

*MONOLOGUE #2 (REGGIE FLUTY)*

When I got there, the first—at first the only thing I could see was partially somebody's feet and I got out of my vehicle and raced over—I seen what appeared to be a young man, thirteen, fourteen years old, because he was so tiny, laying on his back and he was tied to the bottom end of a pole. I did the best I could. The gentleman that was laying on the ground, Matthew Shepard, he was covered in dry blood all over his head. There was dry blood underneath him and he was barely breathing...he was doing the best he could. I was going to breath for him and I couldn't get his mouth open—his mouth wouldn't open for me. He was covered in, like I said, partially dry blood and blood all over his head—the only place that he did not have any blood on him, on his face, was what appeared to be where he had been crying down his face. His head was distorted. You know, it did not look normal—he looked as if he had a real harsh head wound. He was tied to the fence—his hands were thumbs out in what we call a cuffing position—the way we handcuff people. He was bound with a real thin white rope. It went around the bottom of the pole, about four inches up off the ground. His shoes were missing. He was tied extremely tight—so I used my boot knife and tried to slip it between the rope and his wrist—I had to be extremely careful not to harm Matthew any further. He was bound so tight—I finally got the knife through there—I'm sorry—we rolled him over to his left side—when we did that he quit breathing. Immediately, I put him back on his back—and that was just enough of an adjustment—it gave me enough room to cut him free there. I seen the EMS unit trying to get to the location. Once the ambulance got there we put a neck collar on him, placed him on a backboard and scooted him from underneath the fence—then Rob drove the ambulance to Ivinson Hospital's Emergency Room. They showed me a picture... days later I saw a picture of Matthew... I would have never recognized him.