

# Statement and Supporting Documentation for My Police Report with the Seattle, WA and UW Campus PD

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## Abstract

I have been stalked and victimized on and off by a man named Jason Zych (JZ) for a period of almost 15 years now. This stalking started in 2004–2005 where I was a freshmen student in his lecture courses in computer science at the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign (UIUC). When I moved to Seattle, WA in 2014 for graduate school, his apparent attitude and level of hostility towards me marked a complete break with past behavior that I was once led to believe constituted more innocuous, but unwanted, romantic interest on his part.

I have come to understand that JZ operates under a pseudonym, or alias of Lucky225 as an editor of the famous Hacker quarterly magazine, 2600. His technically elite skillset is thus world class in nature and allows him to circumvent and criminally break into computer systems and phone networks with ease. I believe that his whereabouts and activities are tied to another famous hacker and security expert, one Kevin Mitnick who was incarcerated under charges of high tech computerized crimes in the 1990's. Kevin and Jason are tied by JZ's assumed Lucky225 handle through co-authorship of print books and co-editorship at 2600 Magazine. I have recognized Kevin Mitnick twice before in person while he was perpetrating a social engineering ruse directed at me. I believe that Kevin's ties to Jason, and Jason's ties to me, are responsible for my encounters with Mr. Mitnick.

There are three primary areas of the US where the traumatic incidents that I was a victim of will be described: Pensacola Florida, Seattle Washington, and Atlanta Georgia. I have also recognized Jason's unwanted stalking towards me in Urbana Illinois, Saint Louis Missouri, and New Orleans Louisiana. I believe that all of the events that I will document through my factual communication of personal experiences are tied to Jason and his activities in association with the underground hacking subculture. Moreover, I believe that it is in no small part due to JZ's technically elite prowess and the skill with which he can manipulate computer, cellular, and VOIP networks that he was able to locate me across the country and perpetrate these instances of stalking and alleged violent rape and sexual assault.

I do have some physical evidence that can be exhumed and examined for trace signs of his involvement in raping me in both Seattle and Florida. Aside from that, I believe that invoking a federal jurisdiction and/or cooperative interactions between state and local officials will allow investigators to corroborate my story and place him in timely locations near me when these events happened. This, I believe, may be enough to provide sufficient grounds for charging him with conspiracy and to document the prolonged traumatic stalking of myself by him that I have been victimized by for so many years. Even if the evidence that investigators can verify is not enough to charge him with the violent sexual offenses, there should still be enough avenues to prosecute him with felony and misdemeanor crimes that should deter him from exercising his will to do this to any other woman again. Based on his aggressive actions towards me, which have gradually increased in severity over time, I have a hard time believing that there are not yet more victims of his that deserve recourse and healing for what he has done to them. Finally, I want this detailed account to serve as a record of his illicit underground social engineering antics, antisocially spirited "pranks", and illegal computer hacking activities should this man ever victimize someone else again. If the initiation of my complaint plays out as a mostly he-said, she-said set of shennigans, then anyone else he ever tries to victimize again will have access to this documented support from law enforcement officials in their claims.

# 1 About me (the victim) and this statement

## 1.1 My education and future plans

I effectively went to college, a university in Missouri, at age 16 to earn an associate of science degree concurrently with the last two years of my high school diploma. I ended up getting early admission to UIUC. In 2005, I left UIUC for an extended sabbatical due to personal reasons which included treatment for physical and mental health disabilities that I have overcome as obstacles from the time I was an early teenager. I returned to UIUC in 2009 to resume and eventually complete my undergraduate double major degrees. In 2010, based on the research and software I had developed in my time off, I became the first, Barry M. Goldwater scholarship award winner department of Computer Science at UIUC. After I graduated from UIUC in 2012, I enrolled in a Ph.D. program in CS at UIUC. I graduated in CS from UIUC in 2014 with a thesis-based Master's degree. I enrolled as a Ph.D. student in mathematics at the University of Washington in Seattle, WA (UW). Similar, personal and yet unavoidable external pressures and events in Seattle led me to move in with my parents in their retirement residence in Pensacola, FL in April of 2015. In 2017, I re-enrolled as a graduate student in the School of Math at Georgia Tech to stay closer to family in the region.

## 1.2 The point

My point in providing tangible signs of my credibility as an apt and capable minded person up front is two-fold. First, the man who I believe raped and definitely stalked me, Jason Zych as I know him by name, will by all reasonable accounts downplay his actions and all of the ways he has intentionally chosen to torment me according to a game of *he-said, she-said*. In other words, he will try to squirm and slip out of all of the accusations I am leveling at him by playing the my word against his fallacy. I also have a history of mental health disability. I have never disclosed any specific information to him, or colleagues of his that would alert him to this fact of my life. Nonetheless, watch carefully as this man, insist that my mental health diagnoses, disorder, and documented disability be used to degrade the accuracy of my statements as though they are skeletons in my closet.

## 1.3 Why I am finally submitting this statement now (in 2019 versus 2015)?

The impetus for my filing this statement with the Seattle (and/or UW campus) police department is to finally come forward and report the first sexual assault (rape) that victimized me in late 2014. At the time I was a Ph.D. student at the University of Washington in Seattle (UW) studying mathematics. I moved to Seattle in August of 2014 to prepare for school in September. I believe, and have extensive evidence to support, that I was followed from Pensacola, FL and Urbana, IL, where I was a student at the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign (UIUC) over a total of 10 years inclusive by JZ. The man JZ who I know followed me was originally a lecturer in the Computer Science department at UIUC from 2004-2005. His legal name to the best of my knowledge is Jason Zych (it is what appeared on my registration records when I enrolled as a freshmen in CS in 2004), though he would definitely be adept at operating under other assumed names or pseudonyms. Since that time this man has relentlessly and viciously stalked and attacked me (on and off for some time periods) for years. I have last seen him in Atlanta, GA driving down the street in front of my graduate housing apartment complex at Georgia Tech in the fall semester of 2019 (e.g., recently).

The man is a violent, mobile, cold and calculating predator. I believe he has been so confident in doing this to me due to a belief that I would never be able to catch him in the act so-to-speak. This line of thinking goes deeper in my view than just a my word against his defense that would come into play on his part. The man is a technically sophisticated, highly elite world class black hat hacker. Indeed, his superior elite technical skills allow him to navigate situations, both physical and electronic, while remaining virtually untraceable to all but the most observant security experts. This means he has the ability to spy on me, stalk me, and easily circumvent (criminally and illegally access and manipulate) electronic computer systems, cellular telephone networks, and even physical access systems on buildings.

I do not feel that I am in immediate danger in writing this, but he knows the vicinity of where I live, has a known legendary explosive temper, and I fear repercussions if he is able to illicitly access the email account I am using to communicate this statement to the Seattle police department. Since I am assuming this risk in reporting what he has done to victimize me for many years now, I have an alternate motivation and request for writing out all of the details and documenting the incidents in my statement here. I will give more of my recollections supporting this in the next parts of this statement. In the meantime, I implore you to do everything to can to stop him from hurting me and other past or potential victims of his through any mechanisms you have in your power to enforce the law.

At the very least he has victimized and stalked me while in close proximity when I was the victim of violent instances of forced non-consensual sex and drugging. No woman should ever have to take this from this man ever again if I have anything to say about it. They, as should I, should have every reasonable recourse and protection

against this cold, calculating, sociopath if he drugs or rapes them. I was not as old, nor wise, nor experienced in adult age experiences to realize what I should have done to report him until very recently. I hope that the repercussions set into motion by my reliving the traumatic experiences that Jason Zych has forced me to experience from the time I was 18 to my age of 34 now will be enough of a deterrent to this man that he will never, ever be able to go through with raping and harassing another woman again.

## **2 Connecting the sexual assaults I was a victim of in Seattle and Florida over 2014–2015**

### **2.1 Hostile male graduate students and faculty at UW over 2014–2015**

While I was wandering outside of my UW math department office one day, I noticed one Jason Zych, sitting in at a round table boys-only meeting in the grad student office next to mine. It is worth me pointing out that I believe that some of his cohorts at the table that day were also involved in stalking me between UW campus and back to my off-campus apartment residence throughout the duration of my 7–8 month stay in Seattle. These vile men include: William Riley Casper, a large nosed short black haired caucasian male who oggle eyed me often in the hall (\*) in the adjacent office space, and an overrated, apparently popular balding NSF GRFP award winner personality from UC Santa Barbara (whose forgettable name I cannot recall). The (\*) noted one tipped off my suspicions that I was being tracked, and possibly illegally drugged, at that time by becoming limp (so to speak) and immediately timid towards my 6-foot-tall self once he realized that I was lucid and able to walk around the halls of the math nearly empty building one weekend.

One of my assigned office mates, Casper Riley, was in my best estimation able to covertly film me by hidden camera while I was alone in my office via a clear plastic computer case window enclosure on the desktop machine he had pointed at me. For reasons I can elaborate on later, I believe that this security novice left a plaintext marker of his malware installs on my Samsung Galaxy phone and iPad tablet that I left unattended in my office with my personal belongings. His problem seemed to me to be an irrational desire to beat me at my skills in computer science. I believe that his interpretation of expressing technical superiority over me to note was with less elite "script kiddie" style takeovers of my devices that he would have been able to download off the internet, but not have been able to customize, write for himself, or even disguise at a level that most freshmen antics in CS at UIUC provide one an education in styling more covertly. Once the malware was illegally (without my consent or direct knowledge) installed on my devices, these men would have been able to track and stalk my whereabouts easily via GPS and other standard cellular phone services and web tracking software. I have a gut instinct that these men believed that it was eventually unnecessary to even disguise a routine rootkit (e.g., mspy) install since they could have easily have subdued me on location via physical force. This is to say that even though I would have recognized signs of bizarre behavior and odd ticks on my hardware devices, I would have had no real way to prevent them from using the invasive spyware they had installed on them with malicious intent to stalk and harass me in Seattle. I was living alone far from immediate family and had no one there to notice or protect me from what was happening.

### **2.2 A social engineering ruse targeting me in a UW campus psychiatrist office (November, 2014)**

#### **2.2.1 The office visit at Hall Health**

This whole ruse I believe started, with an unattended energy drink left in my office for a short period of time while I was outside the math building at UW smoking a cigarette. Later on that afternoon, I went to a completely new psychiatrist at the University of Washington campus health center. This was a hastily made end of the day appointment scheduled on my behalf earlier that week by a ARNP at the health center. Pharmacy and appointment records date the length of the appointment at upwards of two hours in duration.

I believe that I had somehow unknowingly ingested a date rape drug that kicked in shortly before the appointment as I was sitting in the waiting room. I consulted with the first licensed Psychiatrist, one Dr. Lampe, for approximately 30 minutes. It was a heated, argumentative consultation where he changed many medications I had been prescribed by my former doctor in Saint Louis for 7–8 years. My former doctor had fine tuned my medication regimen as a specialist in my diagnoses so that it worked for me where other doctors before him had left me in a bad way with jumbled concoctions. I instinctively knew that Lampe was going to screw me up with the hasty and even negligent changes. He refused to read the records my former doctor (Dr. Hicks, MD) had faxed prior to the appointment and stated that he would not take the word of another doctor nor honor a long-time prescription simply because he had never written dosages of it for any of his patients before. After he left, arms flailing in the air in irritation at me, I assumed he was coming back to hand me the written script copies required to fill the controlled

substance prescriptions I was taking. Shortly after another "doctor" slipped in the room, was handed printouts of my mental and ARNP visit records by a secretary, while the licensed Dr. Lampe never returned. I was extremely disoriented and unable to perceive what was happening to me at that time. As I gradually became more lucid in the room with the new posing medical doctor (henceforth, Dr. Lampe-Zych) for the next over 1.5 hours, I eventually came to realize that this was Jason Zych, alone with me in the flesh, playing a cruel and reckless social engineering ruse on me.

This second pseudo-psychiatrist (JZ) had a thinly hidden erection I remember noticing pop up while he was talking with me. Information from the ARNP at Hall Health and my former Saint Louis psychiatrist specialist mental health records included recent and historical sexual history, my drinking frequency and preferences, and my physical local address a short walk from campus in Seattle, WA at that time. I believe that his erectionary status may have been motivated by the shockingly low number of romantic and sexual encounters I had reported to the nurse earlier that week. After some time, Dr. Lampe-Zych, MD at work, logged into to the HIPPA-secured Windows desktop sitting in the office on his own volition, instructed me a short directive to quit shouting at him, and started taking his time crafting a new patient work-up documenting my medical history to be used as a justification for my future mental health treatments in Seattle. The second doctor (JZ) also said he routinely wrote / dispensed prescriptions to veterans. Thus I am led to urge that the Seattle, WA PD investigate the possibility of more illicit substance prescriptions that were distributed by him, and in all due urgency, report his abusive history to the DEA authorities that oversee and regulate dispensation of controlled substances in this country.

Among an insulting, intentionally inflammatory subtle Easter-egg-like reference left on my record indicating that I had recently obtained a MS in the "Computer Sciences" from UIUC – where he once commanded large auditoriums for academic lectures – this write-up included undocumented references to my prior mental health procedures in Missouri. This botched account predates by at least 2-3 years my care being assumed by Hicks, so there would have been no documentation providing records, nor subtle digs to my past history, that the doctor (Lampe-Zych) communicated as if fact on my UW electronic record that day. When I ended up in another primary care MD appointment with a general care practitioner at Hall Health about a week after my disorienting encounter with Dr. Lampe-Zych, one nurse asked me if I had seen the transcripts of what was put on my file by him. When I indicated I had not, she immediately provided me with a paper printout of the intake consult notes. I waited until I returned to my apartment to read them in private and remember screaming "That son of a bitch!" out loud.

Perhaps the irony that I had to verbally yell loudly at Dr. Lampe-Zych at the legitimate consultation to not screw up my ADHD treatment meds for finals week, provided him with the motivation to write and sign me those scripts to make me calm down, is divine in construction. When I insisted that I be given the \*exact same\* dosages of the prescription drugs that my former doctor had used to treat my long standing adult ADHD for nearly a decade, he was able to login in to the licensed Lampe-MD's HIPPA-secured Windows desktop system to bring up a list of medications. I was still disoriented and half out of it, but my recollection is that the man struggled to locate the correct medications, and understand the abbreviated markings to indicate their dosages while he was happy hacking on the Hall Health internal computer system and its integrated networks. In particular, he asked me to "sound-out" (phonetically) the commonly prescribed medication he had never heard of before, and then spell it out letter-by-letter for him after he motioned that I stand behind the office chair to indicate that (yes), that 70mg version in the list was what Dr. Hicks would have written.

He also found my description of the controlled tablets prescription confounding. He asked me to clarify if that meant "short acting, or long acting" (layperson, advertsing speak) in place of more clinically termed tablet versus capsule. I recall instructing him which was the best fit in the list based on my estimation. At this point, I was still woozy and hadn't realized, or fully connected, what was going on. The man printed the scripts, went out of Dr. Lampe's office to pick them up hot off the printer, and then signed them after I made it clear that a MD's signature is always required to fill these medications. A follow-up appointment time was announced by him. I have a gut intuition that tells me my appointment was so long in duration because Lampe-Zych knew that I could not be released in public when I was that intoxicated and visibly hostile on the date rape drugs I now believe he had arranged to be slipped into my system. The argumentative reaction I had obviously made him very angry, though having never experimented with hard drugs, I would have had no way of predicting my reaction to that substance either way.

When he tried to find out when I was available for a follow-up visit in the office, I pulled out my new iPad and had to check clearance with my final exams, and TA exam proctoring, availability. I again did not have the presence of mind to recognize what was going on, but Dr. Lampe-Zych distinctly expressed an annoyance, if not outright disdain, for that shiny new device with integrated fancy new bluetooth keyboard being used in his presence. I stood up in the room, got a clear final (somewhat less dazed) look at the doctor's face and formal dress who had been in the room for approximately 1.5 hours. When I asked for an appointment card (in plain handwriting, see [WINDOWS-TABLET-PREOCR]), he instructed me to go "out front" pointing his finger for me to be dismissed from his office. I connected all of this once the drugs I was slipped wore off in the following days and weeks. In all fairness, I think that Lampe-MD had consented to my continuing those controlled prescriptions at my long time

dosages before Dr. Lampe-Zych blindsided me for his end of the consultation. I do not know what happened to the original scripts from the licensed psychiatrist, or if they were even printed and signed by that unprofessional practitioner prior to his leaving the building for the day. The ones I presented to the pharmacist after I left more than two hours after my appointment began (as dated by pharmacy records pointed out to me by another nurse at Hall Health at a later date), were delivered as the ones that Jason Zych hand picked, signed and then handed to me in person.

### 2.2.2 Later that night after I returned home

To be completely honest, I do not remember the actual physical assault well. What I do have more details of note about are the circumstances leading up to the rape and on the aftermath of what happened to me once I experienced the physical symptoms of what had happened in a more lucid state. I believe that he raped me that night after I began drinking hard liquor on that Friday night at my apartment complex. I think, but did not then have the presence of mind to insist was verified by routine laboratory toxicology screening, that I somehow ingested another round of "date rape" drugs once I returned to my studio apartment. Over the next weeks, I experienced symptoms of physical withdrawals, e.g., sweating, shaking, inability to get out of bed, which by all subsequent medical accounts would not have been commensurate with the medication stoppages and new ones Dr. Lampe-Zych changed in my non-controlled substance regimen at that long 2-3 hour intake appointment.

A couple of weeks later, in very early December of 2014, I ended up inexplicably naked and confused lying in my bed in my locked apartment. I instinctively grabbed a large kitchen knife off my counter and insisted in keeping it in bed with me to defend myself if an intruder entered my apartment again. After that happened, I do not remember losing consciousness. I knew I wanted to make the 20-30 minute walk over to Hall Health to have nurse check me out – meaning, examine me for the physical signs of rape. I could not stand up straight, and laid there for what I would estimate was more than 24 hours. I finally decided I needed to call 911 emergency services. It turns out that I was having the first (and worst ever) panic attack from acute anxiety and "dysipnea" of my life. I stumbled around the room trying to get dressed out of embarrassment, hit my head on the bathroom sink and nearly lost consciousness, and then crawled over to the floor where my cell phone had been on for days. I remember scrolling to the bottom of my contacts list, hitting the very last alphabetical entry (zych@uiuc.edu – Jason Zych's lecturer email at UIUC that had been contacted from my GMail in 2005), and then having the phone short out from a dead battery. Seeing as I later confirmed that there was invasive malware on the phone, I have trouble calling this gesture as coincidental. I was quickly taken over to the UW medical center by ambulance after a neighbor called paramedics to help me.

In the ER, they started an IV in my right arm almost immediately which for some reason put me to sleep. I was later roused rudely by an ER nurse who kicked me out of my room to make room for another patient in the early AM hours. Before I left, I was handed a standard doctors note to excuse my absence at UW by the attending ER physician even though they were barely able to communicate with me once I fell asleep. After I fell asleep I was unable to communicate my desire that they examine my vaginal discharge effectively as an advocate for myself. The next week, feeling as awful as anyone who had experienced the physical withdrawals and traumatic events I couldn't bring myself out of shock to communicate, I ended up seeing an irregular (not my usual) MD physician at Hall Health. She wanted to know if I was aware that I had been given a pregnancy test at the UW Medical Center ER. I was not, and it was not on the discharge paperwork I received with the doctors note for school, nor was I engaged in any consensual sexual activity anywhere near this time that would have warranted this invasive screening of my body.

This is all important discourse and disclosure because it directly ties the crimes against me in Seattle, WA to my being followed home to Pensacola, FL by a legitimately delusional, and psychotically angry, vengeful stalker. I filed a complaint about the initial psychiatrist in Seattle in November of 2014 (aka, Dr. Lampe and then Dr. Lampe-Zych, of respectively different doctoral certifications entirely) which insinuated wrong doing and malpractice. Had the Hall Health psychiatry department not chosen to bury the complaint and follow through on my insistence in no medication changes from my STL, MO doctor's successful treatment orders of so many prior years, they would have had to understand what Dr. Lampe-Zych, MD had initiated by interviewing me formally. I asked for the written notes taken during the initial consultation to see what Lampe-Zych had written on them (and possibly obtain a handwriting sample), but these were quickly destroyed before I was allowed to view them after an office loyalist fearing a lawsuit assured me he would commandeer them from the doctor's desk from the prior week for me. Before he did that, the office loyalist insisted that I go home to rest and de-stress while he preserved them for safekeeping. This same office loyalist routinely made an open offer to "doctor up", or intentionally falsify, my blood pressure readings. I think that this was an intentional agitating reference (that I just ignored) to my insistence on continuing at a (relatively low dosage) of an amphetamine-based controlled ADHD treatment that can raise blood pressure if abused in high enough quantities when I literally argued with Lampe-Zych for hours about not screwing up my steady medications with hasty changes.

### 2.2.3 Summary

In short, we have implied the following about Jason Zych's flagrantly criminal actions with respect to this short hellish chronicle from November of 2014:

- Prescriptions for Schedule II narcotics are carefully monitored by systems in place to regulate how they are dispensed nationwide. At CVS, Walgreens, and the first floor Hall Health pharmacy on the UW campus, the written prescriptions required to dispense medications in this class of drugs must be signed in pen (not printed insignia), and then are scanned into the system to keep a record of it. The length of time required to keep these scans mandated by federal law regulating civilian usage of known addictive, or commonly abused, controlled substance drugs is not clearly specified.
- The first licensed doctor, Dr. Lampe, MD, whose name was on the appointment card I was advised to attend that day would have a routine (read: large sample size) of signatures consistent with his authoritative medical endorsement. Dr. Jason Lampe-Zych, presiding MD who actually signed those prescriptions after he hacked into the real doctor's computer system, on the other hand, is likely to have a signature scrawl on the prescriptions which will be noticeably distinct from Dr. Lampe, MD and his easy-to-identify initials. This is the first point of reconnaissance to charge this man (Jason Zych) for his criminal, and utmost negligent antisocial interpretation of his doctoral powers under the law. I will sign a release to grant you full disclosure to the scans of the written prescriptions on my health history in Seattle to verify and corroborate my story.
- In perpetrating the ruse in Dr. Lampe's office, Jason Zych (Dr. Lampe-Zych), had to illegally gain access to the HIPPA-compliant secured Windows desktop to view and write electronic records and to instantiate prescriptions forged in a certified MD's endorsed RX paperwork. To the best of my knowledge, based access to his embarrassingly short LinkedIn CV online, Jason Zych has been employed as a software engineer (aka professional computer expert) at a medical firm (or two by now) in Chicago, IL since leaving his teaching post at UIUC in 2005–2006. There are two takeaways from this I find concerning: 1) The privileged knowledge of the backend of the UW electronic medical records system may have allowed him to gain illicit access on that afternoon, or put other trojaned backdoors into the system for future access; 2) His position may let him write and fill yet more prescriptions for controlled Schedule II narcotics (e.g., low dose amphetamines up to highly addictive opiod drugs) as he did with ease on the day I was blind-sided by the MD-not-so-much-MD change to Lamp-Zych that day.

## 2.3 The first time I met Kevin Mitnick (Seattle, WA in the winter of 2014–2015)

To anyone who has been a regular 2600 Magazine reader, and early 2000-era ScreenSavers TV series fanatic since early high school, a hacker deity and master of social engineering ruses called Kevin Mitnick is immediately recognizable. He, like Dr. Lampe-Zych in the flesh, has an unforgettable auditory impression worthy of theatrics for the audiences that gather before them. Kevin, in particular, also has a memorable set of mannerisms where he watches you carefully (to exploit one's natural defenses, I assume) and other ticks of personality and quirks of his appearances which are hard to deny in a line-up (so to speak). One (typical for the time) day in my office at the UW math department, I needed to gain remote access to Matlab software to complete a homework assignment. The sysadmin that greeted me in response to my email request for service, was of course this time Kevin with white dyed hair to fit in for disguise.

I do not remember the order of events, but he was in the official office space of the UW Math Windows network admin – all the while observing the real admin's preschool child as she colored surely brilliant scenes in her printed lined notebooks – and then escorted me to the small confines of the math computer lab upstairs in Padelford Hall, which I recall unlocking myself by 4-digit lock code, and then sat down with me to walk me through the surprisingly difficult task of getting Microsoft's Remote Desktop client configured on the lab's Mac OSX box. Somewhere in this ruse, I was made an offer to get Remote Desktop (read: naughty, fireball of a backdoor security hole on anyone's system) installed for me on my new iPad that Dr. Lampe-Zych had been so inflamed by me whipping out in front of him. I had an instinctual hesitation to let the white-hair-dyed sysadmin posing as Kevin that day do it for me. I obtained an "autograph" of sorts from Kevin mid-admin ruse asking me to fill in my password, and then prompted me to use the login/password/dnsname combination he ended up writing down for me in pencil, the next time I logged in.

I do not "hate" Kevin Mitnick for this – let me be clear. My read on this is that he was sticking his nose in the local Seattle hacker gossip mill to find out what exactly the hell (pardon) Jason (aka, Lucky225) had let happen. I am also not convinced that Jason Zych, known SOB and selfish provocateur of electronic mischief, didn't put Kevin up to this ruse. My gut instinct suggests that Kevin might have been patrolling the line seeing what his less civilly rehabilitated hacker cohorts were up to, and maybe if she does as claimed look good naked too.

## 2.4 State-sponsored punishment for reporting being raped in Florida (Summer 2015)

From the onset, the presiding ER doctor had only treated me based on my presenting symptoms of mental anguish and trauma which denied me a careful initial examination to confirm my suspicion of having been raped (again) in 2015. This was in spite of easily seen conspicuous vaginal discharge (e.g., "cum") and intense burning by bacterial infection that I reported on the ER patient intake paperwork. I was then admitted into a private closed-curtain room without my mother, who had brought me to Baptist hospital in Pensacola, FL by car at my absolute insistence. A nurse nonchalantly requested a urine test to get a culture. I later obtained records that verify my urine sample was tested for a plethora of drugs by a routine panel screening. The STD screening that brought me into the hospital on the other hand was limited to a coarse diagnosis of vaginitis and non-specific UTI. The lab results I hadn't consented to them running, nor was I made aware of existed until weeks later, proved I was free of alcohol and illegal "street drugs", but I did naturally test positive for the presence of one prescription ingested compound, a non-generic controlled capsule at 70mg (prescribed, and subsequently filled at UW's Hall Health earlier that year from a second licensed MD who deemed it medically pertinent to my lifestyle at school).

This time, having previously fallen asleep in the Seattle ER months before and then neglecting to advocate that the doctors responsible for my medical care preserve critical physical evidence to prove in a court of law what had obviously happened to me, I knew what defensive actions needed to be done at minimum. In other words, I was adamant that a "rape kit" sample be exhumed to catch the SOB who would have done this to me again time. To the best of my knowledge state (if not as mandated by federal law) requires that the tissue samples extracted from a victim following this procedure be carefully archived and preserved into perpetuity. At the time, while I was disoriented and in visible shock from trauma like this, I was asked for the name of who I believed had raped me. I did not recall the incident in full, but remember uttering a confused "Tommy Bell's grandson" (who was living next door to my parents house in Pensacola, FL). Around this time, I had also seen Jason Zych, the man who role played as Dr. Lampe-Zych in Seattle and who I believe raped me there after the appointment, around the neighborhood of my parents home in Pensacola, FL.

The non-consensual drug screening I did not agree to having run motivated a diagnosis of "amphetamine-induced psychosis". Yet I had never experienced those symptoms at the trace levels they found in my urine, nor was I asked precisely how much I had ingested in recent history (it would have been low). I can see the diagnosis as a targeted effort grasping at straws to find some excuse to place me under a Baker Act, all the while without the staff even notifying me of the statute terms in Florida, nor for what reason I would be held against my will. It seems strange to me that despite the thorough drug panel to screen my level of common sources of intoxication by illicit drugs that night, these negligent doctors insisted on having run without consent or even checking to validate my presenting symptomatic concerns first, no standard, and easily available chemical toxicology labwork was ordered to determine the presence of any mind altering "date rape drug" substances that I could have unwittingly ingested recently, such as GHB or ketamine. My friend in Atlanta and the VOICE counselor at GA Tech I have been in contact with over 2018-2019, inform me that this sort of toxicology is a first line of defense to preserve circumstantial evidence in cases of violence against victims of sexual assault. If I were actually acting strangely above and beyond what your typical trauma victim goes through in reporting a rape (and the ensuing invasive exam), I should have immediately met with a mandated victims support counselor to help me cope, offer me long-term therapeutic support outreach, and then assess my mental state relative to the norm post-traumatic event. Which is to say, I should have been in a state of shock and showing "weird" behavior at that point.

Moreover, after grilling my mother after intense grilling post-release, I verified that neither myself nor my mother had provided the doctors responsible for my care in the Baptist ER that afternoon and night any indication (and certainly never any written records) of my past mental health history. A documented struggle with a mental health disability is, a priori, a prerequisite for invoking the Baker Act. Being a computer-savvy sort who is familiar with backdoor tricks and social engineering techniques, ala [MITNICK-AOD], I can easily recognize how easy a nasty reactionary chain of ruses over the phone would be able to put this violation of my rights in place. In other words, I am insinuating that I was forced to endure a Baker Act inpatient stay as a mental health patient following seeking treatment at the ER presenting as a rape victim to intimidate me and/or prevent and deter me from following up on having the tissue sample examined for trace residue from the men (man) I suspected most would have done this to me again in Florida. I was not experiencing any actual psychosis, nor violence to others, nor intent to harm myself – instead being punished at the hands of unethical doctors and nurse assistants for making a lawless sexual predator uncomfortable at getting caught from my viewpoint.

Apparently, the staff noted that I was behaving strangely after having a chunk of my cervix painfully extracted for preservation by "rape kit" procedure. The same nurses remarked while standing next to me as the painful procedure was being completed that there was "definitely fluid" in the tissue they took out of me. Shortly, after the painful and traumatic procedure was done, they offered me no counseling, nor warmth, nor preliminary assessment of what they really saw in the rape kit. Surely my tissue sample in the rape kit taken that day is being watched over carefully by the local Florida police, though I have no way of locating it by tag number since there was absolutely no indication

that this procedure had even been performed on me in the Baptist hospital patient records I viewed weeks later.

## **2.5 The second time I met Kevin Mitnick (Pensacola, FL at Baptist hospital's mental health campus)**

I have (I believe) met Kevin Mitnick a second time after I left Seattle. This time following another strangely hard to justify as coincidence to me ruse following my second time under Florida's permissive Baker Act statute was issued in 2015. The lead up to this indiscretion of Florida law allowed me to be taken inpatient as a quote "danger to my father" (who was sitting in the waiting room and genuinely offended at my being led out in handcuffs) when I was legitimately high and out of my right mind on the benzodiazepine class of medications that one local Perdido Key, FL practicing physician had started giving me at an abnormally large weekly dose to cope with my panic attacks and the PTSD stemming from the rapes I was a victim of in Seattle, WA. An officer, with the Pensacola police, told me to come with him. I refused to walk out, was handcuffed, and then walked slowly to the back of his police vehicle to be transported to a Baptist inpatient facility post Baker Act.

I had a panic attack as the Baptist affiliated intake facility tried to extract admittance information from me, and was given a large-ish dose of Vistaril (hydroxyzine) anti-anxiety medication to calm me down. I eventually woke up, was offered food, and was escorted on good behavior into a van that took me to a different inpatient facility on the Baptist campus. The next thing I remember, was being \*very, very\* under stress from this happening to me, and meeting with another inner intake nurse called "Edward". The distinctive mannerisms, and voice, and chin / nose combination I had seen before while under live attack by Kevin Mitnick's god-of-Windows sysadmin ruse at UW – point blank pissed me off. Mr. Mitnick taunted and questioned me about how I believed I had been Baker Acted this time intentionally, it seemed, trying to get an angry reaction out of me. He inquired whether my father was a pedophile-type sexual predator that had sexually abused me as a child (no to this). It seemed to me, upon some reflection, that Kevin may have been trying to tie up loose ends for another hacker friend of his that I would have probably have accused of raping me in the Baptist ER had an adequate interview and assessment of my rape allegations been performed by a police officer (it was not, and I was locked up shortly after without a note of the rape kit, or rape allegation, being documented on my intake paperwork).

The presiding psychiatrist I saw this time saw fit to invoke something I have understood as a risk minimization technique given to practicing physicians by their corporation's lawyers. Namely, he authoritatively concluded that he supported the decisions of (not the most recent licensed who corrected the medication screw-up, but rather the first and second Lampe-MD and Lampe-Zych-MD) doctor in Seattle to change my medications so haphazardly – even without my having signed any consent forms to have the mental health records from Seattle forwarded to him for review. He also said that after talking with my family (e.g., my mother about a safe retirement for me to be released after the inpatient stay), the ensuing Baker Act invocation from earlier that year following my shock from the rape kit procedure was justified. It is, to paraphrase the words he put on my ~2-month-old infant of a new psychiatric record started in Florida after I left Seattle, a clear delusion in my head that I could have been raped in my parents home in rural Florida. He also insinuated that the Seattle, WA assault I had claimed from the year before is questionable and to be debated in his medical opinion. I am still not convinced that the strange behavior I have exhibited under duress like this shortly after an extremely painful gynecological exam suffices to provide accurate diagnostic information needed to assess my short-term state of mind.

## **3 Challenging the statute of limitations for prosecuting rape under extenuating circumstances in WA**

I want the Seattle police to help me go through the steps of filing an injunction with a judge with the appropriate jurisdiction to bring the violent predator that hurt me to justice. There are a number of facts and documentable circumstances that suggest that this exceptional and highly abnormal case qualifies for extenuating treatment that executes a righteous healthy challenge to legal statutes and how violent offenders are brought to justice for their crimes against society. I was informed in late 2018, once I had finally reached a state of mental preparedness to report it to the Seattle PD, that I would not be able to see the man that raped me in Seattle in 2014 prosecuted for it because my circumstances made me exceed the one-year statute of limitations under which men are to be held accountable for sexually motivated predatory attacks on women in the state of Washington. I cannot fathom why a law would be put in place to offer violent sexual offenders a territory of refuge to carry out such heinous acts. I therefore do not believe that the interpretation of the intent of the law in denying me justice is an accurate interpretation of what the books have printed in them.

Please consider the following facts and events in helping me assert this bold challenge to the assumed rights under the law of the man who viciously, brutally raped me:



1. I sheepishly confessed that I had been raped to the ARNP responsible for my care at Hall Health in the spring of 2015. She made me feel awkward and like I was in the wrong for trying to assert that this had happened to me. I did ask if she needed to disclose it to authorities. She replied that she would not if I did not want her to do so. I believe that this is a form of neglect, if not straight up ignorance that constitutes malpractice, that she was not obligated to report this violent crime. At the very least, I should have been offered mandatory counseling to walk me through my options. I will say point blank, that I have a gut feeling that this woman knew that I had been violated following the Lampe-Zych appointment she insisted I take immediately back in November of 2014. I will not insinuate that she would have been covering for the rapist, but I have an instinct that informs me that the signs were there, and at least a couple of medical professionals that cared for me at primary care appointments at Hall Health would have had rightful suspicions. I do not know why these medical professionals allowed my life to be endangered in this way.
2. I came close to breaking down and telling my mother that I had been raped in the spring of 2015 before I left. She would have been on a flight to Seattle if I had done this. I had the sixth sense that my phone calls were being monitored. This perceived stalking prevented me from saying in precise words what I meant had happened ("something else happened"). A day or two after I made that phone call alone in my off-campus apartment, I was intimidated by an unspecified female voice in the hall outside of my campus office taunting me freely and loudly proclaiming "something else happened! [ha ha ha]". My Samsung Galaxy SIII phone was badly mauled by a rootkit with malware for pervasive surveillance. I do not know when this software was installed on my phone by a third party. I still have the original device (sans SIM card) in the event that there are resources to have it forensically examined. My point here is that I knew my phone was hacked, had no ability to do anything about it, and felt intimidated by this invasion and GPS stalking to the point that I could not have even reported a rape to my own mother on the phone at that point.
3. When I returned to Pensacola, FL in April of 2015, I insisted that my father take me to a local gynecologist appointment at Sacred Heart hospital in the area. By that point, I point blank told the male doctor I saw that I had been raped (experienced a "sexual assault") recently in Seattle, and that I wanted a full panel of STD tests run on me to ensure that I was not inflicted by a virus or bacterial infection from this man. After being harsh, and even grilling me on how I was sure that this had happened, he ordered the panel of tests required by Florida state law, which are all labeled with "rush: sexual assault" for quicker processing in the labs. There is thus crystal clear documentation that I reported what happened to me to a responsible authority before the one year statute of limitations would have expired. At a second, follow-up appointment with this doctor, one of his assistants made note of the visible vaginal scarring that I have following this traumatic event. It is now *excruciatingly* painful to have routine gynecological swabs and pap smear tests performed on me.
4. When I was forced to return to Seattle, WA with my mother in August of 2015 to clear out my apartment and ship any necessary items to Florida, I was immediately thrown back into the war zone (again, so to speak). I recall my mother clearly asking me if I wanted to file a report in person with the Seattle police before we left. I did not end up following through with this due to the shock, PTSD, and acute anxiety being back in that small studio apartment caused me to relive. I had a severe panic attack, which my mother thought was a seizure, the night before our flight back to Florida. I begged her to just take me to the airport and get me out of that city right then. We ended up staying the night. I could not physically have endured an interview to report my being assaulted the year before in that shape. Moreover, before I left Seattle for Atlanta in the spring of 2015, I was literally in a state of protective shock. I knew what had happened, but was in self preservation mode to just get the away from that situation. This means I could not have been held mentally coherent enough to report the rape alone at that time either.

## 4 Contact points in Atlanta towards filing this report

### 4.1 Notes on a prior police report filed in Atlanta, GA (2017–2018)

I have already given a statement and filed documentation with the Georgia Tech PD (in Atlanta, GA) in 2018-2019 about Jason Zych (and who I believe is his impressionable, minor aged teenage son) stalking me on campus several times. The facts I have typed out for you in this document constitutes a superset of what was placed on file in the resulting police report from that day. I had a close female friend and a GA Tech VOICE victims advocate counselor present with me when they listened to my statements that day. They have communicated to me that a restraining order to protect me from him is available if I feel physically threatened by him at my current residence again. I still do not feel that all of the details I gave the GTPD detectives to investigate were utilized sufficiently to guarantee my safety as a long-term victim of this man's increasingly aggressive and violent stalking behavior towards me. In part,

this may be the limitations of their computer systems to "link-up" with DMV records and other law enforcement databases to corroborate my story with DMV vehicle records and descriptions.

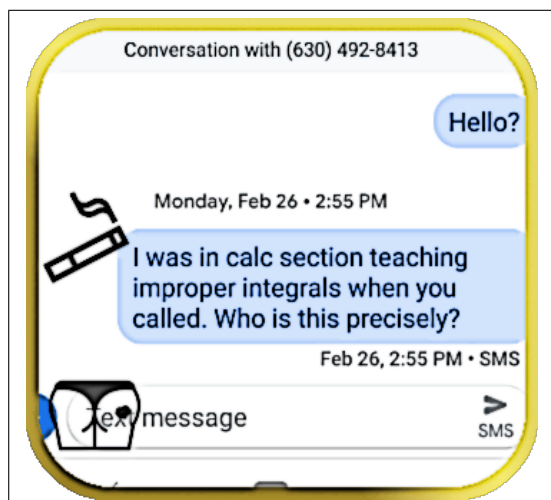
They also required me to fill in my best guess for his parents names and *his exact* birthday, which was available to the best of my estimation only on an online public records search, which is highly unreliable – this also sounds like defensive hogwash to me and something that a law enforcement agency with more powerful jurisdiction ought be able to carry out without my needing to know him as though I were a close person in his life – after all, that's the point: I have virtually no relationship with him outside of the criminal activities he has victimized me by for all these years. Also, my safety and right to consent to sexual activity is substantially more important than preserving his privacy to the extent that even law enforcement agents cannot carry out a routine vehicle registration search without needing sensitive personal data of his to corroborate the stalking incidents I have had to suffer at the hands of this man.

One of the GTPD detectives was also particularly dismissive towards me and hesitated to contact me to follow-up with the information they could match-up with my accounts in dealing with this man, his family, and cohorts. There have been several instances in Seattle and Pensacola, FL, where I have seen him with what I believe to be family members (wife, kids, mother, father) of his. Since I would have no knowledge of meeting these people in a traditional socially acceptable form of introduction, my knowledge of their close likenesses should provide enough evidence to tie JZ's extended presence around me across the country to a set of conspiracy charges.

## 4.2 Steps to take in connecting the state-local jurisdictional power to his national activities

Given the inter-state violations of the law that are implied by what I have said to them, and in this statement above, I sincerely hope that the Seattle detectives are able to invoke federal jurisdiction if necessary to prevent this man from exercising his violent tendencies towards myself and other innocent female members of the public. In particular, my police-trained-novice, but still legally informed perceptions lead me to implore of you that a few things are done to prevent myself and others from be victimized in this way moving forward:

1. **Contact the Chicago, IL police department** to make sure they are aware of his violent history and alleged activities, especially with respect to violations of electronic computer networks and phone systems in the area. The man has used a spoofed VOIP service to harass me on my cell phone while I was "at work" teaching a calculus recitation section at GA Tech:



The real back story is that this action is a thinly veiled reference to an email sent to one of his former professor colleagues at UIUC (who insulted him easily as her "predecessor", i.e., lesser in order, in a way that only his pridefulness would uniquely register) where I suggested that "something with a gun and a badge" might end up pulling him out of work for what I am alleging. The cockiness and arrogance on his part towards my actually being able to report his activities to the police is demonstrated here, and serves as a clear indication that this man still believes that he operates above the law. The above image is a screenshot from my phone's SMS replying to the Chicago-area phone call I received that day to taunt me with his power over me.

2. **Contact the DEA**, operating as an agency under federal jurisdiction, and make sure they are aware of the way this man has abused their medical-physician-only system to forge prescriptions for Schedule II controlled substances and narcotics. Every prescribing physician who has ever provided me a legitimate prescription medications in this class requires an agency-registered DEA number which is closely tracked and monitored across a federal database. Additionally, even though I only have one instance (two illicitly signed and dispensed

prescriptions) to report to you, this man's arrogance and mobility lead me to suggest that there may be a deeper familiarity and long-standing history with illicit drug trafficking in this country that he is responsible for initiating. His software job position also puts him in a position where forging prescriptions would be a triviality to someone with his hacker background, technical skill set and motivation. The statute of limitations for offenses on the order of this grievous activity are longer, and the punishment by federal judge for even a so-called first time offense could ground his will to engage in behavior that compromises the safety of innocent civilians even as we speak – *forever!*

3. Contact (if necessary) the requisite authorities in the next few state jurisdictions to find any overlooked information (a.k.a., loopholes he would know to jump through and exploit to stay mobile in the US and circumvent easy detection of his whereabouts). The interlinking of the systems in Seattle alone may directly prevent detectives from seeing these trends. The states I have been stalked by him in are once again (in historical order): Illinois, Missouri, Florida, Washington State, Louisiana (in New Orleans, LA), and Georgia;
4. In particular, please with all due diligence investigate JZ's connections to prepaid credit cards, prepaid cellular services or phone cards, VOIP phone accounts, domestic flight records, gas receipts, as well as any other indications of extensive (abnormal, non-business related) travel that would be logged on systems available to well endowed law enforcement authorities. For example, there are numerous pay-by-card toll bridges in and around the Pensacola, FL and near-by Alabama resort towns that log entry closely for tax purposes. The public beaches of Pensacola, FL require small revenue payments for tourists to enter which are payable by check, card, or prepaid membership certification. Outstanding traffic tickets, or out-of-state points on a drivers license by teenage minors that I have seen accompany him may have been reconciled by a parentally endorsed check record.

The [LUCKY225-CCBOARDS] threads suggest that he may be operating under another legal name granted to him in his wife's last name on the mairiage license signed in Arkasas, or elsewhere in the US.



**Can you articulate exactly the asking of ID offends you?**  
Lucky225 replied to Uncle Leo's topic in VISA MC policies

I can articulate this rather easily. When I got married I took my wife's name. I immediately got a driver license over the counter in Arkansas the same day I was married with the new name and had surrendered my old license with the old name. My credit cards however, they still had the old name until new ones arrived in the mail. Therefore every time I tried to use...

5. Given that I still have presevred unwashed garments that I was wearing the weeks and day I was raped in Seattle, WA in 2014, I ask that you do your best to examine this evidence for partial physical residue. Even if it doesn't help me prosecute the man that I believe beyond all reasonable doubt raped me multiple times over a span of decades, there may be cold cases in Chicago, or Cleveland, OH, or any number of US territories he has invaded. Such evidence may be worthwhile to dedicated personnel that have personal ties to put the SOB behind such a vile trail of violence and deceit behind bars once and for all in the cases in their jurisdictions.

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## References

- [LUCKY225-CCBOARDS] *Lucky225 – CreditBoards*. Available online at <https://creditboards.com/forums/index.php?/profile/61306-lucky225/>. Last accessed December, 2019.
- [MITNICK-AOD] K. D. Mitnick and W. L. Simon, *The art of deception: Controlling the human element of security*, Wiley Publishing, 2002.
- [QUORA-ZYCH-FIRED] *What ever happened to Jason Zych at UIUC? Was he fired years ago? – Quora*. Available online at <https://www.quora.com/What-ever-happened-to-Jason-Zych-at-UIUC-Was-he-fired-years-ago>. Last accessed December, 2019.
- [WINDOWS-TABLET-PREOCR] J. Zych, *Spring 2005-era CS225 lecture notes and authentic handwriting samples*. Cataloged for posterity under the GPL by M. D. Schmidt circa 2019. Available online at <https://github.com/maxieds/MyProtestToTheIllinoisDMCATakedownActOf2017/tree/the-mythical-lecture-notes/lecture-notes-pdf>. Last accessed December, 2019.

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## 5 Contact information

Please redact my personally identifying information found on this page of my statement from submission with the police report. It would allow predators a justification of how they obtained my whereabouts and precise place of residence in Atlanta, GA beyond illegal means. I am comfortable with all of the information, suggestions to implore your actions, and other formerly private details being made available for public consumption as a police report that can be obtained by scrutiny of court records. Failure to redact the next information could put a few immediate lives (namely, mine) in jeopardy. Please proceed with all due integrity and caution to protect my rights as a victim.

All persons whose contact information is listed have given their consent to me, the victim and author if this statement, to have their credentials documented. I have asked the VOICE counselor at Georgia Tech, whose role it is to advocate for victims of stalking and sexual assault, to sit and listen with me during the follow-up phone call with the Seattle PD following my online submission. I request that you include us both on the next course of email communication used to arrange this phone interview.

### **Contact information: TODO, GA Tech VOICE counselor and victim survivor advocate**

Name:

Contact Phone:

Email: [voice@gatech.edu](mailto:voice@gatech.edu)

### **Contact information: Detective at the GA Tech Police Department (for a historical contact point)**

Investigator J. Gibbons

*Criminal Investigations Division*

Georgia Tech Police Department

879 Hemphill Avenue

Atlanta, GA 30332

Phone Number: (404)-385-8658

Email: [jonathan.gibbons@police.gatech.edu](mailto:jonathan.gibbons@police.gatech.edu)