

Victim Impact Statement

Your Honor,

Thank you for allowing me the opportunity to share the impact this crime has had on my life.

I stand here today a very different person than I was before April 19th. This is difficult for me to share, but it is important for the Court to understand how deeply my life has been altered.

Before that night, I was active, independent, and strong. I lived a full life — physically, emotionally, and socially. I enjoyed sports, I showed up for the people I cared about, and I moved through the world with confidence and ease. I never imagined that one night — one set of choices made by someone else — could divide my life into a “before” and an “after.” But that is exactly what happened.

Since the crash, my life has been reshaped by pain, limitation, and loss — not just loss of comfort or convenience, but loss of pieces of myself that I never thought I would have to fight for.

Physically, the impact has been life-changing. As a direct result of the crash, I underwent an ulnar nerve decompression surgery. When the pain did not improve, I was forced to endure a second corrective surgery, during which my nerve was surgically buried into the muscle. I live with constant pain — every single day. There are moments when the pain takes over my arm, my hand, and my ability to simply function.

I have lost strength, mobility, and the effortless use of a part of my body that I relied on daily. Things most people do not think twice about — putting my hair in a ponytail, carrying a grocery bag, typing at work, opening a jar, or lifting something with one hand — are now daily reminders of what was taken from me.

I can no longer participate in the physical activities and sports that once brought me joy and helped me cope with stress. Those were not just hobbies — they were part of my identity, my community, and my mental health. Losing them has left a void I never asked for.

This injury has also affected my independence. There are days when I must ask for help with basic tasks. I never thought something as simple as driving, getting dressed, or maintaining my home would require planning, pacing, or support. Not being able to rely on my body the way I always have has fundamentally changed how I move through the world.

The emotional toll has been just as devastating. Being in a car now brings a level of anxiety that never existed before. There are moments behind the wheel — especially at night or at

intersections — when my body remembers the impact before my mind even catches up. My heart races, my breathing changes, and I have to remind myself that I am safe. Driving used to be automatic; now, it is something I must mentally prepare myself for.

This anxiety has carried into every part of my life — socially, personally, and professionally. My relationships have been affected because pain, anxiety, and exhaustion often take up space where joy and connection used to be. I do not show up as the same sister, daughter, friend, or person I once was, because everything now requires more energy, more thought, and more recovery.

At work, this has impacted my ability to do my job the way I once did — with full capacity, confidence, and focus. I have had to adjust, compensate, and push through pain just to meet the demands of daily life. The career I have worked hard for now feels heavier and more limited — not because of my ambition or ability, but because of an injury I did not cause.

Your Honor,

What has made this journey even harder is the emotional toll of the justice process itself. I entered this system believing it would protect victims, honor our voices, and deliver fairness. But throughout this process, there have been moments where I felt unseen, unheard, and pushed aside. That experience created a different kind of pain — one that settled in places no surgery can reach.

It is exhausting to heal from trauma while also fighting to be treated as if the harm you suffered matters. The emotional weight of that has been overwhelming, and it has changed how I view the systems that are meant to help people like me. I never expected that part of the trauma would come after the crash.

Mr. Hooper,

Your choices that night changed my life in ways I am still learning to navigate. I live every day with the consequences of those moments — long after they ended for you. My pain did not go away. My trauma did not fade. And my life did not return to what it was before.

Your Honor,

I am working every day to rebuild who I am — to find strength where things still hurt, and to show up for my life even when my body, my mind, or my heart are tired. Healing has not been a straight line, and I do not yet know who the “after” version of me will fully become. But I do know that I am committed to reclaiming my life and my future.

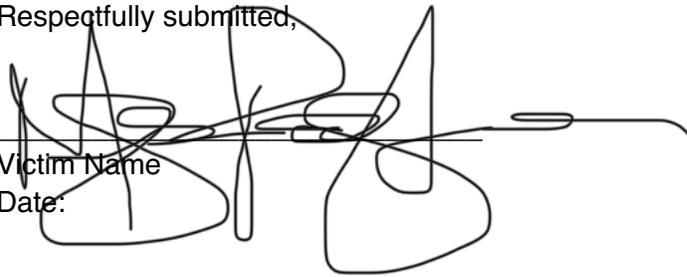
I share all of this today not out of anger, but out of truth. Accountability is not just about

consequences — it is about understanding the human impact of one person's actions on another person's life. There is nothing I can do to rewrite what happened. But I can stand here, firmly in my truth, and say that my life was permanently changed by that night.

My hope moving forward is simple: that my voice is heard, that my experience is acknowledged, and that the harm done to me is not minimized or forgotten. I respectfully ask that the Court honor and follow the recommendations made by the Probation Department.

Thank you, Your Honor, for listening to the impact this has had on my life.

Respectfully submitted,

A large, stylized handwritten signature in black ink, consisting of several overlapping loops and a long horizontal stroke extending to the right.

Victim Name

Date: