that. My spirit and motivation of not giving up must have caught his eye. He had noticed me. He must have wanted someone like me, eager and willing to know basketball.

It was real. I was officially on the Lady Comets team.

A smile slowly appeared on my face. "Yes." I had shouted, as if louder on the inside of my heart. I jumped for joy, jumping so high so the clouds would hug me and celebrate with me. I felt the excitement like just getting presents on Christmas day. The shiver in my spine with tingling in my hands and feet. I couldn't wait any longer. My nerves got to me, but I shook it off the best I could because I knew that it would probably be the opportunity of a lifetime and make change a part of me in some way. I called [redacted] and told her the news.

b6 -3
b7c -3

"Hey [redacted] guess what?!! 'I made the team!'" She was happy, screaming on the phone so loud I had to remove the phone from my ear until she was done. She told me she was really proud of me and that I worked really hard for it. We were both stoked. I wondered what the first practice would be like. I wondered what the whole season would be like. I couldn't wait. I couldn't wait.

★ I. THIS IS WHY I'M WRITING ★ 25.

You thought I was for real. I'm not going to tell you every little bit about the Lady Comets like a story. No diologe, no conversation like the "Tears of a Tiger" books. No, this is different. I'll tell you events that happened, but I'm mainly going to tell you feelings. Feelings that have been a shamly hiding inside me for a long time. In fact, there've been trapped in there too, too long. There all bunched and tangled together like an overload of dirty laundry. It always felt relivingful to let it out but it all just came back hard like a smack in the face, hitting everytime it gets a chance. This is all from the past. As in past, I mean almost three years ago.

I remember snippets of memories from what they did for me uniquely from all of them, I remember when I was called thier 'whitey'. I should have givin' them a chance to be entered in my life because they gave ME a chance. I'm in the ninth grade now in high school and ever since that season ended, I was never the same again. With the autism that I deal with day to day, it brought me into a whole lot of outcomes that I wish I should have never encountered. When [REDACTED] told me "Thats the way things are now," I believed it was never true, because I can be hi eve.

I thought some things would stay the same, denying to accept the truth. Changes that were new to me made me go insane and exteremly frightened. I got messed up in

b6 -3
b7c -3

a number of things relationship wise and mental things booming and screaming in my head, telling me lies. I would stay up for nights and stressfully think if they were ever my friends or just teammates. As for I've dealt with a hard time socializing, I was shy, so I never really got to take the time to know them because I didn't know how to get relationships somewhere. Now my opportunity to reach out is too late. They're grown and in high school with me, which is in a way weird, but different. WAY different. I can't take it. I have to get it all out now on paper. I tried ranning, dreaming, wishing, talking, hiding, but nothing ever worked. It wasn't the weirdness of them, but the situation..

But an instict came to me that theres only one way to reveal my personal feelings: telling it with a pen in my small, little hand. I can feel it now. The emotions pouring out of me like a giant waterfall with sadness and confusion. I can't take it. I refuse to hold it in anymore. My mind has so many questions about the world, people, and how times change. I'm not flexible, so I hate change. I HATE IT. In this situation, that is. It can't turn out this way. It doesn't make any sense. In ways change is good, but this... this is a bad kind of change. Sometimes I get so pissed I wish I never went through things like this, especially when my teammates moved on... If it wasn't for the Comets and [REDACTED] I would

have never gone through it all. But I knew this change would come. I would have never known basketball the real way and how I loved it. If I have never known them, I would have never had such a moved

b6 -3
b7C -3

experience that took love towards a whole level, where I felt the most loved my whole life that I could have never formed myself. I never realized how good I had it until now when I look back at it, they will never understand how much they mean to me. It wasn't them that changed, for I was not mad at them, but the fact I was mad they were not going to treat me the same way me used to because we're not on the team anymore. It's the revolving world that changes and the new opportunities that drag people away from past, that make other priorities more important than things that used to be. As for it was them, it's not me. I wish things were the same so I would be on that beautiful team with them forever, cause I would have been the most blessed little one in the whole entire world. They found my desire, all my yearned dreams, and happiness. I had a hard time obtaining.

With the deepest of sadness comes
the deepest of love

They were everything in the mist of imagination of family. A second family to feel. to feel protected and secure in their tender-loving, dear embracing hearts, guarding me to where I can look up to them and it's worth it, and run to them and they would embrace. Now that is a bit of a strain to, I wish I could throw my arms around them and hold them saying I love them. Especially my one and beloved buddy. I love them that much. My mind tricked me and my heart over these feelings, but I'm going to pour my heart out of what it was meant to be kept.

"GIRL, TOUGHEN UP!"



28.

No skills you say? Naw, my friend. That's a lie because I'm boss. I made the Lady Comets you idiot. Look at my practice jersey over my white shirt. Look at my long, silver shorts. Look at my fresh, new pair of b-ball shoes I just got from Picks sporting Goods. Now look again. I was the only white girl on the team. Mouth full of braces, long brown hair, thin, and the lightest tone of white skin like the paint you see at Home Depot. I was a weak white girl, unlike all the other girls who were way more tougher than I was. They'd be tellin' me to straighten up my spine and not all slumped back when I stand. Tellin' me to defend myself unlike not standin' up for myself.

Put some tough talk into me like getting in someones face if opponents start trash talking about me. Need to let that person know that I was not a wimp and make them back off like they'll never mess with me again. Shows that its never what you expected out of a white girl.

[redacted] who was one of my dearest teammates, told me "Girl, toughen up!" Then gave me a punch on the arm. "Hit back!" she said. I knew she was just playing around, but I didn't want to because I was a softy. I didn't want to really hurt anybody. I shake my head with a little bit of a scary look on my face. "C'mon girl, hit back! It don't matter." I still didn't at least light punch her because I wondered why I would even punch when she didn't do anything to me that would get me flared.

b6 -3
b7C -3

Other times she used to get me to talk back, but I would refuse because I didn't want to start up something, hurt feelings, blurt something out taken the wrong way or whatever. I knew why she tried to get me to do those things because she didn't want me to be a fraidy-cat lookin' kid, possibly getting beat up by kids, letting anybody give me pain not standing up for myself at all. I think I remember her saying that there were girls on other teams that would have a nasty attitude saying and doing actions that will get you pissed off to the point where your in a edgy position to narrow it down. And I believed her because [REDACTED]

b6 -3
b7C -3

[REDACTED] She has been through all the games and stuff.

She told me if there was ever a time that happened, I would give them a big lip like a mug shot, get all up in there face and tell them to get thier freakin' hands off me. "You got to get up in thier face like this." she said seriously, getting her face so close I could see her eye pupils. "Say back off!" When I said that, I said it with complete unconfidence, sorta faking it, smiling sorta. "Girl, you cant be smilin. You gotta wipe that off your face and get serious. They'll think your a joke and you'll really get beat up." I can't remember exactly how she said it, but I know it was something like that.

I remember me and [REDACTED] on the sidelines when that happened, putting some sense into me. Why I remember that moment is because it was a memory. A memory

b6 -3
b7C -3

that stands out to me, showing me how that people can't defend for you all the time. You have to defend yourself. And if they would have seen me get really tough one day, and meant it, I probably would have been apart of or more like them. If it ever happened, which it didn't, they would have been proud of me. I think they all cared about me getting like that because if they didn't say one word at all, they wouldn't mind me getting beat up by tuffy opponents on other teams. I'm sure in my heart they wouldn't wanted me to take it hard by being in a fight with all the crowd watching.

They wanted me to be aware of certain ideas like my surroundings, so I really saw in my heart they all had my back. They not only had my back, they all treated me nice and friendly like real teammates. From the very first few practices, I knew that there was something uplifting about that team that made me feel like I was meant to be there [redacted] who was the most positive, good-spirited man with a christ-like heart descended from heaven and sculpted beautifully from Gods hands himself and formed in a lousious coat of dearness told us these two inspiring things. 1.) We all had to stick together and have each others backs, depending and trusting on one another like sisters.

2.) Not only we had to be a team, we had to be a family. An unstoppable, loving, unbreakable never torn apart, always stand tall, never fall family.

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b7c -3

WHAT DOES THE WORD 'TEAM' MEAN?



31.

When you think of family, you probably come up with a mom, a dad, a few kids and maybe a pet. The strong relationship to put your trust in everyone in good times and harsh to stay together with love and compassion for one another. I don't mean like parents kind of family that I'm looking for. The trust and love part I mean though, but not like mother and father relationships. I was in a family that was more than a family that is too barable to understand or for me to take, being around talented, inspiring, deeply adored teammates and the heart of a [redacted] who guided us, built us up physically and mentally strong, and taught the ways of how to play as a team as well as love as a team.

When he planted and buried that seed in all of our hearts to do so, we all became really close to one another and got along smoothly. We were all daughters of [redacted] who felt like a father to some of the girls and was like their father. He had that spirit of loving kids as well as loving us. When we were in the locker room one day, he told us these very words: "I love y'all, and there's nothin' you can do about it." Right after he said that, I laughed. I laughed because it was true. All of us really couldn't do anything about it, since he was our [redacted] in all and he had no choice but to adore us.

He was like a second father to me, too. I felt like he believed in me to succeed and push me to go

b6 -3
b7C -3

higher than I was at. "You gotta step up, Audrey. You gotta step up." I knew he was right because one day in the games, he'll put me out because my team would need me and want to expect good effort of me. I had a lot of trouble learning the plays and doing them. I always messed up many, many times which got him steamed to the point he lost his patience with me. He shouted at me when he got sick of my sloppy performance. He would crazily ask me what the hell I was doing. "I don't know!" I said to him frustrated as well I was frustrated in myself. He said he didn't know either, grinning with a chuckle.

[redacted] told and showed me how to do it right along with teaching me in a way so I would understand. Even though in times I got it, I still couldn't do it right because I would think about it too hard. I hated setting up the plays because I was the point-guard. I really didn't have no choice because that's the part [redacted] gave me. I would get real nervous and choke myself out. I thought too ahead of myself. I either lost control of the ball, travel, or do the complete opposite on what I was supposed to do on that play. My team would eventually lose their patience with me and start getting ticked off. Sydney, who was one of the captains on the team, said "Girl, what are you doing?!"

I would freeze there, looking at her straight in the eye in guilt and shame. As embarrassed as I was at practice, [redacted] always gave me another chance to do a tad more preferable than the last. He wanted me to know the plays so I would be pre-

b6 -3
b7C -3

pared in the future games, learning more and doing more. When we learned new plays at practice, the starters would go out first, who were the greats of all greats on the team. They were [redacted] who was [redacted]

b6 -3
b7C -3

[redacted] (By the way, she balls hard.) Sydney, [redacted] and last but not least [redacted] When I looked at all five starters, I thought [redacted] was really talented. She had athletic ability and talent that inspired me to become better in how I played. When they tried out the play a few times to get used to it, they would do them faster and better everytime they started over. They would repeat over and over again until it became quite simple.

Their mind set of basketball was far quicker and more intelligent than the rest of us. They were the natural talented kids who made it look mere. After they did their turn, the substitutes or subs would go next to try out the play. I wasn't a sub because that was the second string who went out in most of the games. They usually went out in the second or third quarter if they were needed in some situation or just [redacted] wanted to send them out to get improved. I was in the last string, who was most of the seventh graders except [redacted] because she apparently learned really fast in doing her part. (She was the post.)

b6 -3
b7C -3

To me, I thought the post was the effortless position to play in basketball, although whatever position your in, it can be burdensome [redacted] who was a post, was in the last string with us. As in us, I mean me, [redacted] and her all together. She was an

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] Really, I don't know, but it all seemed new to her like it was for me. She did a better job than me getting a hang of it. She was good, but not like [REDACTED] or [REDACTED] who knew how to post up on the spot, turn, and put it up clear in the square making it every time. I would watch, play after play and I would never fully get it somehow.

b6 -3
b7C -3

They were all doing it so flashy that I couldn't really tell what position I was in or what I was going to do. I would grow afraid when I got called out to do the next play because I was so lopsided like I just got hit by Homie the Clown from Living Color. I didn't get help like asking questions at all. But whenever I had to take the ball out, you would wish you were never on the court scrimmaging with me because I'd make you look stank like I was in a game playing than just practice. I made it seem a bunch more than it really was. I guess I just put way too much pressure on myself.

The starters were a complete natural. They did plays so accurately well and so fast, it looked like it was no stress for them. They definitely knew what was going on. Even in the games when they started off, they would hit a lot of points as a team, which made

[REDACTED] look very impressive. But every single one of them had a heart of a player just doing their thing, having fun, playing like there was nothin' to it. Everytime I sat on that bench at home games, I loved seeing them play

b6 -3
b7C -3

because I thought they were so talented. "Man, if only I were like them," I said to myself. "Man...." I really didn't set them as an idol, bowing down to my knees, astounded by their basketball worthiness while saying I'm SO AMAZED by thier game. I didn't put too much pride in it, I just respected it, appreciated it.

I really didn't like when I was in practice, I had to do the plays with them because they were so awn-crowd destined. It was great to get some competition, but then it wasn't great when they made us look so bad. (That's us, the last string.) We dribbled pretty rusty, which was easy for them to steal since we were dribbling like slow moe. We also passed slow which made them get a turnover without keeping thier eyes closed. We even tried to shoot for the hell of it just to see what we would get, but we ended up being rejected. No doubt [redacted] put us off the court after the fifth play.

He would have about had it if we messed up one more time to get him loosing his balls. He can't stand seeing bad basketball, especially if its coming out from us b-ball rookies, young and vunetable. Guess we had to learn too much stuff to think of from [redacted] The subs did way sharper than us, but still sorta had no watch for them. If you ever wanted to get successfull at what you did, you had to learn from the pros, who were obviously the starters, who just happen to know everything.

"What are y'all doin' yellow team?! Y'all need to

b6 -3
b7C -3

get yourselves together and do something! [redacted] yelled at the second string, who usually listened and actually are more fitting to [redacted] use, but it depended on thier attitude. If you have a hasty attitude, it can reflect on the court. The subs practice jersey was yellow, the starters' was red, and for the pittaful soon to be decent last stringers' was black. How come the higher ranked you were, you got the prettier color? I really didn't like my position or color because I hated black. I would contrast between red and black, saying that red means victory, while black on the other hand meant shame. At least thats how I looked at it.

I really wanted the red jersey because I thought it looked the best. But I knew I'd never ever get that jersey because I knew I wasn't starter material, cause I wasn't THAT excellent. It would have took alot of work and effort to have gotton that jersey. If I was ever that entitled, I'd have that jersey in my hands in a hot minute for sure. But that means there would be six players instead of five. And you could only have so many players in the games. One in and one out if you know what I mean. If I was in a shot for starting, then someone else would have to loose thier stand.

God knows not one person on that starting line-up will loose thier place. Hell no. Thier at the highest level than anyone else, mabe even high school level. Me going out there everygame meant two things: Messed everything up and ultimate fail. Weekly practices were

from 3:15 to 6:30. That's up to three hours which was super long to me. I never had three hour practices. I swear and I'm serious. [redacted] made us work out so hard in practices some days. We had to run if we were slacking off and not giving our full effort or just playin' around. He would be graceful at first, but after we kept on acting up like like talking or not paying much attention to the drills we did, he would tell us to shut our damn mouths.

b6 -3
b7C -3

But if we were really in the in the deep end, he would act like nothin' is wrong and you could tell straight up that his expression was sayin' something on his face. Sayin that, "Well, if y'all wanna talk, we can do seventeens." We told each other to be quiet, but some people would just not shut their pieholes, continually running their mouth. I was sorta aggravated at them because I never talked in practice. I just focused on two things: Basketball and not getting in trouble because if I ever did, I'd get it big time from the big man. As for them, they always got in trouble, whether it was practice or school.

I remember running a bunch because of them because they would not stop acting out at school. I always had to take the consequence for something that I didn't even do. They would be talking back to the teachers, fool around makin' noise, dancing or whatever. I never knew what they did because I was in none of their classes. But it troubles me because I always used to hear the loud echo in the hallway.

If one person is affected, everyone is effected, so if it was just one person who got in trouble, we would all run cause of her. We'd get haywired at each other sometimes because we were tierd of running for other people. Someone would blurt out [redacted] "I didn't even do anything bad! I was good today!" "Yeah, but others around you did, so make y'all need to tell each other to behave and hang tight like a team whether its here or school."

b6 -3
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I can't disaplane y'all cause I don't go to school with y'all. Y'all need to have each others backs and act right at school. "Eventually we did do that by making sure ALL of us were acting like angels or at least decent in school. Told one another to be quiet for a thoughtful reason: the sake of the team, and to make [redacted] happy because of coarse we cared about him, making him pround instead of "Im about to wear y'all's legs out." We all loved him to death, I made him satisfied for the whole season except ONE time when I did something carless and stupid. I didn't really, really think about the team. But honesty, I was a pleasure all time because I was a good seed at that time."

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b7C -3

I got caught talking in the cafeteria when everyone else was funeral silent.

[redacted] of the school, hunted me down like a squirrel and spotted me swifter than a hawks eye, sending me to the wall of dead, because I was dead. Dead to find out that [redacted] heard from one of the teachers by e-mail and then the whole

b6 -3
b7C -3

team was gunna get so absurd at me. To the point when [] found out, I was so embarrassed and nervous that I was too dismayed to show up at practice, very hesitant to show my sorry face at practice. I knew I let the team down. Letting the team down was the worst thing ever for me. I never felt so crestfallen, wishing I would have done the right thing. But when it came to my naughty teammates and me, we both had something in common. We all are human and we make mistakes out there in the wicked world we live in. [] knew that and understood us kids because he had kids of his very own. Even though they got in a little too much trouble, which was nerve-racking, I still loved them all to death.

b6 -3
b7C -3

I'd forgive them everytime if they ever did something bad because I loved them all for who they were. Loud, yet loving. But yeah, it was pretty pushy doing all that running. Even in days were everything was fine and things went sailey. with sunny skies all day, he still made us run. One reason is because we would all get in better shape. The other reason is because are indurance could be increased so we could run back and forth longer in the games, holding a balanced stamina, making us come out a ton more mentuned.

That was one of the main rigid things about doing practice with []. Another big thing we used to do was these intense ass-kickin' workouts. And if you know what working out means, we had to do push-ups, lunges, and a whole lot of butt squats. I

b6 -3
b7C -3

remember the very day he said, "Well, y'all better stretch good cause its going to be a long practice." He paused for a few seconds, so I knew something not smily for me was going about to begin my life in dreadury. "Y'all are ganna work out today, ALL day." "Awww hell!" we all said. I wasn't even a standout cusser and I said, "Oh, damn it." [redacted] had a smile on his face because he was in for a big treat seeing us being tossed around like some tumbleweed on a desert, almost being swept by a tornado. A tornado going and guiding us through the vortex of Hell. He didn't torcher us, just wanted us to see what we could do. If we had dedication and determination to push through it all. That was the test.

b6 -3
b7C -3

Man, I'm tellin' you my legs we burning like hot tomatoes doing wallsquats for a whole five minutes. I tried to hang in there, hanging on as tight as I could, doin' it strong for the team. I don't know how long he made us do all those firesome workouts, but all I knew was that it felt like it lasted forever, as in long as hell. Although out of all those events I went through as a player, the hardest thing I had to deal with was when we used to fight at each other, which happens to all basketball teams because you got to work with people. We all had different ideas, perspectives, and opinions that makes each one of our point of views we looked at things oppositly. Barked and barked back and forth about this and that.

I didn't know why they fought, but I knew it was because we weren't

acting like a team like we should have. Some days, we were not being a team and everyday [] reminded us to STICK TOGETHER. [] didn't even get involved because it was a waste of time. He would just stand there in his fixed, relaxed position and would let us go on and on about fighting over stuff that really wasn't important. I honestly didn't want to get involved either. I didn't want to say anything that would cause them to fight more. Just hearing all of it back then made my heart really sink like the Titanic. I hated, I mean HATED that type of conflict. And to be real, I still do. Who doesn't?

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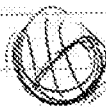
Usually we put fights to an end without [] because somehow we had handled it ourselves. I think one time it was [] who said words almost like this: "Y'all, were wasting time! I mean, why are we even fighting?! Lets just play y'all." When I heard that loud and clear, it made perfect sense I wanted to say something similar like that, but I never let myself be heard and point out something to them all. I sorta regret keeping my mouth closed. I regret keeping my mouth closed all the time because I felt or feel now that I missed out on a high mountain top of things.

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From that point at time, [] made us learn something that I'll never forget. Its one of my memories that has literally never faded a pinch. He gave us a hand-out one day when we all sat on the bleachers before practice was over. He started reading and explaining while I read it to myself. I have never been more moved or inspired in my whole

b6 -3
b7C -3

once thirteen years in my life alone. It inspired me to become a great teammates that I wanted to be and saw in my heart that it had very efficiently represented that team very well. It made me have plenty of mixed feelings and emotions that I could have commonly related to the Lady Comets.



TEAM IS...



The test of a leader is taking the vision from me to we! The next time you need the definition of team, remember this acronym:

Together

Everyone

Achives

More

T.E.A.M - Every great dream needs a great team. Teamwork makes the dream work!

Remember This:

The ultimate measure of a man is not where he finds himself in moments of comfort and moments of confidence, but where he finds himself of challenge and moments of controversy

— Martin Luther King Jr.

Out of that one piece of paper came words of truth and

leadership. Just think of it. Becoming an unstoppable group of girls with the power of teamwork. To let the leaders rise above their selfish thinking and give everyone a chance to get glory and shine, too. It came revealing to me that when it said, "Every great dream needs a great team. Teamwork makes the dream work!", it meant thinking together as a whole and face any obstacles by giving each other encouragement and compassion, finding a way to win with victory. Together as a family, we would achieve more if we started building each other up, striving to be at the top. To be glorious champions, crowned in loyalty.

[redacted] had a dream to be champions and so did we. We were a talented enough team to have been able to take on anything imaginable and just give it all. He believed us, saying that we really were a dream team. I was with him on that because we all had a heart for basketball and a heart for each other, too. And that's no lie. I felt deep in my heart that that was the team, the Lady Comets, to deserve to hold that shiny trophy in our hands, standing tall, head high, and jumping for happiness with tears in our eyes. But I wouldn't have been happy for me and my accomplishments for what I've done. I would have been joyous for them and what THEY did, because without them, there would be no such thing of any victory.

I think we believed in ourselves, too. I knew I did that night because I felt like my confidence was raised a little bit higher.

b6 -3
b7C -3

than it used to have been. I hope my own teammates were moved and patched it on thier hearts than me because they need motivating testimonies like that to keep thier basketball spirits alive. They needed probably more than I did. When [redacted] pulls in are driveway late at night at home, I still sat there quietly in my car. I still held that paper in my hands that [redacted] gave me. I never set it down beside me because that inspiration attached to me like a patch seemingly sowed on a quilt. "You comin out?" she asked me. "Yeah..." I responded with a sigh. I was tired, but still shaken by the words of T.E.A.M.

b6 -3
b7C -3

That acronym has stuck tight in my head like I've been trying to memorize it a million times, but I only knew it once in my life [redacted] was so rare-wisdomated. When it came to basketball, almost like a basket ball computer installed in his head. He spoke words that I never thought existed, but yet make you think and changes you from the inside out. You might think the things in the world are from scratch, but when you take it to a deeper perspective, it can make you feel roofblown away. The way he thought was so powerful and smart, it made me wonder how he knew all that stuff. But from who?

b6 -3
b7C -3

Only one perfect man, the one up in heaven, God himself. It's almost like God spoke through him, which came to my spirit senses that he was a Christian. I read that T.E.A.M paper one more time and when I did, the stuff really, really got to me. I felt the tingle in my eyes,

then cried as drops came overflowing running down my cheeks, leaving the paper in puddles. I cried because I no longer had to wait to let my dream come true. My dream already came true: my precious, beloved team.



I remember our first game we played at Cameron Middle School. It was weird because I thought we would have our game at home, but sad to find out that it was away. I had heard from my team that the girls over there were really junky, like sucked at basketball. I knew from that said that I would have to play in that game that day. [redacted] used to let everyone get a chance to play if the score was turning out up with the starters starting off the game well. [redacted] could plainly tell by that team just warming up there was no skill at all and absolutely no intimous talent what so ever.

b6 -3
b7C -3

There shooting looked like they were throwing it up there and the free throws was an embarrasment to see. Whew, can't explain how they did that. [redacted] sees good basketball when he sees it, and obviously he thought that it was going to be an abilisful spring breeze at that game. I didn't know what to do if I had to go out there if I did at any chance because I've never been on a middle school team in the past and it was still all very new and unfamiliar to me. I guess just play like it was nothin'. I tried to think positive, but my nerves got in the way from it. I had a hard, hard time trying to manage my nervesness because I was not mentally or mature enough to control it, which made me pay the price in some of these situations.

b6 -3
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As soon as I traileed in that gym, my gatt was full of butterflies and I felt the

sweat under my hoodie. When I got tense, my body would over heat and gave me some serious BO in my armpits. I know, I know. Its really nasty, but thats how it worked and thats how it happened. I had to air out later in my uniform jersey. When I saw the school itself in person as I pulled up in the parking lot, it was to my instinct that it looked like it was a juvenile delinquents cell. There was bars on all the windows and around the perimeter of the building was barbed fence. And it was a high fence, too. The place was tragedy for real like they took no TLC for it.

I even saw gangs hear there that were very close that had red bannelanas on the back pocket of their saggy pants. No lie. Shoot, we were in the straight up hood. I think gun shots would have went off every night, mabe even at school if the kids were ghetto thug with that mantality. School shootouts? Hell yeah. Me surviving in a shoot out? Hell no. "Damn." I thought, "Im scared to put my ass up in that punk school. Ive never seen anything this rag around town." And it was true. I never saw a school with a fat ass fence around it. Im a white girl, so that sort of was like a big twist and truth for me.

Even the inside of the looked awful times ten. The lockers we beat up and the floors looked like they havent been clean in a hundred-twenty years. There was also a funky, rotten smell in those lockerrooms. I swear, if I knew that joint smelled like socks, I would have brought my frebreeze air-

freshner with me to be safe without coming out of there dyin', gasping for fresh air. The worst, most disgusting thing I ever saw up in there was the bleachers. I noticed that when you looked at it closely, like observing it, it said CMS which stood for Camoron Middle School. Sorta cheesy, but when I stopped to put my bag down, I stepped on the highest step just to see if anything was up there and I saw dust more than an inch thick. There were all sorts of trash and bugs everywhere my eyeballs looked. Uhhh... I still remember the image of what it looked like. Not a pretty sight if you ask me because if you ask me, you wouldn't have dared to eat after you saw that.

One of my best memories was when I made my first shot in a game [redacted] made the last string go out in the last six minutes in the game. He had warned us earlier because we wouldn't be the reason we lost if we weren't doing persistant out there. We were ahead. Really ahead. If we played descent at least, not one person would have gotten to get a shot of us because they didn't know what the hell they were doing the whole game. That was an easy cheesy lemon squeezy game for [redacted] and Sydney. Too easy. [redacted]

[redacted] was pissed. She pretty much yelled the whole time with her clanky high heels and long skirt. Female coaches that are legends are rare. Pat Summit for example.

What I mean by that is when you find a lady with the wrong game day clothing and crazy hair with a crazy attitude, there a hot mess.

b6 -3
b7c -3

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What I mean by that is when you find a lady with the wrong game day clothing and crazy hair with a crazy attitude, there a hot mess.

I had felt the heat coming out of her head that she was very unhappy with them. I was afraid if I came near her a step, she would take off her explosive head and throw it at me like Donkey Kong throwing barrels. I was so nervous, I just lost myself when it came time for us to play [REDACTED] What do I do?!

What do I do?! "jittery I said. He jerked his body and turned around quick, annoyed by my constant dumb questions. "Just play!" he yelled, irritated. I had the most worried face you would have ever seen. You probably would have laughed because it's so ridiculous. All the pressure I put on myself like I was playing on an AAU team, not being realistic cause it was not a pinch of competition.

b6 -3
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If I had got my mind straight and called out plays like a normal person should do, I would have shown myself worthy to that I don't choke out all the time, being a chicken. Another thing about my unfortunate nerves is that my mind got blank. I forgot all the plays we had learned, all the stuff I've gained from my teammates. Gone. At least I did know, but I just wasn't really thinking straight. Man, I really should have learned to manage my problem before I joined that team. Well sure enough, we played OK for our first game we played.

On offence, I ran down that court with the ball so explosive, I wasn't taking my time not once, face all tense and legs moving all over the place like I was Happy Feet. I let it go like it was a bomb about to go off and was about to blast into a million pieces. And on defence, I

just froze like Frosty the snowman, feeling like my feet were glued to the ground. "Audrey, put your hands up!" [redacted] yelled on the sidelines. "Oh yeah, right.." My Lord, I wasn't even thinking basic basketball. But in the last few minutes in the game, I shot a three-pointer with nobody on me. That's right, nobody! I mean, I was the one with the ball, so what was I supposed to do with it? Throw it to the ref? Pass it to my teammates, possibly getting another turnover with my slothy armwork? No way, man! I shot that thing like it was a money ball just like I tried to do in the first place. Maybe I did think for once in that game.

b6 -3
b7C -3

I had finally bounced back to doing basketball the right way. Ok, maybe I shot with two hands, but at least I did something surplus there. And when I think about it, I knew it was a pretty amazing shot because everyone was cheering for me. My teammates, who all stood up, shouting like wild.

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[redacted] and even my teammates moms, I had looked at [redacted] with a surprised gaze. No one would have ever expected a player like me that didn't have much game. Even more special because on my first game, I made my FIRST shot! I know it wasn't THAT big of a deal, but I swear [redacted] was going wazzo in those stands, screaming and yelling at the top of her lungs with the other mammas.

She probably couldn't even help herself. And she would have likely admitted it if I asked her. I knew she was proud of me that day. Before I left, I thanked [redacted] for all his patience and effort.

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He said I did pretty okay out there for the first time because I thankfully did what I was supposed to do. Be there on the spot to take the open shot. Not much to it. But I knew he expected me to do a lot more in games ahead because if I had to expect to do that, I had too much to learn. At least I felt like that cause deep in the mist of talent, I was just a rookie. The very first, but yet the very first spark of confidence was born inside me, waiting to come out.



There was a lot of games we have played that were puny and giant, exalted and low, or difficult and not difficult at all. The easiest of games, I barely remember because they were not as poised or tense. I wish I could remember every game because that season was so memorable and unforgettable. Another reason because most of the games I didn't play much, which was in a way a waste because I would sit there for thirty minutes with my jersey never stinky or soaked with sweat, although it was always stinky like that to start out with.

But I for getting one thing straight, I remember the hardest most struggling games we had ever played. These of course will never be forgotten because it had a lot of value and effect in it that will be in us for years in our basketball lives to come. I remember I sat on the bench, tense with butterflies, looking at the game and then straight to the scoreboard every second I got a chance. There was not one game my mind was completely calm, washed away from all fears or doubts. And that was the truth. Two games to compare that were memorable, alike and different, but the most shocking and devastating.

John Early was who we had to play when we got back from Christmas break. We had been practicing hard between the Christmas holiday and all of the week after that except for New Years.

[redacted] knew it was going to be a tough one

b6 -3

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because it would have took time to bounce back to are regular basketball routine, mighty and strong. And partly because some people on my team had alot of pressure and axiety on theirselfs. They knew too that was them who were going to play the most and every move they would have made would be important or would possibly change the game. They messed up, it would be thier fault to take the blame, or at least they probably felt like that.

The school wasn't that far because it was only five or three minutes away. The thing I hated about that was it wasn't a long drive, which meant for me, I couldn't have enough time to stay clam, push away from my nervesness, and sculpt positive thoughts in my head without over freaking out. Long drives I liked better just because my mind would not go so crazy all out everywhere, pacing down the racing that I went through. And also what was convinient was I got the good time to move in some sleepy time. I can still remember [redacted] face when we rode up that hill, heading to John Early Middle School. I saw the fear in her eyes, legs shaking in some way.

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I could tell in my heart that [redacted] was hella nervous. Very nervous. I wanted to give words of encouragement, but I really didn't know what exactly to say. My jitter-booming nerves would have gotton things all tangled up. But I really wish I could go back to take that time and say something positive that would have changed

[redacted] mind, but theres a long line of things that I wish I had should have done and wished to say in the past. I don't like the way I am sometimes. Things I never said in general I always ended up regretting. I really wanted to make [redacted] feel better because I wanted to be there for her. As a team, we had walked through those urban doors chained in hate as we saw kids that looked at us in disgust, thinking and gossiping negative things, hoping we would have givin' an embarrassing loss. For I didn't look back because my little inner voice told me not to. They all knew who we were and they wanted to beat us so bad.

They thought the John Early girls were better than us Lady Comets. And they would have been called even beaster if they had got a chance to win over us. We were their biggest opponent. That was the biggest night of their life as well as for us and [redacted]. Of course the game wouldn't effect our record, but we had to win that one to break John Early's undefeated title. (It's not a real title, I just wanted it to sound professional like NCAA.) We would have been superbly victorious if we won strong and the John Early kids would be left in shame, downcasted by all there friends and family.

We wanted to do anything to beat them and they wanted to do anything to beat us. We were sort of like rivals. But the game itself was unbearable. I couldn't believe how many twists and turns happened throughout that crunch time of play. We would score, being ahead for a little, then not to

long after, they would come back and score, making us fall behind. It was like back and forth action like a little league soccer team. There was so much action and excitement, I couldn't even keep up. I can't give any blame to anyone, but the starters gave up too soon to move on. They just couldn't put enough effort to catch the game up. I had seen them doing things that were totally not like them. Didn't run the plays, didn't give the fierce, all-out Lady Comets defense like they should have done. They didn't even put down beast mode shots most of the time like striking and sparkling talent that layed inside [] and Sydney.

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The shot was licked in, but it fell short and turned out to be an airball. I think it had come to me that there was just too many things on thier mind and didn't take a deep breath, just relaxing. They would have done much steadier if they had just played like it was, but [] was on the sidelines

Frustrated and puzzled about their appearance of thier performance. His mind was probably asking "why are they playin' like this?" It was sorta his fault because he kept them out the whole time and didn't send any subs out, which means [] Sydney, [] and [] were all TIRED.

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Almost every one of them had thier hands over thier heads, leaning over to catch their breath. He knew they were running out of energy and I couldn't believe he didn't do anything. I guess he wanted to keep them out because they were the ones to make

something happen because they were so great and would keep the game the way it was, not falling down through the cracks, far from over. They made mistakes and then did legged things on the court too, but couldn't hang on a little longer cause they were so tired. And also because it was a very mental thing to deal with. Basketball when you look at it is a very mental sport. I still don't know why [redacted] did that. All of us were on the ends of a chair, leanded forward on the sidelines, and died to go out because we felt emotional for them, wanting to turn the game around. As for me, I really had a heart for them, especially [redacted]

She had looked fearful and discouraged throughout the long, striring, tiering battle of John Early. I wanted to do anything to take her place. To be honest, ALL of us wanted to take thier place to win so they would have been proud to have us like we have them. As much as the score stood close, are hope was not enough. We ended up losing by two desparate points, which led the whole team burst down in tears and full of madness. Are bitter chances of beaking John Earlys winning streak was unfortunate, for John Early still luckily stood unbeatable that night. Are hearts were troubled so and our minds were full of regret and negetivity.

Sadness had grown in all of are young, dear souls. Basketball souls, that is. As for our young, brave, talehted, bright, and superstar starters, they had their faces buried in thier jerseys and hate revealed, written all over their faces. Cluched teeth and balled up fists with the outcome making reality an undefinate.

defeat. [] got a chair and threw it across the floor in complete disbelief and suffering pain, like really pissed off. I reacted in the sadest way possible. Matter fact, I remember that time too. The place she was in, when she threw it, and even the expression. Everything. I never forgot that moment. I couldn't even bear to see the grieving look on [] face. We all wept together in that locker room, crying the tears of a hard and brutal loss. I really felt seriously mournful for them, but I didn't cry as much as I as I wanted to, showing caring compassion for them. I was crying on the inside, crying in my heart for them.

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But I wanted to cry with them nevertheless because I loved them like sisters. I hated seeing my teammates bent over in overwhelming sobbing. [] had slammed lockers with her eyes closed tight, while [] was left crying her eyes out in the shower. I even saw [] crying and she didn't even play. I guess she too felt really sorrowful for the starters and also [] Sydney. But not just the starters she was crying about, mainly the team because we lost as a team. Although Sydney did play an outstanding game.

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All of that I had seen and heard made me speechless in sadness and meclony. It made me wish I had done something if by any chance, inspirly amazing some would have won, but it was over when it was over and that was the game, exposed to our faces. [] [] looked at all of us, standing on the front side of the wall and told us "Stop crying. You did your best and

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I know it's a tough loss, but we got to move on and we have games to win." He also said he was very proud of all of us, for we have faced defeat, but will soon face victory. He stopped for a minute and told [] to step out of the shower, but she didn't do it. She just stood there straight at the wall, drenched in her tears, and had continued weeping. But [] didn't stop her or anyone else crying, for he went about his words of wisdom, getting our spirits back up and our minds set ready to be more aware of the next game. I turned around near to where [] was weeping, as I heard her sob constantly.

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I wanted so badly to get my butt up and cheer her up with her light, live-loving spirit. Even if it was only a few words, but words that would build her confidence back up, for she had the most confidence more than anyone on that team. I knew that inside because she was different. She probably even loved the game the most more than all of us combined. Who knows, she might have loved it more than I myself and I really had a heart for basketball at that time. After minutes and minutes of sobbing, we all set things straight. Got off our feet, dust off that dust off our jerseys, wiped the tears off our faces, and packed up are things, leaving in bravery, head high, standing tall of the hardship of outcomes.

We all formed together, heads in the huddle, and said words that brought each other up, bringing and crawling back to our

spirit swag. I still remember from that night, all of saying, "one, two, three Lady Cornets!" before we all left home from John Early, not from sourness of hate, but goodness of sportsmanship. When it came to mind through, I really didn't even think that John Early was that amazing anyways. We were far more astounding than them. Far, far better. They just thought they were some really ballin' kick-ass team that could blow any team at anytime, no matter what the teams size or the power of thier teamwork in succesful ways possible. Thier pride they only boasted to inlighten thier greedtness.

But no. All they had was tall, desent girls with little or no true dedication. When I come real about this, we just had made it look more or bigger than it really was. We didnt deserve to lose to those ghetto girls. What was worth for them anyway? Take home the trophy? Hell no! We had the potential and the athleticism that they didn't have. Real hearts with a real desire to win and go far to have been champions. Just sayin' that to be true. That game would have been ours. But yet there was another game not too long ago after that that should have been ours. This was yet the worst that we had ever encountered.

It took place on our very own court on that special night of home coming. And there, we had to face the biggest and most fiersome yet fearless team of girls' middle school basketball known to man, JFK. Or as all put in full words, the John F. Kennedy Lady Stars. They were the bigshots and hot in

the shots. All big and small in different shapes and sizes with a variety of colors that were masked and clothed in armor of leadership and passion with a burst of sensational power all revealed in blue and orange stars in their name of professional and financial uniforms. The other one-man big shot, who was [REDACTED] had truth and light in her eyes of basketball leadership, along with guidance just like [REDACTED] she didn't just [REDACTED] but also [REDACTED] in the summer. I don't exactly remember her name of this [REDACTED] legend, but what's that to matter about?

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She made them practice at school at six o'clock in the morning because she was dead serious about a successful team. I don't know how they managed to do that, but they impressively pulled out a tough schedule. Those girls you can tell by first impressions that they could struggle to get their butts out of bed at the crack of dawn/hours of daylight, meaning that they didn't play easy, nor the coach that they had. Just think of all the other things they had to do at night. Homework? Dance class maybe? Just take the time to think of the possibilities of those hardworkers. They must have been so strong and determined to win the City. Really wanted to win. After that, she made them practice again when school was done. How long they practiced was no uncertainty.

A hella long time because they have improved and had gotten better, more stronger, since we had played them at the beginning of the season. I was our first game when we had

matched off with them. They were sorta shaky like us, like a pinch competition, and didn't have much confidence or chemistry, which we already obtained of. They probably had to gain more knowledge as the season got more in depth. We didn't know much either since we only knew what we had known first and it was our first game. Really, you're always rusty when you start off the season because things haven't gotten in the groove yet or getting in intense competition. It was probably a mistake for them because they lost their first game, sure.

But as the weeks went by, as they played their games and us playing ours, they had shown dominate success in being an all-star team. They put in all that hard work in so little time, being more improved more than ever. That shows right there that that [redacted] put tough practices in and gotten their minds focused and die-hard players like they were meant to be in the deepest of all their hearts. I never knew what [redacted] did, but we had heard really virtuous things from them and that she and the girls were ready to play us. Really ready. She used to call [redacted] up on the phone saying, "Hey [redacted]? Are y'all gettin' better? Cause we are." "Oh yeah, we'll be ready, too." [redacted] would replay back.

My mind had positively sure that they would have brought their game hard and explosive. I knew because they had blown every team out with standing undefeated ever since their loss back in the

b6 -3
b7C -3

beginning of the season. Their only loss. But I had sure hoped that are Ladies would have the guts to face those talented, brutal super-stars in heart and mind to clash in victory. I knew that we were sure to win because we were unconditionally talented and strong of ways to fight for what we eagerly want. But the problem was that JFK was just the same. It was almost like two Lady Comets. They were at the same level we were at, just like us to resemble, but only different strives in heart, along with different colored jerseys.

We had worked our asses off all the month of January to get ready for the faceoff against the powerful Lady Stars of sparkle. We had to learn and work on brand new plays that JFK didn't know [redacted]

b6 -3
b7C -3

[redacted] formed plays of his own for us to learn. Why do this? Because they knew every single play of ours, so if we called out something like "over", they would know ahead of time and find a way to recover the ball back without no delay. They knew what we were communicating on the court. That's why we needed back-up plays to confuse them, being caught off guard, and still throw down points. Points, progression, pressing, and aggressiveness was all we needed to win that game right, seeing that light in a dark cave. It was all determination.

They knew all the plays like memory muscle cause [redacted] knew him from AAU and they also knew how his basketball strategy was. He knew them too because [redacted] knew all the great teams. ALL OF THEM.

b6 -3
b7C -3

63.

But of course, he was a great [redacted] and people don't forget people like [redacted]. I didn't know how it all was going to turn out, which scared me, but whatever happened, all I knew was that on January twenty-second, it was on. For real. As we had been warming up and such, I had been really nervous and worried. Not nervous about me, but [redacted] and all the rest of the starters. I prayed, and as I was praying for a glorious game for them, I wondered, "Man, I hope thier ready for this... I hope they just relax and not spaz out like last time." I worried over them twice the time I got nervous that day of homecoming which we should call are time to shine.

b6 -3
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We had a talk in the lockerrooms and stepped out to prepare and mold are minds in positive thinking. As I walked out, there that was in front of me was none other than the JFK Lady Stars entering the front gym doors. I froze in awe inspiration, seeing thier shiny warm-up uniforms, which were hella fine, and thier bright, bold attitudes. Players all and skinny to small and tiny were all in great measure of talent, well mentioning the seventh graders. Dressed in beautiful orange and blue with "JFK Stars" written and stitched fine on thier professional jackets. I could sense the heat of ambition as they found thier place in the locker rooms, smiling and giving a warm welcome.

JFK knew all of us, well not me because I was only a new player on the team that they were not familiar with. But [redacted] and Sydney knew

b6 -3
b7C -3

for sure, since they were the leaders and hard-ballers. They gave a big smile to the starters and the leaders of the team as they came in. As nice and friendly as they were, they sure weren't friendly when it came to basketball games. We were friends and foes at the same time, saying compliments, hangin' out, but then getting in beast mode / mad mode on the court. We did NOT like each other on the court. Are biggest competition was in the hands of [redacted] and the team. I remember sitting in those squeaky, beat up black chairs, seeing and observing the massive amount of people everywhere around the perimeter of the gym. Sitting in bleachers, leaning on the bars above the bleachers, and other people standing near the front doors observing, watching carefully.

b6 -3
b7c -3

Homecoming that year was the biggest one we had. Who wouldn't want to see two of the greatest teams in the city go head to head of brawl mortal, aggressive competition? Everyone was there because everyone knew it was going to be a close game the whole time. The whole gym was covered and filled with people of all kinds. There must have been over a hundred people that watched us that night. Probably so many people that some had to stand up the entire game. I didn't think that many people could have showed up just to see a homecoming game. Guess that shows that we were a really exciting team to see play since we held a better record than the boys. But again, it wasn't just any game.

It was a kick-ass Lady Comets

vs. JFK game. On-going action nonstop that would have made your eyebrows stay wide open the whole time without a blink. A great game was about to be held. Many, many JFK fans and family were thier like half the gym. Dang, it almost looked like THEIR home coming. They were all ret' to go with thier fancy pom-poms and everything. Showed thier clothing pride and spirit pride, too. The team wasn't the only ones who were ready. The fans that were so dedicated to the Lady Stars were almost more ready than them. Getting out thier camras, waiting to scream and shake those pom-poms like shaking leaves off a bush.

It was hard to tell; if there were more of them than there were of us. That meant not only competition on the court, the stands as well. A swear there was one dude that was hella nerve-racking and hilarious. He was probably [redacted] of the all-star player on the Stars, but anyway, he would blurt out the most annoying sounds you would have ever heard. Whenever the girls on JFK did something CP3 bad or get a point, he would shout out "OHHH, BAABY!!!" And when a team would ever make a mistake or loose pogrression of the ball, there he goes blurting out of nowhere, "OHHHH NOOOO!!" I would look around to ask myself, "Are these people hearing this?!" And some face like "what the hell?!" He said his slogan shoutout that was so, so loud and everyone would laugh because it was funny, but then about half the people said, "God! Shut the hell up!" His mouth blurted out everywhere, "BO! BO! BO! BO!"

He did it everytime JFK

b6 -3
b7c -3

scored EVERY TIME. It got really annoying after a while and I thought I seriously wanted to stuff a sock in his mouth if he did it one more time. Even though there was rather loud and inscusiating fans from JFK, we had kids from school on the other side that filled up completley, plus thier parents, cousins, thier friends cousins or whatever. One dude we called [redacted] had a camrea recording that game. Just people had cameras everywhere, feverish faces ready to scream thier heads off when we faced off for the tip. The crowd was already hype and cheering for them (Our team.) I bet [redacted] was really happy to see are Lady Comets play.

b6 -3
b7C -3

She thought that they were incredible in a way that got her spirit excited to cheer exsesivly. She thought [redacted] was very talented, as well as for Sydney. she told me after a game that they knew how to lead a team. I agreed with a intimously huge smile on my face. I think one of my eyes had a lil sparkle when [redacted] said aknowlegments bout my teammates. I would have probably smiled even bigger if she said they were loving, caring teammates because I knew it was true, and my heart antysipated that. So look, heres the thing. I'm not a comentator on ESPN casting every little bit of what happenies in games. I won't tell you every shot and every moment because like I said, this almost happened three years ago, so I don't remember everything like it just happened a month ago.

b6 -3
b7C -3

I remember this memory, of coarse, but not a re port of what happened in

that show of thirty minutes. But I tell you the part that I remember the most and will never forget for years to come, for it never fades in my head. The unforgettable memories I have stored in my heart are always crystal clear, not letting one cloud of foginess in. It was the last few minutes of the game and we were only a teeny bit of points behind. The crowd was insane and the close match-up of a desperate few little points had all of are butts hanging on the edge of our seats. My legs were rickfully bouncing while my eyes were glued to that score, shakenly said "C'mon y'all, you can do it. We're not that far behind." JFK thought they had it and was gaining strong hopes while are starters were starting to give up.

More and more mistakes they had piled up and JFK got more and more fortunate as time were at its near end. They pushed and pulled, trying not to give the game away, but something very bad happened that lead the game in a big dissapointment. Time had gotten thinner and thinner, and as it was narrowed down to two minutes that remained. [redacted] and [redacted]

b6 -3
b7c -3

[redacted] all started to have mental breakdowns. Dreadified they were, terrified and superbuly under alot of pressure. They thought it was over, so when that came to thier minds not to try anymore, they all started crying in upsetting soon defeat for they thought they were already defeated.

But they still had time enough to have caught up and probobly would have won by a close shave, leaving the

JFK stars in the biggest losing night of thier life. For us, we would have made the most gynomous outcome in Lady Comets history, not only have beaten the Stars, but played a tremendous game as well with the crowd in happiness and glee for the Lady Comets, fortunate to have us as thier proud school team. As for the score ended up in complete misery, we ended up losing by ten points. That buzzer had made its calling, for JFK was jumping and the fans were yelling in roaring excitement. All of are people were shocked, as well as for the rest of our team, sitting there with are hands weavring frustrativly through are hair.

All the kids at school were up there in disbelief, confusion, and utter amazement that we had been brutally defeated by a hair in so much time. Or little time to the players that had played thier hearts out [redacted] as when I saw her, left in fiery and blazing tears of maddness. [redacted] almost threw a fit as I had seen her teeth cluched so tight, the lines were going though her eyes as she squeezed them, wrinkles on her forehead as the word "defeat" had flashed before her eyes. [redacted] and Sydney for as flumed as they were (for that was the by far biggest night of thier lives.) sobbed explosily, eyes red in complete dreadury. I saw them all coming off court, kicking and fighting words of fiery ated hate.

b6 -3
b7C -3

As for they didn't want to shake hands, nor exposed in shame in front of many people, left and stormed into the lockers, as for they did say "good game" to the

winning team. Thier sportsmanship was always fair beyond compare, no matter what the team or how horrible the situation. The game itself was far more serious and complicated than the fight with John Early. Far worse pressure, let-down, fear, disdirection, and defeat with difficult obsticals you can barly imagine from that devastatino heart-twisting outcome.

The wonderful [redacted] Sydney [redacted] and [redacted] were the glumest people on earth you would have ever seen. They cried and cried, buried heads and depressed faces that made me felt more sorry than ever, that left me tears deep within my heart that made me speechless in hurts hidden. The locker room was overflowed with broken dreams and broken hearts, having no hope to recover.

b6 -3
b7C -3

[redacted] cried the worst of all, crying a river of tearfull utterflow. Sydney, that also cried a river, thinking that you might have believed that no more tears will come out ever again because she used them all up for a lifetime.

b6 -3
b7C -3

"Stop crying [redacted] demanded, for she didn't obey or listen once again. She sobbed a flood like a little kid that lost his puppy forever. She and the team lost yet another blinding loss. We had lost as a team, for we had won as a team in those past games. I urge out of the breathing bows of my soul to have been there for them, giving them comfort saying, "Hey, its going to be okay." But as shy as I was, I did not have any knowing of how to react or respond, which made my action silent.

I still can look back at that moment, hating myself deeply for not doing anything once again. For they had treated me a real special like thier hearts were a chimson rose. I was a

sinner and a idiot not giving back those kind offers. Everything that I want to say now and do now are far too late for. I find that the greiviest thing in my poor heart and soul. I want to give so much of what I feel has been taken away from me. When you think about it, basketball itself is a very mental sport. Everything you achive to do between now and the future all starts with the mind. You think negetivly, you'll end up in a very bad spot with the way you play and they way you call yourself. Saying to yourself your not agile enough or "I'm a failure" or "I'm a loser" effects and changes everything.

Changes the way you feel about yourself and how you can build yourself up rather than your teammates doing it all for you. Thinking positively makes you have high self-esteem and believing in yourself beyond the highest of highs and the lowest of lows in in any situation game you face. Whether its winning by a landslide or losing by a million miles, you think positive, you wouldn't believe how well it will appear to come out. Otherwise, you don't have positive thoughts, you won't have a positive outcome in things. Likely consequences or situations you never thought you'd get a whad into. You'd be in a tangled up mess.

Just like we lost to JFK because [redacted] or Sydney didn't think positively mental. See what happens when you think mentally negetive? BAD THINGS HAPPEN And especially to you as well. I think what happened was that when I look at [redacted] I noticed that see had always been under a buft-load of pressure,

b6 -3
b7C -3

speaking of which [] was on her about playing extremely well at the time without messing up. [] played basketball when he was young, but since he retired and could no longer compete or play, he gave [] to try and do the same greatness like he did. He didn't want [] to mess up because he expected her to be just like him and [] losing the point of having fun. If [] try and get you to imitate thier past and become a reliving moment, expecting you not to fail, it puts ALOT of pressure on you. You'd be left peeing in your pants if they were watching you do it, seeing your accomplishments and mistakes at all times, not taking thier eyes off you.

b6 -3
b7C -3

I guess that's why [] was so much more nervous than me at the games. She was afraid if she failed [] he'd get steamed & upset letting him down. That's why she tried her hardest every game to make herself look ace as well as []. She wanted [] to be proud of her I guess. And of course, you want [] to be proud of you, whatever your doing. But when it came to [] and basketball, I knew in my heart that she loved it, but something got her in the way. I couldn't really tell then, but [] was probably the pressure point. He wanted to relieve the dreams by letting [] do it because he couldn't go back to it anymore.

b6 -3
b7C -3

When you look at [] a little differently, she loves basketball too, but [] don't pressure and probably support her for that and are happy she is gleed up for what she loves doing. [] didn't have the tension from someone over authority breathing down on you to be called a champion.

b6 -3
b7C -3

With [] you could see how much effort and time they work hard to put into practices. And you can also tell by who is having more fun and enjoying it [] always enjoyed it to my observation that I made. And [] I saw it too, but I'm sure [] didn't love it to my guess even though she wasn't forced to do any sport like basketball, just didn't have a sturdy enough positive mental ability. I now know that she probably just went out for the team because her friends wanted to go out. But [] and [] alike were both very athletic having the ability to do any sport. They had the potential, with a interest contrast. So to this: if you want to do something that calls you, like basketball, you gotta love it and want it. Love it more than anything.

b6 -3
b7C -3

PRECIOUS MEMORIES
THAT LIED WITHIN THE COURT



73.

Like I said probably many times before in all these chapters and crap throughout this book or journal or whatever. I loved that team. It's not like everyday sayings like "I LOVE shoes" or "I LOVE my i-pod." We say those things at least a few times in our life and don't even care or notice. When I say "I love that team," I say it from the bottomless pit of my heart with every tear and tear buried inside. I say it like it meant something. And deep down, it still does today after two or three years. Meaning something important and I mean it that in every heart beat it doesn't ever weaken. For I have a great love for the Comets, I also loved and still love [redacted] dearly and the memories that have been born from him and the loyal members of my team who deserve the upmost respect.

b6 -3
b7C -3

The memories that I have always cherished safely and sweetly secured in my heart were these: I remember when [redacted] used to give out flyers at the end or before practice. We all sat on the bleachers nearest to the two front doors of the gym exit, listening to what [redacted] was saying. And what he said was important, making perfect sense everytime we did that moment of guidance. Listening, learning, and then doing. He thought as things that had life-learning lessons in them. (or in the flyers) One paper he gave out one day was the story of David and Goliath, which was in the Bible. I'm not fully clear on what the paper said in order or exact words because I don't have it still.

But he read the story using eye contact and hand motions that made us pay attention, trying to get a grasp on what that story meant in everyday battles of life and how to face them by using God's perseverance. At least I tried to figure the point why he was doing that preaching thing using God's stories and relating them to are daily lives, knowing how to conquere them. Probobly cause we needed some preachin' in are lives, like positive outlooks. He spoke the word of God to all of as in a positive way. David and Golieth was an analogy you see. When David got a sling shot and threw the rock straight at Golieths head, he didn't care how big he was because he knew he was stronger than him when it came to heart.

He was brave and did it through God's strength, meaning that no matter how masacur they appear to be, you don't give up just because your puny and thier a thousand feel tall. You face the biggest of opponents by beliering in yourself even though no one else does, so don't worry about that. Even though no one believed David could knock down the devilous Golieth, he ignored what the people said, criticizing how small he was, unable to do anything big. You can be small, too if you have the heart as colossal as your size.

I learned that from a Vegetales movie when I was young. Jr. was the baby asparagus (who played as David) and some giant pickle played the role of the daring Golieth. I loved Vegetales by the way because it was really persuasive to be good in bad problems your in, going to God for help and was creative as well. I thought

the fact of vegies talking was genius. I was a hefty fan and had stacks and stacks of video cassettes of episodes of Vegetables. I now sort of regret giving them all away since I thought I was too old for them when I got older. When Jr. was up on that hill about to face Golieth, he sang a song that was really cool and catchy. It made you want to sing along or something. If you've seen it to in your childhood, you probably know what I'm saying. I think it was called "Little guys can do big things, too." or something else like that. Man, it was so long ago since I saw that episode about perseverance. My childhood is in a blur right now.

Anyway, back to what I'm really saying... (Oh Lord I was sorta off topic) When your bitty in appearance, your not exactly bitty in heart, like David when everyone saw Golieth fall and everyone cheered in admiration, taking back the doubts of him impossible to receive victory. All the little peas that were doubtful of David were happy for him because Golieth crashed and burned in defeat. He did it through saying "I know hes not that vast of what some people think. I can take him." He was strong on the inside although not as bulky on the outside. Massive with the body armor of Christ, Don't ever judge someone by how they look. You might be fooled by the outcomes they can do.

The point is, no matter what the enormity you are, you can do anything through believing in your self, no matter what the haters say to trip and slip off your path, pushing your confidence down. The opponent might look

mean or vigorous but you can be tougher by not being afraid. When we had to face teams in games ahead, we had to be Davids and knock down our rivals with bravery and desire of not giving up. He used that David and Goliath analogy for a reason and for a purpose. We could not be wimps, hiding back trembled in our shells of fear and throw in the towel before the game would end. We had to be durable and mighty just like David, through God's strength that he'd give us. I thought it was really cool how [] used the Bible as an example to relate to us and how we would deal with things in tough games. I really regret not keeping that flyer because that was the one and only one that had a Bible story in it.

b6 -3
b7C -3

I'm a Christian so I really liked hearing that from [] even though I heard it many times before in Sunday school. It actually stood out to me how to be solid in games when I got petrified out of my pants, startled of people bigger than I. I was little, and still little, but not little anymore when it came to bravery. Other than life-lessons that [] made us learn from, he gave us hand-outs on people to watch out for team wise. He made us learn about the tricky teams ahead of time to know their power strengths and weaknesses. Trust me, he knew almost every team and every player on that team. He KNEW players habits in basketball.

He had on the paper the players name, number, and hints to solving the case, finding out what their way of shooting was and the way they played to score points. I mean the man had it goin'

on like a secret agent spy. He told us what those players did their arrangement and style on the court, then showing us positions on how to think ahead of the player we had to guard them in the game. [] showed us also how we used defense and offense and how to know what they going to do in the game. He displayed then the other teams offense and defence by using some of the last string people like me and [], marking the standpoints. It was like a ball wizard when he told us these things because it helped us know how to keep ourselves out of danger when it came to a rough spot in those games, knowing the numbers of the girls jerseys.

b6 -3
b7C -3

We would recognize that person saying "Ohh, that girl is dangerous. I need to keep an eye on her." Focusing more on the players really was a great advantage than not being quite sure on how certain teams would bring the game on, confusing, stout, hard, or brutally resistant. It was always authorifying to know how the game would have looked like ahead of time. There was one practice that I remember more than all the practices when it came to [] and his beautiful sayings on a piece of paper, out of all the hand-outs, this one was the best, and the smallest. (It wasn't a handout, but a strip, sorta like the fortune cookies notes.) He made it so fascinating and utterly inspiringly mindful that it used to be up on my front door to this day of my room. He gave them out to us as we passed them around.

b6 -3
b7C -3

The strip said something about yourself and how to make your part better in what you do.

To this, it was very sport related and self-built. It was this: (This is the REAL thing...)

**BLEST BE THE TIE THAT BINDS
OUR HEARTS IN BASKETBALL" ...**
Are you doing your part to strengthen
the tie that binds? ...

It first came to mind that we needed to step up our game with steadfast, eager hearts and minds in basketball. The other thing was that we could not give any excuses and backdowns. We had to give our all, which made sense because the season was narrowing down to our last few games, meaning not turning back and only moving ahead to finish it. He gave that message out to us at the right, most perfect time after we had the broadest, maddest scrimmage, facing each other in battle like it was really that play-off game. Scoreboard in session, team colors, and real fouls with set up plays along with that. We were so contemplative + monkey-raging that we actually got mad at each other, foul-ing and yelling, pissing each other off with our aggressive, beast mode actions of trying to get the ball.

But we used it as preparing ourselves with focused minds, knowing you had your part nailed down. From that, we had to build ourselves up like legos, for building up in how we played in basketball because the District was no joke and [] was dead deliberate. The

Districts were like NCAA playoffs. COMPETITIVE. He as a [redacted] honestly wanted to win more than us because he was the person that had a true heart in basketball that made us have the hearts, too. With his fortune on that team, he had to guide us with his perceptive presence and a role model to the winning championship that tied the birds in his part. He loved what he did. [redacted]

b6 -3
b7C -3

[redacted] The last thing we recieved that night - that related to that mind-gaining messege was betite, little, yellow pipecleaners that we had to wrap around our basketball shoes strings. Softly and sturdley I tied tight on mine as I felt that I had to do way more than just standing on the sidelines in practice, I had to sub more and play more, emboudering my tie that binded around my shoe.

He gave us the insight on saying that we had to keep are game up tight and not loose or falling apart like some of us used to do, as shown with the pipecleaners. We could not loose up or ungrasp our game as for loosen our yellow ties on our shoes. Man, I dont know how he did it, but the way he put all those things together to form amazing outcomes was in the marvelous mind of the Lord himself. All the things he showed to us and taught us when it came to knowing basketball is still remembered in my memory. I can never forget all that time he put into those practices to make his life stand-out and acheivmentable.

He managed to [redacted] afterward. Worked in communication and relationship with us being the most just man he

b6 -3
b7C -3

could be to the Lord who gave him such great opportunities. He knew by heart that the Lady Comets was no waste. A sensational dream team he thought was us, using the most peerless feasible time more important than anything to see the light in our futures. I still thank God every day for putting him in my life, or was a time in my life. Without him, as I've might probably said before, we wouldn't have been as unified, tight, or as close together. I thank him for that. His talents of putting together strong teams affects me in a way I cannot relate to anything better. Everything he knew I tried my choicest to learn from. But [redacted] wasn't the only person I learned from. I also learned from my dear teammates who mentored me and showed me what and what not to do in all basics and hardships of basketball.

b6 -3
b7C -3

The starters especially were like teachers because of the superlative abilities they had of being athletes ~~premier~~ showing me how to do this or that without nerves or thinking too stiff. They were all basketball-compatible and learned swiftly from [redacted] being able to work compacted, then playing packed in the games. If they really taught me basketball the right way how to play, I'm sure [redacted] or Sydney would have been primo future coaches in the later years of thier life like coaching a NCAA team, or mabe even a WNBA team, little league team, anything. Whatever the level in basketball terms, thier teaching was talented and inspiring besides thier playing affirmities.

b6 -3
b7C -3

[redacted] put them out there to let players like me learn from the experts in a uplifting and encouraging way. He gave

them the responsibility to take care of us little seventh graders without [] doing all the work. They watched over us like big kids or big sisters more likely. Not once did they try to tear me down like the rookie. I once was but built us up with a high-five or pat on the back, showed me that they wanted us to be deluxe and cared for me like a honest friend and a compassionate, helping teammate. The words that they said to me changed my mind about worrying how I was going to do and brought me into believing in myself. I knew they believed in me, for I had believed in them just as much. Not only that, I loved them more than anything because they were teammates sent from God himself, and therefore I was blessed that I had some super special and loving teammates, probably the best ones you could have ever found in the whole world or the entire universe full. [] taught them to be the best and therefore were the best. Showed a precious example to make us strive to do the same when they would leave, making us who had to guide and lead the new seventh graders.

b6 -3
b7C -3

They never failed me nor the team because they probably wanted to show thierselfs worthy and proved all the teams how they loved the game, showing that they loved each other like sisters, too. How unique and how different that team was. Teammates that had stood with me at that time were unexplainable. I don't know how they loved like that, smiling at me and lifting me up in the games that I did good, praised me in how I made that shot or how I jukeed other opponents in the dust. Thier praise in the little things I did made me feel like I was somebody and that

I was a part of them, like felt loved. When I was loved by them, I felt like I was loved by a family with first ever big sisters who never left my side. I never, EVER experienced something that dear and moving. And when you feel in your heart that people in your life are like that, it gives you the joyful energy and passionate, kind heart to do as much for them as they do for you. That's how I felt when I looked at the older kids who you can easily look up to without a doubt, they won't think wrong of you. But I know I really pull myself down for not giving much. They gave me too much, for my heart clutches in pain. Excepted me even though I was a white kid, worked with me, took a little time to know me, and gave me the love and support that I needed. I did not deserve to get attention like that. They were the friends I never had.

Gave me nicknames, pushed me farther out of my comfort zone, laughed with me when I said something stupid, if I ever wanted to hold thier hand in the prayer before a game, they would have let me, if I ever wanted a hug, they would have hugged me, if I ever felt by any chance that I had to cry, they would have cried with me, and if I was just being myself, they'd appreciate and accept me for who I was yet still loving me. They were that dear. It can't get denser any farther than that. I just can't explain what they were like because its just unexplainable. I can't bring the right words out in a way that stands out or makes sence. I gets to me like nothing has ever broken.

My heart just can't bring out those feelings because it was so way back, but how could I ever forget everything they did for me. The memories are there, but sorta

faded like a fog of oblivion, mixed in with different thoughts. Its like finding something you lost and don't remember where you last put it, then trying to retrace my steps. I can't retrace my heart to find cherished memories that lie deep within my soul. I can only swim for my knowledge that I got right now. The memories are only so deep that I might not have enough time to swim back up. I wouldn't bear to breath any longer, drowning in a heartbeat. It resembles to a heavy bucket of tears, too great to lift up or carry, for which brings amounts of persistence, just like too much to remember or not forget. This before me lays a sorry burden that pushes me down like I can't bring myself up, as compelled to try. I find them or found them in my heart where there was light that reminded me of them, like I'm on the pathway to home. Ahh... home. They were my home.

Everything warm like the nice, embracefull sun, the cool breeze of relief as the stress, which are dark clouds of clashing lighting and thunder, and the rebirth of the season of "Love at first sight." Whenever they come to my searching mind, I find dear, and the love is as deep as it gets. That's just how I feel, or have felt in a long time. But the crystal clear memories that remind me the most hit me straight in the spot were its vulnerable, which is my soft weak spot: my heart. When it came to nicknames I had [redacted] called me my very first official nickname: White-Out. She was actually the first person who ever gave me a nickname on one of the very first practices. "Hey, how bout' I call you white-out?" she asked, as a smile grew on her face. "OK." I answered, giving a laugh. I didn't think

b6 -3
b7c -3

it was racist, for as racist as it might have sounded to other people at school. They really didn't understand that they didn't mean it like they were really offending me, just doing it to be family-friendly. People didn't know we were a family like that. They probably didn't even get why I would be called such a name. And yes, I was named after a correction fluid. [redacted] thought it was cute because she knew I was the only white girl. [redacted] probably gave me that nickname because she possibly liked me and wanted me to be recognised by all of them so they would be more familiar with me more than just Audrey. Something not much more important that I knew I was already on something special. [redacted] who I felt was the most sister-like on the team, called me by the name "Gurlie."

b6 -3
b7C -3

Not because I was really girly personality wise or dress wise, just called me that to show that they liked me, or make me look like one of her, like I was her own. [redacted] smile made me smile even bigger. Her smile was almost as large as her face sometimes, showing all her teeth. "Hey gurlie!", outstretched arms quickly as she waited for me to come and hug her. Her eyes shined with light, as for [redacted] Sydney, smiled just the same, they were the dearest and first [redacted] I have ever met, and for real I'm telling the truth, too. No lies about that because there probably wasn't any [redacted] of any other more dear than they were. I felt blessed that they were in my life.

b6 -3
b7C -3

That name "gurlie" was treasuring, besides that fact that it's just a nickname to you, as regular as it sounds, but whenever I heard or hear it come

out of [] mouth, it means so much like it matters. Like it was meant to be to call me that because she would have been a true, real big-sister just the way she did dear things like a sister. It meant a bunch and then some hearing it from her. It really did. Probably because I never had a big-sister before in my life, which I used to wish and pray for, but then didn't have to [] who I had been inspired by when I saw her shoot in the sixth grade, who brought my basketball passion back to life by one shot and changed my mind about giving in, adrenalinized to go out for the team the next year. Her ability and her form of shooting, style of perfect perfection on offense as well as defense, sparked my eyes and opened them wide to be just like that. And of course I know I didn't know her then, but when I saw inspiration at that time, I'd go after it so quick like an eagle flying straight down to catch my pray. My pray of destiny.

b6 -3
b7C -3

I self-built a strengthening mind to try out a goal, and I made it, half because of enlightening I could do it and half of it because of [] she called me her buddy because she knew I looked up to her as the season went by. Speaking of which [] said to all of us that I had looked up to her in the locker room after a game. I remember that very moment when she looked straight at me after [] made his point. I looked with a quick glance and then my eyes sloped straight down. I felt the emotions of tears that I had formed. I buried my face in a curled up ball, arms folded around my legs as I peaked my weiry, little red eyes like a little owl to see if she still looked. I started crying.

b6 -3
b7C -3

I didn't think [] believed

It: "How did he know that?" I said to myself, "Does he know something that I thought he never knew about?" I literally went confused because to my remarks that [redacted] was like a mind-fortune genie reader. He didn't even show up at a day-to-day school basis ever in his life and there he was, telling everybody that I used to say hi to [redacted] in the hallway. The man knew too much. Too much about basketball, your grades, and how your acting in school, with other things you would have never thought he knew. He knew people and as in people, he knew us. The very first insight he sees in a person, he can tell who you are and what fit points and disabilities of sort you have. He'd know all of it. He had observed me and knew I was autistic, had a shy side, and knew who I adored and looked up to. He gave [redacted] to me.

b6 -3
b7C -3

He saw me and [redacted] and how a buddy system was connected. He gave [redacted] the opportunity to look out for me as well as for my back covered. He had light through the eyes to see to give what I needed and that was two things: Being basketball-consistent & being with a family. And he gave that, for I was delighted & fortunate [redacted] in his presence and the fulfilling presence of my teammates. When it comes over to [redacted] she really didn't know why I looked up to her for whatever reason. The first clue is probably that she might have thought I looked up to her by her ability in mastering the court, but it had to be something else more than that. She asked me when we were warming up why I looked up to her.

b6 -3
b7C -3

I can't remember what I really said, but it was something like "You're a really true person," or "You've been

really friendly to me and it's left me in admiration, something similar like that in nature. Mainly because she was friend-excepting and she took the time to be a good buddy to me, guiding me in practice and encouraging me. I remember seeing a quick smile on her face, big and full of braces like me. She immediately her outstretched arms toward me. She probably felt good because she never heard something like that from anybody before. "Awww," she said, "Good job, buddy!" I remember her saying on the court. All the things she knew in ball-handling and defense led her to where she taught me them and got me to do the things in perspective, better, more accurate, and improvingly fast. [redacted] was fast without a doubt. She had gorilla power in her legs that soared her past speedy opponents as well for her own teammates in practice.

It was a very prestigious advantage for quick footwork that [redacted] had, for she was short like I was. We were both about the same height. But nevertheless, I admired her speed. I was wowed away in practices as I saw her play the plays. I wanted to learn how she played her game right so I could have done the same. I probably tried to, making it be more difficult, but I really focused on [redacted] somehow being proud of me that I was actually learning from her. I sorta could feel that we both related of the struggle to stay positive. But she still worked at it and was successful well off with a [redacted] role model to show her right from wrong, like to act right. And therefore [redacted] respected that. I respected [redacted] She probably would have done

b6 -3
b7C -3

anything for him as well as for everyone else who felt that way, too. The way he did everything a team would desire and desperately dream to have. Telled at us, but still loved as dearly. Panished us, but still loved us dearly. Cussed at us when we had our glum days, huddling at the timeouts in games but still LOVED us. When your loved by a good-natured [redacted] that has that anticipation of undeniable influences, your mind and heart changes you because he is positive without any negativity. None of it. So how can you be negative when your always surrounded by positive impact? He gives you his heart of love to love others as for teammates.

b6 -3
b7C -3

Sounds like God doesn't it? But [redacted] [redacted] had a Christ-like example that filled all are hearts with a light and unnaked, consuming-infested darkness that there was nothing of. With a unmitigated influence and creates positive actions, for we all did so on the court. And [redacted] did her part. Had my back when there was that time in need and lessoned me everything I needed to know. I thank [redacted] for putting me out there as a friend, always giving me a smile to let me know she was always there for me. I had no doubt in [redacted] for she might not have had one tiny-spaced doubt in me [redacted] I just want to say now that you did a exceptional job being a buddy to me. I'll never forget what you did, and just to remind you in case you forgot, I appreciate the freindship you put towards me. It moves me still and I hope you remember as much as I remember. You were a life-changer.

b6 -3
b7C -3

When it comes back to nicknames, or that is, one last nickname that I loved being called by. The

one that stood out the most to me and grabs me by the heart that I have treasured deeply in the center sincerity of sensitivity, for it is one of the dearest. Dre-Dre, or as you may probably notice the name Audrey, you can plainly tell by the pronunciation. Au-(dre) as then put together: Dre-Dre or Dre. So was I called by that from all of them? Not exactly. Only one person came up with that name and give it to me as rightfully mine, called me by how they wanted to call me to feel comfortable [redacted] the player-born, basketball brave, kind hearted, fun-loving kid who was loved by everyone [redacted] funny, silly sense of humor paid attention to everybody's calling and was the person of the bunch who exposed out the most. Most unique name she gave that defines me.

b6 -3
b7C -3

She was a real leader, different from other personalities and was always assured without any sense of a doubt. Outgoing and a bit playish when practices came too fast for her, loved the game more than the subs, more than the starters of her own kind, and loved it more than me, for she did ~~unevident~~ things than I did. She probably wanted to be a NCAA well-known kick-ass player at the top of the charts when she'd grow up. People nationwide would die to see her as a talented kid in the pros. Like a future Maya Moore or something jumbo like that. To tell the truth, she is the next Maya Moore, playing for the Connecticut Lady Huskies. Some of us would have admitted that we sure would probably not turn out like basketball stars or even get up to the level of potential to get up there.

Only [redacted] would have done that because she had a abstract perspective about the game which was

b6 -3
b7C -3

no selfishness and tried hard in every minute of game. No glory she ever put on herself, but put it on us who were just as talented as her. She screamed in excitement for me when I did something good in times where it was my moment. All for yourself was not the way I saw [] A smile in the game which brought life to the Lady Comets and had a love for her teammates. I remember the murky, blue days I had, but then [] always came around and lifted me up, bringing me back up to my feet again. She usually gave me a fist-bump or a hug saying "You alright, Dre?" while giving me a pat on the head. Just the grave, supporting things she did made them seem so much to me. I really mattered that one or the vital players on the team had a beloved sympathy for me. Her kindness and gentleness was a blanket of warmth.

b6 -3
b7C -3

Being loved like that changed my life. I loved learning from [] for she was the center/guard like I was, just didn't have the great factor. She was tall, making it a crucial advantage setting up the players and controlling the game in how she and [] wanted it to be done. But she wasn't much taller than Sydney was. Sydney was at the height of [] [] shot some amazing, blind-blowing threes like there was nothin to it. There were times she shot with too much strength, making the ball fly past the goal. They were all esteemed, accurate shots, just didn't go in. Making threes to her was like flipin pancakes because of her inspiring power. Her jumping back stance was went all Diggen's and her heart showed that, as for she did a jiggy dance to it.

b6 -3
b7C -3

Her long legs did superb for guarding and as well as for juking. [] was well known for

b6 -3
b7C -3

joking because she did it successfully well all the time, making her stand out. She was the all time joking queen. She would blow three or four players out all at the same time and still make the lay-up, even if there were too many people on her. People always got hot at her because she was so boss and that she made it look so royal, making the rest look like pigeonpoo. Sometimes in some situations really bad to where I laugh at the outcome. When it came to anything impossible [] would find a wise-cracking way to where it would still go in. Although, she wasn't perfect because she didn't make every single shot, but she was fundamentally good with that.

But the most important thing that [] had out of all the other great things she did profound at was being an unbelievable person. Most wonderful you would have ever found in someone when it came to her. Whenever anyone did beast things on the court, she used to yell out, "Woooo!" with her lip out to the far right side. It was hilarious how she did it because it looked so animated and amusing. [] funny, silly expression was shown when she thought that something was suprizingly unexpected to her whether it was a starter, a sub, even me. Especially me. I rarely did any impressing moves since I was rarely on the court. I was new, young, and amature as they have all seen in me.

But when you have begginer skills and you do something cool like Candace Parker would do, people would look at you with thier eyeballs out, thinking how the hell you did that. I guess you just do it without trying, not realizing that

b6 -3
b7c -3

you had inner, killer, beast skills. You'd be more surprised yourself. "Man, how the hell did I do THAT?" thinking with a shug. I'm very sure if [] and then saw me reject someone like Sydney who was twice as tall as me or faster or stronger, slamming the ball with a loud smack of insanity and force, she would have gone crazy. That face would have changed in a snap, mouth open with her eyebrows pushed up. But really, if there were games that I have ever made a rejection to a surprise like the little, weak last stringer like me, the whole team would have lost themselves. Cheering, smiling, and jumping like jackrabbits and wild monkeys. Those sidelines would have been hype in a quick minute, hittin' and pushin' each other around, completely losing themselves.

b6 -3
b7C -3

It could have gotten more astounding cause the third string kids didn't normally do that. I know in my heart certain that they would have done that for the sake of being pure teammates, knowing that I was the unpredictable White-out, since I was the rare only white kid. And if you knew me on the team, don't dare to judge me by the cover. (Never mess with White out.) So to rap this up as I end, all the teammates that I have brought up and respectfully have reminded with all the thought and heart all had one thing in common together. They were all DEAR [] Sydney [] and yes you [] just all of them, or at least to my sadness, most of them. They were the face of basketball to a dream team.

b6 -3
b7C -3

Sweet to say that they were the only people in my life at the time who were the most caring, sweetest, and loving all at once and directedful me now in life to

love other people, enemies as well as friends most important-ly. I looked up to them for whom they were and what they dedicated I try to show it more now than I did then because now it hits me the most after times passing. It has grown on me like a beautiful flower of life and has been sculpted fully in my heart. For my heart has told me over and over that I felt loved, drawing me forward to what love felt like. Love by being motivated in spirits of sports and friendship, which is a big deal in everyones life. Well, my life that was with the Lady Comets was precious. On the court and off the court as well, making a connection that I thought was never going to be divided or broken. Cause it was the only precious thing.

And if you really want to get a closer look to be proved how precious it was, you should see what's on my wall, right next to my bed side. This team not only moved my b-ball life, but life overall to where my life was the most meaning full. And it changed my life forever. Something I could have never would have obtained myself.

On the colors of black and white,
 seem to make me sleep tonight...
 You gave this freindship,
 You gave this memory.

TEN THINGS I'LL
NEVER FORGET ABOUT THE LADY COMETS



94

Im going to make this real simple and real for ya. The memories that lie in my own troubled heart are awakened and fresh in my brain that have lived inside for years, aside all the pain and confusion I've gone through afterwards, I still hang on tight by a thin thread of not letting go. Three years released to me, but never forgotten, dead, smeered, or shaken. The fresh air or the fresh fruit you smell in the store of Publix are similar to the freshness of my long saked memories, that never leave me in terms of other things that have left me. I open a door to my feelings as for sharing them to all who might read this. Ten things I'm only saying, not more than ten, not less than ten. It's just right because it's not too much or too less. Here are the sticky sensations of memories that I remember and awake from in the morning almost every-day since and every single night before I fell asleep.:

1. I'll never forget when you taught me how to shoot a freethrow and watched me do it right even though I've failed many times before. And whenever it went it, you lifted me up by encouraging praise, for I smiled with overflowing joy and you probably smiled, too.

2. I'll never forget how when I made a shot in a game and ALL of y'all stood on your feet and cheered

for me, calling out my name. No team respect was for more great than thousands of other basketball teams I could imagine were possible. Y'all so true for that.

3. I'll never forget when we ran together back and forth on the court, running at a close pace, telling me to start off slow and then push hard at the end. I never felt alone when we did seventeens, for that made me love running even more. I loved running them with you.

4. I'll never forget when you called me your buddy. I never had a buddy like that. You were the best buddy I never had. (You know who you are.)

5. I'll never forget when you told me to stop being so nervous. You knew I would have done better if I weren't such a nervous nelly. You were the only one who probably have seen that and helped me to get out of that weakness. Your kind-word encouragement made me push myself so you could have been proud of me. Calling me "Girlie" was the sweetest name to me, for it was dear, actually too dear to handle. What you said in the yearbook before you left touched my heart. You're the only one in my yearbook I read when I felt sad. It made me feel like I wasn't that lonely. I've read yours the most. I loved you dearly. And I still love you. Oh, how your personality warmed my whole heart.

6. I'll never forget putting on my Lady Comets warm-up while looking in the bathroom mirror. I always felt like

a real and true Lady Comet in those quiet moments. That jersey still hangs on the top of my curtains neatly, looking up at it every night.

7. I'll never forget when we all said the prayer before the beginning buzzer rang. It was like a family connection when we held hands while we said it. It made me confident, calm, and comfortable as I closed my eyes. Those prayer times were so outspoken and important. I miss that the most. It made us feel like we were a team that had an unbreakable bond.

8. I'll never forget when all of y'all left. I never stopped crying that night, thinking about you. I wished I knew the words to say to you before you left. I missed you ever since.

9. I'll never forget when you sat next to me in the car, driving to the away games. I remember when we laughed and calmed me down, not thinking or stressing about the game. I can still feel your presence when I drive in the backseat of [redacted] car. I can imagine you still sitting right there, even though you weren't really there, your spirit was.

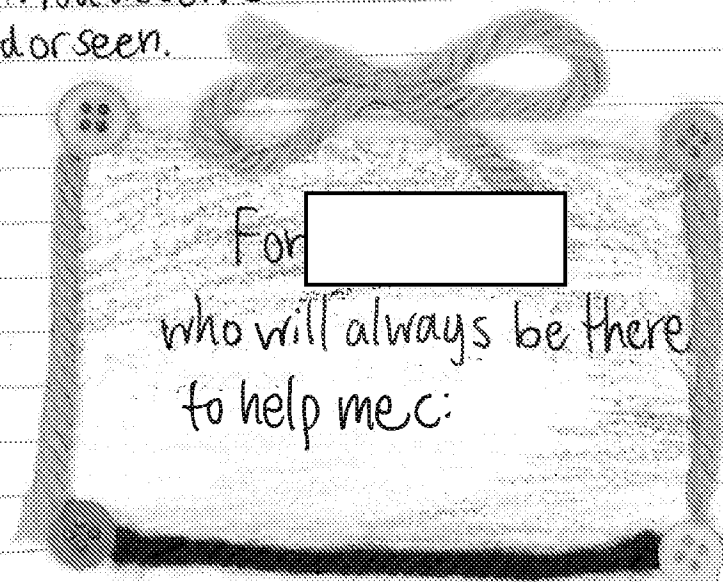
b6 -3
b7C -3

10. I'll never forget when I made that impossible two-pointer, just throwing it up in the basket with two seconds to spare and all of you got out of your chairs, running to me, surrounding me with 'hype' and then picked me up as I felt like I could fly on wings of an angel. I never felt more alive in my life that night. Those glorious seconds of liveliness were great until y'all dropped me. To be honest I wasn't even that heavy. (LOL) It was y'all who created the most

beautiful memory of all, for I could see that moment right now in my eyes. It gets to my heart right in the middle of a bulls eye. That memory made me so happy, but then made me melt down in tears, because it's something that I never had. I didn't have hope having much but then they created everything I needed. A dream was born, now treasured.

Thanks so much for being everything that I thought, dreamed, hoped, and imagined it would be. This is what y'all looked like: A REAL dream team and a REAL family.

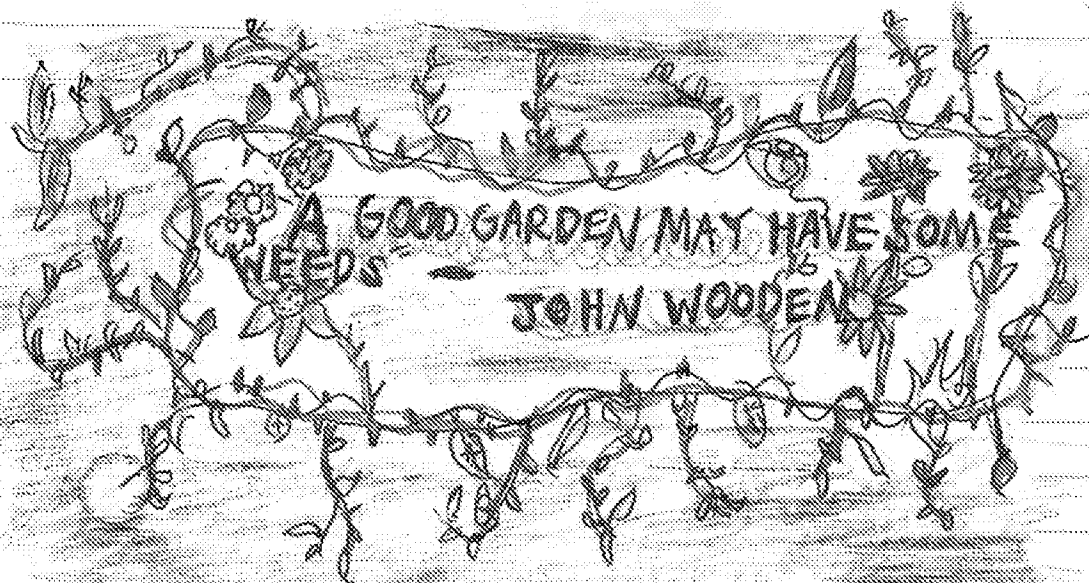
And that's the straight up truth from the bottom of my heart. I will never forget you. You are impossible not to love, easily to be loved, impossible to hold a grudge on, and impossible to let go of. Every single person who has criticized you is cruel because how I see you is the truth. You deserve more than the best more than is to be heard or seen.



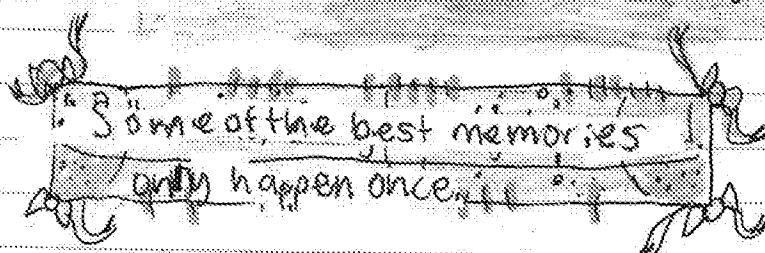
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You aren't just a life-changing, inspiring testimony. You are my testimony. I will never stop loving you. Never.

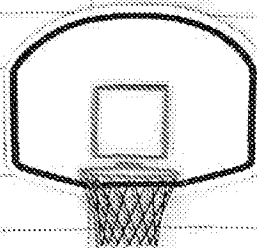
CHANGE



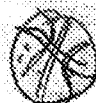
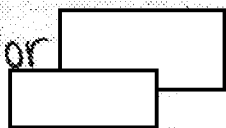
Change Part 2 will continue through chapters 11-14. The saddest part of why I'm writing...



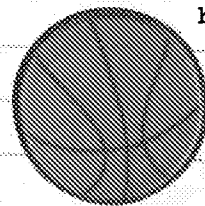
MVP: Most Valuable Person



For



the buddy that was
I will love you forever



b6 -3
b7C -3

Being a good teammate is playing hard on defense. Go hard for loose balls and rebounds. Learn how to "box-out". Learn to set good picks (screens) on offense, so you can free up a teammate for an easy shot. Being a good teammate means coming to the game rested and playing as hard as you can. It means encouraging your teammates on and off the court. Together you can win!

LADY COMETS BASKETBALL

When you are on the court, play as hard as you can to win, but when the game is over, it's over!

DESIRE +
DEDICATION +
DIRECTION =
DETERMINED
DESTINY

per attitude means respect for your teammates and your opponents. Your opponents trying their best just like you. Never try to "show up" or "trash-talk" your opponents. don't over-celebrate a basket with too many "high-fives". When you over-celebrate, i make it seem like the basket was a big deal, and something you didn't really expect to make. Instead, be cool, like it's no big deal, you do it all the time.

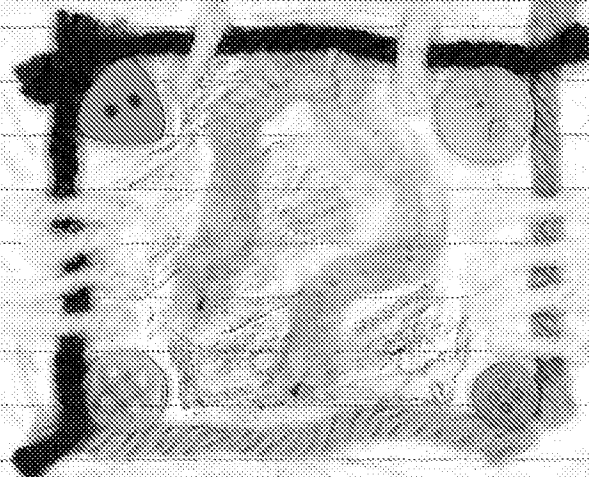
Remember: there is no such thing as a perfect game! Michael Jordan has never played a perfect game...he has always missed some shots. So don't get down on yourself if you mess up. Just keep playing hard and things will work out. None of us is perfect...even the coaches! The refs aren't perfect either... so expect a bad call or two and don't let it get to you. Basketball is not a perfect game.

Never play "dirty"...it's just not worth it! You only lower yourself by doing it. Play hard with enthusiasm, and play to win, but play with class. Make your parents and teachers proud. Don't argue with the referees...they're human and don't always make the right call, but hey, that's life...it's not always fair. You just have to make the best of the situation and go on. People will remember you for how you act on the court. When you win, never gloat or rub it in your opponent's face.

Never letting go is the best

DEFENSE

I bind my tie,
to bind the
memories in my heart



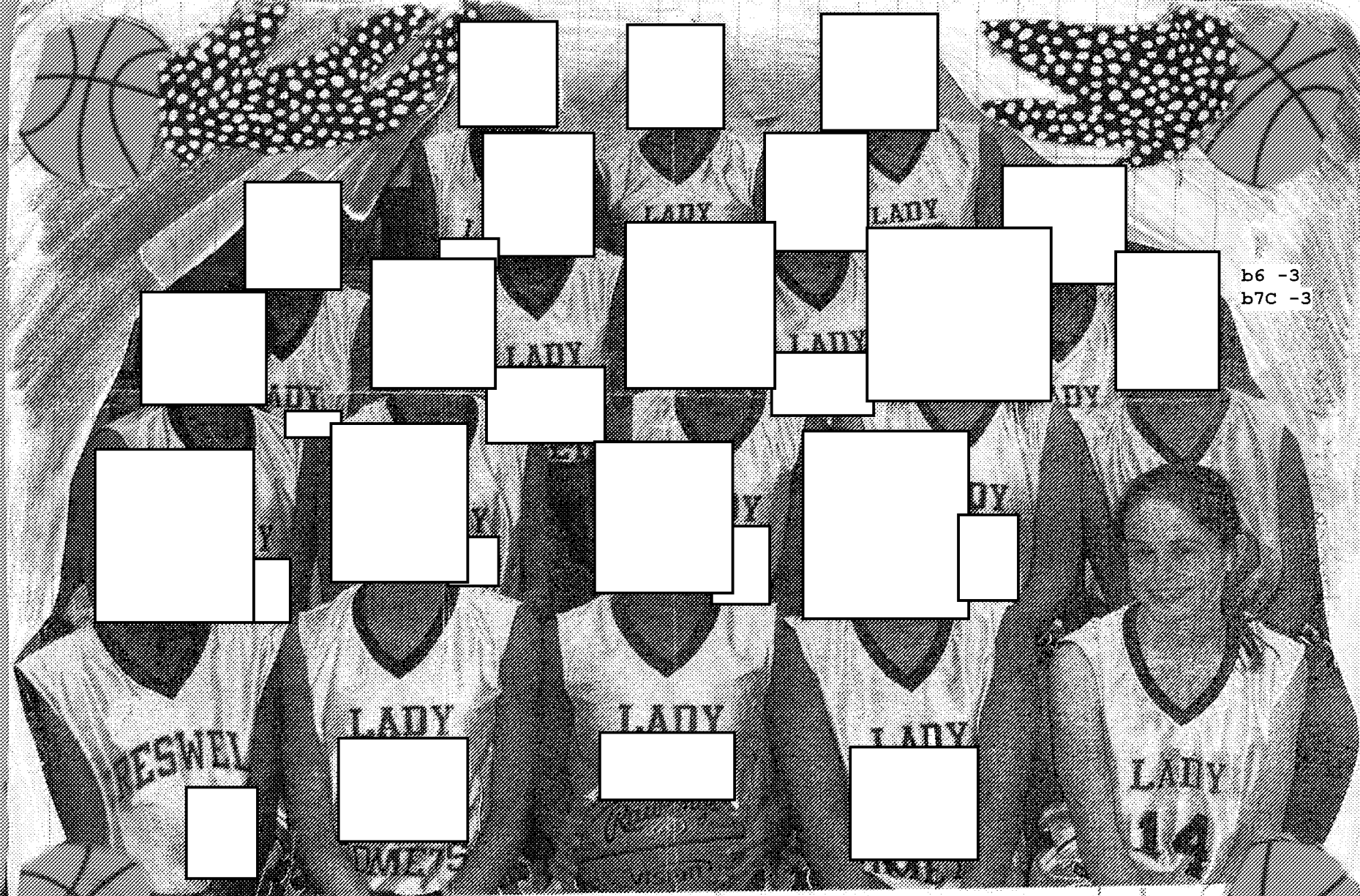
SHOOT

I realized
that I
can't go
back

How many
times
DO YOU SEE the
word
TEAM?
TOO MANY times

Being a good

and



b6 -3
b7C -3

UNITED We STAND E Pluribus Un um Provided we fall

PERSONAL

SKETCH-ER

ALL BY: WHITE-OUT

FOREVER

Put in 021809

☆ I still love y'all.

☆ "I love y'all, and theres nothin' you can do about it."

☆ You can love me, or you could leave me. Before you judge me, just let me be me."

T.I.

☆ No basketball team better than the Comets.

b6 -3
b7C -3

☆ As I have looked up to you, I wore

☆ [redacted] - always lucky to me

☆ Best I ever had.

☆ Won't forget, never forgotten.

☆ "On my wall, there you'll find, Are picture of us, smiling with light."

☆ Keep Ballin hard, [redacted] Go Lady Tigers! (USN) I knew you were the one who will never give up heart...

☆ In my heart there, you will be

☆ Change hurts bad when it hits you hard.

☆ Words I never said to you, though I'm afraid to tell it too, compassion I have shead, though my heart has made a thread for y'all's dear sake. I will not break the promise, of stop loving you.

☆ Reality I see it, I still don't believe it.

☆ Is it ok to call you Big sister?"

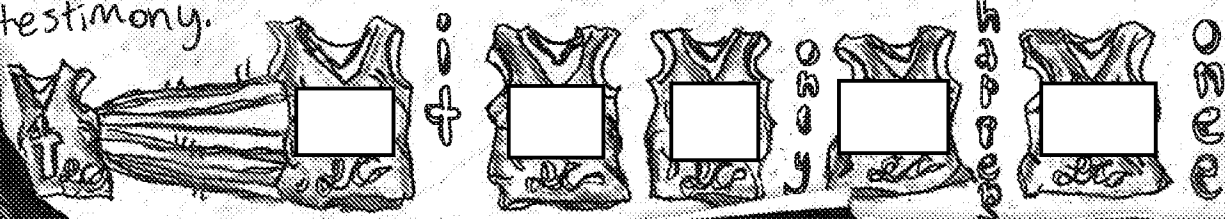
☆ Were you always this way, or did you just appear to hide it.

SONG DEDICATIONS

Words I never said
Lupé Fiasco
Best I ever had
Unforgettable Drake
Remember Me T.I.
Miss Me



here was a team more than what it stands for. More than what its ment to be. More than the unimaginable beyond heights. More than it could become inside a dream every little one yearns for, eager to call it thiers. A dream that was out of ashes, burned from the ground of hopelessness, and then bloomed into beauty of awe-inspiration, family, sister-love, and imbearable acceptance. The truth painted from a one of a kind dream that was brought to life from the womb, unborn before them five years ago with a team that sparkled and sprouted that passion seed of basketball ties and desires in me. They pulled me in thier crew and as I was lovingly sucked in unexpectedly, I was lead to a love of togetherness and a strand of us bonded tite like our own shoes that were strung. Because of them, they were creators as famous legends now and then do to make this happen. All of us, different in every shape and form, inside and out, but then mixed in chemically in bonds so unseperable by the one and rare the easiest to love and yet loved immediatly since day one. All black team. Little white girl me. But a home refusable to leave. You wouldnt have never wanted to leave if you have experienced something of unheard uniqueness that it was only them who did everything possible and impossible, the unthinkable to make a dream as far as a dream can go to exist from a lonley, reserved white girl. And then protected in the security of who they were as people, not just players that they were looked up to as that its not just players as the main concept. This is real, nothing realer than this, and such a miracle line of history that its unreal. The people that stood thier rise behind the jerseys left with much to remember, polished coat of ter coat in my heart, but so much that its a must to look back and refusable to let go. This isn't just a basket ball story. This is my testimony.



b6 -3
b7C -3

b6 -3
b7C -3

Mead

W/ HEART TO SEE
A LIFE OF
SENSUAL AMBS



FIVE STAR
★★★★★