

# EXHIBIT 1

Jan. 6, 2021

The day of January 6, 2021, was a day that I will never forget. It continues to play in my mind all the time, especially when I see the Capitol or I have trials, and even when it plays on the television.

It began as a normal day. I woke up, did my morning routine and drove into work. I went to roll call at 6 a.m. and was told we would be on our bikes and our staging area was the 800 Block of Pennsylvania Ave., NE. Our assignment was to be High Visibility. We watched the Trump supporters walk down the sidewalk to go to his speech by the Mall. Within a couple of hours things changed drastically. We started to see Trump supporters walking towards the Capitol. At about 12:28 p.m., the voice of Inspector Glover, also known as Cruiser 50, came over the radio. He yelled "64 and 54 mount up." Number 64 is my platoon unit for Civil Disturbance. As we approached, all we could hear were loud noises—people screaming and fighting. Cruiser 50 told us to "Go support the Capitol on the west front."

We mounted up and rode our bikes to the west front of the Capitol, on the side of Constitution Ave. We parked our bikes and asked what we needed to take with us, and we were told to take just our bike helmets. We asked about taking our gas masks and were told there wasn't enough time. We then ran to the stairs and down to the west front of the Capitol where there were lines of bike racks. We were met by a few hundred Trump supporters who were already trying to break the police line of Capitol Police Officers, who were holding the crowds back by using the bike racks. The Trump supporters were fighting the Capitol Police Officers. CDU 64 were all guarding the bike racks, which the police line was using to stop the Trump supporters from getting to the Capitol. At this point, I feared I may not make it home safely; this was life or death and we were literally "going in blind."

This was what I saw: Trump supporters throwing objects and spraying bear spray, pepper spray and other unknown liquids. They were throwing whatever objects they had, including flag poles, fire extinguishers, and blunt force objects. I could see in their eyes that they were ready to kill or use any means necessary to get into the Capitol.

I remember the minute I went to hold a bike rack and was sprayed with bear spray while being yelled at by Trump supporters. I continued to get sprayed, yelled at, punched and shoved, and it continued for several minutes. When I couldn't see anymore, I went to get decontaminated. I went back to the bike rack line and continued to get sprayed as I fought back multiple Trump supporters. The crowd got bigger, and more MPD officers arrived to help on the line. Thrown objects and spray continued for what seemed to be hours at MPD and Capitol police. The Trump supporters started taking apart the scaffolding from the inauguration stand and throwing it at the Officers. I continued to get sprayed and decontaminated, going back to the line. I don't know how many times I got sprayed, but I continued to hold the line. There were also times I was helping other officers back to the decontamination site.

It felt like we were fighting for hours and hours. At one point, while getting decontaminated, I remember seeing an Officer who was bleeding profusely from his head and eye lid. Capitol police officers were holding clothes to his face to stop the bleeding. I took him and carried him up several flights of stairs until we got to the First Aid EMS.

When I got back downstairs I was met by another CDU squad, and they asked if I would come with them. I replied "Sure." We went to the Rotunda where many Trump supporters were

asking the location of particular government official offices. They tried to get to the stairwell to reach those offices. As we held them back, they yelled, screamed, and cursed while pushing and shoving us. We told them to exit the building, and they got even more unruly and continued to fight us. They continued to push, shove, and yell, and then started spraying us again with bear spray and other liquids. We continued to fight. I was hit in the face by a blonde female with a red hoodie and a multi-colored hat. Supporters continued to pour into the Rotunda. We then all got sprayed again as we pushed the supporters back from the entrance to the stairs.

I then got pushed and strangled by my helmet while I was being pulled by the straps, down the flight of stairs, by a white male with a ginger-colored beard who was wearing army-color green. I know I lost consciousness for a few seconds. I was then rescued by MPD officers. I was taken outside and finally met up with my partner.

We then went back on the line and continued to fight. We both got sprayed and then proceeded to go the bathroom to clean our faces. My partner had eye contacts and the spray impaired his vision. Next thing we knew, someone was shot inside the Capitol. By the time we got to the bathroom the body was gone, but the clothing of the individual was there, with a pile of blood surrounding the clothes.

After we left the bathroom we encountered a white male, weighing at least 300 lbs., who wouldn't leave the Hall of Statues. We had to push him out of the building and he continued to not comply. We continued to push him out of the Capitol building and off the grounds.

My partner and I then went back to the bike racks, only to hear on the radio Cruiser 50, who said "10-33," which is a city-wide emergency code that means "we've been flanked."

The supporters continued to break the bike line and we were told to get back to the upper deck. Multiple tear gas bombs were thrown by the Trump supporters and I remember struggling to breathe.

We continued to fight for our lives and keep the Capitol from being taken over by the Trump supporters.

We continued to fight back and get sprayed and get hit with more objects. The Trump supporters were breaking windows and throwing more scaffolding, fighting all the police agencies that came to help. After hours of fighting, the Trump supporters starting leaving the Capitol after a flash bang grenade was fired by a police agency and a huge wave of tear gas blanketed the area. It was dark by the time everything was calm. I have no idea how long we fought. The MPD and Capitol Police and other agencies finally secured the interior of the Capitol. We were told to go back to our bikes and were given other assignments. Bear spray, tear gas, and other smells remained on our soaking wet uniforms. Our work holding down the Capitol continued for several more hours. I finally went to the bathroom again and saw all the damage that the Trump supporters had done to the Capitol—and to me.

We worked about 22 hours that day, and the next morning we returned to work.

Like other officers, I had sustained multiple injuries but continued to work.

I had a concussion, back injury, my deviated septum, and a broken tooth and multiple bruises. My eyes continued to burn for about a week. I went to the doctors for my eyes and my back. I continue to go the chiropractor for my back. I have migraines all the time and they can last for

days or for weeks. I have nightmares and PTSD from this traumatic event. These injuries that I have from this horrific event have not stopped me from doing my duties as an officer.

January 6 was a day that I never want to relive again. I will never forget how we fought to save the Capitol and the lives of those elected to serve our country.