

My testimony relates a story, but the entire story cannot be told with just 4000 characters. I therefore present my testimony in two parts. This is Part One

I was seven years old and playing at my best friend's house on a Saturday afternoon, along with a third friend. We were not alone in the house ... my friend's mother was doing household chores in a different part of the home. I do not remember exactly what it was we were doing in my friend's bedroom when he suggested that maybe we wanted to look at his brother's buffalo gun. The three of us crowded into his brother's bedroom and looked at the rifle hanging on the wall. The third friend asked if we could hold it, and my friend said, "Sure." So, he took it off the wall and we each took turns holding it, aiming it at imaginary buffalo, and generally feeling quite grown-up about handling this heavy and pretty exciting object. Then my friend said that he knew where his brother kept some "dead bullets." He opened a bedside drawer and took out this rather large pointy thing, which ... having never seen one before ... I presumed to be a "dead" bullet. The buffalo gun was equipped with a ram rod under the barrel, which my friend took off and used to cram the "dead" bullet down the barrel, as he said he had seen his brother do. He then started pointing the gun around the room, pretending to shoot it.

Since only one of us could hold the gun at a time, I quickly got bored and went back to my friend's bedroom to continue playing with whatever toy it was I had been playing with before this interruption. I suspect it was some kind of space communication toy, because I distinctly remember holding a microphone attached to some other device by a wire in my right hand. I had raised my arm to bring the microphone to my mouth when the bedroom door burst open and my two friends stormed inside, pointing the rifle at me. "Stick 'em up!" I remember my friends shouting, just before the loud explosion. The next thing I remember was hearing this loud, steady ringing in my ears and looking down at what was left of my right arm, bleeding profusely. I vaguely remember that it didn't hurt, and that I kept saying the same thing over and over again ... "someone call a doctor." My friend's mother hurried in and wrapped my arm in a towel, she must have called my mother because she got there before the ambulance did. Everything else was a fog — I remember some kind of men in uniforms talking to me, putting me on a gurney and then going somewhere inside an ambulance. But the main thing I remember, to this day, was the ringing in my ears. To this day, I often awake from sleep in a cold sweat to that same ringing sensation.